













LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

A decorative border of grapevines with leaves and clusters of grapes surrounds the text. The border is symmetrical and ornate, with grape clusters at the top and bottom corners.

LOCKSLEY  
HALL

DAY DREAM  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON  
POET LAUREATE

CHICAGO

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY

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# POEMS.

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## THE TALKING OAK.

Once more the gate behind me falls;  
Once more before my face  
I see the moulder'd Abbey-walls,  
That stand within the chace.

Beyond the lodge the city lies,  
Beneath its drift of smoke;  
And ah! with what delighted eyes  
I turn to yonder oak.

For when my passion first began,  
Ere that, which in me burn'd,  
The love, that makes me thrice a man,  
Could hope itself return'd;

To yonder oak within the field  
I spoke without restraint,  
And with a larger faith appeal'd  
Than Papist unto Saint.

For oft I talk'd with him apart,  
And told him of my choice,  
Until he plagiarised a heart,  
And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper'd under Heaven  
None else could understand;  
I found him garrulously given,  
A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply  
Is many a weary hour;  
'Twere well to question him, and try  
If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,  
Brook Oak of Sumner-chace,  
Whose topmost branches can discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place!

Say thou, whereon I carved her name,  
If ever maid or spouse,  
As fair as my Olivia, came  
To rest beneath thy boughs. —

“O Walter, I have shelter'd here  
Whatever maiden grace  
The good old Summers, year by year  
Made ripe in Sumner-chace:

“Old Summers, when the monk was fat,  
And, issuing shorn and sleek,  
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat  
The girls upon the cheek,

“Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,  
And number'd bead, and shrift,  
Bluff Harry broke into the spence  
And turn'd the cowls adrift:

“And I have seen some score of those  
Fresh faces, that would thrive  
When his man-minded offset rose  
To chase the deer at five;

“And all that from the town would stroll,  
Till that wild wind made work  
In which the gloomy brewer's soul  
Went by me, like a stork:

“The slight she-slips of loyal blood,  
And others, passing praise,  
Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud  
For puritanic stays:

“And I have shadow'd many a group  
Of beauties, that were born  
In teacup-times of hood and hoop,  
Or while the patch was worn;

“And, leg and arm with love-knots gay,  
About me leap'd and laugh'd  
The modish Cupid of the day,  
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

“I swear (and else may insects prick  
Each leaf into a gall)  
This girl, for whom your heart is sick,  
Is three times worth them all:

“For those and theirs, by Nature's law,  
Have faded long ago;  
But in these latter springs I saw  
Your own Olivia blow,

“From when she gambol'd on the greens  
A baby-germ, to when  
The maiden blossoms of her teens  
Could number five from ten.

“I swear, by leaf, and wind, and rain,  
(And hear me with thine ears),  
That, tho' I circle in the grain  
Five hundred rings of years—

“Yet, since I first could cast a shade,  
Did never creature pass  
So slightly, musically made,  
So light upon the grass:

“For as to fairies, that will flit  
To make the greensward fresh,  
I hold them exquisitely knit,  
But far too spare of flesh.”

Oh, hide thy knotted knees in fern,  
And overlook the chace;  
And from thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place.

But thou, whereon I carved her name,  
That oft hast heard my vows,  
Declare when last Olivia came  
To sport beneath thy boughs.

“O yesterday, you know, the fair  
Was holden at the town;  
Her father left his good arm-chair,  
And rode his hunter down.



“And with him Albert came on his.  
I look'd at him with joy:  
As cowslip unto oxlip is,  
So seems she to the boy.

“An hour had past—and, sitting straight  
Within the low-wheel'd chaise,  
Her mother trundled to the gate  
Behind the dappled grays.

“But as for her, she stay'd at home,  
And on the roof she went,  
And down the way you use to come,  
She look'd with discontent.

“She left the novel half-uncut  
Upon the rosewood shelf;  
She left the new piano shut:  
She could not please herself.

“Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,  
And livelier than a lark  
She sent her voice thro' all the holt  
Before her, and the park.

“A light wind chased her on the wing,  
And in the chase grew wild,  
As close as might be would he cling  
About the darling child:

“But light as any wind that blows  
So fleetly did she stir,  
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,  
And turn'd to look at her.

“And here she came, and round me play’d,  
And sang to me the whole  
Of those three stanzas that you made  
About my ‘giant bole;’

“And in a fit of frolic mirth  
She strove to span my waist:  
Alas, I was so broad of girth,  
I could not be embraced.

“I wish’d myself the fair young beech  
That here beside me stands,  
That round me, clasping each in each,  
She might have lock’d her hands.

“Yet seem’d the pressure thrice as sweet  
As woodbine’s fragile hold,  
Or when I feel about my feet  
The berried briony fold.”

O muffle round thy knees with fern,  
And shadow Sumner-chace!  
Long may thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name  
I carved with many vows  
When last with throbbing heart I came  
To rest beneath thy boughs?

“O yes, she wander’d round and round  
These knotted knees of mine,  
And found, and kiss’d the name she found,  
And sweetly murmur’d thine.

“A teardrop trembled from its source,  
And down my surface crept,  
My sense of touch is something coarse,  
But I believe she wept.

“Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,  
She glanced across the plain;  
But not a creature was in sight:  
She kiss'd me once again.

“Her kisses were so close and kind,  
That, trust me on my word,  
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,  
But yet my sap was stirr'd:

“And even into my inmost ring  
A pleasure I discern'd,  
Like those blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turn'd.

“Thrice-happy he that may caress  
The ringlet's waving balm—  
The cushions of whose touch may press  
The maiden's tender palm.

“I, rooted here among the groves  
But languidly adjust  
My vapid vegetable loves  
With anthers and with dust:

“For ah! my friend, the days were brief  
Whereof the poets talk,  
When that, which breathes within the leaf  
Could slip its bark and walk.

“But could I, as in times foregone,  
From spray, and branch, and stem,  
Have suck'd and gather'd into one  
The life that spreads in them,

“She had not found me so remiss;  
But lightly issuing thro',  
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,  
With usury thereto.”

O flourish high, with leafy towers,  
And overlook the lea,  
Pursue thy loves among the bowers  
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,  
Old oak, I love thee well;  
A thousand thanks for what I learn  
And what remains to tell.

“ 'Tis little more: the day was warm;  
At last, tired out with play,  
She sank her head upon her arm  
And at my feet she lay.

“Her eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves.  
I breathed upon her eyes  
Thro' all the summer of my leaves  
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

“I took the swarming sound of life—  
The music from the town—  
The murmurs of the drum and fife  
And lull'd them in my own.

“Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip,  
To light her shaded eye;  
A second flutter’d round her lip  
Like a golden butterfly;

“A third would glimmer on her neck  
To make the necklace shine;  
Another slid, a sunny fleck,  
From head to ankle fine,

“Then close and dark my arms I spread  
And shadow’d all her rest—  
Dropt dew upon her golden head,  
An acorn in her breast.

“But in a pet she started up,  
And pluck’d it out, and drew  
My little oakling from the cup,  
And flung him in the dew.

“And yet it was a graceful gift—  
I felt a pang within  
As when I see the woodman lift  
His axe to slay my kin.

“I shook him down because he was  
The finest on the tree.  
He lies beside thee on the grass!  
O kiss him once for me.

“O kiss him twice and thrice for me,  
That have no lips to kiss,  
For never yet was oak on lea  
Shall grow so fair as this.”

Step deeper yet in herb and fern,  
Look further thro' the chace,  
Spread upward till thy boughs discern  
The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is blest,  
That but a moment lay  
Where fairer fruit of Love may rest  
Some happy future day.

I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice,  
The warmth it thence shall win  
To riper life may magnetise  
The baby-oak within.

But thou, while kingdoms overset,  
Or lapse from hand to hand,  
Thy leaf shall never fail, nor yet  
Thine acorn in the land.

May never saw dismember thee,  
Nor wielded axe disjoint,  
That art the fairest-spoken tree  
From here to Lizard-point.

O rock upon thy towery-top  
All throats that gurgle sweet!  
All starry culmination drop  
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—  
And while he sinks or swells  
The full south-breeze around thee blow  
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,  
That under deeply strikes!  
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,  
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,  
But, rolling as in sleep,  
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,  
That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath,  
That only by thy side  
Will I to Olive plight my troth,  
And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall,  
She, Dryad-like, shall wear  
Alternate leaf and acorn-ball  
In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme,  
And praise thee more in both  
Than bard has honor'd beech or lime,  
Or that Thessalian growth,

In which the swarthy ringdove sat,  
And mystic sentence spoke;  
And more than England honors that  
Thy famous brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode  
Till all the paths were dim,  
And far below the Roundhead rode,  
And humm'd a surly hymn.

## LOVE AND DUTY.

Of love that never found his earthly close,  
 What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking  
                   hearts,  
 Or all the same as if he had not been?

Not so. Shall Error in the round of time  
 Still father Truth? O shall the braggart shout  
 For some blind glimpse of freedom work itself  
 Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to law  
 System and empire? Sin itself be found  
 The cloudy porch oft opening on the Sun?  
 And only he, this wonder, dead, become  
 Mere highway dust? or year by year alone  
 Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,  
 Nightmare of youth, the spectre of himself?

If this were thus, if this, indeed, were all,  
 Better the narrow brain, the stony heart,  
 The staring eye glazed o'er with sapless days,  
 The long mechanic pacings to and fro,  
 The set gray life, and apathetic end.  
 But am I not the nobler thro' thy love?  
 O three times less unworthy! likewise thou  
 Art more thro' Love, and greater than thy  
                   years,  
 The Sun will run his orbit, and the Moon  
 Her circle. Wait, and Love himself will bring  
 The drooping flower of knowledge changed to  
                   fruit  
 Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large in Time,  
 And that which shapes it to some perfect end.



Will some one say, Then why not ill for  
 good?  
 Why took ye not your pastime? To that man  
 My work shall answer, since I knew the right  
 And did it; for a man is not as God,  
 But then most Godlike being most a man.  
 —So let me think 'tis well for thee and me—  
 Ill-fated that I am, what lot is mine  
 Whose foresight preaches peace, my heart so  
 slow  
 To feel it! For how hard it seem'd to me,  
 When eyes, love-languid thro' half tears would  
 dwell  
 One earnest, earnest moment upon mine,  
 Then not to dare to see! when thy low voice,  
 Faltering, would break its syllables, to keep  
 My own full-tuned,—hold passion in a leash,  
 And not leap forth and fall about thy neck,  
 And on thy bosom (deep desired relief!)  
 Rain out the heavy mist of tears, that weigh'd  
 Upon my brain, my senses and my soul!

For love himself took part against himself  
 To warn us off, and Duty loved of Love—  
 O this world's curse,—beloved but hated—  
 came  
 Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace and  
 mine,  
 And crying, "Who is this? behold thy bride,"  
 She push'd me from thee.

If the sense is hard  
 To alien ears, I did not speak to these—  
 No, not to thee, but to thyself in me:

Hard is my doom and thine: thou knowest it  
all.

Could Love part thus: was it not well to  
speak,  
To have spoken once? It could not but be  
well.

The slow sweet hours that bring us all things  
good,

The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,  
And all good things from evil, brought the  
night

In which we sat together and alone,  
And to the want, that hollow'd all the heart,  
Gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,  
That burn'd upon its object thro' such tears  
As flow but once a life.

The trance gave way  
To those caresses, when a hundred times  
In that last kiss, which never was the last,  
Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died.  
Then follow'd counsel, comfort, and the words  
That make a man feel strong in speaking  
truth;

Till now the dark was worn, and overhead  
The lights of sunset and of sunrise mix'd  
In that brief night; the summer night, that  
paused

Among her stars to hear us; stars that hung  
Love-charm'd to listen: all the wheels of Time  
Spun round in station, but the end had come.

O then like those, who clench their nerves to  
rush

Upon their dissolution, we two rose,  
 There—closing like an individual life—  
 In one blind cry of passion and of pain,  
 Like bitter accusation ev'n to death,  
 Caught up the whole of love and utter'd it,  
 And bade adieu forever.

Live—yet live—

Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all  
 Life needs for life is possible to will—  
 Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended by  
 My blessing! Should my Shadow cross thy  
     thoughts  
 Too sadly for their peace, remand it thou  
 For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,  
 If not to be forgotten—not at once—  
 Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy dreams,  
 O might it come like one that looks content,  
 With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth,  
 And point thee forward to a distant light,  
 Or seem to lift a burthen from thy heart  
 And leave thee freer, till thou wake refresh'd  
 Then when the first low matin-chirp hath  
     grown  
 Full quire, and morning driv'n her plow of  
     pearl  
 Far furrowing into light the mounded rack,  
 Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

## THE GOLDEN YEAR.

Well, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote:

It was last summer on a tour in Wales:  
 Old James was with me: we that day had been  
 Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leonard there,  
 And found him in Llanberis: then we crost  
 Between the lakes, and clamber'd half way up  
 The counter side; and that same song of his  
 He told me; for I banter'd him, and swore  
 They said he lived shut up within himself,  
 A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous days,  
 That, setting the how much before the how,  
 Cry, like the daughters of the horseleech,  
 "Give,  
 Cram us with all," but count not me the herd!

To which, "They call me what they will,"  
 he said:

"But I was born too late: the fair new forms,  
 That float about the threshold of an age,  
 Like truths of Science waiting to be caught—  
 Catch me who can, and make the catcher  
 crown'd—

Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.  
 But if you care indeed to listen, hear  
 These measured words, my work of yester-  
 morn.

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all  
 things move;  
 The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;

The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse;  
And human things returning on themselves  
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

“Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought  
    can bud,  
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,  
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,  
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,  
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

“When wealth no more shall rest in mounded  
    heaps,  
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt  
In many streams to fatten lower lands,  
And light shall spread, and man be liker man  
Thro' all the season of the golden year.

“Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?  
If all the world were falcons, what of that?  
The wonder of the eagle were the less,  
But he not less the eagle. Happy days  
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

“Fly, happy happy sails, and bear the Press  
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;  
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward  
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,  
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

“But we grow old. Ah! when shall all  
    men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,

And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
Thro' all the circle of the golden year."

Thus far he flow'd, and ended; whereupon  
"Ah, folly!" in mimic cadence answer'd  
James—

"Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,  
Not in our time, nor in our children's time,  
'Tis like the second world to us that live;  
'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on Heaven  
As on this vision of the golden year."

With that he struck his staff against the  
rocks  
And broke it,—James,—you know him,—old,  
but full  
Of force and choler, and firm upon his feet,  
And like an oaken stock in winter woods,  
O'erflourished with the hoary clematis:  
Then added, all in heat:

"What stuff is this!  
Old writers push'd the happy season back,—  
The more fools they,—we forward: dreamers  
both:

You must, that in an age, when every hour  
Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,  
Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt  
Upon the teeming harvest, should not plunge  
His hand into the bag: but well I know  
That unto him who works, and feels he works,  
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

He spoke; and, high above, I heard them  
blast

The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap  
And buffet round the hills, from bluff to bluff.

## ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Match'd 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 enjoy'd  
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with  
those  
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and  
when  
Thro' 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, govern-  
ments,  
Myself not least, but honor'd 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 ment;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravel'd world, whose margin  
fades  
Forever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' 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 heard 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 thro' soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
Most blameless is he, centered 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 mari-  
ners,  
Souls that have toil'd, 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.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
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.

## TITHONUS.

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,  
The vapors weep their burthen 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-hair'd 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 seem'd  
 To his great heart none other than a God!  
 I ask'd 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 work'd their  
     wills,  
 And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,  
 And tho' they could not end me, left me  
     maim'd  
 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, tho' 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 renew'd.

Thy cheek begins to redden thro' 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 loosen'd

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 fears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,

And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,

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 watch'd—

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 crimson'd all

Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,  
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm  
 With kisses balmier than half-openings buds  
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd  
 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 those 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.

### 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  
     curls call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over  
Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks  
the sandy tracks,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cat-  
aracts.

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 thro'  
the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a  
silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing  
a youth sublime  
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 prom-  
ise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye  
could see;  
Say the Vision of the world, and all the won-  
der 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  
burnish'd 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 turn'd—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?" weep-  
ing, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd 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, pass'd  
in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear  
the copses ring,  
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the  
fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch  
the stately ships,  
And our spirits rush'd 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  
sympathise 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, tho' I slew  
thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the  
heart's disgrace,  
Roll'd 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 hon-  
est Nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd  
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, tho' my heart  
be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length  
of years should come

As the many-winter'd 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 perish'd: 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 scorn'd of devils! this is  
truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remember-  
ing 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 widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears  
that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd  
by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ring-  
ing 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 ten-  
der voice will cry.

'Tis 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 dear-  
ness 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 suffer'd"—Perish in thy  
self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore  
should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither  
by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting  
upon days like these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but  
to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd 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 roll'd 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 won-  
drous 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  
throng of men :

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reap-  
ing 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 won-  
der 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  
rain'd a ghastly dew

From the nation's 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  
thro' the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the  
battle-flags were furl'd

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 triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro'  
me left me dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me  
with the jaundiced 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 creep-  
ing nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a  
slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing  
purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the  
process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of  
his youthful joys,  
Tho' 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 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 moulder'd string?  
I am shamed thro' 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, match'd 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-starr'd;—  
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,  
Breathths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,  
knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an Euro-  
pean flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings  
the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd 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 cramp'd no longer shall  
have scope and breathing space;  
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear  
my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, 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.

Thro' 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 begun:

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 thro' 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.

### GODIVA.

I waited for the train at Coventry;  
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,  
To watch the three tall spires; and there I  
shaped  
The city's ancient legend into this:—

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel

Cry down the past, not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people  
well,

And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she  
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
The woman of a thousand summers back,  
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled  
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax  
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought  
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we  
starve,"

She sought her lord, and found him, where he  
strode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,  
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they  
starve."

Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
"You would not let your little finger ache  
For such as these?"—"But I would die," said  
she.

He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:  
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;  
"Oh ay, ay, ay, you talk"—"Alas," she said,  
"But prove me what it is I would not do."  
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,  
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,  
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,  
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
Made war upon each other for an hour,

Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
The hard condition; but that she would loose  
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,  
From then till noon no foot should pace the  
street,  
No eye look down, she passing; but that all  
Should keep within, door shut, and window  
barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath  
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon  
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,  
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;  
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair  
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd  
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt  
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:  
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode.  
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout  
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur  
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot  
Light horrors thro, her pulses: the blind walls  
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead  
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she  
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw  
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field  
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:  
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,  
Were shrivel'd into darkness in his head,  
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who  
    wait  
On noble deeds, cancel'd a sense misused;  
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shame-  
    less noon  
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred  
    towers,  
One after one; but even then she gain'd  
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and  
    crown'd,  
To meet her lord, she took the tax away  
And built herself an everlasting name.

## THE DAY-DREAM.

## PROLOGUE.

O Lady Flora, let me speak:  
A pleasant hour has passed away  
While, dreaming on your damask cheek  
The dewy sister-eyelids lay.  
As by the lattice you reclined,  
I went thro' many wayward moods  
To see you dreaming—and, behind,  
A summer crisp with shining woods.  
And I too dream'd, until at last  
Across my fancy, brooding warm,  
The reflex of a legend past,  
And loosely settled into form.  
And would you have the thought I had,  
And see the vision that I saw,  
Then take the broidery-frame, and add  
A crimson to the quaint Macaw,  
And I will tell it. Turn your face,  
Nor look with that too-earnest eye—  
The rhymes are dazzled from their place,  
And order'd words asunder fly.

## THE SLEEPING PALACE.

## I.

The varying year with blade, and sheaf  
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains,  
Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the veins.  
Fain shadows, vapors lightly curl'd,  
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,  
Like hints and echoes of the world  
To spirits folded in the womb.

## II.

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.

## III.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs:  
In these, in those the life is stay'd.  
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.

## IV.

Here sits the Butler with a flask  
Between his knees, half-drain'd, 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 sever'd as to speak:  
His own are pouted to a kiss:  
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

## V.

Till all the hundred summers pass,  
The beams, that thro' the Oriel shine,  
Make prisms in every carven glass,  
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.  
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.  
His state the king reposing keeps.  
He must have been a jovial king.

## VI.

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, bur and brake and briar,  
And glimpsing over these, just seen,  
High up, the topmost palace spire.

## VII.

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 order'd, ages since.  
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,  
And bring the fated fairy Prince.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

### I.

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 slumbrous light is rich and warm,  
And moves not on the rounded curl.

### II.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid  
Unto her limbs itself doth mould  
Languidly ever; and, amid  
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd  
Gloweth forth each softly-shadow'd arm  
With bracelets of the diamond bright:  
Her constant beauty doth inform  
Stillness with love, and day with light.

### III.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard  
In palace chambers far apart.

The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd  
 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.

### I.

All precious things, discover'd 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.

### II.

The bodies and the bones of those  
 That strove in other days to pass,  
 Are wither'd in the thorny close  
 Or scatter'd branching on the grass.  
 He gazes on the silent dead:  
 "They perish'd in their daring deeds."  
 This proverb flashes through his head,  
 "The many fail: the one succeeds."

### III.

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 whisper'd voices at his ear.

## IV.

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.

## I.

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 thro' all the garden swept,  
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

## II.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
 The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,

The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
 The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,  
 The maid and page renew'd their strife,  
 The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clackt,  
 And all the long-pent stream of life  
 Dash'd downward in a cataract.

## III.

And last with these the king awoke,  
 And in his chair himself uprear'd,  
 And yawn'd, and rubb'd 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.

## IV.

"Pardy," return'd the king, "but still  
 My joints are somewhat stiff or so.  
 My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
 I mention'd half an hour ago?"  
 The chancelor, sedate and vain,  
 In courteous words return'd reply:  
 But dallied with his golden chain,  
 And, smiling, put the question by.

## THE DEPARTURE.

## I.

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 follow'd him.

## II.

"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, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,  
The twilight melted into morn.

## III.

"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 buoy'd the crescent-bark,  
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,  
The twilight died into the dark.

## IV.

"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,  
Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

## MORAL.

## I.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
And if you find no moral there,  
Go, look in any glass and say,  
What moral is in being fair.  
Oh, to what uses shall we put  
The wildweed-flower that simply blows;  
And is there any moral shut  
Within the bosom of the rose?

## II.

But any man that walks the mead,  
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,  
According as his humors lead,  
A meaning suited to his mind.  
And liberal applications lie  
In Art like Nature, dearest friend;  
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I  
Should hook it to some useful end.

## L'ENVOI.

## I.

You shake your head. A random string  
Your finer female sense offends.  
Well—were it not a pleasant thing  
To fall asleep with all one's friends;  
To pass with all our social ties  
To silence from the paths of men;



“‘What wonder if he thinks me fair.’”—Page 58.  
Locksley Hall.





And every hundred years to rise  
 And learn the world, and sleep again;  
 To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,  
 And wake on science grown to more,  
 On secrets of the brain, the stars,  
 As wild as aught of fairy lore;  
 And all that else the years will show,  
 The Poet-forms of stronger hours,  
 The vast Republics that may grow,  
 The Federations and the Powers;  
 Titanic forces taking birth  
 In divers seasons, divers climes;  
 For we are Ancients of the earth,  
 And in the morning of the times.

## II.

So sleeping, so aroused from sleep  
 Thro' sunny decads new and strange  
 Or gay quinqueniads would we reap  
 The flower and quintessence of change.

## III.

Ah, yet would I—and would I might!  
 So much your eyes my fancy take—  
 Be still the first to leap to light  
 That I might kiss those eyes awake!  
 For, am I right, or am I wrong,  
 To choose your own you did not care;  
 You'd have my moral from the song,  
 And I will take my pleasure there:  
 And, am I right, or am I wrong,  
 My fancy, ranging thro' and thro',  
 To search a meaning for the song,  
 Perforce will still revert to you;

Nor finds a closer truth than this  
 All-graceful head, so richly curl'd,  
 And evermore a costly kiss  
 The prelude to some brighter world.

## IV.

For since the time when Adam first  
 Embraced his Eve in happy hour,  
 And every bird of Eden burst  
 In carol, every bud to flower,  
 What eyes, like thine, have waken'd hopes,  
 What lips, like thine, so sweetly join'd?  
 Where on the double rosebud droops  
 The fulness of the pensive mind;  
 Which all too dearly self-involved,  
 Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to me;  
 A sleep by kisses undissolved,  
 That lets thee neither hear nor see:  
 But break it. In the name of wife,  
 And in the rights that name may give,  
 Are clasp'd the moral of thy life,  
 And that for which I care to live.

## EPILOGUE.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
 And, if you find a meaning there,  
 O whisper to your glass, and say,  
 "What wonder if he thinks me fair?"  
 What wonder I was all unwise,  
 To shape the song for your delight  
 Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise  
 That float thro' Heaven, and cannot light?

Or old-world trains, upheld at court  
By Cupid-boys of blooming hue—  
But take it—earnest wed with sport,  
And either sacred unto you.

## AMPHION.

My father left a park to me,  
But it is wild and barren,  
A garden too with scarce a tree,  
And waster than a warren:  
Yet say the neighbors when they call,  
It is not bad but good land,  
And in it is the germ of all  
That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great  
In days of old Amphion,  
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,  
Nor cared for seed or scion!  
And had I lived when song was great,  
And legs of trees were limber,  
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,  
And fiddled in the timber!

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,  
Such happy intonation,  
Wherever he sat down and sung  
He left a small plantation;  
Wherever in a lonely grove  
He set up his forlorn pipes,  
The gouty oak began to move,  
And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,  
And, as tradition teaches,  
Young ashes pirouetted down  
Coquetting with young beaches;  
And briony-vine and ivy-wreath  
Ran forward to his rhyming,  
And from the valleys underneath  
Came little copses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent  
The woodbine wreaths that bind her,  
And down the middle buzz! she went  
With all her bees behind her:  
The poplars, in long order due,  
With cypress promenaded,  
The shock-head willows two and two  
By rivers galloped.

Came wet-shod alder from the wave,  
Came yews, a dismal coterie;  
Each pluck'd his one foot from the grave,  
Poussetting with a sloe-tree:  
Old elms came breaking from the vine,  
The vine stream'd out to follow,  
And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine  
From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,  
When, ere his song was ended,  
Like some great landslip, tree by tree,  
The country-side descended;  
And shepherds from the mountain-eaves  
Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frighten'd.  
As dash'd about the drunken leaves  
The random sunshine lighten'd!

Oh, nature first was fresh to men,  
And wanton without measure;  
So youthful and so flexile then,  
You moved her at your pleasure.  
Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs!  
And make her dance attendance;  
Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs,  
And scirrhous roots and tendons.

'Tis vain! in such a brassy age  
I could not move a thistle;  
The very sparrows in the hedge  
Scarce answer to my whistle;  
Or at the most, when three-parts-sick  
With strumming and with scraping,  
A jackass heehaws from the rick,  
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound  
Like sleepy counsel pleading;  
O Lord!—'tis in my neighbor's ground,  
The modern Muses reading.  
They read Botanic Treatises,  
And Works on Gardening thro' there,  
And Methods of transplanting trees  
To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd Misses! how they prose  
O'er books of travell'd seamen,  
And show you slips of all that grows  
From England to Van Diemen.  
They read in arbors clipt and cut,  
And alleys, faded places,  
By squares of tropic summer shut  
And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,  
Are neither green nor sappy;  
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,  
The spindlings look unhappy.  
Better to me the meanest weed  
That blows upon the mountain,  
The vilest herb that runs to seed  
Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil  
And years of cultivation,  
Upon my proper patch of soil  
To grow my own plantation.  
I'll take the showers as they fall,  
I will not vex my bosom:  
Enough if at the end of all  
A little garden blossom.

### ST. AGNES' EVE.

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 soil'd 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,  
    Thro' 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!

### SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
    My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
    Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,

The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel:  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall!  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall:  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns:  
Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
I hear a voice but none are there;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chaunts resound between.



Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres

I find a magic bark ;

I leap on board : no helmsman steers :

I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light !

Three angels bear the holy Grail :

With folded feet, in stoles of white,

On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !

My spirit beats her mortal bars,

As down dark tides the glory slides,

And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go,

The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,

The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,

And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,

And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;

No branchy thicket shelter yields ;

But blessed forms in whistling storms

Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given

Such hope, I know not fear ;

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven

That often meets me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,

Pure spaces clothed in living beams,

Pure lilies of eternal peace,

Whose odors haunt my dreams ;

And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
 This mortal armor that I wear,  
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
 Are touch'd, and turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
 And thro' the mountain-walls  
 A rolling organ-harmony  
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:  
 "O just and faithful knight of God!  
 Ride on! the prize is near."  
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,  
 Until I find the holy Grail.

### EDWARD GRAY.

Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town  
 Met me walking on yonder way,  
 "And have you lost your heart?" she said;  
 "And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:  
 Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:  
 "Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
 Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,  
 Against her father's and mother's will:  
 To-day I sat for an hour and wept,  
 By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

“Shy she was, and I thought her cold;  
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;  
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,  
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

“Cruel, cruel the words I said!  
Cruelly came they back to-day:  
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,  
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

“There I put my face in the grass—  
Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair:  
I repent me of all I did:  
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

“Then I took a pencil, and wrote  
On the mossy stone, as I lay,  
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;  
And here the heart of Edward Gray?'

“Love may come, and love may go,  
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree:  
But I will love no more, no more,  
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

“Bitterly wept I over the stone:  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:  
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!  
And there the heart of Edward Gray!”

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL  
MONOLOGUE.

MADE AT THE COCK.

O plump head-waiter at The Cock,  
To which I most resort,  
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock,  
Go fetch a pint of port:  
But let it not be such as that  
You set before chance-comers,  
But such whose father-grape grew fat  
On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse,  
But may she still be kind,  
And whisper lovely words, and use  
Her influence on the mind,  
To make me write my random rhymes,  
Ere they be half-forgotten;  
Nor add and alter, many times,  
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips  
Her laurel in the wine,  
And lays it thrice upon my lips,  
These favor'd lips of mine;  
Until the charm have power to make  
New lifeblood warm the bosom,  
And barren commonplaces break  
In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board;  
Her gradual fingers steal

And touch upon the master-chord  
Of all I felt and feel.  
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,  
And phantom hopes assemble;  
And that child's heart within the man's  
Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns,  
By many pleasant ways,  
Against its fountain upward runs  
The current of my days:  
I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd;  
The gas-light wavers dimmer;  
And softly, thro' a vinous mist,  
My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense,  
Unboding critic-pen,  
Or that eternal want of pence,  
Which vexes public men,  
Who hold their hands to all, and cry  
For that which all deny them—  
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,  
And all the world go by them.

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,  
Tho' fortune clip my wings,  
I will not cramp my heart, nor take  
Half-views of men and things.  
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;  
There must be stormy weather;  
But for some true result of good  
All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes;  
 If old things, there are new;  
 Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,  
 Yet glimpses of the true.  
 Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,  
 We lack not rhymes and reasons,  
 As on this Whirligig of Time  
 We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid;  
 With fair horizons bound:  
 This whole wide earth of light and shade  
 Comes out a perfect round.  
 High over roaring Temple-bar,  
 And set in Heaven's third story,  
 I look at all things as they are,  
 But thro' a kind of glory.

---

Head-waiter, honor'd by the guest  
 Half-mused, or reeling ripe.  
 The pint you brought me, was the best  
 That ever came from pipe.  
 But tho' the port surpasses praise,  
 My nerves have dealt with stiffer.  
 Is there some magic in the place?  
 Or do my peptics differ?

For since I came to live and learn,  
 No pint of white or red  
 Had ever half the power to turn  
 This wheel within my head,  
 Which bears a season'd brain about,

Unsubject to confusion,  
Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and out,  
Thro' every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,  
With many kinsmen gay,  
Where long and largely we carouse  
As who shall say me nay:  
Each month, a birthday coming on,  
We drink defying trouble,  
Or sometimes two would meet in one,  
And then we drank it double;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,  
Had relish fiery-new,  
Or elbow-deep in sawdust, slept,  
As old as Waterloo;  
Or stow'd, when classic Canning died,  
In musty bins and chambers,  
Had cast upon its crusty side  
The gloom of ten Decembers.

The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is!  
She answer'd to my call,  
She changes with that mood or this,  
Is all-in-all to all:  
She lit the spark within my throat,  
To make my blood run quicker,  
Used all her fiery will, and smote  
Her life into the liquor.

And hence this halo lives about  
The waiter's hands, that reach  
To each his perfect pint of stout,

His proper chop to each.  
He looks not like the common breed  
That with the napkin dally;  
I think he came like Ganymede,  
From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg  
Than modern poultry drop,  
Stept forward on a firmer leg,  
And cramm'd a plumper crop;  
Upon an ampler dunghill trod,  
Crow'd lustier late and early,  
Sipt wine from silver, praising God,  
And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,  
Till in a court he saw  
A something-pottle-bodied boy  
That knuckled at the taw:  
He stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and good,  
Flew over roof and casement:  
His brothers of the weather stood  
Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe, and spire,  
And follow'd with acclams,  
A sign to many a staring shire  
Came crowing over Thames.  
Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,  
Till, where the street grows straiter,  
One fix'd forever at the door,  
And one became head-waiter.



But whither would my fancy go?  
How out of place she makes  
The violet of a legend blow  
Among the chops and steaks!  
'Tis but a steward of the can,  
One shade more plump than common;  
As just and mere a serving-man  
As any born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me down  
Into the common day?  
Is it the weight of that half-crown,  
Which I shall have to pay?  
For something duller than at first,  
Nor wholly comfortable,  
I sit, my empty glass reversed,  
And thrumming on the table:

Half fearful that, with self at strife,  
I take myself to task;  
Lest of the fulness of my life  
I leave an empty flask:  
For I had hope, by something rare,  
To prove myself a poet:  
But, while I plan and plan, my hair  
Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,  
Till they be gather'd up;  
The truth, that flies the flowing can,  
Will haunt the vacant cup:  
And others' follies teach us not,  
Nor much their wisdom teaches;  
And most, of sterling worth, is what  
Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone!  
 We know not what we know.  
 But for my pleasant hour, 'tis gone;  
 'Tis gone, and let it go.  
 'Tis gone: a thousand such have slipt  
 Away from my embraces,  
 And fall'n into the dusty crypt  
 Of darken'd forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went  
 Long since, and came no more;  
 With peals of genial clamor sent  
 From many a tavern-door,  
 With twisted quirks and happy hits,  
 From misty men of letters;  
 The tavern-hours of mighty wits—  
 Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the Poet's words and looks  
 Had yet their native glow:  
 Nor yet the fear of little books  
 Had made him talk for show;  
 But, all his vast heart sherris-warm'd,  
 He flash'd his random speeches,  
 Ere days, that deal in ana, swarm'd  
 His literary leeches.

So mix forever with the past,  
 Like all good things on earth!  
 For should I prize thee, couldst thou last,  
 At half thy real worth?  
 I hold it good, good things should pass:  
 With time I will not quarrel:

It is but yonder empty glass  
That makes me maudlin-moral.

---

Head-waiter of the chop-house here,  
To which I most resort,  
I too must part: I hold thee dear  
For this good pint of port.  
For this, thou shalt from all things suck  
Marrow of mirth and laughter;  
And wheresoe'er thou move, good luck  
Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from hence,  
The sphere thy fate allots:  
Thy latter days increased with pence  
Go down among the pots:  
Thou battenest by the greasy gleam  
In haunts of hungry sinners,  
Old boxes, larded with the steam  
Of thirty thousand dinners.

We fret, we fume, would shift our skins,  
Would quarrel with our lot;  
Thy care is, under polish'd tins,  
To serve the hot-and-hot;  
To come and go, and come again,  
Returning like the pewit,  
And watch'd by silent gentlemen,  
That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head  
The thick-set hazel dies;

Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread  
 The corners of thine eyes:  
 Live long, nor feel in head or chest  
 Our changeful equinoxes,  
 Till mellow Death, like some late guest,  
 Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease  
 To pace the gritted floor,  
 And, laying down an unctuous lease  
 Of life, shall earn no more;  
 No carved cross-bones, the types of Death,  
 Shall show thee past to Heaven:  
 But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,  
 A pint-pot neatly graven.

### LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,  
 And clouds are highest up in air,  
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:  
 Lovers long-betroth'd were they:  
 They two will wed the morrow morn:  
 God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,  
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair;  
 He loves me for my own true worth,  
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"  
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,  
"That all comes round so just and fair:  
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my  
nurse?"  
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"  
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,  
"I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;  
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother," she said, "if this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.  
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by."

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,  
“But keep the secret all ye can.”  
She said, “Not so: but I will know  
If there be any faith in man.”

“Nay now, what faith?” said Alice the nurse,  
“The man will cleave unto his right.”  
“And he shall have it,” the lady replied,  
“Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!  
Alas, my child, I sinn’d for thee.”  
“O mother, mother, mother,” she said,  
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,  
My mother dear, if this be so,  
And lay your hand upon my head,  
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare:  
She went by dale, and she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
Leapt up from where she lay,  
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,  
And follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:  
“O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!  
Why come you drest like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth?”

“If I come drest like a village maid,  
 I am but as my fortunes are:  
 I am beggar born,” she said,  
 “And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,  
 “For I am yours in word and in deed.  
 Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,  
 “Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up!  
 Her heart within her did not fail:  
 She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:  
 He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood  
 “If you are not the heiress born,  
 And I,” said he, “the next in blood—

“If you are not the heiress born,  
 And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,  
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
 And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

## THE CAPTAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

He that only rules by terror  
 Doeth grievous wrong.  
 Deep as Hell I count his error.  
 Let him hear my song.  
 Brave the Captain was: the seamen

Made a gallant crew,  
Gallant sons of English freemen,  
Sailors bold and true.  
But they hated his oppression,  
Stern he was and rash;  
So for every light transgression  
Doom'd them to the lash.  
Day by day more harsh and cruel  
Seem'd the Captain's mood.  
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel  
Burnt in each man's blood.  
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,  
Hoped to make the name  
Of his vessel great in story,  
Wheresoe'er he came.  
So they past by capes and islands,  
Many a harbor-mouth,  
Sailing under palmy highlands  
Far within the South.  
On a day when they were going  
O'er the lone expanse,  
In the north, her canvas flowing,  
Rose a ship of France.  
Then the Captain's color heighten'd,  
Joyful came his speech:  
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd  
In the eyes of each.  
"Chase," he said: the ship flew forward,  
And the wind did blow;  
Stately, lightly, went she Norward,  
Till she near'd the foe.  
Then they look'd at him they hated,  
Had what they desired:  
Mute with folded arms they waited—



Not a gun was fired.  
But they heard the foeman's thunder  
Roaring out their doom;  
All the air was torn in sunder,  
Crashing went the boom,  
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd,  
Bullets fell like rain;  
Over mast and deck were scatter'd  
Blood and brains of men.  
Spars were splinter'd; decks were broken:  
Every mother's son—  
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—  
Each beside his gun.  
On the decks as they were lying,  
Were their faces grim.  
In their blood, as they lay dying,  
Did they smile on him.  
Those, in whom he had reliance  
For his noble name,  
With one smile of still defiance  
Sold him unto shame.  
Shame and wrath his heart confounded,  
Pale he turn'd and red,  
Till himself was deadly wounded  
Falling on the dead.  
Dismal error! fearful slaughter!  
Years have wander'd by,  
Side by side beneath the water  
Crew and Captain lie;  
There the sunlit ocean tosses  
O'er them mouldering,  
And the lonely seabird crosses  
With one waft of the wing.

## THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

In her ear he whispers gaily,  
"If my heart by signs can tell,  
Maiden, I have watch'd 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 woods, 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 order'd 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 clasp'd her like a lover,  
And he cheer'd her soul with love.  
So she strove against her weakness,  
Tho' at times her spirit 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 weigh'd upon her,  
And perplex'd her, night and morn,  
With the burthen of an honor  
Unto which she was not born.  
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,  
And she murmur'd, "Oh, that he  
Were once more that landscape-painter  
Which did win my heart from me!"  
So she droop'd and droop'd 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 mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,  
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.  
And he came to look upon her,  
And he look'd 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.

## THE VOYAGE.

## I.

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 for evermore.

## II.

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 sheer'd the gale.  
The broad seas swell'd to meet the keel,  
And swept behind; so quick the run,  
We felt the good ship shake and reel,  
We seem'd to sail into the Sun!

## III.

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 pillar'd light!  
How oft the purple-skirted robe  
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,  
As thro' the slumber of the globe  
Again we dash'd into the dawn!

## IV.

New stars all night above the brim  
Of waters lighten'd into view;  
They climb'd 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;

## V.

The peaky islet shifted shapes,  
High towns on hills were dimly seen,  
We past 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.

## VI.

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,  
Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine  
With ashy rains, that spreading made  
Fantastic plume or sable pine;  
By sands and steaming flats, and floods  
Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,  
And hills and scarlet-mingled woods  
Glow'd for a moment as we past.

## VII.

O hundred shores of happy climes,  
How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark!

At times the whole sea burn'd, 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 fruit nor flowers.

## VIII.

For one fair Vision ever fled  
 Down the waste waters day and night,  
 And still we follow'd where she led,  
 In hope to gain upon her flight.  
 Her face was evermore unseen,  
 And fixt upon the far sea-line;  
 But each man murmur'd, "O my Queen,  
 I follow till I make thee mine."

## IX.

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd  
 Like Fancy made of golden air,  
 Now nearer to the prow she seem'd  
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,  
 Now high on waves that idly burst  
 Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the sea,  
 And now, the bloodless point reversed,  
 She bore the blade of Liberty.

## X.

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 shriek'd in spite,  
 "A ship of fools," he sneer'd and wept.

And overboard one stormy night  
 He cast his body, and on we swept.

## XI.

And never sail of ours was furl'd,  
 Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn;  
 We lov'd 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 thro' the counter gale?

## XII.

Again to colder climes we came,  
 For still we follow'd 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 for evermore.

## SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

## A FRAGMENT.

Like souls that balance joy and pain,  
 With tears and smiles from heaven again  
 The maiden Spring upon the plain  
 Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.  
 In crystal vapor everywhere



Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,  
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,  
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green  
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song:  
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong:  
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,  
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong:  
By grassy capes with fuller sound  
In curves the yellowing river ran,  
And drooping chestnut-buds began  
To spread into the perfect fan,  
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,  
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere  
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,  
With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:  
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,  
Buckled with golden clasps before;  
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore  
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,  
Now by some tinkling rivulet,  
In mosses mixt with violet  
Her cream-white mule his pastern set:  
And fleetly now she skimm'd the plains  
Than she whose elfin prancer springs  
By night to eery warblings,  
When all the glimmering moorland rings  
With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,  
 The happy winds upon her play'd,  
 Blowing the ringlet from the braid:  
 She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd  
     The rein with dainty finger-tips,  
 A man had given all other bliss,  
 And all his worldly worth for this,  
 To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
     Upon her perfect lips.

### A FAREWELL.

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 than a river:  
 No where 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.

## THE BEGGAR MAID.

Her arms across her breast she laid;  
She was more fair than words can say:  
Bare-footed came the beggar maid  
Before the king Cophetua.  
In robe and crown the king stept down,  
To meet and greet her on her way;  
"It is no wonder," said the lords,  
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen:  
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,  
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.  
So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
In all that land had never been:  
Cophetua sware a royal oath:  
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

## THE EAGLE.

## FRAGMENT.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

“MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH,  
AND LEAVE.”

Move eastward, happy earth, and leave  
Yon orange sunset waning slow:  
From fringes of the faded eve,  
Oh, happy planet, eastward go;  
Till over thy dark shoulder glow  
Thy silver sister-world, and rise  
To glass herself in dewy eyes  
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,  
Dip forward under starry light,  
And move me to my marriage-morn,  
And round again to happy night.

“COME NOT, WHEN I AM DEAD.”

Come not, when I am dead,  
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,  
To trample round my fallen head,  
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst  
not save.

There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;  
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime  
I care no longer, being all unblest:  
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,  
And I desire to rest.

Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I  
lie:

Go by, go by.

## THE LETTERS.

## I.

Still on the tower stood the vane,  
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,  
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane  
And saw the altar cold and bare.  
A clog of lead was round my feet,  
A band of pain across my brow;  
"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet  
Before you hear my marriage vow."

## II.

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song  
That mock'd the wholesome human heart,  
And then we met in wrath and wrong,  
We met, but only meant to part  
Full cold my greeting was and dry;  
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;  
I saw with half-unconscious eye  
She wore the colors I approved.

## III.

She took the little ivory chest,  
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,  
Then raised her head with lips compress,  
And gave my letters back to me.  
And gave the trinkets and the rings,  
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;  
As looks a father on the things  
Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

## IV.

She told me all her friends had said ;  
I raged against the public liar ;  
She talk'd as if her love were dead,  
But in my words were seeds of fire.  
"No more of love; your sex is known  
I never will be twice deceived.  
Henceforth I trust the man alone,  
The woman cannot be believed.

## V.

"Thro' slander, meanest spawn of Hell—  
And women's slander is the worst,  
And you, whom once I lov'd so well,  
Thro' you, my life will be accurst."  
I spoke with heart, and heat and force,  
I shook her breast with vague alarms—  
Like torrents from a mountain source  
We rush'd into each other's arms.

## VI.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,  
And sweet the vapor-braided blue,  
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,  
As homeward by the church I drew.  
The very graves appear'd to smile,  
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells:  
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,  
There comes a sound of marriage bells."

## THE VISION OF SIN.

## I.

I had a vision when the night was late:  
A youth came riding toward a palace-gate.  
He rode a horse with wings, that would have  
    flown,  
But that his heavy rider kept him down.  
And from the palace came a child of sin,  
And took him by the curls, and led him in,  
Where sat a company with heated eyes,  
Expecting when a fountain should arise:  
A sleepy light upon their brows and lips—  
As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,  
Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and  
    capes—  
Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,  
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and  
    piles of grapes.

## II.

Then methought I heard a mellow sound,  
Gathering up from all the lower ground;  
Narrowing in to where they sat assembled  
Low voluptuous music winding trembled,  
Wov'n in circles: they that heard it sigh'd,  
Panted hand-in-hand with faces pale,  
Swung themselves, and in low tones replied;  
Till the fountain spouted, showering wide  
Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail;  
Then the music touch'd the gates and died;  
Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,

Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing gale;  
 Till thronging in and in, to where they waited,  
 As 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale,  
 The strong tempestous treble throbb'd and  
     palpitated;  
 Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,  
 Caught the sparkles, and in circles,  
 Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes,  
 Flung the torrent rainbow round:  
 Then they started from their places,  
 Moved with violence, changed in hue,  
 Caught each other with wild grimaces,  
 Half-invisible to the view,  
 Wheeling with precipitate paces  
 To the melody, till they flew,  
 Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces,  
 Twisted hard in fierce embraces,  
 Like to Furies, like to Graces,  
 Dash'd together in blinding dew:  
 Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,  
 The nerve-dissolving melody  
 Flutter'd headlong from the sky.

## III.

And then I look'd up toward a mountain-tract,  
 That girt the region with high cliff and lawn:  
 I saw that every morning, far withdrawn  
 Beyond the darkness and the cataract,  
 God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,  
 Unheeded: and detaching, fold by fold,  
 From those still heights, and, slowly drawing  
     near,  
 A vapor heavy, hueless, formless, cold,  
 Came floating on for many a month and year,



Unheeded: and I thought I would have spoken,  
 And warn'd that madman ere it grew too late:  
 But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was  
     broken,  
 When that cold vapor touch'd the palace gate,  
 And link'd again. I saw within my head  
 A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death,  
 Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath,  
 And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

## IV.

“Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin  
     Here is custom come your way;  
 Take my brute, and lead him in,  
     Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

“Bitter barmaid, waning fast  
     See that sheets are on my bed;  
 What! the flower of life is past:  
     It is long before you wed.

“Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour  
     At the Dragon on the heath!  
 Let us have a quiet hour,  
     Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

“I am old, but let me drink;  
     Bring me spices, bring me wine;  
 I remember, when I think,  
     That my youth was half-divine.

“Wine is good for shrivel'd lips,  
     When a blanket wraps the day,  
 When the rotten woodland drips,  
     And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

“Sit thee down, and have no shame,  
Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee:  
What care I for any name?  
What for order or degree?

“Let me screw thee up a peg:  
Let me loose thy tongue with wine:  
Callest thou that thing a leg?  
Which is thinnest? thine or mine?

“Thou shalt not be saved by works:  
Thou hast been a sinner too:  
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,  
Empty scarecrows, I and you!

“Fill the cup, and fill the can:  
Have a rouse before the morn:  
Every moment dies a man,  
Every moment one is born.

“We are men of ruin'd blood;  
Therefore comes it we are wise.  
Fish are we that love the mud,  
Rising to no fancy-flies.

“Name and fame! to fly sublime  
Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,  
Is to be the ball of Time,  
Banded by the hands of fools.

“Friendship!—to be two in one—  
Let the canting liar pack!  
Well I know, when I am gone,  
How she mouths behind my back.

“Virtue!—to be good and just—  
Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust,  
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

“O! we two as well can look  
Whited thought and cleanly life  
As the priest, above his book  
Leering at his neighbor's wife.

“Fill the cup, and fill the can:  
Have a rouse before the morn;  
Every moment dies a man,  
Every moment one is born.

“Drink, and let the parties rave:  
They are fill'd with idle spleen;  
Rising, falling, like a wave,  
For they know not what they mean.

“He that roars for liberty  
Faster binds a tyrant's power;  
And the tyrant's cruel glee  
Forces on the freer hour.

“Fill the can, and fill the cup:  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

“Greet her with applausive breath,  
Freedom, gaily doth she tread;  
In her right a civic wreath,  
In her left a human head.

“No, I love not what is new;  
She is of an ancient house:  
And I think we know the hue  
Of that cap upon her brows.

“Let her go! her thirst she slakes  
Where the bloody conduit runs,  
Then her sweetest meal she makes  
On the first-born of her sons.

“Drink to lofty hopes that cool—  
Visions of a perfect State:  
Drink we, last, the public fool,  
Frantic love and frantic hate.

“Chant me now some wicked stave,  
Till thy drooping courage rise,  
And the glow-worm of the grave  
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

“Fear not thou to loose thy tongue;  
Set thy hoary fancies free;  
What is loathsome to the young  
Savors well to thee and me.

“Change, reverting to the years,  
When thy nerves could understand  
What there is in loving tears,  
And the warmth of hand in hand.

“Tell me tales of thy first love—  
April hopes, the fools of chance;  
Till the graves begin to move,  
And the dead begin to dance.

“Fill the can, and fill the cup:  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

“Trooping from their mouldy dens  
The chap-fallen circle spreads:  
Welcome, fellow-citizens,  
Hollow hearts and empty heads!

“You are bones, and what of that?  
Every face, however full,  
Padded round with flesh and fat,  
Is but model'd on a skull.

“Death is king, and Vivat Rex!  
Tread a measure on the stones,  
Mađam—if I know your sex,  
From the fashion of your bones.

“No, I cannot praise the fire  
In your eye—nor yet your lip:  
All the more do I admire  
Joints of cunning workmanship.

“Lo! God's likeness—the ground-plan—  
Neither model'd, glazed, nor framed:  
Buss me, thou rough sketch of man,  
Far too naked to be shamed!

“Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance,  
While we keep a little breath!  
Drink to heavy Ignorance!  
Hob-and-nob with brother Death!

“Thou art mazed, the night is long,  
 And the longer night is near:  
 What! I am not all as wrong  
 As a bitter jest is dear.

“Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,  
 When the locks are crisp and curl'd;  
 Unto me my maudlin gall  
 And my mockeries of the world.

“Fill the cup, and fill the can:  
 Mingle madness, mingle scorn!  
 Dregs of life, and lees of man:  
 Yet we will not die forlorn.”

## v.

The voice grew faint: there came a further  
 change:

Once more uprose the mystic mountain-range:  
 Below were men and horses pierced with worms  
 And slowly quickening into lower forms;  
 By shards and scurf, of salt and scum of dross,  
 Old plash of rains, and refuse patch'd with moss.  
 Then some one spake: “Behold! it was a crime  
 Of sense avenged by sense that wore with  
 time.”

Another said: “The crime of sense became  
 The crime of malice, and is equal blame.”

And one: “He had not wholly quench'd his  
 power;

A little grain of conscience made him sour.”

At last I heard a voice upon the slope

Cry to the summit, “Is there any hope?”

To which an answer peal'd from that high land,

But in a tongue no man could understand:  
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn  
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

TO —,

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

“Cursed he be that moves my bones.”  
— Shakespeare’s Epitaph.

You might have won the Poet’s name,  
If such be worth the winning now,  
And gain’d a laurel for your brow  
Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice,  
A life that moves to gracious ends  
Thro’ troops of unrecording friends,  
A deedful life, a silent voice:

And you have miss’d the irreverent doom  
Of those that wear the Poet’s crown:  
Hereafter, neither knave nor clown  
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the Poet cannot die,  
Nor leave his music as of old,  
But round him ere he scarce be cold  
Begins the scandal and the cry:

“Proclaim the faults he would not show:  
Break lock and seal: betray the trust:

Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just  
The many-headed beast should know."

Ah shameless! for he did but sing  
A song that pleased us from its worth;  
No public life was his on earth,  
No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best:  
His worst he kept, his best he gave.  
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave  
Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it seem more sweet to be  
The little life of bank and brier,  
The bird that pipes his lone desire  
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud  
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,  
For whom the carrion vulture waits  
To tear his heart before the crowd!

#### TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE.

Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls  
Of water, sheets of summer glass,  
The long divine Peneian pass,  
The vast Akrokeraunian walls,

Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,  
With such a pencil, such a pen,



You shadow forth to distant men,  
I read and felt that I was there:

And trust me while I turn'd the page,  
And track'd you still on classic ground,  
I grew in gladness till I found  
My spirits in the golden age.

For me the torrent ever pour'd  
And glisten'd—here and there alone  
The broad-limb'd Gods at random thrown  
By fountain-urns;—and Naiads oar'd

A glimmering shoulder under gloom  
Of cavern pillars; on the swell  
The silver lily heaved and fell;  
And many a slope was rich in bloom

From him that on the mountain lea  
By dancing rivulets fed his flocks  
To him who sat upon the rocks,  
And fluted to the morning sea.

### 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 their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break  
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

### THE POET'S SONG.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,  
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,  
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,  
And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,  
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,  
The snake slipt under a spray,  
The wild hawk stood with the down on his  
beak,  
And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung  
many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died away."

## THE BROOK.

Here, by this brook, we parted; I to the East  
And he for Italy—too late—too late:

One whom the strong sons of the world despise;  
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,  
And mellow meters more than cent for cent;  
Nor could he understand how money breeds,  
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could  
make

The thing that is not as the thing that is.

O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,  
Of those that held their heads above the  
crowd,

They flourish'd then or then; but life in him  
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd  
On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,  
And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,  
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,  
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air  
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,

Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,  
To me that loved him; for "O brook," he says,  
"O babbling brook," says Edmund in his  
rhyme,

"Whence come you?" and the brook, why not?  
replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
 Or slip between the ridges,  
 By twenty thorps, a little town,  
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

“Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,  
 Traveling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,  
 It has more ivy; there the river; and there  
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river  
 meet.

I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trebles,  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
 By many a field and fallow,  
 And many a fairy foreland set  
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

“But Philip chatter'd more than brook or  
 bird;  
 Old Philip; all about the fields you caught  
 His weary daylong chirping, like the dry  
 High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

“O darling Katie Willows, his one child!  
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;  
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;  
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;  
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,  
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,  
James Willows, of one name and heart with her  
For here I came, twenty years back—the week  
Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost  
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,  
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam  
Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,  
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,  
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,  
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,  
Stuck; and he clamor'd from a casement, 'Run'  
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,

'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she moved  
 To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,  
 A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,  
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

"What was it? less of sentiment than sense  
 Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those  
 Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,  
 And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,  
 Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

"She told me. She and James had quar-  
 rel'd. Why?  
 What cause of quarrel! None, she said, no  
 cause;  
 James had no cause: but when I prest the  
 cause,  
 I learnt that James had flickering jealousies  
 Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I  
 said.

But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,  
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot  
 Some figure like a wizard pantagram  
 On garden gravel, let my query pass  
 Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd  
 If James were coming. 'Coming every day,'  
 She answer'd, 'ever longing to explain,  
 But evermore her father came across  
 With some long-winded tale, and broke him  
 short;  
 And James departed vext with him and her.'  
 How could I help her? 'Would I—was it  
 wrong?'

(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace

Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)  
'O would I take her father for one hour,  
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!  
And even while she spoke, I saw where James  
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,  
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-  
sweet.

“O Katie! what I suffer'd for your sake!  
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out  
To show the farm: full willingly he rose:  
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes  
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.  
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;  
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his  
dogs;  
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;  
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs  
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:  
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took  
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming  
each,  
And naming those, his friends, for whom they  
were:  
Then crost the common into Darnley chase  
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern  
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.  
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:  
'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'  
And there he told a long long-winded tale  
Of how the Squire had seen the cold at grass,  
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,  
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm

To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd  
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,  
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;  
He gave them line: and five days after that  
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,  
Who then and there had offer'd something  
more,  
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;  
He knew the man; the colt would fetch its  
price;  
He gave them line: and how by chance at last  
(It might be May or April, he forgot,  
The last of April or the first of May)  
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,  
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,  
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,  
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

“Then, while I breathed in sight of haven,  
he,  
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,  
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,  
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,  
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt,  
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,  
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,  
And with me Philip, talking still; and so  
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,  
And following our own shadows thrice as long  
As when they follow'd us from Philip's door,  
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content  
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.



I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
 I slide by hazel covers;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
 Among my skimming swallows;  
 I make the netted sunbeam dance  
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses;  
 I linger by my shingly bars;  
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

Yes, men may come and go; and these are  
 gone,  
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund,  
 sleeps,  
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,  
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
 Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he,  
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words  
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:  
 I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks  
 By the long wash of Australasian seas  
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,  
 And breathes in converse seasons. All are  
 gone."

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile  
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind

Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook  
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,  
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low  
breath

Of tender air made tremble in the hedge  
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;  
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden  
near,

Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared  
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell  
Divides threefold to show the fruit within:  
Then, wondering, ask'd her "Are you from the  
farm?"

"Yes," answer'd she. "Pray stay a little:  
pardon me;  
What do they call you?" "Katie." "That  
were strange.

What surname?" "Willows." "No!" "That  
is my name."

"Indeed!" and here he look'd so self-perplext,  
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till  
he

Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,  
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his  
dream.

Then looking at her; "Too happy, fresh and  
fair,

Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best  
bloom,

To be the ghost of one who bore your name  
About these meadows, twenty years ago."

“Have you not heard?” said Katie, “we came back.

We bought the farm we tenanted before.  
Am I so like her? so they said on board.  
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,  
My mother, as it seems you did, the days  
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.  
My brother James is in the harvest-field:  
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!”

### AYLMER'S FIELD.

1793.

Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our  
pride  
Looks only for a moment whole and sound;  
Like that long-buried body of the king,  
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,  
Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,  
Slipt into ashes, and was found no more.

Here is a story which in rougher shape  
Came from a grizzled cripple, whom I saw  
Sunning himself in a waste field alone—  
Old, and a mine of memories—who had served,  
Long since, a bygone Rector of the place,  
And been himself a part of what he told.

Sir Aylmer Aylmer, that almighty man,  
The county God—in whose capacious hall,  
Hung with a hundred shields, the family tree  
Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate king—  
Whose blazing wyvern weathercock'd the spire.

Stood from his walls and wing'd his entry-  
gate,

And swang besides on many a windy sign—  
Whose eyes from under a pyramidal head  
Saw from his windows nothing save his own—  
What lovelier of his own had he than her,  
His only child, his Edith, whom he loved  
As heiress and not heir regretfully?

But "he that marries her marries her name."  
This fiat somewhat soothed himself and wife,  
His wife a faded beauty of the Baths,  
Inspid as the Queen upon a card;  
Her all of thought and bearing hardly more  
Than his own shadow in a sickly sun.

A land of hops and poppy-mingled corn,  
Little about it stirring save a brook!  
A sleepy land, where under the same wheel  
The same old rut would deepen year by year;  
Where almost all the village had one name;  
Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall  
And Averill Averill at the Rectory  
Thrice over; so that Rectory and Hall,  
Bound in an immemorial intimacy,  
Were open to each other; tho' to dream  
That Love could bind them closer well had  
made

The hoar hair of the Baronet bristle up  
With horror, worse than had he heard his priest  
Preach an inverted scripture, sons of men  
Daughters of God; so sleepy was the land.

And might not Averill, had he will'd it so,  
Somewhere beneath his own low range of  
roofs,

Have also set his many-shielded tree?  
 There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage once.  
 When the red rose was redder than itself,  
 And York's white rose as red as Lancaster's,  
 With wounded peace which each had prick'd to  
 death.

"Not proven," Averill said, or laughingly  
 "Some other race of Averills"—prov'n or no,  
 What cared he? what, if other or the same?  
 He lean'd not on his fathers but himself.  
 But Leolin, his brother, living oft  
 With Averill, and a year or two before  
 Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away  
 By one low voice to one dear neighborhood,  
 Would often, in his walks with Edith, claim  
 A distant kinship to the gracious blood  
 That shook the heart of Edith hearing him.

Sanguine he was: a but less vivid hue  
 Than of that islet in the chestnut-bloom  
 Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes, that still  
 Took joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd,  
 Beneath a manelike mass of rolling gold,  
 Their best and brightest, when they dwelt on  
 hers,

Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,  
 But subject to the season or the mood,  
 Shone like a mystic star between the less  
 And greater glory varying to and fro,  
 We know not wherefore; bounteously made,  
 And yet so finely, that a troublous touch  
 Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,  
 A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.  
 And these have been together from the first.

Leolin's first nurse was, five years after, hers:  
So much the boy foreran; but when his date  
Doubled her own, for want of playmates, he  
(Since Averill was a decade and a half  
Her elder, and their parents underground)  
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd  
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt  
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,  
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged  
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green  
In living letters, told her fairy-tales,  
Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass,  
The little dells of cowslips, fairy palms,  
The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,  
Or from the tiny pitted target blew  
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd  
All at one mark, all hitting: make-believes  
For Edith and himself: or else he forged,  
But that was later, boyish histories  
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,  
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love  
Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and faint,  
But where a passion yet unborn perhaps  
Lay hidden as the music of the moon  
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.  
And thus together, save for college-times  
Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair  
As ever painter painted, poet sang,  
Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded, grew.  
And more and more, the maiden woman-  
grown,  
He wasted hours with Averill; there, when  
first  
The tented winter-field was broken up

Into that phalanx of the summer spears  
That soon should wear the garland; there  
again

When burr and bine were gather'd lastly there  
At Christmas; ever welcome at the Hall,  
On whose dull sameness his full tide of youth  
Broke with a phosphorescence charming even  
My lady; and the Baronet yet had laid  
No bar between them: dull and self-involved,  
Tall and erect, but bending from his height  
With half-allowing smiles for all the world,  
And mighty courteous in the main—his pride  
Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring—  
He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,  
Would care no more for Leolin's walking with  
her

Than for his old Newfoundland's, when they  
ran

To loose him at the stables, for he rose  
Twofooted at the limit of his chain,  
Roaring to make a third: and how should  
Love,

Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-met  
eyes

Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow  
Such dear familiarities of dawn?

Seldom, but when he does, Master of all.

So these young hearts not knowing that they  
loved,

Not she at least, nor conscious of a bar  
Between them, nor by plight or broken ring  
Bound, but an immemorial intimacy,  
Wander'd at will, and oft accompanied

By Averill: his, a brother's love, that hung  
With wings of brooding shelter o'er her peace,  
Might have been other, save for Leolin's—  
Who knows? but so they wander'd, hour by  
hour  
Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd, and  
drank  
The magic cup that filled itself anew.

A whisper half reveal'd her to herself.  
Far out beyond her lodges, where the brook  
Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran  
By sallowy rims, arose the laborers' homes,  
A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls  
That dimpling died into each other, huts  
At random scatter'd, each a nest in bloom.  
Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought  
About them: here was one that, summer-  
blanch'd  
Was parcel bearded with the traveler's joy  
In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here  
The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth  
Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle:  
One look'd all rose tree, and another wore  
A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars:  
This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers  
About it; this, a milky-way on earth,  
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's  
heavens,  
A lily-avenue climbing to the doors;  
One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves  
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;  
Each, its own charm; and Edith's everywhere;  
And Edith ever visitant with him,





“Roll’d his hoop to pleasure Edith.”—Page 118.  
Locksley Hall.



He but less loved than Edith, of her poor:  
 For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,  
 Queenly responsive when the loyal hand  
 Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,  
 Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,  
 Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height  
 That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice  
 Of comfort and an open hand of help,  
 A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs  
 Revered as theirs, but kindlier than them-  
 selves

To ailing wife or wailing infancy  
 Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored;  
 He loved for her and for himself. A grasp  
 Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,  
 A childly way with children, and a laugh  
 Ringing like proven golden coinage true,  
 Were no false passport to that easy realm,  
 Where once with Leolin at her side the girl,  
 Nursing a child, and turning to the warmth  
 The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,  
 Heard the good mother softly whisper "Bless,  
 God bless 'em: marriages are made in  
 Heaven."

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it to her.  
 My lady's Indian kinsman unannounced  
 With half a score of swarthy faces came.  
 His own, tho' keen and bold and soldierly,  
 Sear'd by the close ecliptic, was not fair;  
 Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the hour,  
 Tho' seeming boastful: so when first he dash'd  
 Into the chronicle of a deedful day,  
 Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile

Of patron, "Good! my lady's kinsman! good!"  
My lady with her fingers interlock'd,  
And rotatory thumbs on silken knees,  
Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear  
To listen: unawares they flitted off,  
Busying themselves about the flowerage  
That stood from out a stiff brocade in which,  
The meteor of a splendid season, she,  
Once with this kinsman, ah so long ago,  
Stept thro' the stately minuet of those days:  
But Edith's eager fancy hurried with him  
Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of his life:  
Till Leolin ever watchful of her eye,  
Hated him with a momentary hate.  
Wife-hunting, as the rumor ran, was he:  
I know not, for he spoke not, only shower'd  
His oriental gifts on every one  
And most on Edith: like a storm he came,  
And shook the house, and like a storm he  
went.

Among the gifts he left her (possibly  
He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to return  
When others had been tested) there was one,  
A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels on it  
Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd itself  
Fine as ice-ferns on January panes  
Made by a breath. I know not whence at first,  
Nor of what race, the work; but as he told  
The story, storming a hill-fort of thieves  
He got it; for their captain after fight,  
His comrades having fought their last below,  
Was climbing up the valley; at whom he shot:  
Down from the beetling crag to which he clung

Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet,  
 This dagger with him, which when now  
     admired  
 By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,  
 At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,  
 Tost over all her presents petulantly:  
 And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard,  
     saying  
 "Look what a lovely piece of workmanship!"  
 Slight was his answer, "Well—I care not  
     for it."  
 Then playing with the blade he prick'd his  
     hand,  
 "A gracious gift to give a lady, this!"  
 "But would it be more gracious," ask'd the  
     girl,  
 "Were I to give this gift of his to one  
 That is no lady?" "Gracious? No," said he.  
 "Me?—but I cared not for it. O pardon me,  
 I seem to be ungraciousness itself."  
 "Take it," she added, sweetly, "tho' his gift;  
 For I am more ungracious ev'n than you,  
 I care not for it either;" and he said,  
 "Why then I love it:" but Sir Aylmer past,  
 And neither loved nor liked the thing he  
     heard.

The next day came a neighbor. Blues and  
     reds  
 They talk'd of: blues were sure of it, he  
     thought:  
 Then of the latest fox.—where started—kill'd

In such a bottom: "Peter had the brush,  
My Peter, first:" and did Sir Aylmer know  
That great pock-pitten fellow had been caught?  
Then made his pleasure echo, hand to hand,  
And rolling as it were the substance of it  
Between his palms a moment up and down—  
"The birds were warm, the birds were warm  
upon him;  
We have him now:" and had Sir Aylmer  
heard—  
Nay, but he must—the land was ringing  
of it—  
This blacksmith border-marriage — one they  
knew—  
Raw from the nursery—who could trust a  
child?  
That cursed France with her egalities!  
And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially  
With nearing chair and lower'd accent) think—  
For people talk'd—that it was wholly wise  
To let that handsome fellow Averill walk  
So freely with his daughter? people talk'd—  
The boy might get a notion into him;  
The girl might be entangled ere she knew.  
Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke:  
"The girl and boy, Sir, know their differ-  
ences!"  
"Good," said his friend, "but watch!" and he,  
"Enough,  
More than enough, Sir! I can guard my own."  
They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house  
Had fallen first, was Edith that same night;

Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a rough piece  
 Of early rigid color, under which  
 Withdrawing by the counter door to that  
 Which Leolin open'd, she cast back upon  
 him

A piteous glance, and vanish'd. He, as one  
 Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,  
 And pelted with outrageous epithets,  
 Turning beheld the Powers of the House  
 On either side the hearth, indignant; her,  
 Cooling her false cheek with a feather fan,  
 Him, glaring, by his own stale devil spurr'd,  
 And, like a beast hard-riden, breathing hard.

"Ungenerous, dishonorable, base,  
 Presumptuous! trusted as he was with her,  
 The sole succeder to their wealth, their lands,  
 The last remaining pillar of their house,  
 The one transmitter of their ancient name,  
 Their child." "Our child!" "Our heiress!"

"Ours!" for still,

Like echoes from beyond a hollow, came  
 Her sicklier iteration. Last he said,  
 "Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are to make.  
 I swear you shall not make them out of mine.  
 Now inasmuch as you have practiced on her,  
 Perplext her, made her half forget herself,  
 Swerve from her duty to herself and us—  
 Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,  
 Far as we track ourselves—I say that **this**—  
 Else I withdraw favor and countenance  
 From you and yours forever—shall you do.  
 Sir, when you see her—but you shall not see  
 her—

No, you shall write, and not to her, but me:

And you shall say that having spoken with me,  
And after look'd into yourself, you find  
That you meant nothing—as indeed you know  
That you meant nothing. Such a match as  
this!

Impossible, prodigious!" These were words,  
As meted by his measure of himself,  
Arguing boundless forbearance: after which,  
And Leolin's horror-stricken answer, "I  
So foul a traitor to myself and her,  
Never, oh, never," for about as long  
As the wind-hover hangs in balance, paused  
Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm within,  
Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and crying  
"Boy, should I find you by my doors again,  
My men shall lash you from them like a dog;  
Hence!" with a sudden execration drove  
The footstool from before him, and arose;  
So, stammering "scoundrel" out of teeth that  
ground

As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still  
Retreated, half-aghast, the fierce old man  
Follow'd, and under his own lintel stood  
Storming with lifted hands, a hoary face  
Meet for the reverence of the hearth, but now,  
Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd moon,  
Vext with unworthy madness, and deform'd.

Slowly and conscious of the rageful eye  
That watch'd him, till he heard the ponderous  
door

Close, crashing with long echoes thro' the land,  
Went Leolin; then, his passions all in flood  
And masters of his motion, furiously



Down thro' the bright lawns to his brother's  
ran,

And foam'd away his heart at Averill's ear:  
Whom Averill solaced as he might, amazed:  
The man was his, had been his father's,  
friend:

He must have seen, himself had seen it long;  
He must have known, himself had known:  
besides,

He never yet had set his daughter forth  
Here in the woman-markets of the west,  
Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold.  
Some one, he thought, had slander'd Leolin  
to him.

“Brother, for I have loved you more as son  
Than brother, let me tell you: I myself—  
What is their pretty saying? jilted, is it?  
Jilted I was: I say it for your peace.  
Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the shame  
The woman should have borne, humiliated,  
I lived for years a stunted sunless life;  
Till after our good parents past away  
Watching your growth, I seem'd again to  
grow.

Leolin, I almost sin in envying you:  
The very whitest lamb in all my fold  
Loves you: I know her: the worst thought  
she has

Is whiter even than her pretty hand:  
She must prove true: for, brother, where two  
fight

The strongest wins, and truth and love are  
strength,

And you are happy, let her parents be.”

But Leolin cried out the more upon them—  
 Insolent, brainless, heartless! heiress, wealth,  
 Their wealth, their heiress! wealth enough  
 was theirs

For twenty matches. Were he lord of this,  
 Why twenty boys and girls should marry on it,  
 And forty blest ones bless him, and himself  
 Be wealthy still, ay wealthier. He believed  
 This filthy marriage-hindering Mammon made  
 The harlot of the cities: nature crost  
 Was mother of the foul adulteries

That saturate soul with body. Name, too!  
 name,  
 Their ancient name! they might be proud; its  
 worth

Was being Edith's. Ah how pale she had  
 look'd

Darling, to-night! they must have rated her  
 Beyond all tolerance. These old pheasant-  
 lords,

These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,  
 Who had mildew'd in their thousands, doing  
 nothing

Since Egbert—why, the greater their disgrace!  
 Fall back upon a name! rest, rot in that!

Not keep it noble, make it nobler? fools,  
 With such a vantage-ground for nobleness!

He had known a man, a quintessence of man,  
 The life of all—who madly loved—and he,  
 Thwarted by one of these old father-fools,  
 Had rioted his life out, and made an end.

He would not do it! her sweet face and faith  
 Held him from that: but he had powers, he  
 knew it:

Back would he to his studies, make a name,  
Name, fortune too: the world should ring of  
him

To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their  
graves:

Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be—  
“O brother, I am grieved to learn your grief—  
Give me my fling, and let me say my say.”

At which, like one that sees his own excess,  
And easily forgives it as his own,  
He laugh'd; and then was mute; but presently  
Wept like a storm: and honest Averill seeing  
How low his brother's mood had fallen,  
fetch'd

His richest beeswing from a binn reserved  
For banquets, praised the waning red, and  
told

The vintage—when this Aylmer came of age—  
Then drank and past it; till at length the two,  
Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed  
That much allowance must be made for men.  
After an angry dream this kindlier glow  
Faded with morning, but his purpose held.

Yet once by night again the lovers met,  
A perilous meeting under the tall pines  
That darken'd all the northward of her Hall.  
Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest  
In agony, she promised that no force,  
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her:  
He, passionately hopefuller, would go,  
Labor for his own Edith, and return  
In such a sunlight of prosperity

He should not be rejected. "Write to me!  
 They loved me, and because I love their child  
 They hate me: there is war between us, dear,  
 Which breaks all bonds but ours, we must  
           remain

Sacred to one another." So they talk'd,  
 Poor children, for their comfort: the wind  
           blew;

The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,  
 Tears, and the careless rain of heaven, mixt  
 Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other  
 In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.

So Leolin went; and as we task ourselves  
 To learn a language known but smatteringly  
 In phrases here and there at random, toil'd  
 Mastering the lawless science of our law,  
 That codeless myriad of precedent,  
 That wilderness of single instances,  
 Thro' which a few, by wit or fortune led,  
 May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.  
 The jests, that flash'd about the pleader's  
           room,

Lightning of the hour, the pun, the scurrilous  
           tale,—

Old scandals buried now seven decades deep  
 In other scandals that have lived and died,  
 And left the living scandal that shall die—  
 Were dead to him already; bent as he was  
 To make disproof of scorn, and strong in hopes,  
 And prodigal of all brain-labor he,  
 Charier of sleep, and wine, and exercise,  
 Except when for a breathing-while at eve,  
 Some niggard fraction of an hour, he ran

Beside the river-bank: and then indeed  
Harder the times were, and the hands of power  
Were bloodier, and the according hearts of  
men

Seem'd harder too; but the soft river-breeze,  
Which fann'd the gardens of that rival rose  
Yct fragrant in a heart remembering  
His former talks with Edith, on him breathed  
Far purelier in his rushings to and fro,  
After his books, to flush his blood with air,  
Then to his books again. My lady's cousin,  
Half-sickening of his pension'd afternoon,  
Drove in upon the student once or twice,  
Ran a Malayan amuck against the times,  
Had golden hopes for France and all mankind,  
Answer'd all queries touching those at home  
With a heaved shoulder and a saucy smile,  
And fain had haled him out into the world,  
And air'd him there: his nearer friend would  
say

"Screw not the chord too sharply lest it snap."  
Then left alone he pluck'd her dagger forth  
From where his worldless heart had kept it  
warm,

Kissing his vows upon it like a knight.  
And wrinkled benchers often talk'd of him  
Approvingly, and prophesied his rise:  
For heart, I think, help'd head: her letters  
too,

Tho' far between, and coming fitfully  
Like broken music, written as she found  
Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,  
Charm'd him thro' every labyrinth till he saw  
An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him.

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,  
Her worldly-wise begetters, plagued themselves  
To sell her, those good parents, for her good.  
Whatever eldest-born of rank or wealth  
Might lie within their compass, him they lured  
Into their net made pleasant by the baits  
Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo.  
So month by month the noise about their doors,  
And distant blaze of those dull banquets, made  
The nightly wirer of their innocent hare  
Falter before he took it. All in vain.  
Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd  
Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit  
So often, that the folly taking wings  
Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the wind  
With rumor, and became in other fields  
A mockery to the yeoman over ale,  
And laughter to their lords: but those at home,  
As hunters round a hunted creature draw  
The cordon close and closer toward the death,  
Narrow'd her goings out and comings in;  
Forbade her first the house of Averill,  
Then closed her access to the wealthier farms,  
Last from her own home-circle of the poor  
They barr'd her: yet she bore it: yet her cheek  
Kept color: wonderous! but, O mystery!  
What amulet drew her down to that old oak,  
So old, that twenty years before, a part  
Falling had let appear the brand of John—  
Once grovelike, each huge arm a tree, but now  
The broken base of a black tower, a cave  
Of touchwood, with a single flourishing spray.  
There the manorial lord too curiously  
Raking in that millennial touchwood-dust

Found for himself a bitter treasure-trove;  
 Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and read  
 Writhing a letter from his child, for which  
 Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,  
 A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to fly,  
 But scared with threats of jail and halter gave  
 To him that fluster'd his poor parish wits  
 The letter which he brought, and swore besides  
 To play their go-between as heretofore,  
 Nor let them know themselves betray'd; and  
     then,  
 Soul-stricken at their kindness to him, went  
 Hating his own lean heart and miserable.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot dream  
 The father panting woke, and oft, as dawn  
 Aroused the black republic on his elms,  
 Sweeping the froth fly from the fescue brush'd  
 Thro' the dim meadow toward his treasure-  
     trove,  
 Seized it, took home, and to my lady,—who  
     made  
 A downward crescent of her minion mouth,  
 Listless in all despondence,—read; and tore,  
 As if the living passion symbol'd there  
 Were living nerves to feel the rent; and burnt,  
 Now chafing at his own great self defied,  
 Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks of  
     scorn  
 In babyisms, and dear diminutives  
 Scatter'd all over the vocabulary  
 Of such a love as like a chidden child,  
 After much wailing, hush'd itself at last  
 Hopeless of answer: then tho' Averill wrote

And bade him with good heart sustain himself—

All would be well—the lover heeded not,  
But passionately restless came and went,  
And rustling once at night about the place,  
There by a keeper shot at, slightly hurt,  
Raging return'd: nor was it well for her  
Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,  
Watch'd even there; and one was set to watch  
The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd them  
all,

Yet bitterer from his readings: once indeed,  
Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride in her,  
She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her tenderly  
Not knowing what possess'd him: that one kiss  
Was Leolin's one strong rival upon earth;  
Secoded, for my lady follow'd suit,  
Seem'd hope's returning rose: and then ensued  
A Martin's summer of his faded love,  
Or ordeal by kindness; after this  
He seldom crost his child without a sneer;  
The mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies:  
Never one kindly smile, one kindly word:  
So that the gentle creature shut from all  
Her charitable use, and face to face  
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost  
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life.  
Last, some low fever raging round to spy  
The weakness of a people or a house,  
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men  
Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—  
Save Christ as we believe him—found the girl  
And flung her down upon a couch of fire,  
Where careless of the household faces near,



And crying upon the name of Leolin,  
She, and with her the race of Aylmer, past.

Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul  
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?  
So,—from afar,—touch as at once? or why  
That night, that moment, when she named his  
name,  
Did the keen shriek "Yes, love, yes, Edith,  
yes,"  
Shrill, till the comrade of his chambers woke,  
And came upon him half-arisen from sleep,  
With a weird bright eye, sweating and tremb-  
ling,  
His hair as it were crackling into flames,  
His body half flung forward in pursuit,  
His long arms stretch'd as to grasp a flyer:  
Nor knew he wherefore he had made the cry;  
And being much befool'd and idioted  
By the rough amity of the other, sank  
As into sleep again. The second day,  
My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,  
A breaker of the bitter news from home,  
Found a dead man, a letter edged with death  
Beside him, and the dagger which himself  
Gave Edith, redden'd with no bandit's blood:  
"From Edith" was engraven on the blade.

Then Averill went and gazed upon his death.  
And when he came again, his flock believed—  
Beholding how the years which are not Time's  
Had blasted him—that many thousand days  
Were clipt by horror from his term of life.  
Yet the sad mother, for the second death

Scarce touch'd her thro' that nearness of the  
 first,  
 And being used to find her pastor texts,  
 Sent to the harrow'd brother, praying him  
 To speak before the people of her child,  
 And fixt the Sabbath. Darkly that day rose:  
 Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded woods  
 Was all the life of it; for hard on these,  
 A breathless burthen of low-folded heavens  
 Stifled and chill'd at once; but every roof  
 Sent out a listener: many too had known  
 Edith among the hamlets round, and since  
 The parents' harshness and the hapless loves  
 And double death were widely murmur'd, left  
 Their own gray tower, or plain-faced taber-  
 nacle,  
 To hear him; all in mourning these, and those  
 With blots of it about them, ribbon, glove,  
 Or kerchief; while the church,—one night,  
 except  
 For greenish glimmerings thro' the lancets,—  
 made  
 Still paler the pale head of him, who tower'd  
 Above them, with his hopes in either grave.

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd Averill,  
 His face magnetic to the hand from which  
 Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labor'd thro'  
 His brief prayer-prelude, gave the verse  
 "Behold,  
 Your house is left unto you desolate!"  
 But lapsed into so long a pause again  
 As half amazed, half frightened all his flock:  
 Then from his height and loneliness of grief

Bore down in flood, and dash'd his angry heart  
Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad earth became one sea,  
Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,  
And all but those who knew the living God—  
Eight that were left to make a purer world—  
When since had flood, fire, earthquake, thunder  
wrought

Such waste and havock as the idolatries,  
Which from the low light of mortality  
Shot up their shadows to the Heaven of  
Heavens,

And worshipt their own darkness in the High-  
est?

“Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy brute Baal,  
And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,  
For with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy  
God.

Then came a Lord in no wise like a Baal.  
The babe shall lead the lion. Surely now  
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.  
Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own  
lusts!—

No coarse and blockish God of acreage  
Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to—  
Thy God is far diffused in noble groves  
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing  
lawns,

And heaps of living gold that daily grow,  
And title scrolls and gorgeous heraldries.  
In such a shape dost thou behold thy God.  
Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for him; for thine  
Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair

Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while  
 The deathless ruler of thy dying house  
 Is wounded to the death that cannot die;  
 And tho' thou numberest with the followers  
 Of One who cried, 'Leave all and follow me.'  
 Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,  
 Thee with His message ringing in thine ears,  
 Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from  
 Heaven

Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,  
 Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty God,  
 Count the more base idolater of the two;  
 Crueller: as not passing thro' the fire  
 Bodies, but souls—thy children's—thro' the  
 smoke

The blight of low desires—darkening thine own  
 To thine own likeness; or if one of these,  
 Thy better born unhappily from thee,  
 Should, as by miracle, grow straight and fair—  
 Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one  
 By those who most have cause to sorrow for  
 her—

Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,  
 Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,  
 Fair as the Angel that said 'Hail!' she seem'd,  
 Who entering fill'd the house with sudden  
 light.

For so mine own was brighten'd: where indeed  
 The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven  
 Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway? whose  
 the babe

Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,  
 Warm'd at her bosom? The poor child of  
 shame

The common care whom no one cared for, leapt  
To greet her, wasting his forgotten heart,  
As with the mother he had never known,  
In gambols; for her fresh and innocent eyes  
Had such a star of morning in their blue,  
That all neglected places of the field  
Broke into nature's music when they saw her.  
Low was her voice, but won mysterious way  
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder one  
Was all but silence—free of alms her hand—  
The hand that robed your cottage-walls with  
flowers

Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones;  
How often placed upon the sick man's brow  
Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth!  
Had you one sorrow and she shared it not?  
One burthen and she would not lighten it?  
One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?  
Or when some heat of difference sparkled out,  
How sweetly would she glide between your  
wraths,

And steal you from each other! for she walk'd  
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,  
Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!  
And one—of him I was not bid to speak—  
Was always with her, whom you also knew.  
Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.  
And these had been together from the first;  
They might have been together till the last.  
Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely  
tried,

May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,  
Without the captain's knowledge: hope with  
me.

Whose shame is that, if he went hence with  
shame?

Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these  
I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls,  
"My house is left unto me desolate." "

While thus he spoke, his hearers wept; but  
some

Sons of the glebe, with other frowns than those  
That knit themselves for summer shadow,  
scowl'd

At their great lord. He, when it seem'd he  
saw

No pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but fork'd  
Of the near storm, and aiming at his head,  
Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow, soldierlike,  
Erect: but when the preacher's cadence flow'd  
Softening thro' all the gentle attributes  
Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd his  
face,

Paled at a sudden twitch of his iron mouth;  
And "O pray God that he hold up," she thought  
"Or surely I shall shame myself and him."

"Nor yours the blame—for who beside your  
hearths

Can take her place—if echoing me you cry  
'Our house is left unto us desolate?'

But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou  
known,

O thou that stonest, hadst thou understood  
The things belonging to thy peace and ours!  
Is there no prophet but the voice that calls  
Doom upon kings, or in the waste 'Repent?'

Is not our own child on the narrow way,  
Who down to those that saunter in the broad  
Cries 'Come up hither,' as a prophet to us?  
Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?  
Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—  
No desolation but by sword and fire?  
Yes, as your moanings witness, and myself  
Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss.  
Give me your prayers, for he is past your  
prayers,

Not past the living fount of pity in Heaven.  
But I that thought myself long-suffering, meek,  
Exceeding 'poor in spirit'—how the words  
Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean  
Vileness, we are grown so proud—I wish'd my  
voice

A rushing tempest of the wrath of God  
To blow these sacrifices thro' the world—  
Sent like the twelve-divided concubine  
To inflame the tribes: but there—out yonder  
—earth

Lightens from her own central Hell—O there  
The red fruit of an old idolatry—  
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,  
They cling together in the ghastly sack—  
The land all shambles—naked marriages  
Flash from the bridge, and ever-murder'd  
France,

By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,  
Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea.  
Is this a time to madden madness then?  
Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride?  
May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense as those  
Which hid the Holiest from the people's eyes.

Ere the great death, shroud this great sin from  
all!

Doubtless our narrow world must canvass it:  
O rather pray for those and pity them,  
Who, thro' their own desire accomplish'd,  
bring

Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—  
Who broke the bond which they desired to  
break,  
Which else had link'd their race with times to  
come—

Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity,  
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good—  
Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but  
sat

Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death!  
May not that earthly chastisement suffice?  
Have not our love and reverence left them  
bare?

Will not another take their heritage?  
Will there be children's laughter in their hall  
Forever and forever, or one stone  
Left on another, or is it a light thing  
That I, their guest, their host, their ancient  
friend,

I made by these the last of all my race,  
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried  
Christ ere His agony to those that swore  
Not by the temple but the gold, and made  
Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,  
And left their memories a world's curse—  
'Behold,'

Your house is left unto you desolate.' "



Ended he had not, but she brook'd no more:  
 Long since her heart had beat remorselessly,  
 Her cramp't-up sorrow pain'd her, and a sense  
 Of meanness in her unresisting life.

Then their eyes vex't her; for on entering  
 He had cast the curtains of their seat aside—  
 Black velvet of the costliest—she herself  
 Had seen to that: fain had she closed them  
 now,

Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd  
 Her husband inch by inch, but when she laid,  
 Wife-like, her hand in one of his, he veil'd  
 His face with the other, and at once, as falls  
 A creeper when the prop is broken, fell  
 The woman shrieking at his feet, and swoon'd.  
 Then her own people bore along the nave  
 Her pendant hands, and narrow meagre face  
 Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty years:  
 And her the Lord of all the landscape round  
 Ev'n to its last horizon, and of all  
 Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd out  
 Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle  
 Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded ways  
 Stumbling across the market to his death,  
 Unpitied; for he groped as blind, and seem'd  
 Always about to fall, grasping the pews  
 And oaken finials till he touch'd the door;  
 Yet to the lychgate where his chariot stood,  
 Strode from the porch, tall and erect again.

But nevermore did either pass the gate  
 Save under pall with bearers. In one month,  
 Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,  
 The childless mother went to seek her child;

And when he felt the silence of his house  
About him, and the change and not the change,  
And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors  
Staring forever from their gilded walls  
On him their last descendant, his own head  
Began to droop, to fall; the man became  
Imbecile; his one word was "desolate;"  
Dead for two years before his death was he;  
But when the second Christmas came, escaped  
His keepers, and the silence which he felt,  
To find a deeper in the narrow gloom  
By wife and child; nor wanted at his end  
The dark retinue reverencing death  
At golden thresholds; nor from tender hearts,  
And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd race,  
Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave.  
Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,  
And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms;  
And where the two contrived their daughter's  
    good,  
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his  
    run,  
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,  
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,  
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel  
    there  
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

## SEA DREAMS.

A city clerk, but gently born and bred;  
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—  
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years  
    old:

They, thinking that her clear germander eye  
Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,  
Came, with a month's leave given them, to  
the sea:  
For which his gains were dock'd, however  
small:  
Small were his gains, and hard his work;  
besides,  
Their slender household fortunes (for the man  
Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,  
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:  
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face  
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,  
And that one unctuous mouth which lured  
him, rogue,  
To buy strange shares in some Peruvian mine.  
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a  
coast,  
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,  
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the  
next,  
The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,  
To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,  
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,  
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated  
Against the scarlet woman and her creed;  
For sideways up he swung his arms, and  
shriek'd  
"Thus, thus with violence," ev'n as if he held  
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself  
Were that great Angel; "Thus with violence  
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;  
Then comes the close." The gentle-hearted  
wife

Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;  
He at his own: but when the wordy storm  
Had ended, forth they came and paced the  
shore,

Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,  
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce  
believed

(The sootflake of so many a summer still  
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.  
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,  
Lingering about the thymy promontories,  
Till all the sails were darken'd in the west,  
And rose in the east: then homeward and to  
bed:

Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope,  
Haunting a holy text, and still to that  
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,  
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"  
Said, "Love, forgive him:" but he did not  
speak;

And silenced by that silence lay the wife,  
Remembering her dear Lord who died for  
all,

And musing on the little lives of men,  
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide  
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the fore-  
most rocks

Touching, upjetted in spirits of wild sea-smoke,  
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell  
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon  
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs  
Heard thro' the living roar. At this the babe,

Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and  
woke

The mother, and the father suddenly cried,  
"A wreck, a wreck!" then turn'd, and groan-  
ing said,

"Forgive! How many will say, 'forgive,'  
and find

A sort of absolution in the sound  
To hate a little longer! No, the sin  
That neither God nor man can well forgive,  
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.  
Is it so true that second thoughts are best?  
Not first, and third, which are a riper first?  
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.  
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast  
Something divine to warn them of their foes:  
And such a sense, when first I fronted him,  
Said, 'Trust him not;' but after, when I  
came

To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;  
Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity;  
Sat at his table; drank his costly wines;  
Made more and more allowance for his talk;  
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all,  
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years  
Of dust and deskwork: there is no such  
mine,

None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,  
Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea roars  
Ruin: a fearful night!"

"Not fearful; fair,"  
Said the good wife, "if every star in heaven

Can make it fair: you do but hear the tide.  
Had you ill dreams?"

"O yes," he said, "I dream'd  
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,  
And I from out the boundless outer deep  
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one  
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.  
I thought the motion of the boundless deep  
Bore thro' the cave, and I was heaved upon it  
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star  
Larger and larger. 'What a world,' I thought,  
'To live in!' but in moving on I found  
Only the landward exit of the cave,  
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond:  
And near the light a giant woman sat,  
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,  
A pickaxe in her hand: then out I slipt  
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees  
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings:  
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes  
Awoke me."

"That was then your dream," she said,  
"Not sad, but sweet."

"So sweet, I lay," said he,  
"And mused upon it, drifting up the stream  
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced  
The broked vision; for I dream'd that still  
The motion of the great deep bore me on,  
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink:  
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her  
of it:

'It came,' she said, 'by working in the mines:'  
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;  
And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her  
head.

And then the motion of the current ceased,  
And there was rolling thunder; and we  
reach'd

A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;  
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill  
Trode out a path: I follow'd; and at top  
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,  
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,  
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud  
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past  
In sunshine: right across its track there lay,  
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,  
Or what seem'd gold: and I was glad at first  
To think that in our often-ransack'd world  
Still so much gold was left; and then I  
fear'd

Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it,  
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;  
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet  
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,  
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd,  
and I woke,

I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see  
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;  
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass  
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to comfort him,  
"You raised your arm, you tumbled down  
and broke

The glass with little Margaret's medicine  
 in it;  
 And, breaking that, you made and broke your  
 dream:  
 A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."

"No trifle," groan'd the husband; "yes-  
 terday  
 I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd  
 That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.  
 Like her, he shook his head. 'Show me the  
 books!'  
 He dodged me with a long and loose account.  
 'The books, the books!' but he, he could not  
 wait,  
 Bound on a matter he of life and death  
 When the great Books (see Daniel seven and  
 ten)  
 Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;  
 And then began to bloat himself, and ooze  
 All over with the fat affectionate smile  
 That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest  
 friend,  
 Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,'  
 said he;  
 'And all things work together for the good  
 Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—  
 last  
 Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you  
 went.  
 I stood like one that had received a blow:  
 I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,  
 A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,  
 A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes



Pursued him down the street, and far away,  
 Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,  
 Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
 And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the good  
 wife;

"So are we all: but do not call him, love,  
 Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, for-  
 give.

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend  
 Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about  
 A silent court of justice in his breast,  
 Himself the judge and jury, and himself  
 The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd:  
 And that drags down his life: then comes  
 what comes

Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,  
 Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you  
 well."

" 'With all his conscience and one eye  
 askew'—

Love, let me quote these lines, that you may  
 learn

A man is likewise counsel for himself,  
 Too often, in that silent court of yours—  
 'With all his conscience and one eye askew,  
 So false, he partly took himself for true;  
 Whose pious talk, when most his heart was  
 dry,

Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;  
 Who, never naming God except for gain,  
 So never took that useful name in vain,

Made Him his catspaw and the cross his tool,  
 And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;  
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,  
 And snake-like slimed his victim ere he  
                   gorged;

And oft at Bible readings, o'er the rest  
 Arising, did his holy oily best,  
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,  
 To spread the Word by which himself had  
                   thriven.'

How like you this old satire?"

  "Nay," she said,  
 "I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,  
 Nor ever cared to better his own kind,  
 Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.  
 But will you hear my dream, for I had one  
 That altogether went to music? Still  
 It awed me."

  Then she told it, having dream'd  
 Of that same coast.

  —But round the North, a light.  
 A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor, lay,  
 And ever in it a low musical note  
 Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge  
 Of breaker issued from the belt, and still  
 Grew with the growing note, and when the note  
 Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on those  
                   cliffs

Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that  
 Living within the belt) whereby she saw  
 That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,

But huge cathedral fronts of every age,  
 Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,  
 One after one: and then the great ridge drew,  
 Lessening to the lessening music, back,  
 And past into the belt and swell'd again  
 Slowly to music: ever when it broke

The statues, king or saint, or founder fell;  
 Then from the gaps and chasms of ruin left  
 Came men and women in dark clusters round,  
 Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not  
 fall!"

And others, "Let them lie, for they have  
 fall'n."

And still they strove and wrangled: and she  
 grieved

In her strange dream, she knew not why, to  
 find

Their wildest wailings never out of tune  
 With that sweet note; and ever as their shrieks  
 Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave  
 Returning, while none mark'd it, on the crowd  
 Broke, mixt with awful light, and show'd their  
 eyes

Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away  
 The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,  
 To the waste deeps together.

"Then I fixt

My wistful eyes on two fair images,  
 Both crown'd with stars and high among the  
 stars,—

The Virgin Mother standing with her child  
 High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—  
 Till she began to totter, and the child

Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry  
 Which mixt with little Margaret's, and I  
     woke,  
 And my dream awed me:—well—but what are  
     dreams?  
 Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,  
 And mine but from the crying of a child."

"Child? No!" said he, "but this tide's roar,  
     and his  
 Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,  
 And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms  
 (Altho' I grant but little music there)  
 Went both to make your dream: but if there  
     were  
 A music harmonizing our wild cries,  
 Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,  
 Why, that would make our passions far too like  
 The discords dear to the musician. No—  
 One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of  
     heaven:  
 True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune  
 With nothing but the Devil!"

    " 'True' indeed  
 One of our town, but later by an hour  
 Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the  
     shore;  
 While you were running down the sands, and  
     made  
 The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,  
 Good man, to please the child. She brought  
     strange news.  
 Why were you silent when I spoke to-night?

I had set my heart on your forgiving him  
 Before you knew. We must forgive the dead.'

"Dead! who is dead?"

"The man your eye pursued  
 A little after you had parted with him,  
 He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease."  
 "Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had  
     he  
 To died of? dead!"

"Ah, dearest, if there be  
 A devil in man, there is an angel too,  
 And if he did that wrong you charge him with,  
 His angel broke his heart. But your rough  
     voice  
 (You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.  
 Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep  
 Without her 'little birdie?' well then, sleep,  
 And I will sing you 'birdie.' "

Saying this,  
 The woman half turn'd round from him she  
     loved,  
 Left him one hand, and reaching thro' the  
     night  
 Her other, found (for it was close beside)  
 And half-embraced the basket cradle-head  
 With one soft arm, which, like the pliant  
     bough  
 That moving moves the nest and nestling,  
     sway'd  
 The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say  
 In her nest at peep of day?  
 Let me fly, says little birdie,  
 Mother, let me fly away.  
 Birdie, rest a little longer,  
 Till the little wings are stronger,  
 So she rests a little longer,  
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
 In her bed at peep of day?  
 Baby says, like little birdie,  
 Let me rise and fly away.  
 Baby, sleep a little longer,  
 Till the little limbs are stronger,  
 If she sleeps a little longer,  
 Baby too shall fly away.

“She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.  
 He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.  
 He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,  
 And I shall sleep the sounder!”

Then the man,  
 “His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.  
 Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:  
 I do forgive him!”

“Thanks, my love,” she said,  
 “Your own will be the sweeter,” and they slept.

## LUCRETIUS.

Lucilia, wedded to Lucretius, found  
Her master cold; for when the morning flush  
Of passion and the first embrace had died  
Between them, tho' he lov'd her none the less,  
Yet often when the woman heard his foot  
Return from pacings in the field, and ran  
To greet him with a kiss, the master took  
Small notice, or austere, for—his mind  
Half buried in some weightier argument,  
Or fancy, borne perhaps upon the rise  
And long roll of the Hexameter—he past  
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls  
Left by the Teacher, whom he held divine.  
She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,  
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch  
Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they  
said,

To lead an errant passion home again.  
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,  
And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth  
Confused the chemic labor of the blood,  
And tickling the brute brain within the man's  
Made havock among those tender cells, and  
check'd

His power to shape: he loathed himself; and  
once  
After a tempest woke upon a morn  
That mock'd him with returning calm, and  
cried:

“Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the  
rain

Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—  
 Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—  
 Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and  
                   show'd

A riotous confluence of watercourses  
 Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,  
 Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

“Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods,  
                   what dreams!

For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance  
 We do but recollect the dreams that come  
 Just ere the waking: terrible! for it seem'd  
 A void was made in Nature; all her bonds  
 Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-streams  
 And torrents of her myriad universe,  
 Ruining along the illimitable inane,  
 Fly on to clash together again, and make  
 Another and another frame of things  
 Forever: that was mine, my dream, I knew  
                   it—

Of and belonging to me, as the dog  
 With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies  
 His function of the woodland: but the next!  
 I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed  
 Came driving rainlike down again on earth,  
 And where it dash'd the reddening meadow,  
                   sprang

No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,  
 For these I thought my dream would show to  
                   me,

But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,  
 Hired animalisms, vile as those that made  
 The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse



Than aught the fable of the quiet Gods,  
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round  
me drove

In narrowing circles till I yell'd again  
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw—  
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

“Then, then, from utter gloom stood out  
the breasts,

The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword  
Now over and now under, now direct,  
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed  
At all that beauty; and as I stared, a fire,  
The fire that left a roofless Ilium,  
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that I  
woke.

“Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,  
Because I would not one of thine own doves,  
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee? thine,  
Forgetful how my rich procemion makes  
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,  
In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

“Deity? nay, thy worshipers. My tongue  
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these  
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?  
Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof  
From envy, hate, and pity, and spite and  
scorn,

Live the great life which all our greatest fain  
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm.

“Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like our-  
selves

Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to  
 thee  
 To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms  
 Round him, and keep him from the lust of  
 blood  
 That makes a steaming slaughter-house of  
 Rome.

“Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,  
 Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see  
 Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt  
 The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;  
 Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept  
 Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;  
 Nor when her beardless apple-arbiter  
 Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,  
 Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called  
 Calliope to grace his golden verse—  
 Ay, and this Kypris also—did I take  
 That popular name of thine to shadow forth  
 The all-generating powers and genial heat  
 Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick  
 blood  
 Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are  
 glad  
 Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird  
 Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:  
 Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

“The Gods! and if I go my work is left  
 Unfinish'd—if I go. The Gods, who haunt  
 The lucid interspace of world and world,  
 Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,  
 Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,

Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
 Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar  
 Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,  
 Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,  
 Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain  
 Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!  
 If all be atoms, how then should the Gods  
 Being atomic not be dissoluble,  
 Not follow the great law? My master held  
 That Gods there are, for all men so believe.  
 I prest my footsteps into his, and meant  
 Surely to lead my Memmius in a train  
 Of flowery clauses onward to the proof  
 That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I  
 meant?

I have forgotten what I meant: my mind  
 Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

“Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,  
 Apollo, Delius, or of older use  
 All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—  
 Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,  
 Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched  
 man,

That he would only shine among the dead  
 Hereafter; tales! for never yet on earth  
 Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox  
 Moan round the spit—nor knows he what he  
 sees;

King of the East altho' he seem, and girt  
 With song and flame and fragrance, slowly  
 lifts

His golden feet on those empurpled stairs  
 That climb into the windy halls of heaven:

And here he glances on an eye new-born,  
 And gets for greeting but a wail of pain;  
 And here he stays upon a freezing orb  
 That fain would gaze upon him to the last;  
 And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n  
 And closed by those who mourn a friend in  
     vain,

Not thankful that his troubles are no more.

And me, altho' his fire is on my face  
 Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell  
 Whether I mean this day to end myself,  
 Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,  
 That men like soldiers may not quit the post  
 Allotted by the Gods: but he that holds  
 The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care  
 Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,  
 Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink  
 Past earthquake—ay, and gout and stone, that  
     break

Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,  
 And wretched age—and worst disease of all,  
 These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,  
 And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,  
 Abominable, strangers at my hearth  
 Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,  
 The phantom husks of something foully done,  
 And fleeting thro' the boundless universe,  
 And blasting the long quiet of my breast  
 With animal heat and dire insanity?

“How should the mind, except it loved  
     them, clasp

These idols to herself? or do they fly  
 Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes

In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce  
Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour  
Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear  
The keepers down, and throng, their rags and  
    they  
The basest, far into that council-hall  
Where sit the best and stateliest of the land!

“Can I not fling this horror off me again,  
Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,  
Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,  
At random ravage? and how easily  
The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,  
Now towering o'er him in serenest air,  
A mountain o'er a mountain,—ay, and within  
All hollow as the hopes and fears of men?

“But who was he, that in the garden snared  
Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale  
To laugh at—more to laugh at in myself—  
For look! what is it? there? yon arbutus  
Totters; a noiseless riot underneath  
Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops  
    quivering—  
The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun;  
And here an Oread—how the sun delights  
To glance and shift about her slippery sides,  
And rosy knees and supple roundedness,  
And budded bosom-peaks—who this way runs  
Before the rest—A satyr, a satyr, see,  
Follows; but him I proved impossible;  
Twy-natured is no nature; yet he draws  
Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now  
Beastlier than any phantom of his kind

That ever butted his rough brother-brute  
 For lust or lusty blood or provender:  
 I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she  
 Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel,  
 Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,  
 Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself,  
 Shameless upon me? Catch her, goat-foot:  
 nay,

Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,  
 And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! do I  
 wish—

What?—that the bush were leafless? or to  
 whelm

All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,  
 I know you careless, yet, behold, to you  
 From childly wont and ancient use I call—  
 I thought I lived securely as yourselves—  
 No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,  
 No madness of ambition, avarice, none:  
 No larger feast than under plane or pine  
 With neighbors laid along the grass, to take  
 Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,  
 Affirming each his own philosophy—  
 Nothing to mar the sober majesties  
 Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.

But now it seems some unseen monster lays  
 His vast and filthy hands upon my will,  
 Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils  
 My bliss in being; and it was not great;  
 For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,  
 Or Heliconian honey in living words,  
 To make a truth less harsh, I often grew  
 Tired of so much within our little life,  
 Or of so little in our little life—

Poor little life, that toddles half an hour  
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an  
end—

And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,  
Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,  
Not manlike end myself?—our privilege—

What beast has heart to do it? And what  
man,

What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph  
thus?

Not I; not he, who bears one name with her  
Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of  
kings

When, brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,  
She made her blood in sight of Collatine

And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air  
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart,  
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which  
breaks

As I am breaking now!

“And therefore now

Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,  
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart  
Those blind beginnings that have made me  
man,

Dash them anew together at her will  
Thro' all her cycles—into man once more,  
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower:  
But till this cosmic order everywhere  
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day  
Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour perhaps  
Is not so far when momentary man  
Shall seem no more a something to himself,

But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and  
     fanés,  
 And even his bones long laid within the  
     grave,  
 The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,  
 Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,  
 Into the unseen forever,—till that hour,  
 My golden work in which I told a truth  
 That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,  
 That numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and  
     plucks  
 The mortal soul from out immortal hell,  
 Shall stand: ay, surely: then it fails at last  
 And perishes as I must; for O Thou,  
 Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,  
 Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,  
 Who fail to find thee, being as thou art  
 Without one pleasure and without one pain,  
 Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine  
 Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus  
 I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not  
 How roughly men may woo thee so they win—  
 Thus—thus: the soul flies out and dies in the  
     air."

With that he drove the knife into his side:  
 She heard him raging, heard him fall; ran in,  
 Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself  
 As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd  
 That she but meant to win him back, fell on  
     him,  
 Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answer'd,  
     "Care not thou!  
 Thy duty? What is duty? Fare thee well!"



ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE  
OF WELLINGTON.

PUBLISHED IN 1852.

## 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 for evermore.

## 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 mute:  
 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 fall'n 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 toll'd.  
 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 toll'd:  
 And a reverent people behold  
 The towering car, the sable steeds:  
 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,  
 Dark in its funeral fold.  
 Let the bell be toll'd:  
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;  
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd  
 Thro' 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-attemper'd 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-echoing avenues of song.

## VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd 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 gain'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun;

This is he that far away

Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd 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 labor'd 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

Beyond the Pyrenean pines,

Follow'd 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, wheel'd 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!  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foam'd themselves  
away;  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
Thro' the long-tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and over-  
threw.

So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!  
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O savior of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that there 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 thro' 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, honor to him,  
 Eternal honor to his name.

## VII.

A people's voice! we are a people yet.  
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,  
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless  
 Powers;

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
 His Briton 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 kept 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 had you guard the sacred coasts.  
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;  
 His voice is silent in your council-hall  
 Forever; and whatever tempests lour

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 palter'd with Eternal God for power;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow  
Thro' 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,  
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honor shower'd 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 outreden

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,  
 Thro' the long gorge to the fair light has won  
 His path upward, and prevail'd,  
 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 thro' 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-illumin'd 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 tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will;  
Tho' 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 seem'd 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.  
 Speak no more of his renown,  
 Lay your earthly fancies down,  
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852.

My Lords, we heard you speak: you told us all  
 That England's honest censure went too far;  
 That our free press should cease to brawl,  
 Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.  
 It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,  
 To fling what'er we felt, not fearing, into  
 words.

We love not this French God, the child of Hell,  
 Wild War, who breaks the converse of the  
 wise;  
 But though we love kind Peace so well,  
 We dare not e'vn by silence sanction lies.  
 It might be safe our censures to withdraw;  
 And yet, my Lords, not well: there is a higher  
 law.

As long as we remain, we must speak free,  
 Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break;  
 No little German state are we,

But the one voice in Europe: we must speak;  
That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,  
There might be left some record of the things  
we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold,  
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.  
Better the waste Atlantic roll'd  
On her and us and ours for evermore.  
What! have we fought for Freedom from our  
prime,  
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime?

Shall we fear him? our own we never fear'd.  
From our first Charles by force we wrung  
our claims.

Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,  
We flung the burthen of the second James.  
I say, we never feared! and as for these,  
We broke them on the land, we drove them on  
the seas.

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse  
In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—  
Were those your sires who fought at Lewes?  
Is this the manly strain of Runnymede?  
O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,  
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this mon-  
strous fraud?

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,  
Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts—  
If easy patrons of their kin  
Have left the last free race with naked coasts!

They knew the precious things they had to  
 guard:  
 For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard  
 word.

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,  
 What England was, shall her true sons forget?  
 We are not cotton-spinners all,  
 But some love England and her honor yet.  
 And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,  
 And hold against the world this honor of the  
 land.

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRI- GADE.

### I.

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.

### II.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
 Was there a man dismay'd?  
 Not tho' the soldier knew  
 Some one had blunder'd:  
 Their's not to make reply,

Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

## III.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

## IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro' the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred.

## V.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
 Left of six hundred.

## VI.

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

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE  
 INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

## I.

Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,  
 In this wide hall with earth's invention  
 stored,  
 And praise the invisible universal Lord,  
 Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,  
 Where Science, Art, and Labor have out-  
 pour'd  
 Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

## II.

O silent father of our Kings to be  
 Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,  
 For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

## III.

The world-compelling plan was thine,—  
And, lo! the long laborious miles  
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,  
Rich in model and design;  
Harvest-tool and husbandry,  
Loom and wheel and enginery,  
Secrets of the sullen mine,  
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,  
Fabric rough, or fairy-fine,  
Sunny tokens of the Line,  
Polar marvels, and a feast  
Of wonder, out of West and East,  
And shapes and hues of Art divine!  
All of beauty, all of use,  
That one fair planet can produce,  
    Brought from under every star,  
Blown from over every main,  
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,  
    The works of peace with works of war.

## IV.

Is the goal so far away?  
Far, how far no tongue can say,  
Let us dream our dream to-day.

## V.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,  
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,  
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly  
To happy havens under all the sky,  
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;  
Till each man find his own in all men's good,

And all men work in noble brotherhood,  
 Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,  
 And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,  
 And gathering all the fruits of earth and  
 crown'd with all her flowers.

## A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

MARCH 7, 1863.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra!
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!
 Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!  
 Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!  
 Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
 Scatter the blossom under her feet!  
 Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!  
 Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!  
 Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!  
 Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!  
 Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!  
 Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!  
 Flames, on the windy headland flare!  
 Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!  
 Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!  
 Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!  
 Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher  
 Melt into stars for the land's desire!  
 Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,  
 Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,



Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,  
 And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,  
 The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,  
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—  
 O joy to the people and joy to the throne,  
 Come to us, love us and make us your own:  
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,  
 Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,  
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!

A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGH-  
 NESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA,  
 DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

MARCH 7, 1874.

I.

The Son of him with whom we strove for  
 power—  
 Whose will is lord thro' all his world-  
 domain—  
 Who made the serf a man, and burst his  
 chain—  
 Has given our Prince his own imperial Flower,  
Alexandrovna.  
 And welcome, Russian flower, a people's pride,  
 To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow!  
 From love to love, from home to home you  
 go,  
 From mother unto mother, stately bride,  
Marie Alexandrovna!

## II.

The golden news along the steppes is blown,  
 And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirr'd;  
 Elburz and all the Caucasus have heard;  
 And all the sultry palms of India known,  
 Alexandrovna.

The voices of our universal sea  
 On capes of Afric as on cliffs of Kent,  
 The Maoris and that Isle of Continent,  
 And loyal pines of Canada murmur thee,  
 Marie Alexandrovna!

## III.

Fair empires branching, both, in lusty life!—  
 Yet Harold's England fell to Norman swords;  
 Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar  
 hordes

Since English Harold gave its throne a wife,  
 Alexandrovna!

For thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing,  
 And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow;  
 But who love best have best the grace to  
 know

That Love by right divine is deathless king,  
 Marie Alexandrovna!

## IV.

And Love has led thee to the stranger land,  
 Where men are bold and strongly say their  
 say;—

See, empire upon empire smiles to-day,  
 As thou with thy young lover hand in hand,  
 Alexandrovna!

So now thy fuller life is in the west,

Whose hand at home was gracious to thy  
poor:

Thy name was blest within the narrow door;  
Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,  
Marie Alexandrovna!

## v.

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again?  
Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere,  
The blue heaven break, and some diviner air  
Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts  
of men,

Alexandrovna?

But hearts that change not, love that cannot  
cease,

And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!  
And howsoever this wild world may roll,  
Between your peoples truth and manful peace,  
Alfred—Alexandrovna!

## THE GRANDMOTHER.

## I.

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  
otherwise,  
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my  
advice.

## II.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the  
man to save,  
Hadn'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 wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you  
say, is gone.

## III.

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 doc-  
tor; and he would be bound,  
There was not his like that year in twenty  
parishes round.

## IV.

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.

## V.

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.

## VI.

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.

## VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place,  
and I knew right well  
That Jenny had tript 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.

## VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week,  
and he said likewise,  
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 outright,

But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

## IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for  
a week and a day;  
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the  
middle of May.  
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny  
had been!  
But soiling another, Annie, will never make  
oneself clean.

## X.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of  
an evening late  
I climb'd 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  
chirrupt the nightingale.

## XI.

All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the  
gate of the farm,  
Willy,—he didn'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.

## XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing  
that he meant;  
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking curtsey  
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."

## XIII.

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in  
the sweet moonshine:  
"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."

## XIV.

"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 unkind."  
But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and  
answer'd, "No, love, no;"  
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years  
ago.

## XV.

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 bare was dead before  
he was born,  
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower  
and thorn.

## XVI.

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 Anne, not since I had  
been a wife;  
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe  
had fought for his life.

## XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with  
anger or pain:  
I look'd 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.

## XVIII.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he sel-  
dom 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 seem'd so near.

## XIX.

But I wish'd 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.

## XX.

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.

## XXI.

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.

## XXII.

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.

## XXIII.

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.

## XXIV.

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.

## XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from  
pain,



“ ‘ Why do you look at me, Annie?’ ”—Page 186.  
Locksley Hall.



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.

## XXVI.

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?

## XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written, she never was  
otherwise.  
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I  
keep my eyes.  
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have  
past away.  
But stay with the old woman now; you cannot  
have long to stay.

## NORTHERN FARMER.

## OLD STYLE.

## I.

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin'  
'ere aloän?

Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doc-  
tor's abeän an' agoän:

Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I  
beänt a fool:

Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-goin' to breäk  
my rule.

## II.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur 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' aäle ivry noight sin' I  
beän 'ere,

An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for  
foorty year.

## III.

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 moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the  
lond.

## IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa  
 mooch to larn.  
 But a cast oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's  
 barne.  
 Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an'  
 choorch an' staäte,  
 An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the  
 raäte.

## V.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor moy  
 Sally wur deäd,  
 An' 'eerd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buz-  
 zard-clock\* ower my 'eäd,  
 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  
 coom'd awaäy.

## VI.

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to  
 meä.  
 Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un,  
 sheä,  
 'Siver, I kep 'um, I ken 'um, my lass, tha  
 mun understand;  
 I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the  
 lond.

## VII.

But Parson a cooms an' a goos, an' a says it  
 eäsy an' freeä

---

\*Cockchafer.

“The amoighty’s a taäkin o’ you to ’issen, my friend,” says ’eä.

I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said it in ’aäste:

But ’e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an’ I ’a stubb’d Thurnaby waäste.

## VIII.

D’ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;

Theer wur a boggle in it, I often ’eerd ’um mysen;

Moäst loike a butter-bumb,\* fur I ’eerd ’um about an’ about,

But I stubb’d ’um oop wi’ the lot, an’ raäved an’ rembled ’um oot.

## IX.

Keäper’s it wur; fo’they fun ’um theer a-laäid of ’is faäce

Doon i’ the woild ’enemies† afoor I coom’d to the plaäce.

Noäks or Thimbleby—toäner ’ed shot ’um as deäd as a naäil.

Noäks wur ’ang’d for it oop at ’soize—but git ma my aäle.

## X.

Dubbut look at the waäste: theer warn’t not feeäd for a cow;

Nowt at all but bracken an’ fuzz, an’ look at it now—

\* Bittern.

† Anemones.



Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's  
 lots o' feeäd,  
 Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it doon i'  
 seeäd.

## XI.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'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' lond o' m oän.

## XII.

Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin'  
 o' meä?  
 I beänt wonn as saws 'ere abeän an' yonder a  
 peä;  
 An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a'  
 dear!  
 And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michael-  
 mas thutty year.

## XIII.

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant nor a  
 'aäpoth o' sense,  
 Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins—a niver  
 mended a fence:  
 But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke  
 ma now  
 Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby  
 hoälms to plow!

## XIV.

Loook 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma  
 a passin' boy,  
 Says to thessen naw doubt "what a man a beä  
 sewerloy!"  
 Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin  
 fust a coom'd to the 'All;  
 I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy  
 duty boy hall.

## XV.

Squoire's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons  
 'ull 'a to wroite,  
 For whoä's to howd the lond ater meä thot  
 muddles ma quoit;  
 Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it  
 to Joänes,  
 Naw, nor a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles  
 the stoäns.

## XVI.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi'  
 'is kittle o' steäm  
 Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the  
 Divil's oän teäm.  
 Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they  
 says is sweet,  
 But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn  
 abeär to see it.

## XVII.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring  
 ma the aäle?

Doctor's a 'toättler, lass, an a's hallus i' the  
 owd taäle;  
 I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw  
 moor nor a floy;  
 Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I  
 mun doy.

## NORTHERN FARMER.

### NEW STYLE.

#### I.

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they can-  
 ters awaäy?  
 Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I  
 'ears 'em saäy.  
 Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an  
 ass for thy paaïns:  
 Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all  
 thy braaïns.

#### II.

Woä—theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam:  
 yon's parson's 'ouse—  
 Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eäther a  
 man or a mouse?  
 Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty  
 to weeäk.\*  
 Proputty, proputty—woä then woä—let ma  
 'ear mysen speäk.

\* This week.

## III.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin,  
 o' thee;  
 Thou's beän talkin' to muther, an' she beän a  
 tellin' it me.  
 Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet  
 upo' parson's lass—  
 Noä—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we boäth on  
 us thinks tha an ass.

## IV.

Seeäd her todaäy goä by—Saäint's-daäy—they  
 was ringing the bells.  
 She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is scoors  
 o' gells,  
 Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?  
 the flower as blaws.  
 But propuppy, propuppy sticks, and propuppy  
 propuppy graws.

## V.

Do'ant be stunt:\* taäke time: I knaws what  
 maäkes tha sa mad.  
 Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysen when I  
 wur a lad?  
 But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as  
 towd ma this:  
 "Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer  
 munny is!"

## VI.

An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy muther  
 coom to 'and,

---

\* Obstinate.

Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nicetish bit  
o' land.

Maäybe she warn't a beauty:—I niver giv it a  
thowt—

But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a  
lass as 'ant nowt?

## VII.

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt  
when 'e's deäd,

Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle\*  
her breäd:

Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weänt niver  
git naw 'igher;

An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e  
coom'd to the shire.

## VIII.

An thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o'  
Varsity debt,

Stook to his taaïl they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut  
on 'em yet.

An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to  
lend 'im a shove,

Woorse nor a far-welter'd† yowe: fur, Sammy,  
'e married fur luvv.

## IX.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an'  
'er munny too,

---

\* Earn.

† Or fow-welter'd,—said of a sheep lying on its back  
in the furrow.

Maakin' 'em goä together as they've good  
right to do.

Could'a I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er  
munny laaïd by?

Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur  
it: reäson why.

## x.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry  
the lass,

Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boäth on  
us thinks tha an ass.

Woä then, propuppy, wiltha?—an ass as near as  
mays nowt\*—

Woä then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees is as  
fell as owt†.

## xi.

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd lad, out  
o' the fence!

Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it  
shillins an' pence?

Propuppy, propuppy's ivrything 'ere, an',  
Sammy, I'm blest

If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as  
'as it's the best.

## xii.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses  
an' steäls,

Them as 'as coats to their backs an' taäkes  
their regular meäls.

\*Makes nothing.

†The flies are as fierce as anything.

Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a  
meäl's to be 'ad.

Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a  
loomp is bad.

## XIII.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a beän  
a laäzy lot,

Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver  
munny was got.

Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leästways 'is  
munny was 'id.

But 'e tued an' moi'd 'issen deäd, an 'e died a  
good un, 'e did.

## XIV.

Look thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck  
cooms out by the 'ill!

Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to  
the mill;

An' I'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou'll  
live to see;

And if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the  
land to thee.

## xv.

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I  
means to stick;

But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leäve the  
land to Dick.—

Coom oop, propuppy, propuppy—that's what I  
'ears 'im saäy—

Propuppy, propuppy, propuppy—canter an' can-  
ter awaäy.

## THE DAISY.

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

O love, what hours were thine and mine,  
In lands of palm and southern pine;  
    In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,  
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbia show'd  
In ruin, by the mountain road;  
    How like a gem, beneath, the city  
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell  
The torrent vineyard streaming fell  
    To meet the sun and sunny waters,  
That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew  
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue;  
    Where, here and there, on sandy beaches  
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,  
Yet present in his natal grove,  
    Now watching high in mountain cornice,  
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim;  
Till, in a narrow street and dim,  
    I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,  
And drank, and loyally drank to him.



Nor knew we well what pleased us most,  
Not the clipt palm of which they boast;  
    But distant color, happy hamlet,  
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen  
A light amid its olives green;  
    Or olive-hoary cape in ocean;  
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed  
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread;  
    And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten  
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold  
Those niched shapes of noble mould,  
    A princely people's awful princes,  
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,  
In those long galleries, were ours;  
    What drives about the fresh Casine,  
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,  
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,  
    Or palace, how the city glitter'd,  
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain  
Remember what a plague of rain;  
    Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma;  
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles  
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles;  
Porch-pillars on the lion resting,  
And somber, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,  
The giant windows' brazon'd fires,  
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!  
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climb'd the roofs at break of day;  
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.  
I stood among the silent statues,  
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair;  
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there  
A thousand shadowy-pencil'd valleys  
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last  
To Como; shower and storm and blast  
Had blown the lake beyond his limit.  
And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,  
And in my head, for half the day,  
The rich Virgilian rustic measure  
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept  
As on The Lariano crept  
To that fair port below the castle  
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake  
A cypress in the moonlight shake,  
The moonlight touching o'er a terrace  
One tall Agave above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,  
And up the snowy Splugen drew,  
But ere we reach'd the highest summit  
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,  
And now it tells of Italy.  
O love, we two shall go no longer  
To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold  
Whose crying is a cry for gold:  
Yet here to-night in this dark city,  
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,  
This nursling of another sky  
Still in the little book you lent me,  
And where you tenderly laid it by:

And I forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth  
The bitter east, the misty summer  
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,  
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,  
Perchance, to dream you still beside me,  
My fancy fled to the South again.

## TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

Come, when no graver cares employ,  
Godfather, come and see your boy:  
Your presence will be sun in winter,  
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,  
Who give the Fiend himself his due,  
Should eighty-thousand college-councils  
Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite  
At you, so careful of the right,  
Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome  
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,  
I watch the twilight falling brown  
All round a careless-order'd garden  
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,  
But honest talk and wholesome wine,  
And only hear the magpie gossip  
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,  
To break the blast of winter, stand;  
And further on, the hoary Channel  
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep  
Some ship of battle slowly creep,

And on thro' zones of light and shadow  
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin  
Which made a selfish war begin;  
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;  
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

Or whether war's avenging rod  
Shall lash all Europe into blood;  
Till you should turn to dearer matters,  
Dear to the man that is dear to God;

How best to help the slender store,  
How mend the dwellings of the poor;  
How gain in life, as life advances,  
Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet  
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;  
But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,  
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,  
For those are few we hold as dear;  
Nor pay but one, but come for many,  
Many and many a happy year.

*January, 1854.*

## WILL.

## I.

O well for him whose will is strong!  
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;  
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:  
For him nor moves the loud world's random  
    mock,  
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,  
Who seems a promontory of rock,  
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,  
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

## II.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,  
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended  
    Will,  
And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,  
Or seeming-genial venial fault,  
Recurring and suggesting still!  
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,  
Toiling in immeasurable sand,  
And o'er a weary, sultry land,  
Far beneath a blazing vault,  
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,  
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

## IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,  
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening of  
 the night,

All along the valley, where thy waters flow,  
 I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years  
 ago.

All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,  
 The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls  
 away;

For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,  
 Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the  
 dead,

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and  
 tree,  
 The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

## IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

Nightingales warbled without,

Within was weeping for thee:

Shadows of three dead men

Walk'd in the walks with me,

Shadows of three dead men and thou wast  
 one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods:

The Master was far away:

Nightingales warbled and sang

Of a passion that lasts but a day;

Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of  
 courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known  
In courtesy like to thee:  
Two dead men have I loved  
With a love that ever will be:  
Three dead men have I loved and thou art  
last of the three.

### THE FLOWER.

Once in a golden hour  
I cast to earth a seed.  
Up there came a flower,  
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went  
Thro' my garden-bower,  
And muttering discontent  
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall  
It wore a crown of light,  
But thieves from o'er the wall  
Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide  
By every town and tower,  
Till all the people cried,  
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable;  
He that runs may read.  
Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.



And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed;  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed.

## REQUIESCAT.

Fair is her cottage in its place,  
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly glides.  
It sees itself from thatch to base  
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah how soon to die!  
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.  
Her peaceful being slowly passes by  
To some more perfect peace.

## THE SAILOR BOY.

He rose at dawn and, fired with hope,  
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,  
And reach'd the ship, and caught the rope,  
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud  
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,  
"O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,  
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix  
In caves about the dreary bay,  
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

“Fool,” he answered, “death is sure  
To those that stay and those that roam,  
But I will nevermore endure  
To sit with empty hands at home.

“My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters crying, ‘Stay for shame;’  
My father raves of death and wreck,  
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

“God help me! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me.”

### THE ISLET.

“Whither, O whither, love, shall we go,  
For a score of sweet little summers or so?”  
The sweet little wife of the singer said,  
On the day that follow’d the day she was wed,  
“Whither, O whither, love, shall we go?”  
And the singer shaking his curly head  
Turn’d as he sat, and struck the keys  
There at his right with a sudden crash,  
Singing, “And shall it be over the seas  
With a crew that is neither rude nor rash,  
But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek’d,  
In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak’d,  
With a satin sail of a ruby glow,  
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I know,  
A mountain islet pointed and peak’d;  
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,

Cataract brooks to the ocean run,  
Fairly-delicate palaces shine  
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,  
And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd  
With many a rivulet high against the Sun  
The facets of the glorious mountain flash  
Above the valleys of palm and pine."

"Thither, O thither, lovè, let us go."

"No, no, no!  
For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,  
There is but one bird with a musical throat,  
And his compass is but of a single note,  
That it makes one weary to hear."

"Mock me not! mock me not! love, let us go."

"No, love, no.  
For the bud ever breaks into bloom on the  
tree,  
And a storm never wakes on the lonely sea,  
And a worm is there in the lonely wood,  
That pierces the liver and blackens the blood;  
And makes it a sorrow to be."

## CHILD - SONGS.

## I.

## THE CITY CHILD.

Dainty little maiden, whither would you  
wander?

Whither from this pretty home, the home  
where mother dwells?

“Far and far away,” said the dainty little  
maiden,

“All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,  
Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells.”

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wan-  
der?

Whither from this pretty house, this city-  
house of ours?

“Far and far away,” said the dainty little  
maiden,

“All among the meadows, the clover and the  
clematis,

Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-  
flowers.”

## II.

## MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Minnie and Winnie  
Slept in a shell.  
Sleep, little ladies!  
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,  
Silver without;  
Sounds of the great sea  
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!  
Wake not soon!  
Echo on echo  
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars  
Peep'd into the shell.  
"What are they dreaming of?  
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet  
Out of the croft;  
Wake, little ladies,  
The sun is aloft!

## THE SPITEFUL LETTER.

Here, it is here, the close of the year,  
And with it a spiteful letter.  
My name in song has done him much wrong,  
For himself has done much better.

O little bard, is your lot so hard,  
If men neglect your pages?  
I think not much of yours or of mine,  
I hear the roll of the ages.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times!  
Are mine for the moment stronger?  
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot,  
I last but a moment longer.

This faded leaf, our names are as brief;  
What room is left for a hater?  
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,  
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—is that your cry?  
And men will live to see it.  
Well—if it be so—so it is, you know;  
And if it be so, so be it.

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,  
But this is the time of hollies.  
O hollies and ivies and evergreens,  
How I hate the spites and the follies!

## LITERARY SQUABBLES.

Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme  
That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars  
Before the stony face of Time,  
And look'd at by the silent stars:

Who hate each other for a song,  
And do their little best to bite  
And pinch their brethren in the throng,  
And scratch the very dead for spite:

And strain to make an inch of room  
For their sweet selves, and cannot hear  
The sullen Lethe rolling doom  
On them and theirs and all things here:

When one small touch of Charity  
Could lift them nearer God-like state  
Than if the crowded Orb should cry  
Like those who cried Diana great:

And I too, talk, and lose the touch  
I talk of. Surely, after all,  
The noblest answer unto such  
Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

## THE VICTIM.

## I.

A plague upon the people fell,  
A famine after laid them low,  
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,  
For on them brake the sudden foe;

So thick they died the people cried,  
 "The Gods are moved against the land."  
 The Priest in horror about his altar  
 To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:  
 "Help us from famine  
 And plague and strife!  
 What would you have of us?  
 Human life?  
 Were it our nearest,  
 Were it our dearest,  
 (Answer, O answer)  
 We give you his life."

## II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,  
 And cattle died, and deer in wood,  
 And bird in air, and fishes turn'd  
 And whiten'd all the rolling flood;  
 And dead men lay all over the way,  
 Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:  
 And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,  
 Till at last it seem'd that an answer came.  
 "The King is happy  
 In child and wife;  
 Take you his dearest,  
 Give us a life."

## III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill;  
 The King was hunting in the wild;  
 They found the mother sitting still;  
 She cast her arms about the child.  
 The child was only eight summers old,  
 His beauty still with his years increased,



His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,  
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.  
The Priest beheld him,  
And cried with joy,  
"The Gods have answer'd:  
We give them the boy."

## IV.

The King return'd from out the wild,  
He bore but little game in hand;  
The mother said, "They have taken the child  
To spill his blood and heal the land:  
The land is sick, the people diseased,  
And blight and famine on all the lea:  
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,  
So I pray you tell the truth to me.  
They have taken our son,  
They will have his life.  
Is he your dearest?  
Or I, the wife?"

## V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,  
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:  
"O wife, what use to answer now?  
For now the Priest has judges for me."  
The King was shaken with holy fear;  
"The Gods," he said, "would have chosen  
well;  
Yet both are near, and both are dear,  
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"  
But the Priest was happy,  
His victim won:  
"We have his dearest,  
His only son!"

## VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,  
 The knife uprising toward the blow  
 To the altar-stone she sprang alone,  
 "Me, not my darling, no!"  
 He caught her away with a sudden cry;  
 Suddenly from him brake his wife,  
 And shrieking "I am his dearest, I—  
 I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.  
 And the Priest was happy,  
 "O, Father Odin,  
 We give you a life.  
 Which was his nearest?  
 Who was his dearest?  
 The Gods have answer'd;  
 We give them the wife!"

## WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an  
 endless sea—  
 Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right  
 the wrong—  
 Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of  
 glory she:  
 Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.  
 The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Vir-  
 tue be dust,  
 Would she have heart to endure for the life  
 of the worm and the fly?  
 She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats  
 of the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a  
 summer sky:  
 Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

### THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the  
 hills and the plains—  
 Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who  
 reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which  
 He seems?

Dreams are true while they last, and do we  
 not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body  
 and limb,  
 Are they not sign and symbol of thy division  
 from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the rea-  
 son why:

For is He not all but thou, that hast power to  
 feel "I am I?"

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou ful-  
 flest thy doom

Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled  
 splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit  
 with Spirit can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than  
 hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us  
 rejoice,  
 For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet  
 His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the  
 fool;  
 For all we have the power to see is a straight  
 staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of  
 man cannot see;  
 But if we could see and hear, this Vision—  
 were it not He?

## THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

### I.

The voice and the Peak  
 Far over summit and lawn,  
 The lone glow and long roar  
 Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of  
 dawn!

### II.

All night have I heard the voice  
 Rave over the rocky bar,  
 But thou wert silent in heaven,  
 Above thee glided the star.

### III.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,  
 That standest high above all?

“I am the voice of the Peak,  
I roar and rave for I fall.

## IV.

“A thousand voices go  
To North, South, East, and West;  
They leave the heights and are troubled,  
And moan and sink to their rest.

## V.

“The fields are fair beside them,  
The chestnut towers in his bloom;  
But they—they feel the desire of the deep—  
Fall, and follow their doom.

## VI.

“The deep has power on the height,  
And the height has power on the deep;  
They are raised for ever and ever,  
And sink again into sleep.”

## VII.

Not raised for ever and ever,  
But when their cycle is o'er,  
The valley, the voice, the peak, the star  
Pass, and are found no more.

## VIII.

The Peak is high and flush'd  
At his highest with sunrise fire;  
The Peak is high, and the stars are high,  
And the thought of a man is higher.

## IX.

A deep below the deep,  
 And a height beyond the height!  
 Our hearing is not hearing,  
 And our seeing is not sight.

## X.

The voice and the peak  
 Far into heaven withdrawn,  
 The lone glow and long roar  
 Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of  
 dawn!

( "FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL."

Flower in the crannied wall,  
 I pluck you out of the crannies,  
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
 Little flower—but if I could understand  
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
 I should know what God and man is. )

## A DEDICATION.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself  
 Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore  
 Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life  
 Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he  
 Who wrote it, honoring your sweet faith in  
 him,  
 May trust himself; and after praise and scorn,  
 As one who feels the immeasurable world,

Attain the wise indifference of the wise;  
And after Autumn past—if left to pass  
His autumn into seeing-leafless days—  
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,  
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit  
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.\*

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\*The fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Euonymus Europæus*).

## EXPERIMENTS.

## BOADICEA.

While about the shore of Mona those Neronian  
legionaries  
Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the  
Druid and Druidess,  
Far in the East Boadicea, standing loftily  
charioted,  
Mad and maddening all that heard her in her  
fierce volubility,  
Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the col-  
ony Camulodune,  
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er  
a wild confederacy.

“They that scorn the tribes and call us  
Britain's barbarous populaces,  
Did they hear me, would they listen, did they  
pity me supplicating?  
Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I  
brook to be supplicated?  
Hear Icenian, Catiuchlanian, hear Coritanian,  
Trinobant!  
Must their ever-ravening eagle's beak and  
talon annihilate us?



Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily  
quivering?  
Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and  
blacken innumerable,  
Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the  
carcase a skeleton,  
Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the  
wilderness, wallow in it,  
Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be  
propitiated.  
Lo their colony half-defended! lo their colony,  
Camulodune!  
There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a  
barbarous adversary.  
There the hive of Roman liars worship a glut-  
tonous emperor-idiot.  
Such is Rome, and this her deity: hear it,  
Spirit of Cassivelaun!

“Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O  
Icenian, O Coritanian!  
Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Ca-  
tieuchlanian, Trinobant.  
These have told us all their anger in miraculous  
utterances,  
Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur  
heard aerially,  
Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of  
an enemy massacred,  
Phantom wail of women and children, multi-  
tudinous agonies.  
Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom  
bodies of horses and men;

Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the  
refluent estuary;  
Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily  
tottering—  
There was one who watch'd and told me—  
down their statue of Victory fell.  
Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo the col-  
ony Camulodune,  
Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we  
care to be pitiful?  
Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we  
dandle it amorously?

“Hear Icenian, Catiuechlanian, hear Cori-  
tanian, Trinobant!  
While I roved about the forest, long and bit-  
terly meditating,  
There I heard them in the darkness, at the  
mystical ceremony,  
Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the ter-  
rible prophetesses,  
‘Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of  
silvery parapets!  
Tho’ the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho’ the  
gathering enemy narrow thee,  
Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou  
shalt be the mighty one yet!  
Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the  
deeds to be celebrated,  
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and  
shadow illimitable,  
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blos-  
soming Paradises,

Thine the North and thine the South and thine  
the battle-thunder of God.'  
So they chanted: how shall Britain light upon  
auguries happier?  
So they chanted in the darkness, and there  
cometh a victory now.

“Hear Icenian, Catiuechlanian, hear Cori-  
tanian, Trinobant!  
Me the wife of rich Prasutagus, me the lover  
of liberty,  
Me they seized and me they tortured, me they  
lash'd and humiliated,  
Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian  
violators!  
See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable  
in ignominy!  
Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood  
to be satiated.  
Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony  
Camulodune!  
There they ruled, and thence they wasted all  
the flourishing territory,  
Thither at their will they haled the yellow-  
ringleted Britoness—  
Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unex-  
hausted, inexorable.  
Shout Icenian, Catiuechlanian, shout Cori-  
tanian, Trinobant,  
Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry  
precipitously  
Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the  
smoke in a hurricane whirl'd.

Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of  
Cunobeline!  
There they drank in cups of emerald, there at  
tables of ebony lay,  
Rolling on their purple couches in their tender  
effeminacy.  
There they dwelt and there they rioted; there  
—there—they dwell no more.  
Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break  
the works of the statuary,  
Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it,  
hold it abominable,  
Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and  
voluptuousness,  
Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd  
and humiliated,  
Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the  
brains of the little one out,  
Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers,  
trample them under us.”

So the Queen Boadicea, standing loftily char-  
ioted,  
Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling  
glances lioness-like,  
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in  
her fierce volubility.  
Till her people all around the royal chariot  
agitated,  
Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing  
barbarous lineaments,  
Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they  
shiver in January,

Roar'd as when the roaring breakers boom  
 and blanch on the precipices,  
 Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak  
 on a promontory.  
 So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous  
 adversaries  
 Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with  
 rapid unanimous hand,  
 Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her piti-  
 less avarice,  
 Till she felt the heart within her fall and flut-  
 ter tremulously,  
 Then her pulses at the clamoring of her enemy  
 fainted away.  
 Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny  
 tyranny buds.  
 Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitud-  
 inous agonies.  
 Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a  
 valorous legionary,  
 Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London,  
 Verulam, Camulodune.

## IN QUANTITY.

ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.

*Hexameters and Pentameters.*

These lame hexameters the strong-wing'd  
 music of Homer!  
 No—but a most burlesque barbarous experi-  
 ment.  
 When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye  
 Muses, in England?

When did a frog coarser croak upon our  
 Helicon?  
 Hexameters no worse than daring Germany  
 gave us  
 Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexam-  
 eters.

## MILTON.

*Alcaics.*

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,  
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,  
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,  
 Milton, a name to resound for ages;  
 Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,  
 Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,  
 Tower, as the deep-doomed empyrean  
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset—  
 Me rather all that bowery loneliness,  
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,  
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches  
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,  
 Where some refulgent sunset of India  
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,  
 And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods  
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

*Hendecasyllabics.*

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,  
 Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,  
 Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem  
 All composed in a meter of Catullus,  
 All in quantity, careful of my motion,

Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,  
 Lest I fall unawares before the people,  
 Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.  
 Should I flounder awhile without a tumble  
 Thro' this metrification of Catullus.  
 They should speak to me not without a wel-  
 come.

All that chorus of indolent reviewers.  
 Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,  
 So fantastical is the dainty meter.  
 Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe  
 me

Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.  
 O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—  
 Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—  
 As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost  
 Horticultural art, or half coquette-like  
 Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

#### SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE.

So Hector spake; the Trojans roar'd applause;  
 Then loosed their sweating horses from the  
 yoke,

And each beside his chariot bound his own;  
 And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep  
 In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine  
 And bread from out the houses brought, and  
 heap'd

Their firewood, and the winds from off the  
 plain

Roll'd the rich vapor far into the heaven.

And these all night upon the bridge\* of war  
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed:  
As when in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his  
heart:

So many a fire between the ships and stream  
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,  
A thousand on the plain; and close by each  
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;  
And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,  
Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn.

—Iliad viii. 542-561.

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\*Or ridge.



## THE WINDOW.

OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS.

Four years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as "Orpheus with his lute," and I drest up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet, whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

December, 1870.

A. TENNYSON.

## THE WINDOW.

ON THE HILL.

The lights and shadows fly!  
Yonder it brightens and darkens down on the  
plain.

A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!  
Oh is it the brook, or a pool, or her window-  
pane,  
When the winds are up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above,  
And winds and lights and shadows that cannot  
be still,

All running on one way to the home of my  
love,  
You are all running on, and I stand on the  
slope of the hill,  
And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow the chase!  
 And my thoughts are as quick and as quick,  
     ever on, on, on.

O lights, are you flying over her sweet little  
     face?  
 And my heart is there before you are come,  
     and gone,  
 When the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope!  
 And I follow them down to the window-pane  
     of my dear,  
 And it brightens and darkens and brightens  
     like my hope,  
 And it darkens and brightens and darkens like  
     my fear,  
 And the winds are up in the morning.

AT THE WINDOW.

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
 Clasp her window, trail and twine!  
 Rose, rose and clematis,  
 Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,  
 Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower  
     All of flowers, and drop me a flower,  
     Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
 Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine?  
 Rose, rose and clematis,  
 Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,  
 Kiss, kiss—and out of her bower  
     All of flowers, a flower, a flower,  
     Dropt, a flower.

## GONE.

Gone!

Gone, till the end of the year,  
Gone, and the light gone with her, and left  
me in shadow here!

Gone—flitted away,

Taken the stars from the night and the sun  
from the day!

Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in  
the air!

Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know  
not where!

Down in the south is a flash and a groan · she  
is there! she is there!

## WINTER.

The frost is here,  
And fuel is dear,  
And woods are sear,  
And fires burn clear,  
And frost is here  
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!  
You roll up away from the light  
The blue wood-lice, and the plumb dormouse,  
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,  
And you bite far into the heart of the house,  
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!  
The woods are all the searer,  
The fuel is all the dearer,

The fires are all the clearer,  
 My spring is all the nearer,  
 You have bitten into the heart of the earth,  
 But not into mine.

SPRING.

Birds' love and birds' song  
 Flying here and there,  
 Birds' song and birds' love,  
 And you with gold for hair?  
 Birds' song and birds' love,  
 Passing with the weather,  
 Men's song and men's love,  
 To love once and forever.

Men's love and birds' love,  
 And women's love and men's!  
 And you my wren with a crown of gold,  
 You my queen of the wrens!  
 You the queen of the wrens—  
 We'll be birds of a feather,  
 I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens,  
 And all in a nest together.

THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,  
 Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?  
 Fine little hands, fine little feet—  
 Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? shall I go?  
 Ask her to marry me by and by?

Somebody said that she'd say no;  
 Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?  
 Ay or no, from shy of the shy?  
 Go, little letter, apace, apace,  
 Fly;

Fly to the light in the valley below—  
 Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:  
 Somebody said that she'd say no;  
 Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

## NO ANSWER.

The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain!  
 Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?  
 And never a glimpse of her window pane!  
 And I may die but the grass will grow,  
 And the grass will grow when I am gone,  
 And the wet west wind and the world will go  
 on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres,  
 No is trouble and cloud and storm,  
 Ay is life for a hundred years,  
 No will push me down to the worm,  
 And when I am there and dead and gone,  
 The wet west wind and the world will go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and the wet!  
 Wet west wind how you blow, you blow!  
 And never a line from my lady yet!  
 Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?  
 16 Locksley Hall

Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,  
The wet west wind and the world may go on.

## NO ANSWER.

Winds are loud and you are dumb,  
Take my love, for love will come,  
Love will come but once a life,  
Winds are loud and winds will pass!  
Spring is here with leaf and grass:  
Take my love and be my wife.  
After-loves of maids and men  
Are but dainties drest again:  
Love me now, you'll love me then:  
Love can love but once a life.

## THE ANSWER.

Two little hands that meet,  
Claspt on her seal, my sweet!  
Must I take you and break you,  
Two little hands that meet?  
I must take you, and break you,  
And loving hands must part—  
Take, take—break, break—  
Break—you may break my heart.  
Faint heart never won—  
Break, break, and all's done.

## AY.

Be merry, all birds, to-day,  
Be merry on earth as you never were merry  
before,  
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,

And merry for ever and ever, and one day  
more.

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.

Look, look, how he flits,

The fire crown'd king of the wrens, from  
out of the pine!

Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad  
little tits!

"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" was ever a May so fine?

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.

O merry the linnet and dove,

And swallow and sparrow and throstle, and  
have your desire!

O merry my heart, you have gotten the wings  
of love,

And flit like the king of the wrens with a  
crown of fire.

Why?

For it's ay ay, ay ay.

WHEN.

Sun comes, moon comes,

Time slips away.

Sun sets, moon sets,

Love, fix a day.

"A year hence, a year hence."

"We shall both be gray."

"A month hence, a month hence."

"Far, far away."

"A week hence, a week hence."

"Ah, the long delay."

“Wait a little, wait a little,  
You shall fix a day.”

“To-morrow, love, to-morrow,  
And that’s an age away.”  
Blaze upon her window, sun,  
And honor all the day.

MARRIAGE MORNING.

Light, so low upon earth,  
You send a flash to the sun.  
Here is the golden close of love,  
All my wooing is done.  
Oh, the woods and the meadows,  
Woods where we hid from the wet,  
Stiles where we stay’d to be kind,  
Meadows in which we met!  
Light, so low in the vale  
You flash and lighten afar,  
For this is the golden morning of love,  
And you are his morning star.  
Flash, I am coming, I come,  
By meadow and stile and wood,  
Oh, lighten into my eyes and my heart,  
Into my heart and my blood!  
Heart, are you great enough  
For a love that never tires?  
O heart, are you great enough for love?  
I have heard of thorns and briers.  
Over the thorns and briers,  
Over the meadows and stiles,  
Over the world to the end of it  
Flash for a million miles.



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