

And this is in the night:— Most  
glorious night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let  
me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far de-  
light,—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric  
sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the  
earth!  
And now again 'tis black,—and now,  
the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its moun-  
tain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-  
quake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves  
his way between  
Heights which appear as lovers who  
have parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so inter-  
vene,  
That they can meet no more, though  
broken-hearted;  
Though in their souls, which thus each  
other thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond  
rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and  
then departed:—  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years all winters,—war within them-  
selves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath  
cleft his way,  
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en  
his stand:  
For here, not one, but many, make  
their play,  
And fling their thunderbolts from hand  
to hand,  
Flashing and cast around: of all the  
band,  
The brightest through these parted  
hills hath forked  
His lightnings,—as li he did under-  
stand,  
That in such gaps as desolation worked,  
There the hot shaft should blast what-  
ever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake,  
lightnings! ye!  
With night, and clouds, and thunder,  
and a soul  
To make these felt and feeling, well  
may be  
Things that have made me watchful;  
the far roll  
Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
But where of ye, O tempests! is the  
goal? [breast?  
Are ye like those within the human  
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles,  
some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now  
That which is most within me,—could  
I wreak  
My thoughts upon expression, and thus  
throw  
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings,  
strong or weak,  
All that I would have sought, and all I  
seek,  
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—  
into one word,  
And that one word were Lightning, I  
would speak;  
But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing  
it as a sword.

---

### CLARENS.

CLARENS! sweet Clarens! birthplace  
of deep Love!  
Thine air is the young breath of pas-  
sionate thought;  
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows  
above  
The very glaciers have his colours  
caught,  
And sunset into rose-hues sees them  
wrought [rocks,  
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the  
The permanent crags, tell here of Love,  
who sought  
In them a refuge from the worldly  
shocks,  
Which stir and sting the soul with hope  
that woos, then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths  
 are trod,—  
 Undying Love's who here ascends a  
 throne  
 To which the steps are mountains;  
 where the god  
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the  
 flower  
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath  
 hath blown  
 His soft and summer breath, whose  
 tender power  
 Passes the strength of storms in their  
 most desolate hour.

All things are here of him; from the  
 black pines,  
 Which are his shade on high, and the  
 loud roar  
 Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the  
 vines  
 Which slope his green path downward  
 to the shore,  
 Where the bowed waters meet him,  
 and adore,  
 Kissing his feet with murmurs; and  
 the wood,  
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all  
 hoar,  
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands  
 where it stood,  
 Offering to him, and his, a populous soli-  
 tude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
 And fairy-formed and many-coloured  
 things,  
 Who worship him with notes more  
 sweet than words,  
 And innocently open their glad wings  
 Fearless and full of life; the gush of  
 springs,  
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the  
 bend  
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which  
 rings,  
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here  
 extend,  
 Mingling, and made by Love, unto one  
 mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would  
 learn that lore,  
 And make his heart a spirit; he who  
 knows  
 That tender mystery, will love the  
 more;  
 For this is Love's recess, where vain  
 men's woes,  
 And the world's waste, have driven  
 him far from those,  
 For 'tis his nature to advance or die:  
 He stands not still, but or decays, or  
 grows  
 Into a boundless blessing, which may  
 vie  
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau  
 this spot,  
 Peopling it with affections; but he  
 found  
 It was the scene which passion must  
 allot  
 To the mind's purified beings; 'twas  
 the ground  
 Where early Love his Psyche's zone  
 unbound,  
 And hallowed it with loveliness; 'tis  
 lone,  
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a  
 sound,  
 And sense, and sight of sweetness;  
 here the Rhone  
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps  
 have reared a throne.

#### A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT VENICE.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not  
 night—  
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine  
 height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountain; Heaven is  
 free  
 From clouds, but of all colours seems  
 to be,—  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the  
 West,—  
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity

While, on the other hand, meek Dian's  
crest  
Floats through the azure air—an island of  
the blest !

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ;  
but still  
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and  
remains  
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian  
hill,  
As Day and Night contending were,  
until  
Nature reclaimed her order ;—gently  
flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their  
hues instil  
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
Which streams upon her stream, and  
glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which,  
from afar,  
Comes down upon the waters ; all its  
hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse :  
And now they change ; a paler shadow  
strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting  
day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang  
imbues  
With a new colour as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—  
and all is gray.

### ITALIA ! OH ITALIA !

ITALIA ! oh Italia ! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and  
past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed  
by shame,  
And annals graved in characters of  
flame.  
Oh, God ! that thou wert in thy naked-  
ness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and  
couldst claim

Thy right, and awe the robbers back,  
who press  
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of  
thy distress ;

Then mightst thou more appal ; or,  
less desired,  
Be homely and be peaceful, unde-  
plored  
For thy destructive charms ; then, still  
untired,  
Would not be seen the armed torrents  
poured  
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the  
hostile horde  
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stran-  
ger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of  
the end or foe.

### THE VENUS DI MEDICI AT FLORENCE.

THERE, too, the Goddess loves in  
stone, and fills  
The air around with beauty ; we in-  
hale  
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld,  
instils  
Part of its immortality ; the veil  
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the  
pale  
We stand, and in that form and face  
behold  
What Mind can make, when Nature's  
self would fail ;  
And to the fond idolaters of old  
Envy the innate flash which such a soul  
could mould :

We gaze and turn away, and know not  
where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the  
heart  
Reels with its fulness ; there—forever  
there—  
Chained to the chariot of triumphal  
Art,  
We stand as captives, and would not  
depart.

Away!—there need no words, nor  
terms precise,  
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,  
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have  
eyes :  
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the  
Dardan shepherd's prize.

Apparedst thou not to Paris in this  
guise ?  
Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,  
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when  
lies  
Before thee thy own vanquished Lord  
of War ?  
And gazing in thy face as toward a  
star,  
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee up-  
turn,  
Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy  
lips are  
With lava kisses melting while they  
burn,  
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and  
mouth, as from an urn ?

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless  
love,  
'Their full divinity inadequate  
'That feeling to express, or to improve,  
The gods become as mortals, and man's  
fate  
Has moments like their brightest ; but  
the weight  
Of earth recoils upon us ;—let it go !  
We can recall such visions, and create,  
From what has been, or might be,  
things which grow  
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods  
below.

#### THE CATARACT OF VELINO.

THE roar of waters !—from the head-  
long height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;  
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams shaking the  
abyss ;  
The hell of waters ! where they howl  
and hiss,  
And boil in endless torture ; while the  
sweat

Of their great agony, wrung out from  
this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks  
of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless  
horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and  
thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which  
round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle  
rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald :—how pro-  
found  
The gulf ! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious  
bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward  
worn and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms  
a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on,  
and shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea  
Torn from the womb of mountains by  
the throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
With many windings, through the  
vale :—Look back !  
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its  
track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a match-  
less cataract,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glitter-  
ing morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, un-  
worn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams  
unshorn :  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the  
scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable  
mien.

## ROME.

OH Rome! my country! city of the  
soul!  
The orphans of the heart must turn to  
thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires! and  
control  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
What are our woes and sufferance?  
Come and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod  
your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and  
temples, Ye!  
Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our  
clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voice-  
less woe;  
An empty urn within her withered  
hands,  
Whose holy dust was scattered long  
ago;  
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes  
now;  
The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou  
flow,  
Old Tiber! through a marble wilder-  
ness?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle  
her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,  
Flood, and Fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's  
pride;  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs  
ride,  
Where the car climbed the Capitol;  
far and wide  
Temple and tower went down, nor left  
a site:  
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the  
void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar  
light,  
And say, "here was, or is," where all is  
doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath  
wrapt and wrap  
All round us; we but feel our way to  
err:  
The ocean hath its chart, the stars  
their map,  
And Knowledge spreads them on her  
ample lap;  
But Rome is as the desert, where we  
steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we  
clap  
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is  
clear—  
When but some false mirage of ruin rises  
near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!  
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the  
day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge  
surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame  
away!  
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
And Livy's pictured page!—but these  
shall be  
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.  
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see  
That brightness in her eye she bore when  
Rome was free!

## FREEDOM'S TRUE HEROES.

CAN tyrants but by tyrants conquered  
be,  
And Freedom find no champion and no  
child  
Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and un-  
defiled?  
Or must such minds be nourished in  
the wild,  
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the  
roar  
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature  
smiled  
On infant Washington? Hath Earth  
no more  
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe  
no such shore?

But France got drunk with blood to  
vomit crime,  
And fatal have her Saturnalia been  
To Freedom's cause, in every age and  
clime ;  
Because the deadly days which we have  
seen,  
And vile Ambition, that built up be-  
tween  
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,  
And the base pageant last upon the  
scene,  
Are grown the pretext for the eternal  
thrall  
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's  
worst—his second fall.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn,  
but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm against  
the wind ;  
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now  
and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves  
behind ;  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the  
rind,  
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and  
little worth,  
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we  
find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the  
North ;  
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit  
bring forth.

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

EGERIA ! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place so  
fair  
As thine ideal breast ; whate'er thou  
art  
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond despair ;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary  
there  
Too much adoring ; whatso'er thy  
birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly  
bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are  
sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water-drops ; the  
face  
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years  
unwrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the  
place,  
Whose green, wild margin now no  
more erase  
Art's works ; nor must the delicate  
waters sleep,  
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the  
base  
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers,  
and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled : the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms, through  
the grass  
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the  
bills  
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye  
pass ;  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their  
class,  
Implore the pausing step, and with  
their dyes  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy  
mass ;  
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue  
eyes,  
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems  
coloured by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted  
cover,  
Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal  
lover ;  
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic  
meeting  
With her most starry canopy, and  
seating  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?  
This cave was surely shaped out for  
the greeting  
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the  
cell  
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest  
oracle !

## LOVE'S SORROWS.

ALAS! our young affections run to  
waste,  
Or water but the desert; whence arise  
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of  
haste,  
Rank at the core, though tempting to  
the eyes,  
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but  
agonies,  
And trees whose gums are poisons;  
such the plants  
Which spring beneath her steps as  
Passion flies  
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly  
pant  
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our  
wants.

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou  
art—  
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—  
A faith whose martyrs are the broken  
heart,—  
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall  
see  
The naked eye, thy form, as it should  
be;  
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled  
heaven,  
Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
And to a thought such shape and image  
given,  
As haunts the unquenched soul—parched  
—wearied—wrung—and riven.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
And fevers into false creation:—where,  
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul  
hath seized?  
In him alone. Can Nature show so  
fair?  
Where are the charms and virtues which  
we dare  
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as  
men,  
The unreached Paradise of our despair,  
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the  
pen,  
And overpowers the page where it would  
bloom again?

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—  
but the cure  
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm un-  
winds  
Which robed our idols, and we see too  
sure  
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out  
the mind's  
Ideal shape of such; yet still it  
binds  
The fatal spell, and still it draws us  
on,  
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-  
sown winds;  
The stubborn heart, its alchemy be-  
gun,  
Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest  
when most undone.

We wither from our youth, we gasp  
away—  
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—un-  
slaked the thirst,  
Though to the last, in verge of our  
decay,  
Some phantom lures, such as we sought  
at first—  
But all too late,—so are we doubly  
curst.  
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the  
same,  
Each idle—and all ill—and none the  
worst—  
For all are meteors with a different  
name,  
And Death the sable smoke where  
vanishes the flame.

Few—none—find what they love or  
could have loved,  
Though accident, blind contact, and  
the strong  
Necessity of loving, have removed  
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,  
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong;  
And Circumstance, that unspiritual  
god  
And miscreator, makes and helps along  
Our coming evils with a crutch-like  
rod,  
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the  
dust we all have trod.

## INVOCATION TO NEMESIS.

AND thou, who never yet of human  
wrong  
Left the unbalanced scale, great Ne-  
mesis!  
Here, where the ancient paid thee  
homage long—  
Thou who didst call the Furies from  
the abyss,  
And round Orestes bade them howl  
and hiss  
For that unnatural retribution—just  
Had it but been from hands less near—  
in this [dust!  
Thy former realm, I call thee from the  
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake!  
thou shalt, and must.

\* \* \* \* \*

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not  
that now  
I shrink from what is suffered: let him  
speak  
Who hath beheld decline upon my  
brow,  
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it  
weak;  
But in this page a record will I seek.  
Not in the air shall these my words  
disperse,  
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall  
wreak [verse,  
The deep prophetic fulness of this  
And pile on human heads the mountain  
of my curse!

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have  
I not—  
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold  
it, Heaven!—  
Have I not had to wrestle with my  
lot?  
Have I not suffered things to be for-  
given?  
Have I not had my brain seared, my  
heart riven,  
Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's  
life lied away?  
And only not to desperation driven,  
Because not altogether of such clay  
As rots into the souls of those whom I  
survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
Have I not seen what human things  
could do?  
From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
To the small whisper of the as paltry  
few,  
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
The Janus glance of whose significant  
eye,  
Learning to lie with silence, would  
seem true,  
And without utterance, save the shrug  
or sigh,  
Deal round to happy fools its speechless  
obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived in  
vain:  
My mind may lose its force, my blood  
its fire,  
And my frame perish even in conquer-  
ing pain; [tire  
But there is that within me which shall  
Torture and Time, and breathe when I  
expire.

## THE STATUE OF APOLLO.

OR view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and  
brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the  
fight;  
The shaft hath just been shot—the  
arrow bright  
With an immortal's vengeance; in his  
eye  
And nostril beautiful disdain, and  
might  
And majesty, flash their full lightnings  
by,  
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of  
Love,  
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose  
breast  
Longed for a deathless lover from  
above,  
And maddened in that vision—are  
express



All that ideal beauty ever blessed  
 The mind with in its most unearthly  
 mood,  
 When each conception was a heavenly  
 guest—  
 A ray of immortality—and stood  
 Starlike, around, until they gathered to a  
 god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from  
 Heaven  
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid  
 By him to whom the energy was given  
 Which this poetic marble hath arrayed  
 With an eternal glory—which, if made  
 By human hands, is not of human  
 thought;  
 And Time himself hath hallowed it,  
 nor laid  
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it  
 caught  
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame  
 with which 'twas wrought.

~~~~~

#### THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

HARK! forth from the abyss a voice  
 proceeds,  
 A long low distant murmur of dread  
 sound,  
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
 With some deep and immedicable  
 wound;  
 Through storm and darkness yawns the  
 rending ground,  
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but  
 the chief  
 Seems royal still, though with her head  
 dis-crowned,  
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal  
 grief  
 She clasps a babe to whom her breast  
 yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where  
 art thou?  
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou  
 dead?  
 Could not the grave forget thee, and  
 lay low  
 Some less majestic, less beloved head?

In the sad midnight, while thy heart  
 still bled,  
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
 Death hushed that pang for ever: with  
 thee fled  
 The present happiness and promised  
 joy  
 Which filled the imperial Isles so full it  
 seemed to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it  
 be,  
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!  
 Those who weep not for kings shall  
 weep for thee,  
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy,  
 cease to hoard  
 Her many griefs for One; for she had  
 poured  
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely  
 lord,  
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou  
 wed!  
 The husband of a year! the father of the  
 dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment  
 made;  
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust  
 The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is  
 laid,  
 The love of millions! How we did en-  
 trust  
 Futurity to her! and, though it must  
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly  
 deemed  
 Our children should obey her child,  
 and blessed  
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose pro-  
 mise seemed  
 Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but  
 a meteor beamed.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps  
 well:  
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the  
 tongue  
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath  
 rung  
 Its knell in princely ears, till the o'er-  
 stung

Nations have armed in madness, the  
 strange fate  
 Which tumbles mighty sovereigns, and  
 hath flung  
 Against their blind omnipotence a  
 weight  
 Within the opposing scale, which crushes  
 soon or late,—

These might have been her destiny ;  
 but no,  
 Our hearts deny it : and so young, so  
 fair,  
 Good without effort, great without a  
 foe ;  
 But now a bride and mother—and now  
*there!*—  
 How many ties did that stern moment  
 tear !  
 From thy Sire's to his humblest sub-  
 ject's breast  
 Is linked the electric chain of that  
 despair,  
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's,  
 and opprest  
 The land which loved thee so that none  
 could love thee best.

~~~~~  
 SOLITUDE.

OH ! that the desert were my dwelling-  
 place,  
 With one fair spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her !  
 Ye elements !—in whose ennobling stir  
 I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?  
 Though with them to converse can rarely  
 be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless  
 woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature  
 more,  
 From these our Interviews, in which I  
 steal

From all I may be, or have been be-  
 fore,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all  
 conceal.

~~~~~  
 THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue  
 Ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
 vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
 control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the  
 watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
 remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his  
 own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of  
 rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
 groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined,  
 and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy  
 fields [arise  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost  
 And shake him from thee ; the vile  
 strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all  
 despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the  
 skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy play-  
 ful spray  
 And howling, to his gods, where haply  
 lies [bay,  
 His petty hope in some near port or  
 And dashest him again to earth :—there  
 let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the  
 walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations  
 quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their  
 capitals,  
 The oak Leviathans, whose huge ribs  
 make

Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy  
flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves,  
which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of  
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all  
save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,  
what are they ?  
Thy waters washed them power while  
they were free,  
And many a tyrant since ; their shores  
obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their  
decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not  
so thou ;—  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'  
play—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure  
brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-  
mighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale,  
or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless,  
and sublime—  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy  
slime  
The monsters of the deep are made :  
each zone  
Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread,  
fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my  
joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to  
be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from  
a boy  
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to  
me

Were a delight ; and if the freshening  
sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing  
tear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I  
do here.

SONG OF THE CORSAIRS.

*The Corsair.*

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls  
as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows  
foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home !  
These are our realms, no limits to their  
sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious  
slave !  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving  
wave ;  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and  
ease !  
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure  
cannot please—  
Oh, who can tell save he whose heart  
hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters  
wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening  
play, [way ?  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless  
That for itself can woo the approaching  
fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to  
delight ;  
That seeks what cravens shun with more  
than zeal,  
And where the feebler faint—can only  
feel—  
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?  
No dread of death—if with us die our  
foes—  
Save that it seems even duller to  
repose :

Come when it will—we snatch the life of  
 life—  
 When lost—what recks it—by disease or  
 strife?  
 Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,  
 Cling to his couch, and sicken years  
 away;  
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his  
 palsied head;  
 Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish  
 bed.  
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his  
 soul,  
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes  
 control.  
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow  
 cave,  
 And they who loathed his life may gild  
 his grave:  
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely  
 shed,  
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our  
 dead.  
 For us, even banquets fond regrets supply  
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
 When those who win at length divide the  
 prey,  
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er  
 each brow,  
 How had the brave who fell exulted now!

CONRAD.

THEY make obeisance and retire in haste,  
 Too soon to seek again the watery waste:  
 Yet they repine not—so that Conrad  
 guides,  
 And who dare question aught that he  
 decides?  
 That man of loneliness and mystery,  
 Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to  
 sigh;  
 Whose name appals the fiercest of his  
 crew,  
 And tints each swarthy cheek with sal-  
 lower hue;  
 Still sways their souls with that com-  
 manding art  
 That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar  
 heart.

What is that spell, that thus his lawless  
 train  
 Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?  
 What should it be, that thus their faith  
 can bind?  
 The power of thought—the magic of the  
 Mind!

CONRAD'S LOVE FOR MEDORA.

NONE are all evil—quickenings round his  
 heart,  
 One softer feeling would not yet de-  
 part;  
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled  
 By passions worthy of a fool or child;  
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he  
 strove,  
 And even in him it asks the name of  
 Love!  
 Yes, it was love—unchangeable—un-  
 changed,  
 Felt but for one from whom he never  
 ranged;  
 Though fairest captives daily met his  
 eye,  
 He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed  
 them by;  
 Though many a beauty drooped in pri-  
 soned bower,  
 None ever soothed his most unguarded  
 hour.  
 Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tender-  
 ness,  
 Tried in temptation, strengthened by  
 distress,  
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every  
 clime,  
 And yet—oh, more than all!—untired by  
 time;  
 Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled  
 wile,  
 Could render sullen, were she near to  
 smile;  
 Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to  
 vent  
 On her one murmur of his discontent;  
 Which still would meet with joy, with  
 calmness part,  
 Lest that his look of grief should reach  
 her heart;

Which nought removed, nor menaced to  
 remove—  
 If there be love in mortals—this was  
 love!  
 He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower  
 On him—but not the passion, nor its  
 power,  
 Which only proved, all other virtues  
 gone,  
 Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest  
 one!

~~~~~

### THE PARTING OF CONRAD AND MEDORA.

SHE rose—she sprung—she clung to his  
 embrace,  
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden  
 face,  
 He dared not raise to his that deep-blue  
 eye,  
 Which downcast drooped in tearless  
 agony.  
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his  
 arms,  
 In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;  
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image  
 dwelt  
 So full—that feeling seemed almost un-  
 felt!  
 Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-  
 gun!  
 It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that  
 sun.  
 Again—again—that form he madly  
 pressed,  
 Which mutely clasped, imploringly ca-  
 ressed!  
 And tottering to the couch his bride he  
 bore,  
 One moment gazed—as if to gaze no  
 more;  
 Felt—that for him earth held but her  
 alone,  
 Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is  
 Conrad gone?  
 “And is he gone?”—on sudden solitude  
 How oft that fearful question will intrude!  
 “'Twas but an instant past—and here he  
 stood!

And now”—without the portal's porch  
 she rushed,  
 And then at length her tears in freedom  
 gushed;  
 Big,—bright—and fast, unknown to her  
 they fell;  
 But still her lips refused to send—“Fare-  
 well!”  
 For in that word—that fatal word—how-  
 e'er  
 We promise—hope—believe—there  
 breathes despair,  
 O'er every feature of that still pale face,  
 Had sorrow fixed what time can ne'er  
 erase:  
 The tender blue of that large loving eye  
 Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,  
 Till—oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse  
 of him,  
 And then it flowed—and phrensied seemed  
 to swim,  
 Through those long, dark, and glistening  
 lashes dewed  
 With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.  
 “He's gone!”—against her heart that  
 hand is driven,  
 Convulsed and quick—then gently raised  
 to heaven;  
 She looked and saw the heaving of the  
 main;  
 The white sail set—she dared not look  
 again;  
 But turned with sickening soul within the  
 gate—  
 “It is no dream—and I am desolate!”

~~~~~

### SUNSET IN THE MOREA.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be  
 run,  
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun;  
 Not, as in nothern climes, obscurely  
 bright,  
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!  
 O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he  
 throws,  
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it  
 glows.  
 On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,  
 The god of gladness sheds his parting  
 smile.

O'er his own regions lingering, loves to  
 shine,  
 Though there his altars are no more  
 divine.  
 Descending fast the mountain shadows  
 kiss  
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!  
 Their azure arches through the long ex-  
 panse  
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing  
 glance,  
 And tenderest tints, along their summits  
 driven.  
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues  
 of heaven,  
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and  
 deep,  
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to  
 sleep.

CONRAD AND THE DEAD BODY  
 OF MEDORA.

HE turned not—spoke not—sunk not—  
 fixed his look,  
 And set the anxious frame that lately  
 shook:  
 He gazed—how long we gaze despite of  
 pain,  
 And know, but dare not own, we gaze in  
 vain!  
 In life itself she was so still and fair,  
 That death with gentler aspect withered  
 there;  
 And the cold flowers her colder hand  
 contained,  
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strained  
 As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,  
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of  
 snow,  
 And veiled—thought shrinks from all that  
 lurked below—  
 Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his  
 might,  
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of  
 light!  
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last  
 eclipse,  
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her  
 lips—

Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to  
 smile  
 And wished repose—but only for a while;  
 But the white shroud, and each extended  
 tress,  
 Long—fair—but spread in utter lifeless-  
 ness,  
 Which, late the sport of every summer  
 wind,  
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to  
 bind;  
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became  
 the bier,  
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?  
 He asked no question—all were answered  
 now  
 By the first glance on that still, marble  
 brow.  
 It was enough—she died—what recked it  
 how?  
 The love of youth, the hope of better  
 years,  
 The source of softest wishes, tenderest  
 fears,  
 The only living thing he could not hate,  
 Was reft at once—and he deserved his  
 fate,  
 But did not feel it less;—the good explore,  
 For peace, those realms where guilt can  
 never soar;  
 The proud—the wayward—who have  
 fixed below  
 Their joy, and find this earth enough for  
 woe,  
 Lose in that one their all—perchance a  
 mite—  
 But who in patience parts with all delight?  
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
 Mask hearts where grief hath little left to  
 learn!  
 And many a withering thought lies hid,  
 not lost,  
 In smiles that least befit who wear them  
 most.

KALED.

*Lara.*

LIGHT was his form, and darkly delicate  
 That brow whereon his native sun had  
 sate,

But had not marred, though in his beams  
 he grew,  
 The cheek where oft the unbidden blush  
 shone through;  
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health  
 would show  
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;  
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care  
 That for a burning moment fevered there;  
 And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed  
 caught  
 From high, and lightened with electric  
 thought,  
 Though its black orb those long low lashes  
 fringe,  
 Had tempered with a melancholy tinge;  
 Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,  
 Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should  
 share:  
 And pleased not him the sports that please  
 his age,  
 The tricks of youth, the frolics of the  
 page;  
 For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,  
 As all-forgotten in that watchful trance;  
 And from his chief withdrawn, he wan-  
 dered lone,  
 Brief were his answers, and his questions  
 none;  
 His walk the wood, his sport some foreign  
 book;  
 His resting-place the bank that curbs the  
 brook:  
 He seemed, like him he served, to live  
 apart  
 For all that lures the eye, and fills the  
 heart;  
 To know no brotherhood, and take from  
 earth  
 No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.  
 If aught he loved, 'twas Lara; but was  
 shown  
 His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;  
 In mute attention; and his care, which  
 guessed  
 Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue ex-  
 pressed.  
 Still there was haughtiness in all he did,  
 A spirit deep that brooked not to be chid;  
 His zeal, though more than that of servile  
 hands,  
 In act alone obeys, his air commands;

As if 'twas Lara's less than his desire  
 That thus he served, but surely not for  
 hire.  
 Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his  
 lord,  
 To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;  
 To tune his lute, or, if he willed it more,  
 On tomes of other times and tongues to  
 pore;  
 But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,  
 To whom he showed nor deference nor  
 disdain,  
 But that well-worn reserve which proved  
 he knew  
 No sympathy with that familiar crew:  
 His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,  
 Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.  
 Of higher birth he seemed, and better  
 days,  
 Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays;  
 So femininely white it might bespeak  
 Another sex, when matched with that  
 smooth cheek,  
 But for his garb, and something in his  
 gaze,  
 More wild and high than woman's eye  
 betrays;  
 A latent fierceness that far more became  
 His fiery climate than his tender frame:  
 True, in his words it broke not from his  
 breast,  
 But from his aspect might be more than  
 guessed.  
 Kaled his name, though rumour said he  
 bore  
 Another ere he left his mountain shore;  
 For sometimes he would hear, however  
 nigh,  
 That name repeated loud without reply,  
 As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,  
 Start to the sound, as but remembered  
 then;  
 Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that  
 spake,  
 For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all  
 awake.

---

#### A BATTLE-FIELD.

DAY glimmers on the dying and the dead  
 The cloven cuirass, and the helmless  
 head;

The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
 And that last gasp hath burst his bloody  
 girth;  
 And near, yet quivering with what life re-  
 mained,  
 The heel that urged him and the hand  
 that reined;  
 And some too near that rolling torrent lie,  
 Whose waters mock the lip of those that  
 die;  
 That panting thirst which scorches in the  
 breath  
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
 One drop—the last—to cool it for the  
 grave;  
 With feeble and convulsive effort swept  
 Their limbs along the crimsoned turf have  
 crept; [waste,  
 The faint remains of life such struggles  
 But yet they reach the stream, and bend  
 to taste: [take—  
 They feel its freshness, and almost par-  
 Why pause?—no further thirst have they  
 to slake—  
 It is unquenched, and yet they feel it not;  
 It was an agony—but now forgot!

~~~~~  
 THE ISLES OF GREECE.

*Don Juan.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

#### THE DYING BOYS ON THE RAFT.

THERE were two fathers in this ghastly  
 crew,  
 And with them their two sons, of whom  
 the one  
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
 But he died early ; and when he was  
 gone,  
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who  
 threw  
 One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's  
 will be done ?  
 I can do nothing," and he saw him  
 thrown  
 Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;  
 But the boy bore up long, and with a  
 mild  
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;  
 Little he said, and now and then he  
 smiled,  
 As if to win a heart from off the  
 weight,  
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
 With the deep deadly thought that they  
 must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never  
 raised  
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped  
 the foam [gazed,  
 From his pale lips, and ever on him  
 And when the wished-for shower at  
 length was come,  
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film  
 half glazed,  
 Brightened, and for a moment seemed  
 to roam,  
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops  
 of rain  
 Into his dying child's mouth—but in  
 vain.

The boy expired—the father held the  
 clay, [last  
 And looked upon it long, and when at  
 Death left no doubt, and the dead bur-  
 then lay  
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope  
 were past,  
 He watched it wistfully, until away  
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein  
 'twas cast ;  
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and  
 shivering,  
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs  
 quivering.

#### A BUNCH OF SWEETS.

'TIS sweet to hear  
 At midnight on the blue and moonlit  
 deep  
 The song and oar of Adria's gondoller,  
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters  
 sweep ;

'Tis sweet to see the evening star  
appear;

'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds  
creep  
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on  
high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the  
sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest  
bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw  
near home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will  
mark

Our coming, and look brighter when  
we come;

'Tis sweet to be awakened by the  
lark,

Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the  
hum

Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of  
birds,

The lisp of children, and their earliest  
words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering  
grapes

In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
Purple and gushing: sweet are our es-  
capes

From civic revelry to rural mirth;

Sweet to the miser are his glittering  
heaps,

Sweet to the father is his first-born's  
birth,

Sweet is revenge—especially to women,

Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to sea-  
men.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet

The unexpected death of some old  
lady,

Or gentleman of seventy years complete,  
Who've made "us youth" wait too,  
too long already,

For an estate, or cash, or country seat,

Still breaking, but with stamina so  
steady,

That all the Israelites are fit to mob its

Next owner for their double-damned post-  
obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one'  
laurels,

By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an  
end

'To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have  
our quarrels,

Particularly with a tiresome friend:

Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in  
barrels;

Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
Against the world; and dear the school-  
boy spot

We ne'er forget, though there we are  
forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these,  
than all,

Is first and passionate love—it stands  
alone,

Like Adam's recollection of his fall;

The tree of knowledge has been plucked  
—all's known—

And life yields nothing further to recall

Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven

Fire which Prometheus filched for us  
from heaven.

#### MODERN CRITICS.

##### *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

A MAN must serve his time to every  
trade

Save censure—critics all are ready-made.  
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got

by rote,  
With just enough of learning to mis-  
quote;

A mind well skilled to find or forge a  
fault;

A turn for punning,—call it Attic salt;  
To Jeffrey go; be silent and discreet,

His pay is just ten sterling pounds per  
sheet.

Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky  
hit;

Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass  
for wit;

Care not for feeling—pass your proper  
jest,

And stand a critic, hated yet caressed.

THE MEMORY OF KIRKE  
WHITE.

UNHAPPY White! while life was in its  
spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her  
joyous wing,  
The spoiler came; and all thy promise  
fair  
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever  
there.  
Oh! what a noble heart was here un-  
done,  
When Science' self destroyed her favourite  
son!  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pur-  
suit,  
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped  
the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the final  
blow,  
And helped to plant the wound that laid  
thee low:  
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the  
plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar  
again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in  
his heart;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to  
feel,  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the  
steel;  
While the same plumage that had warmed  
his nest,  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding  
breast.

~~~~~  
DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a  
dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the  
stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moon-  
less air;  
Morn came and went—and came, and  
brought no day.

And men forgot their passions in the  
dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for  
light.  
And they did live by watchfires—and the  
thrones,  
The palaces of crownèd kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were con-  
sumed,  
And men were gathered round the  
blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's  
face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the  
eye  
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-  
torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world con-  
tained;  
Forests were set on fire—but hour by  
hour  
They fell and faded—and the crackling  
trunks  
Extinguished with a crash—and all was  
black.  
The brows of men by the despairing  
light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them; some lay  
down  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some  
did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands,  
and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked  
up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world; and then  
again  
With curses cast them down upon the  
dust,  
And gnashed their teeth and howled; the  
wild birds shrieked,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest  
brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers  
crawled  
And twined themselves among the multi-  
tude,

Hissing, but stingless : they were slain  
 for food :  
 And War, which for a moment was no  
 more,  
 Did glut himself again. O meal was  
 bought  
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
 Gorging himself in gloom : no love was  
 left ;  
 All earth was but one thought—and that  
 was death,  
 Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang  
 Of famine fed upon all entrails : men  
 Died, and their bones were tombless as  
 their flesh ;  
 The meagre by the meagre were de-  
 voured ;  
 Even dogs assailed their masters ; all save  
 one :  
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
 The birds and beasts and famished men  
 at bay,  
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping  
 dead  
 Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought  
 out no food,  
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the  
 hand  
 Which answered not with a caress—he  
 died.  
 The crowd was famished by degrees : but  
 two  
 Of an enormous city did survive,  
 And they were enemies : they met be-  
 side  
 The dying embers of an altar-place  
 Where had been heaped a mass of holy  
 things  
 For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
 And shivering scraped with their cold  
 skeleton hands  
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
 Which was a mockery : then they lifted  
 up  
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked,  
 and died—  
 Even of their mutual hideousness they  
 died—  
 Unknowing who he was upon whose  
 brow

Famine had written Fiend. The world  
 was void,  
 The populous and the powerful was a  
 lump,  
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless,  
 lifeless—  
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood  
 still,  
 And nothing stirred within their silent  
 depths ;  
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as  
 they dropped  
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in  
 their grave,  
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired  
 before ;  
 The winds were withered in the stagnant  
 air,  
 And the clouds perished ! Darkness had  
 no need  
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

~~~~~

### ODE TO NAPOLEON.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King !  
 And armed with Kings to strive,  
 And now thou art a nameless thing ;  
 So abject—yet alive !  
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
 Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,  
 And can he thus survive ?  
 Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,  
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind  
 Who bowed so low the knee ?  
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
 With might unquestioned—power to  
 save,—  
 Thine only gift hath been the grave,  
 To those that worshipped thee ;  
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
 Ambition's less than littleness !

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach  
 To after warriors more  
 Than high Philosophy can preach,  
 And vainly preached before,

B\*

That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife—  
The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life ;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seemed made but to obey,  
Wherewith renown was rife—  
All quelled !—Dark Spirit ! what must be  
The madness of thy memory !

The Desolator desolate !  
The Victor overthrown !  
The arbiter of others' fate  
A suppliant for his own !  
Is it some yet imperial hope,  
That with such change can calmly cope ?  
Or dread of death alone ?  
To die a prince—or live a slave—  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak,  
Dreamed not of the rebound ;  
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—  
Alone—how looked he round ?  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found :  
He fell, the forest prowler's prey ;  
But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman, when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home—  
He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom !  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell ;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well :

Yet better had he neither known  
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung—  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung ;  
All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see thine own unstrung ;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean !

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own !  
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,  
And thanked him for a throne !  
Fair Freedom ! may we hold thee dear,  
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guise have shown.  
Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain—  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain :  
If thou hadst died as honour dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the world again—  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night ?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar clay ;  
Thy scales, Mortality ! are just  
To all that pass away :  
But yet methought the living great  
Some higher sparks should animate,  
To dazzle and dismay ; [mirth  
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make  
Of these the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
Thy still imperial bride ;  
How bears her breast the torturing hour ?  
Still clings she to thy side ?  
Must she, too, bend,—must she, too,  
share,  
Thy late repentance, long despair,  
Thou throneless Homicide ?  
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,  
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem !

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
 And gaze upon the sea;  
 That element may meet thy smile—  
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
 Or trace with thine all idle hand,  
 In loitering mood upon the sand,  
 That Earth is now as free!  
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
 Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage—  
 What thoughts will there be thine,  
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage?  
 But one—"The world *was* mine!"  
 Unless, like he of Babylon,  
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
 Life will not long confine  
 That spirit poured so widely forth—  
 So long obeyed—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,  
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
 And share with him, the unforgiven,  
 His vulture and his rock!  
 Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,  
 And that last act, though not thy worst,  
 The very Fiend's arch mock;  
 He in his fall preserved his pride,  
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day—there was an hour,  
 While earth was Gaul's—Gaul's thine—  
 When that immeasurable power  
 Unsated to resign,  
 Had been an act of purer fame,  
 Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
 And gilded thy decline,  
 Through the long twilight of all time,  
 Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,  
 And don the purple vest,  
 As if that foolish robe could wring  
 Remembrance from thy breast.  
 Where is the faded garment? where  
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
 The star—the string—the crest?  
 Vain froward child of empire! say,  
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,  
 When gazing on the Great;  
 Where neither guilty glory glows,  
 Nor despicable state?

Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
 The Cincinnatus of the West,  
 Whom envy dared not hate,  
 Bequeath the name of Washington,  
 To make man blush there was but one!

### NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom  
 of my glory  
 Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with  
 her name—  
 She abandons me now—but the page of  
 her story,  
 The brightest or blackest, is filled with  
 my fame.  
 I have warred with a world which van-  
 quished me only  
 When the meteor of conquest allured  
 me too far;  
 I have coped with the nations which dread  
 me thus lonely,  
 The last single Captive to millions in  
 war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy  
 diadem crowned me,  
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of  
 earth,—  
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave  
 as I found thee,  
 Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy  
 worth.  
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were  
 wasted  
 In strife with the storm, when their  
 battles were won—  
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that mo-  
 ment was blasted,  
 Had still soared with eyes fixed on  
 victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when  
 Liberty rallies  
 Once more in thy regions, remember  
 me then—  
 The violet still grows in the depths of thy  
 valleys;  
 Though withered, thy tears will unfold  
 it again—

Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—  
 There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,  
*Then* turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

~~~~~  
 TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,  
 And say, what Truth might well have said,  
 By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
 Ah ! wherefore art thou lowly laid ?

By many a shore and many a sea  
 Divided, yet beloved in vain !  
 The past, the future fled to thee,  
 To bid us meet—no—ne'er again !

Could this have been—a word, a look,  
 That softly said, "We part in peace,"  
 Had taught my bosom how to brook,  
 With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee  
 Prepared a light and pangless dart,  
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,  
 Who held, and holds thee in his heart ?

Oh ! who like him had watched thee here ?  
 Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,  
 In that dread hour ere death appear,  
 When silent sorrow fears to sigh.

Till all was past ! But when no more  
 'Twas thine to reckon of human woe,  
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,  
 Had flowed as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day  
 In these, to me, deserted towers,  
 Ere called but for a time away,  
 Affection's mingling tears were ours ?

Ours too the glance none saw beside ;  
 The smile none else might understand ;  
 The whispered thought of hearts allied,  
 The pressure of the thrilling hand ;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
 That Love each warmer wish forbore ;  
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,  
 Even passion blushed to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine ;  
 The song, celestial from thy voice,  
 But sweet to me from none but thine ;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
 But where is thine?—Ah ! where art thou ?

Oft have I born the weight of ill,  
 But never bent beneath till now !

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
 The cup of woe for me to drain.  
 If rest alone be in the tomb,  
 I would not wish thee here again ;

But if in worlds more blest than this  
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
 To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee !  
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven :  
 On earth thy love was such to me,  
 It fain would form my hope in heaven !

~~~~~  
 ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I  
 AM FREE.

ONE struggle more, and I am free  
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain ;

One last long sigh to love and thee,  
 Then back to busy life again.  
 It suits me well to mingle now  
 With things that never pleased before :  
 Though every joy is fled below,  
 What future grief can touch me more ?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring !  
 Man was not formed to live alone ;  
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,  
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.

It was not thus in days more dear,  
 It never would have been, but thou  
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here ;  
 Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing now

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!  
The smile that sorrow fain would wear  
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,  
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.

Though gay companionous o'er the bowl  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;  
Though pleasure fires the maddening  
soul,  
The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night  
It soothed to gaze upon the sky;  
For then I deemed the heavenly light  
Shone sweetly on the pensive eye:  
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,  
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,  
"Now Thyrsa gazes on the moon"—  
Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed,  
And sickness shrunk my throbbing  
veins,

"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,  
"That Thyrsa cannot know my pains:"  
Like freedom to the time-worn slave  
A boon 'tis idle then to give,  
Relenting Nature vainly gave  
My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live!

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,  
When love and life alike were new!  
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!  
How tinged by time with sorrows hue!  
The heart that gave itself with thee  
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!  
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,  
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!  
Though painful, welcome to my breast!  
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,  
Or break the heart to which thou'rt  
pressed!

Time tempers love, but not removes,  
More hallowed when its hope is fled:  
Oh! what are thousand living loves  
To that which cannot quit the dead?

---

#### EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
Oblivion! may thy languid wing  
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
To weep or wish the coming blow;  
No maiden with dishevelled hair,  
To feel or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
With no officious mourners near;  
I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
Nor startle friendship with a tear

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
Could nobly check its useless sighs  
Might then exert its latest power  
In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last  
Thy features still serene to see:  
Forgetful of its struggles past,  
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing  
breath;  
And woman's tears, produced at will,  
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a groan;  
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,  
And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!  
Where all have gone, and all must go!  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.

---

#### AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AS FAIR.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,  
As aught of mortal birth;  
And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
Too soon returned to Earth!  
Though Earth received them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.



I will not ask where thou liest low,  
 Nor gaze upon the spot ;  
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
 So I behold them not :  
 It is enough for me to prove  
 That what I loved, and long must love,  
 Like common earth can rot ;  
 To me there needs no stone to tell,  
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
 As fervently as thou,  
 Who didst not change through all the  
 past,  
 And canst not alter now.  
 The love where Death has set his seal,  
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
 Nor falsehood disavow :  
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;  
 The worst can be but mine :  
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,  
 Shall never more be thine.  
 The silence of that dreamless sleep  
 I envy now too much to weep ;  
 Nor need I to repine  
 That all those charms have passed  
 away ;  
 I might have watched through long  
 decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched  
 Must fall the earliest prey ;  
 Though by no hand untimely snatched,  
 The leaves must drop away :  
 And yet it were a greater grief  
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
 Than see it plucked to-day ;  
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
 To see thy beauties fade ;  
 The night that followed such a morn  
 Had worn a deeper shade :  
 Thy day without a cloud hath passed,  
 And thou wert lovely to the last :  
 Extinguished, not decayed ;  
 As stars that shoot along the sky  
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
 My tears might well be shed,  
 To think I was not near to keep  
 One vigil o'er thy bed ;  
 To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,  
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
 Uphold thy drooping head ;  
 And show that love, however vain,  
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
 Though thou hast left me free,  
 The loveliest things that still remain,  
 Than thus remember thee !  
 The all of thine that cannot die  
 Through dark and dread Eternity  
 Returns again to me,  
 And more thy buried love endears  
 Than aught, except its living years.

---

#### IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

IF sometimes in the haunts of men  
 Thine image from my breast may fade,  
 The lonely hour presents again  
 The semblance of thy gentle shade :  
 And now that sad and silent hour  
 Thus much of thee can still restore,  
 And sorrow unobserved may pour  
 The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile  
 I waste one thought I owe to thee,  
 And, self-condemned, appear to smile,  
 Unfaithful to thy memory !  
 Nor deem that memory less dear,  
 That then I seem not to repine ;  
 I would not fools should overhear  
 One sigh that should be wholly thine.

If not the goblet pass unquaffed,  
 It is not drained to banish care ;  
 The cup must hold a deadlier draught,  
 That brings a Lethe for despair.  
 And could Oblivion set my soul  
 From all her troubled visions free,  
 I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl  
 That drowned a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanished from my  
mind,  
Where could my vacant bosom turn?  
And who would then remain behind  
To honour thine abandoned Urn?  
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride  
That last dear duty to fulfil;  
Though all the world forget beside,  
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had  
been  
Thy gentle care for him, who now  
Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,  
Where none regarded him, but thou:  
And, oh! I feel in that was given  
A blessing never meant for me;  
Thou wert too like a dream of  
heaven,  
For earthly Love to merit thee.

TO GENEVRA.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not  
from woe;  
And yet so lovely, that if mirth could  
flush  
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest  
blush,  
My heart would wish away that ruder  
glow:  
And dazzle not thy deep blue eyes—but,  
oh!  
While gazing on them sterner eyes will  
gush,  
And into mine my mother's weakness  
rush,  
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy  
bow.  
For, through thy long dark lashes low  
depending,  
The soul of melancholy gentleness  
Gleams like a seraph from the sky de-  
scending,  
Above all pain, yet pitying all dis-  
tress;  
At once such majesty with sweetness  
blending,  
I worship more, but cannot love thee  
less.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

## ON THE

DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:  
In vain their bones unburied lie,  
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue:  
The present hours, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth  
Grows hushed, their name the only  
sound;  
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot?  
Who would not die the death they  
chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined  
Thy life, thy fall, the fame shall be;  
And early valour, glowing, find  
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee  
In woe, that glory cannot quell;  
And shuddering hear of victory,  
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?  
When cease to hear thy cherished name?  
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Aias! for them, though not for thee,  
They cannot choose but weep the more  
Deep for the dead the grief must be,  
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

*Hebrew Melodies.*

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

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

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

~~~~~

THE HARP THE MONARCH  
MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,  
Which Music hallowed while she wept  
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,  
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are  
riven!

It softened men of iron mould,  
It gave them virtues not their own;  
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
That felt not, fired not to the tone,  
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his  
throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,  
It wafted glory to our God;  
It made our gladdened valleys ring,  
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;  
Its sound aspired to heaven and there  
abode! [more,

Since then, though heard on earth no  
Devotion and her daughter Love,  
Still bid the bursting spirit soar  
To sounds that seem as from above,  
In dreams that day's broad light can  
not remove.

## IF THAT HIGH WORL

IF that high world, which lies beyond  
Our own, surviving Love endears;  
If there the cherished heart be fond,  
The eye the same, except in tears—  
How welcome those untrodden spheres.  
How sweet this very hour to die!  
To soar from earth and find all fears,  
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self  
That we so tremble on the brink;  
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
Yet cling to Being's severing link.  
Oh! in that future let us think  
To hold each heart the heart that shares,  
With them the immortal waters drink,  
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs

~~~~~

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels  
stray,  
On Sin's hill the False One's votaries  
pray,  
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
Yet there—even there—O God! Thy  
thunders sleep:

There—where Thy finger scorched the  
tablet stone!  
There—where Thy shadow to Thy people  
shone!  
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:  
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let Thy glance  
appear;  
Sweep from his shivered hand the op-  
pressor's spear;  
How long by tyrants shall thy land be  
trod!  
How long Thy temple worshipless, oh  
God!

~~~~~

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—oh, my  
sire!  
Demand that thy daughter expire;

Since thy triumph was bought by thy  
vow—  
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee  
now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
And the mountains behold me no more:  
If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure—  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes me  
below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath  
gushed,  
When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,  
Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

#### OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
And the wild cypress wave in tender  
gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
And feed deep thought with many a  
dream,  
And lingering pause and lightly tread;  
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed  
the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:  
Will this unteach us to complain?  
Or make one mourner weep the less?  
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

#### MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string  
The harp I yet can brook to hear;  
And let thy gentle fingers fling  
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
If in this heart a hope be dear,  
That sound shall charm it forth again:  
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst;  
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,  
And ached in sleepless silence long;  
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,  
And break at once—or yield to song.

#### I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear  
Came o'er that eye of blue:  
And then methought it did appear  
A violet dropping dew:  
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze  
Beside thee ceased to shine;  
It could not match the living rays  
That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
A deep and mellow dye,  
Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
Can banish from the sky,  
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
Their own pure joy impart;  
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
That lightens o'er the heart.

#### WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?  
It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
But leaves its darkened dust behind.  
Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
Or fill at once the realms of space,  
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,  
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
 All, all in earth, or skies displayed,  
 Shall it survey, shall it recall :  
 Each fainter trace that memory holds  
 So darkly of departed years,  
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
 And all, that was, at once appears:

Before Creation peopled earth,  
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;  
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
 The spirit trace its rising track,  
 And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
 While sun is quenched or system breaks,  
 Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure :  
 An age shall fleet like earthly year ;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.  
 Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thought shall  
 fly ;  
 A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die.

#### SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !  
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously  
 far,  
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not  
 dispel,  
 How like art thou to joy remembered  
 well ! [days,  
 So gleams the past, the light of other  
 Which shines, but warms not with its  
 powerless rays ;  
 A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to be-  
 hold,  
 Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how  
 cold !

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf  
 on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple  
 and gold ;

And the sheen of their spears was like  
 stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep  
 Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Sum-  
 mer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset  
 were seen :  
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn  
 hath blown,  
 That host on the morrow lay withered  
 and strown.

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

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

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

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

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

*Miscellaneous Poems.*

THERE'S not a joy the world can give  
like that it takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines  
in feeling's dull decay.

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the  
blush alone, which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere  
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above  
the wreck of happiness, [of excess:  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean  
The magnet of their course is gone, or  
only points in vain  
The shore to which their shivered sail  
shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like  
death itself comes down ;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not  
dream its own ;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the foun-  
tain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis  
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips,  
and mirth distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no  
more their former hope of rest ;  
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined  
turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but  
worn and gray beneath.

Oh ! could I feel as I have felt, or be  
what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er  
many a vanished scene ;  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet,  
all brackish though they be,  
So midst the withered waste of life, those  
tears would flow to me.

FAREWELL ! IF EVER FONDEST  
PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal availed on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :  
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word—Farewell !—Fare-  
well !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;  
But in my breast and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel :  
I only know we loved in vain—  
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

## WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss ;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sank chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame ;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear ;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear ?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well :—  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee ?—  
With silence and tears.

## FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well ;  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before  
thee,  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show !  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend  
thee—  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe :

Although my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not :  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own its life retaineth—  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead ;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"  
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is pressed,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless  
thee,  
Think of him thy love had blessed !

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more mayst see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know ;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Whither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done—all words are idle—  
Words from me are vainer still ;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well !—thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie ;  
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA (LORD  
BYRON'S SISTER).

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find ;  
Though thy soul with my grief was  
acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath  
painted  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine ;  
And when winds are at war with the  
ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is  
shivered,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
There is many a pang to pursue me :  
They may crush, but they shall not  
contemn— [me—  
They may torture, but shall not subdue  
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive  
me,  
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forbores to grieve  
me,  
Though slandered, thou never couldst  
shake,—  
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim  
me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame  
me,  
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one—  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'Twas folly not sooner to shun :  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath  
perished,  
Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that what I most  
cherished  
Deserved to be dearest of all :  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

~~~~~

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE  
PART.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest !

Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζώνη μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooed by each Ægean wind ;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζώνη μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste ;  
By that zone-encircled waist ;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well ;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζώνη μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :  
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul :  
Can I cease to love thee ? No !  
*Ζώνη μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

~~~~~

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A  
PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care !  
Though now of love and thee bereft,  
To reconcile me with despair,  
Thine image and my tears are left.  
'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope ;  
But this I feel can ne'er be true ;  
For by the death-blow of my Hope  
My Memory immortal grew.

~~~~~

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF  
THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be ;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine,  
When we know that thy God is with  
thee.



Light be the turf of thy tomb !  
 May its verdure like emeralds be :  
 There should not be the shadow of gloom  
 In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
 May spring from the spot of thy rest :  
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;  
 For why should we mourn for the  
 blest ?

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792—1822.]

IANTHE SLEEPING.

*Queen Mab.*

How wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother, Sleep !  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue ;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When throned on ocean's wave,  
 It blushes o'er the world :  
 Yet both so passing wonderful !  
 Hath then the gloomy Power  
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepul-  
 chres  
 Seized on her sinless soul ;  
 Must then that peerless form  
 Which love and admiration cannot view  
 Without a beating heart, those azure  
 veins  
 Which steal like streams along a field of  
 snow,  
 That lovely outline, which is fair  
 As breathing marble, perish ?  
 Must putrefaction's breath  
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?  
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
 On which the lightest heart might mo-  
 ralize ?  
 Or is it only a sweet slumber  
 Stealing o'er sensation,  
 Which the breath of roseate morning  
 Chaseth into darkness ?  
 Will Ianthe wake again,  
 And give that faithful bosom joy  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life, and rapture, from her  
 smile ?

THE FAIRY AND IANTHE'S  
 SOUL.

STARS ! your balmiest influence  
 shed !  
 Elements ! your wrath suspend !  
 Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds  
 That circle thy domain !  
 Let not a breath be seen to stir  
 Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,  
 Let even the restless gossamer  
 Sleep on the moveless air !  
 Soul of Ianthe ! thou,  
 Judged alone worthy of the envied  
 boon  
 That waits the good and the sincere ;  
 that waits  
 Those who have struggled, and with re-  
 solute will  
 Vanquished earth's pride and meanness,  
 burst the chains,  
 The icy chains of custom, and have  
 shone  
 The day-stars of their age ;—Soul of  
 Ianthe !  
 Awake ! arise !

Sudden arose  
 Ianthe's Soul ; it stood  
 All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily  
 frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and  
 grace,  
 Each stain of earthliness  
 Had passed away, it reassumed  
 Its native dignity, and stood  
 Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay,  
 Wrapt in the depth of slumber :  
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,  
 Yet animal life was there,  
 And every organ yet performed  
 Its natural functions ; 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and  
 soul.  
 The self-same lineaments, the same  
 Marks of identity were there ;  
 Yet, oh how different ! One aspires to  
 heaven,  
 Pants for its sempiternal heritage,

And ever-changing, ever-rising still,  
 Wantons in endless being.  
 The other, for a time the unwilling  
 sport  
 Of circumstance and passion, struggles  
 on ;  
 Fleets through its sad duration rapidly ;  
 Then like a useless and worn-out ma-  
 chine,  
 Rots, perishes, and passes.

~~~~~

### INVOCATION TO NATURE.

EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !  
 If our great mother have imbued my soul  
 With aught of natural piety to feel  
 Your love, and recompense the boon  
 with mine ;  
 If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and  
 even,  
 With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
 And solemn midnight's tingling silent-  
 ness ;  
 If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere  
 wood,  
 And winter robing with pure snow and  
 crowns  
 Of starry ice the grey grass and bare  
 boughs ;  
 If spring's voluptuous pantings when she  
 breathes  
 Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to  
 me ;  
 If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
 I consciously have injured, but still loved  
 And cherished these my kindred ; then  
 forgive  
 This boast, beloved brethren, and with-  
 draw  
 No portion of your wonted favour now !

~~~~~

### A SOLITARY GRAVE.

ON the beach of a northern sea  
 Which tempests shake eternally,  
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,  
 Lies a solitary heap ;  
 One white skull and seven dry bones,  
 On the margin of the stones,  
 Where a few grey rushes stand,  
 Boundaries of the sea and land :

Nor is heard one voice of wail  
 But the sea-mews, as they sail  
 O'er the billows of the gale ;  
 Or the whirlwind up and down  
 Howling like a slaughtered town,  
 When a king in glory rides  
 Through the pomp of fratricides.  
 Those unburied bones around  
 There is many a mournful sound ;  
 There is no lament for him,  
 Like a sunless vapour, dim,  
 Who once clothed with life and thought  
 What now moves nor murmurs not.

~~~~~

### ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

#### I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of  
 Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the  
 leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter  
 fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic  
 red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold  
 and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall  
 blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and  
 fill [air]  
 (Driving sweet birds like flocks to feed in  
 With living hues and odours plain and  
 hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-  
 where ;  
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh hear !

#### II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep  
 sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves  
 are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of  
 Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are  
spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the  
head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the  
dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm.  
Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing  
night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst:  
Oh hear!

## III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer  
dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline  
streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and  
flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!  
Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level  
powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far  
below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods  
which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with  
fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves:  
Oh hear!

## IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and  
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less  
free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over  
heaven, [speed  
As then, when to outstrip the skiey  
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er  
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore  
need.  
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and  
bowed  
One too like thee: tameless, and swift,  
and proud.

## V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its  
own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal  
tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,  
spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the uni-  
verse [birth;  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among  
mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened eart

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far  
behind?

## TO THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,  
 And the young winds fed it with silver  
 dew,  
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the  
 light,  
 And closed them beneath the kisses of  
 night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,  
 And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;  
 And each flower and herb on Earth's  
 dark breast  
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with  
 bliss  
 In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's  
 sweet want,  
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
 Arose from the ground with warm rain  
 wet,  
 And their breath was mixed with fresh  
 odour, sent  
 From the turf, like the voice and the  
 instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip  
 tall,  
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's  
 recess,  
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,  
 Whom youth makes so fair and passion  
 so pale,  
 That the light of its tremulous bells is  
 seen  
 Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and  
 blue,  
 Which flung from its bells sweet peal  
 anew  
 Of music so delicate, soft and intense,  
 It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath  
 addrest,  
 Which unveiled the depth of her glowing  
 breast,  
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
 As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
 Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
 Gazed through the clear dew on the  
 tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet  
 tuberose,  
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
 And all rare blossoms from every clime  
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant  
 bosom  
 Was pranked, under boughs of embowering  
 blossom,  
 With golden and green light, slanting  
 through  
 Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
 And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
 And around them the soft stream did  
 glide and dance  
 With a motion of sweet sound and  
 radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of  
 moss,  
 Which led through the garden along and  
 across,  
 Some open at once to the sun and the  
 breeze,  
 Some lost among bowers of blossoming  
 trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate  
 bells,  
 As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
 And flowerets which drooping as day  
 drooped too,  
 Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and  
 blue,  
 To roof the glow-worm from the evening  
 dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening  
eyes

Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had un-  
folded them,

As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odour its neigh-  
bour shed,

Like young lovers whom youth and love  
make dear,

Wrapped and filled by their mutual at-  
mosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give  
small fruit

Of the love which it felt from the leaf to  
the root,

Received more than all, it loved more  
than ever,

Where none wanted but it, could belong  
to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright  
flower ;

Radiance and odour are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is  
full,

It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds, which from unsustaining  
wings

Shed the music of many murmurings ;  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects, swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odour, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides  
high,

Then wander like spirits among the  
[spheres,  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it  
bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide  
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth  
glide,

In which every sound, and odour, and  
beam,

Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were  
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,  
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went  
by

Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven  
above,

And the earth was all rest, and the air  
was all love,

And delight, though less bright, was far  
more deep,

And the day's veil fell from the world of  
sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the  
insects were drowned

In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;  
Whose waves never mark, though they  
ever impress

The light sand which paves it, conscious-  
ness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as the day might  
fail.

And snatches of its elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sen-  
sitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;  
A sweet child weary of its delight,  
The feeblest, and yet the favourite,  
Cradled within the embrace of night.

#### LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,

The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion ;

Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine

In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
 And the waves clasp one another ;  
 No sister flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdained its brother :  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea ;—  
 What are all these kissings worth,  
 If thou kiss not me.

~~~~~  
 ADONAI.

A LAMENT FOR JOHN KEATS.

I.

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead !  
 Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our  
 tears [a head !  
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear  
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all  
 years  
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure  
 compeers,  
 And teach them thine own sorrow ;  
 say : with me  
 Died Adonais ; till the Future dares  
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall  
 be  
 An echo and a light unto eternity !

II.

Where wert thou, mighty Mother,  
 when he lay,  
 When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft  
 which flies  
 In darkness ? where was lorn Urania  
 When Adonais died ? With veiled  
 eyes,  
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
 She sate, while one, with soft en-  
 amoured breath,  
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
 With which, like flowers that mock the  
 corse beneath,  
 He had adorned and hid the coming  
 bulk of death.

III.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead !  
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and  
 weep !  
 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their  
 burning bed

Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart  
 keep,  
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining  
 sleep ;  
 For he is gone, where all things wise  
 and fair  
 Descend :—oh, dream not that the  
 amorous Deep  
 Will yet restore him to the vital air ;  
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs  
 at our despair.

IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !  
 Lament anew, Urania !—He died,  
 Who was the sire of an immortal strain,  
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his coun-  
 try's pride ticide,  
 The priest, the slave, and the liber-  
 Trampled and mocked with many a  
 loathed rite  
 Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,  
 Into the gulf of death ; but his clear  
 Sprite  
 Yet reigns o'er earth ; the third among  
 the sons of light.

V.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
 Not all to that bright station dared to  
 climb :  
 And happier they their happiness who  
 knew,  
 Whose tapers yet burn through that  
 night of time  
 In which suns perished ; others more  
 sublime,  
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or  
 God,  
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent  
 prime ; [road  
 And some yet live, treading the thorny  
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to  
 Fame's serene abode.

VI.

But now thy youngest, dearest one, has  
 perished,  
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who  
 grew,  
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden  
 cherished,

And fed with true love tears instead of  
dew ;  
Most musical of mourners, weep  
anew !  
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and  
the last,  
The bloom, whose petals nipt before  
they blew,  
Died on the promise of the fruit, is  
waste ;  
The broken lily lies—the storm is over-  
past

~~~~~

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE SEA ! whose waves are  
years,  
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep  
woe  
Are brackish with the salt of human  
tears !  
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb  
and flow  
Claspest the limits of mortality !  
And sick of prey, yet howling on for  
more,  
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable  
shore ;  
Traucherous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee,  
Unfathomable Sea ?

~~~~~

A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood  
before ;  
When will return the glory of your  
prime ?  
No more—oh, never more !

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight :  
Fresh spring, and summer, and win-  
ter hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but  
with delight  
No more—oh, never more !

LINES TO A CRITIC.

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,  
Or silk from the yellow-bee ?  
The grass may grow in winter weather  
As soon as hate in me.

\* \* \* \* \*

A passion like the one I prove  
Cannot divided be ;  
I hate thy want of truth and love—  
How should I then hate thee ?

~~~~~

ANARCHY SLAIN BY TRUE  
LIBERTY.

*The Masque of Anarchy*

LAST came Anarchy ; he rode  
On a white horse splashed with blood ;  
He was pale even to the lips,  
Like death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown ;  
In his hand a sceptre shone ;  
On his brow this mark I saw—  
“ I am God, and King, and Law ! ”

With a pace stately and fast,  
Over English land he past,  
Trampling to a mire of blood  
The adoring multitude.

And a mighty troop around,  
With their trampling shook the ground,  
Waving each a bloody sword,  
For the service of their Lord.

And with glorious triumph, they  
Rode through England, proud and gay,  
Drunk as with intoxication  
Of the wine of desolation.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,  
Passed the pageant swift and free,  
Tearing up and trampling down,  
Till they came to London town.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,  
Felt his heart with terror sicken,  
Hearing the tremendous cry  
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

For with pomp to meet him came,  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,

The hired murderers who did sing,  
'Thou art God, and Law, and King.

"We have waited, weak and lone,  
For thy coming, Mighty One!  
Our purses are empty, our swords are  
cold,  
Give us glory, and blood, and gold."

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,  
To the earth their pale brows bowed,  
Like a bad prayer not over loud,  
Whispering—"Thou art Law and God."

Then all cried with one accord,  
"Thou art King, and Law, and Lord;  
Anarchy to thee we bow,  
Be thy name made holy now!"

And Anarchy, the skeleton,  
Bowed and grinned to every one,  
As well as if his education  
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

For he knew the palaces  
Of our kings were nightly his;  
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,  
And the gold-inwoven robe.

So he sent his slaves before  
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,  
And was proceeding with intent  
To meet his pensioned parliament,

When one fled past, a maniac maid,  
And her name was Hope, she said:  
But she looked more like Despair;  
And she cried out in the air:

"My father, Time, is weak and grey  
With waiting for a better day;  
See how idiot like he stands,  
Trembling with his palsied hands!

"He has had child after child,  
And the dust of death is piled  
Over every one but me—  
Misery! oh, misery!"

Then she lay down in the street,  
Right before the horses' feet,  
Expecting, with a patient eye,  
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

When between her and her foes  
A mist, a light, an image rose,  
Small at first, and weak and frail  
Like the vapour of the vale:

Till as clouds grow on the blast,  
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,  
And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
And speak in thunder to the sky,

It grew—a shape arrayed in mail  
Brighter than the viper's scale,  
And upborne on wings whose grain  
Was like the light of sunny rain.

On its helm, seen far away,  
A planet, like the morning's, lay;  
And those plumes it light rained through,  
Like a shower of crimson dew.

With step as soft as wind it passed  
O'er the heads of men—so fast  
That they knew the presence there,  
And looked—and all was empty air.

As flowers beneath May's footsteps waken,  
As stars from night's loose hair are  
shaken,  
As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did  
fall.

And the prostrate multitude  
Looked—and ankle-deep in blood,  
Hope, that maiden most serene,  
Was walking with a quiet mien:

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,  
Lay dead earth upon the earth;  
The Horse of Death, tameless as wind,  
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind  
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

---

### THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting  
flowers,  
From the sea and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when  
laid  
In their noon-day dreams.



From my wings are shaken the dews that  
waken

The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast

As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey  
bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under is fettered the thund' er,  
It struggles and howls at fits ;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that  
move

In the depths of the purple sea ;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the  
hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or  
stream,

The Spirit he loves remains ;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue  
smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor  
eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead.

As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from the  
lit sea beneath,

Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,

With wings folded I rest, on mine airy  
nest,

As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like  
floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen  
feet,

Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's  
thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built  
tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me  
on high,

Are each paved with the moon and  
these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning  
zone,

And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel  
and swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner un-  
furl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like  
shape,

Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I  
march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained  
to my chair,

Is the million-coloured bow ;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colours  
wove,

While the moist earth was laughing  
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky ;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and  
shores ;

I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain when with never a  
stain

The pavillon of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their  
convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost  
from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

~~~~~

TO A SKYLARK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt,—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some  
hidden want.

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

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

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

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

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

Better than all measures  
Of delight and sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of  
the ground.

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

### I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

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

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

O lift me from the grass!  
I die, I faint, I fail.  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast.  
Oh! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772—1832.]

### DEAD CALM IN THE TROPICS.

*The Ancient Mariner.*

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

~~~~~

THE ANCIENT MARINER AMONG  
THE DEAD BODIES OF THE  
SAILORS.

ALONE, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea !  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !  
And they all dead did lie :  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on ; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away ;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my eyes and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and  
the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reck did they :  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse,  
And yet I could not die.

~~~~~

THE ANCIENT MARINER FINDS  
A VOICE TO BLESS AND PRAY.

BEYOND the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire :  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare :  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware :  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

~~~~~

THE BREEZE AFTER THE CALM

OH sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole !  
To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew  
And when I woke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one black  
cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

---

#### THE BEST PRAYER.

HE prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

---

#### CHRISTABEL AND THE LADY GERALDINE.

*Christabel.*

THE night is chill, the cloud is gray:  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this  
way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak,  
But moss and rarest misletoe:  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell.—  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak  
tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it in the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the  
sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were,  
And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
Beautiful exceedingly!

‘Mary mother, save me now!’  
(Said Christabel,) ‘And who art thou?’

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet:—  
‘Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness:’  
‘Stretch forth thy hand, and have no  
fear!’

Said Christabel, ‘How camest thou here?’  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and  
sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

‘My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine:  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:  
They choked my cries with force and fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were  
white:

And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey’s back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some muttered words his comrade spoke:  
He placed me underneath this oak;  
He swore they would return with haste;  
Whither they went I cannot tell—  
I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she)  
And help a wretched maid to flee.’

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand  
And comforted fair Geraldine:  
‘O well, bright dame! may you command  
The service of Sir Leoline;  
And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth and friends withal  
To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father’s hall.’

She rose: and forth with steps they  
passed  
That strove to be, and were not, fast.

Her gracious stars the lady blest,  
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:  
‘All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not well awakened be,  
But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with me.’

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well;  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate;  
The gate that was ironed within and  
without,  
Where an army in battle array had  
marched out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate:  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they  
were.  
And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the Lady by her side;  
‘Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!’  
‘Alas, alas!’ said Geraldine,  
‘I cannot speak for weariness.’  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they  
were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make!  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?  
Never till now she uttered yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owlet’s scritch:—  
Or what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
Pass as lightly as they will!  
The brands were flat, the brands were  
dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying;

But when the lady passed, there came  
 A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;  
 And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
 And nothing else saw she thereby,  
 Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline  
 tall,  
 Which hung in a murky old niche in the  
 wall.  
 "O softly tread," said Christabel,  
 "My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
 And, jealous of the listening air,  
 They steal their way from stair to stair,  
 Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
 And now they pass the Baron's room,  
 As still as death with stifled breath !  
 And now have reached her chamber door ;  
 And now doth Geraldine press down  
 The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
 And not a moonbeam enters here.  
 But they without its light can see  
 The chamber carved so curiously,  
 Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
 All made out of the carver's brain,  
 For a lady's chamber meet :  
 The lamp with twofold silver chain  
 Is fastened to an angel's feet.  
 The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;  
 But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
 She trimmed the lamp, and made it  
 bright,  
 And left it swinging to and fro,  
 While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
 Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady Geraldine,  
 I pray you, drink this cordial wine !  
 It is a wine of virtuous powers ;  
 My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,  
 Who am a maiden most forlorn ?"  
 Christabel answered—"Woe is me !  
 She died the hour that I was born.  
 I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,  
 How on her death-bed she did say,  
 That she should hear the castle-bell  
 strike twelve upon my wedding-day.

O mother dear ! that thou wert here !"  
 "I would," said Geraldine, "she were !"  
 But soon with altered voice, said she—  
 "Off, wandering mother ! Peak and  
 pine !  
 I have power to bid thee flee."  
 Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?  
 Why stares she with unsettled eye ?  
 Can she the bodiless dead espy ?  
 And why with hollow voice cries she,  
 "Off, woman, off ! this hour is mine—  
 Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
 Off, woman, off ! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's  
 side,  
 And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—  
 "Alas !" said she, "this ghastly ride—  
 Dear lady ! it hath wildered you !"  
 The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
 And faintly said, "'tis over now !"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank  
 Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,  
 And from the floor whereon she sank,  
 The lofty lady stood upright ;  
 She was most beautiful to see,  
 Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—  
 "All they, who live in the upper sky,  
 Do love you, holy Christabel !  
 And you love them, and for their sake  
 And for the good which me befell,  
 Even I in my degree will try,  
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
 But now unrobe yourself ; for I  
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "so let it be !"  
 And as the lady bade, did she.  
 Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
 And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and  
 woe  
 So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
 That vain it were her lids to close ;  
 So half-way from the bed she rose  
 And on her elbow did recline  
 To look at the lady Geraldine.

## SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

*Christabel.*

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
 And constancy lives in realms above;  
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
 And to be wroth with one we love,  
 Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
 Each spake words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother:  
 They parted—ne'er to meet again!  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining—  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
 A dreary sea now flows between;—  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
 Both were mine! Life went a-maying  
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
 When I was young!  
 When I was young?—Ah, woful when!  
 Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and  
 Then!  
 This breathing house not built with  
 hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,  
 How lightly then it flashed along:—  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide.  
 Nought cared this body for wind or  
 weather,  
 When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
 O! the joys that came down shower-like  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
 Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woful ere,  
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
 'Tis known that thou and I were one;  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
 It cannot be that thou art gone!  
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:  
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
 What strange disguise hast now put on,  
 To make believe that thou art gone?  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this altered size:  
 But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,  
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!  
 Life is but thought: so think I will  
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
 But the tears of mournful eve!  
 Where no hope is, life's a warning  
 That only serves to make us grieve,  
 When we are old:  
 That only serves to make us grieve  
 With oft and tedious taking leave,  
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
 That may not rudely be dismissed,  
 Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,  
 And tells the jest without the smile.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN  
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

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



Till thou, still present to the bodily  
 sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced  
 in prayer  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.  
 Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening  
 to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wert blending with  
 my thought,  
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret  
 joy,  
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to  
 Heaven !  
 Awake my soul ! not only passive  
 praise  
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling  
 tears,  
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart,  
 awake !  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my  
 Hymn.  
 Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the  
 Vale !  
 Oh, struggling with the darkness all the  
 night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they  
 sink :  
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,  
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the  
 dawn  
 Co-herald : wake, oh wake, and utter  
 praise !  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in  
 earth ?  
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy  
 light ?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual  
 streams ?  
 And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely  
 glad !  
 Who called you forth from night and utter  
 death,  
 From dark and icy caverns called you  
 forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged  
 rocks,  
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and  
 your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?  
 And who commanded (and the silence  
 came),  
 Here let the billows stiffen and have  
 rest ?  
 Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the moun-  
 tain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty  
 voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest  
 plunge !  
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of  
 Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade  
 the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with  
 living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your  
 feet ?—  
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of  
 nations,  
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo,  
 God !  
 God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with  
 gladsome voice !  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-  
 like sounds !  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of  
 snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder,  
 God ! [frost !  
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's  
 nest !  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-  
 storm !  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the  
 clouds !  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with  
 praise !  
 Thou, too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-  
 pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, un-  
 heard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the  
 pure serene,  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy  
 breast—

Thou too again, stupendous Mountain !  
 thou [low  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused  
 with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud  
 To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the  
 Earth ! [hills,  
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the  
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to  
 Heaven  
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises  
 God.

~~~~~

#### DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground  
 May Domestic Peace be found ?  
 Halcyon Daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wings she flies,  
 From the pomp of sceptred state,  
 From the rebel's noisy hate.  
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,  
 Listening to the Sabbath bells !  
 Still around her steps are seen  
 Spotless Honour's meeker mien,  
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,  
 And, conscious of the past employ  
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

~~~~~

#### GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve !  
 In beauty's light you glide along :  
 Your eye is like the star of eve,  
 And sweet your voice as seraph's song.  
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives  
 This heart with passion soft to glow :  
 Within your soul a voice there lives !  
 It bids you hear the tale of woe :  
 When sinking low, the sufferer wan  
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,  
 Fair as the bosom of the swan  
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,  
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,  
 And therefore love I you, sweet Gene-  
 vieve !

#### THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

oft, oft methinks, the while with thee  
 I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear  
 And dedicated name, I hear  
 A promise and a mystery,  
 A pledge of more than passing life,  
 Yea, in that very name of wife !

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep !  
 A feeling that upbraids the heart  
 With happiness beyond desert,  
 That gladness half requests to weep !  
 Nor bless I not the keener sense  
 And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys that ask no sting  
 From jealous fears, or coy denying ;  
 But born beneath love's brooding wing  
 And into tenderness soon dying,  
 Wheel out their giddy moment, then  
 Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein  
 Of notes, that eddy in the flow  
 Of smoothest song, they come, they go  
 And leave their sweeter under-strain  
 Its own sweet self—a love of thee  
 That seems, yet cannot greater be !

~~~~~

#### A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures when they're  
 shut :—  
 I see a fountain large and fair,  
 A willow and a ruined hut,  
 And thee, and me, and Mary there.  
 O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !  
 Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful  
 green willow !

A wild rose roofs the ruined shed,  
 And that and summer will agree ;  
 And lo ! where Mary leans her head  
 Two dear names carved upon the tree  
 And Mary's tears, they are not tears of  
 sorrow :  
 Our sister and our friends will both be  
 here to-morrow.

'Twas day! But now, few, large, and  
bright,  
The stars are round the crescent moon!  
And now it is a dark, warm night,  
The balmiest of the month of June.  
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge  
remounting  
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars  
for our sweet fountain!

Oh, ever, ever be thou blest!  
For dearly, Nora, love I thee!  
This brooding warmth across my breast,  
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me!  
Fount, tree, and shed are gone—I know  
not whither;  
But in one quiet room, we three are still  
together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,  
By the still-dancing fire-flames made;  
And now they slumber, moveless all!  
And now they melt to one deep shade!  
But not from me shall this mild darkness  
steal thee:  
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my  
heart I feel thee.

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play;  
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!  
But let me check this tender lay,  
Which none may hear but she and  
thou!  
Like the still hive at quiet midnight  
humming,  
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved  
women!

KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION  
IN A DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage":—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed

with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm  
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,  
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine  
eyes—

The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
The visions will return! And lo! he stays,  
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet, from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Αὐτίον ἄδιον ἄσπερον*: but the to-morrow is yet to come.

IN XANADU did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled  
round:

And there were gardens bright with  
sinuous rills

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which  
slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn  
cover!

A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
 haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless  
 turmoil seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
 breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;  
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding  
 hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's  
 flail :  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and  
 ever  
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy  
 motion  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river  
 ran,  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to  
 man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from  
 far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of plea-  
 sure  
 Floated midway on the waves ;  
 Where was heard the mingled  
 measure  
 From the fountain and the caves,  
 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of  
 ice !  
 A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw :  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win  
 me,  
 That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
 And all who heard should see them  
 there,  
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

[SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746—1794.]

### THE IDEAL OF A STATE.

WHAT constitutes a state ?  
 Not high-raised battlement or laboured  
 mound,  
 Thick wall, or moated gate ;  
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets  
 crowned ;  
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies  
 ride ;  
 Not starred and spangled courts,  
 Where low-born baseness wafts perfume  
 to pride :  
 No—men, high-minded men,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes en-  
 dued,  
 In forest, brake, or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles  
 rude ;  
 Men, who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and, knowing,  
 dare maintain ;  
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant, while they rend the  
 chain ;  
 These constitute a state ;  
 And sovereign Law, that with collected  
 will  
 O'er thrones and globes elate,  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing  
 ill.  
 Smit by her sacred frown  
 The fiend Dissension like a vapour sinks ;  
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown  
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding  
 shrinks.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777—1844.]

### HOPE.

PRIMEVAL Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
 When Man and Nature mourned their  
 first decay,

When every form of Death and every woe  
 Shot from malignant stars to Earth below,  
 When Murder bared her arm, and rampant  
 War  
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;  
 When Peace and Mercy, banished from  
 the plain,  
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven  
 again;  
 All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind.  
 But, Hope, the charmer, lingered still  
 behind.

~~~~~

### THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres  
 sublime  
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march  
 of time,  
 Their joyous youth began—but not to  
 fade.—  
 When all the sister planets have decayed;  
 When rapt in fire the realms of ether  
 glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the  
 world below;  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins  
 smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral  
 pile!

~~~~~

### THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its immortality!  
 I saw a vision in my sleep  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of Time!  
 I saw the last of human mould,  
 That shall creation's death behold,  
 As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
 The earth with age was wan,  
 The skeletons of nations were  
 Around that lonely man!  
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
 Still rusted in their bony hands;

In plague and famine some!  
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
 And ships were drifting with the dead  
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
 With dauntless words and high,  
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
 As if a storm passed by— [sun,  
 Saying, We are twins in death, proud  
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
 'Tis mercy bids thee go;  
 For thou ten thousand thousand years  
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
 That shalt no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
 The vassals of his will;—  
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
 Thou dim discrowned king of day:  
 For all those trophied arts  
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
 Healed not a passion or a pang  
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
 Upon the stage of men,  
 Nor with thy rising beams recall  
 Life's tragedy again.  
 Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
 Nor waken flesh upon the rack  
 Of pain anew to writhe;  
 Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
 Or mown in battle by the sword,  
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
 To watch thy fading fire;  
 Test of all sumless agonies,  
 Behold not me expire.  
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
 To see thou shalt not boast.  
 The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—  
 The majesty of darkness shall  
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
 Who gave its heavenly spark;  
 Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,  
 When thou thyself art dark!

No! it shall live again, and shine  
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
 By Him recalled to breath,  
 Who captive led captivity,  
 Who robbed the grave of victory,—  
 And took the sting from death!

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up  
 On nature's awful waste,  
 To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste—  
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
 On earth's sepulchral clod,  
 The darkening universe defy  
 To quench his immortality,  
 Or shake his trust in God!

~~~~~

### LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

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

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,  
 This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

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

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

Out spake the hardy island wight,  
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—  
 It is not for your silver bright;  
 But for your winsome lady:

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

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

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

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
 "Though tempests round us gather;  
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father."

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

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

For sore dismayed through storm and  
 shade,

His child he did discover:  
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in  
 grief,

"Across this stormy water;  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
 My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the  
 shore,

Return or aid preventing;  
 The waters wild went o'er his child,  
 And he was left lamenting

~~~~~

### THE LAMENT OF OUTALISSI.

*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

"AND I could weep;" th' Oneyda chief  
 His descant wildly thus begun;  
 "But that I may not stain with grief  
 The death-song of my father's son!  
 Or bow his head in woe;  
 For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!  
 To-morrow Areouski's breath

\*

(That fires yon heav'n with storms of  
death,)  
Shall light us to the foe :  
And we shall share, my Christian boy !  
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !

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

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

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

“ But hark, the trump !—to-morrow thou  
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears :  
Even from the land of shadows now  
My father's awful ghost appears,  
Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;  
He bids my soul for battle thirst—  
He bids me dry the last—the first—  
The only tears that ever burst

From Outalissi's soul ;  
Because I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of an Indian chief.”

#### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-  
cloud had lowered  
And the sentinel stars set their watch  
in the sky ;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground  
overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded  
to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of  
straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded  
the slain, [saw,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it  
again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful  
array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate  
track ; [way  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the  
To the home of my fathers, that wel-  
comed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so  
oft  
In life's morning march, when my  
bosom was young ; [aloft,  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating  
And knew the sweet strain that the  
corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and  
fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends  
never to part ; [o'er,  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her full-  
ness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary  
and worn ;  
And fain was their war-broken soldier  
to stay ; [morn,  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of  
And the voice in my dreaming ear  
melted away.

## EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of  
Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill :  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight  
repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten  
hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad  
devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the  
ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful  
emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go  
bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken  
stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can  
flee ;  
But I have no refuge from famine and  
danger, [me.  
A home and a country remain not to  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend  
the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven  
flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go  
bragh !

Erin my country! though sad and for-  
saken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But alas! in a fair foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet  
me no more !  
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace  
me  
In a mansion of peace—where no perils  
can chase me?  
Never again, shall my brothers embrace  
me?  
They died to defend me, or live to  
deplore !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild  
wood?  
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its  
fall?

Where is the mother that looked on my  
childhood?  
And where is the bosom friend, dearer  
than all?  
Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by  
pleasure,  
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure!  
Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without  
measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot  
recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can  
draw :  
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her  
motion,  
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the  
ocean!  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud  
with devotion—  
Erin mavournin!—Erin go bragh!

~~~~~

LINES WRITTEN ON REVISITING  
A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

AT the silence of twilight's contemplative  
hour,  
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom  
the bower,  
Where the home of my forefathers  
stood,  
All ruined and wild is their roofless  
abode.  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering  
tree ;  
And travelled by few is the grass-covered  
road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior  
trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous  
walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its  
stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been



Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its  
race,  
All wild in the silence of Nature, it  
drew,  
From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely  
embrace ;  
For the night-weed and thorn over-  
shadowed the place  
Where the flower of my forefathers  
grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of  
all

That remains in this desolate heart !  
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall ;  
But patience shall never depart !  
Though the wilds of enchantment, all  
vernal and bright,  
In the days of delusion by fancy com-  
bined,  
With the vanishing phantoms of love and  
delight,  
Abandon my soul like a dream of the  
night,  
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit ! for wisdom  
condemns

When the faint and the feeble deplore ;  
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that  
stems

A thousand wild waves on the shore !  
Through the perils of chance, and the  
scowl of disdain,

May thy front be unaltered, thy courage  
elate !

Yea ! even the name I have worshipped  
in vain

Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance  
again ;

To bear is to conquer our fate.

#### FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse  
you, 'tis true,

Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you ;  
For ye waft me to summers of old,

When the earth teemed around me with  
fairy delight,

And when daisies and buttercups glad-  
dened my sight,

Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into  
dreams

Of the blue Highland mountains and  
echoing streams,

And of broken glades breathing their  
balm,

While the deer was seen glancing in sun-  
shine remote,

And the deep mellow crush of the wood-  
pigeon's note

Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings  
of June :

Of old ruinous castles ye tell,

Where I thought it delightful your beauties  
to find,

When the magic of Nature first breathed  
on my mind,

And your blossoms were part of her  
spell.

Even now what affections the violet  
awakes ;

What loved little islands twice seen in  
their lakes,

Can the wild water-lily restore ;

What landscapes I read in the primrose's  
looks,

And what pictures of pebbled and min-  
nowy brooks

In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye  
were dear,

Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear

Had scathed my existence's bloom ;

Once I welcome you more, in life's pas-  
sionless stage,

With the visions of youth to revisit my  
age,

And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

#### MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England ! who inherit

Rights that cost your sires their blood !

Men whose undegenerate spirit

Has been proved on land and flood .

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,  
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—  
 Martyrs in heroic story,  
 Worth a thousand Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled  
 Crowned and mitred tyranny :  
 They defied the field and scaffold,  
 For their birthright—so will we.

### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

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

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

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

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return ;

Then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

### THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly  
 shone :  
 By each gun the lighted brand  
 In a bold, determined hand ;  
 And the prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 O'er the lofty British line :  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime.  
 As they drifted on their path ;  
 There was silence deep as death,  
 And the boldest held his breath  
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed,  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleeter rushed  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried  
 when each gun  
 From its adamant lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feebler cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back ;  
 Their shots along the deep slowly  
 boom :—

Then ceased, and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shattered sail ;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave:  
"Ye are brothers! we are men!  
And we conquer but to save:  
So peace instead of death let us bring;  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the  
day;  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England raise,  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died,  
With the gallant good Riou:  
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their  
grave;  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave.

---

#### HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat at dead of night.  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neighed  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

---

#### THE MOTHER.

##### *The Pleasures of Hope.*

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty  
sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother  
keeps;  
She, while the lovely babe unconscious  
lies,  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pen-  
sive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my  
boy:  
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be  
thine;  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and  
mine;  
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be  
In form and soul; but ah! more blest  
than he!