

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at  
last,  
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the  
past—  
With many a smile my solitude repay,  
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn  
away.

“And say, when summoned from the  
world and thee,  
I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,  
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone  
appear,  
And soothe my parted spirit lingering  
near? [shed  
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to  
The tears of memory o'er my narrow  
bed;  
With aching temples on thy hand re-  
clined,  
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that mur-  
mur low,  
And think on all my love, and all my  
woe?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye  
Can look regard, or brighten in reply.  
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to  
claim  
A mother's ear by that endearing name;  
Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,  
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her  
care, [prayer,  
Or lips, with holy look, his evening  
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;  
How fondly looks admiring Hope the  
while,  
At every artless tear, and every smile!  
How glows the joyous parent to descry  
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

~~~~~  
CAROLINE.

PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,  
I'll teach my grotto green to be;  
And sing my true love, all below  
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,  
The sweet south wind shall wander by,  
And with the music of his wing  
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,  
Thou spirit of a milder clime,  
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,  
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,  
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,  
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,  
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,  
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,  
Come to my blossom-woven shade,  
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,  
Where Heaven and Love their Sabbath  
hold,  
Where pure and happy spirits smile,  
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould:

From some green Eden of the deep,  
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,  
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,  
Endeared, undoubting, undeceiv'd:

From some sweet paradise afar,  
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—  
Where Nature lights her leading star,  
And love is never, never crossed.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
If back thy rosy feet should roam,  
To revel with the cloudless Hours  
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,  
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
A fairer form than cherub loves,  
And let the name be Caroline.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-coloured even,  
Companion of retiring day,  
Why at the closing gates of heaven,  
Beloved star, dost thou delay?



So fair thy pensile beauty burns,  
When soft the tear of twilight flows,  
So due thy plighted love returns,  
To chambers brighter than the rose.

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,  
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,  
Sure some enamoured orb above  
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,  
When all unheavenly passions fly,  
Chased by the soul-subduing power  
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,  
Queen of propitious stars, appear,  
And early rise, and long delay,  
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,  
Whose trees the sunward summit  
crown,  
And wanton flowers, that well may court  
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,  
Thou star of evening's purple dome,  
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,  
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath  
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,  
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath  
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue;

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,  
Her silken tresses darkly flow,  
And fall upon her brow so fair,  
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,  
In converse sweet, to wander far,  
O bring with thee my Caroline,  
And thou shalt be my ruling star?

~~~~~  
THE RAINBOW,

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky,  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A mid-way station given  
For happy spirits to alight,  
Betwixt the earth and heaven

Can all that optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamed of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant brow?

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,  
Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first made anthem rang  
On earth, delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam;  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When, glittering in the freshened fields,  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down!



As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man.

[ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS. 1789—1864.]

### MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys,  
At ball or concert, rout or play ;  
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,  
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,  
I while the wintry eve away,—  
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,  
And marvel how I e'er could stray  
From thee—my own Fireside !

My own Fireside ! Those simple words  
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise !  
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,  
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes !  
What is there my wild heart can prize,  
That doth not in thy sphere abide,  
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,  
My own—my own Fireside !

A gentle form is near me now ;  
A small white hand is clasped in mine ;  
I gaze upon her placid brow,  
And ask what joys can equal thine !  
A babe whose beauty's half divine,  
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide ;  
Where may love seek a fitter shrine  
Than thou—my own Fireside ?

What care I for the sullen roar  
Of winds without that ravage earth ;  
It doth but bid me prize the more  
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth ;—  
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth :  
Then let the churlish tempest chide,  
It cannot check the blameless mirth  
That glads my own Fireside !

My refuge ever from the storm  
Of this world's passion, strife, and care,  
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,  
Their fury cannot reach me there.  
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair :  
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride  
Hath never made its hated lair  
By thee—my own Fireside !

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,  
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude ;  
Where life's vexations lose their sting ;  
Where even grief is half subdued :  
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.  
Then, let the pampered fool deride,  
I'll pay my debt of gratitude  
To thee—my own Fireside !

Shrine of my household deities !  
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys !  
To thee my burthened spirit flies,  
When fortune frowns, or care annoys :  
Thine is the bliss that never cloy ;  
The smile whose truth hath oft been  
tried ;  
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys  
To thee—my own Fireside !

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,  
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,  
Thus ever guide my wandering feet  
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !  
Whate'er my future years may be :  
Let joy or grief my fate betide ;  
Be still an Eden bright to me  
My own—my own Fireside !

### THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

MY sweet one, my sweet one, the tears  
were in my eyes  
When first I clasped thee to my heart,  
and heard thy feeble cries ;  
For I thought of all that I had borne as I  
bent me down to kiss  
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-  
born bud of bliss !



I turned to many a withered hope, to  
 years of grief and pain,  
 And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world  
 flashed o'er my boding brain ;  
 I thought of friends, grown worse than  
 cold—of persecuting foes,  
 And I asked of Heaven if ills like these  
 must mar thy youth's repose !

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half-blinded  
 by my tears,  
 Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came  
 brightening on my fears ;  
 Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid  
 the clouds of gloom that bound them,  
 As stars dart down their loveliest light  
 when midnight skies are 'round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's  
 brief hour is o'er,  
 And a father's anxious fears for thee can  
 fever me no more !  
 And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes,  
 that blossomed at thy birth,  
 They, too, have fled, to prove how frail  
 are cherished things of earth !

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child ;  
 but though brief thy span below,  
 To me it was a little age of agony and  
 woe ;  
 For, from thy first faint dawn of life, thy  
 cheek began to fade,  
 And my lips had scarce thy welcome  
 breathed, ere my hopes were wrapt  
 in shade.

Oh ! the child in its hours of health and  
 bloom, that is dear as thou wert  
 then,  
 Grows far more prized, more fondly  
 loved, in sickness and in pain !  
 And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe,  
 when every hope was lost,  
 Ten times more precious to my soul, for  
 all that thou hadst cost !

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we  
 watched thee day by day,  
 Pale like the second bow of heaven, as  
 gently waste away ;  
 And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we  
 dared not breathe aloud,  
 Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to  
 wait death's coming cloud !

It came at length : o'er thy bright blue  
 eye the film was gathering fast,  
 And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow,  
 the deepest and the last :  
 In thicker gushes strove thy breath—we  
 raised thy drooping head :  
 A moment more—the final pang—and  
 thou wert with the dead !

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide  
 her face from me,  
 And murmured low of Heaven's behests,  
 and bliss attained by thee ;  
 She would have chid me that I mourned  
 a doom so blest as thine,  
 Had not her own deep grief burst forth in  
 tears as wild as mine !

We laid thee down in sinless rest, and  
 from thine infant brow  
 Culled one soft lock of radiant hair our  
 only solace now ;  
 Then placed around thy beauteous corse  
 flowers, not more fair and sweet—  
 Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and  
 jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as  
 fair perchance as thou,  
 With all the beauty of thy cheek, the  
 sunshine of thy brow,  
 They never can replace the bud our early  
 fondness nursed :  
 They may be lovely and beloved, but not  
 like thee, the first !

The first ! How many a memory bright  
 that one sweet word can bring,  
 Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and  
 died, in life's delightful spring—  
 Of fervid feelings passed away—those  
 early seeds of bliss  
 That germinate in hearts unseared by such  
 a world as this !

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest  
 and my first !  
 When I think of what thou mightst have  
 been, my heart is like to burst ;  
 But gleams of gladness through my gloom  
 their soothing radiance dart,  
 And my sighs are hushed, my tears are  
 dried, when I turn to what thou art



Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and  
 takes the stain of earth,  
 With not a taint of mortal life, except thy  
 mortal birth,  
 God bade thee early taste the spring for  
 which so many thirst,  
 And bliss, eternal bliss is thine, my  
 fairest and my first!

~~~~~

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee—I think of thee,  
 And all that thou hast borne for me;  
 In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee!

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,  
 And all around is desolate;  
 I pour on life's tempestuous sea  
 The oil of peace—with thoughts of thee!

When Fortune frowns and hopes deceive  
 me,  
 And summer-friends in sorrow leave me;  
 A Timon, from the world I flee—  
 My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of  
 thee!

Or if I join the careless crowd,  
 Where laughter peals and mirth grows  
 loud!  
 Even in my hours of revelry,  
 I turn to thee—I turn to thee!

I think of thee—I think and sigh  
 O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by  
 And mourn the stern, severe decree,  
 That spared me only thoughts of thee!

In Youth's gay spring, 'mid Pleasure's  
 bowers,  
 Where all is sunshine, mirth, and flowers,  
 We met;—I bent the adoring knee,  
 And told a tender tale to thee!

'Twas summer's eve—the heavens above,  
 Earth—ocean—air—were full of love.  
 Nature around kept jubilee  
 When first I breathed that tale to thee!

The crystal clouds that hung on high  
 Were blue as thy delicious eye;—

The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,  
 Seemed emblems of repose and thee!

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear;—  
 Thy answer was a blush and tear:—  
 But this was eloquence to me,  
 And more than I had asked of thee!

I looked into thy dewy eye,  
 And echoed thy half-stifled sigh;  
 I clasped thy hand—and vowed to be  
 The soul of love and truth to thee!

The scene and hour have passed—yet still  
 Remains a deep-impassioned thrill;  
 A sunset glow on memory,  
 That kindles at each thought of thee!

We loved—how wildly and how well,  
 'Twere worse than idle now to tell:  
 From love and life alike thou'rt free,  
 And I am left to think of thee!

Though years—long years have darkly  
 sped,  
 Since thou wert numbered with the dead  
 In fancy oft thy form I see;  
 In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee!

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth;  
 Thy hapless fate, untiring truth;  
 Are spells that often touch the key  
 Of sweet, harmonious thoughts of thee!

The bitter frown of friends estranged,  
 The chilling straits of fortunes changed;  
 All this—and more—thou'st borne for  
 me—  
 Then how can I be false to thee?

I never will:—I'll think of thee  
 Till fades the power of memory;  
 In weal or woe—in gloom or glee—  
 I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee!

~~~~~

[LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON. 1802—1838

THE TROUBADOUR.

HE raised the golden cup from the board  
 It sparkled with purple wealth,  
 He kissed the brim her lip had pressed,  
 And drank to his ladye's health



Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name,  
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine;  
Ever the smile of beauty should light,  
The victor's blood-red wine.

There are some flowers of brightest bloom  
Amid thy beautiful hair,  
Give me those roses, they shall be  
The favour I will wear.

For ere their colour is wholly gone,  
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,  
They shall be placed in thy curls again,  
But dyed of a deeper red.

The warrior rode forth in the morning  
light  
And beside his snow-white plume  
Were the roses wet with the sparkling  
dew,  
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,  
And watched her knight depart;  
She dashed her tear aside, but her hand  
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watched the distant clouds  
Float on the distant air,  
A crucifix upon her neck,  
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came  
With her banner of pearly grey,  
And then afar she saw a band  
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their  
ranks  
Were their crimson colours borne;  
And a stranger pennon drooped beneath,  
But that was bowed and torn.

But she saw no white steed first in the  
ranks,  
No rider that spurred before;  
But the evening shadows were closing  
fast,  
And she could see no more.

She turned from her watch on the lonely  
tower  
In haste to reach the hall,  
And as she sprang down the winding stair,  
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,  
Then paused, as if in fear;  
The ladye entered the hall, and saw  
Her true knight stretched on his bier.

### THE DESERTER.

THE muffled drum is rolling, and the low  
Notes of the death-march float upon the  
wind,  
And stately steps are pacing round that  
square  
With slow and measured tread; but every  
brow  
Is darkened with emotion, and stern eyes,  
That looked unshrinking on the face of  
death  
When met in battle, are now moist with  
tears.  
The silent ring is formed, and, in the  
midst  
Stands the deserter! Can this be the  
same,  
The young, the gallant Edward? and are  
these  
The laurels promised in his early dreams?  
These fettered hands, this doom of open  
shame?  
Alas! for young and passionate spirits!  
Soon  
False lights will dazzle. He had madly  
joined  
The rebel banner! Oh! 'twas pride to  
link  
His fate with Erin's patriot few, to fight  
For liberty or the grave! But he was now  
A prisoner; yet there he stood as firm  
As though his feet were not upon the  
tomb:  
His cheek was pale as marble, and as  
cold;  
But his lips trembled not, and his dark  
eyes  
Glanced proudly round. But when they  
bared his breast



For the death shot, and took a portrait  
 thence,  
 He clenched his hands, and gasped, and  
 one deep sob  
 Of agony burst from him, and he hid  
 His face awhile,—his mother's look was  
 there.  
 He could not steel his soul when he re-  
 called  
 The bitterness of her despair. It passed—  
 That moment of wild anguish; he knelt  
 down;  
 That sunbeam shed its glory over one,  
 Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep  
 energy;  
 The next fell over cold and bloody clay.

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#### THE MASK OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

'Tis strange to think, if we could fling  
 aside  
 The mask and mantle that love wears  
 from pride,  
 How much would be, we now so little  
 guess,  
 Deep in each heart's undreamed, unsought  
 recess:  
 The careless smile, like a gay banner  
 borne,  
 The laugh of merriment, the lip of scorn,—  
 And, for a cloak, what is there that can  
 be  
 So difficult to pierce as gaiety?  
 Too dazzling to be scanned, the haughty  
 brow  
 Seems to hide something it would not  
 avow;  
 But rainbow words, light laugh, and  
 thoughtless jest,  
 These are the bars, the curtain to the  
 breast,  
 That shuns a scrutiny.

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#### YEARNINGS FOR IMMOR- TALITY.

I AM myself but a vile link  
 Amid life's weary chain;  
 But I have spoken hallowed words,  
 Oh, do not say in vain!

My first, my last, my only wish,  
 Say, will my charmed chords  
 Wake to the morning light of fame,  
 And breathe again my words?

Will the young maiden, when her tears  
 Alone in moon-light shine—  
 Tears for the absent and the loved—  
 Murmur some song of mine?

Will the pale youth by his dim lamp,  
 Himself a dying flame,  
 From many an antique scroll beside,  
 Choose that which bears my name?

Let music make less terrible  
 The silence of the dead;  
 I care not, so my spirit last  
 Long after life has fled.

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#### INTIMATIONS OF PREVIOUS EXISTENCE.

METHINKS we must have known some  
 former state  
 More glorious than our present, and the  
 heart  
 Is haunted with dim memories, shadows  
 left  
 By past magnificence; and hence we pine  
 With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the  
 eyes  
 With bitter tears for their own vanity.  
 Remembrance makes the poet: 'tis the  
 past  
 Lingering within him, with a keener sense  
 Than is upon the thoughts of common  
 men  
 Of what has been, that fills the actual  
 world  
 With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,  
 That were and are not; and the fairer  
 they,  
 The more their contrast with existing  
 things;  
 The more his power, the greater is his  
 grief.  
 —Are we then fallen from some noble star,  
 Whose consciousness is as an unknown  
 curse,  
 And we feel capable of happiness  
 Only to know it is not of our sphere?



[ROBERT POLLOCK. 1790—1827.]

## THE GENIUS OF BYRON.

*The Course of Time.*

HE touched his harp, and nations heard,  
 entranced.  
 As some vast river of unfailing source,  
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers  
 flowed,  
 And oped new fountains in the human  
 heart.  
 Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
 In other men, his, fresh as morning,  
 rose,  
 And soared untrodden heights, and seemed  
 at home,  
 Where angels bashful looked. Others,  
 though great,  
 Beneath their argument seemed struggling  
 whiles ;  
 He from above descending, stooped to  
 touch  
 The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped,  
 as though  
 It scarce deserved his verse. With Na-  
 ture's self  
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to  
 jest  
 At will with all her glorious majesty.  
 He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's  
 mane,"  
 And played familiar with his hoary locks :  
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apen-  
 nines,  
 And with the thunder talked as friend to  
 friend ;  
 And wove his garland of the lightning's  
 wing,  
 In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery  
 wing,  
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful  
 God,  
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance,  
 seemed ;  
 Then turned, and with the grasshopper,  
 who sung  
 His evening song beneath his feet, con-  
 versed.  
 Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his  
 sisters were ;  
 Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and  
 winds, and storms ;

His brothers, younger brothers, whom  
 scarce  
 As equals deemed. All passions of all  
 men,  
 The wild and tame, the gentle and  
 severe ;  
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and  
 profane ;  
 All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity ;  
 All that was hated, and all that was  
 dear ;  
 All that was hoped, all that was feared,  
 by man,  
 He tossed about, as tempest-withered  
 leaves ;  
 Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck  
 he made.  
 With terror now he froze the cowering  
 blood,  
 And now dissolved the heart in tender-  
 ness ;  
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep  
 himself ;  
 But back into his soul retired, alone,  
 Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemp-  
 tuously  
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his  
 feet.  
 So Ocean, from the plains his waves had  
 late  
 To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
 Exulting in the glory of his might,  
 And seemed to mock the ruin he had  
 wrought.  
 As some fierce comet of tremendous  
 size,  
 To which the stars did reverence as it  
 passed,  
 So he, through learning and through  
 fancy, took  
 His flights sublime, and on the loftiest  
 top  
 Of Fame's dread mountain sat ; not  
 soiled and worn,  
 As if he from the earth had laboured  
 up ;  
 But, as some bird of heavenly plumage  
 fair,  
 He looked, which down from higher  
 regions came,  
 And perched it there, to see what lay  
 beneath.



[ISMAEL FITZADAM. DIED 1826.]

## LOVE.

## I.

WE met in secret, in the depth of night  
 When there was none to watch us; not  
 an eye  
 Save the lone dweller of the lonely sky  
 To gaze upon our love and pure delight;  
 And in that hour's unbroken solitude,  
 When the white moon had robed her in  
 its beam,  
 I've thought some vision of a blessed  
 dream,  
 Or spirit of the air before me stood,  
 And held communion with me. In mine  
 ear  
 Her voice's sweet notes breathed not of  
 the earth,  
 Her beauty seemed not of a mortal birth;  
 And in my heart there was an awful fear,  
 A thrill, like some deep warning from  
 above,  
 That soothed its passion to a Spirit's  
 love.

## II.

She stood before me; the pure lamps of  
 heaven  
 Lighted her charms, and those soft  
 eyes which turned  
 On me with dying fondness. My heart  
 burned,  
 As, tremblingly with hers, my vows were  
 given.  
 Then softly 'gainst my bosom beat her  
 heart;  
 These living arms around her form  
 were thrown,  
 Binding her heavenly beauty like a  
 zone,  
 While from her ruby warm lips, just apart  
 Like bursting roses, sighs of fragrance  
 stole,  
 And words of music whispering in mine  
 ear  
 Things pure and holy none but mine  
 should hear; [soul,  
 For they were accents uttered from the  
 For which no tongue her innocence  
 reproved,  
 And breathed for one who loved her  
 and was loved.

[MRS. JAMESON. 1796—1860.]

## TAKE ME, MOTHER EARTH.

TAKE me, Mother Earth, to thy cold  
 breast,  
 And fold me there in everlasting rest!  
 The long day is o'er:  
 I'm weary, I would sleep;  
 But deep, deep,  
 Never to waken more!

I have had joy and sorrow, I have prove  
 What life could give, have loved and been  
 beloved;  
 I am sick, and heartsore,  
 And weary; let me sleep;  
 But deep, deep,  
 Never to waken more!

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I  
 come;  
 Prepare thy dreamless bed in my last  
 home;  
 Shut down the marble door,  
 And leave me! Let me sleep;  
 But deep, deep,  
 Never to waken more!

[LAMAN BLANCHARD. 1803—1845.]

## HIDDEN JOYS.

PLEASURES lie thickest, where no pleasures  
 seem;  
 There's not a leaf that falls upon the  
 ground  
 But holds some joy, of silence or of  
 sound,  
 Some sprite begotten of a summer  
 dream.  
 The very meanest things are made  
 supreme  
 With innate ecstasy. No grain of  
 sand  
 But moves a bright and million-peopled  
 land,  
 And hath its Eden, and its Eves, I  
 deem.  
 For Love, though blind himself, a curious  
 eye  
 Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of  
 things.



And touched mine ear with power.  
 Thus far or nigh,  
 Minute or mighty, fixed, or free with  
 wings,  
 Delight from many a nameless covert  
 sly  
 Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar  
 sings.

[GERALD GRIFFIN. 1803—1840.]

### THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

My darling, my darling, while silence is  
 on the moor,  
 And love in the sunshine, I sit by our  
 cabin-door ;  
 When evening falls quiet and calm over  
 land and sea,  
 My darling, my darling, I think of past  
 times and thee !

Here, while on this cold shore I wear out  
 my lonely hours,  
 My child in the heavens is spreading my  
 bed with flowers ;  
 All weary my bosom is grown of this  
 friendless clime,  
 But I long not to leave it, for that were a  
 shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in  
 their health away—  
 I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for  
 the grave than they ;  
 But I wish not for death, for my spirit is  
 all resigned,  
 And the hope that stays with me gives  
 peace to my aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my  
 feeble age  
 A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my  
 pilgrimage.  
 My darling, my darling, God takes back  
 his gift again,  
 And my heart may be broken, but ne'er  
 shall my will complain.

[THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1804—1859.]

### ADIEU, ADIEU, OUR DREAM OF LOVE !

ADIEU, adieu !—our dream of love  
 Was far too sweet to linger long ;  
 Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,  
 But here they mock the fond and  
 young.

We met in hope, we part in tears !  
 Yet, oh, 'tis sadly sweet to know  
 That life, in all its future years,  
 Can reach us with no heavier blow !

Our souls have drunk in early youth  
 The bitter dregs of earthly ill ;  
 Our bosoms, blighted in their truth,  
 Have learned to suffer and be still !

The hour is come, the spell is past ;  
 Far, far from thee, my only love,  
 Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's  
 last,  
 My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu ! oh, dull and dread  
 Sinks on the ear that parting knell !  
 Hope and the dreams of hope, lie dead,—  
 To them and thee—farewell, farewell !

### I THINK ON THEE IN THE NIGHT.

I THINK on thee in the night,  
 When all beside is still,  
 And the moon comes out, with her pale,  
 sad light,  
 To sit on the lonely hill ;  
 When the stars are all like dreams,  
 And the breezes all like sighs,  
 And there comes a voice from the far-off  
 streams,  
 Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think on thee by day,  
 'Mid the cold and busy crowd,  
 When the laughter of the young and gay  
 Is far too glad and loud !  
 I hear thy soft, sad tone,  
 And thy young sweet smile I see :  
 My heart,—my heart were all alone,  
 But for its dreams of thee !



[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797—1835.]

## WEARIE'S WELL.

IN a saft simmer gloamin',  
 In yon dowie dell,  
 It was there we twa first met,  
 By Wearie's cauld well.  
 We sat on the broom bank,  
 And looked in the burn,  
 But sidelang we looked on  
 Ilk ither in turn.

The corncaik was chirming  
 His sad eerie cry,  
 And the wee stars were dreaming  
 Their path through the sky;  
 The burn babbled freely  
 Its love to ilk flower,  
 But we heard and we saw nought  
 In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,  
 Above or around;  
 We felt that our luvè lived,  
 And loathed idle sound.  
 I gazed on your sweet face  
 Till tears filled my e'e,  
 And they drapt on your wee loof—  
 A world's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing  
 On bare holm and lea,  
 And the cauld wind is strippin'  
 Ilk leaf aff the tree.  
 But the snaw fa's not faster,  
 Nor leaf disna part  
 Sae sune frae the bough, as  
 Faith fades in your heart.

You've waled out anither  
 Your bridegroom to be;  
 But can his heart luvè sae  
 As mine luvit thee?  
 Ye'll get biggings and mailins,  
 And mony braw claes;  
 But they a' winna buy back  
 The peace o' past days.

Farewell, and for ever,  
 My first luvè and last;  
 May thy joys be to come—  
 Mine live in the past.

It. sorrow and sadness  
 This hour fa's on me;  
 But light, as thy luvè, may  
 It fleet over thee!

[JOHN CLARE. 1793—1864.]

THE DAWNINGS OF YOUTHFUL  
GENIUS IN A PLOUGHBOY.

OFT will he stoop, inquisitive to trace  
 The opening beauties of a daisy's face;  
 Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,  
 The brook's sweet dimples o'er the  
 pebbles rise;  
 And often bent, as o'er some magic  
 spell,  
 He'll pause and pick his shapèd stone  
 and shell:  
 Raptures the while his inward powers  
 inflame,  
 And joys delight him which he cannot  
 name.  
 Thus pausing wild on all he saunters  
 by,  
 He feels enraptured, though he knows  
 not why;  
 And hums and mutters o'er his joys in  
 vain,  
 And dwells on something which he can't  
 explain.  
 The bursts of thought with which his  
 soul's perplexed,  
 Are bred one moment, and are gone the  
 next;  
 Yet still the heart will kindling sparks  
 retain,  
 And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive  
 again.

[JOHN KEATS. 1796—1820.]

THE ALL-PERVADING IN-  
FLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness; but still will  
 keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep



Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
 quiet breathing.  
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we  
 wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the  
 earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman  
 dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened  
 ways  
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of  
 all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the  
 pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun,  
 the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady  
 boon  
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
 With the green world they live in; and  
 clear rills  
 That for themselves a cooling covert  
 make  
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest  
 brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose  
 blooms:  
 And such too is the grandeur of the  
 dooms  
 We have imagined for the mighty  
 dead;  
 All lovely tales that we have heard or  
 read;  
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences  
 For one short hour; no, even as the  
 trees  
 That whisper round a temple become  
 soon  
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the  
 moon,  
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
 Haunt us till they become a cheering  
 light  
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so  
 fast,  
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom  
 o'er-cast,  
 They always must be with us, or we  
 die.

### THE LATMIAN FOREST.

UPON the sides of Latmos was outspread  
 A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed,  
 So plenteously all weed-hidden roots  
 Into o'erhanging boughs, and precious  
 fruits.  
 And it had gloomy shades, sequestered  
 deep,  
 Where no man went; and if from shep-  
 herd's keep  
 A lamb strayed far a-down those inmost  
 glens,  
 Never again saw he the happy pens  
 Whither his brethren, bleating with con-  
 tent,  
 Over the hills at every nightfall went.  
 Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever,  
 That not one fleecy lamb which thus did  
 sever  
 From the white flock, but passed un-  
 worried  
 By any wolf, or pard with prying head,  
 Until it came to some unfooted plains  
 Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great  
 his gains  
 Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths  
 there were many,  
 Winding through palmy fern, and rushes  
 fenny,  
 And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly  
 To a wide lawn, whence one could only see  
 Stems thronging all around between the  
 swell  
 Of tuft and slanting branches: who could  
 tell  
 The freshness of the space of heaven  
 above,  
 Edged round with dark tree-tops?  
 through which a dove  
 Would often beat its wings, and often too  
 A little cloud would move across the  
 blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness  
 There stood a marble altar, with a tress  
 Of flowers budded newly; and the dew  
 Had taken fairy fantasies to strew  
 Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,  
 And so the dawned light in pomp receive  
 For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward  
 fire  
 Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre



Of brightness so unsullied that therein  
 A melancholy spirit well might win  
 Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine  
 Into the winds : rain-scented eglantine  
 Gave temperate sweets to that well-woo-  
 ing sun ;  
 The lark was lost in him ; cold springs  
 had run  
 To warm their chilliest bubbles in the  
 grass ;  
 Man's voice was on the mountains ; and  
 the mass  
 Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed ten-  
 fold,  
 To feel this sun-rise, and its glories old.

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TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness  
 pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had  
 drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the  
 drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had  
 sunk :  
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thy happiness—  
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the  
 trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows number-  
 less,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated  
 ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath  
 been  
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved  
 earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-  
 burnt mirth !  
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippo-  
 crene, [brim,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the  
 And purple-stained mouth ;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world  
 unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the  
 forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never  
 known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,  
 Here, where men sit and hear each  
 other groan ;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey  
 hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-  
 thin, and dies ;  
 Where but to think is to be full of  
 sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs ;  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous  
 eyes,  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond  
 to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his  
 pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and  
 retards :  
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her  
 throne,  
 Clustered around by all her starry  
 Fays ;  
 But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the  
 breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and wind-  
 ing mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the  
 boughs,  
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each  
 sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month  
 endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree  
 wild ;  
 White hawthorn, and the pastora.  
 eglantine ;  
 Fast-fading violets covered up in  
 leaves ;  
 And mid-May's eldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy  
 wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of flies on  
 summer eves.



Darkling I listen; and for many a  
time  
I have been half in love with easeful  
Death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused  
rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no  
pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul  
abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears  
in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee  
down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was  
heard  
In ancient days by emperor and  
clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a  
path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when  
sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien  
corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on  
the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands  
forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole  
self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem  
fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still  
stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried  
deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or  
sleep?

## AUTUMNAL MUSIC.

WHERE are the songs of Spring? Ay,  
where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music  
too,—  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft dying  
day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy  
hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats  
mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft,  
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or  
dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from  
hilly bourn;  
Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with  
treble soft,  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-  
croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in  
the skies.

## HYMN TO PAN.

*Endymion.*

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof  
doth hang  
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life,  
death  
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;  
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress  
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels  
darken;  
And through whole solemn hours dost  
sit, and hearken  
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—  
In desolate places, where dank moisture  
breeds  
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;  
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth  
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou  
now,  
By thy love's milky brow!  
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,  
Hear us, great Pan!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou, to whom every faun and satyr  
flies  
For willing service; whether to surprise



The squatted hare, while in half-sleeping  
fit ;  
Or upward ragged precipices flit  
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's  
maw ;  
Or by mysterious enticement draw  
Bewildered shepherds to their path again ;  
Or to tread breathless round the frothy  
main,  
And gather up all fancifullest shells,  
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,  
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-  
peeping ;  
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,  
The while they pelt each other on the  
crown  
With silvery oak-apples and fir-cones  
brown,—  
By all the echoes that about thee ring,  
Hear us, O satyr king !

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,  
While ever and anon to his shorn peers,  
A ram goes bleating : Winder of the  
horn,  
When snouted wild-boars, routing tender  
corn,  
Anger our huntsman : Breather round  
our farms,  
To keep off mildews, and all weather  
harms :  
Strange ministrant of undescribèd sounds,  
That come a-swooning over hollow  
grounds,  
And wither drearily on barren moors :  
Dread opener of the mysterious doors  
Leading to universal knowledge—see,  
Great son of Dryope,  
The many that are come to pay their  
vows,  
With leaves about their brows !

Be still the unimaginable lodge  
For solitary thinkings ; such as dodge  
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,  
Then leave the naked brain : be still the  
leaven,  
That, spreading in this dull and clodded  
earth,  
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth :  
Be still a symbol of immensity ;  
A firmament reflected in a sea ;  
An element filling the space between ;

An unknown—but no more : we humbly  
screen  
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly  
bending,  
And giving out a shout most heaven  
rending,  
Conjure thee to receive our humble Paean,  
Upon thy Mount Lycean !

~~~~~  
MOONLIGHT.

ETERNE Apollo ! that thy sister fair  
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.  
When thy gold breath is misting in the  
west,  
She unobservèd steals unto her throne,  
And there she sits most meek and most  
alone ;  
As if she had not pomp subservient ;  
As if thine eye, high Poet ! was not  
bent  
Towards her with the muses in thine  
heart ;  
As if the ministering stars kept not apart,  
Waiting for silver-footed messages.  
O Moon ! the oldest shades 'mong oldest  
trees  
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in :  
O Moon ! old boughs lisp forth a holier  
din  
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.  
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver  
lip  
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping  
kine,  
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields  
divine :  
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,  
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine  
eyes ;  
And yet thy benediction passeth not  
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot  
Where pleasure may be sent : the nested  
wren  
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,  
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf  
Takes glimpses of thee ; thou art a relief  
To the poor patient oyster, where it  
sleeps  
Within its pearly house.—The mighty  
deeps,



Th' indifferent judge between the high  
and low !  
With shield of proof, shield me from out  
the prease  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me  
doth throw ;  
O make me in those civil wars to cease !  
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest  
bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to  
light ;  
A rosy garland and a weary head ;  
And if these things, as being thine by  
right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in  
me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's Image  
see.

[W. T. MONCRIEFF. 1790—1856.]

#### LOVE'S FOLLIES.

WHEN lulled in passion's dream my  
senses slept,  
How did I act?—e'en as a wayward  
child ;  
I smiled with pleasure when I should  
have wept,  
And wept with sorrow when I should  
have smiled.

When Gracia, beautiful but faithless fair,  
Who long in passion's bonds my heart  
had kept,  
First with false blushes pitied my de-  
spair,  
I smiled with pleasure!—should I not  
have wept?

And when, to gratify some wealthier  
wight,  
She left to grief the heart she had be-  
guiled,  
The heart grew sick, and saddening at  
the sight,  
I wept with sorrow!—should I not  
have smiled?

[T. L. POCOCK. DIED 1865.]

#### OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

OH! say not woman's heart is bought  
With vain and empty treasure ;  
Oh! say not woman's heart is caught  
By every idle pleasure.  
When first her gentle bosom knows  
Love's flame, it wanders never ;  
Deep in her heart the passion glows,—  
She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh! say not woman's false as fair,  
That like the bee she ranges ;  
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,  
As fickle fancy changes.  
Ah, no! the love that first can warm  
Will leave her bosom never ;  
No second passion e'er can charm,—  
She loves, and loves for ever.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. DIED 1861.]

#### THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my  
brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads  
against their mothers,—  
And that cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the  
meadows, [nest,  
The young birds are chirping in the  
The young fawns are playing with the  
shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward  
the west—  
But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!—  
They are weeping in the playtime of the  
others,  
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in  
the sorrow,  
Why their tears are falling so?—  
The old man may weep for his to-  
morrow  
Which is lost in Long Ago—



The old tree is leafless in the forest—  
The old year is ending in the frost—  
The old wound, if stricken, is the  
sorest—

The old hope is hardest to be lost :  
But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their  
mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland ?

They look up with their pale and sunken  
faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's hoary anguish draws and  
presses

Down the cheeks of infancy—  
"Your old earth," they say "is very  
dreary ;"

"Our young feet," they say, "are very  
weak ! [weary—

Few paces have we taken, yet are  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.

Ask the aged why they weep, and not  
the children,

For the outside earth is cold,  
And we young ones stand without, in our  
bewildering,

And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may hap-  
pen

That we die before our time.

Little Alice died last year—the grave is  
shapen

Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take  
her— [clay :

Was no room for any work in the close  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none  
will wake her,

Crying, "Get up, little Alice ! it is  
day."

If you listen by that grave, in sun and  
shower,

With your ear down, little Alice never  
cries !—

Could we see her face, be sure we should  
not know her,

For the smile has time for growing in  
her eyes !

And merry go her moments, lulled and  
stilled in

The shroud, by the kirk-chime !

It is good when it happens," say the  
children,

"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have !

They are binding up their hearts away  
from breaking,

With a cerement from the grave.

Go out, children, from the mine and  
from the city— [do—

Sing out, children, as the little thrushes  
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cow-  
slips pretty—

Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let  
them through !

But they answer, "Are your cowslips of  
the meadows

Like our weeds anear the mine ?

Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-  
shadows,

From your pleasures fair and fine !

"For oh," say the children, "we are  
weary,

And we cannot run or leap—

If we cared for any meadows, it were  
merely

To drop down in them and sleep.

Our knees tremble sorely in the stoop-  
ing—

We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids droop-  
ing, [as snow.

The reddest flower would look as pale  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring

Through the coal-dark under-  
ground—

Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning,  
turning,—

Their wind comes in our faces,—

Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with  
pulses burning,

And the walls turn in their places—

Turns the sky in the high window blank  
and reeling—

Turns the long light that drops adown  
the wall—



Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—  
 And all day, the iron wheels are droning ;  
 And sometimes we could pray,  
 ‘O ye wheels,’ (breaking out in a mad moaning)  
 ‘Stop ! be silent for to-day !’”  
 Ay ! be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing  
 For a moment, mouth to mouth—  
 Let them touch each other’s hands, in a fresh wreathing  
 Of their tender human youth !  
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion [veals—  
 Is not all the life God fashions or re-  
 Let them prove their living souls against the notion [wheels !—  
 That they live in you, or under you, O Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
 Grinding life down from its mark ;  
 And the children’s souls, which God is calling sunward,  
 Spin on blindly in the dark.  
 Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
 To look up to him and pray—  
 So the Blessed One, who blesseth all the others,  
 Will bless them another day.  
 They answer, “Who is God that He Should hear us,  
 While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred ?  
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us [word ;  
 Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a  
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)  
 Strangers speaking at the door :  
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,  
 Hears our weeping any more ?  
 “Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,  
 And at midnight’s hour of harm,  
 ‘Our Father,’ looking upward in the chamber,  
 We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words, except ‘Our Father,’  
 And we think that, in some pause of angel’s song,  
 God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
 And hold both within His right hand which is strong.  
 ‘Our Father !’ If He heard us, He would surely  
 (For they call Him good and mild)  
 Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
 ‘Come and rest with me, my child.’  
 “But, no !” say the children, weeping faster,  
 “He is speechless as a stone ;  
 And they tell us, of His image is the master  
 Who commands us to work on.  
 Go to !” say the children,—“up in Heaven,  
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.  
 Do not mock us ; grief has made us unbelieving—  
 We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.”  
 Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
 O my brothers, what ye preach ?  
 For God’s possible is taught by his world’s loving—  
 And the children doubt of each.  
 And well may the children weep before you !  
 They are weary ere they run ;  
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
 Which is brighter than the sun :  
 They know the grief of man, without his wisdom ;  
 They sink in man’s despair, without his calm—  
 Are slaves, without the liberty in Christ-  
 dom,—  
 Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—  
 Are worn, as if with age, yet unretriev-  
 ingly



The blessing of its memory cannot  
keep,—  
Are orphans of the earthly love and  
heavenly :  
Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up, with their pale and sunken  
faces,  
And their look is dread to see,  
For they mind you of their angels in their  
places,  
With eyes turned on Deity;—  
“How long,” they say, “how long, O  
cruel nation,  
Will you stand to move the world, on  
a child’s heart,—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its pal-  
pitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid  
the mart ?  
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-  
heaper,  
And your purple shows your path !  
But the child’s sob curses deeper in the  
silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath !”

~~~~~  
COWPER’S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may  
feel the hearts’ decaying—  
It is a place where happy saints may weep  
amid their praying :  
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low  
as silence, languish !  
Earth surely now may give her calm to  
whom she gave her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac’s tongue was  
poured the deathless singing !  
O Christians ! at your cross of hope a  
hopeless hand was clinging !  
O men ! this man in brotherhood your  
weary paths beguiling,  
Croaned inly while he taught you peace,  
and died while ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read  
through dimming tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell, and dark-  
ness on the glory,

And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds  
and wandering lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face because so  
broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet’s  
high vocation ;  
And bow the meekest Christian down in  
meeker adoration ;  
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise  
or good forsaken,  
Named softly as the household name of  
one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn  
to think upon him,  
With meekness that is gratefulness to God  
whose heaven hath won him—  
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to  
His own love to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along where  
breath and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain,  
such quick poetic senses  
As hills have language for, and stars,  
harmonious influences !  
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his  
within its number,  
And silent shadow from the trees re-  
freshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods  
to share his home-caresses,  
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan  
tendernesses ;  
The very world, by God’s constraint,  
from falsehood’s ways removing,  
Its women and its men became beside  
him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained un-  
conscious of the guiding,  
And things provided came without the  
sweet sense of providing,  
He testified this solemn truth though  
phrenzy desolated—  
Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only  
God created !

Like a sick child that knoweth not his  
mother whilst she blesses,  
And drops upon his burning how the  
coolness of her kisses ;



That turns his fevered eyes around—"My  
mother! where's my mother?"—  
As if such tender words and looks could  
come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he  
sees her bending o'er him,  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the  
unweary love she bore him!—  
Thus woke the poet from the dream his  
life's long fever gave him,  
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which  
closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth  
could image that awaking,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of  
seraphs round him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul  
from body parted,  
But felt those eyes alone, and knew, "My  
Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when  
the cross in darkness rested  
Upon the Victim's hidden face no love  
was manifested!  
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er  
the atoning drops averted?  
What tears have washed them from the  
soul, that one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His  
own essence rather,  
And Adam's sins have swept between the  
righteous Son and Father;  
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his  
universe hath shaken—  
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I  
am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his  
lost creation,  
That, of the lost, no son should use those  
words of desolation,  
That earth's worst phrenzies, marring  
hope, should mar not hope's fruition,  
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his  
rapture in a vision!

### LOVE—A SONNET.

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had  
sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-  
for years,  
Who each one, in a gracious hand, appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young;  
And as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw a gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet sad years, the melancholy  
years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had  
flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was  
'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backwards by  
the hair,  
And a voice said in mastery, while I  
strove,  
"Guess now who holds thee?" "Death,"  
I said; but there  
The silver answer rang,—“Not Death,  
but Love.”

### A DEAD ROSE.

O ROSE! who dares to name thee?  
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor  
sweet;  
But barren, and hard, and dry as stubble-  
wheat,  
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy  
titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee  
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take  
away  
An odour up the lane, to last all day—  
If breathing now—unsweetened would  
forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,  
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,  
Till beam appeared to bloom and flower  
to burn—  
If shining now—with not a hue would  
light thee.



The dew that used to wet thee,  
And white first, grew incarnadined, be-  
cause  
It lay upon thee where the crimson was—  
If dropping now—would darken where  
it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,  
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet  
Along the leaf's pure edges after heat,—  
If lighting now—would coldly overrun  
thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,  
And build thy perfumed ambers up his  
hive,  
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce  
alive—  
If passing now—would blindly overlook  
thee.

The heart doth recognise thee,  
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee  
sweet,  
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most  
complete—  
Though seeing now those changes that  
disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee  
More love, dead rose! than to such roses  
bold  
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—  
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks  
below thee!

~~~~~  
LOVED ONCE.

I CLASSED, appraising once,  
Earth's lamentable sounds; the "well-  
a-day,"  
The jarring "yea" and "nay,"  
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,  
The sobbed "farewell," the "welcome"  
mournfuller;—  
But all did leaven the air  
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,  
Than these words—"I loved once."

And who saith, "I loved once?"  
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love  
foresee,

Love through eternity!  
Who, by to love, do apprehend to be.  
Not God, called Love, his noble crown-  
name,—casting  
A light too broad for blasting!  
The Great God, changing not from ever  
lasting,  
Saith never, "I loved once."

Oh, never is "Loved once"  
Thy word, thou Victim-Christ, misprized  
friend?  
Thy cross and curse may rend;  
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the  
end!  
It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to  
move  
One sphered star above,  
Man desecrates the eternal God-word,  
love,  
With his "no more," and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"  
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold  
enow,  
Mourners, without that snow?  
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each  
other so?  
And could ye say of some, whose love is  
known,  
Whose prayers have met your own,  
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose  
smiles have shone,  
Such words, "We loved them once?"

Could ye "We loved her once"  
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out  
of sight?  
When hearts of better right  
Stand in between me and your happy  
light?  
And when, as flowers kept too long in  
shade,  
Ye find my colours fade,  
And all that is not love in me, decayed?  
Such words, "Ye loved me once!"

Could ye "We loved her once"  
Say cold of me, when further put away  
In earth's sepulchral clay?  
When mute the lips which deprecate to  
day?—



Not so! not then—least then! When  
 life is shriven,  
 And death's full joy is given;  
 Of those who sit and love you up in  
 heaven  
 Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved once!  
 God is too near above, the grave beneath,  
 And all our moments breathe  
 Too quick in mysteries of life and death,  
 For such a word. The eternities avenge  
 Affections light of range—  
 There comes no change to justify that  
 change,  
 Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that same word "once"  
 Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,  
 Shaking a discrowned head,  
 "We ruled once;"—dotards, "We once  
 taught and led;"—  
 Cripples once danced i' the vines; and  
 bards approved  
 Were once by scornings moved;  
 But love strikes one hour—love. Those  
 never loved  
 Who dream that they loved once.

[LORD MACAULAY. 1800—1859.]

#### HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from  
 whom all glories are!  
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King  
 Henry of Navarre!  
 Now let there be the merry sound of  
 music and of dance,  
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny  
 vines, oh pleasant land of France!  
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,  
 proud city of the waters,  
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy  
 mourning daughters.  
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be  
 joyous in our joy,  
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who  
 wrought thy walls annoy.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned  
 the chance of war,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King  
 Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when  
 at the dawn of day  
 We saw the army of the League drawn out  
 in long array;  
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its  
 rebel peers,  
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Eg-  
 mont's Flemish spears.  
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine,  
 the curses of our land!  
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a  
 truncheon in his hand!  
 And as we looked on them, we thought of  
 Seine's empurpled flood,  
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled  
 with his blood;  
 And we cried unto the living God, who  
 rules the fate of war,  
 To fight for his own holy name, and  
 Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his  
 armour drest,  
 And he has bound a snow-white plume  
 upon his gallant crest.  
 He looked upon his people, and a tear  
 was in his eye;  
 He looked upon the traitors, and his  
 glance was stern and high.  
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as  
 rolled from wing to wing,  
 Down all our line, a deafening shout,  
 "God save our Lord the King!"  
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall  
 full well he may,  
 For never saw I promise yet of such a  
 bloody fray,  
 Press where ye see my white plume shine,  
 amidst the ranks of war,  
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet  
 of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to  
 the mingled din  
 Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum,  
 and roaring culverin!  
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across  
 Saint André's plain,  
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders  
 and Almayne.  
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair  
 gentlemen of France,



Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon  
them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a  
thousand spears in rest,

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

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

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the  
helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!  
Mayenne hath turned his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The  
Flemish Count is slain.

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

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

And then, we thought on vengeance, and,  
all along our van,

“Remember St. Bartholomew,” was  
passed from man to man;

But out spake gentle Henry, “No French-  
man is my foe:

Down, down with every foreigner, but let  
your brethren go.”

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in  
friendship or in war,

As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the  
soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons  
of Lucerne!

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those  
who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy mexican  
pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for  
thy poor spearmen's souls!

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

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

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

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

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

And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King  
Henry of Navarre!

### THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our  
noble England's praise:

I sing of the thrice famous deeds she  
wrought in ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible, against  
her bore, in vain,

The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest  
hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm  
summer's day,

There came a gallant merchant ship full  
sail to Plymouth bay;

The crew had seen Castile's black fleet,  
beyond Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie  
heaving many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's  
especial grace;

And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held  
her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was  
placed along the wall;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edge-  
combe's lofty hall;

Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry  
along the coast;

And with loose rein, and bloody spur,  
rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonnetted, the  
stout old sheriff comes,

Behind him march the halberdiers, before  
him sound the drums:

The yeomen, round the market cross,  
make clear and ample space,

For there behoves him to set up the  
standard of her grace:

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and  
gaily dance the bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal  
blazon swells.

Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his  
ancient crown,

And underneath his deadly paw treads the  
gay lilies down!

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on  
that famed Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and  
Cæsar's eagle shield:



So glared he when, at Agincourt, in  
 wrath he turned to bay,  
 And crushed and torn, beneath his claws,  
 the princely hunters lay.  
 Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight!  
 ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!  
 Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho,  
 gallants! draw your blades!  
 Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! ye  
 breezes, waft her wide!  
 Our glorious *semper eadem!* the banner of  
 our pride!

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled  
 that banner's massy fold—  
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that  
 haughty scroll of gold:  
 Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on  
 the purple sea;  
 Such night in England ne'er had been,  
 nor ne'er again shall be.  
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,  
 from Lynn to Milford bay,  
 That time of slumber was as bright, as  
 busy as the day;  
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the  
 warning radiance spread—  
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it  
 shone on Beachy Head:  
 Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along  
 each southern shire,  
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range,  
 those twinkling points of fire.  
 The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's  
 glittering waves,  
 The rugged miners poured to war, from  
 Mendip's sunless caves;  
 O'er Longleat's towers, or Cranbourne's  
 oaks, the fiery herald flew,  
 And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge  
 —the rangers of Beaulieu.  
 Right sharp and quick the bells rang out  
 all night from Bristol town;  
 And, ere the day, three hundred horse  
 had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked  
 forth into the night,  
 And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill,  
 that streak of blood-red light:  
 The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the  
 death-like silence broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the  
 royal city woke;  
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose the  
 answering fires;  
 At once the wild alarum clashed from all  
 her reeling spires;  
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed  
 loud the voice of fear,  
 And all the thousand masts of Thames  
 sent back a louder cheer:  
 And from the farthest wards was heard  
 the rush of hurrying feet,  
 And the broad streams of flags and pikes  
 dashed down each rousing street:  
 And broader still became the blaze, and  
 louder still the din,  
 As fast from every village round the horse  
 came spurring in;  
 And eastward straight, for wild Black-  
 heath, the warlike errand went;  
 And roused, in many an ancient hall, the  
 gallant squires of Kent:  
 Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills,  
 flew those bright coursers forth;  
 High on black Hampstead's swarthy  
 moor, they started for the north;  
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired  
 they bounded still;  
 All night from tower to tower they sprang,  
 all night from hill to hill;  
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er  
 Derwent's rocky dales;  
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the  
 stormy hills of Wales;  
 Till, twelve fair counties saw the blaze on  
 Malvern's lonely height;  
 Till streamed in crimson, on the wind,  
 the Wrekin's crest of light;  
 Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth,  
 on Ely's stately fane,  
 And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er  
 all the boundless plain;  
 Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to  
 Lincoln sent,  
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er  
 the wide vale of Trent;  
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on  
 Gaunt's embattled pile,  
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the  
 burghers of Carlisle.



[F. W. N. BAYLEY. 1810—1853.]

CHELSEA PENSIONERS READ-  
ING THE GAZETTE OF THE  
BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE golden gleam of a summer sun  
Is lighting the elm-decked grove,  
And the leaves of the old trees—every  
one—  
Are stirred with a song they love ;  
For there bloweth a light breeze, whisper-  
ing true,  
Of the deeds they are doing at Waterloo !

The Chelsea veteran gathereth there,  
Under the ancient sign ;  
His meteor sword hath a stain of blood,  
And his cheek is warm with wine.  
Fame he had wooed as a glorious bride,  
When she waved with his white plume,  
and clung to his side !

His comrades flock to their favourite  
seat,  
And their tale is of days gone by ;  
But their words—as weak as broken  
hearts—  
Are stifled by many a sigh !  
For they drink to those true friends who  
scorned to yield,  
And were left behind on the battle field !

But many a brighter say and song  
Are gladdening all that scene ;  
And joy comes, like a singing bird,  
To light the village green !  
And groups are gathered 'neath those  
trees,  
Round summer flowers—like summer  
bees !

The soldier ! with his mark of war—  
The medal on his breast !—  
Star of the brave that decks him now,  
When his sword is laid to rest !  
And the iron sheath is worn away,  
That was tenantless on the battle day !

The stripling too, that hath not sinned  
And so can laugh and sing !

Child, whom the world hath not yet  
touched,  
Like a serpent, with its sting !  
The young in hope—the conscience-free ;  
The beautiful in infancy !

And mothers too, whose measured  
love  
Blends all the pure and mild,  
And pours itself from one deep fount  
On father and on child !  
And ancient grandames just as glad,  
And proud of charms their daughters  
had !

The young and old—the fair and  
brave—  
Are congregated here ;  
And they all look out with an anxious  
gaze  
Of mingled hope and fear !  
As the wearied sailor looks for land,  
When the bark speeds on and the gales  
are bland.

Now gaze again!—A lancer comes  
With a spur in his courser's side,  
That speeds towards th' expecting  
group  
As a lover bounds to his bride !  
He bringeth the news, and their hearts  
beat high—  
The news of a glorious victory !

Father and brother, and betrothed—  
The husband and the son !  
That lancer bold hath a tale to tell  
To the friends of every one.  
“ Their swords were bright—their hearts  
were true—  
They have won the field of Waterloo !”

Oh ! when the heart is very glad,  
It leaps like a little child  
That is just released from a weary task,  
With a spirit free and wild.  
It fluttereth like a prisoned bird,  
When tidings such as these are heard !

A low sound—like a murmured prayer !  
Then, a cheer that rends the sky !  
A loud huzza—like a people's shout  
When a good king passeth by !—  
\*



As the roar of waves on an angry main  
Breaks forth, and then all is mute again !

The lancer looks in the veteran's face,  
And hands him the written scroll ;  
And the old man reads with a quiv'ring  
voice,  
The words of that muster-roll,  
As they wake a smile, or force a sigh,  
From many an anxious stander-by.

If the father's boy be laurel-crowned,  
He glories in his name ;  
If the mother hath lost her only son,  
She little heeds his fame !  
And the lonely girl, whose lover sleeps,  
Droops in her beauty, and only weeps !

But if a few have blighted hopes,  
And hearts forlorn and sad !  
How many of that mingled group  
Doth that great victory glad ?  
Who bless—for *their* dear sakes—the day  
Whom toil and war kept far away ?

If parting words—like arrows—fixed  
In their breasts the barb of pain,  
Now fancy—like a painter—draws  
The welcome home again !  
And some who ne'er held cup of bliss,  
Sup full of happiness from this !

The Highland pipe is pouring out  
Its music like a stream !  
And the sound of its startling revelry  
Wakes many from a dream !  
And now breaks forth another cry  
Of overwhelming ecstasy !

The cup is filled, and the wine goes  
round,  
And it foameth to the brim ;  
And young and old, and grave and gay,  
All shout a health to him  
Who brings these tidings glad and true—  
Then—"Wellington and Waterloo !"

"And those who fought, and those  
who fell,  
And those who bravely died !  
And those who bore our banners high,  
And battled side by side ! [true  
And those whose hearts and swords were  
With Wellington and Waterloo !"

[ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. 1813—1861.]

### GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er  
Across this watery waste we fare,  
Gone image at our hearts we bear,  
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee  
Past where the waves' last confines be  
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,  
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast  
If but in thee my lot lie cast,  
The past shall seem a nothing past  
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;  
Dear home in England, won at last.

### O STREAM DESCENDING TO THE SEA.

O STREAM descending to the sea,  
Thy mossy banks between,  
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,  
Thy leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,  
The fields the labourers till,  
And houses stand on either hand,  
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,  
Our waking eyes behold,  
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,  
Our hearts affections fill,  
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,  
Inevitable sea,  
To which we flow, what do we know  
What shall we guess of thee ?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
As we our course fulfil ;  
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,  
And be above us still.



[ROBERT BROWNING.]

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE  
GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT  
TO AIX.

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

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

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

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the  
sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black  
every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping  
past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at  
last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting  
away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its  
spray.

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

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

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

" How they'll greet us ! " and all in a  
moment his roan  
Rolled neck and crop over ; lay dead as a  
stone ;  
And there was my Roland to bear the  
whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix  
from her fate,



With his nostrils like pits full of blood to  
the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-  
socket's rim.

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

And all I remember is, friends flocking  
round  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on  
the ground,  
And no voice but was praising this Ro-  
land of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last  
measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common  
consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought  
good news from Ghent.

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city ;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side ;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;  
But, when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the  
cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's  
own ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the woman's chats,  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking :  
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's  
a noddy ;  
And as for our Corporation—shock-  
ing  
To think we buy gowns lined with  
ermine  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin !  
You hope, because you're old and  
obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?  
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a  
racking  
To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-  
ing !"

At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,  
At length the Mayor broke silence :  
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown  
sell ;

I wish I were a mile hence !  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—  
I'm sure my poor head aches again  
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,  
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"  
Just as he said this, what should hap  
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?  
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's  
that ?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,  
Looking little though wondrous fat ;  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,  
Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his paunch grew mu-  
tinous

For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),  
"Only a scraping of shoes on the  
mat ?

Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"

"Come in !"—the Mayor cried, look-  
ing bigger :

And in did come the strangest figure



His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red ;  
And he himself was tall and thin,  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and  
kin !

And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his quaint attire.  
Quoth one : " It's as my great grand-  
sire,  
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's  
tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted  
tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table :

And, " Please your honours," said he,  
" I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,  
After me so as you never saw !  
And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm,  
The mole, and toad, and newt, and  
viper ;

And people call me the Pied Piper."

(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the self same  
cheque ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;  
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever  
straying

As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

" Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarms of  
gnats ;

I eased in Asia the Nizam [bats :  
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre  
And, as for what your brain bewilders,  
If I can rid your town of rats  
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?"

" One ? fifty thousand !"—was the ex-  
clamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-  
tion.

Into the street the Piper stept,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while ;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes  
twinkled

Like a candle flame where salt is  
sprinkled ;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe  
uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered ;  
And the muttering grew to a grum-  
bling ;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty  
rumbling ;  
And out of the house the rats came  
tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny  
rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats,  
tawny rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advan-  
cing,

And step by step they followed dan-  
cing,

Until they came to the river Weser  
Wherein all plunged and perished

—Save one, who, stout as Julius  
Cæsar,

Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary,  
Which was, " At the first shrill notes  
of the pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe ;  
And a moving away of pickle-tub-  
boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-  
boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-  
flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter  
casks ;



And it seemed as if a voice  
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psal-  
 tery  
 Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, re-  
 joice!  
 The world is grown to one vast dry-  
 saltery!  
 To munch on, crunch on, take your  
 nuncheon,  
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!  
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,  
 All ready staved, like a great sun  
 shone  
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
 Just as methought it said, come, bore  
 me!  
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin  
 people  
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the  
 steeple.  
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get  
 long poles!  
 Poke out the nests and block up the  
 holes!  
 Consult with carpenters and builders,  
 And leave in our town not even a  
 trace  
 Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the  
 face  
 Of the Piper perked in the market-  
 place,  
 With a, "First, if you please, my thou-  
 sand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked  
 blue;  
 So did the Corporation too.  
 For council dinners made rare havock  
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,  
 Hock;  
 And half the money would replenish  
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!  
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a  
 knowing wink,  
 "Our business was done at the river's  
 brink;  
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
 And what's dead can't come to life, I  
 think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
 From the duty of giving you some-  
 thing to drink,  
 And a matter of money to put in your  
 poke;  
 But, as for the guilders, what we  
 spoke  
 Of them, as you very well know, was  
 in joke.  
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;  
 A thousand guilders! Come, take  
 fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!  
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
 Bagdad, and accepted the prime  
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's  
 rich in,  
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—  
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,  
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
 And folks who put me in a passion  
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye  
 think I'll brook  
 Being worse treated than a Cook?  
 Insulted by a lazy ribald  
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your  
 worst,  
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street;  
 And to his lips again  
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight  
 cane;  
 And ere he blew three notes (such  
 sweet  
 Soft notes as yet musicians cunning  
 Never gave the enraptured air),  
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a  
 bustling  
 Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and  
 hustling,  
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes  
 clattering,  
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues  
 chattering,  
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when  
 barley is scattering,



Out came the children running,  
 All the little boys and girls,  
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
 The wonderful music with shouting and  
 laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council  
 stood  
 As if they were changed into blocks of  
 wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry  
 To the children merrily skipping by—  
 And could only follow with the eye  
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
 As the Piper turned from the High  
 Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters  
 Right in the way of their sons and  
 daughters!

However he turned from South to West,  
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-  
 dressed,

And after him the children pressed;  
 Great was the joy in every breast.

“He never can cross that mighty top!  
 He's forced to let the piping drop,  
 And we shall see our children stop!”  
 When lo! as they reached the mountain's  
 side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,  
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
 And the Piper advanced and the children  
 followed,

And when all were in to the very last,  
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
 Did I say all? No! one was lame,  
 And could not dance the whole of the  
 way;

And in after years, if you would blame  
 His sadness, he was used to say,—

“It's dull in our town since my play-  
 mates left;

I can't forget that I'm bereft  
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
 Which the Piper also promised me;  
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
 Joining the town and just at hand,  
 Where waters gushed and fruit trees  
 grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
 And everything was strange and new;  
 The sparrows were brighter than pea-  
 cocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
 And honey-bees had lost their stings;  
 And horses were born with eagle's wings;  
 And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
 The music stopped, and I stood still,  
 And found myself outside the Hill,  
 Left alone against my will,  
 To go now limping as before,  
 And never hear of that country more!”

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate  
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate  
 Opes to the Rich at as easy rate  
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!  
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and  
 South,

To offer the Piper by word of mouth,  
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
 If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children all behind him.  
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,  
 And Piper and dancers were gone for  
 ever,

They made a decree that lawyers never  
 Should think their records dated duly  
 If, after the day of the month and year,  
 These words did not as well appear,  
 “And so long after what happened  
 here

On the twenty-second of July,  
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:”  
 And the better in memory to fix  
 The place of the Children's last retreat,  
 They called it, the Pied Piper's street—  
 Where any one playing on pipe or  
 tabor,

Was sure for the future to lose his labour  
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn;

But opposite the place of the cavern  
 They wrote the story on a column,  
 And on the great church window painted  
 The same, to make the world acquainted  
 How their children were stolen away;  
 And there it stands to this very day.  
 And I must not omit to say



That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress,  
On which their neighbours lay such stress,  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
Out of some subterraneous prison,  
Into which they were trepanned  
Long time ago in a mighty band  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially  
pipers :  
And, whether they pipe us free from rats  
or from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us keep  
our promise.

~~~~~  
EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead—  
Sit and watch by her side an hour,  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;  
She plucked that piece of geranium  
flower,  
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
Little has yet been changed, I think—  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass,  
Save two long rays through the hinge's  
chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my  
name—  
It was not her time to love : beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astir—  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?  
What, your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so  
wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be to d ?  
We were fellow-mortals, nought be-  
side ?

No, indeed ! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the  
love,—  
I claim you still, for my own love'  
sake !  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a  
few—  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it  
will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I  
shall say,  
In the lower earth, in the years long  
still,  
That body and soul so pure and  
gay ?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own gera-  
nium's red—  
And what you would do with me, in  
fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's  
stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since  
then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full  
scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me—  
And I want and find you, Evelyn  
Hope !  
What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while ;  
My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
There was space and to spare for the  
frank young smile,  
And the red young mouth, and the  
hair's young gold.  
So hush,—I will give you this leaf to  
keep,—  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold  
hand.  
There, that is our secret ! go to sleep ;  
You will wake, and remember, and  
understand.



[REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.]

## THE SANDS OF DEE.

“OH, Mary, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee.”  
 The western wind was wild and dark  
 with foam,  
 And all alone went she.  
 The western tide crept up along the  
 sand,  
 And o'er and o'er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,  
 As far as eye could see.  
 The rolling mist came down and hid the  
 land:  
 And never home came she.  
 “Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating  
 hair—  
 A tress of golden hair,  
 A drowned maiden's hair,  
 Above the nets at sea?”  
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
 Among the stakes of Dee.  
 They rowed her in across the rolling  
 foam,  
 The cruel crawling foam,  
 The cruel hungry foam,  
 To her grave beside the sea.  
 But still the boatmen hear her call the  
 cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee.

## THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the  
 west,  
 Out into the west, as the sun went  
 down,  
 Each thought of the woman who loved  
 him best,  
 And the children stood watching them  
 out of the town;  
 For men must work, and women must  
 weep,  
 And there's little to earn, and many to  
 keep,  
 Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse  
 tower,  
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun  
 went down;  
 They looked at the squall, and they  
 looked at the shower,  
 And the night-rack came rolling up  
 ragged and brown;  
 But men must work, and women must  
 weep,  
 Though storms be sudden, and waters  
 deep,  
 And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining  
 sands,  
 In the morning gleam, as the tide goes  
 down,  
 And the women are weeping and wring-  
 ing their hands,  
 For those who will never come home  
 to the town.  
 For men must work, and women must  
 weep,  
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to  
 sleep,  
 And good-bye to the bar and its  
 moaning.

[CHARLES SWAIN.]

## WHAT IS NOBLE?

WHAT is noble?—to inherit  
 Wealth, estate, and proud degree?—  
 There must be some other merit  
 Higher yet than these for me!—  
 Something greater far must enter  
 Into life's majestic span,  
 Fitted to create and centre  
 True nobility in man.

What is noble?—'tis the finer  
 Portion of our mind and heart,  
 Linked to something still diviner  
 Than mere language can impart:  
 Ever prompting—ever seeing  
 Some improvement yet to plan;  
 To uplift our fellow being,  
 And, like man, to feel for Man!



What is noble?—Is the sabre  
 Nobler than the humble spade?—  
 There's a dignity in labour  
 Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!  
 He who seeks the mind's improvement  
 Aids the world, in aiding mind!  
 Every great commanding movement  
 Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,—  
 O'er the engine's iron head,—  
 Where the rapid shuttle flashes,  
 And the spindle whirls its thread:  
 There is labour, lowly tending  
 Each requirement of the hour,—  
 There is genius, still extending  
 Science, and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,  
 Of the loom-shed and the mill;  
 'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,  
 Great results are growing still!  
 Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,  
 Work and workers may be blamed,  
 Commerce need not hide its features,—  
 Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places  
 Truth in its enfranchised will,  
 Leaving steps, like angel-traces,  
 That mankind may follow still!  
 E'en though scorn's malignant glances  
 Prove him poorest of his clan,  
 He's the Noble—who advances  
 Freedom, and the Cause of Man!

[B. W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).]

#### THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY.

SING!—Who sings  
 To her who weareth a hundred rings?  
 Ah! who is this lady fine?  
 The vine, boys, the vine!  
 The mother of mighty wine.  
 A roamer is she  
 O'er wall and tree,  
 And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—who drinks  
 To her who blusheth and never thinks?

Ah! who is this maid of thine?  
 The grape, boys, the grape!  
 Oh, never let her escape  
 Until she be turned to wine  
 For better is she  
 Than vine can be,  
 And very, very good company.

Dream!—who dreams  
 Of the god who governs a thousand  
 streams?  
 Ah! who is this spirit fine?  
 'Tis wine, boys, 'tis wine!  
 God Bacchus, a friend of mine.  
 Oh, better is he  
 Than grape or tree,  
 And the best of all good company.

#### KING DEATH.

KING DEATH was a rare old fellow,  
 He sat where no sun could shine,  
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,  
 And poured out his coal-black wine.  
 Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden  
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,  
 And widows with grief o'erladen,  
 For a draught of his coal-black wine.  
 Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,  
 The poet his fancied woes,  
 And the beauty her bloom returning,  
 Like life to the fading rose.  
 Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,  
 Who laughed till his eyes dropped  
 brine,  
 And he gave them his hand so yellow,  
 And pledged them in Death's black  
 wine.  
 Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

#### THE NIGHTS.

OH, the Summer night  
 Has a smile of light,  
 And she sits on a sapphire throne.



Whilst the sweet winds load her  
With garlands of odour,  
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown!

But the Autumn night  
Has a piercing sight,  
And a step both strong and free;  
And a voice for wonder,  
Like the wrath of the thunder,  
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter night  
Is all cold and white,  
And she singeth a song of pain;  
Till the wild bee hummeth,  
And the warm Spring cometh,  
When she dies in a dream of rain!

Oh, the night brings sleep  
To the greenwoods deep,  
To the birds of the woods its nest;  
To care soft hours,  
To life new powers,  
To the sick and the weary—rest!

~~~~~  
SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

HIDE me, O twilight air!  
Hide me from thought, from care,  
From all things foul or fair,  
Until to-morrow!  
To-night I strive no more;  
No more my soul shall soar:  
Come, sleep, and shut the door  
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,  
Be mine Elysian gleams,  
Be mine by morning streams  
To watch and wander;  
So may my spirit cast  
(Serpent-like) off the past,  
And my free soul at last  
Have leave to ponder.

And should'st thou 'scape control,  
Ponder on love, sweet soul;  
On joy, the end and goal  
Of all endeavour:  
But if earth's pains will rise,  
(As damps will seek the skies,)  
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,  
In sleep for ever.

[HON. MRS. NORTON.]

LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of  
clay!  
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of  
earthly flowers—  
Things that are made to fade and fall  
away,  
When they have blossomed but a few  
short hours.

Love not, love not! The thing you love  
may die—  
May perish from the gay and gladsome  
earth;  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling  
sky,  
Beam on its grave as once upon its  
birth.

Love not, love not! The thing you love  
may change,  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on  
you;  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and  
strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be  
true.

Love not, love not! Oh warning vainly  
said  
In present years as in the years gone  
by;  
Love flings a halo round the dear one's  
head,  
Faultless, immortal—till they change  
or die.

~~~~~  
NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,  
The memory of the day,  
When icy Death hath sealed the breath  
Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,  
The face we thought so fair,  
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent  
hold  
Once charmed away despair.



Oh, what could heal the grief we feel  
For hopes that come no more,  
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,  
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh sadly yet with vain regret  
The widowed heart must yearn;  
And mothers weep their babes asleep  
In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part  
From the one through childhood known;  
And the orphan's tears lament for years  
A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,  
Beat wild on this world's shore,  
And all our calm is in that balm,  
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh! world wherein nor death, nor sin,  
Nor weary warfare dwells;  
Their blessed home we parted from  
With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake  
Our own with tears grow dim,  
And faint accords of dying words  
Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn;

Oh! there at last, life's trials past,  
We'll meet our loved once more,  
Whose feet have trod the path to God—  
"Not lost, but gone before."

#### NONE REMEMBER THEE.

NONE remember thee! thou whose heart  
Poured love on all around;  
Thy name no anguish can impart—  
'Tis a forgotten sound.  
Thy old companions pass me by  
With a cold bright smile, and a vacant  
eye,  
And none remember thee  
Save me!

None remember thee! thou wert not  
Beauteous as some things are;  
My glory beamed upon thy lot,  
My pale and quiet star!

Like a winter bud that too soon hath  
burst,  
Thy cheek was fading from the first—  
And none remember thee  
Save me!

None remember thee! they could spy  
Nought when they gazed on thee,  
But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet  
eye—  
It hath passed from their memory.  
The gifts of genius were not thine,  
Proudly before the world to shine—  
And none remember thee  
Save me!

None remember thee now thou'rt gone!  
Or they could not choose but weep,  
When they thought of thee, my gentle  
one,  
In thy long and lonely sleep.  
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell  
How fondly together we used to dwell—  
But none remember thee  
Save me!

#### SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on  
your brow;  
You were kind to me once—will you  
frown on me now?—  
Shall the storm settle here, when from  
heaven it departs,  
And the cold from without find its way  
to our hearts?  
No, Patrick, no! sure the wintriest  
weather  
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through, from  
the roof to the floor,  
And the wind whistles free where there  
once was a door,  
Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm  
wash away  
All the warm vows we made in our love's  
early day?  
No, Patrick, no! sure the dark storm  
weather  
Is easily borne, if we bear it together.



When you stole out to woo me when  
labour was done,  
And the day that was closing to us seemed  
begun,  
Did we care if the sunset was bright on  
the flowers,  
Or if we crept out amid darkness and  
showers?  
No, Patrick! we talked, while we braved  
the wild weather,  
Of all we could bear, if we bore it to-  
gether.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days  
be gone by,  
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from  
the sky!  
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with  
pain,  
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us  
then!  
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us wel-  
come the weather,  
And, sunshine or storm, we will bear it  
together.

### OH! DISTANT STARS.

OH! distant stars, whose tranquil light  
Looks down on all the world at rest,  
From new-born babes, whose welcome  
night  
Is cradled on the mother's breast,  
To many a long-neglected grave  
In many a churchyard's narrow bound,  
And many a ship on trackless waves  
Whose course by that sweet light is  
found;  
Clear gleaming stars! clear gleaming  
stars!  
Emblem of God's protecting love,  
Ye watch us from your realms above.

Your light is on the Northern snow  
Where never trod the foot of man;  
Ye shine where lonely rivers flow  
On white wings of the sleeping swan.  
Ye guide (with trembling rays and dim)  
The beggar who dejected roams  
Past fires that glow, but not for him  
The household smile of happy homes.

Oh, steadfast stars! oh, steadfast  
stars!  
Emblem of God's all-seeing eye,  
Ye watch him from your world on  
high.

Oh, stars! memorial of the night,  
When first to simple shepherds beamed  
That glory, past your common light,  
The portent of a world redeemed;  
Still watch our living and our dead,  
And link the thoughts of sinful earth  
With that sweet light whose radiance shed  
A halo round the Saviour's birth.  
Pure, holy stars! Pure, holy stars!  
Emblem of hope and sins forgiven,  
Still watch us from your distant  
Heaven!

[PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.]

### LOVE OF GOD AND MAN.

LOVE is the happy privilege of the mind—  
Love is the reason of all living things.  
A Trinity there seems of principles,  
Which represent and rule created life—  
The love of self, our fellows, and our  
God.  
In all throughout one common feeling  
reigns:  
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by  
the other:  
All are compatible—all needful; one  
To life,—to virtue one,—and one to bliss:  
Which thus together make the power, the  
end,  
And the perfection of created Being.  
From these three principles doth every  
deed,  
Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or  
bad, come; [scheme:  
To these they all determine—sum and  
The three are one in centre and in round,  
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies  
Our world. Hail! air of love, by which  
we live!  
How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though  
unseen—  
Void of gross sign—is scarce a simp  
essence,  
Immortal, immaterial, though it be.



One only simple essence liveth—God,—  
 Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,  
 The angels high above us, with ourselves,  
 Are but compounded things of mind and  
 form.

In all things animate is therefore cored  
 An elemental sameness of existence ;  
 For God, being Love, in love created all,  
 As he contains the whole and penetrates.  
 Seraphs love God, and angels love the  
 good :

We love each other ; and these lower  
 lives,  
 Which walk the earth in thousand diverse  
 shapes,

According to their reason, love us too :  
 The most intelligent affect us most.  
 Nay, man's chief wisdom's love—the love  
 of God.

The new religion—final, perfect, pure—  
 Was that of Christ and love. His great  
 command—

His all-sufficing precept—was't not love ?  
 Truly to love ourselves we must love  
 God,—

To love God we must all his creatures  
 love,—

To love his creatures, both ourselves and  
 Him.

Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good,  
 and happy!

[ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY.]

BE STILL, BE STILL, POOR  
 HUMAN HEART.

BE still, be still, poor human heart,  
 What fitful fever shakes thee now ?  
 The earth's most lovely things depart—  
 And what art thou ?  
 Thy spring than earth's doth sooner fade,  
 Thy blossoms first with poison fill ;  
 To sorrow born, for suffering made,  
 Poor heart ! be still.

Thou lookest to the clouds,—they fleet ;  
 Thou turnest to the waves,—they falter ;  
 The flower that decks the shrine, though  
 sweet,  
 Dies on its altar :

And thou, more changeful than the cloud  
 More restless than the wandering rill,  
 Like that lone flower in silence bowed,  
 Poor heart ! be still.

LOVE AND MAY.

WITH buds and thorns about her brow,  
 I met her in the woods of May  
 Bending beneath a loaded bough.  
 She seemed so young, and was so fair,  
 A rosy freshness in her air  
 Spoke morning gliding into day.

Wild as an untamed bird of Spring,  
 She sported 'mid the forest ways,  
 Whose blossoms pale did round her cling  
 Blithe was she as the banks of June,  
 Where humming-bees kept sweetest tune  
 The soul of love was in her lays.

Her words fell soft upon my ear,  
 Like dropping dews from leafy spray :  
 She knew no shame, and felt no fear ;  
 She told me how her childhood grew—  
 Her joys how keen, her cares how few :  
 She smiled, and said her name wa  
 May.

May of my heart ! Oh, darling May !  
 Thy form is with the shows that fleet,  
 And I am weak, and worn, and grey !  
 I see no more the things I loved :  
 The paths wherein their beauty moved  
 Do seem to fail beneath my feet.

I marked her for a little space ;  
 And soon she seemed to heed me not,  
 But gathered flowers before my face.  
 Oh, sweet to me her untaught ways !  
 The love I bore her all my days  
 Was born of that wild woodland spot.

I never called her bride nor wife,  
 I watched her bloom a little more,  
 And then she faded out of life :  
 She quaffed the wave I might not drink,  
 And I stood thirsting on the brink !  
 Oh, hurrying tide !—Oh, dreary shore !



They knew not that my heart was torn ;  
 They said a fever left me mad,  
 And I had babbled of a thorn,  
 A withered May, and scattered bloom,  
 A well of tears, and wayside tomb—  
 Alas! 'twas all the lore I had!

And to this day I am not clear ;  
 My stricken mind doth grope its way,  
 Like those who walk where woods are  
 sere :  
 I cannot see to set apart  
 Two things so crushed into my heart  
 As May and Love—and Love and May!

Still, shouting 'neath the greenwood tree,  
 Glad children called upon her name ;  
 But life and time are changed to me :  
 The grass is growing where she trod,  
 Above her head a bladeless sod—  
 The very earth is not the same.

Oh, heavy years, grow swift and brief !  
 Death, lay thine hand upon my brow !  
 I wither as a shrunk-up leaf.  
 I perished while my days were young :  
 The thoughts to which my spirit clung  
 Consumed me, like a sapless bough.

And now, O May! my vanished May!  
 Our thorns are gathered one by one,  
 And all their bloom is borne away.  
 The corn is reaped, the sheaf is bound,  
 The gleaner's foot is on the ground,  
 And pain is past—and life is done!

[ALFRED TENNYSON.]

### LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gather-  
 ing light,  
 Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,  
 And all about him rolled his lustrous  
 eyes ;  
 When, turning round a cassia, full in  
 view,  
 Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
 And talking to himself, first met his  
 sight :  
 "You must begone," said Death, "these  
 walks are mine."

Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for  
 flight ;  
 Yet, ere he parted, said,— "This hour is  
 thine :  
 Thou art the shadow of life; and as the  
 tree  
 Stands in the sun and shadows all  
 beneath,  
 So in the light of great eternity  
 Life eminent creates the shade of death ;  
 The shadow passeth when the tree shall  
 fall,  
 But I shall reign for ever over all."

### THE BUGLE SONG.

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

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

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

### GODIVA.

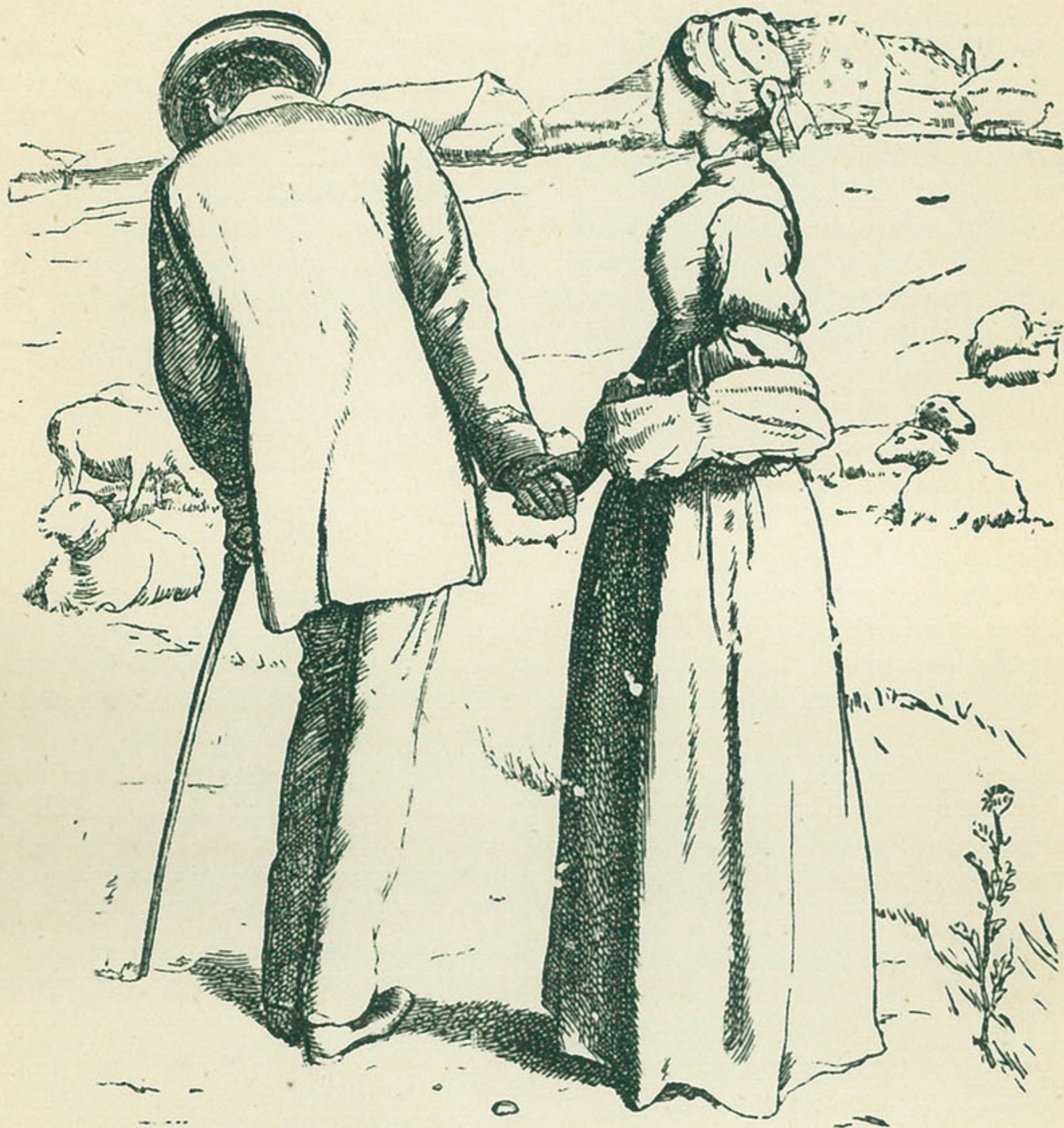
*I waited for the train at Coventry ;  
 I hung with grooms and porters on the  
 bridge,  
 To watch the three tall spires ; and there I  
 shaped  
 The city's ancient legend into this :—*



Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
 New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
 Cry down the past, not only we, that  
 prate  
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the  
 people well,  
 And loathed to see them overtaxed ; but  
 she  
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
 The woman of a thousand summers back,  
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who  
 ruled  
 In Coventry : for when he laid a tax  
 Upon his town, and all the mothers  
 brought  
 Their children, clamouring, " If we pay,  
 we starve !"  
 She sought her lord, and found him,  
 where he strode  
 About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
 His beard a foot before him, and his  
 hair  
 A yard behind. She told him of their  
 tears,  
 And prayed him, " If they pay this tax,  
 they starve."  
 Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
 " You would not let your little finger  
 ache  
 For such as *these* ?"—" But I would die,"  
 said she.  
 He laughed, and swore by Peter and by  
 Paul :  
 Then filliped at the diamond in her ear ;  
 " O ay, ay, ay, you talk !"—" Alas !" she  
 said,  
 " But prove me what it is I would not  
 do."  
 And from a heart as rough as Esau's  
 hand,  
 He answered, " Ride you naked thro' the  
 town,  
 And I repeal it ;" and nodding, as in  
 scorn,  
 He parted, with great strides among his  
 dogs.  
 So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
 As winds from all the compass shift and  
 blow,  
 Made war upon each other for an hour,  
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet  
 all

The hard condition ; but that she would  
 loose  
 The people : therefore, as they loved her  
 well,  
 From then till noon no foot should pace  
 the street,  
 No eye look down, she passing ; but  
 that all  
 Should keep within, door shut, and window  
 barred.  
 Then fled she to her inmost bower, and  
 there  
 Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,  
 The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a  
 breath  
 She lingered, looking like a summer  
 moon  
 Half dipt in cloud : anon she shook her  
 head,  
 And showered the rippled ringlets to her  
 knee ;  
 Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair  
 Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam,  
 slid  
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
 The gateway ; there she found her palfrey  
 trapt  
 In purple, blazoned with armorial gold.  
 Then she rode forth, clothed on with  
 chastity :  
 The deep air listened round her as she  
 rode,  
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for  
 fear.  
 The little wide-mouthed heads upon the  
 spout  
 Had cunning eyes to see : the barking  
 cur  
 Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's foot-  
 fall shot  
 Light horrors thro' her pulses : the blind  
 walls  
 Were full of chinks and holes ; and over-  
 head [she  
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but  
 Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she  
 saw  
 The white-flowered elder-thicket from the  
 field  
 Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the  
 wall.  
 Then she rode back, clothed on with  
 chastity :





EDWARD GRAY (TENNYSON).

Sweet Emma Moreland spake to me,  
Bitterly weeping I turned away:  
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray."—P. 501.







And one low churl, compact of thankless  
earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had  
their will,  
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,  
And dropt before him. So the Powers,  
who wait  
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense mis-  
used ; [at once,  
And she, that knew not, pass'd : and all  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the  
shameless noon  
Was clashed and hammered from a  
hundred towers,  
One after one : but even then she gained  
Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and  
crowned,  
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
And built herself an everlasting name.

~~~~~

EDWARD GRAY.

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

Sweet Emma Moreland spake to me :  
Bitterly weeping I turned away :  
“Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~

AS THROUGH THE LAND AT  
EVE WE WENT.

As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
We fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love,  
And kiss again with tears !

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears.

~~~~~

VIVIEN'S SONG.

IN love, if love be love, if love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal  
powers :  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music  
mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.



The little rift within the lover's lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping : let it go :  
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, no.  
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

[SYDNEY DOBELL.]

### TOMMY'S DEAD.

YOU may give over plough, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead ;  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread.  
The seed's waste, I know, boys ;  
There's not a blade will grow boys ;  
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys—  
He's going blind, as I said,  
My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed ;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred ;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red ;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed :  
You may turn Peg away, boys,  
You may pay off old Ned,  
We've had a dull day, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
Let me turn my head :  
She's standing there in the door, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Take her away from me, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Move me round in my place, boys,  
Let me turn my head,  
Take her away from me, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed—  
The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed !

I don't know how it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head ;  
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,  
Out of the garden-bed,  
And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head ;  
I've kept my precious sight, boys—  
The Lord be hallowed.  
Outside and in  
The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,  
The sky is shrivelled and shred ;  
The hedges down by the loan  
I can count them bone by bone,  
The leaves are open and spread.  
But I see the teeth of the land,  
And hands like a dead man's hand,  
And the eyes of a dead man's head.  
There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
The rat and the mouse have fled,  
And the summer's empty and cold ;  
Over valley and wold,  
Wherever I turn my head,  
There's a mildew and a mould ;  
The sun's going out overhead,  
And I'm very old,  
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ?  
You're all born and bred—  
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
Since wife and I were wed ;  
And she's gone before, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
Upon his curly head,  
She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
And she stole off to bed ;  
I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
For he'd come home, he said,  
But it's time I was gone, boys,  
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
Bring out the beer and bread,  
Make haste and sup, boys,  
For my eyes are heavy as lead :



There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
 There's something ill wi' the bread ;  
 I don't care to sup, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
 I've such a sleepy head ;  
 I shall never more be stout, boys,  
 You may carry me to bed.  
 What are you about, boys ?  
 The prayers are all said,  
 The fire's raked out, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
 You may carry me to the head,  
 The night's dark and deep, boys,  
 Your mother's long in bed ;  
 'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys ;  
 You may shake my hand instead.  
 All things go amiss, boys,  
 You may lay me where she is, boys,  
 And I'll rest my old head ;  
 'Tis a poor world, this, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

[ELIZA COOK.]

### THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall dare  
 To chide me for loving that old arm  
 chair !  
 I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—  
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed  
 it with sighs ;  
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands & my  
 heart,  
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
 Would you learn the spell ? a mother sat  
 there ;  
 And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
 The hallowed seat with listening ear ;  
 And gentle words that mother would  
 give,  
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live.

She told me shame would never betide,  
 With truth for my creed, and God for my  
 guide ;  
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
 As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
 When her eyes grew dim and her locks  
 were grey,  
 And I almost worshipped her when she  
 smiled  
 And turned from her Bible to bless her  
 child.

Years rolled on, but the last one sped—  
 My idol was shattered—my earth star  
 fled :

I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
 When I saw her die in that old arm chair

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now  
 With quivering breath and throbbing  
 brow :

'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there  
 she died,

And memory flows with lava tide—  
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
 While the scalding tears run down my  
 cheek.

But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear  
 My soul from my mother's old arm chair.

[THOMAS MILLER.]

### EVENING SONG.

How many days with mute adieu  
 Have gone down yon untrodden sky ;  
 And still it looks as clear and blue  
 As when it first was hung on high.  
 The rolling sun, the frowning cloud  
 That drew the lightning in its rear,  
 The thunder tramping deep and loud,  
 Have left no foot-mark there.

The village-bells, with silver chime,  
 Come softened by the distant shore ;  
 Though I have heard them many a time,  
 They never rung so sweet before.  
 A silence rests upon the hill,  
 A listening awe pervades the air ;  
 The very flowers are shut and still,  
 And bowed as if in prayer.



And in this hushed and breathless close,  
O'er earth and air and sky and sea,  
A still low voice in silence goes,  
Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee.  
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,  
The linnets' warble fainter grown,  
The hive-bound bee, the building rook,—  
All these their Maker own.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,  
A living semblance of the grave ;  
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,  
The boughs have almost ceased to wave ;  
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,  
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,  
All tell from whom they had their birth,  
And cry, "Behold a God!"

[ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. DIED 1864.]

#### THE MESSAGE.

I HAD a message to send her,  
To her whom my soul loves best ;  
But I had my task to finish,  
And she had gone to rest :  
To rest in the far bright Heaven—  
Oh! so far away from here !  
It was vain to speak to my darling,  
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,  
So tender, and true, and sweet,  
I longed for an angel to hear it,  
And lay it down at her feet.  
I placed it, one summer's evening  
On a little white cloud's breast ;  
But it faded in golden splendour,  
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,  
And I watched it soar and soar ;  
But its pinions grew faint and weary,  
And it fluttered to earth once more.  
I cried, in my passionate longing,  
Has the earth no angel friend  
Who will carry my love the message  
My heart desires to send ?

Then I heard a strain of music,  
So mighty, so pure, so dear,  
That my very sorrow was silent,  
And my heart stood still to hear.

It rose in harmonious rushing  
Of mingled voices and strings,  
And I tenderly laid my message  
On music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,  
In sound more perfect than speech,  
Farther than sight can follow,  
Farther than soul can reach.  
And I know that at last my message  
Has passed through the golden gate ;  
So my heart is no longer restless,  
And I am content to wait.

[JULIAN FANE.]

#### AD MATREM.

IF those dear eyes that watch me now,  
With looks that teach my heart content,  
That smile which o'er that placid brow  
Spreads with delight in pure consent ;  
And that clear voice whose rise and fall  
Alternate, in a silver chime ;  
If these fair tokens false were all  
That told the tale of fleeting Time,  
I scarce should mark his swift career :  
So little change hath o'er thee passed,  
So much thy present doth appear,  
Like all my memory holds most dear,  
When she recalls thy perfect past.  
Unchanged thou seem'st in mind and  
frame,  
Thy bright smile brightens still the same,  
In thy fair face is nothing strange.  
And when from out thy pure lips flow  
Thy earnest words with grace, I know  
Thy wisdom hath not suffered change.  
And so thy presence, bland and glad,  
Wherein no trace of change appears,  
Proclaims not that this day will add  
A fresh sheaf to thy garnered years ;  
But Time himself proclaims his power,  
And will not pass unheeded by ;  
At every turn his ruins lie ;—  
I track his steps at every door.  
Or, musing with myself, I find  
His signet borne by every thought,  
From many a moral blemish wrought  
By more of commerce with mankind,



Who am not armed, as thou, in youth,  
 To bear unhurt the brunt of life ;  
 To battle with the foes of truth,  
 And issue scarless from the strife.  
 Not pure as thou to pass unscarred,  
 Where knaves and fools infest the ways :  
 By their rank censure unimpaired,  
 And spotless from their ranker praise.  
 And thus the slow year circling round,  
 Mars with no change thy soul serene ;  
 While I, though changed, alas ! am found  
 Far other than I should have been ;  
 And only not at heart unsound,  
 Because thy love still keeps it green.  
 Oh ! therefore from that worst decay,  
 To save me with love's holiest dew,  
 Heaven guard thee, dear, and oft renew  
 Return of this thy natal day ;  
 And teach me with each rolling year,  
 That leaves us on a heartless earth,  
 To love thee, so that love may bear  
 Fruits worthier of thy perfect worth.  
 And so whatever ills betide,  
 Whatever storms about me lower,  
 Though broken by the bolts of pride,  
 And scorched by envy's lightning power,  
 I shall not perish in the blast,  
 But prosper while thou still art nigh ;  
 By thy pure love preserved, and by  
 My guardian spirit saved at last.

[D. F. M'CARTHY.]

### THE WINDOW.

At my window, late and early,  
 In the sunshine and the rain,  
 When the jocund beams of morning  
 Come to wake me from my napping  
 With their golden fingers tapping  
 At my window-pane :  
 From my troubled slumbers flitting—  
 From my dreamings fond and vain,  
 From the fever intermitting,  
 Up I start, and take my sitting  
 At my window-pane.

Through the morning, through the noon-  
 tide,  
 Fettered by a diamond chain,  
 Through the early hours of evening,

When the stars begin to tremble,  
 As their shining ranks assemble  
 O'er the azure plain :  
 When the thousand lamps are blazing,  
 Through the street and lane—  
 Mimic stars of man's upraising—  
 Still I linger, fondly gazing  
 From my window-pane !

For, amid the crowds slow passing,  
 Surging like the main,  
 Like a sunbeam among shadows,  
 Through the storm-swept cloudy masses,  
 Sometimes one bright being passes  
 'Neath my window-pane :  
 Thus a moment's joy I borrow  
 From a day of pain.  
 See, she comes ! but, bitter sorrow .  
 Not until the slow to-morrow  
 Will she come again.

[CHARLES KENT.]

### LOVE'S CALENDER.

TALK of love in vernal hours,  
 When the landscape blushes  
 With the dawning glow of flowers,  
 While the early thrushes  
 Warble in the apple-tree ;  
 When the primrose springing  
 From the green bank, lulls the bee,  
 On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in summer-tide  
 When through bosky shallows  
 Trills the streamlet—all its side  
 Pranked with freckled mallows ;—  
 When in mossy lair of wrens  
 Tiny eggs are warming ;  
 When above the reedy fens  
 Dragon-gnats are swarming.

Talk of love in autumn days,  
 When the fruit, all mellow,  
 Drops amid the ripening rays,  
 While the leaflets yellow  
 Circle in the sluggish breeze  
 With their portents bitter ;  
 When between the fading trees  
 Broader sunbeams glitter.



Talk of love in winter time,  
When the hailstorm hurtles.  
While the robin sparks of rime  
Shakes from hardy myrtles.  
Never speak of love with scorn,  
Such were direst treason ;  
Love was made for eve and morn,  
And for every season.

~~~~~  
THE BALLAD.

SING to me some homely ballad,  
Plaintive with the tones of love ;  
Harp and voice together blending,  
Like the doling of the dove.

Let each cadence melt in languor  
Softly on my ravished ears,  
Till my half-closed eyes are brimming  
With a rapture of sweet tears.

Summon back fond recollections,  
Such as gentle sounds prolong ;  
Flies of memory embalming  
In the amber of a song.

~~~~~  
[SAMUEL LOVER.]

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock  
In all the fairy dells,  
And if I find the charmed leaf,  
Oh, how I'll weave my spells !  
I would not waste my magic might  
On diamond, pearl, or gold,  
For treasure tires the weary sense—  
Such triumph is but cold ;  
But I will play the enchanter's part  
In casting bliss around ;  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour,  
I'd dry the mourner's tears,  
And to the pallid lip recall  
The smile of happier years ;  
And hearts that had been long estranged,  
And friends that had grown cold,  
Should meet again like parted streams,  
And mingle as of old.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's  
part  
In casting bliss around ;  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning  
O'er vanished dreams of love,  
Should see them all returning,  
Like Noah's faithful dove.  
And Hope should launch her blessed bark  
On Sorrow's darkening sea,  
And Misery's children have an ark,  
And saved from sinking be.  
Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's  
part  
In casting bliss around ;  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

~~~~~  
THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was  
weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild  
raging sea ;  
And the tempest was swelling, round the  
fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh!  
come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby  
still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face, while she  
bended her knee.  
"Oh! blessed be that warning, my child,  
thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whis-  
pering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright  
watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with  
me ;  
And say thou wouldst rather they'd  
watched o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whis-  
pering with thee."



The dawn of the morning saw Dermot  
returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's  
father to see,  
And closely caressing her child, with a  
blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were  
whispering with thee."

[LORD LYTTON.]

ABSENT, YET PRESENT.

As the flight of a river  
That flows to the sea,  
My soul rushes ever  
In tumult to thee.

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art ;  
My heart in the distance  
Beats close to thy heart.

Look up, I am near thee,  
I gaze on thy face ;  
I see thee, I hear thee,  
I feel thine embrace.

As a magnet's control on  
The steel it draws to it,  
Is the charm of thy soul on  
The thoughts that pursue it.

And absence but brightens  
The eyes that I miss,  
And custom but heightens  
The spell of thy kiss.

It is not from duty,  
Though that may be owed,—  
It is not from beauty,  
Though that be bestowed ;

But all that I care for,  
And all that I know,  
Is that, without wherefore,  
I worship thee so.

Through granite as breaketh  
A tree to the ray,  
As a dreamer forsaketh  
The grief of the day,

My soul in its fever  
Escapes unto thee ;  
O dream to the griever,  
O light to the tree !

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art ;  
Hark, hear in the distance  
The beat of my heart !

LOVE AND FAME.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

I.

It was the May when I was born,  
Soft moonlight through the casement  
streamed,  
And still, as it were yesternorn,  
I dream the dream I dreamed.  
I saw two forms from fairy land,  
Along the moonbeam gently glide,  
Until they halted, hand in hand,  
My infant couch beside.

II.

With smiles, the cradle bending o'er,  
I heard their whispered voices breathe—  
The one a crown of diamond wore,  
The one a myrtle wreath ;  
"Twin brothers from the better clime,  
A poet's spell hath lured to thee ;  
Say which shall, in the coming time,  
Thy chosen fairy be ?"

III.

I stretched my hand, as if my grasp  
Could snatch the toy from either brow  
And found a leaf within my clasp,  
One leaf—as fragrant now !  
If both in life may not be won,  
Be mine, at least, the gentler brother—  
For he whose life deserves the one,  
In death may gain the other.

THE DESIRE OF FAME.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.

I DO confess that I have wished to give  
My land the gift of no ignoble name.



And in that holier air have sought to  
live,  
Sunned with the hope of Fame.

Do I lament that I have seen the bays  
Denied my own, not worthier brows  
above,—  
Foes quick to scoff, and friends afraid to  
praise,—  
More active hate than love?

Do I lament that roseate youth has flown  
In the hard labour grudged its niggard  
meed,  
And cull from far and juster lands alone  
Few flowers from many a seed?

No! for whoever with an earnest soul  
Strives for some end from this low  
world afar,  
Still upward travels, though he miss the  
goal,  
And strays—but towards a star.

Better than fame is still the wish for fame,  
The constant training for a glorious  
strife:  
The athlete nurtured for the Olympian  
Game  
Gains strength at least for life.

The wish for Fame is faith in holy  
things  
That soothe the life, and shall outlive  
the tomb—  
A reverent listening for some angel wings  
That cower above the gloom.

To gladden earth with beauty, or men's  
lives  
To serve with action, or their souls  
with truth,—  
These are the ends for which the hope  
survives  
The ignobler thirsts of youth.

No, I lament not, though these leaves  
may fall  
From the sered branches on the desert  
plain,  
Mocked by the idle winds that waft; and  
all  
Life's blooms, its last, in vain!

If vain for others, not in vain for me,—  
Who builds an altar let him worship  
there;  
What needs the crowd? though lone the  
shrine may be,  
Not hallowed less the prayer.

Eno' if haply in the after days,  
When by the altar sleeps the funeral  
stone,  
When gone the mists our human passions  
raise,  
And Truth is seen alone:

When causeless Hate can wound its prey  
no more,  
And fawns its late repentance o'er the  
dead,  
If gentle footsteps from some kindlier  
shore  
Pause by the narrow bed.

Or if yon children, whose young sounds  
of glee  
Float to mine ear the evening gales  
along,  
Recall some echo, in their years to be,  
Of not all-perished song!

Taking some spark to glad the hearth, or  
light  
The student lamp, from now neglected  
fires,—  
And one sad memory in the sons requite  
What—I forgive the sires.

#### THE INFANT-BURIAL.

To and fro the bells are swinging,  
Heavily heaving to and fro;  
Sadly go the mourners, bringing  
Dust to join the dust below.  
Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,  
Chanted knells the ghostly hymn,  
*Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvei sæclum in favillâ!*  
Mother! flowers that bloomed and pe-  
rished,  
Strewed thy path the bridal day;  
Now the bud thy grief has cherished,  
With the rest has passed away!



Leaf that fadeth—bud that bloometh,  
Mingled there, must wait the day  
When the seed the grave entombeth  
Bursts to glory from the clay.

*Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla!*

Happy are the old that die,  
With the sins of life repented ;  
Happier he whose parting sigh  
Breaks a heart, from sin prevented !  
Let the earth thine infant cover  
From the cares the living know ;  
Happier than the guilty lover—  
Memory is at rest below !  
Memory, like a fiend, shall follow,  
Night and day, the steps of Crime ;  
Hark ! the church-bell, dull and hollow,  
Shakes another sand from time !  
Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,  
Chanted knells the ghostly hymn ;  
Hear it, False One, where thou fliest,  
Shriek to hear it when thou diest—

*Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla!*

#### LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

WHEN earth is fair, and winds are still,  
When sunset gilds the western hill,  
Oft by the porch, with jasmine sweet,  
Or by the brook, with noiseless feet,  
Two silent forms are seen ;  
So silent they—the place so lone—  
They seem like souls when life is gone,  
That haunt where life has been :  
And his to watch, as in the past  
Her soul had watched his soul.  
Alas ! *her* darkness waits the last,  
The grave the only goal !  
It is not what the leech can cure—  
An erring chord, a jarring madness :  
A calm so deep, it must endure—  
So deep, thou scarce canst call it sad-  
ness ;  
A summer night, whose shadow falls  
On silent hearths in ruined halls.  
Yet, through the gloom, she seemed to  
feel  
His presence like a happier air,  
Close by his side she loved to steal,  
As if no ill could harm her there !

And when her looks his own would seek,  
Some memory seemed to wake the  
sigh,  
Strive for kind words she could not  
speak,  
And bless him in the tearful eye.  
O sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,  
In mornings soft with May,  
And silver-clear the waves that flow  
To shoreless deeps away ;  
But heavenward from the faithful heart  
A sweeter incense stole ;—  
The onward waves their source desert,  
But Soul returns to Soul !

#### KING ARTHUR'S HOLIDAY.

Now is the time when, after sparkling  
showers,  
Her starry wreaths the virgin jasmine  
weaves ;  
Now murmurous bees return with sunny  
hours ;  
And light wings rustle quick through  
glinting leaves ;  
Music in every bough ; on mead and  
lawn  
May lifts her fragrant altars to the dawn.  
Now life, with every moment, seems to  
start  
In air, in wave, on earth ;—above,  
below ;  
And o'er her new-born children, Nature's  
heart  
Heaves with the gladness mothers only  
know ;  
On poet times the month of poets  
shone—  
May decked the world, and Arthur filled  
the throne.  
Hard by a stream, amidst a pleasant vale,  
King Arthur held his careless holi-  
day :—  
The stream was blithe with many a silken  
sail, [gay ;  
The vale with many a proud pavilion  
While Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's  
hold,  
Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's  
domes of gold.



Dark, to the right, thick forests mantled  
o'er  
A gradual mountain sloping to the  
plain ;  
Whose gloom but lent to light a charm  
the more,  
As pleasure pleases most when neigh-  
bouring pain ;  
And all our human joys most sweet and  
holy,  
Sport in the shadows cast from Melan-  
choly.

Below that mount, along the glossy  
sward  
Were gentle groups, discoursing gentle  
things ;  
Or listening idly where the skilful  
bard  
Woke the sweet tempest of melodious  
strings ;  
Or whispering love—I ween, less idle  
they,  
For love's the honey in the flowers of  
May.

Some plied in lusty race the glist'ning  
oar ;  
Some, noiseless, snared the silver-  
scaled prey ;  
Some wreathed the dance along the level  
shore ;  
And each was happy in his chosen  
way.  
Not by one shaft is Care, the hydra  
killed,  
So Mirth, determined, had his quiver  
filled.

Bright 'mid his blooming Court, like  
royal Morn  
Girt with the Hours that lead the  
jocund Spring,  
When to its smile delight and flowers are  
born,  
And clouds are rose-hued,—shone the  
Cymrian King.  
Above that group, o'er-arched from tree  
to tree,  
Thick garlands hung their odorous  
canopy ;

And in the midst of that delicious shade  
Up sprang a sparkling fountain, silver-  
voiced,  
And the bee murmured and the breezes  
played :  
In their gay youth, the youth of May  
rejoiced—  
And they in hers—as though that leafy  
hall  
Chimed the heart's laughter with the  
fountain's fall.

Propped on his easy arm, the King re-  
clined,  
And glancing gaily round the ring,  
quoth he—  
“ ‘Man,’ say our sages, ‘hath a fickle  
mind,  
And pleasures pall, if long enjoyed  
they be.’  
But I, methinks, like this soft summer-  
day,  
'Mid blooms and sweets could wear the  
hours away ;—

“ Feel, in the eyes of Love, a cloudless  
sun,  
Taste, in the breath of Love, eternal  
spring ;  
Could age but keep the joys that youth  
has won,  
The human heart would fold its idle  
wing !  
If change there be in Fate and Nature's  
plan,  
Wherefore blame us ?—it is in Time, not  
Man.”

#### THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

UPON a barren steep,  
Above a stormy deep,  
I saw an Angel watching the wild sea ;  
Earth was that barren steep,  
Time was that stormy deep,  
And the opposing shore—Eternity !

“ Why dost thou watch the wave ?  
Thy feet the waters lave,  
The tide engulfs thee if thou dost delay.”  
“ Unscathed I watch the wave,  
Time not the Angel's grave,  
I wait until the ocean ebbs away.”



Hushed on the Angel's breast  
I saw an Infant rest,  
Smiling upon the gloomy hell below.  
"What is the Infant pressed,  
O Angel, to thy breast?"  
"The child God gave me, in The Long  
Ago.

"Mine all upon the earth,  
The Angel's angel-birth,  
Smiling each terror from the howling  
wild."

Never may I forget  
The dream that haunts me yet,  
OF PATIENCE NURSING HOPE—THE  
ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

TO THE KING ON THE  
AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

*Duchess de la Vallière.*

GREAT though thou art, awake thee from  
the dream  
That earth was made for kings—mankind  
for slaughter—  
Woman for lust—the People for the  
Palace!  
Dark warnings have gone forth; along  
the air  
Lingers the crash of the first Charles's  
throne.  
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty  
king,  
The ruling courtiers, and the flattering  
priests!  
Lo! where the palace rose, behold the  
scaffold—  
The crowd—the axe—the headsman—  
and the victim!  
Lord of the Silver Lilies, canst thou tell  
If the same fate await not thy descen-  
dant!  
If some meek son of thine imperial line  
May make no brother to yon headless  
spectre!  
And when the sage who sadden; o'er the  
end  
Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he  
finds  
The seeds, thy wars, thy pomp, and thy  
profusion,

Sowed in a heartless court and breadless  
people,  
Grew to the tree from which men shaped  
the scaffold,—  
And the long glare of thy funereal glories  
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly  
grave?  
Beware, proud King! the Present cries  
aloud,  
A prophet to the Future! Wake!—  
beware!

A LOVER'S DREAM OF HOME.

*Lady of Lyons.*

A PALACE lifting to eternal summer  
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower  
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,  
Whose songs should syllable thy name!  
At noon  
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and  
wonder  
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the  
Heaven  
Still left us youth and love; we'd have  
no friends  
That were not lovers; no ambition, save  
To excel them all in love; we'd read no  
books  
That were not tales of love—that we  
might smile  
To think how poorly eloquence of  
words  
Translates the poetry of hearts like  
ours!  
And when night came, amidst the breath-  
less heavens  
We'd guess what star should be our home  
when love  
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed  
light  
Stole through the mists of alabaster  
lamps,  
And every air was heavy with the sighs  
Of orange groves and music from sweet  
lutes,  
And murmurs of low fountains that gush  
forth  
I' the midst of roses! Dost thou like the  
picture?



## INVOCATION TO LOVE.

*King Arthur*

HAIL thou, the ever young, albeit of  
 night  
 And of primeval chaos, eldest born ;  
 Thou, at whose birth broke forth the  
 Founts of Light,  
 And o'er Creation flushed the earliest  
 morn !  
 Life, in thy life, suffused the conscience  
 whole ;  
 And formless matter took the harmonious  
 soul.

Hail, Love ! the Death-defyer ! age to  
 age  
 Linking, with flowers, in the still heart  
 of man !  
 Dream to the Bard, and marvel to the  
 Sage,  
 Glory and mystery since the world  
 began.  
 Shadowing the cradle, bright'ning at the  
 tomb,  
 Soft as our joys, and solemn as our  
 doom !

Ghost-like amidst the unfamiliar Past,  
 Dim shadows flit along the streams of  
 Time ;  
 Vainly our learning trifles with the vast  
 Unknown of ages ! Like the wizard's  
 rhyme  
 We call the dead, and from the Tar-  
 tarus  
 'Tis but the dead that rise to answer  
 us !

Voiceless and wan, we question them in  
 vain ;  
 They leave unsolved earth's mighty  
 yesterday.  
 But wave thy wand—they bloom, they  
 breathe again !  
 The link is found !—as *we* love, so  
 loved they !  
 Warm to our clasp our human brothers  
 start,  
 Man smiles on man, and heart speaks out  
 to heart.

Arch power, of every power most dread  
 most sweet,  
 Ope at thy touch the far celestial  
 gates ;  
 Yet Terror flies with Joy before thy feet,  
 And, with the Graces, glide unseen the  
 Fates ;  
 Eos and Hesperus,—one, with twofold  
 light,  
 Bringer of day, and herald of the night.

## THE HOLLOW OAK.

HOLLOW is the oak beside the sunny  
 waters drooping ;  
 Thither came, when I was young, happy  
 children trooping ;  
 Dream I now, or hear I now—far, their  
 mellow whooping ?

Gay below the cowslip bank, see the  
 billow dances,  
 There I lay, beguiling time—when I  
 lived romances ;  
 Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies  
 into fancies ;—

Farther, where the river glides by the  
 wooded cover,  
 Where the merlin singeth low, with the  
 hawk above her,  
 Came a foot and shone a smile—woe is  
 me, the lover !

Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly  
 quiver, [river ;  
 Musical amid the reeds murmurs on the  
 But the footstep and the smile !—wee is  
 me for ever !

## JEALOUSY.

I HAVE thy love—I know no fear  
 Of that divine possession ;  
 Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hea  
 A jealous heart's confession.

I nurse no pang, lest fairer youth  
 Of loftier hopes should win thee ;  
 There blows no wind to chill the truth,  
 Whose amaranth blooms within thee.



Unworthier thee if I could grow  
 (The love that lured thee perished),  
 Thy woman heart could ne'er forego  
 The earliest dream it cherished.

I do not think that doubt and love  
 Are one—whate'er they tell us ;  
 Yet—nay—lift not thy looks above,  
 A star can make me jealous.

If thou art mine, all mine at last,  
 I covet so the treasure,  
 No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,  
 But robs me of a pleasure.

I am so much a miser grown,  
 That I could wish to hide thee,  
 Where never breath but mine alone  
 Could drink delight beside thee.

Then say not, with that soothing air,  
 I have no rival nigh thee ;  
 The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—  
 The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—  
 The rose whose odours woo thee—  
 In all things, rivals he must meet,  
 Who would be all things to thee !

If sunlight from the dial be  
 But for one moment banished,  
 Turn to the silenced plate and see  
 The hours themselves are vanished.

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,  
 My jealousy has trial ;  
 The lightest cloud across the skies  
 Has darkness for the dial.

[LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON  
 MILNES).]

#### WHEN LONG UPON THE SCALES OF FATE.

WHEN long upon the scales of fate  
 The issue of my passion hung,  
 And on your eyes I laid in wait,  
 And on your brow, and on your  
 tongue,

High-frowning Nature pleased me most:  
 Strange pleasure was it to discern  
 Sharp rock and mountains peaked with  
 frost,  
 Through gorges thick with fir and fern.

The flowerless walk, the vapoury shrouds  
 Could comfort me ; though, best of all,  
 I loved the daughter of the clouds,  
 The wild capricious waterfall.

But now that you and I repose  
 On one affection's certain store,  
 Serener charms take place of those,  
 Plenty and Peace and little more ;

The hill that lends its mother-breast  
 To patient flocks and gentle kine ;  
 The vale that spreads its royal vest  
 Of golden corn and purple vine ;

The streams that bubble out their mirth  
 In humble nooks, or calmly flow,  
 The crystal life-blood of our earth,  
 Are now the dearest sights I know.

[ALEXANDER SMITH. DIED 1867.]

#### DESIRES AND ANTICIPATIONS OF THE YOUNG HEART.

*The Life Drama.*

ON balcony, all summer roofed with  
 vines,  
 A lady half-reclined amid the light,  
 Golden and green, soft-showering through  
 the leaves.

Silent she sat one-half the silent noon ;  
 At last she sank luxurious in her couch,  
 Purple and golden-fringed, like the sun's,  
 And stretched her white arms on the  
 warmed air,

As if to take some object wherewithal  
 To ease the empty aching of her heart.  
 "Oh, what a weariness of life is mine !"  
 The lady said, "soothing myself to sleep  
 With my own lute, floating about the lake  
 To feed my swans, with nought to stir my  
 blood,  
 Unless I scold my women thrice a day.







The gloaming closes slowly round, an-  
blest winds are in the tree,  
Round selfish shores for ever moans the  
hurt and wounded sea :  
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is  
with Death and thee,—  
I am weary, Barbara !

[GEORGE W. THORNBURY.]

### THE RIDING TO THE TOURNAMENT.

OVER meadows purple-flowered,  
Through the dark lanes oak-embowered,  
Over commons dry and brown,  
Through the silent red-roofed town,  
Past the reapers and the sheaves,  
Over white roads strewn with leaves,  
By the gipsy's ragged tent,  
Rode we to the Tournament.

Over clover wet with dew,  
Whence the sky-lark, startled, flew,  
Through brown fallows, where the hare  
Leapt up from its subtle lair,  
Past the mill-stream and the reeds  
Where the stately heron feeds,  
By the warren's sunny wall,  
Where the dry leaves shake and fall,  
By the hall's ancestral trees,  
Bent and writhing in the breeze,  
Rode we all with one intent,  
Gaily to the Tournament.

Golden sparkles, flashing gem,  
Lit the robes of each of them,  
Cloak of velvet, robe of silk,  
Mantle snowy-white as milk,  
Rings upon our bridle hand,  
Jewels on our belt and band,  
Bells upon our golden reins,  
Tinkling spurs and shining chains—  
In such merry mob we went  
Riding to the Tournament.

Laughing voices, scraps of song,  
Lusty music loud and strong,  
Rustling of the banners blowing,  
Whispers as of rivers flowing,  
Whistle of the hawks we bore  
As they rise and as they soar,

Now and then a clash of drums  
As the rabble louder hums,  
Now and then a burst of horns  
Sounding over brooks and bourns,  
As in merry guise we went  
Riding to the Tournament.

There were abbots fat and sleek,  
Nuns in couples, pale and meek,  
Jugglers tossing cups and knives,  
Yeomen with their buxom wives,  
Pages playing with the curls  
Of the rosy village girls,  
Grizzly knights with faces scarred,  
Staring through their visors barred,  
Huntsmen cheering with a shout  
At the wild stag breaking out,  
Harper, stately as a king,  
Touching now and then a string,  
As our revel laughing went  
To the solemn Tournament.

Charger with the massy chest,  
Foam-spots flecking mane and breast,  
Pacing stately, pawing ground,  
Fretting for the trumpet's sound,  
White and sorrel, roan and bay,  
Dappled, spotted, black, and grey  
Palfreys snowy as the dawn,  
Ponies sallow as the fawn,  
All together neighing went  
Trampling to the Tournament.

Long hair scattered in the wind,  
Curls that flew a yard behind,  
Flags that struggled like a bird  
Chained and restive—not a word  
But half buried in a laugh ;  
And the lance's gilded staff  
Shaking when the bearer shook  
At the jester's merry look,  
As he grins upon his mule,  
Like an urchin leaving school,  
Shaking bauble, tossing bells,  
At the merry jest he tells,—  
So in happy mood we went,  
Laughing to the Tournament.

What a bustle at the inn,  
What a stir, without—within ;  
Filling flagons, brimming bowls  
For a hundred thirsty souls



Froth in snow-flakes flowing down,  
 From the pitcher big and brown,  
 While the tankards brim and bubble  
 With the balm for human trouble ;  
 How the maiden coyly sips,  
 How the yeoman wipes his lips,  
 How the old knight drains the cup  
 Slowly and with calmness up,  
 And the abbot, with a prayer,  
 Fills the silver goblet rare,  
 Praying to the saints for strength  
 As he holds it at arm's length ;  
 How the jester spins the bowl  
 On his thumb, then quaffs the whole ;  
 How the pompous steward bends  
 And bows to half-a-dozen friends,  
 As in a thirsty mood we went  
 Duly to the Tournament.

Then again the country over  
 Through the stubble and the clover,  
 By the crystal-dropping springs,  
 Where the road-dust clogs and clings  
 To the pearl-leaf of the rose,  
 Where the tawdry nightshade blows,  
 And the bramble twines its chains  
 Through the sunny village lanes,  
 Where the thistle sheds its seed,  
 And the goldfinch loves to feed,  
 By the milestone green with moss,  
 By the broken wayside cross,  
 In a merry band we went  
 Shouting to the Tournament.

Pilgrims with their hood and cowl,  
 Pursy burghers cheek-by-jowl,  
 Archers with their peacock's wing  
 Fitting to the waxen string,  
 Pedlars with their pack and bags,  
 Beggars with their coloured rags,  
 Silent monks, whose stony eyes  
 Rest in trance upon the skies,  
 Children sleeping at the breast,  
 Merchants from the distant West,  
 All in gay confusion went  
 To the royal Tournament.

Players with the painted face  
 And a drunken man's grimace,  
 Grooms who praise their raw-boned steeds,  
 Old wives telling maple beads,—  
 Blackbirds from the hedges broke,  
 Black crows from the beeches croak,

Glossy swallows in dismay  
 From the mill-stream fled away,  
 The angry swan, with ruffled breast,  
 Frowned upon her osier nest,  
 The wren hopped restless on the brake,  
 The otter made the sedges shake,  
 The butterfly before our rout  
 Flew like a blossom blown about,  
 The coloured leaves, a globe of life,  
 Spun round and scattered as in strife,  
 Sweeping down the narrow lane  
 Like the slant shower of the rain,  
 The lark in terror, from the sod,  
 Flew up and straight appealed to  
 God,  
 As a noisy band we went  
 Trotting to the Tournament.

But when we saw the holy town,  
 With its river and its down,  
 Then the drums began to beat  
 And the flutes piped mellow sweet ;  
 Then the deep and full bassoon  
 Murmured like a wood in June,  
 And the fifes, so sharp and bleak,  
 All at once began to speak.  
 Hear the trumpets clear and loud,  
 Full-tongued, eloquent, and proud,  
 And the dulcimer that ranges  
 Through such wild and plaintive changes ;  
 Merry sounds the jester's shawn,  
 To our gladness giving form ;  
 And the shepherd's chalumeau,  
 Rich and soft, and sad and low ;  
 Hark ! the bagpipes squeak and grcan,—  
 Every herdsman has his own ;  
 So in measured step we went  
 Pacing to the Tournament.

All at once the chimes break out,  
 Then we hear the townsmen shout,  
 And the morris-dancers' bells  
 Tinkling in the grassy dells ;  
 The bell thunder from the tower  
 Adds its sound of doom and power,  
 As the cannon's loud salute  
 For a moment made us mute,  
 Then again the laugh and joke  
 On the startled silence broke ;—  
 Thus in merry mood we went  
 Laughing to the Tournament.