

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

La' laba, il Allab !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
Youth's fire soon wanes to phosphorus,
And slight luck or grace attends
Your boaters down the Bosphorus !

79. *Gone in the Wind*

SOLOMON, where is thy throne ? It is gone in the
wind.

Babylon, where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of noon, like the dreams of the
blind,

Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man, canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy
mind ?

Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind :
Tho' there be thousand bright actions embalm'd and
enshrined,

Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon, where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or design'd
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say what is pleasure ? A phantom, a mask undefined :
Science ? An almond whereof we can pierce but the rind :
Honour and affluence ? Firmans that Fortune hath
sign'd,

Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

Solomon, where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the fortunate ? *He who in anguish hath pined !*
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind.

Mortal, be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined :
Woe to the miners for Truth, where the lampless have
mined !

Woe to the seekers on earth for what none ever find !
They and their trust shall be scatter'd like leaves to the
wind !

Solomon, where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consign'd
All earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity thou, reader, the madness of poor humankind
Raving of knowledge—and Satan so busy to blind !
Raving of glory, like me ; for the garlands I bind,
Garlands of song, are but gather'd—and strewn in the wind.

Solomon, where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind
Babylon, where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest ; for my fire is declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

80.

To Amine

VEIL not thy mirror, sweet Amine,
Till night shall also veil each star !
Thou seest a twofold marvel there :
The only face so fair as thine,
The only eyes that, near or far,
Can gaze on thine without despair.

81. *Advice against Travel*

TRAVERSE not the globe for lore ! The sternest
 But the surest teacher is the heart ;
 Studying that and that alone, thou learnest
 Best and soonest whence and what thou art.

Moor, Chinese, Egyptian, Russian, Roman,
 Tread one common down-hill path of doom ;
 Everywhere the names are man and woman,
 Everywhere the old sad sins find room.

Evil angels tempt us in all places.
 What but sands or snows hath earth to give ?
 Dream not, friend, of deserts and oases ;
 But look inwards, and begin to live !

82. *The World: a Ghazel*

TÒ this khan, and from this khan
 How many pilgrims came and went too !
 In this khan, and by this khan
 What arts were spent, what hearts were rent too !
 To this khan and from this khan
 (Which, for penance, man is sent to)
 Many a van and caravan
 Crowded came, and shrouded went too.
 Christian man and Mussulman,
 Guebre, heathen, Jew, and Gentoo,
 To this khan, and from this khan,
 Weeping came, and sleeping went too.
 A riddle this since time began,
 Which many a sage his mind hath bent to :
 All came, all went ; but never man
 Knew whence they came, or where they went to !

83. *The Nameless One*

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea ;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee !

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That once there was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song.

—With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flow'd like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid :
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemn'd for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betray'd in friendship, befool'd in love,
With spirit shipwreck'd, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove ;

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others
(And some whose hands should have wrought for him,
If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim ;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawn'd his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeem'd it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then ? Yes ! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms : there let him dwell !
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

84.

Mariners' Song

TO sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ;
 The wanton water leaps in sport,
 And rattles down the pebbly shore ;
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
 And unseen Mermaids' pearly song
 Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :
 To sea, to sea ! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! our wide-wing'd bark
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
 And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Tritons' azure day,
 Like mighty eagle soaring light
 O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
 The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
 The sails swell full. To sea, to sea !

85.

Dirge

THE swallow leaves her nest,
 The soul my weary breast ;
 But therefore let the rain
 On my grave
 Fall pure ; for why complain ?
 Since both will come again
 O'er the wave.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

The wind dead leaves and snow
Doth hurry to and fro ;
And, once, a day shall break
 O'er the wave,
When a storm of ghosts shall shake
The dead, until they wake
 In the grave.

86.

Dream-Pedlary

IF there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy ?
Some cost a passing bell ;
 Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
 What would you buy ?

A cottage lone and still,
 With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
 Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
 This would I buy.

87. *Bridal Song to Amala*

By female voices

WE have bathed, where none have seen us,
In the lake and in the fountain,
Underneath the charmed statue
Of the timid, bending Venus,
When the water-nymphs were counting
In the waves the stars of night,
And those maidens started at you,
Your limbs shone through so soft and bright.
But no secrets dare we tell,
For thy slaves unlace thee,
And he, who shall embrace thee,
Waits to try thy beauty's spell.

By male voices

We have crown'd thee queen of women,
Since love's love, the rose, hath kept her
Court within thy lips and blushes,
And thine eye, in beauty swimming,
Kissing, we render'd up the sceptre,
At whose touch the startled soul
Like an ocean bounds and gushes,
And spirits bend at thy control.
But no secrets dare we tell,
For thy slaves unlace thee,
And he, who shall embrace thee,
Is at hand, and so farewell!



88.

Wolfram's Song

OLD Adam, the carrion crow,
 The old crow of Cairo ;
 He sat in the shower, and let it flow
 Under his tail and over his crest ;
 And through every feather
 Leak'd the wet weather ;
 And the bough swung under his nest ;
 For his beak it was heavy with marrow
 Is that the wind dying ? O no ;
 It's only two devils, that blow
 Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
 In the ghosts' moonshine.

Ho ! Eve, my grey carrion wife,
 When we have supped on kings' marrow,
 Where shall we drink and make merry our life ?
 Our nest it is queen Cleopatra's skull,
 'Tis cloven and crack'd,
 And batter'd and hack'd,
 But with tears of blue eyes it is full :
 Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo !
 Is that the wind dying ? O no ;
 It's only two devils, that blow
 Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,
 In the ghosts' moonshine.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER-LYTTON,
LORD LYTTON

1803-1873

89.

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 bestow'd ;

LORD LYTTON

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

Through granite it 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 !

90.

Nydia's Song

THE Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
And the Rose loved one :
For who recks the Wind where it blows ?
Or loves not the Sun ?

None knew whence the humble Wind stole,
Poor sport of the skies :
None dreamt that the Wind had a soul
In its mournful sighs.

LORD LYTTON

O happy Beam, how canst thou prove
That bright love of thine ?
In thy light is the proof of thy love,
Thou hast but to shine.

How its love can the Wind reveal ?
Unwelcome its sigh :
Mute, mute to the Rose let it steal—
Its proof is—to die !

CHARLES SWAIN

1803-1874

91.

The Field-Path

TRIPPING down the field-path
Early in the morn,
There I met my own love
'Midst the golden corn ;
Autumn winds were blowing,
As in frolic chase,
All her silken ringlets
Backward from her face ;
Little time for speaking
Had she, for the wind
Bonnet, scarf, or ribbon
Ever swept behind.

Still some sweet improvement
In her beauty shone ;
Every graceful movement
Won me, one by one !
Little time for wooing
Had we, for the wind

CHARLES SWAIN

Still kept on undoing
What we sought to bind . . .
Still I see the field-path :—
Would that I could see
Her whose graceful beauty
Lost is now to me !

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803-1882

92.

Wood-notes

WHOSO walks in solitude
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock and bird
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass,
From these companions, power and grace.
Clean shall he be, without, within,
From the old adhering sin ;
All ill dissolving in the light
Of his triumphant piercing sight :
Not vain, sour, nor frivolous ;
Nor mad, athirst, nor garrulous ;
Grave chaste, contented tho' retired,
And of all other men desired,
On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with pure radiance down ;
All constellations of the sky
Shall shed their virtue thro' his eye.
Him Nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence ;
The mountain sap, the shells, the sea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be ;

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

He shall meet the speeding year
Without wailing, without fear ;
He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove ;
He shall be happy while he woos,
Muse-born, a daughter of the Muse.
But if with gold she bind her hair,
And deck her breast with diamond,
Take off thine eyes, thy heart forbear,
Tho' thou lie alone on the ground !

93.

Fore-runners

LONG I follow'd happy guides,
I could never reach their sides ;
Their step is forth and, ere the day
Breaks, up their leaguer and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right goodwill my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet ;
Flowers they strew,—I catch the scent ;
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace ;
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes
Mix'd with mist by distant lochs.
I met many travellers,
Who the road had surely kept ;
They saw not my fine revellers—
These had cross'd them while they slept.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Some had heard their fair report
In the country or the court :
Fleetest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they return'd,
At the house where these sojourn'd.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken
Though they are not overtaken ;
In sleep their jubilant troop is near—
I tuneful voices overhear,
It may be in wood or waste—
At unawares 'tis come and past.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward and long after
Listen for their harplike laughter,
And carry in my heart, for days,
Peace that hallows rudest ways.

94.

Days

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will—
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachèd garden, watch'd the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turn'd and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

95.

Give All to Love

GIVE all to love ;
 Obey thy heart ;
 Friends, kindred, days,
 Estate, good fame,
 Plans, credit, and the Muse—
 Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master ;
 Let it have scope :
 Follow it utterly,
 Hope beyond hope :
 High and more high
 It dives into noon,
 With wing unspent,
 Untold intent ;
 But it is a god,
 Knows its own path,
 And the outlets of the sky.

It was never for the mean ;
 It requireth courage stout,
 Souls above doubt,
 Valour unbending :
 Such 'twill reward ;—
 They shall return
 More than they were,
 And ever ascending.

Leave all for love ;
 Yet, hear me, yet,
 One word more thy heart behoved,
 One pulse more of firm endeavour—

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, for ever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid ;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise,
Flits across her bosom young,
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free ;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay ;
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive ;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go
The gods arrive.

96.

Brahma

IF the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near ;
Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
The vanish'd gods to me appear ;
And one to me are shame and fame

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
When me they fly, I am the wings ;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
But thou, meek lover of the good !
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RICHARD HENRY HORNE

1803-1884

97.

The Plough

A LANDSCAPE IN BERKSHIRE

ABOVE yon sombre swell of land
Thou see'st the dawn's grave orange hue,
With one pale streak like yellow sand,
And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods ;
All silent is the earth and sky,
Except with his own lonely moods
The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,
Like hope that gilds a good man's brow ;
And now ascends the nostril-stream
Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind
Your labour is for future hours :
Advance—spare not—nor look behind—
Plough deep and straight with all your powers !

98. Solitude and the Lily

The Lily :

I BEND above the moving stream,
And see myself in my own dream,—
Heaven passing, while I do not pass.
Something divine pertains to me,
Or I to it ;—reality
Escapes me on this liquid glass.

Solitude :

The changeful clouds that float or poise on high,
Emblem earth's night and day of history ;
Renew'd for ever, evermore to die.
Thy life-dream is thy fleeting loveliness ;
But mine is concentrated consciousness,
A life apart from pleasure or distress.
The grandeur of the Whole
Absorbs my soul,
While my caves sigh o'er human littleness.

The Lily :

Ah, Solitude,
Of marble Silence fit abode !
I do prefer my fading face,
My loss of loveliness and grace,
With cloud-dreams ever in my view ;
Also the hope that other eyes
May share my rapture in the skies,
And, if illusion, feel it true.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD

1804-1862

99.

The Lamp

AS yonder lamp in my vacated room
With arduous flame disputes the darksome night,
And can, with its involuntary light,
But lifeless things, that near it stand, illumine;
Yet all the while it doth itself consume,
And, ere the sun begins its heavenly height
With courier beams that meet the shepherd's sight,
There, whence its life arose, shall be its tomb—

So wastes my light away. Perforce confined
To common things, a limit to its sphere,
It shines on worthless trifles undesign'd
With fainter ray each hour imprison'd here.
Alas! to know that the consuming mind
Shall leave its lamp cold, ere the sun appear.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

1804-1873

100.

The First Fathers

THEY rear'd their lodges in the wilderness,
Or built them cells beside the shadowy sea,
And there they dwelt with angels, like a dream!
So they unroll'd the Volume of the Book
And fill'd the fields of the Evangelist
With thoughts as sweet as flowers.

101. *The Song of the Western Men*

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !
 A merry heart and true !
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fix'd the where and when ?
 And shall Trelawny die ?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake their Captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he :
 ' If London Tower were Michael's Hold,
 We'll set Trelawny free !

' We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is no stay ;
 With " One and All " and hand to hand.
 And who shall bid us nay ?

And when we come to London Wall,
 A pleasant sight to view,
 Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all !
 Here's men as good as you.

' Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
 Trelawny he may die :
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why.'
And shall Trelawny die ?
And shall Trelawny die ?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

102.

Death Song

THERE lies a cold corpse upon the sands
 Down by the rolling sea ;
 Close up the eyes and straighten the hands
 As a Christian man's should be.

Bury it deep, for the good of my soul,
 Six feet below the ground ;
 Let the sexton come and the death-bell toll
 And good men stand around.

Lay it among the churchyard stones,
 Where the priest hath bless'd the clay :
 I cannot leave the unburied bones,
 And I fain would go my way.

103.

King Arthur's Waes-hael

WAES-HAEL for knight and dame !
 O merry be their dole !
 Drink-hael ! in Jesu's name
 We fill the tawny bowl ;
 But cover down the curving crest,
 Mould of the Orient Lady's breast.

Waes-hael ! yet lift no lid :
 Drain ye the reeds for wine.
 Drink-hael ! the milk was hid
 That soothed that Babe divine ;
 Hush'd, as this hollow channel flows,
 He drew the balsam from the rose.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

Waes-hael ! thus glow'd the breast
Where a God yearn'd to cling ;
Drink-hael ! so Jesu press'd
Life from its mystic spring ;
Then hush and bend in reverent sign,
And breathe the thrilling reeds for wine.

Waes-hael ! in shadowy scene
Lo ! Christmas children we :
Drink-hael ! behold we lean
At a far Mother's knee ;
To dream that thus her bosom smiled,
And learn the lip of Bethlehem's Child.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF
BEACONSFIELD

1804-1881

104.

Wellington

NOT only that thy puissant arm could bind
The tyrant of a world, and, conquering Fate,
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great ;
But that in all thy actions I do find
Exact propriety ; no gusts of mind
Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
Of order'd impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind,—
The breath ordain'd of Nature. Thy calm mien
Recalls old Rome as much as thy high deed ;
Duty thine only idol, and serene
When all are troubled ; in the utmost need
Prescient ; thy country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself, whate'er may speed.

Lament

WHEN the folk of my household
Suppose I am sleeping,
On the cold sod that 's o'er you
The lone watch I'm keeping.
My fondest! my fairest!
We may now sleep together!
I've the cold earth's damp odour,
And I'm worn from the weather.

Remember that lone night
I last spent with you, Love,
Beneath the dark sloe-tree
When the icy wind blew, Love.
High praise to thy Saviour
No sin-stain had found you,
That your virginal glory
Shines brightly around you!

The priests and the friars
Are ceaselessly chiding
That I love a young maiden
In life not abiding.
O! I'd shelter and shield you
If wild storms were swelling—
And O, my wreck'd hope,
That the cold earth 's your dwelling!

FRANCIS MAHONY

1805-1866

106.

The Bells of Shandon

WITH deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle
Their magic spells :
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine ;

FRANCIS MAHONY

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
 Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly—
O, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits
 Of tall minarets.

FRANCIS MAHONY

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there 's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

THOMAS WADE

1805-1875

107.

The True Martyr

THE Martyr worthiest of the bleeding name
Is he whose life a bloodless part fulfils ;
Whom racks nor tortures tear, nor poniard kills,
Nor heat of bigots' sacrificial flame :
But whose great soul can to herself proclaim
The fulness of the everlasting ills
Wherewith all pain'd Creation writhes and thrills,
And yet pursue unblench'd her solemn aim :

Who works, all knowing work's futility,
Creates, all conscious of ubiquitous death,
And hopes, believes, adores, while Destiny
Points from Life's steep to all her graves beneath :
Whose thought 'mid scorching woes is found apart,
Perfect amid the flames, like Cranmer's heart.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1806-1861

108. *Farewells from Paradise*

River-spirits.

HARK ! the flow of the four rivers—
Hark the flow !
How the silence round you shivers,
While our voices through it go,
Cold and clear.

A softer voice.

Think a little, while ye hear,
Of the banks
Where the willows and the deer
Crowd in intermingled ranks,
As if all would drink at once
Where the living water runs !—
Of the fishes' golden edges
Flashing in and out the sedges ;
Of the swans on silver thrones,
Floating down the winding streams
With impassive eyes turned shoreward
And a chant of undertones,—
And the lotus leaning forward
To help them into dreams.
Fare ye well, farewell !
The river-sounds, no longer audible,
Expire at Eden's door.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Each footstep of your treading
Treads out some murmur which ye heard before.
Farewell! the streams of Eden
Ye shall hear nevermore!

Bird-spirit.

I am the nearest nightingale
That singeth in Eden after you ;
And I am singing loud and true,
And sweet,—I do not fail.
I sit upon a cypress bough,
Close to the gate, and I fling my song
Over the gate and through the mail
Of the warden angels marshall'd strong,—
Over the gate and after you !
And the warden angels let it pass,
Because the poor brown bird, alas,
Sings in the garden, sweet and true.
And I build my song of high pure notes,
Note over note, height over height,
Till I strike the arch of the Infinite,
And I bridge abysmal agonies
With strong, clear calms of harmonies,—
And something abides, and something floats,
In the song which I sing after you.
Fare ye well, farewell !
The creature-sounds, no longer audible,
Expire at Eden's door.
Each footstep of your treading
Treads out some cadence which ye heard before
Farewell! the birds of Eden
Ye shall hear nevermore!

Cowper's Grave

IT is a place where poets crown'd may feel the heart's
 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,
 Groan'd inly while he taught you peace, and died while
 ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming
 tears his story,
 How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
 And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering
 lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted,

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

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

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 suffer'd 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 shatter'd brain such quick poetic
senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious in-
fluences.
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its
number,
And silent shadows from the trees refresh'd 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.

And though, in blindness, he remain'd unconscious of
that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated,
—Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses,—
That turns his fevered eyes around—‘My mother!
where’s my mother?’—
As if such tender words and deeds 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 can 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 outstretch’d have e’er the atoning
drops averted?
What tears have wash’d them from the soul, that *one*
should be deserted?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

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 orphan'd 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 desola-
tion!

That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar
not hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in
a vision.

110.

Praise of Earth

O EARTH,
I count the praises thou art worth,
By thy waves that move aloud,
By thy hills against the cloud,
By thy valleys warm and green,
By the copses' elms between,
By their birds which, like a sprite
Scatter'd by a strong delight
Into fragments musical,
Stir and sing in every bush;
By thy silver founts that fall,
As if to entice the stars at night
To thine heart; by grass and rush,
And little weeds the children pull,
Mistook for flowers!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

—O, beautiful

Art thou, Earth, albeit worse
Than in heaven is callèd good !
Good to us, that we may know
Meekly from thy good to go ;
While the holy crying Blood,
Puts its music kind and low
'Twixt such ears as are not dull,
And thine ancient curse !

Praisèd be the mosses soft
In thy forest pathways oft,
And the thorns, which make us think
Of the thornless river-brink
Where the ransom'd tread ;
Praisèd be thy sunny gleams,
And the storm, that worketh dreams
Of calm unfinished ;
Praisèd be thine active days,
And thy night-time's solemn need,
When in God's dear book we read
No night shall be therein ;
Praisèd be thy dwellings warm
By household faggot's cheerful blaze,
Where, to hear of pardon'd sin,
Pauseth oft the merry din,
Save the babe's upon the arm,
Who croweth to the crackling wood ;
Yea,—and, better understood,
Praisèd be thy dwellings cold,
Hid beneath the churchyard mould,
Where the bodies of the saints,
Separate from earthly taints,
Lie asleep, in blessing bound,
Waiting for the trumpet's sound

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

To free them into blessing ;—none
Weeping more beneath the sun,
Though dangerous words of human love
Be graven very near, above.

Earth, we Christians praise thee thus,
Even for the change that comes,
With a grief, from thee to us !
For thy cradles and thy tombs,
For the pleasant corn and wine,
And summer-heat ; and also for
The frost upon the sycamore,
And hail upon the vine !

111.

Confessions

FACE to face in my chamber, my silent chamber,
I saw her :
God and she and I only, . . . there, I sate down to draw her
Soul through the clefts of confession. . . . Speak, I am
holding thee fast,
As the angels of resurrection shall do it at the last.
' My cup is blood-red
With my sin,' she said,
' And I pour it out to the bitter lees,
As if the angels of judgement stood over me strong at
the last,
Or as thou wert as these !'

When God smote his hands together, and struck out thy
soul as a spark
Into the organized glory of things, from deeps of the
dark,—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Say, didst thou shine, didst thou burn, didst thou honour
the power in the form,
As the star does at night, or the fire-fly, or even the little
ground-worm ?
‘ I have sinn’d,’ she said,
‘ For my seed-light shed
Has smoulder’d away from his first decrees !
The cypress praiseth the fire-fly, the ground-leaf praiseth
the worm,—
I am viler than these ! ’

When God on that sin had pity, and did not trample
thee straight
With his wild rains beating and drenching thy light
found inadequate ;
When He only sent thee the north-winds, a little searching
and chill,
To quicken thy flame . . . didst thou kindle and flash to
the heights of his will ?
‘ I have sinn’d,’ she said,
‘ Unquicken’d, unspread
My fire dropt down, and I wept on my knees !
I only said of his winds of the north as I shrank from
their chill, . . .
What delight is in these ? ’

When God on that sin had pity, and did not meet it as
such,
But temper’d the wind to thy uses, and soften’d the
world to thy touch,
At least thou wast moved in thy soul, though unable to
prove it afar,
Thou couldst carry thy light like a jewel, not giving it
out like a star ?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

‘ I have sinn’d,’ she said,
‘ And not merited
The gift He gives, by the grace He sees !
The mine-cave praiseth the jewel, the hillside praiseth
the star ;
I am viler than these.’

Then I cried aloud in my passion, . . . Unthankful and
impotent creature,
To throw up thy scorn unto God through the rents in
thy beggarly nature !
If He, the all-giving and loving, is served so unduly, what
then
Hast thou done to the weak and the false, and the chang-
ing, . . . thy fellows of men ?
‘ I have *loved*,’ she said,
(Words bowing her head
As the wind the wet acacia-trees !)
‘ I saw God sitting above me,—but I . . . I sate among
men,
And I have loved these.’

Again with a lifted voice, like a choral trumpet that takes
The lowest note of a viol that trembles, and triumphing
breaks
On the air with it solemn and clear,—‘ Behold ! I have
sinned not in this !
Where I loved, I have loved much and well,—I have
verily loved not amiss.
Let the living,’ she said,
‘ Inquire of the Dead,
In the house of the pale-fronted Images :
My own true dead will answer for me, that I have not
loved amiss
In my love for all these.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

'The least touch of their hands in the morning, I keep
it by day and by night ;
Their least step on the stair, at the door, still throbs
through me, if ever so light ;
Their least gift, which they left to my childhood, far off,
in the long-ago years,
Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and seen through
the crystals of tears.

Dig the snow,' she said,
'For my churchyard bed,
Yet I, as I sleep, shall not fear to freeze,
If one only of these my beloveds, shall love me with
heart-warm tears,
As I have loved these !

'If I anger'd any among them, from thenceforth my
own life was sore ;
If I fell by chance from their presence, I clung to their
memory more.
Their tender I often felt holy, their bitter I sometimes
call'd sweet ;
And whenever their heart has refused me, I fell down
straight at their feet.

I have loved,' she said,—
'Man is weak, God is dread,
Yet the weak man dies with his spirit at ease,
Having pour'd such an unguent of love but once on the
Saviour's feet,
As I lavish'd for these.'

'Go,' I cried, 'thou hast chosen the Human, and left
the Divine !
Then, at least, have the Human shared with thee their
wild berry-wine ?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Have they loved back thy love, and when strangers
 approach'd thee with blame,
Have they cover'd thy fault with their kisses, and loved
 thee the same ?
But she shrunk and said,
 ' God, over my head,
Must sweep in the wrath of His judgement-seas,
If *He* shall deal with me sinning, but only indeed the same
 And no gentler than these.'

112.

The Mask

I HAVE a smiling face, she said,
 I have a jest for all I meet,
I have a garland for my head
 And all its flowers are sweet,—
And so you call me gay, she said.

Grief taught to me this smile, she said,
 And Wrong did teach this jesting bold ;
These flowers were pluck'd from garden-bed
 While a death-chime was toll'd.
And what now will you say ?—she said.

Behind no prison-grate, she said,
 Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Live captives so uncomforted
 As souls behind a smile.
God's pity let us pray, she said.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

I know my face is bright, she said,—
Such brightness dying suns diffuse;
I bear upon my forehead shed
The sign of what I lose,—
The ending of my day, she said.

If I dared leave this smile, she said,
And take a moan upon my mouth,
And tie a cypress round my head,
And let my tears run smooth,—
It were the happier way, she said.

And since that must not be, she said,
I fain your bitter world would leave.
How calmly, calmly, smile the Dead,
Who do not, therefore, grieve!
The yea of Heaven is yea, she said.

But in your bitter world, she said,
Face-joy's a costly mask to wear.
'Tis bought with pangs long nourishèd,
And rounded to despair.
Grief's earnest makes life's play, she said.

Ye weep for those who weep? she said—
Ah fools! I bid you pass them by.
Go, weep for those whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry.
Whom sadder can I say? she said.

113.

Grief

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless ;
 That only men incredulous of despair,
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
 In souls as countries lieth silent-bare
 Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
 Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express
 Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death—
 Most like a monumental statue set
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
 Touch it ; the marble eyelids are not wet :
 If it could weep, it could arise and go.

114.

Mystery

WE sow the glebe, we reap the corn,
 We build the house where we may rest,
 And then, at moments, suddenly,
 We look up to the great wide sky,
 Inquiring wherefore we were born . . .
 For earnest, or for jest ?

The senses folding thick and dark
 About the stifled soul within,
 We guess diviner things beyond,
 And yearn to them with yearning fond ;
 We strike out blindly to a mark
 Believed in, but not seen.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

We vibrate to the pant and thrill
Wherewith Eternity has curled
In serpent-twine about God's seat ;
While, freshening upward to his feet,
In gradual growth his full-leaved will
Expands from world to world.

And, in the tumult and excess
Of act and passion under sun,
We sometimes hear—oh, soft and far,
As silver star did touch with star,
The kiss of Peace and Righteousness
Through all things that are done.

God keeps His holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream.
In diapason slow, we think
To hear their pinions rise and sink,
While they float pure beneath His eyes,
Like swans adown a stream.

And, sometimes, horror chills our blood
To be so near such mystic Things,
And we wrap round us, for defence,
Our purple manners, moods of sense—
As angels, from the face of God,
Stand hidden in their wings.

And, sometimes, through life's heavy swound
We grope for them !—with strangled breath
We stretch our hands abroad and try
To reach them in our agony,—
And widen, so, the broad life-wound
Which soon is large enough for death.

A Musical Instrument

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river ?
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river ;
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flow'd the river ;
 And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
 (How tall it stood in the river !),
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And notch'd the poor dry empty thing
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

'This is the way,' laugh'd the great god Pan
 (Laugh'd while he sat by the river),
 'The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
 Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river.

Sonnets from the Portuguese

116.

i

UNLIKE are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
Unlike our uses and our destinies.
Our minist'ring two angels look surprise
On one another, as they strike athwart
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
A guest for queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part
Of chief musician. What hast thou to do
With looking from the lattice-lights at me—
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
The chrism is on thine head—on mine the dew—
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

117.

ii

WHAT can I give thee back, O liberal
 And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
 And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
 And laid them on the outside of the wall
 For such as I to take or leave withal,
 In unexpected largesse? Am I cold,
 Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
 High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
 Not so; not cold,—but very poor instead.
 Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
 The colours from my life, and left so dead
 And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
 To give the same as pillow to thy head.
 Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

118.

iii

GO from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
 Alone upon the threshold of my door
 Of individual life I shall command
 The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,
 Without the sense of that which I forbore—
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I do
 And what I dream include thee, as the wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
 God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
 And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

119.

iv

IF thou must love me, let it be for naught
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
 'I love her for her smile—her look—her way
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'—
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
 Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

120.

v

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,
 Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
 Until the lengthening wings break into fire
 At either curving point,—what bitter wrong
 Can the earth do us, that we should not long
 Be here contented? Think! In mounting higher,
 The angels would press on us, and aspire
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song
 Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
 Rather on earth, Belovèd—where the unfit
 Contrarious moods of men recoil away
 And isolate pure spirits, and permit
 A place to stand and love in for a day,
 With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

121.

Inclusions

O wilt thou have my hand, Dear, to lie along in
thine ?

As a little stone in a running stream, it seems to lie and
pine.

Now drop the poor pale hand, Dear, . . . unfit to plight
with thine.

O, wilt thou have my cheek, Dear, drawn closer to thine
own ?

My cheek is white, my cheek is worn, by many a tear run
down.

Now leave a little space, Dear, . . . lest it should wet thine
own.

O, must thou have my soul, Dear, commingled with thy
soul ?—

Red grows the cheek, and warm the hand, . . . the part is
in the whole !

Nor hands nor cheeks keep separate, when soul is join'd
to soul.

122.

My Kate

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow
Drop to shade, melt to naught in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remember'd on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace ;
You turn'd from the fairest to gaze on her face :
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—

My Kate.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You look'd at her silence and fancied she spoke :
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Tho' the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—

My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion : she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise : I infer
'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her—

My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right ; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as thro' the whole town
The children were gladder that pull'd at her gown—

My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confess'd lovers in thrall ;
They knelt more to God than they used,—that was all :
If you praised her as charming, some ask'd what you
meant,

But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—

My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good ;
It always was so with her—see what you have !
She has made the grass greener even here . . . with her
grave—

My Kate.

My dear one !—when thou wast alive with the rest,
I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best :
And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part
As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweet Heart—

My Kate ?

123.

The Best

WHAT'S the best thing in the world?
 June-rose, by May-dew impearl'd;
 Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;
 Truth, not cruel to a friend;
 Pleasure, not in haste to end;
 Beauty, not self-deck'd and curl'd
 Till its pride is over-plain;
 Light, that never makes you wink;
 Memory, that gives no pain;
 Love, when, *so*, you're loved again.
 What's the best thing in the world?
 —Something out of it, I think.

124.

The North and the South

ROME, MAY 1861

I

'NOW give us lands where the olives grow,'
 Cried the North to the South,
 'Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
 Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard-row!'
 Cried the North to the South.

'Now give us men from the sunless plain,'
 Cried the South to the North,
 'By need of work in the snow and the rain,
 Made strong, and brave by familiar pain!'
 Cried the South to the North.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

II

'Give lucider hills and intenser seas,'
Said the North to the South,
'Since ever by symbols and bright degrees
Art, childlike, climbs to the dear Lord's knees,'
Said the North to the South.

'Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,'
Said the South to the North,
'That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,
While affirming of God, "He is certainly there,"'
Said the South to the North.

III

'Yet O, for the skies that are softer and higher !'
Sigh'd the North to the South ;
'For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that aspire,
And the insects made of a song or a fire !'
Sigh'd the North to the South.

'And O, for a seer to discern the same !'
Sigh'd the South to the North ;
'For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,
To call the tree or the flower by its name !'
Sigh'd the South to the North.

IV

The North sent therefore a man of men
As a grace to the South ;
And thus to Rome came Andersen.
—'Alas, but must you take him again ?'
Said the South to the North.

125.

Two Women

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
 'Twas near the twilight-tide—
 And slowly there a lady fair
 Was walking in her pride.
 Alone walk'd she ; but, viewlessly,
 Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
 And Honour charm'd the air ;
 And all astir looked kind on her,
 And call'd her good as fair—
 For all God ever gave to her,
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
 From lovers warm and true—
 For her heart was cold to all but gold,
 And the rich came not to woo—
 But honour'd well are charms to sell,
 If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
 A slight girl, lily-pale ;
 And she had unseen company
 To make the spirit quail—
 'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn.
 And nothing could avail.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray ;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way !—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed alway !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

126.

The Slave's Dream

1807—1882

BESIDE the ungather'd rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasp'd his neck, they kiss'd his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he follow'd their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it pass'd, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of Liberty ;
And the blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

127. *To an Old Danish Song-Book*

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasp'd thee rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soil'd and dull thou art ;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stain'd with wine
Scatter'd from hilarious goblets,
As the leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wander'd
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks ;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Join'd the chorus !

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;
They, alas ! have left thee friendless !
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashion'd chimneys,
So thy twittering songs shall nestle
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

128. *The Galley of Count Arnaldos*

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land;—

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong,—
'Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!'

'Wouldst thou,'—so the helmsman answered,—
'Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!'

129.

Simon Danz

SIMON DANZ has come home again
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whisker'd sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night;
Figures in colour and design
Like those of Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
'Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!'

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

130. *The Flight into Egypt*

(FROM A MIRACLE PLAY)

(Here shall JOSEPH come in, leading an ass, on which are seated MARY and the CHILD.)

MARY. Here will we rest us, under these
O'erhanging branches of the trees,
Where robins chant their litanies
And canticles of joy.

Joseph. My saddle-girths have given way
With trudging through the heat to-day;
To you I think it is but play
To ride and hold the boy.

Mary. Hark! how the robins shout and sing,
As if to hail their infant King!
I will alight at yonder spring
To wash his little coat.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW .

Joseph. And I will hobble well the ass,
Lest, being loose upon the grass,
He should escape ; for, by the mass,
He's nimble as a goat.

(Here MARY shall alight and go to the spring.)

Mary. O Joseph ! I am much afraid,
For men are sleeping in the shade ;
I fear that we shall be waylaid,
And robb'd and beaten sore !

(Here a band of robbers shall be seen sleeping, two of whom shall rise and come forward.)

Dumachus. Cock's soul ! deliver up your gold !

Joseph. I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold !
You see that I am weak and old,
Of wealth I have no store.

Dumachus. Give up your money !

Titus. Prithee cease.

Let these good people go in peace.

Dumachus. First let them pay for their release,
And then go on their way.

Titus. These forty groats I give in fee,
If thou wilt only silent be.

Mary. May God be merciful to thee,
Upon the Judgement Day !

Jesus. When thirty years shall have gone by,
I at Jerusalem shall die,
By Jewish hands exalted high
On the accursèd tree.

Then on my right and my left side,
These thieves shall both be crucified,
And Titus thenceforth shall abide

In paradise with me.

(Here a great rumour of trumpets and horses, like the noise of a king with his army, and the robbers shall take flight.)

131.

Autumn

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
 With banners, by great gales incessant fann'd,
 Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
 And stately oxen harness'd to thy wain ;
 Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
 Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
 Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.
 Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
 So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves ;
 Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended ;
 Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;
 And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !

132.

Chaucer

AN old man in a lodge within a park ;
 The chamber walls depicted all around
 With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
 And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
 Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
 Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound ;
 He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
 Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
 He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
 The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
 Made beautiful with song ; and as I read
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
 Of lark and linnet, and from every page
 Rise odours of plough'd field or flowery mead.

133.

i. Retirement

A WRETCHED thing it were, to have our heart
Like a throng'd highway or a populous street,
Where every idle thought has leave to meet,
Pause, or pass on, as in an open mart ;
Or like a roadside pool, which no nice art
Has guarded that the cattle may not beat
And foul it with a multitude of feet,
Till of the heavens it can give back no part.
But keep thou thine a holy Solitude :
For He, who would walk there, would walk alone ;
He who would drink there, must be first endued
With single right to call that stream his own.
Keep thou thine heart close fasten'd, unreveal'd,
A fenced garden and a fountain seal'd.

134.

ii. Gibraltar

E NGLAND, we love thee better than we know.—
And this I learn'd when, after wand'rings long
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates,
Twin giants watching the Herculean Straits.
When first I came in sight of that brave show,
It made the very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea.
Joy was it and exultation to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unroll'd.

Memories

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
 With step as light as summer air,
 Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
 Shadow'd by many a careless curl
 Of unconfined and flowing hair ;
 A seeming child in everything,
 Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
 As Nature wears the smile of Spring
 When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
 Which melted through its graceful bower,
 Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
 And stainless in its holy white,
 Unfolding like a morning flower :
 A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
 With every breath of feeling woke,
 And, even when the tongue was mute,
 From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
 Of memory, at the thought of thee !
 Old hopes which long in dust have lain
 Old dreams, come thronging back again,
 And boyhood lives again in me ;
 I feel its glow upon my cheek,
 Its fulness of the heart is mine,
 As when I lean'd to hear thee speak,
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again arise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah ! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they !

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seem'd wise in thee ;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have pass'd on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought ;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
The school-boy's humble name has flown ;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Diverge our pathways, one in youth ;
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Derby dalesman's simple truth.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

For thee, the priestly rite and prayer
And holy day, and solemn psalm ;
For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has worn not out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Ling'ring, even yet, thy way about ;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round us lies
The warm light of our morning skies,—
The Indian Summer of the heart !
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain !

136.

My Playmate

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low ;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear ;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seem'd of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kiss'd the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine :
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years ;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow ;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewell'd hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice ;
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are fill'd,
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow ;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

137.

The Henchman

MY lady walks her morning round,
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,
And Rathburn side is gay with flowers;
But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers;
The least of all her worshippers,
The dust beneath her dainty heel,
She knows not that I see or feel.

Oh, proud and calm!—she cannot know
Where'er she goes with her I go;
Oh, cold and fair!—she cannot guess
I kneel to share her hound's caress!

Gay knights beside her hunt and hawk,
I rob their ears of her sweet talk;
Her suitors come from east and west,
I steal her smiles from every guest.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Unheard of her, in loving words,
I greet her with the song of birds ;
I reach her with her green-arm'd bowers,
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail,
The wind and I uplift her veil ;
As if the calm, cold moon she were,
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share
The licence of the sun and air,
And in a common homage hide
My worship from her scorn and pride.

World-wide apart, and yet so near,
I breathe her charmèd atmosphere,
Wherein to her my service brings
The reverence due to holy things.

Her maiden pride, her haughty name,
My dumb devotion shall not shame ;
The love that no return doth crave
To knightly levels lifts the slave.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,
To splinter in my lady's sight ;
But, at her feet, how blest were I
For any need of hers to die !

138. *Song of Slaves in the Desert*

WHERE are we going? where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon.

Through the white light of the moon,
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!

Speak and tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou land was rich and good,

Wells of water, fields of food,

Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,

And the palm-tree cool and green:

Bornou land we see no longer,

Here we thirst and here we hunger,

Here the Moor-man smites in anger:

Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,

We were like the leaves and sand,

We were many, we are few;

Life has one, and death has two:

Whiten'd bones our path are showing.

Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing!

Hear us, tell us, where are we going,

Where are we going, Rubee?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornou land behind us lies ;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle grey ;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing,—
Lord of all things ! where are we going ?
Where are we going, Rubees ?

We are weak, but Thou art strong ;
Short our lives, but Thine is long ;
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes ;
We are fools, but Thou art wise !
Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
Through the strange world round us growing,
Hear us, tell us where are we going ?
Where are we going, Rubees ?

139. *The Barefoot Boy*

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turn'd-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kiss'd by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Let the million-dollar'd ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learn'd of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of grey hornet artisans !
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.—
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel play'd,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laugh'd the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talk'd with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimm'd pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread ;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, grey and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribb'd, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtain'd, fringed with gold.
Loop'd in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

140. *The Friend's Burial*

MY thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

True as in life, no poor disguise
Of death with her is seen,
And on her simple casket lies
No wreath of bloom and green.

Oh, not for her the florist's art,
The mocking weeds of woe ;
Dear memories in each mourner's heart
Like heaven's white lilies blow.

And all about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungather'd May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore ;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll
Methinks but discord were ;
The prayerful silence of the soul
Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
Alike of earth and sky ;
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
Breathe but a half-heard sigh !

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake ;
And thou not distant sea,
Lapse lightly, as if Jesus spake,
And thou wert Galilee !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

For all her quiet life flow'd on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And Pleasure, on her daily round,
She pass'd unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And Beauty's gracious providence
Refresh'd her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease ;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls ;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives ;
The blessèd Master none can doubt
Reveal'd in holy lives.

141.

All's Well

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
 Our thirsty souls with rain ;
 The blow most dreaded falls to break
 From off our limbs a chain ;
 And wrongs of man to man but make
 The love of God more plain.
 As through the shadowy lens of even
 The eye looks farthest into heaven
 On gleams of star and depths of blue
 The glaring sunshine never knew !

142. *In Memory of James T. Fields*

AS a guest who may not stay
 Long and sad farewells to say
 Glides with smiling face away,

Of the sweetness and the zest
 Of thy happy life possess'd
 Thou hast left us at thy best.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er
 Thou art waiting, all that here
 Made thy earthly presence dear ;

Something of thy pleasant past
 On a ground of wonder cast,
 In the stiller waters glass'd !

Keep the human heart of thee ;
 Let the mortal only be
 Clothed in immortality.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

And when fall our feet as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

1807-1898

143.

Harvest Home

COME, let us mount the breezy down
And hearken to the tumult blown
Up from the champaign and the town.

The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain ;
The merry work goes on amain.

Pale streaks of cloud scarce veil the blue ;
Against the golden harvest hue
The Autumn trees look fresh and new.

Wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea.

I see the little kerchief'd maid
With dimpling cheek and bodice staid,
'Mid the stout striplings half afraid ;

I see the sire with bronzed chest :
Mad babes amid the blithe unrest
Seem leaping from the mother's breast.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

The mighty youth and supple child
Go forth, the yellow sheaves are piled;
The toil is mirth, the mirth is wild. . .

Lusty Pleasures, hobnail'd Fun
Throng into the noonday sun
And 'mid the merry reapers run.

Draw the clear October out!
Another, and another bout!
Then back to labour with a shout!

The banded sheaves stand orderly
Against the purple Autumn sky
Like armies of Prosperity.

Hark! thro' the middle of the town
From the sunny slopes run down
Bawling boys and reapers brown;

Laughter flies from door to door,
To see fat Plenty with his store
Led a captive by the poor. . .

Right thro' the middle of the town,
With a great sheaf for a crown,
Onward he reels, a happy clown.

Faintly cheers the tailor thin,
And the smith with sooty chin
Lends his hammer to the din;

And the master, blithe and boon,
Pours forth his boys that afternoon,
And locks his desk an hour too soon.

FREDERICK TENNYSON

Yet when the shadows eastward lean
O'er the smooth-shorn fallows clean,
And Silence sits where they have been,

Amid the gleaners I will stay,
While the shout and roundelay
Faint off, and daylight dies away.

—Dies away, and leaves me lone
With dim ghosts, of years ago,
Summers parted, glories flown ;

Till Day beneath the West is roll'd,
Till grey spire and tufted wold
Purple in the evening gold.

Memories, when old age is come,
Are stray ears that deck the gloom,
And echoes of the Harvest-home.

144.

The Holy Tide

THE days are sad, it is the Holy tide :
The Winter morn is short, the Night is long ;
So let the lifeless Hours be glorified
With deathless thoughts and echo'd in sweet song :
And through the sunset of this purple cup
They will resume the roses of their prime,
And the old Dead will hear us and wake up,
Pass with dim smiles and make our hearts sublime !

FREDERICK TENNYSON

The days are sad, it is the Holy tide :
Be dusky mistletoes and hollies strown,
Sharp as the spear that pierced His sacred side,
Red as the drops upon His thorny crown ;
No haggard Passion and no lawless Mirth
Fright off the solemn Muse,—tell sweet old tales,
Sing songs as we sit brooding o'er the hearth,
Till the lamp flickers, and the memory fails.

HELEN SELINA, LADY DUFFERIN

1807-1867

145. *Lament of the Irish Emigrant*

I'M sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more will speak.

HELEN SELINA, LADY DUFFERIN

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, O, they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone:
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

HELEN SELINA, LADY DUFFERIN

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side:
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

1808-1876

146.

Love Not

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

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!

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON

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 !

Love not, love not ! O 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 !

Love not, love not !

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

1808-1879

147. *The Lattice at Sunrise*

AS on my bed at dawn I mused and pray'd,
I saw my lattice pranckt upon the wall,
The flitting birds and flaunting leaves withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade.
'Thanks be to heaven !' in happy mood I said ;
'What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made ?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see ! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily like a flowing sea ;
His lustre pierceth thro' the midnight glooms,
And, at prime hour, behold !—He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms !

148.

Letty's Globe

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
 And her young artless words began to flow,
 One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
 Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
 By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
 She patted all the world ; old empires peep'd
 Between her baby fingers ; her soft hand
 Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd,
 And laugh'd and prattled in her world-wide bliss ;
 But when we turn'd her sweet unlearnèd eye
 On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry—
 ' Oh ! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there ! '
 And while she hid all England with a kiss,
 Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809-1849

149.

To Helen

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicèan barks of yore
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary way-worn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece,
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are holy land!

150.

Annabel Lee

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud one night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

151.

For Annie

THANK Heaven! the crisis—
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever called ' Living '
Is conquer'd at last.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length :
But no matter—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing !

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
That madden'd my brain—
With the fever called ' Living '
That burn'd in my brain.

And O ! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst

EDGAR ALLAN POE

For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst :
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst.

—Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah ! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy,
And narrow my bed ;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses :

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odour
About it, of pansies—

EDGAR ALLAN POE

A rosemary odour,
Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie—
Drown'd in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kiss'd me,
She fondly caress'd,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguish'd,
She cover'd me warm,
And she pray'd to the angels
To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed
(Knowing her love),
That you fancy me dead—
And I rest so contentedly,

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Now, in my bed
(With her love at my breast),
That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

152.

The Sleeper

AT midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave ;
The lily lolls upon the wave ;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest ;
Looking like Lethe, see ! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps !—and lo ! where lies
Irene, with her Destinies !

EDGAR ALLAN POE

O lady bright ! can it be right—
This window open to the night ?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop—
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully—so fearfully—
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall !
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear ?
Why and what art thou dreaming here ?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees !
Strange is thy pallor ! strange thy dress,
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness !

The lady sleeps ! Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep !
Heaven have her in its sacred keep !
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
For ever with unopen'd eye,
While the pale sheeted ghosts go by !

My love, she sleeps ! Oh, may her sleep
As it is lasting, so be deep !
Soft may the worms about her creep !
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold—
Some vault that oft has flung its black

EDGAR ALLAN POE

And wingèd panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,
Of her grand family funerals—
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone—
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groan'd within.

153.

To One in Paradise

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Now all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams!

154.

The Haunted Palace

IN the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago,
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well-befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blush'd and bloom'd,
Is but a dim-remember'd story
Of the old time entomb'd.

And travellers, now, within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever
And laugh—but smile no more.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

1809-1883

155.

Old Song

'TIS a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing :
Sighing, O sighing !

When such a time cometh
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire :
O, pile a bright fire !

EDWARD FITZGERALD

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
O, drearily sings!

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast:
Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
But gladsome, gladsome!

Or, to get merry,
We sing some old rhyme
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time!

Then go we smoking,
Silent and snug:
Naught passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes!

EDWARD FITZGERALD

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together!

Thus, then, live I
Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By Heaven! the bold sun
Is with me in the room
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between;
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green!

I jump up like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again!

156.

The Three Arrows

PORCIA'S SONG

OF all the shafts to Cupid's bow,
The first is tipp'd with fire ;
All bare their bosoms to the blow
And call the wound Desire.

Love's second is a poison'd dart,
And Jealousy is named :
Which carries poison to the heart
Desire had first inflamed.

The last of Cupid's arrows all
With heavy lead is set :
That vainly weeping lovers call
Repentance, or Regret.

157.

From Omar Khayyám

I

A BOOK of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
O, Wilderness were Paradise enow !

Some for the Glories of This World ; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come ;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum !

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Look to the blowing Rose about us—' Lo,
Laughing,' she says, ' into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

And those who husbanded the Golden grain
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

II

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep :
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and Future Fears :
To-morrow !—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years

EDWARD FITZGERALD

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust unto dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

III

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side! . . .

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES,
LORD HOUGHTON

1809-1885

158. *The Men of Old*

I KNOW not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow :
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since forgone,
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone.

With rights, tho' not too closely scann'd,
Enjoy'd as far as known ;
With will by no reverse unmann'd,
With pulse of even tone,
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffer'd them before.

LORD HOUGHTON

To them was Life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run ;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content as men-at-arms to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his Virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears :
Great thoughts, great feelings came to them
Like instincts, unawares.
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

ALFRED TENNYSON, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

159. *The Lady of Shalott*

PART I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

189

Willows

LORD TENNYSON

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers

The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand?

Or at the casement seen her stand?

Or is she known in all the land,

The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot:

And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,

Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

LORD TENNYSON

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot :
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.