

## LORD TENNYSON

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
                    And music, went to Camelot :  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed ;  
' I am half sick of shadows,' said  
                    The Lady of Shalott.

### PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
                    Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
                    Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy :  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
                    As he rode down to Camelot :  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armour rung,  
                    Beside remote Shalott.



LORD TENNYSON

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
'Tirra lirra,' by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide ;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;  
'The curse is come upon me !' cried  
The Lady of Shalott.



## LORD TENNYSON

### PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining

Over tower'd Camelot ;

Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot :

And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.



LORD TENNYSON

—Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,  
    Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
    Silent into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
    *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this ? and what is here ?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer ;  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
    All the knights at Camelot :  
But Lancelot mused a little space ;  
He said, ' She has a lovely face ;  
God in His mercy lend her grace,  
    The Lady of Shalott.'



**W**ITH blackest moss the flower-plots  
 Were thickly crusted, one and all :  
 The rusted nails fell from the knots  
 That held the pear to the gable-wall.  
 The broken sheds look'd sad and strange :  
 Unlifted was the clinking latch ;  
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
 Upon the lonely moated grange.  
 She only said, ' My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said ;  
 She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead ! '

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;  
 Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;  
 She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
 Either at morn or eventide.  
 After the flitting of the bats,  
 When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
 She drew her casement-curtain by,  
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats.  
 She only said, ' The night is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said ;  
 She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead ! '

Upon the middle of the night,  
 Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :  
 The cock sung out an hour ere light :  
 From the dark fen the oxen's low  
 Came to her : without hope of change,



LORD TENNYSON

In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,  
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn  
About the lonely moated grange.

She only said, 'The day is dreary,

He cometh not,' she said ;

She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead !'

About a stone-cast from the wall

A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,

And o'er it many, round and small,

The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,

All silver-green with gnarlèd bark :

For leagues no other tree did mark

The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, 'My life is dreary,

He cometh not,' she said ;

She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead !'

And ever when the moon was low,

And the shrill winds were up and away

In the white curtain, to and fro,

She saw the gusty shadow sway.

But when the moon was very low,

And wild winds bound within their cell,

The shadow of the poplar fell

Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, 'The night is dreary,

He cometh not,' she said ;

She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead !'



LORD TENNYSON

All day within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;  
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,  
Or from the crevice peer'd about.  
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices call'd her from without.  
She only said, ' My life is dreary,  
He cometh not,' she said ;  
She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the wooing wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense ; but most she loath'd the hour  
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.  
Then, said she, ' I am very dreary,  
He will not come,' she said ;  
She wept, ' I am aweary, aweary,  
O God, that I were dead !'

161.

*Sir Galahad*

**M**Y good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.



## LORD TENNYSON

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

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

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



## LORD TENNYSON

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
I find a magic bark ;  
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :  
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light !  
Three angels bear the holy Grail :  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear ;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odours haunt my dreams ;



LORD TENNYSON

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

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

162.           *The Miller's Daughter*

**I**T is the miller's daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles in her ear :  
For hid in ringlets day and night,  
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
About her dainty dainty waist,  
And her heart would beat against me,  
In sorrow and in rest :  
And I should know if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.



LORD TENNYSON

And I would be the necklace,  
And all day long to fall and rise  
Upon her balmy bosom,  
With her laughter or her sighs :  
And I would lie so light, so light,  
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

163.

*Edward Gray*

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

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

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

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

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



LORD TENNYSON

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

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

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

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

164.

*St. Agnes' Eve*

**D**EEP on the convent-roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon :  
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :  
May my soul follow soon !  
The shadows of the convent-towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord :



## LORD TENNYSON

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snowdrop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,  
To yonder shining ground ;  
As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
To yonder argent round ;  
So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee ;  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
To that I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,  
Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;  
The flashes come and go ;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strows her lights below,  
And deepens on and up ! the gates  
Roll back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbaths of Eternity,  
One sabbath deep and wide—  
A light upon the shining sea—  
The Bridegroom with his bride !



*Songs from 'The Princess'*

165.

*i*

**A**S thro' the land at eve we went,  
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
 We fell out, my wife and I,  
 O we fell out, I know not why,  
 And kiss'd again with tears.  
 And blessings on the falling out  
 That all the more endears,  
 When we fall out with those we love  
 And kiss again with tears!  
 For when we came where lies the child  
 We lost in other years,  
 There above the little grave,  
 O there above the little grave,  
 We kiss'd again with tears.

166.

*ii*

**T**EARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
 Sad as the last which reddens over one  
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.



LORD TENNYSON

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more !

167.

*iii*

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

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

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



168.

*iv*

**T**HY voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
 That beat to battle where he stands ;  
 Thy face across his fancy comes,  
 And gives the battle to his hands :  
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
 He sees his brood about thy knee ;  
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

169.

*v*

**N**OW sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;  
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;  
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :  
 The firefly wakens : waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,  
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,  
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
 And slips into the bosom of the lake :  
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
 Into my bosom and be lost in me.



170. *Come down, O Maid*

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :  
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),  
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?  
 But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease  
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,  
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;  
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
 And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,  
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
 Or red with spirted purple of the vats,  
 Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk  
 With Death and Morning on the silver horns,  
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,  
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :  
 But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down  
 To find him in the valley ; let the wild  
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,  
 That like a broken purpose waste in air :  
 So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales  
 Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth  
 Arise to thee ; the children call, and I  
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;  
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.



LORD TENNYSON

171. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of  
Wellington*

I

**B**URY the Great Duke  
With an empire's lamentation,  
Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,  
Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?  
Here, in streaming London's central roar.  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,  
Let the long long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow ;  
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.  
No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.



## LORD TENNYSON

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :  
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good grey head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !  
Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

v

All is over and done :  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son.  
Let the bell be toll'd.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the mould.  
Under the cross of gold  
That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest for ever  
Among the wise and the bold.  
Let the bell be toll'd :  
And a reverent people behold



## LORD TENNYSON

The towering car, the sable steeds :  
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,  
Dark in its funeral fold.  
Let the bell be toll'd :  
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd  
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;  
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;  
He knew their voices of old.  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's-ear has heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;  
With those deep voices our dead captain taught  
The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
In that dread sound to the great name,  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
In praise and in dispraise the same,  
A man of well-attemper'd frame.  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

### VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?  
Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world began.



## LORD TENNYSON

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea ;  
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;  
O give him welcome, this is he  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee ;  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun ;  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Past the Pyrenean pines,  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes.  
Such a war had such a close.  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,



## LORD TENNYSON

And barking for the thrones of kings ;  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;  
A day of onsets of despair !  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;  
Thro' the long-tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.  
So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !  
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !  
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
Eternal honour to his name.

### VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.  
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,



## LORD TENNYSON

Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;  
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,  
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt  
Of boundless love and reverence and regret  
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.  
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;  
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul  
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;  
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,  
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.  
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.  
Remember him who led your hosts ;  
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.  
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;  
His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever ; and whatever tempests lour  
For ever silent ; even if they broke  
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;  
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow  
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;  
Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;  
Who never spoke against a foe ;  
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke



## LORD TENNYSON

All great self-seekers trampling on the right :  
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;  
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;  
Whatever record leap to light  
He never shall be shamed.

### VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.  
Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great,  
But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory ;  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory :  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevail'd,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.



## LORD TENNYSON

Such was he : his work is done,  
But while the races of mankind endure,  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure :  
Till in all lands and thro' all human story  
The path of duty be the way to glory :  
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame  
For many and many an age proclaim  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
And when the long-illumined cities flame,  
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
Eternal honour to his name.

### IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
By some yet unmoulded tongue  
Far on in summers that we shall not see :  
Peace, it is a day of pain  
For one about whose patriarchal knee  
Late the little children clung :  
O peace ! it is a day of pain  
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain  
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.  
Ours the pain, be his the gain !  
More than is of man's degree  
Must be with us, watching here  
At this, our great solemnity.  
Whom we see not we revere,  
We revere, and we refrain  
From talk of battles loud and vain,  
And brawling memories all too free



## LORD TENNYSON

For such a wise humility  
As befits a solemn fane :  
We revere, and while we hear  
The tides of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,  
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,  
Until we doubt not that for one so true  
There must be other nobler work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
And Victor he must ever be.  
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will ;  
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll  
Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul ?  
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.  
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :  
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;  
He is gone who seem'd so great.—  
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in State,  
And that he wears a truer crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
God accept him, Christ receive him.



*Three Songs from 'Maud'*

172.

*i*

GO not, happy day,  
 From the shining fields,  
 Go not, happy day,  
 Till the maiden yields.  
 Rosy is the West,  
 Rosy is the South,  
 Roses are her cheeks,  
 And a rose her mouth.  
 When the happy Yes  
 Falters from her lips,  
 Pass and blush the news  
 O'er the blowing ships.  
 Over blowing seas,  
 Over seas at rest,  
 Pass the happy news,  
 Blush it thro' the West;  
 Till the red man dance  
 By his red cedar tree,  
 And the red man's babe  
 Leap, beyond the sea.  
 Blush from West to East,  
 Blush from East to West,  
 Till the West is East,  
 Blush it thro' the West.  
 Rosy is the West,  
 Rosy is the South,  
 Roses are her cheeks,  
 And a rose her mouth.



173.

ii

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

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

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

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



## LORD TENNYSON

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

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

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

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

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



LORD TENNYSON

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

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

174.

*iii*

O THAT 'twere possible  
After long grief and pain  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again ! . . .

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee :  
Ah, Christ ! that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be !



*The Daisy*

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,  
 In lands of palm and southern pine ;  
 In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,  
 Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbia show'd  
 In ruin, by the mountain road ;  
 How like a gem, beneath, the city  
 Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell  
 The torrent vineyard streaming fell  
 To meet the sun and sunny waters,  
 That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew  
 By bays, the peacock's neck in hue ;  
 Where, here and there, on sandy beaches  
 A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,  
 Yet present in his natal grove,  
 Now watching high on mountain cornice,  
 And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim ;  
 Till, in a narrow street and dim,  
 I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,  
 And drank, and loyally drank to him.



## LORD TENNYSON

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,  
Not the clipt palm of which they boast ;  
    But distant colour, happy hamlet,  
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen  
A light amid its olives green ;  
    Or olive-hoary cape in ocean ;  
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed  
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread ;  
    And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten  
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold,  
Those niched shapes of noble mould,  
    A princely people's awful princes,  
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,  
In those long galleries, were ours ;  
    What drives about the fresh Cascinè,  
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete  
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,  
    Or palace, how the city glitter'd,  
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain  
Remember what a plague of rain ;  
    Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma ;  
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.



## LORD TENNYSON

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles  
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles ;  
Porch-pillars on the lion resting,  
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,  
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,  
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory !  
A mount of marble, a hundred spires !

I climb'd the roofs at break of day ;  
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.  
I stood among the silent statues,  
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,  
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there  
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys  
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last  
To Como ; shower and storm and blast  
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,  
And all was flooded ; and how we past

From Como, when the light was grey,  
And in my head, for half the day,  
The rich Virgilian rustic measure  
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,  
As on The Lariano crept  
To that fair port below the castle  
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept ;



## LORD TENNYSON

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake  
A cypress in the moonlight shake,  
The moonlight touching o'er a terrace  
One tall Agavè above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,  
And up the snowy Splugen drew,  
But ere we reach'd the highest summit  
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,  
And now it tells of Italy.  
O love, we two shall go no longer  
To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold  
Whose crying is a cry for gold:  
Yet here to-night in this dark city,  
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,  
This nurseling of another sky  
Still in the little book you lent me,  
And where you tenderly laid it by:

And I forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,  
The bitter east, the misty summer  
And grey metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,  
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,  
Perchance, to dream you still beside me,  
My fancy fled to the South again.



LORD TENNYSON

176. *In the Valley of Caunteretz*

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,  
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,  
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,  
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.  
All along the valley while I walk'd to-day,  
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;  
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed  
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,  
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,  
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

177. *In the Garden at Swainston*

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,  
Within was weeping for thee :  
Shadows of three dead men  
Walk'd in the walks with me :  
Shadows of three dead men, and thou wast one of the  
three.

Nightingales sang in his woods :  
The Master was far away :  
Nightingales warbled and sang  
Of a passion that lasts but a day ;  
Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known  
In courtesy like to thee :  
Two dead men have I loved  
With a love that ever will be :  
Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the  
three.



LORD TENNYSON

178.

*Crossing the Bar*

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.



FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

1809-1893

179.

*Dream Land*

**W**HEN in my dreams thy lovely face  
Smiles with unwonted tender grace,  
Grudge not the precious seldom cheer :  
I know full well, my lady dear,  
It is no boon of thine !

In thy sweet sanctu'ry of sleep,  
If my sad sprite should kneeling weep,  
Suffer its speechless worship there :  
Thou know'st full well, my lady fair,  
It is no fault of mine !

180.

*Faith*

**B**BETTER trust all, and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,  
Had bless'd one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth !  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessèd hope of truth.



181.

*The Last Leaf.*

I SAW him once before,  
 As he pass'd by the door,  
 And again  
 The pavement stones resound,  
 As he totters o'er the ground  
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
 Cut him down,  
 Not a better man was found  
 By the Crier on his round  
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
 And he looks at all he meets  
 Sad and wan,  
 And he shakes his feeble head,  
 That it seems as if he said,  
 'They are gone.'

The mossy marbles rest  
 On the lips that he has prest  
 In their bloom,  
 And the names he loved to hear  
 Have been carved for many a year  
 On the tomb.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
    In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
    At him here ;  
But the old three-corner'd hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
    Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
    In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
    Where I cling.



182. *The Chambered Nautilus*

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
 Sails the unshadow'd main,—  
 The venturous bark that flings  
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
 And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;  
 Wreck'd is the ship of pearl !  
 And every chamber'd cell,  
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
 Before thee lies reveal'd,—  
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd !

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
 That spread his lustrous coil ;  
 Still, as the spiral grew,  
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
 Built up its idle door,  
 Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no  
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
 Child of the wandering sea,  
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !  
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !  
 While on mine ear it rings,  
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that  
 sings :—



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

1809-1895

183.

*My Loves*

**N**AME the leaves on all the trees,  
Name the waves on all the seas,  
Name the notes of all the groves,  
Thus thou namest all my loves.

I do love the young, the old,  
Maiden modest, virgin bold ;  
Tiny beauties and the tall—  
Earth has room enough for all !

Which is better—who can say ?—  
Mary grave or Lucy gay ?  
She who half her charms conceals,  
She who flashes while she feels ?

Why should I my love confine ?  
Why should fair be mine or thine ?  
If I praise a tulip, why  
Should I pass the primrose by ?

Paris was a pedant fool  
Meting beauty by the rule :  
Pallas ? Juno ? Venus ?—he  
Should have chosen all the three !



184. *Cean Dubh Deelish*

PUT your head, darling, darling, darling,  
 Your darling black head my heart above ;  
 O mouth of honey, with thyme for fragrance,  
 Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love ?

O many and many a young girl for me is pining,  
 Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free,  
 For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows ;  
 But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee !

Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,  
 Your darling black head my heart above ;  
 O mouth of honey, with thyme for fragrance,  
 Who with heart in breast could deny you love ?

185. *The Fair Hills of Ireland*

A PLENTEOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,  
*Uileacan dubb O !*  
 Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow  
 barley ear ;  
*Uileacan dubb O !*

There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,  
 And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters  
 fann'd,  
 There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the  
 yellow sand,  
 On the fair hills of holy Ireland.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
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 yellow sand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

Curl'd he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee—

*Uileacan dubb O!*

Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea;

*Uileacan dubb O!*

And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,  
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,  
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high  
command,

For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,

*Uileacan dubb O!*

The butter and the cream do wondrously abound;

*Uileacan dubb O!*

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,  
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,  
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the  
forests grand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

186.

*Cashel of Munster*

FROM THE IRISH

I'd wed you without herds, without money or rich array,  
And I'd wed you on a dewy morn at day-dawn gray;  
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away  
In Cashel town, tho' the bare deal board were our  
marriage-bed this day!

O fair maid, remember the green hill-side,  
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide;



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

Time now has worn me ; my locks are turn'd to gray ;  
The year is scarce and I am poor—but send me not, love,  
away !

O deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl ;  
O think not my birth was as the birth of a churl ;  
Marry me and prove me, and say soon you will  
That noble blood is written on my right side still.

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white ;  
No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight ;  
But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare tho' I be  
and lone,  
O, I'd take her with me kindly to the county Tyrone !

O my girl, I can see 'tis in trouble you are ;  
And O my girl, I see 'tis your people's reproach you bear !  
—*I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,*  
*And, O, may no other maiden know such reproach as I !*

187. *The Welshmen of Tirawley*

**S**CORNEY BWEE, the Barretts' bailiff, lewd and lame,  
To lift the Lynott's taxes when he came,  
Rudely drew a young maid to him !  
Then the Lynotts rose and slēw him,  
And in Tubber-na-Scorney threw him—  
Small your blame,  
Sons of Lynott !  
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

Then the Barretts to the Lynotts gave a choice,  
Saying, 'Hear, ye murderous brood, men and boys,  
Choose ye now, without delay,  
Will ye lose your eyesight, say,  
Or your manhoods, here to-day ?

Sad your choice,  
Sons of Lynott !

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then the little boys of the Lynotts, weeping, said,  
'Only leave us our eyesight in our head.'

But the bearded Lynotts then  
Quickly answered back again,  
'Take our eyes, but leave us men,

Alive or dead,  
Sons of Wattin !'

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

So the Barretts with sewing-needles sharp and smooth,  
Let the light out of the eyes of every youth,  
And of every bearded man,  
Of the broken Lynott clan ;  
Then their darkened faces wan

Turning south  
To the river—

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

O'er the slippery stepping-stones of Clochan-na-n'all  
They drove them, laughing loud at every fall,  
As their wandering footsteps dark  
Fail'd to reach the slippery mark,  
And the swift stream swallow'd stark,

One and all  
As they stumbled—

From the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

Of all the blinded Lynotts one alone  
Walk'd erect from stepping-stone to stone :  
So back again they brought you,  
And a second time they wrought you  
With their needles ; but never got you  
    Once to groan,  
    Emon Lynott,  
For the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But with prompt-projected footsteps sure as ever,  
Emon Lynott again cross'd the river.  
Though Duvowen was rising fast,  
And the shaking stones o'er cast  
By cold floods boiling past ;  
    Yet you never,  
    Emon Lynott,  
Falter'd once before your foemen of Tirawley.

But, turning on Ballintubber bank, you stood,  
And the Barretts thus bespoke o'er the flood—  
' O, ye foolish sons of Wattin,  
Small amends are these you've gotten,  
For, while Scorna Boy lies rotten,  
    I am good  
    For vengeance !'

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

' For 'tis neither in eye nor eyesight that a man  
Bears the fortunes of himself and his clan,  
But in the manly mind,  
These darken'd orbs behind,  
That your needles could never find  
    Though they ran  
    Through my heart-strings !'

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

‘ But, little your women’s needles do I reckon ;  
For the night from heaven never fell so black,  
But Tirawley, and abroad  
From the Moy to Cuan-an-fod,  
I could walk it every sod,  
                  Path and track,  
                  Ford and togher,  
Seeking vengeance on you, Barretts of Tirawley !

‘ The night when Dathy O’Dowda broke your camp,  
What Barrett among you was it held the lamp—  
Showed the way to those two feet,  
When through wintry wind and sleet,  
I guided your blind retreat  
                  In the swamp  
                  Of Beäl-an-asa ?

O ye vengeance-destin’d ingrates of Tirawley !’

So leaving loud-shriek-echoing Garranard,  
The Lynott like a red dog hunted hard,  
With his wife and children seven,  
’Mong the beasts and fowls of heaven  
In the hollows of Glen Nephin,  
                  Light-debarr’d,  
                  Made his dwelling,  
Planning vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And ere the bright-orb’d year its course had run,  
On his brown round-knotted knee he nursed a son,  
A child of light, with eyes  
As clear as are the skies  
In summer, when sunrise  
                  Has begun ;  
                  So the Lynott  
Nursed his vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.



## SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

And, as ever the bright boy grew in strength and size,  
Made him perfect in each manly exercise,  
The salmon in the flood,  
The dun deer in the wood,  
The eagle in the cloud  
    To surprise  
    On Ben Nephin,  
Far above the foggy fields of Tirawley.

With the yellow-knotted spear-shaft, with the bow,  
With the steel, prompt to deal shot and blow,  
He taught him from year to year  
And train'd him, without a peer,  
For a perfect cavalier,  
    Hoping so—  
    Far his forethought—  
For vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, when mounted on his proud-bounding steed,  
Emon Oge sat a cavalier indeed ;  
Like the ear upon the wheat  
When winds in Autumn beat  
On the bending stems, his seat ;  
    And the speed  
    Of his courser  
Was the wind from Barna-na-gee o'er Tirawley !

Now when fifteen sunny summers thus were spent,  
(He perfected in all accomplishment)—  
The Lynott said, ' My child,  
We are over long exiled  
From mankind in this wild—  
    —Time we went  
    Through the mountain  
To the countries lying over-against Tirawley.'



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

So, out over mountain-moors, and mosses brown,  
And green steam-gathering vales, they journey'd down :  
Till, shining like a star,  
Through the dusky gleams afar,  
The bailey of Castlebar,  
And the town  
Of MacWilliam

Rose bright before the wanderers of Tirawley.

' Look southward, my boy, and tell me as we go,  
What see'st thou by the loch-head below ? '

' O, a stone-house strong and great,  
And a horse-host at the gate,  
And a captain in armour of plate—

Grand the show !

Great the glancing !

High the heroes of this land below Tirawley !

' And a beautiful Bantierna by his side,  
Yellow gold on all her gown-sleeves wide ;  
And in her hand a pearl  
Of a young, little, fair-hair'd girl.'  
Said the Lynott, ' It is the Earl !

Let us ride

To his presence.'

And before him came the exiles of Tirawley.

' God save thee, MacWilliam,' the Lynott thus began ;  
' God save all here besides of this clan ;

For gossips dear to me

Are all in company—

For in these four bones ye see

A kindly man

Of the Britons—

Emon Lynott of Garranard of Tirawley.



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

‘ And hither, as kindly gossip-law allows,  
I come to claim a scion of thy house  
To foster ; for thy race,  
Since William Conquer’s days,  
Have ever been wont to place,  
    With some spouse  
    Of a Briton,  
A MacWilliam Oge, to foster in Tirawley.

‘ And, to show thee in what sort our youth are taught,  
I have hither to thy home of valour brought  
This one son of my age,  
For a sample and a pledge  
For the equal tutelage,  
    In right thought,  
    Word, and action,  
Of whatever son ye give into Tirawley.’

When MacWilliam beheld the brave boy ride and run,  
Saw the spear-shaft from his white shoulder spun—  
With a sigh, and with a smile,  
He said,—‘ I would give the spoil  
Of a county, that Tibbot Moyle,  
    My own son,  
    Were accomplish’d  
Like this branch of the kindly Britons of Tirawley.’

When the Lady MacWilliam she heard him speak,  
And saw the ruddy roses on his cheek,  
She said, ‘ I would give a purse  
Of red gold to the nurse  
That would rear my Tibbot no worse ;  
    But I seek  
    Hitherto vainly—  
Heaven grant that I now have found her in Tirawley !’



## SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

So they said to the Lynott, 'Here, take our bird!  
And as pledge for the keeping of thy word,  
Let this scion here remain  
Till thou comest back again:  
Meanwhile the fitting train  
    Of a lord  
    Shall attend thee  
With the lordly heir of Connaught into Tirawley.'

So back to strong-throng-gathering Garranard,  
Like a lord of the country with his guard,  
Came the Lynott, before them all,  
Once again over Clochan-na-n'all  
Steady and striding, erect and tall,  
    And his ward  
    On his shoulders  
To the wonder of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then a diligent foster-father you would deem  
The Lynott, teaching Tibbot, by mead and stream,  
To cast the spear, to ride,  
To stem the rushing tide,  
With what feats of body beside,  
    Might beseem  
    A MacWilliam,  
Foster'd free among the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But the lesson of hell he taught him in heart and mind,  
For to what desire soever he inclined,  
Of anger, lust, or pride,  
He had it gratified,  
Till he ranged the circle wide  
    Of a blind  
    Self-indulgence,  
Ere he came to youthful manhood in Tirawley.



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

Then, even as when a hunter slips a hound,  
Lynott loosed him—God's leashes all unbound—  
In the pride of power and station,  
And the strength of youthful passion,  
On the daughters of thy nation,

All around,  
Wattin Barrett!

O! the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley!

Bitter grief and burning anger, rage and shame,  
Fill'd the houses of the Barretts where'er he came;  
Till the young men of the Back,  
Drew by night upon his track,  
And slew him at Cornassack.

Small your blame,  
Sons of Wattin!

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott, 'The day of my vengeance is drawing  
near,

The day for which, through many a long dark year,  
I have toil'd through grief and sin—

Call ye now the Brehons in,  
And let the plea begin

Over the bier  
Of MacWilliam,

For an eric upon the Barretts of Tirawley!

Then the Brehons to MacWilliam Burke decreed

An eric upon Clan Barrett for the deed;

And the Lynott's share of the fine,

As foster-father, was nine

Ploughlands and nine score kine;

But no need

Had the Lynott,

Neither care, for land or cattle in Tirawley.



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

But rising, while all sat silent on the spot,  
He said, 'The law says—doth it not?—  
If the foster-sire elect  
His portion to reject,  
He may then the right exact  
    To applot  
    The short eric.'

''Tis the law,' replied the Brehons of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott, 'I once before had a choice  
Proposed me, wherein law had little voice;  
But now I choose, and say,  
As lawfully I may,  
I applot the mulct to-day;  
    So rejoice  
    In your ploughlands  
And your cattle which I renounce throughout Tirawley.

'And thus I applot the mulct: I divide  
The land throughout Clan Barrett on every side  
Equally, that no place  
May be without the face  
Of a foe of Wattin's race—  
    That the pride  
    Of the Barretts  
May be humbled hence for ever throughout Tirawley.

'I adjudge a seat in every Barrett's hall  
To MacWilliam: in every stable I give a stall  
To MacWilliam: and, beside,  
Whenever a Burke shall ride  
Through Tirawley, I provide  
    At his call  
    Needful grooming,  
Without charge from any Brughaidh of Tirawley.



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

‘ Thus lawfully I avenge me for the throes  
Ye lawlessly caused me and caused those  
Unhappy shame-faced ones  
Who, their mothers expected once,  
Would have been the sires of sons—

O'er whose woes  
Often weeping,

I have groan'd in my exile from Tirawley.

‘ I demand not of you your manhoods ; but I take—  
For the Burkes will take it—your Freedom ! for the sake  
Of which all manhood 's given  
And all good under heaven,  
And, without which, better even

You should make  
Yourselves barren,

Than see your children slaves throughout Tirawley !

‘ Neither take I your eyesight from you ; as you took  
Mine and ours : I would have you daily look  
On one another's eyes

When the strangers tyrannize  
By your hearths, and blushes arise,

That ye brook  
Without vengeance

The insults of troops of Tibbots throughout Tirawley !

‘ The vengeance I design'd, now is done,  
And the days of me and mine nearly run—

For, for this, I have broken faith,  
Teaching him who lies beneath

This pall, to merit death ;

And my son  
To his father

Stands pledged for other teaching in Tirawley.’



SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

Said MacWilliam—' Father and son, hang them high !'  
And the Lynott they hang'd speedily ;  
But across the salt water,  
To Scotland, with the daughter  
Of MacWilliam—well you got her !—  
    Did you fly,  
    Edmund Lindsay,  
The gentlest of all the Welshmen of Tirawley !

'Tis thus the ancient Ollaves of Erin tell  
How, through lewdness and revenge, it befell  
That the sons of William Conquer  
Came over the sons of Wattin,  
Throughout all the bounds and borders  
Of the lands of Auley Mac Fiachra ;  
Till the Saxon Oliver Cromwell,  
And his valiant, Bible-guided,  
Free heretics of Clan London,  
Coming in, in their succession,  
Rooted out both Burke and Barrett,  
And in their empty places  
New stems of freedom planted,  
With many a goodly sapling  
Of manliness and virtue ;  
Which while their children cherish,  
Kindly Irish of the Irish,  
Neither Saxons nor Italians,  
May the mighty God of Freedom  
    Speed them well,  
    Never taking  
Further vengeance on his people of Tirawley.



188. *The Private of the Buffs*

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,  
 He jested, quaff'd, and swore ;  
 A drunken private of the Buffs,  
 Who never look'd before.  
 To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,  
 He stands in Elgin's place,  
 Ambassador from Britain's crown  
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
 Bewilder'd, and alone,  
 A heart with English instinct fraught  
 He yet can call his own.  
 Aye, tear his body limb from limb,  
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame :  
 He only knows, that not through him  
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,  
 Like dreams, to come and go ;  
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,  
 One sheet of living snow ;  
 The smoke above his father's door  
 In grey soft eddyings hung :  
 Must he then watch it rise no more,  
 Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel  
 He put the vision by.  
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;  
 An English lad must die.



SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;  
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;  
Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons.  
So, let his name through Europe ring—  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.

189.

*The Epicurean*

UPON an everlasting tide  
Into the silent seas we go ;  
But verdure laughs along the side,  
And on the margin roses blow.

Nor life, nor death, nor aught they hold  
Rate thou above their natural height :  
Yet learn that all our eyes behold  
Has value, if we mete it right.

Pluck then the flowers that line the stream,  
Instead of fighting with its power :  
But pluck as flowers, not gems, nor deem  
That they will bloom beyond their hour.

Whate'er betides, from day to day  
An even pulse and spirit keep ;  
And like a child worn out with play,  
When wearied with existence, sleep.



190. *The Ballad of Bouillabaisse*

A STREET there is in Paris famous,  
 For which no rhyme our language yields,  
 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—  
 The New Street of the Little Fields ;  
 And here 's an inn, not rich and splendid,  
 But still in comfortable case ;  
 The which in youth I oft attended,  
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
 A sort of soup or broth, or brew,  
 Or hotchpotch, of all sorts of fishes,  
 That Greenwich never could outdo ;  
 Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,  
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace ;  
 All these you eat at Terré's tavern,  
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis ;  
 And true philosophers, methinks,  
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
 Should love good victuals and good drinks.  
 And Cordelier or Benedictine  
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting  
 Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is ?  
 Yes, here the lamp is, as before ;  
 The smiling red-cheek'd écaillère is  
 Still opening oysters at the door.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Is Terré still alive and able ?

I recollect his droll grimace ;  
He'd come and smile before your table,  
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.

'How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray ?'  
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—

'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'

'It is the lot of saint and sinner,  
So honest Terré's run his race !'

'What will Monsieur require for dinner ?'

'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse ?'

'Oh, oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer ;

'Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il ?'

'Tell me a good one.'—'That I can, Sir :

The Chambertin with yellow seal.'

'So Terré's gone,' I say, and sink in

My old accustom'd corner-place ;

'He's done with feasting and with drinking,

With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustom'd corner here is,

The table still is in the nook ;

Ah ! vanish'd many a busy year is,

This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,

I'd scarce a beard upon my face,

And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,

I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,

Of early days, here met to dine ?

Come, waiter ! quick, a flagon crusty—

I'll pledge them in the good old wine.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

The kind old voices and old faces  
My memory can quick retrace ;  
Around the board they take their places,  
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage ;  
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet ;  
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage ;  
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette ;  
On James's head the grass is growing :  
Good Lord ! the world has wagged apace  
Since here we set the Claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !  
I mind me of a time that's gone,  
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
In this same place—but not alone.  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me  
—There's no one now to share my cup.

. . . . .

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes :  
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
In memory of dear old times.  
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is ;  
And sit you down and say your grace  
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.  
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !



191. *The King on the Tower*

FROM UHLAND

'Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen.'

THE cold grey hills they bind me around,  
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,  
But the winds as they pass o'er all this ground,  
Bring me never a sound of woe!

Oh! for all I have suffer'd and striven,  
Care has embitter'd my cup and my feast;  
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,  
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies!  
I turn towards you with longing soul,  
And list to the awful harmonies  
Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is grey and my sight nigh gone;  
My sword it rusteth upon the wall;  
Right have I spoken, and right have I done:  
When shall I rest me once for all?

O blessèd rest! O royal night!  
Wherefore seemeth the time so long  
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,  
And list to their loudest song?



192.

*Fall of the Year*

**W**HEN Grasshopper, chirping late,  
 Easing thus his merry heart,  
 Not from cares but over-joy  
 Tells that Summer's out of date,  
 Yet thereat no fears annoy  
 His blithe spirit—not one smart  
 For lost moments, wishes ill—  
 As he sang so sings he still ;  
 In his life-dregs keeping holy  
 That joy-essence fresh and clear,  
 Free from taint of melancholy,  
 Which from Nature, when the Year  
 Saw his birthday young like him,  
 He received, a boon of Glory  
 Man might envy, whom a whim—  
 A mere nothing—can o'er-dim . . .

When the Redbreast whistles blithe,  
 Taking of sweet song his fill,  
 Tho' the other birds be still ;  
 And the lambs full-sized bleat strong,  
 Well-wool'd 'gainst the Winter's chill ;  
 When no more the reaping-scythe  
 Finds a cornstalk to cut down,  
 And the stubble field looks brown  
 Where the formless vapour shows  
 Objects indistinct and wrong ;  
 When the daylight shorter grows,  
 And owl's and bat's delight is long ;



HENRY ELLISON

When, nigh eveless, Night draws on,  
Waiting scarce for set of sun ;  
Like enchantress whose high spell  
Works a sudden miracle . . .

When the peasant, weather-wise,  
Shakes his grey head at the skies ;  
By his blazing cottage-flame  
Mutters Winter's chilly name,  
Lives o'er the past, in many a tale,  
And prophesies, and quaffs his ale :  
While in chimney-nook to sleep  
Tired dog and urchin creep :

When the weather-signs are rife,  
Telling of new Season's life ;  
And all creatures, instinct-wise,  
Tho' taught not to philosophise,  
Now prepare, each in his way,  
To protract life's little day ;  
And thy own heart plainer still  
Than falling leaf or faded hill,  
Tells thee that the Summer's flown  
With all joys that thou hast known . . .

Then look thro' thy heart, and say  
What the Summer in its day  
Has ripen'd there of good and bright  
That may glad thy after-sight.  
Has it had its harvest-home ?  
Its Spring growth ? its Summer bloom ?  
And, when bloom has pass'd away,  
Has it had its seeding-day  
Of well-ripen'd season'd thought  
From Experience duly bought ;  
Of wise joys which in the mind  
Seeds of better leave behind ;



## HENRY ELLISON

Joys by sorrow touch'd and tried,  
And freed from earthly dross and pride ;  
Such as unreprieved and free  
Sweeten after-memory ?  
Has the Summer left for thee  
In the soul's high-granary  
Produce not of hasty growth  
But of well-maturèd worth ?  
Fellow-creature Love and Peace,  
With a mind and heart at ease,  
And a love for everything  
With which Man holds communing,  
From the meanest worm that creeps  
To the babe that cradled sleeps ?  
Has the Summer left thy heart  
That which passes show, the art  
Like wise Nature to prepare  
From the Past a Future fair ?  
As the Earth within her breast,  
When she seems at barren rest  
Still prepares in her good time  
Coming Springs, and from the slime  
Of the brute soil moulds to life  
Forms with grace and beauty rife ;  
So within thy inmost soul  
Striving t'wards a higher goal,  
From this life's impediments,  
And the body's downward bents,  
Frame thou the wings to upward aims  
As from the gross wood rise pure flames.  
In thy spirit's fertile womb  
Mould thou shapes not for the tomb :  
There let Faith beget on Love  
The angel thou shalt be Above !



193. *A Maori Girl's Song*

ALAS, and well-a-day! they are talking of me still:  
 By the tingling of my nostril, I fear they are talking  
 ill:

Poor hapless I—poor little I! So many mouths to fill—  
 And all for this strange feeling—O, this sad, sweet pain!

O senseless heart—O simple! to yearn so and to pine  
 For one so far above me, confess'd o'er all to shine;  
 For one a hundred dote upon, who never can be mine—  
 O, 'tis a foolish feeling, all this fond sweet pain!

When I was quite a child, not many moons ago—  
 A happy little maiden—O then it was not so;  
 Like a sunny-dancing wavelet then I sparkled to and fro,  
 And I never had this feeling—O, this sad, sweet pain!

I think it must be owing to the idle life I lead  
 In the dreamy house for ever that this new bosom-weed  
 Has sprouted up and spread its shoots till it troubles me  
 indeed

With a restless, weary feeling—such a sad, sweet pain!

So in the pleasant islet, O, no longer will I stay,  
 And the shadowy summer dwelling I will leave this very  
 day;

On Arapa I'll launch my skiff, and soon be borne away  
 From all that feeds this feeling—O, this fond sweet  
 pain!



ALFRED DOMETT

I'll go and see dear Rima. She'll welcome me, I know,  
And a flaxen cloak, her gayest, o'er my weary shoulders  
throw,  
With purple red and points so free—O, quite a lovely show  
To charm away this feeling—O, this sad, sweet pain !

Two feathers I will borrow, and so gracefully I'll wear—  
Two feathers soft and snowy for my long, black, lustrous  
hair :  
Of the albatross's down they'll be—O, how charming  
they'll look there,  
All to chase away this feeling—O, this fond, sweet pain !

Then the lads will flock around me with flattering talk  
all day ;  
And, with anxious little pinches, sly hints of love convey ;  
And I shall blush with happy pride to hear them, I dare  
say,  
And quite forget this feeling—O, this sad, sweet pain !

194. *A Christmas Hymn, 1837*

**I**T was the calm and silent night !—  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was Queen of land and sea !  
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;  
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain ;  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars  
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago !



ALFRED DOMETT

'Twas in the calm and silent night !  
The senator of haughty Rome  
Impatient urged his chariot's flight  
From lordly revel rolling home.  
Triumphal arches gleaming swell  
His breast with thought of boundless sway.  
What reck'd the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor :  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fall'n thro' a half-shut stable door  
Across his path. He pass'd—for naught  
Told what was going on within :  
How keen the stars ! his only thought ;  
The air how cold and calm and thin,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago !

O strange indifference !—low and high  
Drowsed over common joys and cares :  
The earth was still—but knew not why ;  
The world was listening—unawares ;  
How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world for ever !  
To that still moment none would heed  
Man's doom was link'd, no more to sever,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago.



ALFRED DOMETT

It is the calm and solemn night !  
A thousand bells ring out and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness, charm'd and holy now !  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given ;  
For in that stable lay new-born  
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago.

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

195.

*The Wanderers*

O VER the sea our galleys went,  
With cleaving prows in order brave  
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave—  
A gallant armament :  
Each bark built out of a forest-tree  
Left leafy and rough as first it grew,  
And nail'd all over the gaping sides,  
Within and without, with black bull-hides,  
Seethed in fat and suppled in flame,  
To bear the playful billows' game ;  
So, each good ship was rude to see,  
Rude and bare to the outward view,  
But each upbore a stately tent  
Where cedar pales in scented row  
Kept out the flakes of the dancing brine,  
And an awning droop'd the mast below,  
In fold on fold of the purple fine,  
That neither noontide nor star-shine  
Nor moonlight cold which maketh mad,



## ROBERT BROWNING

Might pierce the regal tenement.  
When the sun dawn'd, O, gay and glad  
We set the sail and plied the oar ;  
But when the night-wind blew like breath,  
For joy of one day's voyage more,  
We sang together on the wide sea,  
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore ;  
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,  
Each helm made sure by the twilight star,  
And in a sleep as calm as death,  
We, the voyagers from afar,  
Lay stretch'd along, each weary crew  
In a circle round its wondrous tent  
Whence gleam'd soft light and curl'd rich scent,  
And with light and perfume, music too :  
So the stars wheel'd round, and the darkness pass'd,  
And at morn we started beside the mast,  
And still each ship was sailing fast !

Now, one morn, land appear'd—a speck  
Dim trembling betwixt sea and sky—  
' Avoid it,' cried our pilot, ' check  
The shout, restrain the eager eye !'  
But the heaving sea was black behind  
For many a night and many a day,  
And land, though but a rock, drew nigh ;  
So we broke the cedar pales away,  
Let the purple awning flap in the wind,  
And a statue bright was on every deck !  
We shouted, every man of us,  
And steer'd right into the harbour thus,  
With pomp and pæan glorious.



ROBERT BROWNING

A hundred shapes of lucid stone !  
All day we built its shrine for each,  
A shrine of rock for every one,  
Nor paused till in the westering sun  
We sat together on the beach  
To sing because our task was done ;  
When lo ! what shouts and merry songs !  
What laughter all the distance stirs !  
A loaded raft with happy throngs  
Of gentle islanders !  
' Our isles are just at hand,' they cried,  
' Like cloudlets faint in even sleeping ;  
Our temple-gates are open'd wide,  
Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping  
For these majestic forms '—they cried.  
O, then we awoke with sudden start  
From our deep dream, and knew, too late,  
How bare the rock, how desolate,  
Which had received our precious freight :  
Yet we call'd out—' Depart !  
Our gifts, once given, must here abide :  
Our work is done ; we have no heart  
To mar our work,'—we cried.

196.

*Pippa's Song*

THE year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn ;  
Morning's at seven ;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd ;  
The lark's on the wing ;  
The snail's on the thorn ;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world !



197.

*Misconceptions*

THIS is a spray the Bird clung to,  
 Making it blossom with pleasure,  
 Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,  
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.  
 O, what a hope beyond measure  
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to,—  
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the Queen leant on,  
 Thrill'd in a minute erratic,  
 Ere the true bosom she bent on,  
 Meet for love's regal dalmatic.  
 O, what a fancy ecstatic  
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—  
 Love to be saved for it, proffer'd to, spent on!

198.

*The Laboratory*

[ANCIEN RÉGIME]

NOW that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,  
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,  
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—  
 Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

He is with her; and they know that I know  
 Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow  
 While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear  
 Empty church, to pray God in, for them!—I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,  
 Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste!  
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,  
 Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.



ROBERT BROWNING

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?  
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come!  
And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue,  
Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,  
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!  
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,  
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree-basket!

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give  
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!  
But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head  
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop  
dead!

Quick—is it finished? The colour's too grim!  
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?  
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,  
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me—  
That's why she ensnared him: this never will free  
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, 'no!'  
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whisper'd, I brought  
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought  
Could I keep them one half minute fix'd, she would fall,  
Shrivell'd; she fell not; yet this does it all!

Not that I bid you spare her the pain!  
Let death be felt and the proof remain;  
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—  
He is sure to remember her dying face!



ROBERT BROWNING

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose,  
 It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:  
 The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee—  
 If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?  
 Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,  
 You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!  
 But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings  
 Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's!

199. *Love Among the Ruins*

WHERE the quiet-colour'd end of evening smiles  
 Miles and miles  
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep  
 Half-asleep  
 Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop  
 As they crop—  
 Was the site once of a city great and gay,  
 (So they say)  
 Of our country's very capital, its prince  
 Ages since  
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far  
 Peace or war.  
 Now—the country does not even boast a tree,  
 As you see,  
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills  
 From the hills  
 Intersect and give a name to, (else they run  
 Into one)  
 Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires  
 Up like fires  
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall  
 Bounding all,  
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be prest,  
 Twelve abreast.



ROBERT BROWNING

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass  
Never was !  
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads  
And embeds  
Every vestige of the city, guess'd alone,  
Stock or stone—  
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe  
Long ago ;  
Lust of glory prick'd their hearts up, dread of shame  
Struck them tame ;  
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold  
Bought and sold.

Now,—the single little turret that remains  
On the plains,  
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd  
Overscored,  
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks  
Through the chinks—  
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time  
Sprang sublime,  
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced  
As they raced,  
And the monarch and his minions and his dames  
View'd the games.

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eye  
Smiles to leave  
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece  
In such peace,  
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey  
Melt away—

That



ROBERT BROWNING

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair  
    Waits me there  
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul  
    For the goal,  
When the king look'd, where she looks now, breathless,  
    dumb  
    Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,  
    Far and wide,  
All the mountains topp'd with temples, all the glades'  
    Colonnades,  
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,  
    All the men!  
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,  
    Either hand  
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace  
    Of my face,  
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech  
    Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth  
    South and North,  
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high  
    As the sky,  
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—  
    Gold, of course.  
Oh, heart! oh, blood that freezes, blood that burns!  
    Earth's returns  
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!  
    Shut them in,  
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest.  
    Love is best!



ROBERT BROWNING

200.

*Love in a Life*

**R**OOM after room,  
I hunt the house through  
We inhabit together.  
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her,  
Next time, herself!—not the trouble behind her  
Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!  
As she brush'd it, the cornice-wreath blossom'd anew:  
Yon looking-glass gleam'd at the wave of her feather.

Yet the day wears,  
And door succeeds door;  
I try the fresh fortune—  
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.  
Still the same chance! she goes out as I enter.  
Spend my whole day in the quest,—who cares?  
But 'tis twilight, you see,—with such suites to explore,  
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune!

201.

*Life in a Love*

**E**SCAPE me?  
Never—  
Beloved!

While I am I, and you are you,  
So long as the world contains us both,  
Me the loving and you the loth,  
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.  
My life is a fault at last, I fear:  
It seems too much like a fate, indeed!  
Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed.  
But what if I fail of my purpose here?



ROBERT BROWNING

It is but to keep the nerves at strain,  
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,  
And baffled, get up and begin again,—  
So the chace takes up one's life, that 's all.  
While, look but once from your farthest bound  
At me so deep in the dust and dark,  
No sooner the old hope drops to ground  
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark,  
I shape me—  
Ever  
Removed!

202.

*In a Gondola*

THE moth's kiss, first!  
Kiss me as if you made believe  
You were not sure, this eve,  
How my face, your flower, had pursed  
Its petals up; so, here and there  
You brush it, till I grow aware  
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.

The bee's kiss, now!  
Kiss me as if you entered gay  
My heart at some noonday,  
A bud that dares not disallow  
The claim, so all is render'd up,  
And passively its shatter'd cup  
Over your head to sleep I bow.



ROBERT BROWNING

203. *Parting at Morning*

**R**OUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,  
And the sun look'd over the mountain's rim :  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.

204. *The Lost Mistress*

**A**LL's over, then : does truth sound bitter  
As one at first believes ?  
Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter  
About your cottage eaves !

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,  
I noticed that, to-day ;  
One day more bursts them open fully  
—You know the red turns gray.

To-morrow we meet the same then, dearest ?  
May I take your hand in mine ?  
Mere friends are we,—well, friends the merest  
Keep much that I resign :

For each glance of the eye so bright and black,  
Though I keep with heart's endeavour,—  
Your voice, when you wish the snowdrops back,  
Tho' it stay in my soul for ever !—

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,  
Or only a thought stronger ;  
I will hold your hand but as long as all may,  
Or so very little longer !



205.

The Last Ride together

eternal

I SAID—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,  
 Since now at length my fate I know,  
 Since nothing all my love avails,  
 Since all, my life seem'd meant for, fails,  
 Since this was written and needs must be—  
 My whole heart rises up to bless  
 Your name in pride and thankfulness!  
 Take back the hope you gave,—I claim  
 Only a memory of the same,  
 —And this beside, if you will not blame;  
 Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers,  
 Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs  
 When pity would be softening through,  
 Fix'd me a breathing-while or two

With life or death in the balance: right!  
 The blood replenish'd me again;  
 My last thought was at least not vain:  
 I and my mistress, side by side  
 Shall be together, breathe and ride,  
 So, one day more am I deified.

Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud  
 All billowy-bosom'd, over-bow'd  
 By many benedictions—sun's  
 And moon's and evening-star's at once—

And so, you, looking and loving best,  
 Conscious grew, your passion drew  
 Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine too,



ROBERT BROWNING

Down on you, near and yet more near,  
Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!—  
Thus leant she and linger'd—joy and fear!  
Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul  
Smooth'd itself out, a long-cramp'd scroll  
Freshening and fluttering in the wind.  
Past hopes already lay behind.

What need to strive with a life awry?  
Had I said that, had I done this,  
So might I gain, so might I miss.  
Might she have loved me? just as well  
She might have hated, who can tell!  
Where had I been now if the worst befell?  
And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?  
Why, all men strive and who succeeds?  
We rode; it seem'd my spirit flew,  
Saw other regions, cities new,  
As the world rush'd by on either side.  
I thought,—All labour, yet no less  
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.  
Look at the end of work, contrast  
The petty done, the undone vast,  
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!  
I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

What hand and brain went ever pair'd?  
What heart alike conceived and dared?  
What act proved all its thought had been?  
What will but felt the fleshly screen?  
We ride and I see her bosom heave.



ROBERT BROWNING

There 's many a crown for who can reach.  
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each !  
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,  
A soldier's doing ! what atones ?  
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.  
My riding is better, by their leave.

What does it all mean, poet ? Well,  
Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell  
What we felt only ; you express'd  
You hold things beautiful the best,  
And pace them in rhyme so, side by side.  
'Tis something, nay 'tis much : but then,  
Have you yourself what 's best for men ?  
Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—  
Nearer one whit your own sublime  
Than we who never have turn'd a rhyme ?  
Sing, riding 's a joy ! For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave  
A score of years to Art, her slave,  
And that 's your Venus, whence we turn  
To yonder girl that fords the burn !  
You acquiesce, and shall I repine ?  
What, man of music, you grown gray  
With notes and nothing else to say,  
Is this your sole praise from a friend,  
' Greatly his opera's strains intend,  
But in music we know how fashions end !'  
I gave my youth : but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what 's fit for us ? Had fate  
Proposed bliss here should sublimate  
My being—had I sign'd the bond—  
Still one must lead some life beyond,  
Have a bliss to die with, dim-descried.



ROBERT BROWNING

This foot once planted on the goal,  
This glory-garland round my soul,  
Could I descry such? Try and test!  
I sink back shuddering from the quest.  
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?  
Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long!  
What if heaven be that, fair and strong  
At life's best, with our eyes upturn'd  
Whither life's flower is first discern'd,  
We, fix'd so, ever should so abide?  
What if we still ride on, we two  
With life for ever old yet new,  
Changed not in kind but in degree,  
The instant made eternity,—  
And heaven just prove that I and she  
Ride, ride together, for ever ride?

206.

*Lyric Love*

'THE RING AND THE BOOK'

○ LYRIC Love, half-angel and half-bird  
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—  
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—  
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—  
When the first summons from the darkling earth  
Reach'd thee amid thy chambers, blanch'd their blue,  
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,  
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—  
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?



## ROBERT BROWNING

Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help !  
Never may I commence my song, my due  
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,  
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—  
That still, despite the distance and the dark,  
What was, again may be ; some interchange  
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,  
Some benediction anciently thy smile :  
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head  
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn  
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,  
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back  
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,  
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,  
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall !

### 207. *Home-thoughts, from Abroad*

O TO be in England  
, Now that April 's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !  
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
That 's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,



ROBERT BROWNING

Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture !  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

208. *Home-thoughts, from the Sea*

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west  
died away ;  
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz  
Bay ;  
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;  
In the dimmest North-east distance dawn'd Gibraltar  
grand and gray ;  
' Here and here did England help me : how can I help  
England ? '—say,  
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and  
pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

209. *Johannes Agricola in Meditation*

THERE 'S heaven above, and night by night,  
I look right through its gorgeous roof ;  
No suns and moons tho' e'er so bright  
Avail to stop me ; splendour-proof  
I keep the broods of stars aloof :  
For I intend to get to God,  
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,  
For in God's breast, my own abode,



## ROBERT BROWNING

Those shoals of dazzling glory, pass'd,  
I lay my spirit down at last.  
I lie where I have always lain,  
God smiles as He has always smiled ;  
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,  
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled  
The heavens, God thought on me his child ;  
Ordained a life for me, array'd  
Its circumstances, every one  
To the minutest ; aye, God said  
This head this hand should rest upon  
Thus, ere He fashion'd star or sun.  
And having thus created me,  
Thus rooted me, He bade me grow,  
Guiltless for ever, like a tree  
That buds and blooms, nor seeks to know  
The law by which it prospers so :  
But sure that thought and word and deed  
All go to swell his love for me,  
Me, made because that love had need  
Of something irrevocably  
Pledged solely its content to be.  
Yes, yes, a tree which must ascend,  
No poison-gourd foredoom'd to stoop !  
I have God's warrant, could I blend  
All hideous sins, as in a cup,  
To drink the mingled venoms up,  
Secure my nature will convert  
The draught to blossoming gladness fast,  
While sweet dews turn to the gourd's hurt,  
And bloat, and while they bloat it, blast,  
As from the first its lot was cast.  
For as I lie, smiled on, full fed  
By unexhausted power to bless,



## ROBERT BROWNING

I gaze below on Hell's fierce bed,  
And those its waves of flame oppress,  
Swarming in ghastly wretchedness;  
Whose life on earth aspired to be  
One altar-smoke, so pure!—to win  
If not love like God's love to me,  
At least to keep his anger in;  
And all their striving turn'd to sin.  
Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown white  
With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,  
The martyr, the wan acolyte,  
The incense-swinging child,—undone  
Before God fashion'd star or sun!  
God, whom I praise; how could I praise,  
If such as I might understand,  
Make out and reckon on His ways,  
And bargain for his love, and stand,  
Paying a price, at his right hand?

210.

### *The Ancient Doctrine*

**O** GOOD gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,  
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones  
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet  
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;  
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones  
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;  
Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.  
If you loved only what were worth your love,  
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:  
Make the low nature better by your throes!  
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!



211.

Rabbi Ben Ezra

GROW old along with me!  
 The best is yet to be,  
 The last of life, for which the first was made:  
 Our times are in His hand  
 Who saith 'A whole I planned,  
 Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be  
 afraid!'

Not that, amassing flowers,  
 Youth sighed 'Which rose make ours,  
 Which lily leave and then as best recall?'  
 Not that, admiring stars,  
 It yearned 'Nor Jove, nor Mars;  
 Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends  
 them all!'

Not for such hopes and fears  
 Annulling youth's brief years,  
 Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!  
 Rather I prize the doubt  
 Low kinds exist without,  
 Finish'd and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,  
 Were man but form'd to feed  
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:  
 Such feasting ended, then  
 As sure an end to men;  
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-  
 cramm'd beast?



ROBERT BROWNING

Rejoice we are allied  
To That which doth provide  
And not partake, effect and not receive !  
A spark disturbs our clod ;  
Nearer we hold of God  
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !  
Be our joys three-parts pain !  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;  
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the  
throes !

For thence,—a paradox  
Which comforts while it mocks,—  
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :  
What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me :  
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the  
scale.

What is he but a brute  
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,  
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play ?  
To man, propose this test—  
Thy body at its best,  
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way ?

Yet gifts should prove their use :  
I own the Past profuse  
Of power each side, perfection every turn :



ROBERT BROWNING

Eyes, ears took in their dole,  
Brain treasured up the whole ;  
Should not the heart beat once ' How good to live and  
learn ? '

Not once beat ' Praise be Thine !  
I see the whole design,  
I, who saw Power, see now Love perfect too :  
Perfect I call thy plan :  
Thanks that I was a man !  
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do !

For pleasant is this flesh ;  
Our soul in its rose-mesh  
Pull'd ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :  
Would we some prize might hold  
To match those manifold  
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best !

Let us not always say  
' Spite of this flesh to-day  
I strove, made head, gain'd ground upon the whole !'  
As the bird wings and sings,  
Let us cry ' All good things  
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps  
soul !'

Therefore I summon age  
To grant youth's heritage,  
Life's struggle having so far reach'd its term :  
Thence shall I pass, approved  
A man, for aye removed  
From the develop'd brute ; a God though in the germ.



ROBERT BROWNING

And I shall thereupon  
Take rest, ere I be gone  
Once more on my adventure brave and new :  
Fearless and unperplex'd,  
When I wage battle next,  
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try  
My gain or loss thereby ;  
Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold :  
And I shall weigh the same,  
Give life its praise or blame :  
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

For note, when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey :  
A whisper from the west  
Shoots—' Add this to the rest,  
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day.'

So, still within this life,  
Though lifted o'er its strife,  
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,  
' This rage was right i' the main,  
That acquiescence vain :  
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

For more is not reserved  
To man, with soul just nerved  
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :  
Here, work enough to watch  
The Master work, and catch  
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.



## ROBERT BROWNING

As it was better youth  
Should strive, through acts uncouth,  
Toward making, than repose on aught found made :  
So better, age, exempt  
From strife, should know, than tempt  
Further. Thou waitedst age ; wait death nor be afraid !

Enough now, if the Right  
And Good and Infinite  
Be named here, as thou call'st thy hand thine own,  
With knowledge absolute,  
Subject to no dispute  
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,  
Sever'd great minds from small,  
Announced to each his station in the Past !  
Was I, the world arraign'd,  
Were they, my soul disdain'd,  
Right ? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last !

Now, who shall arbitrate ?  
Ten men love what I hate,  
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;  
Ten, who in ears and eyes  
Match me : we all surmise,  
They, this thing, and I, that : whom shall my soul  
believe ?

Not on the vulgar mass  
Called ' work ', must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and had the price ;  
O'er which, from level stand,  
The low world laid its hand,  
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice :



ROBERT BROWNING

But all the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main account ;  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weigh'd not as his work, yet swell'd the man's  
amount :

Thoughts hardly to be pack'd  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;  
All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,—  
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Aye, note that Potter's wheel,  
That metaphor ! and feel  
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—  
Thou, to whom fools propound,  
When the wine makes its round,  
' Since life fleets, all is change ; the Past gone, seize  
to-day ! '

Fool ! All that is, at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall ;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :  
What enter'd into thee,  
*That* was, is, and shall be :  
Time's wheel runs back or stops ; Potter and clay endure.

He fix'd thee mid this dance  
Of plastic circumstance,  
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :  
Machinery just meant  
To give thy soul its bent,  
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impress'd.



ROBERT BROWNING

What though the earlier grooves  
Which ran the laughing loves  
Around thy base, no longer pause and press ?  
What though, about thy rim,  
Skull-things in order grim  
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

Look not thou down but up !  
To uses of a cup,  
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,  
The new wine's foaming flow,  
The Master's lips aglow !  
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with  
earth's wheel ?

But I need, now as then,  
Thee, God, who moulded men ;  
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,  
Did I—to the wheel of life  
With shapes and colours rife,  
Bound dizzily—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst :

So, take and use thy work !  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !  
My times be in thy hand !  
Perfect the cup as plann'd !  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !



Prospice

**F**EAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
 The post of the foe ;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go :  
 For the journey is done and the summit attain'd,  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gain'd,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
 The best and the last !  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore,  
 And bade me creep past.  
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
 Of pain, darkness and cold.  
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
 The black minute 's at end,  
 And the element's rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,  
 Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,  
 And with God be the rest !



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*Epilogue*

**A**T the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,  
 When you set your fancies free,  
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, im-  
 prison'd—  
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,  
 —Pity me ?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !  
 What had I on earth to do  
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly ?  
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel,  
 —Being—who ?

One who never turn'd his back but march'd breast  
 forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dream'd, though right were worsted, wrong would  
 triumph,  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time  
 Greet the unseen with a cheer !  
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
 ' Strive and thrive ! ' cry ' Speed,—fight on, fare ever,  
 There as here ! '



*The Witch's Ballad*

O I hae come from far away,  
 , From a warm land far away,  
 A southern land across the sea,  
 With sailor-lads about the mast,  
 Merry and canny, and kind to me.

And I hae been to yon town  
 To try my luck in yon town ;  
 Nort, and Mysie, Elspie too.  
 Right braw we were to pass the gate,  
 Wi' gowden clasps on girdles blue.

Mysie smiled wi' miminy mouth,  
 Innocent mouth, miminy mouth ;  
 Elspie wore a scarlet gown,  
 Nort's grey eyes were unco' gleg,  
 My Castile comb was like a crown.

We walk'd abreast all up the street,  
 Into the market up the street ;  
 Our hair with marigolds was wound,  
 Our bodices with love-knots laced,  
 Our merchandise with tansy bound.

Nort had chickens, I had cocks,  
 Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks ;  
 Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes,—  
 For a wee groat or a pound ;  
 We lost nae time wi' gives and takes.

miminy] prim, demure

gleg] sharp, bright  
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—Lost



WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

—Lost nae time, for well we knew,  
In our sleeves full well we knew,  
When the gloaming came that night,  
Duck nor drake, nor hen nor cock  
Would be found by candle-light.

And when our chaffering all was done,  
All was paid for, sold and done,  
We drew a glove on ilka hand,  
We sweetly curtsied, each to each,  
And deftly danced a saraband.

The market-lassies look'd and laugh'd,  
Left their gear, and look'd and laugh'd ;  
They made as they would join the game,  
But soon their mithers, wild and wud,  
With whack and screech they stopp'd the same.

Sae loud the tongues o' randies grew,  
The flytin' and the skirlin' grew,  
At all the windows in the place,  
Wi' spoons or knives, wi' needle or awl,  
Was thrust out every hand and face.

And down each stair they throng'd anon,  
Gentle, semple, throng'd anon ;  
Souter and tailor, frowsy Nan,  
The ancient widow young again,  
Simperring behind her fan.

Without a choice, against their will,  
Doited, dazed, against their will,  
The market lassie and her mither,  
The farmer and his husbandman,  
Hand in hand dance a' thegither.

wud] mad  
skirlin'] screeching

randies] viragoes  
souter] cobbler

flytin'] scolding  
doited] mazed



WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

Slow at first, but faster soon,  
Still increasing, wild and fast,  
Hoods and mantles, hats and hose,  
Blindly doff'd and cast away,  
Left them naked, heads and toes.

They would have torn us limb from limb,  
Dainty limb from dainty limb ;  
But never one of them could win  
Across the line that I had drawn  
With bleeding thumb a-widdershin.

But there was Jeff the provost's son,  
Jeff the provost's only son ;  
There was Father Auld himsel',  
The Lombard frae the hostelry,  
And the lawyer Peter Fell.

All goodly men we singled out,  
Waled them well, and singled out,  
And drew them by the left hand in ;  
Mysie the priest, and Elspie won  
The Lombard, Nort the lawyer carle,  
I mysel' the provost's son.

Then, with cantrip kisses seven,  
Three times round with kisses seven,  
Warp'd and woven there spun we  
Arms and legs and flaming hair,  
Like a whirlwind on the sea.

Like a wind that sucks the sea,  
Over and in and on the sea,  
Good sooth it was a mad delight ;

a-widdershin] the wrong way of the sun: or E. to W.  
through N. waled] chose. cantrip] magic.



WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

And every man of all the four  
Shut his eyes and laugh'd outright.

Laugh'd as long as they had breath,  
Laugh'd while they had sense or breath ;  
And close about us coil'd a mist  
Of gnats and midges, wasps and flies,  
Like the whirlwind shaft it rist.

Drawn up I was right off my feet,  
Into the mist and off my feet ;  
And, dancing on each chimney-top,  
I saw a thousand darling imps  
Keeping time with skip and hop.

And on the provost's brave ridge-tile,  
On the provost's grand ridge-tile,  
The Blackamoor first to master me  
I saw, I saw that winsome smile,  
The mouth that did my heart beguile,  
And spoke the great Word over me,  
In the land beyond the sea.

I call'd his name, I call'd aloud,  
Alas ! I call'd on him aloud ;  
And then he fill'd his hand with stour,  
And threw it towards me in the air ;  
My mouse flew out, I lost my pow'r !

My lusty strength, my power were gone ;  
Power was gone, and all was gone.  
He will not let me love him more !  
Of bell and whip and horse's tail  
He cares not if I find a store.

stour] dust.



WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

But I am proud if he is fierce !  
I am as proud as he is fierce ;  
I'll turn about and backward go,  
If I meet again that Blackamoor,  
And he'll help us then, for he shall know  
I seek another paramour.

And we'll gang once more to yon town,  
Wi' better luck to yon town ;  
We'll walk in silk and cramoisie,  
And I shall wed the provost's son,  
My lady of the town I'll be !

For I was born a crown'd king's child,  
Born and nursed a king's child,  
King o' a land ayont the sea,  
Where the Blackamoor kiss'd me first,  
And taught me art and glamourie.

Each one in her wame shall hide  
Her hairy mouse, her wary mouse,  
Fed on madwort, and agramie,—  
Wear amber beads between her breasts,  
And blind-worm's skin about her knee.

The Lombard shall be Elspie's man,  
Elspie's gowden husband-man ;  
Nort shall take the lawyer's hand ;  
The priest shall swear another vow :  
We'll dance again the saraband !

cramoisie] crimson.

glamourie] wizardry.



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*Faint Heart*

F AINT heart wins not lady fair :  
 Victory smiles on those who dare,  
 There is but one way to woo—  
 Think thy Mistress willing too !  
 Leave her never chance to choose,  
 Hold her powerless to refuse.

If she answer thee with No,  
 Wilt thou bow and let her go :—  
 When, most like, her 'No' is meant  
 But to make more sweet consent ;  
 So thy suit may longer be  
 For so much she liketh thee.

Never heed her pretty airs !  
 He 's no lover who despairs ;  
 He 's no warrior whom a frown  
 Drives from his beleaguer'd town ;  
 And no hunter he who stops  
 Till his stricken quarry drops.

Aim as certain not to miss ;  
 Take her as thou would'st a kiss !  
 Or ask once, and if in vain,  
 Ask her twice, and thrice again :  
 Sure of this when all is said,—  
 They lose most who are afraid.