

VAINLY were the words of parting spoken ;
 Evermore must Charon turn from me.
 Still my thread of life remains unbroken,
 And unbroken it must ever be !
 Only they may rest
 Whom the Fates' behest
 From their mortal mansion setteth free.

I have seen the robes of Hermes glisten—
 Seen him wave afar his serpent wand ;
 But to me the Herald would not listen
 When the dead swept by at his command.
 Not with that pale crew
 Durst I venture too :
 Ever shut for me the quiet land !

Day and night before the dreary portal
 Phantom shapes, the guards of Hades, lie :
 None of heavenly kind, nor yet of mortal,
 May unchallenged pass the warders by.
 None that path may go
 If he cannot show
 His last passport to eternity.

Cruel was the spirit-power thou gavest !
 Fatal, O Apollo, was thy love !
 Pythian, Archer, brightest God and bravest,
 Hear, O hear me from thy throne above !
 Let me not, I pray,
 Thus be cast away :
 Plead for me, thy slave—O plead to Jove !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

I have heard thee with the Muses singing—
Heard that full melodious voice of thine
Silver-clear throughout the ether ringing—
Seen thy locks in golden clusters shine;
And thine eye, so bright
With its innate light,
Hath ere now been bent so low as mine.

Hast thou lost the wish, the will, to cherish
Those who trusted in thy godlike power?
Hyacinthus did not wholly perish!
Still he lives the firstling of thy bower:
Still he feels thy rays,
Fondly meets thy gaze,
Tho' but now the spirit of a flower.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

1814-1845

217. *O, the Marriage!*

O THE marriage, the marriage!
With love and *mo bhuaichail* for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me:
For Eoghan is straight as a tower,
And tender and loving and true;
He told me more love in an hour
Than the Squires of the county could do.
Then, O, the marriage . . .

mo bhuaichail] 'my boy', pronounced mu vohill.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away :
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me ;
O, sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see !
Then O, the marriage . . .

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbours think much of his skill ;
And Eoghan 's the lad to my mind,
Tho' he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then O, the marriage . . .

We meet in the market and fair—
We meet in the morning and night—
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long thro' the winter to skim
(Tho' Eoghan longs more, I can see),
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me !
*Then O, the marriage, the marriage !
With love and mo bhuachail for me,
The ladies that ride in their carriage
Might envy my marriage to me.*

AUBREY DE VERE

1814-1902

218.

Song

SEEK not the tree of silkiest bark
And balmiest bud,
To carve her name while yet 'tis dark
Upon the wood !
The world is full of noble tasks
And wreaths hard won ;
Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veinèd skin,
That cheek's pale roses,
The lily of that form wherein
Her soul reposes !
Forth to the fight, true man ! true knight !
The clash of arms
Shall more prevail than whisper'd tale
To win her charms.

The warrior for the True, the Right,
Fights in Love's name ;
The love that lures thee from the fight
Lures thee to shame :
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
The spirit free,—
That love, or none, is fit for one
Man-shaped like thee.

219.

The Sun-God

I SAW the Master of the Sun. He stood
 High in his luminous car, himself more bright ;
 An Archer of immeasurable might :
 On his left shoulder hung his quiver'd load ;
 Spurn'd by his steeds the eastern mountains glow'd ;
 Forward his eagle eye and bow of Light
 He bent, and while both hands that arch embow'd,
 Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.

No wings profaned that godlike form : around
 His neck high-held an ever-moving crowd
 Of locks hung glistening : while such perfect sound
 Fell from his bowstring that th' ethereal dome
 Thrill'd as a dew-drop ; and each passing cloud
 Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

220.

Epitaph

HE roam'd half-round the world of woe,
 Where toil and labour never cease ;
 Then dropp'd one little span below
 In search of peace.

And now to him mild beams and showers,
 All that he needs to grace his tomb,
 From loneliest regions at all hours,
 Unsought-for, come.

The World Morose

I

I HEARD the wild beasts in the woods complain ;
 Some slept, while others waken'd to sustain
 Thro' night and day the sad monotonous round,
 Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God thro' all the air,
 The worship of distress, an animal prayer,
 Loud vehement pleadings not unlike to those
 Job utter'd in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife
 With sick'ning sounds of too-successful strife ;
 As when the clash of battle dies away,
 The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can bear,
 As if his tainted blood defiled the air ;
 In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,
 Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,
 Like slaves who will not speak when they obey ;
 Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,
 With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove ;
 Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love ;
 Our very rights, with signs like these alloy'd,
 Not without sad misgivings are enjoy'd.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

II

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
Looks of fix'd gloom, or else of restless care ;
The very babes, that in their cradles lie,
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong ;
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,
And from dank mines, the same sad sound it yields.

Doth Earth send nothing up to Thee but moans,
Father ? Canst thou find melody in groans ?
O, can it be that Thou, the God of bliss,
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this ?

Yet it is well with us. From these alarms
Like children scared we fly into Thine arms ;
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts rude ;
We dare not live in Nature's solitude ;
In how few eyes of men can we behold
Enough of love to make us calm and bold ?

O, it is well with us ! With angry glance
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance :
Seek where we will—Father, we see it now !—
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou.

Night of Spring

SLOW, horses, slow,
 As thro' the wood we go—
 We would count the stars in heaven,
 Hear the grasses grow :

Watch the cloudlets few
 Dappling the deep blue,
 In our open palms outspread
 Catch the blessed dew.

Slow, horses, slow,
 As thro' the wood we go—
 We would see fair Dian rise
 With her huntress bow :

We would hear the breeze
 Ruffling the dim trees,
 Hear its sweet love-ditty set
 To endless harmonies.

Slow, horses, slow,
 As thro' the wood we go—
 All the beauty of the night
 We would learn and know !

CHARLES MACKAY

1814-1889

223.

The Holly Bough

YE who have scorn'd each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year ;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.

Let sinn'd-against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now,
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year ;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here ;

And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old love and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.

CHARLES MACKAY

Ye who have nourish'd sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year ;
Ye with o'erburthen'd mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow ;
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

1815-1885

224. *The Bush Aboon Traquair*

WILL ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair ?
Owre the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa',
This bonny simmer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doun on holm and ha'.

' And what wad ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair ?
A lang dreich road, ye had better let it be ;
Save some old scrunts o' birk
I' the hill-side that lirk
There's nocht i' the world for man to see.'

holm] water-mead.

dreich] dry, tedious.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

But the blythe lilt o' that air,
'The Bush aboon Traquair,'
I need nae mair, it's eneuch for me;
Owre my cradle its sweet chime
Cam sughin' frae auld time,
Sae, tide what may, I'll awa' and see.

'And what saw ye there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?'
—I heard the cushies croon
Thro' the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the Vale o' Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four
Wi' grey moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene,
They bonny bonny gloamings that are lang awa'.

Fra mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm and glen,
They came ane hour to spen' on the greenwood sward;
But lang ha'e lad an' lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green green grass o' Traquair Kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun;
And then they wan a rest,
The lonest and the best,
I' Traquair Kirkyard when a' was done.

but and ben] cottage kitchen and parlour.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Name o' lovers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene ;
But the blythe lilt o' yon air
Keps the bush aboon Traquair,
And the luvè that ance was there, aye fresh and green.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

1816-1902

225.

My Lady

I LOVED her for that she was beautiful ;
And that to me she seem'd to be all Nature,
And all varieties of things in one :
Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
All light and laughter in the morning ; fear
No petty customs nor appearances ;
But think what others only dream'd about ;
And say what others did but think ; and do
What others did but say ; and glory in
What others dared but do : so pure withal
In soul ; in heart and act such conscious yet
Such perfect innocence, she made round her
A halo of delight. 'Twas these which won me ;—
And that she never school'd within her breast
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday
To all ; and that she made all even mine
In the communion of Love : and we
Grew like each other, for we loved each other ;
She, mild and generous as the air in Spring ;
And I, like Earth all budding out with love.

The Great Adventure

'TIS sweet to hear of heroes dead,
 To know them still alive ;
 But sweeter if we earn their bread,
 And in us they survive.

Ye skies, drop gently round my breast
 And be my corselet blue ;
 Ye earth, receive my lance in rest,
 My faithful charger you :

Ye stars my spear-heads in the sky,
 My arrow-tips ye are :
 I see the routed foemen fly
 My bright spears fix'd [for war].

Give me an angel for a foe !
 Fix now the place and time !
 And straight to meet him I will go
 Above the starry chime :

And with our clashing bucklers' clang
 The heavenly spheres shall ring,
 While bright the northern lights shall hang
 Beside our tourneying.

And if she lose her champion true,
 Tell Heaven not to despair ;
 For I will be her champion new,
 Her fame I will repair

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

227.

Love

Totus est Inermis Idem . . .

NO show of bolts and bars
Can keep the foeman out,
Or 'scape his secret mine
Who enter'd with the doubt
That drew the line.
No warder at the gate
Can let the friendly in ;
But, like the sun, o'er all
He will the castle win,
And shine along the wall.

Implacable is Love—
Foes may be bought or teased
From their hostile intent,
But he goes unappeased
Who is on kindness bent.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY

1817-1882

228.

Lament

YOUTH'S bright palace
Is overthrown,
With its diamond sceptre
And golden throne ;
As a time-worn stone
Its turrets are humbled—
All hath crumbled
But grief alone !

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY

Whither, O whither
Have fled away
The dreams and hopes
Of my early day ?
Ruin'd and grey
Are the towers I builded ;
And the beams that gilded—
Ah, where are they ?

Once this world
Was fresh and bright,
With its golden noon
And its starry night :
Glad and light,
By mountain and river,
Have I bless'd the Giver
With hush'd delight.

Youth's illusions
One by one
Have pass'd like clouds
That the sun look'd on.
While morning shone,
How purple their fringes !
How ashy their tinges
When that was gone !

As fire-flies fade
When the nights are damp—
As meteors are quench'd
In a stagnant swamp—
Thus Charlemagne's camp
Where the Paladins rally,
And the Diamond valley,
And the Wonderful Lamp,

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY

And all the wonders
Of Ganges and Nile,
And Haroun's rambles,
And Crusoe's isle,
And Princes who smile
On the Genii's daughters
'Neath the Orient waters
Full many a mile,

And all that the pen
Of Fancy can write
Must vanish in manhood's
Misty light ;
Squire and Knight,
And damosel's glances,
Sunny romances,
So pure and bright !

These have vanish'd,
And what remains ?
Life's budding garlands
Have turn'd to chains—
Its beams and rains
Feed but docks and thistles,
And sorrow whistles
O'er desert plains.

Hymn

WHEN by the marbled lake I lie and listen
 To one sweet voice that sings to me alone,
 Veil'd by green leaves whose silver faces glisten
 In breezy light down the blue summer blown,
 I praise thee, God.

When her white ivory fingers twine and quiver,
 Twinkling thro' mine, and when her golden hair
 Flows down her neck, like sunlight down a river,
 And half she is, and half she is not there,
 I praise thee, God.

When I can look from my proud height above her,
 In her quaint faëry face, or o'er her bend,
 And know I am her friend but not her lover,
 That she is not my lover but my friend,
 I praise thee, God.

When I have heard the imprison'd echoes breaking
 From rolling clouds, like shouts of gods in fight,
 Or armies calling armies, when awaking,
 They rise all breathless from too large delight,
 I praise thee, God.

When I have seen the scarlet lightnings falling
 From cloudy battlements, like throneless kings ;
 Have seen great angels that, to angels calling,
 Open and shut their gold and silver wings,
 I praise thee, God.

When I have passed a nobler life in sorrow :
 Have seen rude masses grow to fulgent spheres ;
 Seen how To-day is father of To-morrow,
 And how the Ages justify the Years,
 I praise thee, God.

230.

The People's Petition

O LORDS ! O rulers of the nation !
 O softly clothed ! O richly fed !
 O men of wealth and noble station !
 Give us our daily bread.

For you we are content to toil,
 For you our blood like rain is shed ;
 Then lords and rulers of the soil,
 Give us our daily bread.

Your silken robes, with endless care,
 Still weave we ; still unclothed, unfed,
 We make the raiment that ye wear :
 Give us our daily bread.

In the red forge-light do we stand,
 We early leave—late seek our bed,
 Tempering the steel for your right hand :
 Give us our daily bread.

We sow your fields, ye reap the fruit,
 We live in misery and in dread :
 Hear but our prayer, and we are mute—
 Give us our daily bread.

Throughout old England's pleasant fields,
 There is no spot where we may tread,
 No house to us sweet shelter yields :
 Give us our daily bread.

Fathers are we ; we see our sons,
 We see our fair young daughters, dead :
 Then hear us, O ye mighty ones !
 Give us our daily bread.

WATHEN MARK WILKS CALL

'Tis vain—with cold, unfeeling eye
Ye gaze on us, unclothed, unfed,
'Tis vain—ye will not hear our cry,
Nor give us daily bread.

We turn from you, our lords by birth,
To Him who is our Lord above ;
We all are made of the same earth,
Are children of one Love.

Then, Father of this world of wonders,
Judge of the living and the dead,
Lord of the lightnings and the thunders,
Give us our daily bread !

231.

Renunciation

WAKEFUL I lay all night and thought of God,
Of heaven, and of the crowns pale martyrs gain,
Of souls in high and purgatorial pain,
And the red path which murder'd seers have trod :
I heard the trumpets which the angels blow
I saw the cleaving sword, the measuring rod,
I watch'd the stream of sound continuous flow
Past the gold towers where seraphs make abode.

But now I let the aching splendour go,
I dare not call the crownèd angels peers
Henceforth. I am content to dwell below
Mid common joys, with humble smiles and tears
Delighted in the sun and breeze to grow,
A child of human hopes and human fears

Jerusalem

FOR thee, O dear dear Country !
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep :
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O come, O onely Mansion !
 O Paradise of Joy !
 Where tears are ever banish'd,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall :
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays :
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced :
 Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendour,
 The Crucified thy praise :
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransom'd people raise :

JOHN MASON NEALE

Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing :
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring :
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court :
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower :
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower :
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile :
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own :
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone :
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot :
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not.

JOHN MASON NEALE

And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
The wealth that is thy King's!

*Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress'd :
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there !
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare !*

And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.

*They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene :
The pastures of the Blessèd
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.*

*There is the Throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white !*

JOHN MASON NEALE

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn !
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim !
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content !
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent !
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim :
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the Elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :
Even now by faith I see thee
Even here thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn :
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory ;
In me is all my woe !
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

JOHN MASON NEALE

O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise :
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device :
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart :
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels !
Thou City of the Lord !
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord !
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransom'd tribes :
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below !
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state ;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.

O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !
O realm and home of Life !

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

1818-1871

233.

Reinforcements

WHEN little boys with merry noise
In the meadows shout and run ;
And little girls, sweet woman buds,
Brightly open in the sun ;
I may not of the world despair,
Our God despaireth not, I see ;
For blithesomer in Eden's air
These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born, if Hope must die ?
Wherefore this health, if Truth should fail ?
And why such Joy, if Misery
Be conquering us and must prevail ?
Arouse ! our spirit may not droop !
These young ones fresh from Heaven are ;
Our God hath sent another troop,
And means to carry on the war.

EMILY BRONTË

1819-1848

234.

Stanzas

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be :

EMILY BRONTË

To-day I will seek not the shadowy region ;
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear ;
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguish'd faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk when my own nature would be leading :
It vexes me to choose another guide :
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

235.

The Old Stoic

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn ;
And lust of fame was but a dream
That vanish'd with the morn :

And, if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, ' Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty ! '

Yea, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore :
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

STILL let my tyrants know, I am not doom'd to wear
 Year after year in gloom and desolate despair ;
 A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
 And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with Western winds, with evening's wandering
 airs,
 With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars :
 Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
 And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
 When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears :
 When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,
 I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunder-storm.

But first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends ;
 The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends.
 Mute music soothes my breast—unutter'd harmony
 That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible ; the Unseen its truth reveals ;
 My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels ;
 Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found ;
 Measuring the gulf, it stoops, and dares the final bound.

O dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
 When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see ;
 When the pulse begins to throb—the brain to think again—
 The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less ;
 The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless ;
 And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,
 If it but herald Death, the vision is divine.

237.

My Lady's Grave

THE linnet in the rocky dells,
 The moor-lark in the air,
 The bee among the heather bells
 That hide my lady fair :

The wild deer browse above her breast ;
 The wild birds raise their brood ;
 And they, her smiles of love caress'd,
 Have left her solitude !

I ween that when the grave's dark wall
 Did first her form retain,
 They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
 The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow
 Uncheck'd through future years ;
 But where is all their anguish now ?
 And where are all their tears ?

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
 Or pleasure's shade pursue—
 The dweller in the land of death
 Is changed and careless too.

And if their eyes should watch and weep
 Till sorrow's source were dry,
 She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
 Return a single sigh ?

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound :
 And murmur, summer streams !
 There is no need of other sound
 To soothe my lady's dreams.

Warning and Reply

IN the earth—the earth—thou shalt be laid,
 A grey stone standing over thee ;
 Black mould beneath thee spread,
 And black mould to cover thee.

‘ Well—there is rest there,
 So fast come thy prophecy :
 The time when my sunny hair
 Shall with grass roots entwined be ! ’

But cold—cold is that resting-place,
 Shut out from joy and liberty,
 And all who lov’d thy living face
 Will shrink from it shudderingly.

‘ Not so. Here the world is chill,
 And sworn friends fall from me ;
 But there—they will own me still,
 And prize my memory.’

Farewell, then, all that love,
 All that deep sympathy ;
 Sleep on : Heaven laughs above,
 Earth never misses thee.

Turf-sod and tombstone drear
 Part human company :
 One heart breaks only—here,
 But that heart was worthy thee !

NO coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity!
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
 Worthless as wither'd weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by thine infinity;
 So surely anchor'd on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void:
 Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
 And what Thou art may never be destroy'd.

ERNEST CHARLES JONES

240. *The Song of the Lower Classes* ¹⁸¹⁹⁻¹⁸⁶⁹

WE plough and sow—we're so very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know—we're so very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet :
We're not too low the bread to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go—we're so very, very low,
To the hell of the deep-sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the crown of a despot shines.
And, whenever he lacks, upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay :
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low—we're low—mere rabble, we know,
But at our plastic power,
The mould at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower.
Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door :
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low—we're low—we're very, very low,
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow—and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.

ERNEST CHARLES JONES

And what we get—and what we give—
We know, and we know our share :
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear !

We're low—we're low—we're very, very low,
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Thro' the heart of the proudest king.
We're low—we're low—our place we know,
We're only the rank and file,
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

1819-1861

241. *Qua cursum ventus*

AS ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried ;
When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :
E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?
At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
And onward each rejoicing steer'd—
Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd,
Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Thro' winds and tides one compass guides,—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

242. *Where lies the Land?*

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.

And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace!
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

243.

Isolation

(FROM DIPSYCHUS)

WHERE are the great, whom thou wouldst wish to
praise thee ?

Where are the pure, whom thou wouldst choose to love
thee ?

Where are the brave, to stand supreme above thee,
Whose high commands would cheer, whose chiding raise
thee ?

Seek, seeker, in thyself ; submit to find
In the stones, bread, and life in the blank mind .

244.

The Latest Decalogue

THOU shalt have one God only ; who
Would be at the expense of two ?

No graven images may be
Worshipp'd, except the currency :

Swear not at all ; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse :

At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend :

Honour thy parents ; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall :

Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive :

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Do not adultery commit ;
Advantage rarely comes of it :

Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,
When 'tis so lucrative to cheat :

Bear not false witness ; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly :

Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

245. Say not the Struggle Naught
availeth

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly !
But westward, look, the land is bright !

246. *Hey, Nonny!*

THE world goes up and the world goes down,
 And the sunshine follows the rain ;
 And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
 Can never come over again,
 Sweet wife ;
 No never come over again.

For woman is warm tho' man be cold,
 And the night will hallow the day !
 Till the heart which at even was weary and old
 Can rise in the morning gay,
 Sweet wife ;
 To its work in the morning gay.

247. *The Old Song*

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green ;
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen ;
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away !
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown ;
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down ;
 Creep home, and take your place there
 The spent and maim'd among ;
 God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young !

JULIA WARD HOWE

b. 1819

248. Battle Hymn of the American Republic

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord :

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;

He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift
sword :

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps ;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and
damps ;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps :

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnish'd rows of steel :
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal ;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel !

Since God is marching on.'

JULIA WARD HOWE

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his Judgment
Seat ;
O, be swift, my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me :
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

GEORGE ELIOT

1819-1880

249. *The Choir Invisible*

*Longum illud tempus quum non ero magis me movet quam hoc
exiguum.*—CICERO, *ad Att.* xii. 18.

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

GEORGE ELIOT

So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobb'd religiously in yearning song,
That watch'd to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mix'd with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gather'd like a scroll within the tomb
Unread for ever.

 This is life to come,
Which martyr'd men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819-1891

250.

The Courtin'

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace fill'd the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (till comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

An' she look'd full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A I,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd spark'd it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curl'd maple,
The side she bresh'd felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher!

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heer'd a foot, an' know'd it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'iter'd on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wish'd him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

' You want to see my Pa, I s'pose ? '
' Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin' '---
' To see my Ma ? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'.'

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Says he, ' I 'd better call agin ' ;
Says she, ' Think likely, Mister ' ;
Thet last word prick'd him like a pin.
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,—
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

251.

Auspex

MY heart, I cannot still it,
Nest that had song-birds in it ;
And when the last shall go,
The dreary days, to fill it,
Instead of lark or linnet,
Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Had they been swallows only,
Without the passion stronger
That skyward longs and sings,—
Woe 's me, I shall be lonely
When I can feel no longer
The impatience of their wings !

A moment, sweet delusion,
Like birds the brown leaves hover ;
But it will not be long
Before their wild confusion
Fall wavering down to cover
The poet and his song.

WALT WHITMAN

1810-1892

252.

The Beasts

I THINK I could turn and live with animals, they are
so placid and self-contain'd ;
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition ;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins ;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God ;
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the
mania of owning things ;
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
thousands of years ago ;
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

253. *On the Beach at Night*

I

O N the beach, at night,
 Stands a child, with her father,
 Watching the east, the autumn sky.

Up through the darkness,
 While ravening clouds, the burial clouds, in black masses
 spreading,
 Lower, sullen and fast, athwart and down the sky,
 Amid a transparent clear belt of ether yet left in the east,
 Ascends, large and calm, the lord-star Jupiter ;
 And nigh at hand, only a very little above,
 Swim the delicate brothers, the Pleiades.

II

From the beach, the child, holding the hand of her father,
 Those burial-clouds that lower, victorious, soon to devour
 all,
 Watching, silently weeps.

Weep not, child,
 Weep not, my darling,
 With these kisses let me remove your tears ;
 The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,
 They shall not long possess the sky—shall devour the
 stars only in apparition :
 Jupiter shall emerge—be patient—watch again another
 night—the Pleiades shall emerge,
 They are immortal—all those stars, both silvery and
 golden, shall shine out again,

WALT WHITMAN

The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again—
they endure ;
The vast immortal suns, and the long-enduring pensive
moons, shall again shine.

III

Then, dearest child, mournest thou only for Jupiter ?
Considerest thou alone the burial of the stars ?

Something there is
(With my lips soothing thee, adding, I whisper,
I give thee the first suggestion, the problem and indirection,
tion,)
Something there is more immortal even than the stars,
(Many the burials, many the days and nights, passing
away,)
Something that shall endure longer even than lustrous
Jupiter,
Longer than sun, or any revolving satellite,
Or the radiant brothers, the Pleiades.

254. *The Brown Bird*

I

OUT of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical
shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands, and the fields beyond, where the
child, leaving his bed, wander'd alone, bare-headed,
barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,

WALT WHITMAN

Up from the mystic play of shadows, twining and twisting
as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother—from the fitful risings
and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon, late-risen, and swollen
as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of sickness and love, there in
the transparent mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart, never to cease,
From the myriad thence-aroused words,
From the word stronger and more delicious than any,
From such, as now they start, the scene revisiting
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither—ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man—yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them—but swiftly leaping beyond
them,
A reminiscence sing.

II

Once, Paumanok,
When the snows had melted—when the lilac-scent was
in the air, and the Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this sea-shore, in some briars,
Two guests from Alabama—two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted with
brown,
And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,

WALT WHITMAN

And every day the she-bird, crouch'd on her nest, silent,
with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never
disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating!

III

*Shine ! shine ! shine !
Pour down your warmth, great Sun !
While we bask—we two together.*

*Two together !
Winds blow South, or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.*

IV

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward, all summer, in the sound of the sea,
And at night, under the full of the moon, in calmer
weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

WALT WHITMAN

V

*Blow ! blow ! blow !
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore !
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me.*

VI

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long, on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down, almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He call'd on his mate ;
He pour'd forth the meanings which I, of all men, know.

Yes, my brother, I know ;
The rest might not—but I have treasured every note ;
For once, and more than once, dimly, down to the beach
gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeams, blending myself with
the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds
and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listen'd long and long.

Listen'd, to keep, to sing—now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

WALT WHITMAN

VII

*Soothe ! soothe ! soothe !
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every
one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.*

*Low hangs the moon—it rose late ;
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.*

*O madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,
With love—with love.*

*O night ! do I not see my love fluttering out there among
the breakers ?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white ?*

*Loud ! loud ! loud !
Loud I call to you, my love !
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves ;
Surely you must know who is here, is here ;
You must know who I am, my love.*

*Low-hanging moon !
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow ?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate !
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.*

*Land ! land ! O land !
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my
mate back again, if you only would ;
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.*

WALT WHITMAN

*O rising stars !
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with
some of you.
O throat ! O trembling throat !
Sound clearer through the atmosphere !
Pierce the woods, the earth ;
Somewhere listening to catch you, must be the one I want.*

*Shake out, carols !
Solitary here—the night's carols !
Carols of lonesome love ! Death's carols !
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon !
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down into the
sea !
O reckless, despairing carols !*

*But soft ! sink low ;
Soft ! let me just murmur ;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea ;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen ;
But not altogether still, for then she might not come im-
mediately to me.*

*Hither, my love !
Here I am ! Here !
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you ;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.*

*Do not be decoy'd elsewhere .
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my voice ;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray ;
Those are the shadows of leaves.*

WALT WHITMAN

*O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful!*

*O brown halo in the sky, near the moon, drooping upon the
sea!*

O troubled reflection in the sea!

O throat! O throbbing heart!

O all—and I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night!

Yet I murmur, murmur on.

*O murmurs—you yourselves make me continue to sing, I know
not why!*

O past! O life! O songs of joy!

In the air—in the woods—over fields;

Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!

But my love no more, no more with me!

We two together no more!

VIII

The aria sinking;

All else continuing—the stars shining,

The winds blowing—the notes of the bird continuous
echoing,

With angry moans the fierce old mother incessantly
moaning,

On the sands of Paumanok's shore, grey and rustling;

The yellow half-moon enlarged, sagging down, drooping,
the face of the sea almost touching;

The boy ecstatic—with his bare feet the waves, with his
hair the atmosphere dallying,

The love in the heart long pent, now loose, now at last
tumultuously bursting,

WALT WHITMAN

The aria's meaning, the ears, the Soul, swiftly depositing,
The strange tears down the cheeks coursing,
The colloquy there—the trio—each uttering,
The undertone—the savage old mother, incessantly crying,
To the boy's Soul's questions sullenly timing—some
 drown'd secret hissing,
To the outsetting bard of love.

IX

Demon or bird ! (said the boy's soul,
Is it indeed toward your mate you sing ? or is it mostly
 to me ?
For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping,
Now I have heard you,
Now in a moment I know what I am for—I awake,
And already a thousand singers—a thousand songs, clearer,
 louder and more sorrowful than yours,
A thousand warbling echoes have started to life within me,
Never to die.
O you singer, solitary, singing by yourself—projecting
 me ;
O solitary me, listening—nevermore shall I cease per-
 petuating you ;
Never more shall I escape, never more the reverberations,
Never more the cries of unsatisfied love be absent from me,
Never again leave me to be the peaceful child I was
 before what there, in the night,
By the sea, under the yellow and sagging moon,
The messenger there aroused—the fire, the sweet hell
 within,
The unknown want, the destiny of me !

WALT WHITMAN

O give me the clue! (it lurks in the night here some-
where ;)
O if I am to have so much, let me have more!
O a word! O what is my destination? (I fear it is
henceforth chaos ;)
O how joys, dreads, convolutions, human shapes, and all
shapes, spring as from graves around me!
O phantoms! you cover all the land and all the sea!
O I cannot see in the dimness whether you smile or
frown upon me ;
O vapour, a look, a word! O well-beloved!
O you dear women's and men's phantoms!

A word then, (for I will conquer it,)
The word final, superior to all,
Subtle, sent up—what is it?—I listen ;
Are you whispering it, and have been all the time, you
sea-waves ?
Is that it from your liquid rims and wet sands ?

x

Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before
daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word DEATH ;
And again Death—ever Death, Death, Death,
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird, nor like my
aroused child's heart,
But edging near, as privately for me, rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears, and laving me
softly all over,
Death, Death, Death, Death, Death.

WALT WHITMAN

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's grey
 beach,
With the thousand responsive songs, at random,
My own songs, awaked from that hour ;
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest song, and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my
 feet,
The sea whisper'd me.

CHARLES DENT BELL

b. 1819

255. *Solemn Rondeau*

BEFORE he pass'd from mortal view
To where he sleeps beneath the yew
He said ' Weep not : to thee I'll come,
If spirits ever leave that home
Thro' whose dark gates I go from you.'

How firm his promise well I knew ;
So as he spake life sweeter grew,
And flower'd again my heart in bloom,
Before he pass'd.

Alas ! the sweet hope is not true ;
He may not tread the avenue
That leadeth from the nether gloom ;
Else would he come to this dear room,
I heard his vow,—God heard it too,
Before he pass'd !

256. *Trust Thou Thy Love*

TRUST thou thy Love: if she be proud, is she not
sweet?

Trust thou thy Love: if she be mute, is she not pure?
Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her feet;
Fail, Sun and Breath!—yet, for thy peace, She shall
endure.

EBENEZER JONES

1820-1860

257. *When the World is burning*

WHEN the world is burning,
Fired within, yet turning
Round with face unscathed;
Ere fierce flames, uprushing,
O'er all lands leap, crushing,
Till earth fall, fire-swathed;
Up amidst the meadows,
Gently through the shadows,
Gentle flames will glide,
Small, and blue, and golden.
Though by bard beholden,
When in calm dreams folden,—
Calm his dreams will bide.

Where the dance is sweeping,
Through the greensward peeping,
Shall the soft lights start;
Laughing maids, unstaying,

EBENEZER JONES

Deeming it trick-playing,
High their robes upswaying,
O'er the lights shall dart ;
And the woodland haunter
Shall not cease to saunter
When, far down some glade,
Of the great world's burning,
One soft flame upturning
Seems, to his discerning,
Crocus in the shade.

258.

The Hand

LONE o'er the moors I stray'd ;
With basely timid mind,
Because by some betray'd,
Denouncing human-kind ;
I heard the lonely wind,
And wickedly did mourn
I could not share its loneliness,
And all things human scorn.

And bitter were the tears
I cursèd as they fell ;
And bitterer the sneers
I strove not to repel :
With blindly mutter'd yell,
I cried unto mine heart,—
'Thou shalt beat the world in falsehood,
And stab it ere we part.'

My hand I backward drave
As one who seeks a knife ;

EBENEZER JONES

When startingly did crave
To quell that hand's wild strife
Some other hand ; all rife
With kindness, clasp'd it hard
On mine, quick frequent claspings
That would not be debarr'd.

I dared not turn my gaze
To the creature of the hand ;
And no sound did it raise,
Its nature to disband
Of mystery ; vast, and grand,
The moors around me spread,
And I thought, some angel message
Perchance their God may have sped.

But it press'd another press,
So full of earnest prayer,
While o'er it fell a tress
Of cool, soft, human hair,
I fear'd not ;—I did dare
Turn round, 'twas Hannah there !
O ! to no one out of heaven
Could I what pass'd declare.

We wander'd o'er the moor
Through all that blessèd day ;
And we drank its waters pure,
And felt the world away ;
In many a dell we lay,
And we twined flower-crowns bright ;
And I fed her with moor-berries
And bless'd her glad eye-light.

EBENEZER JONES

And still that earnest pray-er
That saved me many stings,
Was oft a silent sayer
Of countless loving things ;—
I'll ring it all with rings,
Each ring a jewell'd band ;
For heaven shouldn't purchase
That little sister hand.

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY

1820-1877

259. *Wind me a Summer Crown*

'WIND me a summer crown,' she said,
' And set it on my brows ;
For I must go, while I am young,
Home to my Father's house.

' And make me ready for the day,
And let me not be stay'd ;
I would not linger on the way
As if I was afraid.

' O, will the golden courts of heaven,
When I have paced them o'er,
Be lovely as the lily walks
Which I must see no more ?

' And will the seraph hymns and harps,
When they have fill'd my ear,
Be tender as my mother's voice,
Which I must never hear ?

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY

' And shall I lie where sunsets drift,
Or where the stars are born,
Or where the living tints are mixt
To paint the clouds of morn ? '

Your mother's tones shall reach you still,
Even sweeter than they were ;
And the false love that broke your heart
Shall be forgotten there :

And not a star or flower is born
The beauty of that shore ;
There is a face which you shall see
And wish for nothing more.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

1821-1895

260. *To My Grandmother*

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY)

THIS relative of mine
Was she seventy and nine
When she died ?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
As she sits, her reverie
Has a charm ;
Her ringlets are in taste,—
What an arm ! and what a waist
For an arm !

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

In bridal coronet,
Lace, ribbons, and *coquette*
Falbala ;
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa !

Her lips are sweet as love,—
They are parting ! Do they move ?
Are they dumb ?—
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, ' Come.'

What funny fancy slips
From atween these cherry lips ?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity, in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee ?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime !
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks (as white as snow)
Once shamed the swarthy crow ;
By and by
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cloven foot for spite
In her eye.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine :—
Well I wot,
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
Would she not ?

Ah, perishable clay !
Her charms had dropp'd away
One by one.
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was ' Thy
Will be done '.

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,—
In mercy was she borne
Where the weary ones and worn
Are at rest.

I'm fain to meet you there,—
If as witching as you were,
Grandmamma !
'This nether world agrees
That the better it must please
Grandpapa.

261.

At Her Window

BEATING Heart! we come again
 Where my Love reposes:
 This is Mabel's window-pane;
 These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
 In the twilight stilly,
 Lily clad from throat to heel,
 She, my virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
 Fading, will forsake her;
 Elves of light, on beamy bars,
 Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
 At her flowery grating;
 If she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting!

Mabel will be deck'd anon,
 Zoned in bride's apparel;
 Happy zone! O hark to yon
 Passion-shaken carol!

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
 Pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
 Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel!—dearest . . .

Epitaph of Dionysia

HERE doth Dionysia lie :
 She whose little wanton foot
 Tripping (ah, too carelessly !)
 Touch'd this tomb and fell into 't.
 Trip no more shall she, nor fall,
 And her trippings were so few !
 Summers only eight in all
 Had the sweet child wander'd through.
 But already life's few suns
 Love's strong seeds had ripen'd warm,
 All her ways were winning ones,
 All her cunning was to charm.
 And the fancy, in the flower
 While the flesh was in the blood,
 Childhood's dawning sex did dower
 With warm gusts of womanhood.
 O what joys by hope begun,
 O what kisses kiss'd by thought,
 What love-deeds by fancy done,
 Death to endless dust hath wrought !
 Had the Fates been kind as thou,
 Who, till now, wast never cold,
 Once Love's aptest scholar, now
 Thou hadst been his teacher bold.
 But if buried seeds upthrow
 Fruits and flowers ; if flower and fruit
 By their nature fitly show
 What the seeds are whence they shoot ;

ANONYMOUS

Dionysia, o'er this tomb,
Where thy buried beauties be,
From their dust shall spring and bloom
Loves and graces like to thee.

DORA GREENWELL

1821-1882

263. *The Battle-Flag of Sigurd*¹

I HAVE no folded flock to show,
Tho' from my youth I have loved the sheep
And the lambs, as they stray'd in the valleys low
Or clomb the upland pastures steep ;
But none were given me to keep !
I stood on the hill when the dawn brake red ;
Thro' the darkling glen the fire drew nigh ;
They came on swift with a stealthy tread ;
I gave the earliest warning cry !
Then flash'd the falchion, the arrow flew ;
I did not fight, nor yield, nor fly—
I held up the flag the whole day through—
Wrap it round me when I die !

I have no garner'd sheaf to show ;
Tho' oft with my shining sickle bared
I have wrought with the reapers, row by row,
And join'd in the shout as they homeward fared :
I was not by when the land was shared !
I stood at noon when the maidens dread
Came forth ere the battle to choose the slain,
And at nightfall the raven's foot was red
And the wolves were met on the dark'ning plain.

¹ The flag of Sigurd carried victory with it, but brought death to its bearer.

DORA GREENWELL

Then hew'd the hanger, the sword smote sore,
I held up the flag till the day went by ;
It was glued to my straining clasp with gore—
Wrap it round me when I die !

I have no silken spoil to show,
Nor torque of the beaten gold, no red
Rich broider'd mantle, wrung from the foe
Or flung by chief as the banquet sped ;
I have only watch'd, and toil'd, and bled !
I stand at eve on the vessel's prow,
My heart is wounded, and I have striven
So long that my arm is weary now,
And the flag I bear is stain'd and riven ;
The dark waves mutter, the night dews fall ;
Twixt a sullen sea and a stormy sky
I hold up the flag in sight of all—
Wrap it round me when I die !

264. *The Man with Three Friends*

TO one full sound and silently
That slept, there came a heavy cry,
'Awake, arise ! for thou hast slain
A man.' 'Yea, have I to mine own pain,'

He answer'd ; 'but of ill intent
And malice am I, that naught forecast,
As is the babe innocent.

'From sudden anger our strife grew :
I hated not, in times past,
Him whom unwittingly I slew.'

DORA GREENWELL

' If it be thus indeed, thy case
Is hard,' they said ; ' for thou must die,
Unless with the Judge thou canst find grace.
Hast thou, in thine extremity,
Friends soothfast for thee to plead ? '

Then said he, ' I have friends three :
One ¹ whom in word and will and deed
From my youth I have served, and loved before
Mine own soul, and for him striven ;
To him was all I got given ;
And the longer I lived, I have loved him more.

' And another ² have I, whom (sooth to tell)
I love as I love my own heart well ;
And the third ³ I cannot now call
To mind that ever loved at all
He hath been of me, or in aught served ;
And yet, may be, he hath well deserved
That I should love him with the rest.

' Now will I first to the one loved best.'
Said the first, ' And art thou so sore bestead ?
See, I have gain'd of cloth good store,
So will I give thee three ells and more
(If more thou needest) when thou art dead,
To wrap thee. Now hie thee away from my door :
I have friends many, and little room.'

And the next made answer, weeping sore,
' We will go with thee to the place of doom :
There must we leave thee evermore.'

¹ The World.

² Wife and Children.

³ Christ.

DORA GREENWELL

‘ Alack ! ’ said the man, ‘ and well-a-day ! ’
But the third only answered, ‘ Yea ’ ;
And while the man spake, all to start soon,
Knelt down and buckled on his shoon,
And said, ‘ By thee in the Judgement Hall
I will stand and hear what the Judge decree ;
And if it be death, I will die with thee,
Or for thee, as it may befall.’

WILLIAM PHILPOT

1833-1889

265.

Maritae Suae

OF all the flowers rising now,
Thou only saw'st the head
Of that unopen'd drop of snow
I placed beside thy bed.

In all the blooms that blow so fast,
Thou hast no further part,
Save those, the hour I saw thee last,
I laid above thy heart.

Two snowdrops for our boy and girl,
A primrose blown for me,
Wreath'd with one often-play'd-with curl
From each bright head for thee.

And so I graced thee for thy grave,
And made these tokens fast
With that old silver heart I gave,
My first gift—and my last.

266.

The Forsaken Mermaid

COME, dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below.
 Now my brothers call from the bay ;
 Now the great winds shoreward blow ;
 Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away.
 This way, this way !

Call her once before you go.

Call once yet.

In a voice that she will know :

'Margaret ! Margaret !'

Children's voices should be dear

(Call once more) to a mother's ear :

Children's voices, wild with pain.

Surely she will come again.

Call her once and come away.

This way, this way !

'Mother dear, we cannot stay.'

The wild white horses foam and fret.

Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more.

One last look at the white-wall'd town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore.

Then come down.

She will not come though you call all day.

Come away, come away.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea.
She said, ' I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'
I said, ' Go up, dear heart, through the waves.
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves.'
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Children dear, were we long alone ?
'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.
Come,' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers
But we stood without in the cold-blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
'Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
But, ah ! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down ;
Down to the depths of the sea.
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : 'O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well :
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessèd light of the sun !'
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

MATTHEW ARNOLD

And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children !
Come children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, ' Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she :
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.'

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow ;
When clear falls the moonlight ;
When spring-tides are low :

MATTHEW ARNOLD

When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom ;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom :
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie ;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.
Singing, ' There dwells a loved one,
 But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea.'

267. *The Song of Callicles*

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame.
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea.

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

On the sward at the cliff-top,
Lie strewn the white flocks ;
On the cliff-side, the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets,
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom ?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom ?

What sweet-breathing Presence
Out-perfumes the thyme ?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime ?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, The Nine.
—The Leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows.
They stream up again.
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train ?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road.
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

—Whose praise do they mention ?
Of what is it told ?—
What will be for ever.
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things : and then,
The rest of Immortals,
The action of men.

The Day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm ;
The Night in her silence,
The Stars in their calm.

268.

Cadmus and Harmonia

FAR, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills ; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes.
The grass is cool, the sea-side air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
As virginal and sweet as ours.
And there, they say, two bright and agèd snakes,
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills.
Nor do they see their country, nor the place
Where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes.
They had stay'd long enough to see,
In Thebes, the billow of calamity
Over their own dear children roll'd,
Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
For years, they sitting helpless in their home,
A grey old man and woman ; yet of old
The Gods had to their marriage come,
And at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did not end their days
In sight of blood ; but were rapt, far away,
To where the west wind plays,
And murmurs of the Adriatic come
To those untrodden mountain lawns ; and there
Placed safely in changed forms, the Pair
Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
And all that Theban woe, and stray
For ever through the glens, placid and dumb.

269.

Dover Beach

THE sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits ;—on the French coast, the light
Gleams, and is gone ; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air !
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen ! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,

MATTHEW ARNOLD

At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegaeon, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Isolation

YES : in the sea of life enisled,
 With echoing straits between us thrown,
 Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
 We mortal millions live alone.
 The islands feel the enclasping flow,
 And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
 And they are swept by balms of spring,
 And in their glens, on starry nights,
 The nightingales divinely sing ;
 And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
 Across the sounds and channels pour ;

O then a longing like despair
 Is to their farthest caverns sent !
 For surely once, they feel, we were
 Parts of a single continent.
 Now round us spreads the watery plain—
 O might our marges meet again !

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
 Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
 Who renders vain their deep desire ?—
 A God, a God their severance rul'd ;
 And bade betwixt their shores to be
 The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

271.

Requiescat

STREW on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew.
 In quiet she reposes :
 Ah ! would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required :
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound
 But for peace her soul was yearning
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample Spirit,
 It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty hall of Death.

272.

The Scholar-Gipsy

GO, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill ;
 Go, Shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes :
 No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
 Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
 Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head.
 But when the fields are still,
 And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
 And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
 Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green ;
 Come, Shepherd, and again begin the quest.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Here, where the reaper was at work of late,
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruise,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use ;
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sundown, Shepherd, will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see.
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep :
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade ;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers :

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again :
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at Preferment's door,
One summer morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the Gipsy lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

But once, years after, in the country lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life inquired.
Whereat he answer'd that the Gipsy crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains ;
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will :
' And I,' he said, ' the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart :
But it needs Heaven-sent moments for this skill !'

This said, he left them, and return'd no more,
But rumours hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the Gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring ;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly :
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, Wanderer, on thy trace ;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast passed their quiet place ;
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm green-muffled Cumnor hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

For most, I know, thou lov'st retirèd ground.
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the slow punt swings round :
And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream :

And then they land, and thou art seen no more.
Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.
Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone—
Dark bluebells drench'd with dew of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time 's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering
Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown :
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air ;
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

At some lone homestead in the Cumnor hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee watching, all an April day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood,
Where most the Gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of gray,
Above the forest-ground call'd Thessaly—
The blackbird picking food
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all ;
So often has he known thee past him stray
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face towards Hinksey and its wintry ridge ?
And thou hast climb'd the hill
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumnor range ;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a Gipsy tribe:
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid;
Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—
Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours.
For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls:
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,
And numb the elastic powers.
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why shouldst thou perish, so?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire:
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead—
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire.
The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas, have not!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things ;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled,
brings.

O Life unlike to ours !
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives ;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven : and we,
Vague half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose weak resolves never have been fulfill'd ;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new ;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too ?

Yes, we await it, but it still delays,
And then we suffer ; and amongst us One,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne ;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days ;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

This for our wisest : and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear,
With close-lipp'd Patience for our only friend,
Sad Patience, too near neighbour to Despair
But none has hope like thine.
Thou thro' the fields and thro' the woods dost stray,
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames ;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear !
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood !
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude.

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales

MATTHEW ARNOLD

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly !
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made :
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles !
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægean isles ;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine ;
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves ;
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of
foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

273.

Thyrsis

A MONODY, *to commemorate the author's friend, ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, who died at Florence, 1861*

HOW changed is here each spot man makes or fills !
 In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same ;
 The village-street its haunted mansion lacks,
 And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
 And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks ;
 Are ye too changed, ye hills ?
 See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
 To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays :
 Here came I often, often, in old days ;
 Thyrsis and I ; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
 Up past the wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
 The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames ?
 The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
 The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful
 Thames ?—

This winter-eve is warm,
 Humid the air ; leafless, yet soft as spring,
 The tender purple spray on copse and briers ;
 And that sweet City with her dreaming spires,
 She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night !
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
 Befalls me wandering through this upland dim ;
Once pass'd I blindfold here; at any hour,
 Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
 That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it ! is it gone ?
 We prized it dearly ; while it stood, we said,
 Our friend, the Scholar-Gipsy, was not dead ;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here !
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick ;
 And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
 Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.
 Ah me ! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday !
 Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
 Into the world and wave of men depart ;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
 He loved his mates ; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,
 Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
 Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
 He went ; his piping took a troubled sound
 Of storms that rage outside our happy ground ;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze :
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go ?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with its homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow ;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not ! light comer, he is flown !
What matters it ? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see !
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!—
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate,
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crown'd hair
Are flowers, first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
Each rose with blushing face;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
Her foot the Cumnor cowslips never stirr'd!
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

Well! wind-dispers'd and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedg'd brooks are Thames's tributaries;

MATTHEW ARNOLD

I know these slopes ; who knows them if not I ?—
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,
Where thick the cowslips grew, and, far descried,
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time.
Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's
team,
And only in the hidden brookside gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who, by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoor'd our skiff, when, through the Wytham flats
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among,
And darting swallows, and light water-gnats,
We track'd the shy Thames shore ?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heav'd the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass ?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.

Yes, thou art gone ! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with
grey ;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train ;
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the unpractised eye of sanguine youth ;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare !
Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall.
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush ! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet ;—Look ! adown the dusk hill-side,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride !
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they
come—
Quick, let me fly, and cross
Into yon further field !—'Tis done ; and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree ! the Tree !

I take the omen ! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the Signal-Tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail !
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno vale
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale),

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our Tree is there!—
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him.
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see!)
Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal strains of old.
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityerses song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes;
And how a call celestial round him rang
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair;
Despair I will not, while I yet descry
'Neath the soft canopy of English air
That lonely Tree against the western sky.
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

MATTHEW ARNOLD

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine ; and I seek it too.

This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew ;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold.

But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired ;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone ;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis ! on like quest wert bound,
Thou wander'dst with me for a little hour :
Men gave thee nothing ; but this happy quest,
If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procur'd thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude Cumnor ground,
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime ;
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy country tone,
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
It fail'd, and thou wast mute ;
Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here !
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis, in reach of sheep-bells is my home !
Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying
 roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear :
Why faintest thou ? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on ! the light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof ? Our Tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside.

274. *Austerity of Poetry*

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sate with his bride to see a public show.

Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star ; and what to youth belong,
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way ! crash fell a platform ! lo,

Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay !
Shuddering they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse ! young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside ; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

That son of Italy] Giacomone di Todi.

275.

Shakespeare

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
 That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality ;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure.
 Didst walk on earth unguess'd at. Better so !
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
 Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

276. *From the Hymn of Empedocles*

IS it so small a thing
 To have enjoy'd the sun,
 To have lived light in the spring,
 To have loved, to have thought, to have done ;
 To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling
 foes ;

That we must feign a bliss
 Of doubtful future date,
 And while we dream on this
 Lose all our present state,
 And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose ?

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Not much, I know, you prize
What pleasures may be had,
Who look on life with eyes
Estranged, like mine, and sad :
And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you ;

Who 's loth to leave this life
Which to him little yields :
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,
His often-labour'd fields ;
The boors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew.

But thou, because thou hear'st
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate ;
Because the gods thou fear'st
Fail to make blest thy state,
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are.

I say, Fear not ! life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope.
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then
despair.

277.

The Last Word

CREEP into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said!
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast;
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will!
 Thou art tired; best be still!

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee.
 Better men fared thus before thee;
 Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
 Hotly charged—and broke at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall,
 Find thy body by the wall.

278.

Parting

THRICE with her lips she touch'd my lips,
 Thrice with her hand my hand,
 And three times thrice look'd t'wards the sea,
 But never to the land :
 Then ' Sweet,' she said, ' no more delay,
 For Heaven forbids a longer stay.'

I, with my passion in my heart,
 Could find no words to waste ;
 But, striving often to depart,
 I strain'd her to my breast :
 Her wet tears wash'd my weary cheek ;
 I could have died, but could not speak.

The anchor swings, the sheet flies loose,
 And, bending to the breeze,
 The tall ship never to return
 Flies thro' the foaming seas.
 Cheerily ho ! the sailors cry—
 My sweet love lessening in my eye.

O Love, turn towards the land thy sight !
 No more peruse the sea :
 Our God, who severs thus our hearts,
 Shall surely care for thee :
 For me, let waste-wide Ocean swing,
 I too lie safe beneath his wing.

279.

Spiritual Love

WHAT care I tho' beauty fading
 Die ere Time can turn his glass ?
 What tho' locks the Graces braiding
 Perish like the summer grass ?
 Tho' thy charms should all decay,
 Think not my affections may !

For thy charms—tho' bright as morning—
 Captured not my idle heart ;
 Love so grounded ends in scorning,
 Lacks the barb to hold the dart.
 My devotion more secure
 Woos thy spirit high and pure.

280.

The Poetic Land

THE bubble of the silver-springing waves,
 Castalian music, and that flattering sound,
 Low rustle of the loved Apollian leaves
 With which my youthful hair was to be crown'd,
 Grow dimmer in my ears ; while Beauty grieves
 Over her votary less frequent found ;
 And, not untouch'd by storms, my life-boat heaves
 Thro' the splash'd ocean-waters, outward bound.

And as the leaning mariner, his hand
 Clasp'd on his oar, strives trembling to reclaim
 Some loved lost echo from the fleeting strand,
 So lean I back to the poetic land ;
 And in my heart a sound, a voice, a name
 Hangs, as above the lamp hangs the expiring flame.

281.

Praise and Love

TELL me, Praise, and tell me, Love,
What you both are thinking of ?

‘ O, we think,’ said Love, said Praise,
‘ Now of children and their ways.’

Give me of your cup to drink,
Praise, and tell me what you think.

‘ O, I think of crowns of gold
For the clever and the bold.’

Then I turn’d to Love, and said—
Love was glowing heavenly-red—

Give me of your cup to drink,
Love, and tell me what you think :

Let me taste your bitter-sweet ;
Who are those that kiss your feet ?

Love look’d up—I read her eyes,
They were stars and they were skies.

Clinging to her garment’s hem,
Smiling as I look’d at them,

There were children scarr’d and halt,
Children weeping for a fault ;

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

Those who scarcely dared to raise
Doubtful eyes to smiling Praise.

Love look'd round, and Praise and Pride
Brought their glad ones to her side.

' Yea, these too ! ' she said, or sang ;
And the world with music rang.

282. *The World : a Child's Song*

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World !
With the wonderful water round you curl'd,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree ;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth ! how far do you go,
With the wheatfields that nod, and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all !
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seem'd to say—

' You are more than the Earth, tho' you are such a dot :
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot ! '

The Thought

INTO the skies, one summer's day,
 I sent a little Thought away ;
 Up to where, in the blue round,
 The sun sat shining without sound.

Then my Thought came back to me.—
 Little Thought, what did you see
 In the regions whence you come ?
 And when I spoke, my Thought was dumb.

But she breathed of what was there,
 In the pure bright upper air ;
 And, because my Thought so shone,
 I knew she had been shone upon.

Next, by night a Thought I sent
 Up into the firmament,
 When the eager stars were out,
 And the still moon shone about.

And my Thought went past the moon,
 In between the stars, but soon
 Held her breath and durst not stir,
 For the fear that covered her ;
 Then she thought, in this demur :

‘ Dare I look beneath the shade,
 Into where the worlds are made ;
 Where the suns and stars are wrought ?
 Shall I meet another Thought ?

‘ Will that other Thought have wings ?
 Shall I meet strange, heavenly things ?
 Thought of Thoughts, and Light of Lights,
 Breath of Breaths, and Night of Nights ?

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

Then my Thought began to hark
In the illuminated dark,
Till the silence, over, under,
Made her heart beat more than thunder.

And my Thought came trembling back,
But with something on her track,
And with something at her side ;
Nor till she has lived and died,
Lived and died, and lived again,
Will that awful thing seem plain.

284.

The Flowers

WHEN Love arose in heart and deed
To wake the world to greater joy,
'What can she give me now ?' said Greed,
Who thought to win some costly toy.

He rose, he ran, he stoop'd, he clutch'd ;
And soon the Flowers, that Love let fall,
In Greed's hot grasp were fray'd and smutch'd,
And Greed said, 'Flowers ! Can this be all ?'

He flung them down and went his way,
He cared no jot for thyme or rose ;
But boys and girls came out to play,
And some took these and some took those—

Red, blue, and white, and green and gold ;
And at their touch the dew return'd,
And all the bloom a thousandfold—
So red, so ripe, the roses burn'd !

Dirge for a Soldier

CLOSE his eyes ; his work is done.
 What to him is friend or foeman,
 Rise of moon or set of sun,
 Hand of man or kiss of woman ?

*Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he ? He cannot know :
 Lay him low !*

As man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavour :
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep for ever and for ever.

Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley !
 What to him are all our wars ?
 What but death bemocking folly ?

Leave him to God's watching eye :
 Trust him to the hand that made him.
 Mortal love weeps idly by :
 God alone has power to aid him.

*Lay him low, lay him low,
 In the clover or the snow !
 What cares he ? He cannot know :
 Lay him low !*