

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule, 49  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favourite name !

W. COLLINS.

147

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.  
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds .  
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain 10  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.  
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15  
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, 19  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.  
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.  
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!



Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ; 30  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :— 35  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted  
vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.  
Can storied urn or animated bust 41  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, 51  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, 59  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,



Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone 65  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,  
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.  
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life 75  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.  
Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80  
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply :  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.  
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?  
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ; 90  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.  
For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,  
Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ; 100



- ‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- ‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105  
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.
- ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;  
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill, 111  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;
- ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
 borne,— 114  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

## THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,  
 He gain’d from Heaven, ’twas all he wish’d, a  
 friend.

No farther seeks his merits to disclose, 125  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

T. GRAY.



## 148

## MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,  
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !  
 Those smiles and glances let me see  
 That make the miser's treasure poor :  
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure, 5  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
 Could I the rich reward secure,  
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', 10  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,—  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a' 15  
 ' Ye arena Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee ? 20  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown ;  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

R. BURNS.

## 149

## BONNIE LESLEY

O saw ye bonnie Lesley  
 As she gaed o'er the border ?  
 She's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther.



To see her is to love her, 5  
 And love but her for ever ;  
 For nature made her what she is,  
 And never made anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy subjects we, before thee ; 10  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna scaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face, 15  
 And say ' I canna wrang thee ! '

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;  
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;  
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. 20

Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caledonie !  
 That we may brag we hae a lass  
 There 's nane again sae bonnie.

R. BURNS.

## 150

O my Luve 's like a red, red rose  
 That 's newly sprung in June :  
 O my Luve 's like the melodie  
 That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, 5  
 So deep in luve am I :  
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ; 10  
 I will luve thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.



And fare thee weel, my only Luve !  
And fare thee weel a while !  
And I will come again, my Luve, 15  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

R. BURNS.

## 151

## HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks and braes and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie !  
There simmer first unfauld her robes, 5  
And there the langest tarry ;  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom, 10  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
For dear to me as light and life 15  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace  
Our parting was fu' tender ;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore oursels asunder ; 20  
But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early !  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, 25  
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !  
And closed for ay the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly ;



And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly ! 30  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

R. BURNS.

152

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
 And a' the warld to rest are gane,  
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his  
 bride ; 5

But saving a croun he had naething else beside :  
 To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea ;  
 And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
 When my father brak his arm, and the cow was  
 stown awa ; 10

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—  
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in  
 his e'e 15

Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me !

My heart it said nay ; I look'd for Jamie back ;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
 wrack ;

His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?  
 Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ? 20

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
 break :

They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea  
 Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.



I hadna been a wife a week but only four, 25  
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he—  
 Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;  
 We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away :  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;  
 And why was I born to say, Wae's me ! 32

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;  
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife ay to be, 35  
 For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

LADY A. LINDSAY.

## 153

## DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't :  
 Maggie coost her head fu' high, 5  
 Look'd ask'ent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig ; 10  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
 Spak o' lowpin ower a linn !

Time and chance are but a tide,  
 Slighted love is sair to bide ; 15  
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie dee ?  
 She may gae to—France for me !



How it comes let doctors tell,  
 Meg grew sick—as he grew heal ; 20  
 Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings ;  
 And O, her een, they spak sic things !

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't ! 25  
 Maggie's was a piteous case ;  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't !  
 Duncan couldna be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith : 30  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

R. BURNS.

### THE SAILOR'S WIFE

And are ye sure the news is true ?  
 And are ye sure he 's weel ?  
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?  
     Ye jades, lay by your wheel ;  
 Is this the time to spin a thread, 5  
     When Colin 's at the door ?  
 Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
 For there 's nae luck about the house,  
     There 's nae luck at a' ; 10  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
     When our gudeman 's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,  
     My bishop's satin gown ;  
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife 15  
     That Colin 's in the town.  
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,  
     My stockins pearly blue ;  
 It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
     For he 's baith leal and true. 20



Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle pot ;  
Gie little Kate her button gown  
And Jock his Sunday coat ;  
And mak their shoon as black as slaes, 25  
Their hose as white as snaw ;  
It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he 's been long awa'.

There 's twa fat hens upo' the coop  
Been fed this month and mair ; 30  
Mak haste and thraw their necks about  
That Colin weel may fare ;  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw,  
For wha can tell how Colin fared 35  
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
His breath like caller air ;  
His very foot has music in't  
As he comes up the stair— 40  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet !

If Colin 's weel, and weel content, 45  
I hae nae mair to crave :  
And gin I live to keep him sae,  
I'm blest aboon the lave :  
And will I see his face again,  
And will I hear him speak ? 50  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there 's nae luck about the house,  
There 's nae luck at a' ;  
There 's little pleasure in the house 55  
When our gudeman 's awa'.

W. J. MICKLE.



## 155

## JEAN

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
 I dearly like the West,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best :  
 There's wild woods grow, and rivers row, 5  
 And mony a hill between ;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair : 10  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air :  
 There 's not a bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There 's not a bonnie bird that sings 15  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft  
 Amang the leafy trees ;  
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale  
 Bring hame the laden bees ; 20  
 And bring the lassie back to me  
 That 's ay sae neat and clean ;  
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,  
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes  
 Hae pass'd atween us twa ! 26  
 How fond to meet, how wae to part  
 That night she gaed awa !  
 The Powers aboon can only ken  
 To whom the heart is seen, 30  
 That nane can be sae dear to me  
 As my sweet lovely Jean !

R. BURNS.



156

## JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
 But now your brow is beld, John, 5  
 Your locks are like the snow ;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither, 10  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither :  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot, 15  
 John Anderson my jo.

R. BURNS.

157

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearing awa', Jean,  
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,  
 I'm wearing awa'  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 There 's nae sorrow there, Jean, 5  
 There 's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
 The day is ay fair  
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal and true, Jean,  
 Your task's ended noo, Jean, 10  
 And I'll welcome you  
 To the land o' the leal.



Our bonnie bairn 's there, Jean,  
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean ;  
 O we grudged her right sair 15  
 To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,  
 And angels wait on me  
 To the land o' the leal. 20  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
 This world's care is vain, Jean ;  
 We'll meet and ay be fain  
 In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRNE.

## 158

### ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers  
 That crown the watery glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade ;  
 And ye, that from the stately brow 5  
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver-winding way : 10

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !  
 Ah fields beloved in vain !  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain !  
 I feel the gales that from ye blow 15  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring. 20



Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green  
The paths of pleasure trace ;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave 25  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?  
The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed  
Or urge the flying ball ? 30

While some on earnest business bent  
Their murmuring labours ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty :  
Some bold adventurers disdain 35  
The limits of their little reign  
And unknown regions dare descry :  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd ;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast :  
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue, 45  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light  
That fly th' approach of morn. 50

Alas ! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play !  
No sense have they of ills to come  
Nor care beyond to-day :  
Yet see how all around them wait 55  
The Ministers of human fate  
And black Misfortune's baleful train !



Ah show them where in ambush stand  
To seize their prey, the murderous band !

Ah, tell them they are men !

60

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that skulks behind ;

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth

65

That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice  
And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,

75

That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;  
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

80

Lo, in the vale of years beneath

A griesly troop are seen,  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their Queen :

This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
That every labouring sinew strains,

85

Those in the deeper vitals rage :

Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow-consuming Age.

90

To each his sufferings : all are men,  
Condemn'd alike to groan ;

The tender for another's pain,

Th' unfeeling for his own.

94

Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,



And happiness too swiftly flies ?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

100

T. GRAY.

## 159

## HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best !  
 Bound in thy adamant chain  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

5

When first thy Sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth  
 And bade to form her infant mind.  
 Stern, rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore :  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

10

15

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer Friend, the flattering Foe ;  
 By vain Prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

20

Wisdom in sable garb array'd  
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

25



Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
 Warm Charity, the general friend, 30  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head  
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad, 35  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear, 41  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there  
 To soften, not to wound my heart.  
 The generous spark extinct revive, 45  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

T. GRAY.

## THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

I am monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute ;  
 From the centre all round to the sea  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O solitude ! where are the charms 5  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone, 10  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ;  
 I start at the sound of my own.



The beasts that roam over the plain  
My form with indifference see ;  
They are so unacquainted with man, 15  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love  
Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
O had I the wings of a dove  
How soon would I taste you again ! 20  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport, 25  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more :  
My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me ? 30  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind, 35  
And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land  
In a moment I seem to be there ;  
But, alas ! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair. 40

But the seafowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There is mercy in every place, 45  
And mercy, encouraging thought !  
Gives even affliction a grace  
And reconciles man to his lot.

W. COWPER.



## 161

## TO MARY UNWIN

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,  
Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they  
drew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new  
And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings 5  
I may record thy worth with honour due,  
In verse as musical as thou art true,  
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings :—

But thou hast little need. There is a Book  
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light, 10  
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
A chronicle of actions just and bright—

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ;  
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

W. COWPER.

## 162

## TO THE SAME

The twentieth year is well-nigh past  
Since first our sky was overcast ;  
Ah, would that this might be the last !  
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow, 5  
I see thee daily weaker grow—  
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,  
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store, 10  
For my sake restless heretofore,  
Now rust disused, and shine no more ;  
My Mary !



For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil  
The same kind office for me still,  
Thy sight now seconds not thy will, 15  
My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,  
And all thy threads with magic art  
Have wound themselves about this heart, 20  
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language utter'd in a dream ;  
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,  
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, 25  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I see ? 30  
The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline  
Thy hands their little force resign ;  
Yet, gently press'd, press gently mine, 35  
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st  
That now at every step thou mov'st  
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov'st, 40  
My Mary !

And still to love, though press'd with ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,  
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know 45  
How oft the sadness that I show  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,  
My Mary !



And should my future lot be cast  
 With much resemblance of the past, 50  
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last—  
     My Mary !

W. COWPER.

## 163

## THE DYING MAN IN HIS GARDEN

Why, Damon, with the forward day  
 Dost thou thy little spot survey,  
 From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,  
 Observe the progress of the year,  
 What winds arise, what rains descend, 5  
 When thou before that year shalt end ?

What do thy noonday walks avail,  
 To clear the leaf, and pick the snail  
 Then wantonly to death decree  
 An insect usefuller than thee ? 10  
 Thou and the worm are brother-kind,  
 As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch ! canst thou expect to see  
 The downy peach make court to thee ?  
 Or that thy sense shall ever meet 15  
 The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet  
 Exhaling with an evening's blast ?  
 Thy evenings then will all be past !

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green  
 (For vanity 's in little seen), 20  
 All must be left when Death appears,  
 In spite of wishes, groans, and tears ;  
 Nor one of all thy plants that grow  
 But Rosemary will with thee go.

G. SEWELL.



164

## TO-MORROW

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
May my lot no less fortunate be  
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,  
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;  
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,  
While I carol away idle sorrow, 6  
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn  
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade  
too,  
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ; 10  
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade  
too,  
With a barn for the use of the flail :  
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;  
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame, 15  
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be  
completely  
Secured by a neighbouring hill ;  
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly  
By the sound of a murmuring rill : 20  
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
With my friends may I share what to-day may  
afford,  
And let them spread the table to-morrow. 24

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering  
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,  
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep  
hovering,  
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :



But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey, 29  
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;  
 As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare  
 to-day,  
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

J. COLLINS.

## 165

Life ! I know not what thou art,  
 But know that thou and I must part ;  
 And when, or how, or where we met  
 I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together 5  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;  
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;  
 —Then steal away, give little warning,  
 Choose thine own time ; 10  
 Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime  
 Bid me Good Morning.

A. L. BARBAULD.



# THE GOLDEN TREASURY

## BOOK FOURTH

166

### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told 5  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken ; 10  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS.

167

### ODE ON THE POETS

Bards of Passion and of Mirth  
Ye have left your souls on earth !  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new ?



Yes, and those of heaven commune 5  
With the spheres of sun and moon ;  
With the noise of fountains wond'rous  
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;  
With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease 10  
Seated on Elysian lawns  
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns ;  
Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got 15  
Perfume which on earth is not ;  
Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,  
But divine melodious truth ;  
Philosophic numbers smooth ; 20  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
On the earth ye live again ;  
And the souls ye left behind you 25  
Teach us, here, the way to find you,  
Where your other souls are joying,  
Never slumber'd, never cloying.  
Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little week ; 30  
Of their sorrows and delights ;  
Of their passions and their spites ;  
Of their glory and their shame ;  
What doth strengthen and what maim :—  
Thus ye teach us, every day, 35  
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth  
Ye have left your souls on earth !  
Ye have souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new ! 40

J. KEATS.



168

## LOVE

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I 5  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay  
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene  
Had blended with the lights of eve ; 10  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve !

She lean'd against the arm'd man,  
The statue of the arm'd knight ;  
She stood and listen'd to my lay, 15  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !  
She loves me best whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve. 20

I play'd a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush, 25  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
For well she knew I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand ; 30  
And that for ten long years he woo'd  
The Lady of the Land.



I told her how he pined ; and ah !  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love 35  
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face. 40

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den, 45  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade

There came and look'd him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright ; 50  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,  
He leap'd amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death 55  
The Lady of the Land ;

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees  
And how she tended him in vain ;  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain ; 60

And that she nursed him in a cave,  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
A dying man he lay ;

—His dying words—but when I reach'd 65  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturb'd her soul with pity !



All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ; 70  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued, 75  
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blush'd with love and virgin shame ;  
And, like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name. 80

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms 85  
She press'd me with a meek embrace ;  
And bending back her head, look'd up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art, 90  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride ;  
And so I won my Genevieve, 95  
My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

169

ALL FOR LOVE

O talk not to me of a name great in story ;  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.



What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is  
wrinkled ? 5

'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:  
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—  
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame !—if I e'er took delight in thy praises, 9

'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround  
thee ;

When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my  
story, 15

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON.

## 170

### THE OUTLAW

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen.

And as I rode by Dalton Hall 5

Beneath the turrets high,

A Maiden on the castle-wall

Was singing merrily :

' O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green ; 10

I'd rather rove with Edmund there

Than reign our English queen.'

' If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,

To leave both tower and town,

Thou first must guess what life lead we 15

That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,

As read full well you may,

Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed

As blithe as Queen of May.' 20



Yet sung she, ' Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green ;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen.

' I read you by your bugle-horn 25  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn  
To keep the king's greenwood.'  
' A ranger, lady, winds his horn, 30  
And 'tis at peep of light ;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night.'  
Yet sung she, ' Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay ;  
I would I were with Edmund there 35  
To reign his Queen of May !

' With burnish'd brand and musketoon  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon  
That lists the tuck of drum.' 40  
' I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear ;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum  
My comrades take the spear.  
And O ! though Brignall banks be fair 45  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May !

' Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die ; 50  
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
Were better mate than I !  
And when I'm with my comrades met  
Beneath the greenwood bough,—  
What once we were we all forget, 55  
Nor think what we are now.'



*Chorus*

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer queen. 60

SIR W. SCOTT.

## 171

There be none of Beauty's daughters  
 With a magic like thee ;  
 And like music on the waters  
 Is thy sweet voice to me :  
 When, as if its sound were causing 5  
 The charmed ocean's pausing,  
 The waves lie still and gleaming,  
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming :

And the midnight moon is weaving  
 Her bright chain o'er the deep, 10  
 Whose breast is gently heaving  
 As an infant's asleep :  
 So the spirit bows before thee  
 To listen and adore thee ;  
 With a full but soft emotion, 15  
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

## 172

## LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

I arise from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low  
 And the stars are shining bright :  
 I arise from dreams of thee, 5  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Has led me—who knows how ?  
 To thy chamber-window, sweet !



The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream— 10  
 The champak odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
 The nightingale's complaint  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must die on thine, 15  
 O belovéd as thou art !  
 O lift me from the grass !  
 I die, I faint, I fail !  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale. 20  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
 My heart beats loud and fast ;  
 O ! press it close to thine again  
 Where it will break at last.

P. B. SHELLEY.

## 173

She walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes,  
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light 5  
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.  
 One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
 Which waves in every raven tress,  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face, 10  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.  
 And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow 15  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.



## 174

She was a phantom of delight  
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;  
 A lovely apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament ;  
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ; 5  
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;  
 A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay 10

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A spirit, yet a woman too !  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;  
 A countenance in which did meet 15  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
 A creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food,  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.  
 And now I see with eye serene 21  
 The very pulse of the machine ;  
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A traveller between life and death :  
 The reason firm, the temperate will, 25  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd  
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light. 30

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 175

She is not fair to outward view  
 As many maidens be ;  
 Her loveliness I never knew  
 Until she smiled on me.



O then I saw her eye was bright, 5  
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,  
To mine they ne'er reply,  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The love-light in her eye : 10  
Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.

H. COLERIDGE.

## 176

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden ;  
Thou needest not fear mine ;  
My spirit is too deeply laden  
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion ; 5  
Thou needest not fear mine ;  
Innocent is the heart's devotion  
With which I worship thine.

P. B. SHELLEY.

## 177

## THE LOST LOVE

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove ;  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone 5  
Half hidden from the eye !  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know 10  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her grave, and oh,  
The difference to me !

W. WORDSWORTH.



## 178

I travell'd among unknown men  
 In lands beyond the sea ;  
 Nor, England ! did I know till then  
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream ! 5  
 Nor will I quit thy shore  
 A second time ; for still I seem  
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
 The joy of my desire ; 10  
 And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel  
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd  
 The bowers where Lucy play'd ;  
 And thine too is the last green field 15  
 That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 179

## THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

Three years she grew in sun and shower ;  
 Then Nature said, ' A lovelier flower  
 On earth was never sown :  
 This child I to myself will take ;  
 She shall be mine, and I will make 5  
 A lady of my own.

' Myself will to my darling be  
 Both law and impulse : and with me  
 The girl, in rock and plain,  
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, 10  
 Shall feel an overseeing power  
 To kindle or restrain.



' She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ; 15  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

' The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ; 20  
Nor shall she fail to see  
E'en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

' The stars of midnight shall be dear 25  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face. 30

' And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live 35  
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ; 40  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

W. WORDSWORTH.

A slumber did my spirit seal ;  
I had no human fears :  
She seem'd a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.



No motion has she now, no force ; 5  
 She neither hears nor sees ;  
 Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 181

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound  
 Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !  
 And I'll give thee a silver pound  
 To row us o'er the ferry !'  
 ' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle 5  
 This dark and stormy water ?'  
 ' O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.  
 ' And fast before her father's men  
 Three days we've fled together, 10  
 For should he find us in the glen,  
 My blood would stain the heather.  
 ' His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride 15  
 When they have slain her lover ?'  
 Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,  
 ' I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :  
 It is not for your silver bright,  
 But for your winsome lady :— 20  
 ' And by my word ! the bonny bird  
 In danger shall not tarry ;  
 So though the waves are raging white  
 I'll row you o'er the ferry.'  
 By this the storm grew loud apace, 25  
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;  
 And in the scowl of heaven each face  
 Grew dark as they were speaking.



But still as wilder blew the wind  
 And as the night grew drearer, 30  
 Adown the glen rode arméd men,  
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

‘O haste thee, haste!’ the lady cries,  
 ‘Though tempests round us gather;  
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies, 35  
 But not an angry father.’

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her,—  
 When, oh! too strong for human hand  
 The tempest gather’d o’er her. 40

And still they row’d amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing :  
 Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,—  
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay’d, through storm and shade  
 His child he did discover :— 46  
 One lovely hand she stretch’d for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

‘Come back! come back!’ he cried in grief  
 ‘Across this stormy water : 50  
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,  
 My daughter!—O my daughter!’

’Twas vain : the loud waves lash’d the shore,  
 Return or aid preventing :  
 The waters wild went o’er his child, 55  
 And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL.

### JOCK O’ HAZELDEAN

‘Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye sall be his bride :



And ye sall be his bride, ladie, 5  
 Sae comely to be seen '—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

' Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale ; 10  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington  
 And lord of Langley-dale ;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen '—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa' 15  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

' A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair ;  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair ; 20  
 And you, the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride our forest queen '—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide, 25  
 The tapers glimmer'd fair ;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.  
 They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;  
 The ladie was not seen ! 30  
 She 's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

SIR W. SCOTT.

### FREEDOM AND LOVE

How delicious is the winning  
 Of a kiss at love's beginning,  
 When two mutual hearts are sighing  
 For the knot there's no untying !



Yet remember, 'midst your wooing, 5  
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;  
Other smiles may make you fickle,  
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,  
Just as fate or fancy carries ; 10  
Longest stays, when sorest chidden ;  
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
Bind its odour to the lily,  
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver, 15  
Then bind Love to last for ever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal  
Of fresh beauty for its fuel :  
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,  
Only free, he soars enraptured. 20

Can you keep the bee from ranging  
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?  
No ! nor fetter'd Love from dying  
In the knot there's no untying.

T. CAMPBELL.

## 184

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion ;  
Nothing in the world is single, 5  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven  
And the waves clasp one another ; 10  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdain'd its brother :



And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea—  
 What are all these kissings worth,  
 If thou kiss not me ? 15

P. B. SHELLEY.

## 185

## ECHOES

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
 To Music at night,  
 When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
 And far away o'er lawns and lakes  
 Goes answering light ! 5

Yet Love hath echoes truer far  
 And far more sweet  
 Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,  
 Of horn or lute or soft guitar  
 The songs repeat. 10

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere  
 And only then—  
 The sigh that 's breathed for one to hear,  
 Is by that one, that only Dear  
 Breathed back again. 15

T. MOORE.

## 186

## A SERENADE

Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
 The sun has left the lea,  
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,  
 The breeze is on the sea.  
 The lark, his lay who trill'd all day, 5  
 Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;  
 Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,  
 But where is County Guy ?



The village maid steals through the shade  
 Her shepherd's suit to hear ; 10  
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
 Sings high-born Cavalier.  
 The star of Love, all stars above,  
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky,  
 And high and low the influence know— 15  
 But where is County Guy ?

SIR W. SCOTT.

187

## TO THE EVENING STAR

Gem of the crimson-colour'd Even,  
 Companion of retiring day,  
 Why at the closing gates of heaven,  
 Belovéd Star, dost thou delay ?  
 So fair thy pensile beauty burns 5  
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ;  
 So due thy plighted love returns  
 To chambers brighter than the rose ;  
 To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love  
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be, 10  
 Sure some enamour'd orb above  
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.  
 Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,  
 When all unheavenly passions fly,  
 Chased by the soul-subduing power 15  
 Of Love's delicious witchery.  
 O ! sacred to the fall of day,  
 Queen of propitious stars, appear,  
 And early rise, and long delay,  
 When Caroline herself is here ! 20  
 Shine on her chosen green resort,  
 Whose trees the sunward summit crown,  
 And wanton flowers, that well may court  
 An angel's feet to tread them down.



Shine on her sweetly-scented road, 25  
 Thou star of evening's purple dome,  
 That lead'st the nightingale abroad,  
 And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath  
 Embalms the soft exhaling dew, 30  
 Where dying winds a sigh bequeath  
 To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,  
 Her silken tresses darkly flow,  
 And fall upon her brow so fair, 35  
 Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline  
 In converse sweet to wander far—  
 O bring with thee my Caroline,  
 And thou shalt be my Ruling Star ! 40

T. CAMPBELL.

## TO THE NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night !  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear 5  
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey  
 Star-inwrought !  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day, 10  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
 Come, long-sought !



When I arose and saw the dawn, 15  
     I sigh'd for thee ;

When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,  
 Lingering like an unloved guest, 20  
     I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
     ' Wouldst thou me ? '

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmur'd like a noontide bee, 25  
 ' Shall I nestle near thy side ?  
 Wouldst thou me ? '—And I replied,  
     ' No, not thee ! '

Death will come when thou art dead,  
     Soon, too soon— 30

Sleep will come when thou art fled ;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, belovéd Night—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
     Come soon, soon ! 35

P. B. SHELLEY.

### TO A DISTANT FRIEND

Why art thou silent ? Is thy love a plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so fair ?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant ?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant, 5  
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care—  
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
 For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak !—though this soft warm heart, once free to  
 hold

A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold 11



Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow  
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may  
 know ! W. WORDSWORTH.

## 190

When we two parted  
 In silence and tears,  
 Half broken-hearted,  
 To sever for years,  
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5  
 Colder thy kiss ;  
 Truly that hour foretold  
 Sorrow to this !

The dew of the morning  
 Sunk chill on my brow ; 10  
 It felt like the warning  
 Of what I feel now.

Thy vows are all broken,  
 And light is thy fame :  
 I hear thy name spoken 15  
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
 A knell to mine ear ;  
 A shudder comes o'er me—  
 Why wert thou so dear ? 20  
 They know not I knew thee  
 Who knew thee too well :  
 Long, long shall I rue thee  
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met : 25  
 In silence I grieve  
 That thy heart could forget,  
 Thy spirit deceive.  
 If I should meet thee  
 After long years, 30  
 How should I greet thee ?—  
 With silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.



## 191

## HAPPY INSENSIBILITY

In a drear-nighted December,  
 Too happy, happy tree,  
 Thy branches ne'er remember  
 Their green felicity :  
 The north cannot undo them 5  
 With a sleety whistle through them,  
 Nor frozen thawings glue them  
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
 Too happy, happy brook, 10  
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
 Apollo's summer look ;  
 But with a sweet forgetting  
 They stay their crystal fretting,  
 Never, never petting 15  
 About the frozen time.

Ah, would 'twere so with many  
 A gentle girl and boy !  
 But were there ever any  
 Writhed not at passéd joy ? 20  
 To know the change and feel it,  
 When there is none to heal it  
 Nor numbéd sense to steel it—  
 Was never said in rhyme.

J. KEATS.

## 192

Where shall the lover rest  
 Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast,  
 Parted for ever ?  
 Where, through groves deep and high, 5  
 Sounds the far billow,



Where early violets die  
Under the willow.  
Eleu loro !  
Soft shall be his pillow. 10

There, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving :  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving ;  
There thy rest shalt thou take, 15  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never !  
Eleu loro !  
Never, O never ! 20

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her ?  
In the lost battle, 25  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle  
With groans of the dying ;  
Eleu loro !  
There shall he be lying. 30

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
O'er the falsehearted ;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap  
Ere life be parted :  
Shame and dishonour sit 35  
By his grave ever ;  
Blessing shall hallow it  
Never, O never !  
Eleu loro !  
Never, O never ! 40

SIR W. SCOTT.



## 193

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

' O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering ?  
The sedge has wither'd from the Lake,  
And no birds sing.

' O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms ! 5  
So haggard and so woebegone ?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest's done.

' I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew, 10  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.'

' I met a Lady in the Meads,  
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15  
And her eyes were wild.

' I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan. 20

' I set her on my pacing steed  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A fairy's song.

' She found me roots of relish sweet, 25  
And honey wild and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said  
" I love thee true."

' She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore, 30  
And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses four.



‘ And there she lulled me asleep,  
 And there I dream’d—Ah ! woe betide !  
 The latest dream I ever dreamt 35  
 On the cold hill side.

‘ I saw pale Kings and Princes too,  
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;  
 They cried—“ La belle Dame sans Merci  
 Thee hath in thrall ! ” 40

‘ I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
 With horrid warning gapéd wide.  
 And I awoke and found me here  
 On the cold hill’s side.

‘ And this is why I sojourn here 45  
 Alone and palely loitering,  
 Though the sedge is wither’d from the Lake  
 And no birds sing.’

J. KEATS.

### THE ROVER

‘ A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine !  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine.  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier’s mien, 5  
 A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
 No more of me you knew  
 My Love !

No more of me you knew. 10

‘ This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain ;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow  
 Ere we two meet again.’  
 He turn’d his charger as he spake 15  
 Upon the river shore,



He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
Said ' Adieu for evermore

My Love !

And adieu for evermore.'

20

SIR W. SCOTT.

## 195

## THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

When the lamp is shattered,  
The light in the dust lies dead—

When the cloud is scattered,  
The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lute is broken,

5

Sweet tones are remembered not ;

When the lips have spoken,

Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour

Survive not the lamp and the lute,

10

The heart's echoes render

No song when the spirit is mute—

No song but sad dirges,

Like the wind through a ruined cell,

Or the mournful surges

15

That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,

Love first leaves the well-built nest ;

The weak one is singled

To endure what it once possest.

20

O Love ! who bewailest

The frailty of all things here,

Why choose you the frailest

For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee

25

As the storms rock the ravens on high ;

Bright reason will mock thee

Like the sun from a wintry sky.



From thy nest every rafter  
 Will rot, and thine eagle home 30  
 Leave thee naked to laughter,  
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

P. B. SHELLEY.

## 196

## THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,  
 And lovers' ears in hearing ;  
 And love, in life's extremity,  
 Can lend an hour of cheering.  
 Disease had been in Mary's bower 5  
 And slow decay from mourning,  
 Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower  
 To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,  
 Her form decay'd by pining, 10  
 Till through her wasted hand, at night,  
 You saw the taper shining.  
 By fits a sultry hectic hue  
 Across her cheek was flying ;  
 By fits so ashy pale she grew 15  
 Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear  
 Seem'd in her frame residing ;  
 Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear  
 She heard her lover's riding ; 20  
 Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd  
 She knew and waved to greet him,  
 And o'er the battlement did bend  
 As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze, 25  
 As o'er some stranger glancing ;  
 Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,  
 Lost in his courser's prancing—



The castle-arch, whose hollow tone  
 Returns each whisper spoken, 30  
 Could scarcely catch the feeble moan  
 Which told her heart was broken.

SIR W. SCOTT.

197

### THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

Earl March look'd on his dying child,  
 And, smit with grief to view her—  
 'The youth,' he cried, 'whom I exiled  
 Shall be restored to woo her.'

She's at the window many an hour 5  
 His coming to discover :  
 And he look'd up to Ellen's bower  
 And she look'd on her lover—

But ah ! so pale, he knew her not,  
 Though her smile on him was dwelling— 10  
 'And am I then forgot—forgot ?'  
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,  
 Her cheek is cold as ashes ;  
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes 15  
 To lift their silken lashes.

T. CAMPBELL.

198

Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art—  
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task 5  
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—



No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable, 9  
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest ;

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
 And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.

J. KEATS.

## 199

## THE TERROR OF DEATH

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
 Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry  
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain ;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face, 5  
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
 And think that I may never live to trace  
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour !  
 That I shall never look upon thee more, 10  
 Never have relish in the fairy power  
 Of unreflecting love—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

J. KEATS.

## 200

## DESIDERIA

Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind—  
 I turn'd to share the transport—O with whom  
 But Thee—deep buried in the silent tomb,  
 That spot which no vicissitude can find ?

Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind— 5  
 But how could I forget thee ? Through what  
 power



Even for the least division of an hour  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
 To my most grievous loss ?—That thought's return  
     Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore, 10  
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;  
 That neither present time, nor years unborn  
     Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 201

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I  
     fly  
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in  
     thine eye ;  
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions  
     of air  
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to  
     me there  
 And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the  
     sky ! 5  
 Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,  
 When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on  
     the ear ;  
 And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison  
     rolls,  
 I think, O my Love ! 'tis thy voice, from the  
     Kingdom of Souls  
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so  
     dear. 10

T. MOORE.

## 202

## ELEGY ON THYRZA

And thou art dead, as young and fair  
     As aught of mortal birth ;  
 And form so soft and charms so rare  
     Too soon return'd to Earth !



Though Earth received them in her bed, 5  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
In carelessness or mirth,  
There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low, 10  
Nor gaze upon the spot ;  
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
So I behold them not :  
It is enough for me to prove  
That what I loved and long must love 15  
Like common earth can rot ;  
To me there needs no stone to tell  
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,  
As fervently as thou, 20  
Who didst not change through all the past  
And canst not alter now.  
The love where Death has set his seal  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow : 25  
And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;  
The worst can be but mine :  
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours, 30  
Shall never more be thine.  
The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep ;  
Nor need I to repine  
That all those charms have pass'd away 35  
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatched  
Must fall the earliest prey ;  
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,  
The leaves must drop away. 40  
And yet it were a greater grief



To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
 Than see it pluck'd to-day ;  
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
 To trace the change to foul from fair. 45  
 I know not if I could have borne  
 To see thy beauties fade ;  
 The night that follow'd such a morn  
 Had worn a deeper shade :  
 Thy day without a cloud hath past, 50  
 And thou wert lovely to the last,  
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;  
 As stars that shoot along the sky  
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.  
 As once I wept, if I could weep, 55  
 My tears might well be shed,  
 To think I was not near, to keep  
 One vigil o'er thy bed :  
 To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,  
 To fold thee in a faint embrace, 60  
 Uphold thy drooping head ;  
 And show that love, however vain,  
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.  
 Yet how much less it were to gain,  
 Though thou hast left me free, 65  
 The loveliest things that still remain  
 Than thus remember thee !  
 The all of thine that cannot die  
 Through dark and dread Eternity  
 Returns again to me, 70  
 And more thy buried love endears  
 Than aught except its living years.

LORD BYRON.

## 203

One word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd  
 For thee to disdain it ;



One hope is too like despair 5  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And Pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love ;  
 But wilt thou accept not 10  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the Heavens reject not,—  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar 15  
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

P. B. SHELLEY.

204

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD  
 THE BLACK

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil. 5  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons !  
 Come in your war-array,  
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky ; 10  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlocky.

Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one,  
 Come every steel blade, and 15  
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter ;  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar ; 20



Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges :  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadwords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when 25  
Forests are rended ;  
Come as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded :  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster, 30  
Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;  
See how they gather !  
Wide waves the eagle plume, 35  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set !  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu  
Knell for the onset ! 40

SIR W. SCOTT.

## 205

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast  
And fills the white and rustling sail  
And bends the gallant mast ;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys, 5  
While like the eagle free  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !  
I heard a fair one cry ; 10  
But give to me the snoring breeze  
And white waves heaving high ;



And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we. 15

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud ;  
 But hark the music, mariners !  
 The wind is piping loud ; 20  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

## 206

Ye Mariners of England  
 That guard our native seas,  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze,  
 Your glorious standard launch again 5  
 To match another foe :  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long  
 And the stormy winds do blow. 10

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave.  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell 15  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long  
 And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep ;



Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak 25  
She quells the floods below—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow. 30

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors ! 35  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow. 40

T. CAMPBELL.

## 207

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ; 5  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold, determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat 10  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line :  
It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
As they drifted on their path 15



There was silence deep as death ;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene ; 20  
And her van the fleeter rush'd  
O'er the deadly space between.

'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried, when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships, 25  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30  
To our cheering sent us back ;  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;  
Or in conflagration pale 35  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,  
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
And we conquer but to save : 40  
So peace instead of death let us bring :  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King.' 45

Then Denmark blest our chief  
That he gave her wounds repose ;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day : 50  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.



Now joy, old England, raise 55  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 Whilst the wine cup shines in light ;  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep 60  
 Full many a fathom deep  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true, 65  
 On the deck of fame that died  
 With the gallant good Riou :  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !  
 While the billow mournful rolls  
 And the mermaid's song condoles, 70  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave !

T. CAMPBELL.

## 208

## ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou, who art victory and law 5  
 When empty terrors overawe,  
 From vain temptations dost set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !  
 There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth 10  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 O ! if through confidence misplaced 15  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around  
 them cast.



Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security. 20  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed,  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried, 25  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd 30  
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control, 35  
But in the quietness of thought :  
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;  
I feel the weight of chance desires :  
My hopes no more must change their name ;  
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face :  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds, 45  
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are  
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
I call thee : I myself commend 50  
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
O let my weakness have an end !



Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ; 55  
 And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 209

## ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—

For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of Thee alone can bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd, 5

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,

And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place

And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod, 10

Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,

By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !

For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON.

## 210

## ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND

1802

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea,

One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice :

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,

They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee 5

Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly  
 striven :

Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.



Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;  
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;  
 For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore, 13  
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 211

### ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee,  
 And was the safeguard of the West ; the worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
 Venice, the eldest child of liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free ; 5  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;  
 And when she took unto herself a mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid 11

When her long life hath reach'd its final day :  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
 Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 212

### LONDON, MDCCCII

O Friend ! I know not which way I must look  
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd  
 To think that now our life is only drest  
 For show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,



Or groom ?—We must run glittering like a brook  
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ; 6  
 The wealthiest man among us is the best :  
 No grandeur now in Nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
 This is idolatry ; and these we adore : 10  
 Plain living and high thinking are no more :

The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 213

## THE SAME

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :  
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men  
 O ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ; 11

So didst thou travel on life's common way  
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 214

When I have borne in memory what has tamed  
 Great nations ; how ennobling thoughts depart  
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
 The student's bower for gold —some fears unnamed



I had, my Country !—am I to be blamed ? 5  
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart  
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee ; we who find  
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ; 10  
 And I by my affection was beguiled :

What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
 Among the many movements of his mind,  
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 215

## HOHENLINDEN

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

But Linden saw another sight, 5  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade 10  
 And furious every charger neigh'd  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
 Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven 15  
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow ;  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20



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

The combat deepens. On, ye brave 25  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet, 30  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL.

## 216

### AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun ;  
 And by him sported on the green 5  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round  
 Which he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found ; 10  
 He came to ask what he had found  
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy  
 Who stood expectant by ;  
 And then the old man shook his head, 15  
 And with a natural sigh  
 ' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,  
 ' Who fell in the great victory.



- ‘ I find them in the garden,  
For there ’s many here about ; 20  
And often when I go to plough  
The ploughshare turns them out.  
For many thousand men,’ said he,  
‘ Were slain in that great victory.’
- ‘ Now tell us what ’twas all about,’ 25  
Young Peterkin he cries ;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
‘ Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for.’ 30
- ‘ It was the English,’ Kaspar cried,  
‘ Who put the French to rout ;  
But what they fought each other for  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said,’ quoth he, 35  
‘ That ’twas a famous victory.’
- ‘ My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by ;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly : 40  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.
- ‘ With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then 45  
And new-born baby died :  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.
- ‘ They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won ; 50  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun :  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.



' Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won  
 And our good Prince Eugene ;' 56  
 ' Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !'  
 Said little Wilhelmine ;  
 ' Nay . . nay . . my little girl,' quoth he,  
 ' It was a famous victory.' 60

' And everybody praised the Duke  
 Who this great fight did win.'  
 ' But what good came of it at last ?'  
 Quoth little Peterkin :—  
 ' Why, that I cannot tell,' said he, 65  
 ' But 'twas a famous victory.'

R. SOUTHEY.

217

PRO PATRIA MORI

When he who adores thee has left but the name  
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
 O ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd ? 4  
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ;  
 For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,  
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,  
 Every thought of my reason was thine : 10  
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above  
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine !  
 O ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
 The days of thy glory to see ;  
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give  
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee. 16

T. MOORE.



## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ; 10  
But he lay like a Warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow. 16

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the Foe and the Stranger would tread o'er his  
head,  
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the Spirit that's gone  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done 25  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.



Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30  
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
 But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE.

## 219

## SIMON LEE THE OLD HUNTSMAN

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
 Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,  
 An old man dwells, a little man,—  
 'Tis said he once was tall.  
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived 5  
 A running huntsman merry ;  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And hill and valley rang with glee 10  
 When Echo bandied round and round  
 The halloo of Simon Lee.  
 In those proud days he little cared  
 For husbandry or tillage ;  
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse 15  
 The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
 Could leave both man and horse behind ;  
 And often, ere the chase was done,  
 He reeled and was stone-blind. 20  
 And still there 's something in the world  
 At which his heart rejoices ;  
 For when the chiming hounds are out,  
 He dearly loves their voices !

But O the heavy change !—bereft 25  
 Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see !  
 Old Simon to the world is left  
 In liveried poverty :



His master's dead, and no one now  
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ; 30  
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;  
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick ;  
His body, dwindled and awry,  
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ; 35  
His legs are thin and dry.  
One prop he has, and only one,  
His wife, an aged woman,  
Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
Upon the village common. 40

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
Not twenty paces from the door,  
A scrap of land they have, but they  
Are poorest of the poor.  
This scrap of land he from the heath 45  
Enclosed when he was stronger ;  
But what to them avails the land  
Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her husband's side,  
Ruth does what Simon cannot do ; 50  
For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
Is stouter of the two.  
And, though you with your utmost skill  
From labour could not wean them,  
'Tis little, very little, all 55  
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store  
As he to you will tell,  
For still, the more he works, the more  
Do his weak ankles swell. 60  
My gentle reader, I perceive  
How patiently you've waited,  
And now I fear that you expect  
Some tale will be related.



O reader ! had you in your mind 65  
Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
O gentle reader ! you would find  
A tale in every thing.

What more I have to say is short,  
And you must kindly take it : 70  
It is no tale ; but, should you think,  
Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see  
This old man doing all he could  
To unearth the root of an old tree, 75  
A stump of rotten wood.  
The mattock totter'd in his hand ;  
So vain was his endeavour  
That at the root of the old tree  
He might have work'd for ever. 80

' You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,  
Give me your tool,' to him I said ;  
And at the word right gladly he  
Received my proffer'd aid.  
I struck, and with a single blow 85  
The tangled root I sever'd,  
At which the poor old man so long  
And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
And thanks and praises seem'd to run 90  
So fast out of his heart, I thought  
They never would have done.  
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning ;  
Alas ! the gratitude of men 95  
Hath oftener left me mourning.

W. WORDSWORTH.



## 220

## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I have had playmates, I have had companions  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. 6

I loved a love once, fairest among women :  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man 10  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-  
hood ;

Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces. 15

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have  
left me, 19

And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. LAMB.

## 221

## THE JOURNEY ONWARDS

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love, 5  
From all the links that bind us ;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us !



When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
 We talk with joyous seeming— 10  
 With smiles that might as well be tears,  
 So faint, so sad their beaming ;  
 While memory brings us back again  
 Each early tie that twined us,  
 O, sweet's the cup that circles then 15  
 To those we've left behind us !

And when in other climes we meet  
 Some isle or vale enchanting,  
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
 And nought but love is wanting ; 20  
 We think how great had been our bliss  
 If Heaven had but assign'd us  
 To live and die in scenes like this,  
 With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve 25  
 When eastward darkly going,  
 To gaze upon that light they leave  
 Still faint behind them glowing,—  
 So, when the close of pleasure's day  
 To gloom hath near consign'd us, 30  
 We turn to catch one fading ray  
 Of joy that's left behind us.

T. MOORE.

222

YOUTH AND AGE

There's not a joy the world can give like that it  
 takes away,  
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's  
 dull decay ;  
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone  
 which fades so fast,  
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth  
 itself be past.



Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of  
happiness

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of  
excess :

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points  
in vain

The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never  
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death  
itself comes down ;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream  
its own ;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our  
tears,

And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the  
ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth  
distract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their  
former hope of rest ;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret  
wreath,

All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and  
grey beneath.

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a  
vanish'd scene,—

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish  
though they be,

So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears  
would flow to me !

LORD BYRON.

### A LESSON

There is a flower, the Lesser Celandine,

That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,

And, the first moment that the sun may shine,

Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !



When hailstones have been falling, swarm on  
swarm, 5

Or blasts the green field and the trees distress,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm  
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this flower I past,  
And recognized it, though an alter'd form, 10  
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopp'd and said, with inly-mutter'd voice,  
' It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold ;  
This neither is its courage nor its choice, 15  
But its necessity in being old.

' The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew ;  
It cannot help itself in its decay ;  
Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,'  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,  
A miser's pensioner—behold our lot ! 22  
O Man ! that from thy fair and shining youth  
Age might but take the things Youth needed not !

W. WORDSWORTH.

## 224

## PAST AND PRESENT

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon 5  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white, 10  
The violets, and the lily-cups—  
Those flowers made of light !



The lilacs where the robin built,  
 And where my brother set  
 The laburnum on his birth-day,— 15  
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air must rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing ; 20  
 My spirit flew in feathers then  
 That is so heavy now,  
 And summer pools could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember 25  
 The fir trees dark and high ;  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky :  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 'tis little joy 30  
 To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
 Than when I was a boy.

T. HOOD.

## 225

### THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me :  
 The smiles, the tears 5  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken ;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken ! 10  
 Thus in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.



When I remember all 15  
     The friends so link'd together  
 I've seen around me fall  
     Like leaves in wintry weather  
     I feel like one  
     Who treads alone 20  
     Some banquet-hall deserted,  
     Whose lights are fled  
     Whose garlands dead,  
     And all but he departed !  
 Thus in the stilly night, 25  
     Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
     Of other days around me.

T. MOORE.

## 226

## INVOCATION

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,  
     Spirit of Delight !  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
     Many a day and night ?  
 Many a weary night and day 5  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.  
 How shall ever one like me  
     Win thee back again ?  
 With the joyous and the free  
     Thou wilt scoff at pain. 10  
 Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not.  
 As a lizard with the shade  
     Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd ; 15  
     Even the sighs of grief  
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.



Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure ; 20  
Thou wilt never come for pity,  
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest, 25  
Spirit of Delight !  
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest  
And the starry night ;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born. 30

I love snow and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost ;  
I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
Everything almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be 35  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good ;  
Between thee and me 40  
What diff'rence ? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
And like light can flee,  
But above all other things, 45  
Spirit, I love thee—  
Thou art love and life ! O come !  
Make once more my heart thy home !

P. B. SHELLEY.



STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR  
NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent might :  
The breath of the moist earth is light 5  
Around its unexpanded buds ;  
Like many a voice of one delight—  
The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods—  
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor 10  
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolved in star-showers. thrown :  
I sit upon the sands alone ;  
The lightning of the noontide ocean 15  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion—  
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around, 20  
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walked with inward glory crowned—  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure ;  
Others I see whom these surround— 25  
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild  
Even as the winds and waters are ;  
I could lie down like a tired child, 30  
And weep away the life of care