

- ' Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
 The pride of all the vale ;
 And then she sang ;—she would have been
 A very nightingale. 36
- ' Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;
 And yet I loved her more—
 For so it seem'd,—than till that day
 I e'er had loved before. 40
- ' And turning from her grave, I met
 Beside the churchyard yew
 A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
 With points of morning dew.
- ' A basket on her head she bare ; 45
 Her brow was smooth and white :
 To see a child so very fair,
 It was a pure delight !
- ' No fountain from its rocky cave
 E'er tripp'd with foot so free ; 50
 She seem'd as happy as a wave
 That dances on the sea.
- ' There came from me a sigh of pain
 Which I could ill confine ;
 I looked at her, and looked again : 55
 And did not wish her mine ! '
- Matthew is in his grave, yet now
 Methinks I see him stand
 As at that moment, with a bough
 Of wilding in his hand. 60

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE FOUNTAIN

A Conversation

We talk'd with open heart, and tongue
 Affectionate and true,
 A pair of friends, though I was young,
 And Matthew seventy-two.

- We lay beneath a spreading oak, 5
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke
And gurgled at our feet.
- ‘ Now, Matthew ! ’ said I, ‘ let us match 10
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer’s noon ;
- ‘ Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes 15
Which you last April made ! ’
- In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree :
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-hair’d man of glee : 20
- ‘ No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears,
How merrily it goes !
’Twill murmur on a thousand years
And flow as now it flows.
- ‘ And here, on this delightful day, 25
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain’s brink.
- ‘ My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr’d, 30
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.
- ‘ Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away, 35
Than what it leaves behind.
- ‘ The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will. 40

‘ With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

‘ But we are press’d by heavy laws ; 45
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

‘ If there be one who need bemoan 50
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,—
It is the man of mirth.

‘ My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me ; but by none 55
Am I enough beloved.’

‘ Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains : 60

‘ And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I’ll be a son to thee !’
At this he grasp’d my hand and said,
‘ Alas ! that cannot be.’

We rose up from the fountain-side ; 65
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
And through the wood we went ;

And, ere we came to Leonard’s rock,
He sang those witty rhymes 70
About the crazy old church-clock
And the bewilder’d chimes.

W. WORDSWORTH.

283

THE RIVER OF LIFE

The more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages :
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth, 5
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals lingering like a river smooth
 Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker, 10
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of death, 15
 Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
 Time's course to slower speeding,
 When one by one our friends have gone
 And left our bosoms bleeding ? 20

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness ;
 And those of youth, a seeming length,
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

T. CAMPBELL.

284

THE HUMAN SEASONS

Four seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man :
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :

He has his Summer, when luxuriously 5
 Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
 His nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furleth close ; contented so to look 10
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook :
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forgo his mortal nature.

J. KEATS.

285

A LAMENT

O World ! O Life ! O Time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—Oh, never more ! 5
 Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight :
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more ! 10

P. B. SHELLEY.

286

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old, 5
 Or let me die !
 The Child is father of the Man :
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

W WORDSWORTH.

287

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF
IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream. 5
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 10
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ; 15
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound 20
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong. 24

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea 30
Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy ! 35

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal, 40
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 O evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May-morning ;
 And the children are culling 45
 On every side

In a thousand valleys far and wide
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear ! 50
 —But there 's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have look'd upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat : 55
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
 And cometh from afar ;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home : 65
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ; 70

The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;

At length the Man perceives it die away, 75
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim, 80

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size ! 86

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,

With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, 90

Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art ;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral ;

And this hath now his heart, 95

And unto this he frames his song :

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside, 100

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part ;

Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage' ,

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That life brings with her in her equipage ; 105

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep 110
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest 115
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by ; 120
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke, 124
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

 O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live, 130
 That Nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction : not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest, 135
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
 breast :
 —Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ; 140
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a creature
 Moving about in worlds not realized, 145

High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may, 150

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,

Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being

Of the eternal silence : truths that wake, 155

To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor man nor boy

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy ! 160

Hence in a season of calm weather

Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither ;

Can in a moment travel thither— 165

And see the children sport upon the shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound ! 170

We, in thought, will join your throng

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so
bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight, 176

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind ; 180

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be ;

In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind. 186

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forbode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquish'd one delight 190
 To live beneath your more habitual sway ;
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day
 Is lovely yet ; 195

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, 201
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. WORDSWORTH.

288

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, 5
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. SHELLEY.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

ADDITIONAL POEMS

289

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife ;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art ;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life ;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

W. S. LANDOR.

290

ROSE AYLMER

Ah what avails the sceptred race !
Ah what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes 5
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

W. S. LANDOR.

291

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I loved him not ; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought, 5
And wearied all my thought

To vex myself and him : I now would give
 My love, could he but live
 Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
 'Twas vain, in holy ground 10
 He hid his face amid the shades of death.
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me : but mine returns,
 And this lorn bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep, 15
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
 Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God ! such was his latest prayer,
 These may she never share ! 20
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
 His name and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be, 25
 And, O, pray too for me !

W. S. LANDOR.

292

TO ROBERT BROWNING

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
 Beside the singer : and there is delight
 In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
 And see the praised far off him, far above.
 Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's, 5
 Therefore on him no speech ! and brief for thee,
 Browning ! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
 No man hath walked along our roads with step
 So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
 So varied in discourse. But warmer climes 10
 Give brighter plumage, stronger wing : the breeze
 Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
 Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
 The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

W. S. LANDOR.

293

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
 Four not exempt from pride some future day.
 Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
 Over my open volume you will say,
 'This man loved *me*!' then rise and trip away.

W. S. LANDOR.

294

Well I remember how you smiled
 To see me write your name upon
 The soft sea-sand 'O! *what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!
 I have since written what no tide 5
 Shall ever wash away, what men
 Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
 And find Ianthe's name again.

W. S. LANDOR.

295

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink 10
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,— 15
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end ;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven 25
 Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone, 31
 Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. BRYANT.

296

RONDEAU

Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in !
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad, 5
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kiss'd me. J. H. LEIGH HUNT.

297

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter ;
 We therefore deemed it meeter
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition ; 5
 We met a host, and quelled it ;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing, 10
We made a mighty sally
To furnish our carousing.

Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
We met them, and o'erthrew them :
They struggled hard to beat us ; 15
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us :
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us. 20
He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering, 25
Spilt blood enough to swim in :
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen ; 30
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle, 35
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus. 40

T. L. PEACOCK.

298

THREE MEN OF GOTHAM

Seamen three ! What men be ye ?

Gotham's three wise men we be.

Whither in your bowl so free ?

To rake the moon from out the sea.

The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.

And our ballast is old wine.

6

And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift ?

I am he they call Old Care.

Here on board we will thee lift.

10

No : I may not enter there.

Wherefore so ? 'Tis Jove's decree,

In a bowl Care may not be.

In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll ?

15

No : in charmed bowl we swim.

What the charm that floats the bowl ?

Water may not pass the brim.

The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.

And our ballast is old wine.

20

And your ballast is old wine.

T. L. PEACOCK.

299

THE GRAVE OF LOVE

I dug, beneath the cypress shade,

What well might seem an elfin's grave ;

And every pledge in earth I laid,

That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath ;

5

I placed one mossy stone above ;

And twined the rose's fading wreath

Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,
 Ere yet the evening sun was set : 10
 But years shall see the cypress spread,
 Immutable as my regret.

T. L. PEACOCK.

300

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave 11
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
 O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

301

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

*By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-
 nobles-with-links-of-iron, serjeant in Ireton's regiment*
 Oh ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the
 North,
 With your hands, and your feet, and your
 raiment all red ?
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous
 shout ?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press
 which ye tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit, 5
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we
trod ;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and
the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints
of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their
cuirasses shine, 10
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long
essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of
the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his
sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd
into a shout, 15
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's
right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the
Laws !
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the
Rhine ! 20

The furious German comes, with his clarions and
his drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall ;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes,
close your ranks ;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.
They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken !
We are gone ! 25
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the
blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the
right !

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to
the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre hath
given ground :

Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of
horsemen on our rear ? 30

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God !
'tis he, boys.

Bear up another minute : brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the
dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the
Accurst, 35

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his
pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple
Bar :

And he—he turns, he flies :—shame on those cruel
eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on
war. 40

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip
the slain,

First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-
pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your
hearts were gay and bold, 45

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans
to-day ;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in
the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven
 and hell and fate,
 And the fingers that once were so busy with your
 blades, 50
 Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your
 oaths,
 Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your
 diamonds and your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the
 crown,
 With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of
 the Pope ;
 There is woe in Oxford Halls ; there is wail in
 Durham's Stalls : 55
 The Jesuit smites his bosom ; the Bishop rends
 his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's
 ills,
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of
 England's sword ;
 And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when
 they hear
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the
 Houses and the Word. 60

LORD MACAULAY.

BLACKMWORE MAIDENS

The primrrose in the sheäde do blow,
 The cowslip in the zun,
 The thyme upon the down do grow,
 The clote where streams do run ;
 An' where do pretty maïdens grow 5
 An' blow, but where the tow'r
 Do rise among the bricken tuns,
 In Blackmwore by the Stour ?

If you could zee their comely gaît,
An' pretty feäces' smiles, 10
A-trippèn on so light o' waïght,
An' steppèn off the stiles ;
A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
An' ring within the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleäce 15
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
To Stower or Paladore,
An' all the farmers' housen show'd
Their daeters at the door ; 20
You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
' Here, come : 'ithin an hour
You'll vind ten maïdens to your mind,
In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

An' if you looked 'ithin their door, 25
To zee em in their pleäce,
A-doèn housework up avore
Their smilèn mother's feäce ;
You'd cry—' Why, if a man would wive
An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r, 30
Then let en look en out a wife
In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

As I upon my road did pass
A school-house back in Maÿ
There out upon the beäten grass 35
Wer maïdens at their play ;
An' as the pretty souls did twile
An' smile, I cried, ' The flow'r
O' beauty, then, is still in bud
In Blackmwore by the Stour.' 40

W. BARNES.

THE WIFE A-LOST

Since I noo mwore do zee your feäce;
 Up steärs or down below,
 I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce,
 Where flat-bough'd beech do grow ;
 Below the beeches' bough, my love, 5
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't look to meet ye now,
 As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
 In walks in zummer het, 10
 I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
 Droo trees a-drippèn wet ;
 Below the raïn-wet bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now, 15
 As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
 Your vaïce do never sound,
 I'll eat the bit I can avword
 A-vield upon the ground ; 20
 Below the darksome bough, my love,
 Where you did never dine,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your vaïce an' feäce 25
 In praÿer at eventide,
 I'll praÿ wi' oone sad vaïce vor greäce
 To goo where you do bide ;
 Above the tree an' bough, my love,
 Where you be gone avore, 30
 An' be a-waitèn vor me now,
 To come vor evermwore.

W. BARNES.

304

THE NAMELESS ONE

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

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
 Amid the last homes of youth and eld, 6
 That once there was one whose veins ran lightning
 No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
 How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
 No star of all heaven sends to light our 11
 Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
 Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
 He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
 The way to live. 16

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
 And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
 He fled for shelter to God, who mated
 His soul with song— 20

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

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
 To herd with demons from hell beneath, 26
 Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
 For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
 Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love, 30
 With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
 He still, still strove ;

Till spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
 And some whose hands should have wrought for
 him

(If children live not for sires and mothers), 35
 His mind grew dim ;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
 The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
 And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
 Stock of returns ; 40

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

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow, 45
 And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
 He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
 That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then ? Yes ! Old and hoary
 At thirty-nine. from despair and woe, 50
 He lives, enduring what future story
 Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
 Deep in your bosoms : there let him dwell !
 He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble 55
 Here, and in hell.

J. C. MANGAN.

305

BRAHMA

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

Far or forgot to me is near ; 5
 Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
 The vanished gods to me appear ;
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
 When me they fly, I am the wings ; 10
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
 But thou, meek lover of the good ! 15
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

R. W. EMERSON.

306

TO EVA

O fair and stately maid, whose eyes
 Were kindled in the upper skies
 At the same torch that lighted mine ;
 For so I must interpret still
 Thy sweet dominion o'er my will, 5
 A sympathy divine.

Ah ! let me blameless gaze upon
 Features that seem at heart my own ;
 Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
 Who charm the more their glance forbids 10
 Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
 With fire that draws while it repels.

R. W. EMERSON.

307

AND SHALL TRELAWNY DIE ?

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

And have they fixed the where and when ?
 And shall Trelawny die ? 6
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he : 10
 ' If London Tower were Michael's hold,
 We'll set Trelawny free !
 ' We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is no stay,—
 With "one and all," and hand in hand, 15
 And who shall bid us nay ?
 ' And when we come to London Wall,
 A pleasant sight to view,
 Come forth ! Come forth, ye cowards all,
 Here's men as good as you. 20
 ' Trelawny he's in keep and hold;
 Trelawny he may die ;—
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why ! '

R. S. HAWKER.

308

THE SHANDON BELLS

With deep affection
 And recollection,
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells,
 Whose sounds so wild would, 5
 In the days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle
 Their magic spells.
 On this I ponder
 Where'er I wander, 10
 And thus grow fonder,
 Sweet Cork, of thee ;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters 15
 Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine, 20
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine ;
For memory, dwelling 25
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfrey knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on 30
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.
I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling 35
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame ; 40
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly ;—
O ! the bells of Shandon 45
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.
There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O 50
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets ;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit 55
Of tall minarets.

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

60

F. MAHONY (FATHER PROUT)

309

FROM 'SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE'

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

5

10

310

What can I give thee back, O liberal
 And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
 And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
 And laid them on the outside of the wall
 For such as I to take or leave withal,
 In unexpected largesse ? am I cold,
 Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
 High gifts, I render nothing back at all ?

5

Not so ; not cold,—but very poor instead.

Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
The colours from my life, and left so dead 11

And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head. .

Go farther ! let it serve to trample on.

311

Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed

And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,

Let temple burn, or flax. An equal light
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed.

And love is fire ; and when I say at need 5

I love thee . . . mark ! . . . I love thee ! . . . in thy sight

I stand transfigured, glorified aright,

With conscience of the new rays that proceed

Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing low

In love, when love the lowest : meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so. 11

And what I *feel*, across the inferior features
Of what I *am*, doth flash itself, and show

How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

312

If thou must love me, let it be for naught

Except for love's sake only. Do not say

' I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought

That falls in well with mine, and certes brought

A sense of pleasant ease on such a day '— 6

For these things in themselves, Belovéd, may

Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so
wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for

Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—

A creature might forget to weep, who bore 11

Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby !

But love me for love's sake, that evermore

Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

313

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's 5
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose 11
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. BROWNING.

314

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat 5
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river:
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay, 10
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flowed the river;
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can, 15
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
 (How tall it stood in the river !), 20
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And notched the poor dry empty thing
 In holes, as he sate by the river.

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan
 (Laughed while he sate by the river), 26
 'The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river. 30

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
 Piercing sweet by the river !
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly 35
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man : 39
 The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
 For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

E. B. BROWNING.

315

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand ;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep, 5
 He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ; 10
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !— 16
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ; 20
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag, 25
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view. 30

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums, 35
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free, 40
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay 46
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

316

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villages with strange alarms. 4

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan, 10
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's
 song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamour, 15
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis 19
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
 The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ; 26
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these, 30
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
 courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error, 35
 There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
 And every nation that should lift again
 Its hand against a brother, on its forehead 39
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace !'

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals 45
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

317

CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye children !
 For I hear you at your play,
 And the questions that perplexed me
 Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows, 5
 That look towards the sun,
 Where thoughts are singing swallows,
 And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow ; 10
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us 15
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood, 20

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children ! 25
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books, 30
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems, 35
And all the rest are dead.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I do not love thee !—no ! I do not love thee !
And yet when thou art absent I am sad ;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee !—yet, I know not why, 5
 Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me :
 And often in my solitude I sigh
 That those I do love are not more like thee !

I do not love thee !—yet, when thou art gone,
 I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
 Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone 11
 Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee !—yet thy speaking eyes,
 With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,
 Between me and the midnight heaven arise, 15
 Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee ! yet, alas !
 Others will scarcely trust my candid heart ;
 And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
 Because they see me gazing where thou art. 20

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

319

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF
 NAISHÁPÚR

1

Awake ! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
 Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight :
 And Lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
 The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

2

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
 I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry, 6
 'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
 'Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.'

3

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
 The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door ! 10
 'You know how little while we have to stay,
 'And, once departed, may return no more.'

4

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
 The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
 Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
 Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires. 16

5

Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,
 And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one
 knows ;
 But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
 And still a Garden by the Water blows. 20

6

And David's Lips are lock't ; but in divine
 High-piping Péhleví, with ' Wine ! Wine ! Wine !
 ' Red Wine ! '—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
 That yellow Cheek of hers to incarnadine.

7

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring 25
 The Winter Garment of Repentance fling :
 The Bird of Time has but a little way
 To fly—and Lo ! the Bird is on the Wing.

8

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
 Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay : 30
 And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
 Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

9

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
 Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot :
 Let Rustum lay about him as he will, 35
 Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

10

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown,
 That just divides the desert from the sown,
 Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
 And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne. 40

11

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
 A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
 And Wilderness is Paradise enow. 44

12

‘How sweet is mortal Sovranty!’—think some:
 Others—‘How blest the Paradise to come!’
 Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;
 Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!

13

Look to the Rose that blows about us—‘Lo,
 ‘Laughing,’ she says, ‘into the World I blow:
 ‘At once the silken Tassel of my Purse 51
 ‘Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.’

14

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
 Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert’s dusty Face 55
 Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

15

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
 And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn’d
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again. 60

16

Think, in this batter’d Caravanserai
 Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

17

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep 65
 The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep:
 And Bahráń, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
 Stamps o’er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

18

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled ; 70
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

19

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows 75
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !

20

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow ?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

21

Lo ! some we loved, the loveliest and best 81
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

22

And we, that now make merry in the Room 85
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom ?

23

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend ; 90
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End !

24

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after a To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries, 95
' Fools ! your Reward is neither Here nor There ! '

25

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust 98
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

26

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

27

Myself when young did eagerly frequent 105
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

28

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow: 110
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.'

29

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste, 115
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

30

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence! 120

31

Up from Earth's Centre, through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

32

There was a Door to which I found no Key : 125
There was a Veil past which I could not see :
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seem'd—and then no more of THEE and ME.

33

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, 'What Lamp had Destiny to guide 130
'Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?'
And—'A blind Understanding!' Heav'n replied.

34

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn : 134
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—'While you live
'Drink!—for once dead you never shall return.'

35

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make ; and the cold Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give ! 140

36

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay :
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—'Gently, Brother, gently, pray !

37

Ah, fill the Cup :—what boots it to repeat 145
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet :
Unborn TO-MORROW and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet !

38

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste— 150
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste !

39

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute ?

Better be merry with the fruitful Grape 155
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

40

You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse :

Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse. 160

41

For ' Is ' and ' IS-NOT ' though *with* Rule and Line,
And ' UP-AND-DOWN ' *without*, I could define,

I yet, in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

42

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape, 165
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape

Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and
He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas—the Grape

43

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute : 170

The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

44

The mighty Máhmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde

Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul 175
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

45

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be :

And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

46

For in and out, above, about, below, 181
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

47

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press, 185
End in the Nothing all Things end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.

48

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink : 190
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not shrink.

49

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays :
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays. 196

50

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes ;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows !

51

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit 202
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

52

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky, 205
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for *It*
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

53

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's
 knead,
 And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed :
 Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote 211
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

54

I tell Thee this—When, starting from the Goal,
 Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
 Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtara they flung,
 In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul 216

55

The Vine had struck a Fibre ; which about
 If clings my Being—let the Súfi flout ;
 Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,
 That shall unlock the Door he howls without. 220

56

And this I know : whether the one True Light
 Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
 One glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
 Better than in the Temple lost outright.

57

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin 225
 Beset the Road I was to wander in,
 Thou wilt not with Predestination round
 Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin ?

58

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
 And who with Eden didst devise the Snake ; 230
 For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
 Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take !

KÚZA-NÁMA

59

Listen again. One evening at the Close
 Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
 In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone 235
 With the clay Population round in Rows.

60

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not :

And suddenly one more impatient cried— 239
' Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot ? '

61

Then said another—' Surely not in vain
' My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
' That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
' Should stamp me back to common Earth again.'

62

Another said—' Why, ne'er a peevish Boy, 245
' Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy ;
' Shall He that *made* the Vessel in pure Love
' And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy ! '

63

None answer'd this ; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make : 250
' They sneer at me for leaning all awry ;
' What ! did the Hand then of the Potter shake ? '

64

Said one—' Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
' And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell ;
' They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish !
' He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.' 256

65

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
' My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry :
' But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,
' Methinks I might recover by and by ! ' 260

66

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking :
And then they jogg'd each other, ' Brother,
Brother !
' Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking ! '

67

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide, 265
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Winding-sheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

68

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air, 270
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

69

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong :
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song. 276

70

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore ?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore. 280

71

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One-half so precious as the Goods they sell. 284

72

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose !
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should
close !

The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows !

73

Ah, Love ! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire, 290
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire !

74

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again :

How oft hereafter rising shall she look 295
Through this same Garden after me—in vain !

75

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot 299
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass !

TAMAM SHUD.

E. FITZGERALD.

320

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings, 5
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell, 10
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !
Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door, 20
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn !

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born 25
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn !

While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
 that sings :—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll ! 30

Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free, 34

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

O. W. HOLMES.

321

THE MEN OF OLD

I know not that the men of old
 Were better than men now,
 Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
 Of more ingenuous brow :

I heed not those who pine for force 5
 A ghost of Time to raise,
 As if they thus could check the course
 Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over true,
 That I delight to close 10

This book of life self-wise and new,
 And let my thoughts repose
 On all that humble happiness,
 The world has since forgone,—

The daylight of contentedness 15
 That on those faces shone !

With rights, tho' not too closely scanned,
 Enjoyed, as far as known,—

With will by no reverse unmanned,—
 With pulse of even tone,— 20

They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art 25
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run ;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know, 30
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man *now* his Virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears,
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares : 36
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.— 40

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flowed more fast, 45
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet, 50
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet :
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe 55
The air of fresh Desire.

Yet, Brothers, who up Reason's hill
 Advance with hopeful cheer,—
 O ! loiter not, those heights are chill,
 As chill as they are clear ; 60
 And still restrain your haughty gaze,
 The loftier that ye go,
 Remembering distance leaves a haze
 On all that lies below.

LORD HOUGHTON.

322

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,
 That I would be the jewel
 That trembles at her ear :
 For hid in ringlets day and night, 5
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty dainty waist,
 And her heart would beat against me
 In sorrow and in rest : 10
 And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
 And all day long to fall and rise
 Upon her balmy bosom, 15
 With her laughter or her sighs,
 And I would lie so light, so light,
 I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

LORD TENNYSON.

323

ST. AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers 5
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies, 10
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.
As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark, 15
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be. 20
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.
He lifts me to the golden doors ; 25
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within 30
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea— 35
The Bridegroom with his bride !

LORD TENNYSON.

824

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, 5
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands, 10
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle till the end, 15
To save from shame and thrall :
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice, but none are there ; 30
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,

The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
I float till all is dark. 40

A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God ! 45
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear ;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease, 65
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear, 70
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony 75
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 ' O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near.' 80
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide.
 Until I find the holy Grail.

LORD TENNYSON.

325

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ; 10
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea ! 14
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON.

326

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, 5
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river, 10
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddyng bays, 15
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow. 20

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out, 25
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel 30
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go, 35
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers. 40

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars 45
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;
 I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river, 50
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

327

As thro' the land at eve we went,
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
 We fell out, my wife and I,
 We fell out, I know not why,
 And kiss'd again with tears. 5

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

For when we came where lies the child 10
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 O there above the little grave,
 We kiss'd again with tears.

LORD TENNYSON.

328

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing ! 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river :
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON.

329

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more. 5

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes 13
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20

LORD TENNYSON.

330

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South, 5
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in, 10
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays 14
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green ?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown :
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North, 20
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

LORD TENNYSON.

331

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me. 6

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

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me. 10

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

LORD TENNYSON.

332

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the Shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine, 5
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize, 10
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice, 15
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :

But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down
 To find him in the valley ; let the wild
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave 20
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air :
 So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales
 Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth 25
 Arise to thee ; the children call, and I
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms, 30
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.

LORD TENNYSON.

333

FROM 'IN MEMORIAM'

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, 5
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ; 10
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life, 15
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ; 25
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ; 30
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON.

334

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, 5
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky, 10
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd 15
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, ' There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay. 20
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone 25
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, ' The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine ? 30
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
' For ever and ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall ;
And long by the garden lake I stood, 35
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs 40
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake 45
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me ; 50
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, 55
 Queen lily and rose in one ;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate. 60
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
 She is coming, my life, my fate ;
 The red rose cries, ' She is near, she is near ;'
 And the white rose weeps, ' She is late ;'
 The larkspur listens, ' I hear, I hear ;' 65
 And the lily whispers, ' I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ; 70
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

LORD TENNYSON.

335

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

It is the little rift within the lute,
 That by and by will make the music mute, 5
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

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

It is not worth the keeping : let it go : 10
 But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, no.
 And trust me not at all or all in all.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs having remained behind with the grog carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *Kotow*. The Sikhs obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.—*The Times*.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore,
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown, 5
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewildered, and alone, 10
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.
 Aye, tear his body limb from limb,
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame :
 He only knows, that not through *him* 15
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
 Like dreams, to come and go ;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
 One sheet of living snow ; 20
 The smoke, above his father's door,
 In grey soft eddyings hung :
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doom'd by himself so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by. 26
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent, 30
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed, 35
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's King,
Because his soul was great. 40

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

337

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night !—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea !
No sound was heard of clashing wars ; 5
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago ! 10

'Twas in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight
From lordly revel rolling home !

Triumphal arches gleaming swell 15
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway :
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago ! 20

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor :
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for naught 25
Told what was going on within ;
How keen the stars ! his only thought ;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago ! 30

O strange indifference !—low and high
Drownsed over common joys and cares :
The earth was still—but knew not why ;
The world was listening—unawares ;
How calm a moment may precede 35
One that shall thrill the world for ever !
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago ! 40

It is the calm and solemn night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now !
The night that erst no name had worn, 45
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago. 50

A. DOMETT.

338

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven ;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
 The lark's on the wing ; 5
 The snail's on the thorn :
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world !

R. BROWNING.

339

Give her but a least excuse to love me !
 When—where—
 How—can this arm establish her above me,
 If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
 There already, to eternally reprove me ? 5
 ('Hist !'—said Kate the queen ;
 But 'Oh'—cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
 ' 'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
 ' Crumbling your hounds their messes ! ')
 Is she wronged ?—To the rescue of her honour, 10
 My heart !
 Is she poor ?—What costs it to be styled a donor ?
 Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part.
 But that fortune should have thrust all this upon
 her !
 ('Nay, list !'—bade Kate the queen ; 15
 And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
 ' 'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
 ' Fitting your hawks their jesses ! ')

R. BROWNING.

340

THE LOST LEADER

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote ;

They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
 So much was theirs who so little allowed : 6
 How all our copper had gone for his service !

Rags—were they purple, his heart had been
 proud !

Wethat had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, 10
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from
 their graves !

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves ! 16

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
 Songs may inspire us,—not from his lyre ;

Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire :

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,

One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !

Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain, 26

Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again !

Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike
 gallantly,

Menace our heart ere we master his own ; 30

Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne !

R. BROWNING.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England sees, some morn-
 ing, unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf, 4
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That 's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice
 over, 12

Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew 16
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

R. BROWNING.

342

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West
 died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
 Cadiz Bay ;
 Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
 lay ;
 In the dimmest North-East distance, dawned
 Gibraltar grand and grey ;
 ' Here and here did England help me : how can I
 help England ? '—say, 5
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
 praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

R. BROWNING.

343

MISCONCEPTIONS

This is a spray the Bird clung to,
 Making it blossom with pleasure,
 Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
 Fit for her nest and her treasure.
 Oh, what a hope beyond measure 5
 Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to,—
 So to be singled out, built in, and sung to !

This is a heart the Queen leant on,
 Thrilled in a minute erratic,
 Ere the true bosom she bent on, 10
 Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
 Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
 Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—
 Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on !

R. BROWNING.

344

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

Let 's contend no more, Love,
 Strive nor weep :
 All be as before, Love,
 —Only sleep !

What so wild as words are ? 5
 I and thou
 In debate, as birds are,
 Hawk on bough !

See the creature stalking
 While we speak ! 10
 Hush and hide the talking,
 Cheek on cheek !

What so false as truth is,
 False to thee ?
 Where the serpent's tooth is, 15
 Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens
 Never pry—
 Lest we lose our Edens,
 Eve and I. 20

Be a god and hold me
 With a charm !
 Be a man and fold me
 With thine arm !

Teach me, only teach, Love ! 25
 As I ought
 I will speak thy speech, Love,
 Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it,
 Both demands, 30
 Laying flesh and spirit
 In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow
 Not to-night :
 I must bury sorrow 35
 Out of sight :

—Must a little weep, Love
 (Foolish me !)
 And so fall asleep, Love,
 Loved by thee. 40

R. BROWNING.

345

LIFE IN A LOVE

Escape me ?
 Never—
 Beloved !

While I am I, and you are you,
 So long as the world contains us both, 5
 Me the loving and you the loath,
 While the one eludes, must the other pursue.
 My life is a fault at last, I fear :

It seems too much like a fate, indeed !
 Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed. 10
 But what if I fail of my purpose here ?
 It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
 To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
 And baffled, get up and begin again,—
 So the chace takes up one's life, that's all. 15
 While, look but once from your farthest bound
 At me so deep in the dust and dark,
 No sooner the old hope goes to ground
 Than a new one, straight to the selfsame mark,
 I shape me— 20
 Ever
 Removed !

R. BROWNING.

346

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING
 IN EUROPE

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
 Singing together.
 Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes,
 Each in its tether
 Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain, 5
 Cared-for till cock-crow :
 Look out if yonder be not day again
 Rimming the rock-row !
 That's the appropriate country ; there, man's
 thought,
 Rarer, intenser, 10
 Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
 Chafes in the censer.
 Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;
 Seek we sepulture
 On a tall mountain, citied to the top, 15
 Crowded with culture !
 All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels ;
 Clouds overcome it ;

No, yonder sparkle is the citadel's
 Circling its summit. 20
Thither our path lies ; wind we up the heights :
 Wait ye the warning ?
Our low life was the level's and the night's ;
 He 's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head, 25
 'Ware the beholders !
This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
 Borne on our shoulders.
Sleep, crop and herd ! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
 Safe from the weather ! 30
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
 Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and throat,
 Lyric Apollo !
Long he lived nameless : how should spring take note
 Winter would follow ? 36
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone !
 Cramped and diminished,
Moaned he, ' New measures, other feet anon !
 My dance is finished ' ? 40
No, that's the world's way : (keep the mountain-side,
 Make for the city !)
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
 Over men's pity ;
Left play for work, and grappled with the world
 Bent on escaping : 46
'What's in the scroll,' quoth he, 'thou keepest furled ?
 Show me their shaping,
Theirs, who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
 Give ! '—So, he gowned him, 50
Straight got by heart that book to its last page :
 Learned, we found him.
Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
 Accents uncertain :
'Time to taste life,' another would have said, 55
 'Up with the curtain ! '—
This man said rather, 'Actual life comes next ?
 Patience a moment !

Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
 Still, there's the comment. 60
 Let me know all ! Prate not of most or least,
 Painful or easy !
 Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
 Aye, nor feel queasy.'
 Oh, such a life as he resolved to live, 65
 When he had learned it,
 When he had gathered all books had to give !
 Sooner, he spurned it.
 Image the whole, then execute the parts—
 Fancy the fabric 70
 Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
 Ere mortar dab brick !

 (Here's the town-gate reached : there's the market-
 place
 Gaping before us.)
 Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace 75
 (Hearten our chorus !)
 That before living he'd learn how to live—
 No end to learning :
 Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
 Use for our earning. 80
 Others mistrust and say, ' But time escapes :
 Live now or never !'
 He said, ' What's time ? leave Now for dogs and apes !
 Man has Forever.'
 Back to his book then : deeper drooped his head :
Calculus racked him : 86
 Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead :
Tussis attacked him.
 ' Now, master, take a little rest ! '—not he !
 (Caution redoubled, 90
 Step two a-breast, the way winds narrowly !)
 Not a whit troubled,
 Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
 Fierce as a dragon
 He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst) 95
 Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
 Heedless of far gain,
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
 Bad is our bargain ! 100
 Was it not great ? did not he throw on God,
 (He loves the burthen)—
 God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen ?
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear 105
 Just what it all meant ?
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment.
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
 Found, or earth's failure : 110
 'Wilt thou trust death or not?' He answered 'Yes!
 Hence with life's pale lure !'
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it :
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue, 115
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred 's soon hit :
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit. 120
 That, has the world here—should he need the next
 Let the world mind him !
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find him.
 So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
 Ground he at grammar ; 126
 Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife :
 While he could stammer
 He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be !—
 Properly based *Oun*— 130
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.
 Well, here 's the platform, here 's the proper place :
 Hail to your purlieus,
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race, 135
 Swallows and curlews !

Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there :
 This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there ? 140
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds
 form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go ! Let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the dew send !
 Lofty designs must close in like effects : 145
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying.

R. BROWNING.

347

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

The rain set early in to-night,
 The sullen wind was soon awake,
 It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
 And did its worst to vex the lake :
 I listened with heart fit to break, 5
 When glided in Porphyria ; straight
 She shut the cold out and the storm,
 And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
 Blaze up, and all the cottage warm ;
 Which done, she rose, and from her form
 Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl, 11
 And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
 Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
 And, last, she sat down by my side
 And called me. When no voice replied, 15
 She put my arm about her waist,
 And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
 And all her yellow hair displaced,
 And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
 And spread o'er all her yellow hair, 20
 Murmuring how she loved me—she
 Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,