

From which men wake as from a Paradise,
 And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life. 20
 If God be good, wherefore should this be evil?
 And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw
 Unseasonable poison from the flowers
 Which bloom so rarely in this barren world?
 Oh, kill these bitter thoughts which make the present 25
 Dark as the future!—

When Avarice and Tyranny, vigilant Fear,
 And open-eyed Conspiracy lie sleeping
 As on Hell's threshold; and all gentle thoughts
 Waken to worship Him who giveth joys 30
 With His own gift.

Second Citizen. How young art thou in this old age of time!
 How green in this gray world? Canst thou discern
 The signs of seasons, yet perceive no hint
 Of change in that stage-scene in which thou art 35
 Not a spectator but an actor? or
 Art thou a puppet moved by [enginery]?
 The day that dawns in fire will die in storms,
 Even though the noon be calm. My travel's done,—
 Before the whirlwind wakes I shall have found 40
 My inn of lasting rest; but thou must still
 Be journeying on in this inclement air.
 Wrap thy old cloak about thy back;
 Nor leave the broad and plain and beaten road,
 Although no flowers smile on the trodden dust, 45
 For the violet paths of pleasure. This Charles the First
 Rose like the equinoctial sun, . . .
 By vapours, through whose threatening ominous veil
 Darting his altered influence he has gained
 This height of noon—from which he must decline 50
 Amid the darkness of conflicting storms,
 To dank extinction and to latest night . . .

There goes

The apostate Strafford; he whose titles
whispered aphorisms 55
 From Machiavel and Bacon: and, if Judas
 Had been as brazen and as bold as he—

First Citizen. That
 Is the Archbishop.

Second Citizen. Rather say the Pope:

33-7 Canst. . . enginery 1870;

Canst thou not think

Of change in that low scene, in which thou art

Not a spectator but an actor? . . . 1824.

43-57 Wrap . . . bold as he 1870; omitted 1824.

London will be soon his Rome: he walks
 As if he trod upon the heads of men: 60
 He looks elate, drunken with blood and gold;—
 Beside him moves the Babylonian woman
 Invisibly, and with her as with his shadow,
 Mitred adulterer! he is joined in sin,
 Which turns Heaven's milk of mercy to revenge. 65

Third Citizen (lifting up his eyes). Good Lord! rain it down
 upon him! . . .

Amid her ladies walks the papist queen,
 As if her nice feet scorned our English earth.
 The Canaanitish Jezebel! I would be
 A dog if I might tear her with my teeth! 70
 There's old Sir Henry Vane, the Earl of Pembroke,
 Lord Essex, and Lord Keeper Coventry,
 And others who make base their English breed
 By vile participation of their honours
 With papists, atheists, tyrants, and apostates. 75
 When lawyers masque 'tis time for honest men
 To strip the vizer from their purposes.

A seasonable time for masquers this!
 When Englishmen and Protestants should sit
 dust on their dishonoured heads, 80
 To avert the wrath of Him whose scourge is felt
 For the great sins which have drawn down from Heaven
 and foreign overthrow.

The remnant of the martyred saints in Rochefort
 Have been abandoned by their faithless allies 85
 To that idolatrous and adulterous torturer
 Lewis of France,—the Palatinate is lost—

Enter LEIGHTON (who has been branded in the face) and BASTWICK.

Canst thou be—art thou—?

Leighton. I was Leighton: what
 I am thou seest. And yet turn thine eyes,
 And with thy memory look on thy friend's mind, 90
 Which is unchanged, and where is written deep
 The sentence of my judge.

Third Citizen. Are these the marks with which
 Laud thinks to improve the image of his Maker
 Stamped on the face of man? Curses upon him,
 The impious tyrant!

Second Citizen. It is said besides 95
 That lewd and papist drunkards may profane
 The Sabbath with their
 And has permitted that most heathenish custom

73 make 1824; made 1839.
 1870; omitted 1824.

78-114 A seasonable . . . of the flesh

Of dancing round a pole dressed up with wreaths
On May-day.

100

A man who thus twice crucifies his God
May well his brother.—In my mind, friend,
The root of all this ill is prelacy.
I would cut up the root.

Third Citizen. And by what means?

Second Citizen. Smiting each Bishop under the fifth rib. 105

Third Citizen. You seem to know the vulnerable place
Of these same crocodiles.

Second Citizen. I learnt it in
Egyptian bondage, sir. Your worm of Nile
Betrays not with its flattering tears like they;
For, when they cannot kill, they whine and weep. 110
Nor is it half so greedy of men's bodies
As they of soul and all; nor does it wallow
In slime as they in simony and lies
And close lusts of the flesh.

A Marshalsman. Give place, give place!
You torch-bearers, advance to the great gate, 115
And then attend the Marshal of the Masque
Into the Royal presence.

A Law Student. What thinkest thou
Of this quaint show of ours, my agèd friend?
Even now we see the redness of the torches
Inflame the night to the eastward, and the clarions 120
[Gasp?] to us on the wind's wave. It comes!
And their sounds, floating hither round the pageant,
Rouse up the astonished air.

First Citizen. I will not think but that our country's wounds
May yet be healed. The king is just and gracious, 125
Though wicked counsels now pervert his will:
These once cast off—

Second Citizen. As adders cast their skins
And keep their venom, so kings often change;
Councils and counsellors hang on one another,
Hiding the loathsome 130
Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags.

The Youth. Oh, still those dissonant thoughts!—List how the
music
Grows on the enchanted air! And see, the torches
Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided
Like waves before an admiral's prow!

A Marshalsman. Give place 135
To the Marshal of the Masque!

108 bondage *cf.* *Forman*; bondages 1870. 119-23 Even now . . .
air 1870; omitted 1824. 132 how the 1870; loud 1824.

A Pursuivant.

Room for the King!

The Youth. How glorious! See those thronging chariots
Rolling, like painted clouds before the wind,
Behind their solemn steeds: how some are shaped
Like curved sea-shells dyed by the azure depths 140
Of Indian seas; some like the new-born moon;
And some like cars in which the Romans climbed
(Canopied by Victory's eagle-wings outspread)
The Capitolian—See how gloriously
The mettled horses in the torchlight stir 145
Their gallant riders, while they check their pride,
Like shapes of some diviner element
Than English air, and beings nobler than
The envious and admiring multitude.

Second Citizen. Ay, there they are— 150
Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,
Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows,
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart. 155
These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not, neither do they spin,—unless
It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves 160
The tithe that will support them till they crawl
Back to her cold hard bosom. Here is health
Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,
Waste by lame famine, wealth by squalid want,
And England's sin by England's punishment. 165
And, as the effect pursues the cause foregone,
Lo, giving substance to my words, behold
At once the sign and the thing signified—
A troop of cripples, beggars, and lean outcasts,
Horsed upon stumbling jades, carted with dung, 170
Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins
And rotten hiding-holes, to point the moral
Of this presentment, and bring up the rear
Of painted pomp with misery!

The Youth.

'Tis but

The anti-masque, and serves as discords do 175

136 *A Pursuivant.* Room for the King! 1870; omitted 1824. 138-40
Rolling . . . depths 1870;

Rolling like painted clouds before the wind:
Some are

Like curvèd shells, dyed by the azure depths 1824.

162 her 1870; its 1824. 170 jades 1870; shapes 1824. 173 pre-
sentment 1870; presentiment 1824.

In sweetest music. Who would love May flowers
If they succeeded not to Winter's flaw;
Or day unchanged by night; or joy itself
Without the touch of sorrow?

Second Citizen. I and thou—

A Marshalsman. Place, give place!

180

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Whitehall. Enter the KING, QUEEN, LAUD, LORD STRAFFORD, LORD COTTINGTON, and other Lords; ARCHY; also ST. JOHN, with some Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.*

King. Thanks, gentlemen. I heartily accept
This token of your service: your gay masque
Was performed gallantly. And it shows well
When subjects twine such flowers of [observance?]
With the sharp thorns that deck the English crown. 5
A gentle heart enjoys what it confers,
Even as it suffers that which it inflicts,
Though Justice guides the stroke.
Accept my hearty thanks.

Queen. And gentlemen,
Call your poor Queen your debtor. Your quaint pageant 10
Rose on me like the figures of past years,
Treading their still path back to infancy,
More beautiful and mild as they draw nearer
The quiet cradle. I could have almost wept
To think I was in Paris, where these shows 15
Are well devised—such as I was ere yet
My young heart shared a portion of the burthen,
The careful weight, of this great monarchy.
There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure
And that which it regards, no clamour lifts 20
Its proud interposition.
In Paris ribald censurers dare not move
Their poisonous tongues against these sinless sports;
And *his* smile
Warms those who bask in it, as ours would do 25
If . . . Take my heart's thanks: add them, gentlemen,
To those good words which, were he King of France,
My royal lord would turn to golden deeds.

St. John. Madam, the love of Englishmen can make
The lightest favour of their lawful king 30
Outweigh a despot's.—We humbly take our leaves,
Enriched by smiles which France can never buy.

[*Exeunt ST. JOHN and the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.*]

King. My Lord Archbishop,

179, 180 I . . . place! 1870; omitted 1824. 3-9 And . . . thanks
1870; omitted 1824. 22-90 In Paris . . . rebuke 1870; omitted 1824.

Mark you what spirit sits in St. John's eyes?

Methinks it is too saucy for this presence.

35

Archy. Yes, pray your Grace look: for, like an unsophisticated [eye] sees everything upside down, you who are wise will discern the shadow of an idiot in lawn sleeves and a rochet setting springes to catch woodcocks in haymaking time. Poor Archy, whose owl-eyes are tempered to the error of his age, and because he is a fool, and by special ordinance of God forbidden ever to see himself as he is, sees now in that deep eye a blindfold devil sitting on the ball, and weighing words out between king and subjects. One scale is full of promises, and the other full of protestations: and then another devil creeps behind the first out of the dark windings [of a] pregnant lawyer's brain, and takes the bandage from the other's eyes, and throws a sword into the left-hand scale, for all the world like my Lord Essex's there.

48

Strafford. A rod in pickle for the Fool's back!

Archy. Ay, and some are now smiling whose tears will make the brine; for the Fool sees—

Strafford. Insolent! You shall have your coat turned and be whipped out of the palace for this.

53

Archy. When all the fools are whipped, and all the Protestant writers, while the knaves are whipping the fools ever since a thief was set to catch a thief. If all turncoats were whipped out of palaces, poor Archy would be disgraced in good company. Let the knaves whip the fools, and all the fools laugh at it. [Let the] wise and godly slit each other's noses and ears (having no need of any sense of discernment in their craft); and the knaves, to marshal them, join in a procession to Bedlam, to entreat the madmen to omit their sublime Platonic contemplations, and manage the state of England. Let all the honest men who lie [pinched?] up at the prisons or the pillories, in custody of the pursuivants of the High-Commission Court, marshal them.

65

Enter Secretary LYTTELTON, with papers.

King (looking over the papers). These stiff Scots
His Grace of Canterbury must take order
To force under the Church's yoke.—You, Wentworth,
Shall be myself in Ireland, and shall add
Your wisdom, gentleness, and energy,

70

To what in me were wanting.—My Lord Weston,
Look that those merchants draw not without loss
Their bullion from the Tower; and, on the payment
Of shipmoney, take fullest compensation

75

For violation of our royal forests,
Whose limits, from neglect, have been o'ergrown
With cottages and cornfields. The uttermost
Farthing exact from those who claim exemption

64 pinched marked as doubtful by Rossetti, 1870; Forman, Dowden; penned Woodberry.

From knighthood: that which once was a reward
 Shall thus be made a punishment, that subjects 80
 May know how majesty can wear at will
 The rugged mood.—My Lord of Coventry,
 Lay my command upon the Courts below
 That bail be not accepted for the prisoners
 Under the warrant of the Star Chamber. 85
 The people shall not find the stubbornness
 Of Parliament a cheap or easy method
 Of dealing with their rightful sovereign:
 And doubt not this, my Lord of Coventry,
 We will find time and place for fit rebuke.— 90
 My Lord of Canterbury.

Archy. The fool is here.

Laud. I crave permission of your Majesty
 To order that this insolent fellow be
 Chastised: he mocks the sacred character,
 Scoffs at the state, and—

King. What, my Archy? 95
 He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears,
 Yet with a quaint and graceful licence—Prithee
 For this once do not as Prynne would, were he
 Primate of England. With your Grace's leave,
 He lives in his own world; and, like a parrot 100
 Hung in his gilded prison from the window
 Of a queen's bower over the public way,
 Blasphemes with a bird's mind:—his words, like arrows
 Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,
 Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.— 105
 (*To ARCHY.*) Go, sirrah, and repent of your offence
 Ten minutes in the rain; be it your penance
 To bring news how the world goes there. [*Exit ARCHY.*
 Poor Archy!

He weaves about himself a world of mirth
 Out of the wreck of ours. 110

Laud. I take with patience, as my Master did,
 All scoffs permitted from above.

King. My lord,
 Pray overlook these papers. Archy's words
 Had wings, but these have talons.

Queen. And the lion 115
 That wears them must be tamed. My dearest lord,
 I see the new-born courage in your eye
 Armed to strike dead the Spirit of the Time,
 Which spurs to rage the many-headed beast.

95 state 1870; stake 1824. 99 With your Grace's leave 1870;
 omitted 1824. 106-10 Go . . . ours spoken by THE QUEEN, 1824.
 116 your 1824; thine 1870. 118 Which . . . beast 1870; omitted 1824.

Do thou persist: for, faint but in resolve,
 And it were better thou hadst still remained 120
 The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs
 The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer;
 And Opportunity, that empty wolf,
 Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions
 Even to the disposition of thy purpose, 125
 And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel;
 And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,
 Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,
 And not betray thee with a traitor's kiss,
 As when she keeps the company of rebels, 130
 Who think that she is Fear. This do, lest we
 Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle
 In a bright dream, and wake as from a dream
 Out of our worshipped state.

King. Belovèd friend,
 God is my witness that this weight of power, 135
 Which He sets me my earthly task to wield
 Under His law, is my delight and pride
 Only because thou lovest that and me.
 For a king bears the office of a God
 To all the under world; and to his God 140
 Alone he must deliver up his trust,
 Unshorn of its permitted attributes.
 [It seems] now as the baser elements
 Had mutinied against the golden sun
 That kindles them to harmony, and quells 145
 Their self-destroying rapine. The wild million
 Strike at the eye that guides them; like as humours
 Of the distempered body that conspire
 Against the spirit of life throned in the heart,—
 And thus become the prey of one another, 150
 And last of death—

Strafford. That which would be ambition in a subject
 Is duty in a sovereign; for on him,
 As on a keystone, hangs the arch of life,
 Whose safety is its strength. Degree and form, 155
 And all that makes the age of reasoning man
 More memorable than a beast's, depend on this—
 That Right should fence itself inviolably
 With Power; in which respect the state of England
 From usurpation by the insolent commons 160
 Cries for reform.
 Get treason, and spare treasure. Fee with coin
 The loudest murmurers; feed with jealousies

Opposing factions,—be thyself of none ;
 And borrow gold of many, for those who lend 165
 Will serve thee till thou payest them ; and thus
 Keep the fierce spirit of the hour at bay,
 Till time, and its coming generations
 Of nights and days unborn, bring some one chance,

Or war or pestilence or Nature's self,— 170
 By some distemperature or terrible sign,
 Be as an arbiter betwixt themselves.

Nor let your Majesty
 Doubt here the peril of the unseen event.
 How did your brother Kings, coheritors 175
 In your high interest in the subject earth,
 Rise past such troubles to that height of power
 Where now they sit, and awfully serene
 Smile on the trembling world ? Such popular storms
 Philip the Second of Spain, this Lewis of France, 180
 And late the German head of many bodies,
 And every petty lord of Italy,
 Quelled or by arts or arms. Is England poorer
 Or feebler ? or art thou who wield'st her power
 Tamer than they ? or shall this island be— 185
 [Girdled] by its inviolable waters—
 To the world present and the world to come
 Sole pattern of extinguished monarchy ?
 Not if thou dost as I would have thee do.

King. Your words shall be my deeds : 190
 You speak the image of my thought. My friend
 (If Kings can have a friend, I call thee so),
 Beyond the large commission which [belongs]
 Under the great seal of the realm, take this :
 And, for some obvious reasons, let there be 195
 No seal on it, except my kingly word
 And honour as I am a gentleman.
 Be—as thou art within my heart and mind—
 Another self, here and in Ireland :
 Do what thou judgest well, take amplest licence, 200
 And stick not even at questionable means.
 Hear me, Wentworth. My word is as a wall
 Between thee and this world thine enemy—
 That hates thee, for thou lovest me.

Strafford. I own 205
 No friend but thee, no enemies but thine :
 Thy lightest thought is my eternal law.
 How weak, how short, is life to pay—

King. Peace, peace.
 Thou ow'st me nothing yet.

(To LAUD.)

My lord, what say

Those papers?

Laud. Your Majesty has ever interposed, 210
 In lenity towards your native soil,
 Between the heavy vengeance of the Church
 And Scotland. Mark the consequence of warming
 This brood of northern vipers in your bosom.
 The rabble, instructed no doubt 215
 By Loudon, Lindsay, Hume, and false Argyll
 (For the waves never menace heaven until
 Scourged by the wind's invisible tyranny),
 Have in the very temple of the Lord
 Done outrage to His chosen ministers. 220
 They scorn the liturgy of the Holy Church,
 Refuse to obey her canons, and deny
 The apostolic power with which the Spirit
 Has filled its elect vessels, even from him
 Who held the keys with power to loose and bind, 225
 To him who now pleads in this royal presence.—
 Let ample powers and new instructions be
 Sent to the High Commissioners in Scotland.
 To death, imprisonment, and confiscation,
 Add torture, add the ruin of the kindred 230
 Of the offender, add the brand of infamy,
 Add mutilation: and if this suffice not,
 Unleash the sword and fire, that in their thirst
 They may lick up that scum of schismatics.
 I laugh at those weak rebels who, desiring 235
 What we possess, still prate of Christian peace,
 As if those dreadful arbitrating messengers
 Which play the part of God 'twixt right and wrong,
 Should be let loose against the innocent sleep
 Of templed cities and the smiling fields, 240
 For some poor argument of policy
 Which touches our own profit or our pride
 (Where it indeed were Christian charity
 To turn the cheek even to the smiter's hand):
 And, when our great Redeemer, when our God, 245
 When He who gave, accepted, and retained
 Himself in propitiation of our sins,
 Is scorned in His immediate ministry,
 With hazard of the inestimable loss
 Of all the truth and discipline which is 250
 Salvation to the extremest generation

237 arbitrating messengers 1870; messengers of wrath 1824. 239 the
 1870; omitted 1824. 243, 244 Parentheses inserted 1870. 246, 247 When
 He . . . sins 1870; omitted 1824. 248 ministry 1870; ministers 1824.
 249-52 With . . . innumerable 1870; omitted 1824.

Of men innumerable, they talk of peace!
 Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now:
 For, by that Christ who came to bring a sword,
 Not peace, upon the earth, and gave command 255
 To His disciples at the Passover
 That each should sell his robe and buy a sword,—
 Once strip that minister of naked wrath,
 And it shall never sleep in peace again
 Till Scotland bend or break.

King. My Lord Archbishop, 260
 Do what thou wilt and what thou canst in this.
 Thy earthly even as thy heavenly King
 Gives thee large power in his unquiet realm.
 But we want money, and my mind misgives me
 That for so great an enterprise, as yet, 265
 We are unfurnished.

Strafford. Yet it may not long
 Rest on our wills.

Cottington. The expenses
 Of gathering shipmoney, and of distraining
 For every petty rate (for we encounter
 A desperate opposition inch by inch 270
 In every warehouse and on every farm),
 Have swallowed up the gross sum of the imposts;
 So that, though felt as a most grievous scourge
 Upon the land, they stand us in small stead
 As touches the receipt.

Strafford. 'Tis a conclusion 275
 Most arithmetical: and thence you infer
 Perhaps the assembling of a parliament.
 Now, if a man should call his dearest enemies
 To sit in licensed judgement on his life,
 His Majesty might wisely take that course. 280

[*Aside to COTTINGTON.*

It is enough to expect from these lean imposts
 That they perform the office of a scourge,
 Without more profit. (*Aloud.*) Fines and confiscations,
 And a forced loan from the refractory city, 285
 Will fill our coffers: and the golden love
 Of loyal gentlemen and noble friends
 For the worshipped father of our common country,
 With contributions from the catholics,
 Will make Rebellion pale in our excess.
 Be these the expedients until time and wisdom 290
 Shall frame a settled state of government.

Laud. And weak expedients they! Have we not drained
 All, till the 295 which seemed

A mine exhaustless?

Strafford. And the love which is,
If loyal hearts could turn their blood to gold. 295

Laud. Both now grow barren: and I speak it not
As loving parliaments, which, as they have been
In the right hand of bold bad mighty kings
The scourges of the bleeding Church, I hate.
Methinks they scarcely can deserve our fear. 300

Strafford. Oh! my dear liege, take back the wealth thou
gavest:

With that, take all I held, but as in trust
For thee, of mine inheritance: leave me but
This unprovided body for thy service,
And a mind dedicated to no care 305
Except thy safety:—but assemble not

A parliament. Hundreds will bring, like me,
Their fortunes, as they would their blood, before—

King. No! thou who judgest them art but one. Alas!
We should be too much out of love with Heaven, 310
Did this vile world show many such as thee,
Thou perfect, just, and honourable man!

Never shall it be said that Charles of England
Stripped those he loved for fear of those he scorns;
Nor will he so much misbecome his throne 315
As to impoverish those who most adorn
And best defend it. That you urge, dear *Strafford*,
Inclines me rather—

Queen. To a parliament?
Is this thy firmness? and thou wilt preside
Over a knot of censurers, 320
To the unswearing of thy best resolves,
And choose the worst, when the worst comes too soon?
Plight not the worst before the worst must come.

Oh, wilt thou smile whilst our ribald foes,
Dressed in their own usurped authority, 325
Sharpen their tongues on *Henrietta's* fame?
It is enough! Thou lovest me no more! [Weeps.]

King. Oh, *Henrietta!* [They talk apart.]

Cottington (to *LAUD*). Money we have none:
And all the expedients of my Lord of *Strafford*
Will scarcely meet the arrears.

Laud. Without delay 330
An army must be sent into the north;
Followed by a Commission of the Church,
With amplest power to quench in fire and blood,
And tears and terror, and the pity of hell,
The intenser wrath of Heresy. God will give 335
Victory; and victory over Scotland give

The lion England tamed into our hands.
That will lend power, and power bring gold.

Cottington. Meanwhile
We must begin first where your Grace leaves off.
Gold must give power, or——

Laud. I am not averse 340
From the assembling of a parliament.
Strong actions and smooth words might teach them soon
The lesson to obey. And are they not
A bubble fashioned by the monarch's mouth,
The birth of one light breath? If they serve no purpose, 345
A word dissolves them.

Strafford. The engine of parliaments
Might be deferred until I can bring over
The Irish regiments: they will serve to assure
The issue of the war against the Scots.
And, this game won—which if lost, all is lost— 350
Gather these chosen leaders of the rebels,
And call them, if you will, a parliament.

King. Oh, be our feet still tardy to shed blood,
Guilty though it may be! I would still spare
The stubborn country of my birth, and ward 355
From countenances which I loved in youth
The wrathful Church's lacerating hand.
(*To LAUD.*) Have you o'erlooked the other articles?

[Re-enter ARCHY.]

Laud. Hazlerig, Hampden, Pym, young Harry Vane,
Cromwell, and other rebels of less note, 360
Intend to sail with the next favouring wind
For the Plantations.

Archy. Where they think to found
A commonwealth like Gonzalo's in the play,
Gynaecocoenic and pantisocratic.

King. What's that, sirrah? 365
Archy. New devil's politics.
Hell is the pattern of all commonwealths:
Lucifer was the first republican.

Will you hear Merlin's prophecy, how three [posts?]
'In one brainless skull, when the whitethorn is full,
Shall sail round the world, and come back again: 370
Shall sail round the world in a brainless skull,
And come back again when the moon is at full:—
When, in spite of the Church,
They will hear homilies of whatever length
Or form they please. 375

[Cottington?] So please your Majesty to sign this order
For their detention.

Archy. If your Majesty were tormented night and day by fever, gout, rheumatism, and stone, and asthma, etc., and you found these diseases had secretly entered into a conspiracy to abandon you, should you think it necessary to lay an embargo on the port by which they meant to dispeople your unquiet kingdom of man? 383

King. If fear were made for kings, the Fool mocks wisely; But in this case— (*writing*). Here, my lord, take the warrant, And see it duly executed forthwith.—

That imp of malice and mockery shall be punished. 387

[*Exeunt all but KING, QUEEN, and ARCHY.*]

Archy. Ay, I am the physician of whom Plato prophesied, who was to be accused by the confectioner before a jury of children, who found him guilty without waiting for the summing-up, and hanged him without benefit of clergy. Thus Baby Charles, and the 'Twelfth-night Queen of Hearts,' and the overgrown schoolboy Cottington, and that little urchin Laud—who would reduce a verdict of 'guilty, death,' by famine, if it were impregnable by composition—all impannelled against poor Archy for presenting them bitter physic the last day of the holidays. 397

Queen. Is the rain over, sirrah?

King.

When it rains

And the sun shines, 'twill rain again to-morrow:

And therefore never smile till you've done crying. 400

Archy. But 'tis all over now: like the April anger of woman, the gentle sky has wept itself serene.

Queen. What news abroad? how looks the world this morning?

Archy. Gloriously as a grave covered with virgin flowers. There's a rainbow in the sky. Let your Majesty look at it, for

'A rainbow in the morning 407

Is the shepherd's warning;'

and the flocks of which you are the pastor are scattered among the mountain-tops, where every drop of water is a flake of snow, and the breath of May pierces like a January blast. 411

King. The sheep have mistaken the wolf for their shepherd, my poor boy; and the shepherd, the wolves for their watchdogs.

Queen. But the rainbow was a good sign, Archy: it says that the waters of the deluge are gone, and can return no more.

Archy. Ay, the salt-water one: but that of tears and blood must yet come down, and that of fire follow, if there be any truth in lies.—The rainbow hung over the city with all its shops, . . . and churches, from north to south, like a bridge of congregated lightning pieced by the masonry of heaven—like a balance in which the angel that distributes the coming hour was weighing that heavy one whose poise is now felt in

the lightest hearts, before it bows the proudest heads under the meanest feet.

424

Queen. Who taught you this trash, sirrah?

Archy. A torn leaf out of an old book trampled in the dirt.—But for the rainbow. It moved as the sun moved, and . . . until the top of the Tower . . . of a cloud through its left-hand tip, and Lambeth Palace look as dark as a rock before the other. Methought I saw a crown figured upon one tip, and a mitre on the other. So, as I had heard treasures were found where the rainbow quenches its points upon the earth, I set off, and at the Tower—— But I shall not tell your Majesty what I found close to the closet-window on which the rainbow had glimmered.

King. Speak: I will make my Fool my conscience. 435

Archy. Then conscience is a fool.—I saw there a cat caught in a rat-trap. I heard the rats squeak behind the wainscots: it seemed to me that the very mice were consulting on the manner of her death.

Queen. Archy is shrewd and bitter.

Archy. Like the season, 440

So blow the winds.—But at the other end of the rainbow, where the gray rain was tempered along the grass and leaves by a tender interfusion of violet and gold in the meadows beyond Lambeth, what think you that I found instead of a mitre?

King. Vane's wits perhaps. 445

Archy. Something as vain. I saw a gross vapour hovering in a stinking ditch over the carcass of a dead ass, some rotten rags, and broken dishes—the wrecks of what once administered to the stuffing-out and the ornament of a worm of worms. His Grace of Canterbury expects to enter the New Jerusalem some Palm Sunday in triumph on the ghost of this ass. 451

Queen. Enough, enough! Go desire Lady Jane
She place my lute, together with the music
Mari received last week from Italy,
In my boudoir, and——

[Exit ARCHY.]

King. I'll go in.

Queen. My beloved lord, 455

Have you not noted that the Fool of late
Has lost his careless mirth, and that his words
Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears?
What can it mean? I should be loth to think
Some factious slave had tutored him.

King. Oh, no! 460

He is but Occasion's pupil. Partly 'tis
That our minds piece the vacant intervals
Of his wild words with their own fashioning,—
As in the imagery of summer clouds,

460, 461 Oh . . . pupil 1870; omitted 1824.
partly is 1824.

461 Partly 'tis 1870; It

Or coals of the winter fire, idlers find 465
 The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts:
 And partly, that the terrors of the time
 Are sown by wandering Rumour in all spirits;
 And in the lightest and the least, may best
 Be seen the current of the coming wind. 470

Queen. Your brain is overwrought with these deep thoughts.
 Come, I will sing to you; let us go try
 These airs from Italy; and, as we pass
 The gallery, we'll decide where that Correggio
 Shall hang—the Virgin Mother 475
 With her child, born the King of heaven and earth,
 Whose reign is men's salvation. And you shall see
 A cradled miniature of yourself asleep,
 Stamped on the heart by never-erring love;
 Likier than any Vandyke ever made, 480
 A pattern to the unborn age of thee,
 Over whose sweet beauty I have wept for joy
 A thousand times, and now should weep for sorrow,
 Did I not think that after we were dead
 Our fortunes would spring high in him, and that 485
 The cares we waste upon our heavy crown
 Would make it light and glorious as a wreath
 Of Heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.

King. Dear Henrietta!

SCENE III.—*The Star Chamber.* LAUD, JUXON, STRAFFORD,
and others, as Judges. PRYNNE as a Prisoner, and then
 BASTWICK.

Laud. Bring forth the prisoner Bastwick: let the clerk
 Recite his sentence.

Clerk. 'That he pay five thousand
 Pounds to the king, lose both his ears, be branded
 With red-hot iron on the cheek and forehead,
 And be imprisoned within Lancaster Castle 5
 During the pleasure of the Court.'

Laud. Prisoner,
 If you have aught to say wherefore this sentence
 Should not be put into effect, now speak.

Juxon. If you have aught to plead in mitigation,
 Speak.

Bastwick. Thus, my lords. If, like the prelates, I 10
 Were an invader of the royal power,
 A public scorner of the word of God,
 Profane, idolatrous, popish, superstitious,

465 of 1870; in 1824. 473-7 and, as . . . salvation 1870; omitted
 1824. *Scene III.* 1-69 Bring . . . utmost 1870; omitted 1824.

Impious in heart and in tyrannic act,
 Void of wit, honesty, and temperance; 15
 If Satan were my lord, as theirs,—our God
 Pattern of all I should avoid to do;
 Were I an enemy of my God and King
 And of good men, as ye are;—I should merit
 Your fearful state and guilt prosperity, 20
 Which, when ye wake from the last sleep, shall turn
 To cowls and robes of everlasting fire.
 But, as I am, I bid ye grudge me not
 The only earthly favour ye can yield,
 Or I think worth acceptance at your hands,— 25
 Scorn, mutilation, and imprisonment.

even as my Master did,
 Until Heaven's kingdom shall descend on earth,
 Or earth be like a shadow in the light
 Of Heaven absorbed—some few tumultuous years 30
 Will pass, and leave no wreck of what opposes
 His will whose will is power.

Laud. Officer, take the prisoner from the bar,
 And be his tongue slit for his insolence.

Bastwick. While this hand holds a pen—

Laud. Be his hands—

Juxon. Stop! 35

Forbear, my lord! The tongue, which now can speak
 No terror, would interpret, being dumb,
 Heaven's thunder to our harm; . . .
 And hands, which now write only their own shame,
 With bleeding stumps might sign our blood away. 40

Laud. Much more such 'mercy' among men would be,
 Did all the ministers of Heaven's revenge
 Flinch thus from earthly retribution. I
 Could suffer what I would inflict. [*Exit BASTWICK guarded.*

Bring up

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.—

(*To STRAFFORD.*) Know you not 45
 That, in distraining for ten thousand pounds
 Upon his books and furniture at Lincoln,
 Were found these scandalous and seditious letters
 Sent from one Osbaldistone, who is fled?
 I speak it not as touching this poor person; 50
 But of the office which should make it holy,
 Were it as vile as it was ever spotless.
 Mark too, my lord, that this expression strikes
 His Majesty, if I misinterpret not.

27–32 even . . . power printed as a fragment, Garnett, 1862; inserted here conjecturally, Rossetti, 1870.

Enter BISHOP WILLIAMS *guarded.*

Strafford. 'Twere politic and just that Williams taste 55
The bitter fruit of his connection with
The schismatics. But you, my Lord Archbishop,
Who owed your first promotion to his favour,
Who grew beneath his smile—

Laud. Would therefore beg 60
The office of his judge from this High Court,—
That it shall seem, even as it is, that I,
In my assumption of this sacred robe,
Have put aside all worldly preference,
All sense of all distinction of all persons,
All thoughts but of the service of the Church.— 65
Bishop of Lincoln!

Williams. Peace, proud hierarch!
I know my sentence, and I own it just.
Thou wilt repay me less than I deserve,
In stretching to the utmost

SCENE IV.—HAMPDEN, PYM, CROMWELL, *his Daughter*, and young
SIR HARRY VANE.

Hampden. England, farewell! thou, who hast been my cradle,
Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave!
I held what I inherited in thee
As pawn for that inheritance of freedom
Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler's smile: 5
How can I call thee England, or my country?—
Does the wind hold?

Vane. The vanes sit steady
Upon the Abbey towers. The silver lightnings
Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,
Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air. 10
Mark too that flock of fleecy-wingèd clouds
Sailing athwart St. Margaret's.

Hampden. Hail, fleet herald
Of tempest! that rude pilot who shall guide
Hearts free as his, to realms as pure as thee, 15
Beyond the shot of tyranny,
Beyond the webs of that swoln spider . . .
Beyond the curses, calumnies, and [lies?]
Of atheist priests! And thou
Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,

11 flock 1824; fleet 1870. 13 rude 1870; wild 1824. 16-18 Beyond
. . . priests 1870; omitted 1824.

Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm, 20
 Bright as the path to a beloved home,
 Oh, light us to the isles of the evening land!
 Like floating Edens cradled in the glimmer
 Of sunset, through the distant mist of years
 Touched by departing hope, they gleam! lone regions, 25
 Where Power's poor dupes and victims yet have never
 Propitiated the savage fear of kings
 With purest blood of noblest hearts; whose dew
 Is yet unstained with tears of those who wake
 To weep each day the wrongs on which it dawns; 30
 Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo
 Of formal blasphemies; nor impious rites
 Wrest man's free worship, from the God who loves,
 To the poor worm who envies us His love!
 Receive, thou young 35 of Paradise,
 These exiles from the old and sinful world!

This glorious clime, this firmament, whose lights
 Dart mitigated influence through their veil
 Of pale blue atmosphere; whose tears keep green
 The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth; 40
 This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
 Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,
 Repelling invasion from the sacred towers,
 Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,
 A low dark roof, a damp and narrow wall. 45
 The boundless universe
 Becomes a cell too narrow for the soul
 That owns no master; while the loathliest ward
 Of this wide prison, England, is a nest
 Of cradling peace built on the mountain tops,— 50
 To which the eagle spirits of the free,
 Which range through heaven and earth, and scorn the storm
 Of time, and gaze upon the light of truth,
 Return to brood on thoughts that cannot die
 And cannot be repelled. 55
 Like eaglets floating in the heaven of time,
 They soar above their quarry, and shall stoop
 Through palaces and temples thunderproof.

25 Touched 1870; Tinged 1824. 34 To the poor 1870; Towards the
 1824. 38 their 1870; the 1824. 46 boundless 1870; mighty 1824.
 48 owns no 1824; owns a 1870. ward 1870; spot 1824. 50 cradling
 1870; cradled 1824. 54, 55 Return . . . repelled 1870;
Return to brood over the [] thoughts
That cannot die, and may not be repelled 1824.
 56-8 Like . . . thunderproof 1870; omitted 1824.

SCENE V

Archy. I'll go live under the ivy that overgrows the terrace, and count the tears shed on its old [roots?] as the [wind?] plays the song of

'A widow bird sate mourning
Upon a wintry bough.' 5

[Sings]

Heigho! the lark and the owl!
One flies the morning, and one lulls the night:—
Only the nightingale, poor fond soul,
Sings like the fool through darkness and light.

'A widow bird sate mourning for her love 10
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

'There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground, 15
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.'

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

[Composed at Lerici on the Gulf of Spezzia in the spring and early summer of 1822—the poem on which Shelley was engaged at the time of his death. Published by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems* of 1824, pp. 73–95. Several emendations, the result of Dr. Garnett's examination of the Boscombe MS., were given to the world by Miss Mathilde Blind, *Westminster Review*, July, 1870. The poem was, of course, included in the *Poetical Works*, 1839, both edd. See Editor's Notes.]

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask
Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth—
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows 5
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth
Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Scene V. 1–9 I'll . . . light 1870; omitted 1824. 10–17 A widow . . .
sound 1870; omitted here 1824; printed as 'A Song,' 1824, p. 217.

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day, 10
 Swinging their censers in the element,
 With orient incense lit by the new ray
 Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
 Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
 And, in succession due, did continent, 15
 Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
 The form and character of mortal mould,
 Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear
 Their portion of the toil, which he of old
 Took as his own, and then imposed on them: 20
 But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold
 Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
 The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
 Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem
 Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep 25
 Of a green Apennine: before me fled
 The night; behind me rose the day; the deep
 Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,—
 When a strange trance over my fancy grew
 Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread 30
 Was so transparent, that the scene came through
 As clear as when a veil of light is drawn
 O'er evening hills they glimmer; and I knew
 That I had felt the freshness of that dawn
 Bathe in the same cold dew my brow and hair, 35
 And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn
 Under the self-same bough, and heard as there
 The birds, the fountains and the ocean hold
 Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air,
 And then a vision on my brain was rolled. 40

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
 This was the tenour of my waking dream:—
 Methought I sate beside a public way
 Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream 45
 Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
 Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,
 All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
 Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
 He made one of the multitude, and so

34, 35 dawn Bathe *Mrs. Shelley* (later *edd.*); dawn, Bathed 1824, 1839.

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky 50
 One of the million leaves of summer's bier;
 Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear,
 Some flying from the thing they feared, and some
 Seeking the object of another's fear; 55

And others, as with steps towards the tomb,
 Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,
 And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked, and called it death;
 And some fled from it as it were a ghost, 60
 Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath:

But more, with motions which each other crossed,
 Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,
 Or birds within the noonday aether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,— 65
 And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
 Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells forever burst;
 Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
 Of grassy paths and wood-lawns interspersed 70

With overarching elms and caverns cold,
 And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they
 Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way
 The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June 75
 When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,
 But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
 The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon—

When on the sunlit limits of the night 80
 Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
 And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might—

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
 The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form
 Bends in dark aether from her infant's chair,— 85

So came a chariot on the silent storm
 Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape
 So sate within, as one whom years deform,

63 shunned *Boscombe MS.*; spurned 1824, 1839. 70 Of . . . inter-
 spersed *Boscombe MS.*; Of grassy paths and wood, lawn-interspersed 1824;
 wood-lawn-interspersed 1839. 84 form] frown 1824.

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb; 90
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint aethereal gloom
Tempering the light. Upon the chariot-beam
A Janus-visaged Shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-wingèd team; 95
The shapes which drew it in thick lightnings
Were lost:—I heard alone on the air's soft stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.
All the four faces of that Charioteer
Had their eyes banded; little profit brings 100

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun,—
Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere

Of all that is, has been or will be done;
So ill was the car guided—but it passed 105
With solemn speed majestically on.

The crowd gave way, and I arose aghast,
Or seemed to rise, so mighty was the trance,
And saw, like clouds upon the thunder-blast,

The million with fierce song and maniac dance 110
Raging around—such seemed the jubilee
As when to greet some conqueror's advance

Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea
From senate-house, and forum, and theatre,
When upon the free 115

Had bound a yoke, which soon they stooped to bear.
Nor wanted here the just similitude
Of a triumphal pageant, for where'er

The chariot rolled, a captive multitude
Was driven;—all those who had grown old in power 120
Or misery,—all who had their age subdued

By action or by suffering, and whose hour
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower;—

All those whose fame or infamy must grow 125
Till the great winter lay the form and name
Of this green earth with them for ever low;—

93 light . . . beam] light upon the chariot beam; 1824. 96 it omitted
1824. 109 thunder *Boscombe MS.*; thunders 1824; thunder's 1839.
112 greet *Boscombe MS.*; meet 1824, 1839.

All but the sacred few who could not tame
 Their spirits to the conquerors—but as soon
 As they had touched the world with living flame, 130

Fled back like eagles to their native noon,
 Or those who put aside the diadem
 Of earthly thrones or gems . . .

Were there, of Athens or Jerusalem,
 Were neither mid the mighty captives seen, 135
 Nor mid the ribald crowd that followed them,

Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.
 The wild dance maddens in the van, and those
 Who lead it—fleet as shadows on the green,

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose 140
 Mix with each other in tempestuous measure
 To savage music, wilder as it grows,

They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,
 Convulsed and on the rapid whirlwinds spun
 Of that fierce Spirit, whose unholy leisure 145

Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,
 Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hair;
 And in their dance round her who dims the sun,

Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air
 As their feet twinkle; they recede, and now 150
 Bending within each other's atmosphere,

Kindle invisibly—and as they glow,
 Like moths by light attracted and repelled,
 Oft to their bright destruction come and go,
 Till like two clouds into one vale impelled, 155

That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle
 And die in rain—the fiery band which held

Their natures, snaps—while the shock still may tingle;
 One falls and then another in the path
 Senseless—nor is the desolation single, 160

Yet ere I can say *where*—the chariot hath
 Passed over them—nor other trace I find
 But as of foam after the ocean's wrath

Is spent upon the desert shore;—behind, 165
 Old men and women foully disarrayed,
 Shake their gray hairs in the insulting wind,

And follow in the dance, with limbs decayed,
 Seeking to reach the light which leaves them still
 Farther behind and deeper in the shade.

131-4 See Editor's Note. 158 while *Boscombe MS.*; omitted 1824, 1889.
 167 And . . . dance 1889; To seek, to [], to strain 1824. 168 Seeking
 1889; Limping 1824.

But not the less with impotence of will 170
 They wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose
 Round them and round each other, and fulfil
 Their work, and in the dust from whence they rose
 Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,
 And past in these performs what 175 in those.

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,
 Half to myself I said—'And what is this?
 Whose shape is that within the car? And why—'
 I would have added—'is all here amiss?—'
 But a voice answered—'Life!'—I turned, and knew 180
 (O Heaven, have mercy on such wretchedness!)
 That what I thought was an old root which grew
 To strange distortion out of the hill side,
 Was indeed one of those deluded crew,
 And that the grass, which methought hung so wide 185
 And white, was but his thin discoloured hair,
 And that the holes he vainly sought to hide,
 Were or had been eyes:—'If thou canst, forbear
 To join the dance, which I had well forborne!
 Said the grim Feature (of my thought aware). 190

'I will unfold that which to this deep scorn
 Led me and my companions, and relate
 The progress of the pageant since the morn;
 'If thirst of knowledge shall not then abate,
 Follow it thou even to the night, but I 195
 Am weary.'—Then like one who with the weight
 Of his own words is staggered, wearily
 He paused; and ere he could resume, I cried:
 'First, who art thou?'—'Before thy memory,
 'I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did and died, 200
 And if the spark with which Heaven lit my spirit
 Had been with purer nutriment supplied,
 'Corruption would not now thus much inherit
 Of what was once Rousseau,—nor this disguise
 Stain that which ought to have disdained to wear it; 205

'If I have been extinguished, yet there rise
 A thousand beacons from the spark I bore'—
 'And who are those chained to the car?'—'The wise,

190 Feature . . . aware) *Rossetti*, 1870; Feature of my thought: 'Aware'
 1824, 1839. 202 nutriment *Boscombe MS.*; sentiment 1824, 1839. 205
 Stain] Stained 1824, 1839.

'The great, the unforgotten,—they who wore
Mitres and helms and crowns, or wreaths of light, 210
Signs of thought's empire over thought—their lore

'Taught them not this, to know themselves; their might
Could not repress the mystery within,
And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night

'Caught them ere evening.'—'Who is he with chin 215
Upon his breast, and hands crossed on his chain?'—
'The child of a fierce hour; he sought to win

'The world, and lost all that it did contain
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed; and more
Of fame and peace than virtue's self can gain 220

'Without the opportunity which bore
Him on its eagle pinions to the peak
From which a thousand climbers have before

'Fallen, as Napoleon fell.'—I felt my cheek
Alter, to see the shadow pass away, 225
Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak

That every pigmy kicked it as it lay;
And much I grieved to think how power and will
In opposition rule our mortal day,

And why God made irreconcilable 230
Good and the means of good; and for despair
I half disdained mine eyes' desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were
And scarce have ceased to be.—'Dost thou behold,'
Said my guide, 'those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire, 235

'Frederick, and Paul, Catherine, and Leopold,
And hoary anarchists, demagogues, and sage—
names which the world thinks always old,

'For in the battle Life and they did wage,
She remained conqueror. I was overcome 240
By my own heart alone, which neither age,

'Nor tears, nor infamy, nor now the tomb
Could temper to its object.'—'Let them pass,'
I cried, 'the world and its mysterious doom

'Is not so much more glorious than it was, 245
That I desire to worship those who drew
New figures on its false and fragile glass

235 Said my 1824, 1839; Said then my *ej. Forman*.
which the 1839; name the 1824.

'As the old faded.'—'Figures ever new
 Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may;
 We have but thrown, as those before us threw, 250
 'Our shadows on it as it passed away.
 But mark how chained to the triumphal chair
 The mighty phantoms of an elder day;
 'All that is mortal of great Plato there
 Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not; 255
 The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,
 'And life, where long that flower of Heaven grew not,
 Conquered that heart by love, which gold, or pain,
 Or age, or sloth, or slavery could subdue not.
 'And near him walk the twain, 260
 The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion
 Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.
 'The world was darkened beneath either pinion
 Of him whom from the flock of conquerors
 Fame singled out for her thunder-bearing minion; 265
 'The other long outlived both woes and wars,
 Throned in the thoughts of men, and still had kept
 The jealous key of Truth's eternal doors,
 'If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt
 Like lightning out of darkness—he compelled 270
 The Proteus shape of Nature, as it slept
 'To wake, and lead him to the caves that held
 The treasure of the secrets of its reign.
 See the great bards of elder time, who quelled
 'The passions which they sung, as by their strain 275
 May well be known: their living melody
 Tempers its own contagion to the vein
 'Of those who are infected with it—I
 Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain!
 And so my words have seeds of misery— 280
 'Even as the deeds of others, not as theirs.'
 And then he pointed to a company,
 'Midst whom I quickly recognized the heirs
 Of Caesar's crime, from him to Constantine;
 The anarch chiefs, whose force and murderous snares 285

252 how] now *cf.* *Forman.* 260 him 1839; omitted 1824. 280

See Editor's Note. 281, 282 Even . . . then *Boscombe MS.*; omitted 1824, 1839.

Had founded many a sceptre-bearing line,
And spread the plague of gold and blood abroad:
And Gregory and John, and men divine,

Who rose like shadows between man and God;
Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven, 290
Was worshipped by the world o'er which they strode,

For the true sun it quenched—'Their power was given
But to destroy,' replied the leader:—'I
Am one of those who have created, even

'If it be but a world of agony.'— 295

'Whence camest thou? and whither goest thou?
How did thy course begin?' I said, 'and why?

'Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow
Of people, and my heart sick of one sad thought—
Speak!'—'Whence I am, I partly seem to know, 300

'And how and by what paths I have been brought
To this dread pass, methinks even thou mayst guess;—
Why this should be, my mind can compass not;

'Whither the conqueror hurries me, still less;—
But follow thou, and from spectator turn 305
Actor or victim in this wretchedness,

'And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn
From thee. Now listen:—In the April prime,
When all the forest-tips began to burn

'With kindling green, touched by the azure clime 310
Of the young season, I was laid asleep
Under a mountain, which from unknown time

'Had yawned into a cavern, high and deep;
And from it came a gentle rivulet,
Whose water, like clear air, in its calm sweep 315

'Bent the soft grass, and kept for ever wet
The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the grove
With sounds, which whoso hears must needs forget

'All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love,
Which they had known before that hour of rest; 320
A sleeping mother then would dream not of

'Her only child who died upon the breast
At eventide—a king would mourn no more
The crown of which his brows were dispossessed

296 camest *Boscombe MS.*; comest 1824, 1839.

311 season *Boscombe*

MS.; year's dawn 1824, 1839. 322 the *Boscombe MS.*; her 1824, 1839.

' When the sun lingered o'er his ocean floor 325
 To gild his rival's new prosperity.
 Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore

' Ills, which if ill can find no cure from thee,
 The thought of which no other sleep will quell,
 Nor other music blot from memory, 330

' So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell;
 And whether life had been before that sleep
 The Heaven which I imagine, or a Hell

' Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep,
 I know not. I arose, and for a space 335
 The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep,

' Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace
 Of light diviner than the common sun
 Sheds on the common earth, and all the place

' Was filled with magic sounds woven into one 340
 Oblivious melody, confusing sense
 Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun;

' And, as I looked, the bright omnipresence
 Of morning through the orient cavern flowed,
 And the sun's image radiantly intense 345

' Burned on the waters of the well that glowed
 Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze
 With winding paths of emerald fire; there stood

' Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze 350
 Of his own glory, on the vibrating
 Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays,

' A Shape all light, which with one hand did fling
 Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,
 And the invisible rain did ever sing

' A silver music on the mossy lawn; 355
 And still before me on the dusky grass,
 Iris her many-coloured scarf had drawn:

' In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,
 Mantling with bright Nepenthe; the fierce splendour 360
 Fell from her as she moved under the mass

' Of the deep cavern, and with palms so tender,
 Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow,
 Glided along the river, and did bend her

361 Of . . . and *Boscombe MS.*; Out of the deep cavern with 1824, 1839.
 363 Glided *Boscombe MS.*; She glided 1824, 1839.

'Head under the dark boughs, till like a willow
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream
That whispered with delight to be its pillow. 365

'As one enamoured is upborne in dream
O'er lily-paven lakes, mid silver mist,
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem

'Partly to tread the waves with feet which kissed
The dancing foam; partly to glide along
The air which roughened the moist amethyst, 370

'Or the faint morning beams that fell among
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees;
And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song 375

'Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees,
And falling drops, moved in a measure new
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,

'Up from the lake a shape of golden dew
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,
Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew; 380

'And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune
To which they moved, seemed as they moved to blot
The thoughts of him who gazed on them; and soon

'All that was, seemed as if it had been not; 385
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath
Her feet like embers; and she, thought by thought,

'Trampled its sparks into the dust of death;
As day upon the threshold of the east
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath 390

'Of darkness re-illumine even the least
Of heaven's living eyes—like day she came,
Making the night a dream; and ere she ceased

'To move, as one between desire and shame
Suspended, I said—If, as it doth seem, 395
Thou comest from the realm without a name

'Into this valley of perpetual dream,
Show whence I came, and where I am, and why—
Pass not away upon the passing stream.

'Arise and quench thy thirst, was her reply. 400
And as a shut lily stricken by the wand
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,

' I rose ; and, bending at her sweet command,
 Touched with faint lips the cup she raised,
 And suddenly my brain became as sand 405

' Where the first wave had more than half erased
 The track of deer on desert Labrador ;
 Whilst the wolf, from which they fled amazed,
 ' Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore,
 Until the second bursts ;—so on my sight 410
 Burst a new vision, never seen before,

' And the fair shape waned in the coming light,
 As veil by veil the silent splendour drops
 From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

' Of sunrise, ere it tinge the mountain-tops ; 415
 And as the presence of that fairest planet,
 Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes

' That his day's path may end as he began it,
 In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent
 Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it, 420

' Or the soft note in which his dear lament
 The Brescian¹ shepherd breathes, or the caress
 That turned his weary slumber to content ;

' So knew I in that light's severe excess
 The presence of that Shape which on the stream 425
 Moved, as I moved along the wilderness,

' More dimly than a day-appearing dream,
 The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep ;
 A light of heaven, whose half-extinguished beam

' Through the sick day in which we wake to weep 430
 Glimmers, for ever sought, for ever lost ;
 So did that shape its obscure tenour keep

' Beside my path, as silent as a ghost ;
 But the new Vision, and the cold bright car,
 With solemn speed and stunning music, crossed 435

' The forest, and as if from some dread war
 Triumphantly returning, the loud million
 Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

' A moving arch of victory, the vermilion
 And green and azure plumes of Iris had 440
 Built high over her wind-wingèd pavilion,

' And underneath aethereal glory clad
 The wilderness, and far before her flew
 The tempest of the splendour, which forbade

¹ The favourite song, *Stanco di pascolar le pecorelle*, is a Brescian national air.—[MRS. SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

'Shadow to fall from leaf and stone; the crew.
Seemed in that light, like atomies to dance
Within a sunbeam;—some upon the new 445

'Embroidery of flowers, that did enhance
The grassy vesture of the desert, played,
Forgetful of the chariot's swift advance; 450

'Others stood gazing, till within the shade
Of the great mountain its light left them dim;
Others outspeded it; and others made

'Circles around it, like the clouds that swim
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air; 455
And more did follow, with exulting hymn,

'The chariot and the captives fettered there:—
But all like bubbles on an eddying flood
Fell into the same track at last, and were

'Borne onward.—I among the multitude 460
Was swept—me, sweetest flowers delayed not long;
Me, not the shadow nor the solitude;

'Me, not that falling stream's Lethean song;
Me, not the phantom of that early Form
Which moved upon its motion—but among 465

'The thickest billows of that living storm
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime
Of that cold light, whose airs too soon deform.

'Before the chariot had begun to climb
The opposing steep of that mysterious dell, 470
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme

'Of him who from the lowest depths of hell,
Through every paradise and through all glory,
Love led serene, and who returned to tell

'The words of hate and awe; the wondrous story 475
How all things are transfigured except Love;
For deaf as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary,

'The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers—
A wonder worthy of his rhyme.—The grove 480

'Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
The earth was gray with phantoms, and the air
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers

464 early] aëry *cj. Forman.*

475 awe *Boscombe MS.*; care 1824.

'A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
 Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening, 485
 Strange night upon some Indian isle;—thus were

 'Phantoms diffused around; and some did fling
 Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,
 Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing

 'Were lost in the white day; others like elves 490
 Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes
 Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;

 'And others sate chattering like restless apes
 On vulgar hands, . . .
 Some made a cradle of the ermined capes 495

 'Of kingly mantles; some across the tiar
 Of pontiffs sate like vultures; others played
 Under the crown which girt with empire

 'A baby's or an idiot's brow, and made
 Their nests in it. The old anatomies 500
 Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade

 'Of daemon wings, and laughed from their dead eyes
 To reassume the delegated power,
 Arrayed in which those worms did monarchize,

 'Who made this earth their charnel. Others more 505
 Humble, like falcons, sate upon the fist
 Of common men, and round their heads did soar;

 'Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist
 On evening marshes, thronged about the brow
 Of lawyers, statesmen, priest and theorist;— 510

 'And others, like discoloured flakes of snow
 On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,
 Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow

 'Which they extinguished; and, like tears, they were 515
 A veil to those from whose faint lids they rained
 In drops of sorrow. I became aware

 'Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stained
 The track in which we moved. After brief space,
 From every form the beauty slowly waned;

 'From every firmest limb and fairest face 520
 The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
 The action and the shape without the grace

486 isle *Boscombe MS.*; vale 1824.
MS.; rode like demons 1824.

497 sate like vultures *Boscombe*
 515 those] eyes *cj. Rossetti.*

'Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft
With care; and in those eyes where once hope shone,
Desire, like a lioness bereft

525

'Of her last cub, glared ere it died; each one
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown

'In autumn evening from a poplar tree.
Each like himself and like each other were

530

At first; but some distorted seemed to be
'Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air;
And of this stuff the car's creative ray
Wrought all the busy phantoms that were there,

'As the sun shapes the clouds; thus on the way

535

Mask after mask fell from the countenance
And form of all; and long before the day
'Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died;
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,

540

'And fell, as I have fallen, by the wayside;—
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows passed,
And least of strength and beauty did abide.

'Then, what is life? I cried.'—

CANCELLED OPENING OF 'THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE'

[Published by Miss M. Blind, *Westminster Review*, July, 1870.]

Out of the eastern shadow of the Earth,
Amid the clouds upon its margin gray
Scattered by Night to swathe in its bright birth

In gold and fleecy snow the infant Day,
The glorious Sun arose: beneath his light,

5

The earth and all

EARLY POEMS

[1814, 1815]

[The poems which follow appeared, with a few exceptions, either in the volumes published from time to time by Shelley himself, or in the *Posthumous Poems* of 1824, or in the *Poetical Works* of 1839, of which a second and enlarged edition was published by Mrs. Shelley in the same year. A few made their first appearance in some fugitive publication—such as Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book*—and were subsequently incorporated in the collective editions. In every case the *editio princeps* and (where this is possible) the exact date of composition are indicated below the title. Textual variants are recorded in the footnotes. The Editor's Notes should be consulted.]

STANZA, WRITTEN AT BRACKNELL

[Composed March, 1814. Published in Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, 1858.]

THY dewy looks sink in my breast ;
Thy gentle words stir poison there ;
Thou hast disturbed the only rest
That was the portion of despair !
Subdued to Duty's hard control, 5
I could have borne my wayward lot :
The chains that bind this ruined soul
Had cankered then—but crushed it not.

STANZAS.—APRIL, 1814

[Composed at Bracknell, April, 1814. Published with *Alastor*, 1816.]

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drank the last pale beam of even :
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.
Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away! 5
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood :
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay :
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.
Away, away! to thy sad and silent home ;
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth ; 10
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

Stanzas—6 tear 1816 ; glance 1839.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head:
 The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:
 But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds
 the dead, 15
 Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace
 may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
 For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep:
 Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;
 Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms flee 21
 Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee
 erewhile,

Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings are not free
 From the music of two voices and the light of one sweet smile.

TO HARRIET

[Composed May, 1814. Published (from the Esdaile MSS.) by
 Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887.]

THY look of love has power to calm
 The stormiest passion of my soul;
 Thy gentle words are drops of balm
 In life's too bitter bowl;
 No grief is mine, but that alone 5
 These choicest blessings I have known.

Harriet! if all who long to live
 In the warm sunshine of thine eye,
 That price beyond all pain must give,—
 Beneath thy scorn to die; 10
 Then hear thy chosen own too late
 His heart most worthy of thy hate.

Be thou, then, one among mankind
 Whose heart is harder not for state,
 Thou only virtuous, gentle, kind, 15
 Amid a world of hate;
 And by a slight endurance seal
 A fellow-being's lasting weal.

For pale with anguish is his cheek,
 His breath comes fast, his eyes are dim, 20
 Thy name is struggling ere he speak,
 Weak is each trembling limb;
 In mercy let him not endure
 The misery of a fatal cure.

Oh, trust for once no erring guide! 25
 Bid the remorseless feeling flee;
 'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,
 'Tis anything but thee;
 Oh, deign a nobler pride to prove,
 And pity if thou canst not love. 30

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN

[Composed June, 1814. Published in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed;
 Yes, I was firm—thus wert not thou;—
 My baffled looks did fear yet dread
 To meet thy looks—I could not know
 How anxiously they sought to shine 5
 With soothing pity upon mine.

II

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
 Which preys upon itself alone;
 To curse the life which is the cage
 Of fettered grief that dares not groan, 10
 Hiding from many a careless eye
 The scornèd load of agony.

III

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,
 The thou alone should be,
 To spend years thus, and be rewarded, 15
 As thou, sweet love, requited me
 When none were near—Oh! I did wake
 From torture for that moment's sake.

IV

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
 Of peace and pity fell like dew 20
 On flowers half dead;—thy lips did meet
 Mine tremblingly; thy dark eyes threw
 Their soft persuasion on my brain,
 Charming away its dream of pain.

V

We are not happy, sweet! our state 25
 Is strange and full of doubt and fear;

2 wert 1839; did 1824.

23 Their 1839; thy 1824.

3 fear 1824, 1839; yearn *cj. Rossetti.*

More need of words that ills abate ;—
 Reserve or censure come not near
 Our sacred friendship, lest there be
 No solace left for thee and me. 30

VI

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
 Nor can I live if thou appear
 Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
 Away from me, or stoop to wear
 The mask of scorn, although it be 35
 To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

TO _____

[Published in *Poetical Works*, 1839, 2nd ed. See Editor's Note.]

YET look on me—take not thine eyes away,
 Which feed upon the love within mine own,
 Which is indeed but the reflected ray
 Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.
 Yet speak to me—thy voice is as the tone 5
 Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear
 That thou yet lovest me ; yet thou alone
 Like one before a mirror, without care
 Of aught but thine own features, imaged there ;
 And yet I wear out life in watching thee ; 10
 A toil so sweet at times, and thou indeed
 Art kind when I am sick, and pity me.

MUTABILITY

[Published with *Alastor*, 1816.]

WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon ;
 How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
 Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon
 Night closes round, and they are lost for ever :
 Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings 5
 Give various response to each varying blast,
 To whose frail frame no second motion brings
 One mood or modulation like the last.

30 thee] thou 1824, 1839.
 1839 ; feel 1824.

32 can I 1839 ; I can 1824.

36 feel'st

We rest.—A dream has power to poison sleep;
 We rise.—One wandering thought pollutes the day; 10
 We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
 The path of its departure still is free:
 Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow; 15
 Nought may endure but Mutability.

ON DEATH

[For the date of composition see Editor's Note. Published with
Alastor, 1816.]

THERE IS NO WORK, NOR DEVICE, NOR KNOWLEDGE, NOR WISDOM, IN THE
 GRAVE, WHITHER THOU GOEST.—*Ecclesiastes*.

THE pale, the cold, and the moony smile
 Which the meteor beam of a starless night
 Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,
 Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,
 Is the flame of life so fickle and wan 5
 That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man! hold thee on in courage of soul
 Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,
 And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
 Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day, 10
 Where Hell and Heaven shall leave thee free
 To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,
 This world is the mother of all we feel,
 And the coming of death is a fearful blow 15
 To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel;
 When all that we know, or feel, or see,
 Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,
 Where all but this frame must surely be, 20
 Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear
 No longer will live to hear or to see
 All that is great and all that is strange
 In the boundless realm of unending change.

Mutability.—15 may 1816; can *Lodore*, chap. xlix, 1835 (Mrs. Shelley).
 16 Nought may endure but 1816; Nor aught endure save *Lodore*, chap. xlix,
 1835 (Mrs. Shelley).

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death? 25
 Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
 Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
 The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?
 Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be
 With the fears and the love for that which we see? 30

A SUMMER EVENING CHURCHYARD

LECHLADE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

[Composed September, 1815. Published with *Alastor*, 1816.]

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
 Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray;
 And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair
 In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day:
 Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men, 5
 Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards the departing day,
 Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea;
 Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,
 Responding to the charm with its own mystery. 10
 The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass
 Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aëreal Pile! whose pinnacles
 Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,
 Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells, 15
 Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,
 Around whose lessening and invisible height
 Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres:
 And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound. 20
 Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,
 Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around,
 And mingling with the still night and mute sky
 Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild 25
 And terrorless as this serenest night:
 Here could I hope, like some inquiring child
 Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight
 Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
 That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep. 30

TO _____

[Published with *Alastor*, 1816. See Editor's Note.]

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ.

OH! there are spirits of the air,
 And genii of the evening breeze,
 And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair
 As star-beams among twilight trees:—
 Such lovely ministers to meet
 Oft hast thou turned from men thy lonely feet.

With mountain winds, and babbling springs,
 And moonlight seas, that are the voice
 Of these inexplicable things,
 Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice
 When they did answer thee; but they
 Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes
 Beams that were never meant for thine,
 Another's wealth:—tame sacrifice
 To a fond faith! still dost thou pine?
 Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,
 Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy demands?

Ah! wherefore didst thou build thine hope
 On the false earth's inconstancy?
 Did thine own mind afford no scope
 Of love, or moving thoughts to thee?
 That natural scenes or human smiles
 Could steal the power to wind thee in their wiles?

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled
 Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted;
 The glory of the moon is dead;
 Night's ghosts and dreams have now departed;
 Thine own soul still is true to thee,
 But changed to a foul fiend through misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever
 Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,
 Dream not to chase;—the mad endeavour
 Would scourge thee to severer pangs.
 Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,
 Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.

TO WORDSWORTH

[Published with *Alastor*, 1816.]

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know
 That things depart which never may return:
 Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
 Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
 These common woes I feel. One loss is mine 5
 Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore.
 Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood 10
 Above the blind and battling multitude:
 In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
 Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
 Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
 Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL
OF BONAPARTE[Published with *Alastor*, 1816.]

I HATED thee, fallen tyrant! I did groan
 To think that a most unambitious slave,
 Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave
 Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne 5
 Where it had stood even now: thou didst prefer
 A frail and bloody pomp which Time has swept
 In fragments towards Oblivion. Massacre,
 For this I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,
 Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust, 10
 And stifled thee, their minister. I know
 Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,
 That Virtue owns a more eternal foe
 Than Force or Fraud: old Custom, legal Crime,
 And bloody Faith the foulest birth of Time.

LINES

[Published in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book*, 1823, where it is headed *November, 1815*. Reprinted in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. See Editor's Note.]

I
 THE cold earth slept below,
 Above the cold sky shone;
 And all around, with a chilling sound,
 From caves of ice and fields of snow,
 The breath of night like death did flow 5
 Beneath the sinking moon.

II

The wintry hedge was black,
 The green grass was not seen,
 The birds did rest on the bare thorn's breast,
 Whose roots, beside the pathway track, 10
 Had bound their folds o'er many a crack
 Which the frost had made between.

III

Thine eyes glowed in the glare
 Of the moon's dying light;
 As a fen-fire's beam on a sluggish stream 15
 Gleams dimly, so the moon shone there,
 And it yellowed the strings of thy raven hair,
 That shook in the wind of night.

IV

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved—
 The wind made thy bosom chill— 20
 The night did shed on thy dear head
 Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie
 Where the bitter breath of the naked sky
 Might visit thee at will.

NOTE ON THE EARLY POEMS, BY MRS. SHELLEY

THE remainder of Shelley's Poems will be arranged in the order in which they were written. Of course, mistakes will occur in placing some of the shorter ones; for, as I have said, many of these were thrown aside, and I never saw them till I had the misery of looking over his writings after the hand that traced them was dust; and some were in the hands of others, and I never saw them till now. The subjects of the poems are often to me an unerring guide; but on other occasions I can only guess, by finding them in the pages of the same manuscript book that contains poems with the date of whose composition I am fully conversant. In the present arrangement all his

poetical translations will be placed together at the end.

The loss of his early papers prevents my being able to give any of the poetry of his boyhood. Of the few I give as *Early Poems*, the greater part were published with *Alastor*; some of them were written previously, some at the same period. The poem beginning 'Oh, there are spirits in the air' was addressed in idea to Coleridge, whom he never knew; and at whose character he could only guess imperfectly, through his writings, and accounts he heard of him from some who knew him well. He regarded his change of opinions as rather an act of will than conviction, and believed that in his inner heart he would be

haunted by what Shelley considered the better and holier aspirations of his youth. The summer evening that suggested to him the poem written in the churchyard of Lechlade occurred during his voyage up the Thames in 1815. He had been advised by a physician to live as much as possible in the open air; and a fortnight of a bright warm July was spent in tracing the Thames to its source. He never spent a season more tranquilly than the summer of 1815. He had just recovered from a severe pulmonary attack; the weather was warm and pleasant. He lived near Windsor Forest; and his life was spent under its shades or on the water, meditating subjects for verse. Hitherto, he had chiefly aimed at extending his political doctrines, and attempted so to do by appeals in prose essays to the people, exhorting them to claim their rights; but he had now begun to feel that the time for

action was not ripe in England, and that the pen was the only instrument wherewith to prepare the way for better things.

In the scanty journals kept during those years I find a record of the books that Shelley read during several years. During the years of 1814 and 1815 the list is extensive. It includes, in Greek, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius. In Latin, Petronius, Suetonius, some of the works of Cicero, a large proportion of those of Seneca and Livy. In English, Milton's poems, Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Southey's *Madoc* and *Thalaba*, Locke *On the Human Understanding*, Bacon's *Novum Organum*. In Italian, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri. In French, the *Réveries d'un Solitaire* of Rousseau. To these may be added several modern books of travels. He read few novels.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1816

THE SUNSET

[Written at Bishopsgate, 1816 (spring). Published in full in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. Lines 9-20, and 28-42, appeared in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book*, 1823, under the titles, respectively, of *Sunset*. *From an Unpublished Poem*, and *Grief. A Fragment.*]

THERE late was One within whose subtle being,
 As light and wind within some delicate cloud
 That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
 Genius and death contended. None may know
 The sweetness of the joy which made his breath 5
 Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
 When, with the Lady of his love, who then
 First knew the unreserve of mingled being,

4 death 1839; youth 1824.

He walked along the pathway of a field
 Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er, 10
 But to the west was open to the sky.
 There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
 Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
 Of the far level grass and nodding flowers
 And the old dandelion's hoary beard, 15
 And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
 On the brown massy woods—and in the east
 The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
 Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
 While the faint stars were gathering overhead.— 20
 'Is it not strange, Isabel,' said the youth,
 'I never saw the sun? We will walk here
 To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me.'

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
 In love and sleep—but when the morning came 25
 The lady found her lover dead and cold.
 Let none believe that God in mercy gave
 That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
 But year by year lived on—in truth I think
 Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles, 30
 And that she did not die, but lived to tend
 Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
 If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
 For but to see her were to read the tale
 Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts 35
 Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;—
 Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
 Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale;
 Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins 40
 And weak articulations might be seen
 Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
 Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
 Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

'Inheritor of more than earth can give,' 45
 Passionless calm and silence unreprieved,
 Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
 And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
 Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
 Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were—Peace! 50
 This was the only moan she ever made.

22 sun? We will walk 1824; sunrise? We will wake *cj. Forman*.
 37 Her eyes . . . wan *Hunt, 1823; omitted 1824, 1839.* 38 worn 1824;
 torn 1839.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

[Composed, probably, in Switzerland, in the summer of 1816. Published in Hunt's *Examiner*, January 19, 1817, and with *Rosalind and Helen*, 1819.]

I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats though unseen among us,—visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,—
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower, 5
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
 Like memory of music fled,— 10
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone? 15
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
 Ask why the sunlight not for ever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain-river,
 Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown, 20
 Why fear and dream and death and birth
 Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Such gloom,—why man has such a scope
 For love and hate, despondency and hope?

III

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever 25
 To sage or poet these responses given—
 Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
 Remain the records of their vain endeavour,
 Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not avail to sever, 30
 From all we hear and all we see,
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
 Or music by the night-wind sent
 Through strings of some still instrument, 35
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

a among 1819; amongst 1817. 14 dost 1819; doth 1817. 21 fear
 and dream 1819; care and pain *Boscombe MS.*

IV

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art, 40
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
 Thou messenger of sympathies,
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—
 Thou—that to human thought art nourishment,
 Like darkness to a dying flame! 45
 Depart not as thy shadow came,
 Depart not—lest the grave should be,
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

V

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin, 50
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
 I was not heard—I saw them not—
 When musing deeply on the lot 55
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming,—
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me;
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy! 60

VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers 65
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outwatched with me the envious night—
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from its dark slavery, 70
 That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past—there is a harmony 75
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

37-48 omitted Boscombe MS.
 nor 1839.

44 art 1817; are 1819.

76 or 1819;

Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply 80
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

MONT BLANC

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

[Composed in Switzerland, July, 1816 (see date below). Printed at the end of the *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* published by Shelley in 1817, and reprinted with *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. Amongst the Boscombe MSS. is a draft of this Ode, mainly in pencil, which has been collated by Dr. Garnett.]

I

THE everlasting universe of things
 Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
 Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
 Now lending splendour, where from secret springs
 The source of human thought its tribute brings 5
 Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,
 Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
 In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
 Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
 Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river 10
 Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine—
 Thou many-coloured, many-voicèd vale,
 Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail 15
 Fast cloud-shadows and sunbeams: awful scene,
 Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down
 From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,
 Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame
 Of lightning through the tempest;—thou dost lie, 20
 Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
 Children of elder time, in whose devotion
 The chainless winds still come and ever came
 To drink their odours, and their mighty swinging
 To hear—an old and solemn harmony; 25
 Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep
 Of the aethereal waterfall, whose veil

15 cloud-shadows] cloud shadows 1817; cloud, shadows 1824; clouds, shadows 1839. 20 Thy 1824; The 1839.

Robes some unsculptured image; the strange sleep
 Which when the voices of the desert fail
 Wraps all in its own deep eternity;—
 Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion, 30
 A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame;
 Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,
 Thou art the path of that unresting sound—
 Dizzy Ravine! and when I gaze on thee
 I seem as in a trance sublime and strange 35
 To muse on my own separate fantasy,
 My own, my human mind, which passively
 Now renders and receives fast influencings,
 Holding an unremitting interchange
 With the clear universe of things around; 40
 One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
 Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
 Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
 In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
 Seeking among the shadows that pass by 45
 Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
 Some phantom, some faint image; till the breast
 From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

III

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
 Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber, 50
 And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
 Of those who wake and live.—I look on high;
 Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
 The veil of life and death? or do I lie
 In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep 55
 Spread far around and inaccessibly
 Its circles? For the very spirit fails,
 Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
 That vanishes among the viewless gales!
 Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky, 60
 Mont Blanc appears,—still, snowy, and serene—
 Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
 Pile around it, ice and rock; broad vales between
 Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
 Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread 65
 And wind among the accumulated steeps;
 A desert peopled by the storms alone,
 Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
 And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously
 Its shapes are heaped around! rude, bare, and high, 70

53 unfurled] upfurled *cf.* James Thomson ('B.V.'). 56 Spread 1824;
 Speed 1839. 69 tracks her there 1824; watches her *Boscombe MS.*

Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.—Is this the scene
 Where the old Earthquake-daemon taught her young
 Ruin? Were these their toys? or did a sea
 Of fire envelop once this silent snow?
 None can reply—all seems eternal now. 75
 The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
 Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
 So solemn, so serene, that man may be,
 But for such faith, with nature reconciled;
 Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal 80
 Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
 By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
 Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
 Ocean, and all the living things that dwell 85
 Within the daedal earth; lightning, and rain,
 Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,
 The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
 Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
 Holds every future leaf and flower;—the bound 90
 With which from that detested trance they leap;
 The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
 And that of him and all that his may be;
 All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
 Are born and die; revolve, subside, and swell. 95
 Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
 Remote, serene, and inaccessible:
 And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,
 On which I gaze, even these primaeval mountains
 Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep 100
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
 Slow rolling on; there, many a precipice,
 Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power
 Have piled: dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
 A city of death, distinct with many a tower 105
 And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
 Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
 Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
 Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewing
 Its destined path, or in the mangled soil 110
 Branchless and shattered stand; the rocks, drawn down
 From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
 The limits of the dead and living world,
 Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
 Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes its spoil; 115

79 But for such 1824; In such a *Boscombe MS.* 108 boundaries of the
 sky] boundary of the skies *cf. Rossetti (cf. U. 102, 106).*

Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
 So much of life and joy is lost. The race
 Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
 Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
 And their place is not known. Below, vast caves 120
 Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam,
 Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling
 Meet in the vale, and one majestic River,
 The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
 Rolls its loud waters to the ocean-waves, 125
 Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

v

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high:—the power is there,
 The still and solemn power of many sights,
 And many sounds, and much of life and death.
 In the calm darkness of the moonless nights, 130
 In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
 Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
 Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
 Or the star-beams dart through them:—Winds contend
 Silently there, and heap the snow with breath 135
 Rapid and strong, but silently! Its home
 The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
 Over the snow. The secret Strength of things
 Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome 140
 Of Heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
 And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
 If to the human mind's imaginings
 Silence and solitude were vacancy?

July 23, 1816.

CANCELLED PASSAGE OF MONT BLANC

[Published by Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

THERE is a voice, not understood by all,
 Sent from these desert-caves. It is the roar
 Of the rent ice-cliff which the sunbeams call,
 Plunging into the vale—it is the blast
 Descending on the pines—the torrents pour. . . . 5

FRAGMENT: HOME

[Published by Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

DEAR home, thou scene of earliest hopes and joys,
 The least of which wronged Memory ever makes
 Bitterer than all thine unremembered tears.

121 torrents'] torrent's 1817, 1824, 1839.

FRAGMENT OF A GHOST STORY

[Published by Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

A SHOVEL of his ashes took
 From the hearth's obscurest nook,
 Muttering mysteries as she went,
 Helen and Henry knew that Granny
 Was as much afraid of Ghosts as any,
 And so they followed hard—
 But Helen clung to her brother's arm,
 And her own spasm made her shake.

5

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1816, BY MRS. SHELLEY

SHELLEY wrote little during this year. The poem entitled *The Sunset* was written in the spring of the year, while still residing at Bishopsgate. He spent the summer on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. The *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* was conceived during his voyage round the lake with Lord Byron. He occupied himself during this voyage by reading the *Nouvelle Héloïse* for the first time. The reading it on the very spot where the scenes are laid added to the interest; and he was at once surprised and charmed by the passionate eloquence and earnest enthralling interest that pervade this work. There was something in the character of Saint-Preux, in his abnegation of self, and in the worship he paid to Love, that coincided with Shelley's own disposition; and, though differing in many of the views and shocked by others, yet the effect of the whole was fascinating and delightful.

Mont Blanc was inspired by a view of that mountain and its surrounding peaks and valleys, as he lingered on the Bridge of Arve

on his way through the Valley of Chamouni. Shelley makes the following mention of this poem in his publication of the *History of a Six Weeks' Tour, and Letters from Switzerland*: 'The poem entitled *Mont Blanc* is written by the author of the two letters from Chamouni and Vevai. It was composed under the immediate impression of the deep and powerful feelings excited by the objects which it attempts to describe; and, as an undisciplined overflowing of the soul, rests its claim to approbation on an attempt to imitate the untamable wildness and inaccessible solemnity from which those feelings sprang.'

This was an eventful year, and less time was given to study than usual. In the list of his reading I find, in Greek, Theocritus, the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, several of Plutarch's *Lives*, and the works of Lucian. In Latin, Lucretius, Pliny's *Letters*, the *Annals* and *Germany* of Tacitus. In French, the *History of the French Revolution* by Lacretelle. He read for the first time, this year, Montaigne's *Essays*, and regarded

them ever after as one of the most delightful and instructive books in the world. The list is scanty in English works: Locke's *Essay*, *Political Justice*, and Coleridge's *Lay Sermon*, form nearly

the whole. It was his frequent habit to read aloud to me in the evening; in this way we read, this year, the New Testament, *Paradise Lost*, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and *Don Quixote*.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1817

MARIANNE'S DREAM

[Composed at Marlow, 1817. Published in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book*, 1819, and reprinted in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

A PALE Dream came to a Lady fair,
 And said, A boon, a boon, I pray!
 I know the secrets of the air,
 And things are lost in the glare of day,
 Which I can make the sleeping see, 5
 If they will put their trust in me.

II

And thou shalt know of things unknown,
 If thou wilt let me rest between
 The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown
 Over thine eyes so dark and sheen: 10
 And half in hope, and half in fright,
 The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

III

At first all deadly shapes were driven
 Tumultuously across her sleep,
 And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven 15
 All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;
 And the Lady ever looked to spy
 If the golden sun shone forth on high.

IV

And as towards the east she turned,
 She saw aloft in the morning air, 20
 Which now with hues of sunrise burned,
 A great black Anchor rising there;
 And wherever the Lady turned her eyes,
 It hung before her in the skies.

V

The sky was blue as the summer sea, 25
 The depths were cloudless overhead,
 The air was calm as it could be,
 There was no sight or sound of dread,
 But that black Anchor floating still
 Over the piny eastern hill. 30

VI

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear
 To see that Anchor ever hanging,
 And veiled her eyes; she then did hear
 The sound as of a dim low clanging,
 And looked abroad if she might know 35
 Was it aught else, or but the flow
 Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

VII

There was a mist in the sunless air,
 Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock,
 But the very weeds that blossomed there 40
 Were moveless, and each mighty rock
 Stood on its basis steadfastly;
 The Anchor was seen no more on high.

VIII

But piled around, with summits hid
 In lines of cloud at intervals, 45
 Stood many a mountain pyramid
 Among whose everlasting walls
 Two mighty cities shone, and ever
 Through the red mist their domes did quiver.

IX

On two dread mountains, from whose crest, 50
 Might seem, the eagle, for her brood,
 Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,
 Those tower-encircled cities stood.
 A vision strange such towers to see,
 Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously, 55
 Where human art could never be.

X

And columns framed of marble white,
 And giant fanes, dome over dome
 Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright
 With workmanship, which could not come 60

From touch of mortal instrument,
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent.

XI

But still the Lady heard that clang
Filling the wide air far away; 65
And still the mist whose light did hang
Among the mountains shook alway,
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,
As half in joy, and half aghast,
On those high domes her look she cast. 70

XII

Sudden, from out that city sprung
A light that made the earth grow red;
Two flames that each with quivering tongue
Licked its high domes, and overhead 75
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

XIII

And hark! a rush as if the deep
Had burst its bonds; she looked behind 80
And saw over the western steep
A raging flood descend, and wind
Through that wide vale; she felt no fear,
But said within herself, 'Tis clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea. 85

XIV

And now those raging billows came
Where that fair Lady sate, and she
Was borne towards the showering flame
By the wild waves heaped tumultuously, 90
And, on a little plank, the flow
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

XV

The flames were fiercely vomited
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed 95
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

62 or] a *cj.* Rossetti.
Rossetti; waves 1819, 1824, 1839.

63 its] their *cj.* Rossetti.

92 flames

XVI

The plank whereon that Lady sate
 Was driven through the chasms, about and about,
 Between the peaks so desolate 100
 Of the drowning mountains, in and out,
 As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails—
 While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

XVII

At last her plank an eddy crossed,
 And bore her to the city's wall, 105
 Which now the flood had reached almost ;
 It might the stoutest heart appal
 To hear the fire roar and hiss
 Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

XVIII

The eddy whirled her round and round 110
 Before a gorgeous gate, which stood
 Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound
 Its æry arch with light like blood ;
 She looked on that gate of marble clear,
 With wonder that extinguished fear. 115

XIX

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,
 Of forms most beautiful and strange,
 Like nothing human, but the fairest
 Of wingèd shapes, whose legions range
 Throughout the sleep of those that are, 120
 Like this same Lady, good and fair.

XX

And as she looked, still lovelier grew
 Those marble forms ;—the sculptor sure
 Was a strong spirit, and the hue
 Of his own mind did there endure 125
 After the touch, whose power had braided
 Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

XXI

She looked, the flames were dim, the flood
 Grew tranquil as a woodland river
 Winding through hills in solitude ; 130
 Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,
 And their fair limbs to float in motion,
 Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

101 mountains 1819 ; mountain 1824, 1839.
 James Thomson ('B.V.').

120 that 1819, 1824 ; who 1839.

106 flood] flames c/.

XXII

And their lips moved; one seemed to speak,
 When suddenly the mountains cracked, 135
 And through the chasm the flood did break
 With an earth-uplifting cataract:
 The statues gave a joyous scream,
 And on its wings the pale thin Dream
 Lifted the Lady from the stream. 140

XXIII

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale
 Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,
 And she arose, while from the veil
 Of her dark eyes the Dream did creep,
 And she walked about as one who knew 145
 That sleep has sights as clear and true
 As any waking eyes can view.

TO CONSTANTIA, SINGING

[Published by Mrs. Shelley in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. Amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian is a chaotic first draft, from which Mr. Locock [*Examination, &c.*, 1903, pp. 60-62] has, with patient ingenuity, disengaged a first and a second stanza consistent with the metrical scheme of stanzas iii and iv. The two stanzas thus recovered are printed here immediately below the poem as edited by Mrs. Shelley. It need hardly be added that Mr. Locock's restored version cannot, any more than Mrs. Shelley's obviously imperfect one, be regarded in the light of a final recension.]

I

THUS to be lost and thus to sink and die,
 Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn!
 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
 Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
 Between thy lips, are laid to sleep; 5
 Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour, it is yet,
 And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
 Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet,
 Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

II

A breathless awe, like the swift change 10
 Unseen, but felt in youthful slumbers,
 Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
 Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.

The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
 By the enchantment of thy strain, 15
 And on my shoulders wings are woven,
 To follow its sublime career
 Beyond the mighty moons that wane
 Upon the verge of Nature's utmost sphere,
 Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear. 20

III

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers
 O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,
 The blood and life within those snowy fingers
 Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
 My brain is wild, my breath comes quick— 25
 The blood is listening in my frame,
 And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
 Fall on my overflowing eyes ;
 My heart is quivering like a flame ;
 As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies, 30
 I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

IV

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,
 Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
 Flows on, and fills all things with melody.—
 Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong, 35
 On which, like one in trance uoborne,
 Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
 Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.
 Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
 Which when the starry waters sleep, 40
 Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
 Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

STANZAS I AND II

As restored by Mr. C. D. Locock

I

Cease, cease—for such wild lessons madmen learn
 Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die
 Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia turn
 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie 5
 Even though the sounds its voice that were
 Between [thy] lips are laid to sleep :
 Within thy breath, and on thy hair
 Like odour, it is [lingering] yet
 And from thy touch like fire doth leap—

Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet— 10
 Alas, that the torn heart can bleed but not forget.

II

[A deep and] breathless awe like the swift change
 Of dreams unseen but felt in youthful slumbers
 Wild sweet yet incommunicably strange
 Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers 15

TO CONSTANTIA

[Dated 1817 by Mrs. Shelley, and printed by her in the *Poetical Works*, 1839, 1st edition. A copy exists amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination, &c.*, 1903, p. 46.]

I

THE rose that drinks the fountain dew
 In the pleasant air of noon,
 Grows pale and blue with altered hue—
 In the gaze of the nightly moon;
 For the planet of frost, so cold and bright, 5
 Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

II

Such is my heart—roses are fair,
 And that at best a withered blossom;
 But thy false care did idly wear
 Its withered leaves in a faithless bosom; 10
 And fed with love, like air and dew,
 Its growth—

FRAGMENT: TO ONE SINGING

[Dated 1817 by Mrs. Shelley, and published in the *Poetical Works*, 1839, 1st edition. The MS. original, by which Mr. Locock has revised and (by one line) enlarged the text, is amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian. The metre, as Mr. Locock (*Examination, &c.*, 1903, p. 63) points out, is *terza rima*.]

My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim
 Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,
 Far far away into the regions dim

Of rapture—as a boat, with swift sails winging 5
 Its way adown some many-winding river,
 Speeds through dark forests o'er the waters swinging . . .

To Constantia—1 The rose] The red Rose B. 2 pleasant] fragrant B.
 6 her omitted B. *To One Singing*—3 Far far away B.; Far away 1839.
 6 Speeds . . . swinging B.; omitted 1839.

A FRAGMENT: TO MUSIC

[Published in *Poetical Works*, 1839, 1st ed. Dated 1817 (Mrs. Shelley).]

SILVER key of the fountain of tears,
 Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
 Softest grave of a thousand fears,
 Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
 Is laid asleep in flowers.

5

ANOTHER FRAGMENT TO MUSIC

[Published in *Poetical Works*, 1839, 1st ed. Dated 1817 (Mrs. Shelley).]

No, Music, thou art not the 'food of Love,'
 Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,
 Till it becomes all Music murmurs of.

'MIGHTY EAGLE'

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM GODWIN

[Published in 1882 (*P. W. of B. P. S.*) by Mr. H. Buxton Forman,
 C.B., by whom it is dated 1817.]

MIGHTY eagle! thou that soarest
 O'er the misty mountain forest,
 And amid the light of morning
 Like a cloud of glory hiest,
 And when night descends defiest
 The embattled tempests' warning!

5

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR

[Published in part (v-ix, xiv) by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed. (without title); in full 2nd ed. (with title). Four transcripts in Mrs. Shelley's hand are extant: two—Leigh Hunt's and Ch. Cowden Clarke's—described by Forman, and two belonging to Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn, described by Woodberry [*P. W.*, *Centenary Edition*, iii. 193-6]. One of the latter (here referred to as *Fa*) is corrected in Shelley's autograph. A much-corrected draft in Shelley's hand is in the Harvard MS. book.]

I

Thy country's curse is on thee, darkest crest
 Of that foul, knotted, many-headed worm
 Which rends our Mother's bosom—Priestly Pest!
 Masked Resurrection of a buried Form!

II

Thy country's curse is on thee! Justice sold, 5
 Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks overthrown,
 And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,
 Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.

III

And, whilst that sure slow Angel which aye stands 10
 Watching the beck of Mutability
 Delays to execute her high commands,
 And, though a nation weeps, spares thine and thee,

IV

Oh, let a father's curse be on thy soul,
 And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb;
 Be both, on thy gray head, a leaden cowl 15
 To weigh thee down to thine approaching doom!

V

I curse thee by a parent's outraged love,
 By hopes long cherished and too lately lost,
 By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove,
 By griefs which thy stern nature never crossed; 20

VI

By those infantine smiles of happy light,
 Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,
 Quenched even when kindled, in untimely night
 Hiding the promise of a lovely birth:

VII

By those unpractised accents of young speech, 25
 Which he who is a father thought to frame
 To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach—
Thou strike the lyre of mind!—oh, grief and shame!

VIII

By all the happy see in children's growth— 30
 That undeveloped flower of budding years—
 Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
 Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears—

IX

By all the days, under an hireling's care,
 Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness,—
 O wretched ye if ever any were,— 35
 Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless!

9 Angel which aye cancelled by Shelley for Fate which ever Fa. 24
 promise of a 1839, 2nd ed. ; promises of 1839, 1st ed. 27 lore] love Fa.
 32 and saddest] the saddest Fa. 36 yet not fatherless! cancelled by
 Shelley for why not fatherless? Fa.

X

By the false cant which on their innocent lips
 Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,
 By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
 Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb— 40

XI

By thy most impious Hell, and all its terror;
 By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt
 Of thine impostures, which must be their error—
 That sand on which thy crumbling power is built—

XII

By thy complicity with lust and hate— 45
 Thy thirst for tears—thy hunger after gold—
 The ready frauds which ever on thee wait—
 The servile arts in which thou hast grown old—

XIII

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile—
 By all the arts and snares of thy black den, 50
 And—for thou canst outweep the crocodile—
 By thy false tears—those millstones braining men—

XIV

By all the hate which checks a father's love—
 By all the scorn which kills a father's care—
 By those most impious hands which dared remove 55
 Nature's high bounds—by thee—and by despair—

XV

Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,
 And cry, 'My children are no longer mine—
 The blood within those veins may be mine own,
 But—Tyrant—their polluted souls are thine;—' 60

XVI

I curse thee—though I hate thee not.—O slave!
 If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming Hell
 Of which thou art a daemon, on thy grave
 This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee well!

41-4 By . . . built 'crossed by Shelley and marked dele by Mrs. Shelley' (Woodberry) *Fa.* 50 arts and snares 1839, 1st ed.; snares and arts *Harvard Coll. MS.*; snares and nets *Fa.*; acts and snares 1839, 2nd ed. 59 those] their *Fa.*

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley (i, v, vi), *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.; in full, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed. A transcript is extant in Mrs. Shelley's hand.]

I

THE billows on the beach are leaping around it,
 The bark is weak and frail,
 The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it
 Darkly strew the gale.
 Come with me, thou delightful child, 5
 Come with me, though the wave is wild,
 And the winds are loose, we must not stay,
 Or the slaves of the law may rend thee away.

II

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,
 They have made them unfit for thee; 10
 They have withered the smile and dried the tear
 Which should have been sacred to me.
 To a blighting faith and a cause of crime
 They have bound them slaves in youthly prime,
 And they will curse my name and thee 15
 Because we fearless are and free.

III

Come thou, belovèd as thou art;
 Another sleepeth still
 Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,
 Which thou with joy shalt fill, 20
 With fairest smiles of wonder thrown
 On that which is indeed our own,
 And which in distant lands will be
 The dearest playmate unto thee.

IV

Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever, 25
 Or the priests of the evil faith;
 They stand on the brink of that raging river,
 Whose waves they have tainted with death.
 It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,
 Around them it foams and rages and swells; 30
 And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
 Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

1 on the beach *omitted* 1839, 1st ed. 8 of the law 1839, 1st ed.; of law
 1839, 2nd ed. 14 prime transcript; time *edd.* 1839. 16 fearless are
edd. 1839; are fearless transcript. 20 shalt transcript; wilt *edd.* 1839.
 25-32 Fear . . . eternity *omitted*, transcript. See Rosalind and Helen,
 ll. 894-901.

V

Rest, rest, and shriek not, thou gentle child!
 The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
 And the cold spray and the clamour wild?— 35
 There, sit between us two, thou dearest—
 Me and thy mother—well we know
 The storm at which thou tremblest so,
 With all its dark and hungry graves,
 Less cruel than the savage slaves 40
 Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

VI

This hour will in thy memory
 Be a dream of days forgotten long.
 We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
 Of serene and golden Italy, 45
 Or Greece, the Mother of the free;
 And I will teach thine infant tongue
 To call upon those heroes old
 In their own language, and will mould
 Thy growing spirit in the flame 50
 Of Grecian lore, that by such name
 A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim!

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE POEM
 TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

[Published in Dr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

I

THE world is now our dwelling-place;
 Where'er the earth one fading trace
 Of what was great and free does keep,
 That is our home! . . .
 Mild thoughts of man's ungentle race 5
 Shall our contented exile reap;
 For who that in some happy place
 His own free thoughts can freely chase
 By woods and waves can clothe his face
 In cynic smiles? Child! we shall weep. 10

33 and *transcript*; omitted *edd.* 1839. 41 us *transcript*, 1839, 1st
ed.; thee 1839, 2nd *ed.* 42 will in *transcript*, 1839, 2nd *ed.*; will some-
 time in 1839, 1st *ed.* 43 long *transcript*; omitted *edd.* 1839. 48 those
transcript, 1839, 1st *ed.*; their 1839, 2nd *ed.*

II

This lament,
 The memory of thy grievous wrong
 Will fade . . .
 But genius is omnipotent
 To hallow . . .

15

ON FANNY GODWIN

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, among the poems of 1817, in *P. W.*,
 1839, 1st ed.]

HER voice did quiver as we parted,
 Yet knew I not that heart was broken
 From which it came, and I departed
 Heeding not the words then spoken.
 Misery—O Misery,
 This world is all too wide for thee.

5

LINES

[Published by Mrs. Shelley with the date 'November 5th, 1817,'
 in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

THAT time is dead for ever, child!
 Drowned, frozen, dead for ever!
 We look on the past
 And stare aghast
 At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,
 Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
 To death on life's dark river.

5

II

The stream we gazed on then rolled by;
 Its waves are unreturning;
 But we yet stand
 In a lone land,
 Like tombs to mark the memory
 Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee
 In the light of life's dim morning.

10

DEATH

[Published by Mrs. Shelley in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

THEY die—the dead return not—Misery
 Sits near an open grave and calls them over,
 A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye—
 They are the names of kindred, friend and lover,

Which he so feebly calls—they all are gone—
 Fond wretch, all dead! those vacant names alone,
 This most familiar scene, my pain—
 These tombs—alone remain. 5

II

Misery, my sweetest friend—oh, weep no more!
 Thou wilt not be consoled—I wonder not!
 For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
 Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot
 Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,
 And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary;
 This most familiar scene, my pain—
 These tombs—alone remain. 10 15

OTHO

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

I

THOU wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be,
 Last of the Romans, though thy memory claim
 From Brutus his own glory—and on thee
 Rests the full splendour of his sacred fame:
 Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail
 Amid his cowering senate with thy name,
 Though thou and he were great—it will avail
 To thine own fame that Otho's should not fail. 5

II

'Twill wrong thee not—thou wouldst, if thou couldst feel,
 Abjure such envious fame—great Otho died
 Like thee—he sanctified his country's steel,
 At once the tyrant and tyrannicide,
 In his own blood—a deed it was to bring
 Tears from all men—though full of gentle pride,
 Such pride as from impetuous love may spring,
 That will not be refused its offering. 10 15

FRAGMENTS SUPPOSED TO BE PARTS OF OTHO

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862,—where, however, only the fragment numbered ii. is assigned to *Otho*. Forman (1876) connects all three fragments with that projected poem.]

I

THOSE whom nor power, nor lying faith, nor toil,
 Nor custom, queen of many slaves, makes blind,
 Have ever grieved that man should be the spoil
 Of his own weakness, and with earnest mind

Death—5 calls *edd.* 1839; called 1824. *Otho*—13 bring *cj.* Garnett; buy 1839, 1st ed.; wring *cj.* Rossetti.

Fed hopes of its redemption ; these recur 5
 Chastened by deathful victory now, and find
 Foundations in this foulest age, and stir
 Me whom they cheer to be their minister.

II

Dark is the realm of grief: but human things 10
 Those may not know who cannot weep for them.

III

Once more descend
 The shadows of my soul upon mankind,
 For to those hearts with which they never blend,
 Thoughts are but shadows which the flashing mind
 From the swift clouds which track its flight of fire, 15
 Casts on the gloomy world it leaves behind.

‘O THAT A CHARIOT OF CLOUD WERE MINE’

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

O THAT a chariot of cloud were mine!
 Of cloud which the wild tempest weaves in air,
 When the moon over the ocean's line
 Is spreading the locks of her bright gray hair.
 O that a chariot of cloud were mine! 5
 I would sail on the waves of the billowy wind
 To the mountain peak and the rocky lake,
 And the . . .

FRAGMENT: TO A FRIEND RELEASED FROM
PRISON

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

For me, my friend, if not that tears did tremble
 In my faint eyes, and that my heart beat fast
 With feelings which make rapture pain resemble,
 Yet, from thy voice that falsehood starts aghast, 5
 I thank thee—let the tyrant keep
 His chains and tears, yea, let him weep
 With rage to see thee freshly risen,
 Like strength from slumber, from the prison,
 In which he vainly hoped the soul to bind 10
 Which on the chains must prey that fetter humankind.

FRAGMENT: SATAN BROKEN LOOSE

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

A GOLDEN-WINGÈD Angel stood
 Before the Eternal Judgement-seat:
 His looks were wild, and Devils' blood
 Stained his dainty hands and feet.
 The Father and the Son 5
 Knew that strife was now begun.
 They knew that Satan had broken his chain,
 And with millions of daemons in his train,
 Was ranging over the world again.
 Before the Angel had told his tale, 10
 A sweet and a creeping sound
 Like the rushing of wings was heard around;
 And suddenly the lamps grew pale—
 The lamps, before the Archangels seven,
 That burn continually in Heaven. 15

FRAGMENT: *IGNICULUS DESIDERII*

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed. This fragment is amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination*, &c., 1903, p. 63.]

To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander
 With short unsteady steps—to pause and ponder—
 To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle
 Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle;
 To nurse the image of unfelt caresses 5
 Till dim imagination just possesses
 The half-created shadow, then all the night
 Sick . . .

FRAGMENT: *AMOR AETERNUS*

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

WEALTH and dominion fade into the mass
 Of the great sea of human right and wrong,
 When once from our possession they must pass;
 But love, though misdirected, is among
 The things which are immortal, and surpass 5
 All that frail stuff which will be—or which was.

Igniculus, &c.—2 unsteady *B.*; uneasy 1839, 1st ed. 7, 8 then
 Sick *B.*; wanting, 1839, 1st ed.

FRAGMENT: THOUGHTS COME AND GO IN
SOLITUDE

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,
The verse that would invest them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day:
How beautiful they were, how firm they stood,
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl!

5

A HATE-SONG

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870.]

A HATER he came and sat by a ditch,
And he took an old cracked lute;
And he sang a song which was more of a screech
'Gainst a woman that was a brute.

LINES TO A CRITIC

[Published by Hunt in *The Liberal*, No. III, 1823. Reprinted in
Posthumous Poems, 1824, where it is dated December, 1817.]

I

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

II

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail like thee;
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

5

III

Or seek some slave of power and gold
To be thy dear heart's mate;
Thy love will move that bigot cold
Sooner than me, thy hate.

10

IV

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love—
How should I then hate thee?

15

OZYMANDIAS

[Published by Hunt in *The Examiner*, January, 1818. Reprinted with *Rosalind and Helen*, 1819. There is a copy amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian Library. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination*, &c., 1903, p. 46.]

I MET a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert . . . Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: 10
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1817, BY MRS. SHELLEY

THE very illness that oppressed, and the aspect of death which had approached so near Shelley, appear to have kindled to yet keener life the Spirit of Poetry in his heart. The restless thoughts kept awake by pain clothed themselves in verse. Much was composed during this year. The *Revolt of Islam*, written and printed, was a great effort—*Rosalind and Helen* was begun—and the fragments and poems I can trace to the same period show how full of passion and reflection were his solitary hours.

In addition to such poems as have an intelligible aim and shape, many a stray idea and transitory emotion found imperfect and abrupt expression, and then again lost themselves in silence. As he never wandered without a book and without implements of writ-

ing, I find many such, in his manuscript books, that scarcely bear record; while some of them, broken and vague as they are, will appear valuable to those who love Shelley's mind, and desire to trace its workings.

He projected also translating the *Hymns* of Homer; his version of several of the shorter ones remains, as well as that to Mercury already published in the *Posthumous Poems*. His readings this year were chiefly Greek. Besides the *Hymns* of Homer and the *Iliad*, he read the dramas of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the *Symposium* of Plato, and Arrian's *Historia Indica*. In Latin, Apuleius alone is named. In English, the Bible was his constant study; he read a great portion of it aloud in the evening. Among these evening readings I find also mentioned

9 these words appear] this legend clear B.

the *Faerie Queen*; and other modern works, the production of his contemporaries, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, and Byron.

His life was now spent more in thought than action—he had lost the eager spirit which believed it could achieve what it projected for the benefit of mankind. And yet in the converse of daily life Shelley was far from being a melancholy man. He was eloquent when philosophy or politics or taste were the subjects of conversation. He was playful; and indulged in the wild spirit that mocked itself and others—not in bitterness, but in sport. The author of *Nightmare Abbey* seized on some points of his character and some habits of his life when he painted Scythrop. He was not addicted to ‘port or madeira,’ but in youth he had read of ‘Illuminati and Eleutherarchs,’ and believed that he possessed the power of operating an immediate change in the minds of men and the state of society. These wild dreams had faded; sorrow and adversity had struck home; but he struggled with despondency as he did with physical pain. There are few who remember him sailing paper boats, and watching the navigation of his tiny craft with eagerness—or repeating with wild energy *The Ancient Mariner*, and Southey’s *Old Woman of Berkeley*; but those who do will recollect that it was in such, and in the creations of his own fancy when that was most daring and ideal, that he sheltered himself from the storms and disappointments, the pain and sorrow, that beset his life.

No words can express the an-

guish he felt when his elder children were torn from him. In his first resentment against the Chancellor, on the passing of the decree, he had written a curse, in which there breathes, besides haughty indignation, all the tenderness of a father’s love, which could imagine and fondly dwell upon its loss and the consequences.

At one time, while the question was still pending, the Chancellor had said some words that seemed to intimate that Shelley should not be permitted the care of any of his children, and for a moment he feared that our infant son would be torn from us. He did not hesitate to resolve, if such were menaced, to abandon country, fortune, everything, and to escape with his child; and I find some unfinished stanzas addressed to this son, whom afterwards we lost at Rome, written under the idea that we might suddenly be forced to cross the sea, so to preserve him. This poem, as well as the one previously quoted, were not written to exhibit the pangs of distress to the public; they were the spontaneous outbursts of a man who brooded over his wrongs and woes, and was impelled to shed the grace of his genius over the uncontrollable emotions of his heart. I ought to observe that the fourth verse of this effusion is introduced in *Rosalind and Helen*. When afterwards this child died at Rome, he wrote, *à propos* of the English burying-ground in that city: ‘This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent’s heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love,

as his memory is by death. My | those whom they have torn from
 beloved child lies buried here. | me. The one can only kill the
 I envy death the body far less | body, the other crushes the affec-
 than the oppressors the minds of | tions.'

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1818

TO THE NILE

[‘Found by Mr. Townshend Meyer among the papers of Leigh Hunt, [and] published in the *St. James’s Magazine* for March, 1876.’ (Mr. H. Buxton Forman, C.B.; *P. W. of P. B. S.*, Library Edition, 1876, vol. iii, p. 410.) First included among Shelley’s poetical works in Mr. Forman’s Library Edition, where a facsimile of the MS. is given. Composed February 4, 1818. See *Complete Works of John Keats*, ed. H. Buxton Forman, Glasgow, 1901, vol. iv, p. 76.]

MONTH after month the gathered rains descend
 Drenching yon secret Aethiopian dells,
 And from the desert’s ice-girt pinnacles
 Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
 On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend. 5
 Girt there with blasts and meteors Tempest dwells
 By Nile’s aëreal urn, with rapid spells
 Urging those waters to their mighty end.
 O’er Egypt’s land of Memory floods are level
 And they are thine, O Nile—and well thou knowest 10
 That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil
 And fruits and poisons spring where’er thou flowest.
 Beware, O Man—for knowledge must to thee,
 Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES

[Composed May 4, 1818. Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is a copy amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian Library, which supplies the last word of the fragment.]

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,
 To the whisper of the Apennine,
 It bursts on the roof like the thunder’s roar,
 Or like the sea on a northern shore,
 Heard in its raging ebb and flow 5
 By the captives pent in the cave below.
 The Apennine in the light of day
 Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,

Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
 But when night comes, a chaos dread
 On the dim starlight then is spread,
 And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm,
 Shrouding . . .

10

THE PAST

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

WILT thou forget the happy hours
 Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
 Heaping over their corpses cold
 Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?
 Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
 And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

5

II

Forget the dead, the past? Oh, yet
 There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,
 Memories that make the heart a tomb,
 Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
 And with ghastly whispers tell
 That joy, once lost, is pain.

10

TO MARY

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

O MARY dear, that you were here
 With your brown eyes bright and clear,
 And your sweet voice, like a bird
 Singing love to its lone mate
 In the ivy bower disconsolate;
 Voice the sweetest ever heard!
 And your brow more
 Than the sky
 Of this azure Italy.
 Mary dear, come to me soon,
 I am not well whilst thou art far;
 As sunset to the spherèd moon,
 As twilight to the western star,
 Thou, belovèd, art to me.

5

10

O Mary dear, that you were here;
 The Castle echo whispers 'Here!'

15

ON A FADED VIOLET

[Published by Hunt, *Literary Pocket-Book*, 1821. Reprinted by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. Again reprinted, with several variants, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed. Our text is that of the *editio princeps*, 1821. A transcript is extant in a letter from Shelley to Sophia Stacey, dated March 7, 1820.]

I

THE odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

II

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

III

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN
HILLS

OCTOBER, 1818.

[Composed at Este, October, 1818. Published with *Rosalind and Helen*, 1819. Amongst the late Mr. Fredk. Locker-Lampson's collections at Rowfant there is a MS. of the lines (167-205) on Byron, interpolated after the completion of the poem.]

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of Misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on—
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank;

On a Faded Violet—1 odour] colour 1839. 2 kisses breathed] sweet
eyes smiled 1839. 3 colour] odour 1839. 4 glowed] breathed 1839.
5 shrivelled] withered 1839. 8 cold and silent *all edd.*; its cold, silent
Stacey MS.

Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ; 15
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity ;
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore 20
 Still recedes, as ever still
 Longing with divided will,
 But no power to seek or shun,
 He is ever drifted on
 O'er the unreposing wave 25
 To the haven of the grave.
 What, if there no friends will greet ;
 What, if there no heart will meet
 His with love's impatient beat ;
 Wander wheresoe'er he may, 30
 Can he dream before that day
 To find refuge from distress
 In friendship's smile, in love's caress ?
 Then 'twill wreak him little woe
 Whether such there be or no : 35
 Senseless is the breast, and cold,
 Which relenting love would fold ;
 Bloodless are the veins and chill
 Which the pulse of pain did fill ;
 Every little living nerve 40
 That from bitter words did swerve
 Round the tortured lips and brow,
 Are like sapless leaflets now
 Frozen upon December's bough.

On the beach of a northern sea 45
 Which tempests shake eternally,
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
 Lies a solitary heap,
 One white skull and seven dry bones,
 On the margin of the stones, 50
 Where a few gray rushes stand,
 Boundaries of the sea and land :
 Nor is heard one voice of wail
 But the sea-mews, as they sail 55
 O'er the billows of the gale ;
 Or the whirlwind up and down
 Howling, like a slaughtered town,
 When a king in glory rides
 Through the pomp of fratricides :

Those unburied bones around 60
 There is many a mournful sound ;
 There is no lament for him,
 Like a sunless vapour, dim,
 Who once clothed with life and thought
 What now moves nor murmurs not. 65

Ay, many flowering islands lie
 In the waters of wide Agony :
 To such a one this morn was led,
 My bark by soft winds piloted :
 'Mid the mountains Euganean 70
 I stood listening to the paeon
 With which the legioned rooks did hail
 The sun's uprise majestic ;
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Through the dewy mist they soar 75
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky,
 So their plumes of purple grain, 80
 Starred with drops of golden rain,
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,
 As in silent multitudes
 On the morning's fitful gale
 Through the broken mist they sail, 85
 And the vapours cloven and gleaming
 Follow, down the dark steep streaming,
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea 90
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,
 Bounded by the vaporious air,
 Islanded by cities fair ;
 Underneath Day's azure eyes
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies, 95
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls,
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo! the sun upsprings behind, 100
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline ;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright, 105
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,

Shine like obelisks of fire,
 Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies; 110
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise,
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City, thou hast been 115
 Ocean's child, and then his queen;
 Now is come a darker day,
 And thou soon must be his prey,
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier. 120

A less drear ruin than than now,
 With thy conquest-branded brow
 Stooping to the slave of slaves
 From thy throne, among the waves
 Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew 125
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state,
 Save where many a palace gate
 With green sea-flowers overgrown 130
 Like a rock of Ocean's own,
 Topples o'er the abandoned sea
 As the tides change sullenly.
 The fisher on his watery way,
 Wandering at the close of day, 135
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
 Lead a rapid masque of death 140
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
 Quivering through aëreal gold,
 As I now behold them here, 145
 Would imagine not they were
 Sepulchres, where human forms,
 Like pollution-nourished worms,
 To the corpse of greatness cling,
 Murdered, and now mouldering:
 But if Freedom should awake 150
 In her omnipotence, and shake
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold

All the keys of dungeons cold,
 Where a hundred cities lie
 Chained like thee, ingloriously, 155
 Thou and all thy sister band
 Might adorn this sunny land,
 Twining memories of old time
 With new virtues more sublime;
 If not, perish thou and they!— 160
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day
 By her sun consumed away—
 Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
 In the waste of years and hours,
 From your dust new nations spring 165
 With more kindly blossoming.

Perish—let there only be
 Floating o'er thy hearthless sea
 As the garment of thy sky
 Clothes the world immortally, 170
 One remembrance, more sublime
 Than the tattered pall of time,
 Which scarce hides thy visage wan;—
 That a tempest-cleaving Swan
 Of the songs of Albion, 175
 Driven from his ancestral streams
 By the might of evil dreams,
 Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
 Welcomed him with such emotion
 That its joy grew his, and sprung 180
 From his lips like music flung
 O'er a mighty thunder-fit,
 Chastening terror:—what though yet
 Poesy's unfailing River,
 Which through Albion winds forever 185
 Lashing with melodious wave
 Many a sacred Poet's grave,
 Mourn its latest nursling fled?
 What though thou with all thy dead
 Scarce can for this fame repay 190
 Aught thine own? oh, rather say
 Though thy sins and slaveries foul
 Overcloud a sunlike soul?
 As the ghost of Homer clings
 Round Scamander's wasting springs; 195
 As divinest Shakespeare's might
 Fills Avon and the world with light

165 From your dust new 1819; From thy dust shall Rowfant MS. (heading of ll. 167-205). 175 songs 1819; sons *cf.* Forman.

Like omniscient power which he
 Imaged 'mid mortality;
 As the love from Petrarch's urn, 200
 Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
 A quenchless lamp by which the heart
 Sees things unearthly;—so thou art,
 Mighty spirit—so shall be
 The City that did refuge thee. 205

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
 Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
 Till the universal light
 Seems to level plain and height;
 From the sea a mist has spread, 210
 And the beams of morn lie dead
 On the towers of Venice now,
 Like its glory long ago.
 By the skirts of that gray cloud
 Many-domèd Padua proud 215
 Stands, a peopled solitude,
 'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
 Where the peasant heaps his grain
 In the garner of his foe,
 And the milk-white oxen slow 220
 With the purple vintage strain,
 Heaped upon the creaking wain,
 That the brutal Celt may swill
 Drunken sleep with savage will;
 And the sickle to the sword 225
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,
 Overgrows this region's foison,
 Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
 To destruction's harvest-home: 230
 Men must reap the things they sow,
 Force from force must ever flow,
 Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
 That love or reason cannot change
 The despot's rage, the slave's revenge. 235

Padua, thou within whose walls
 Those mute guests at festivals,
 Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
 Played at dice for Ezzelin,
 Till Death cried, "I win, I win!" 240
 And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
 But Death promised, to assuage her,
 That he would petition for
 Her to be made Vice-Emperor,

When the destined years were o'er,
 Over all between the Po
 And the eastern Alpine snow,
 Under the mighty Austrian.
 Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
 And since that time, ay, long before,
 Both have ruled from shore to shore,—
 That incestuous pair, who follow
 Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
 As Repentance follows Crime,
 And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
 Padua, now no more is burning;
 Like a meteor, whose wild way
 Is lost over the grave of day,
 It gleams betrayed and to betray:
 Once remotest nations came
 To adore that sacred flame,
 When it lit not many a hearth
 On this cold and gloomy earth:
 Now new fires from antique light
 Spring beneath the wide world's might;
 But their spark lies dead in thee,
 Trampled out by Tyranny.
 As the Norway woodman quells,
 In the depth of piny dells,
 One light flame among the brakes,
 While the boundless forest shakes,
 And its mighty trunks are torn
 By the fire thus lowly born:
 The spark beneath his feet is dead,
 He starts to see the flames it fed
 Howling through the darkened sky
 With a myriad tongues victoriously,
 And sinks down in fear: so thou,
 O Tyranny, beholdest now
 Light around thee, and thou hearest
 The loud flames ascend, and fearest:
 Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
 In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now:
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
 When a soft and purple mist
 Like a vaporous amethyst,
 Or an air-dissolvèd star
 Mingling light and fragrance, far

From the curved horizon's bound
 To the point of Heaven's profound,
 Fills the overflowing sky;
 And the plains that silent lie
 Underneath, the leaves unsodden 295
 Where the infant Frost has trodden
 With his morning-wingèd feet,
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
 And the red and golden vines,
 Piercing with their trellised lines 300
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;
 The dun and bladed grass no less,
 Pointing from this hoary tower
 In the windless air; the flower
 Glimmering at my feet; the line 305
 Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
 In the south dimly islanded;
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread
 High between the clouds and sun;
 And of living things each one; 310
 And my spirit which so long
 Darkened this swift stream of song,—
 Interpenetrated lie
 By the glory of the sky:
 Be it love, light, harmony, 315
 Odour, or the soul of all
 Which from Heaven like dew doth fall,
 Or the mind which feeds this verse
 Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon 320
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,
 Leading the infantine moon,
 And that one star, which to her
 Almost seems to minister
 Half the crimson light she brings 325
 From the sunset's radiant springs:
 And the soft dreams of the morn
 (Which like wingèd winds had borne
 To that silent isle, which lies
 Mid remembered agonies, 330
 The frail bark of this lone being)
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
 And its ancient pilot, Pain,
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be 335
 In the sea of Life and Agony:
 Other spirits float and flee

O'er that gulf: even now, perhaps,
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,
 With folded wings they waiting sit 340
 For my bark, to pilot it
 To some calm and blooming cove,
 Where for me, and those I love,
 May a windless bower be built,
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt, 345
 In a dell mid lawny hills,
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
 And soft sunshine, and the sound
 Of old forests echoing round,
 And the light and smell divine 350
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine:
 We may live so happy there,
 That the Spirits of the Air,
 Envyng us, may even entice
 To our healing Paradise 355
 The polluting multitude;
 But their rage would be subdued
 By that clime divine and calm,
 And the winds whose wings rain balm
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves 360
 Under which the bright sea heaves;
 While each breathless interval
 In their whisperings musical
 The inspired soul supplies
 With its own deep melodies, 365
 And the love which heals all strife
 Circling, like the breath of life,
 All things in that sweet abode
 With its own mild brotherhood:
 They, not it, would change; and soon 370
 Every sprite beneath the moon
 Would repent its envy vain,
 And the earth grow young again.

SCENE FROM 'TASSO'

[Composed, 1818. Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

MADDALO, a Courtier.

MALPIGLIO, a Poet.

PIGNA, a Minister.

ALBANO, an Usher.

Maddalo. No access to the Duke! You have not said
 That the Count Maddalo would speak with him?

Pigna. Did you inform his Grace that Signor Pigna
 Waits with state papers for his signature?

Malpiglio. The Lady Leonora cannot know
That I have written a sonnet to her fame,
In which I Venus and Adonis.
You should not take my gold and serve me not.

Albano. In truth I told her, and she smiled and said,
'If I am Venus, thou, coy Poesy,
Art the Adonis whom I love, and he
The Erymanthian boar that wounded him.'
O trust to me, Signor Malpiglio,
Those nods and smiles were favours worth the zechin.

Malpiglio. The words are twisted in some double sense
That I reach not: the smiles fell not on me.

Pigna. How are the Duke and Duchess occupied?

Albano. Buried in some strange talk. The Duke was
 leaning,
His finger on his brow, his lips unclosed.
The Princess sate within the window-seat,
And so her face was hid; but on her knee
Her hands were clasped, veinèd, and pale as snow,
And quivering—young Tasso, too, was there.

Maddalo. Thou seest on whom from thine own worshipped
 heaven
Thou drawest down smiles—they did not rain on thee.

Malpiglio. Would they were parching lightnings for his
 sake
On whom they fell!

SONG FOR 'TASSO'

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

I

I LOVED—alas! our life is love;
But when we cease to breathe and move
I do suppose love ceases too.
I thought, but not as now I do,
Keen thoughts and bright of linkèd lore,
Of all that men had thought before,
And all that Nature shows, and more.

II

And still I love and still I think,
But strangely, for my heart can drink
The dregs of such despair, and live,
And love; . . .
And if I think, my thoughts come fast,
I mix the present with the past,
And each seems uglier than the last.

III

Sometimes I see before me flee 15
 A silver spirit's form, like thee,
 O Leonora, and I sit
 . . . still watching it,
 Till by the grated casement's ledge
 It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge 20
 Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.

INVOCATION TO MISERY

[Published by Medwin, *The Athæum*, Sept. 8, 1832. Reprinted (as *Misery, a Fragment*) by Mrs. Shelley, *Poetical Works*, 1839, 1st ed. Our text is that of 1839. A pencil copy of this poem is amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian Library. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination, &c.*, 1903, p. 38. The readings of this copy are indicated by the letter *B.* in the footnotes.]

I

COME, be happy!—sit near me,
 Shadow-vested Misery:
 Coy, unwilling, silent bride,
 Mourning in thy robe of pride,
 Desolation—deified! 5

II

Come, be happy!—sit near me:
 Sad as I may seem to thee,
 I am happier far than thou,
 Lady, whose imperial brow
 Is endiademed with woe. 10

III

Misery! we have known each other,
 Like a sister and a brother
 Living in the same lone home,
 Many years—we must live some
 Hours or ages yet to come. 15

IV

'Tis an evil lot, and yet
 Let us make the best of it;
 If love can live when pleasure dies,
 We two will love, till in our eyes
 This heart's Hell seem Paradise. 20

Invocation to Misery—I near *B.*, 1839; by 1832.
 merrier yet *B.* 15 Hours or] Years and 1832.
 1832. 19 We two will] We will 1832.

8 happier far]
 17 best] most

V

Come, be happy!—lie thee down
On the fresh grass newly mown,
Where the Grasshopper doth sing
Merrily—one joyous thing
In a world of sorrowing!

25

VI

There our tent shall be the willow,
And mine arm shall be thy pillow;
Sounds and odours, sorrowful
Because they once were sweet, shall lull
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

30

VII

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter
With a love thou darest not utter.
Thou art murmuring—thou art weeping—
Is thine icy bosom leaping
While my burning heart lies sleeping?

35

VIII

Kiss me;—oh! thy lips are cold:
Round my neck thine arms enfold—
They are soft, but chill and dead;
And thy tears upon my head
Burn like points of frozen lead.

40

IX

Hasten to the bridal bed—
Underneath the grave 'tis spread:
In darkness may our love be hid,
Oblivion be our coverlid—
We may rest, and none forbid.

45

X

Clasp me till our hearts be grown
Like two shadows into one;
Till this dreadful transport may
Like a vapour fade away,
In the sleep that lasts alway.

50

XI

We may dream, in that long sleep,
That we are not those who weep;

27 mine arm shall be thy *B.*, 1839; thine arm shall be my 1832. 33
represented by asterisks, 1832. 34, 35 Thou art murmuring, thou art
weeping, Whilst my burning bosom's leaping 1832; Was thine icy bosom
leaping While my burning heart was sleeping *B.* 40 frozen 1832,
1839, *B.*; molten *cj. Forman.* 44 be] is *B.* 47 shadows] lovers
1832, *B.*

E'en as Pleasure dreams of thee,
 Life-deserting Misery,
 Thou mayst dream of her with me. 55

XII

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,
 At the shadows of the earth,
 As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,
 Which, like spectres wrapped in shrouds,
 Pass o'er night in multitudes. 60

XIII

All the wide world, beside us,
 Show like multitudinous
 Puppets passing from a scene ;
 What but mockery can they mean,
 Where I am—where thou hast been? 65

STANZAS ✓✓

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, where it is dated 'December, 1818.' A draft of stanza i is amongst the Boscombe MSS. (Garnett).]

I

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

II

I see the Deep's untrampled floor 10
 With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
 I sit upon the sands alone,—

59 which *B.*, 1839 ; that 1832. 62 Show] Are 1832, *B.* 63 Puppets
 passing] Shadows shifting 1832 ; Shadows passing *B.* 64, 65 *So B.* ;
 What but mockery may they mean ? Where am I ?—Where thou hast
 been 1832. Stanzas—4 might *Boscombe MS.*, *Medwin* 1847 ; light 1824,
 1839. 5 The . . . light *Boscombe MS.*, 1839, *Medwin* 1847 ; omitted, 1824.
 moist earth *Boscombe MS.* ; moist air 1839 ; west wind *Medwin* 1847.

The lightning of the noontide ocean 15
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

III

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

IV

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child, 30
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea 35
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

V

Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan; 40
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet. 45

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE

[Published in part (1-67) by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824;
 the remainder (68-70) by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

A WOODMAN whose rough heart was out of tune
 (I think such hearts yet never came to good)
 Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

17 measured 1824; mingled 1847. 18 did any heart now 1824; if any
 heart could *Medwin* 1847. 31 the 1824; this *Medwin* 1847. 36 dying
 1824; outworn *Medwin* 1847.

One nightingale in an interfluous wood
 Sate the hungry dark with melody;— 5
 And as a vale is watered by a flood,
 Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
 Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose
 Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie
 Like clouds above the flower from which they rose, 10
 The singing of that happy nightingale
 In this sweet forest, from the golden close
 Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,
 Was interfused upon the silentness;
 The folded roses and the violets pale 15
 Heard her within their slumbers, the abyss
 Of heaven with all its planets; the dull ear
 Of the night-cradled earth; the loneliness
 Of the circumfluous waters,—every sphere
 And every flower and beam and cloud and wave, 20
 And every wind of the mute atmosphere,
 And every beast stretched in its ruggèd cave,
 And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,
 And every silver moth fresh from the grave
 Which is its cradle—ever from below 25
 Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,
 To be consumed within the purest glow
 Of one serene and unapproachèd star,
 As if it were a lamp of earthly light,
 Unconscious, as some human lovers are, 30
 Itself how low, how high beyond all height
 The heaven where it would perish!—and every form
 That worshipped in the temple of the night
 Was awed into delight, and by the charm
 Girt as with an interminable zone, 35
 Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm
 Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion
 Out of their dreams; harmony became love
 In every soul but one.

 And so this man returned with axe and saw 40
 At evening close from killing the tall treen,
 The soul of whom by Nature's gentle law
 Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
 The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
 Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene 45

With jagged leaves,—and from the forest tops
 Singing the winds to sleep—or weeping oft
 Fast showers of aëreal water-drops
 Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
 Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness;— 50
 Around the cradles of the birds aloft
 They spread themselves into the loveliness
 Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers
 Hang like moist clouds:—or, where high branches kiss,
 Make a green space among the silent bowers, 55
 Like a vast fane in a metropolis,
 Surrounded by the columns and the towers
 All overwrought with branch-like traceries
 In which there is religion—and the mute
 Persuasion of unkindled melodies, 60
 Odours and gleams and murmurs, which the lute
 Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast
 Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,
 Wakening the leaves and waves, ere it has passed
 To such brief unison as on the brain 65
 One tone, which never can recur, has cast,
 One accent never to return again.

 The world is full of Woodmen who expel
 Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
 And vex the nightingales in every dell. 70

MARENGHI¹

[Published in part (stanzas vii-xv) by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824; stanzas i-xxviii by W. M. Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870. The Boscombe MS.—evidently a first draft—from which (through Dr. Garnett) Rossetti derived the text of 1870 is now at the Bodleian, and has recently been collated by Mr. C. D. Locock, to whom the enlarged and emended text here printed is owing. The substitution, in title and text, of *Marenghi* for *Mazenghi* (1824) is due to Rossetti. Here as elsewhere in the footnotes *B.* = the Bodleian MS.]

I

LET those who pine in pride or in revenge,
 Or think that ill for ill should be repaid,
 Who barter wrong for wrong, until the exchange

3 Who *B.*; Or 1870.

¹ This fragment refers to an event told in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province.—[MRS. SHELLEY'S NOTE, 1824.]

Ruins the merchants of such thriftless trade,
 Visit the tower of Vado, and unlearn
 Such bitter faith beside Marenghi's urn. 5

II

A massy tower yet overhangs the town,
 A scattered group of ruined dwellings now

III

Another scene ere wise Etruria knew
 Its second ruin through internal strife, 10
 And tyrants through the breach of discord threw
 The chain which binds and kills. As death to life,
 As winter to fair flowers (though some be poison)
 So Monarchy succeeds to Freedom's foison.

IV

In Pisa's church a cup of sculptured gold 15
 Was brimming with the blood of feuds forsworn:
 A Sacrament more holy ne'er of old
 Etrurians mingled mid the shades forlorn
 Of moon-illumined forests, when

V

And reconciling factions wet their lips 20
 With that dread wine, and swear to keep each spirit
 Undarkened by their country's last eclipse

VI

Was Florence the liberticide? that band
 Of free and glorious brothers who had planted,
 Like a green isle mid Aethiopian sand, 25
 A nation amid slaveries, disenchanted
 Of many impious faiths—wise, just—do they,
 Does Florence, gorge the sated tyrants' prey?

VII

O foster-nurse of man's abandoned glory,
 Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendour; 30
 Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,
 As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender:—

6 Marenghi's 1870; Mazenghi's B. 7 town 1870; sea B. 8 ruined
 1870; squalid B. ('the whole line is cancelled,' *Locock*). 11 threw 1870;
 cancelled, B. 17 A Sacrament more B.; At Sacrament: more 1870.
 18 mid B.; with 1870. 19 forests when . . . B.; forests. 1870. 23, 24
 that band Of free and glorious brothers who had 1870; omitted, B. 25 a
 1870; one B 27 wise, just—do they 1870; omitted, B. 28 Does
 1870; Doth B prey 1870; spoil B.

The light-invested angel Poesy
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

VIII

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught 35
By loftiest meditations; marble knew
The sculptor's fearless soul—and as he wrought,
The grace of his own power and freedom grew.
And more than all, heroic, just, sublime,
Thou wert among the false . . . was this thy crime? 40

IX

Yes; and on Pisa's marble walls the twine
Of direst weeds hangs garlanded—the snake
Inhabits its wrecked palaces;—in thine
A beast of subtler venom now doth make
Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown, 45
And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

X

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,
And love and freedom blossom but to wither;
And good and ill like vines entangled are,
So that their grapes may oft be plucked together;— 50
Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make
Thy heart rejoice for dead Marenghi's sake.

X a

[Albert] Marenghi was a Florentine;
If he had wealth, or children, or a wife
Or friends, [or farm] or cherished thoughts which twine 55
The sights and sounds of home with life's own life
Of these he was despoiled and Florence sent

XI

No record of his crime remains in story,
But if the morning bright as evening shone, 60
It was some high and holy deed, by glory
Pursued into forgetfulness, which won
From the blind crowd he made secure and free
The patriot's meed, toil, death, and infamy.

33 angel 1824; Herald [?] B. 34 to welcome thee 1824; cancelled
for . . . by thee B. 42 direst 1824; Desert B. 45 sits amid 1824;
amid cancelled for soils (?) B. 53-57 Albert . . . sent B.; omitted 1824;
1870. Albert cancelled B.: Pietro is the correct name. 53 Marenghi
Mazenghi B. 55 farm doubtful: perh. fame (Locock). 62 he 1824;
thus B.

XII

For when by sound of trumpet was declared
 A price upon his life, and there was set 65
 A penalty of blood on all who shared
 So much of water with him as might wet
 His lips, which speech divided not—he went
 Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

XIII

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast, 70
 He hid himself, and hunger, toil, and cold,
 Month after month endured; it was a feast
 Whene'er he found those globes of deep-red gold
 Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth bear,
 Suspended in their emerald atmosphere. 75

XIV

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,
 Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,
 All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,
 And hillocks heaped of moss-inwoven turf,
 And where the huge and speckled aloe made, 80
 Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,—

XV

He housed himself. There is a point of strand
 Near Vado's tower and town; and on one side
 The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,
 Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide, 85
 And on the other, creeps eternally,
 Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea.

XVI

Here the earth's breath is pestilence, and few
 But things whose nature is at war with life—
 Snakes and ill worms—endure its mortal dew. 90
 The trophies of the clime's victorious strife—
 And ringed horns which the buffalo did wear,
 And the wolf's dark gray scalp who tracked him there.

XVII

And at the utmost point . . . stood there
 The relics of a reed-inwoven cot, 95
 Thatched with broad flags. An outlawed murderer
 Had lived seven days there: the pursuit was hot

70 Amid the mountains 1824; Mid desert mountains [?] B. 71 toil, and cold] cold and toil *edd.* 1824, 1839. 92, 93 And . . . there B. (*see Editor's Note*); White bones, and locks of dun and yellow hair, And ringed horns which buffaloes did wear—1870. 94 at the utmost point 1870; cancelled for when (where?) B. 95 reed B.; weed 1870.

When he was cold. The birds that were his grave
Fell dead after their feast in Vado's wave.

XVIII

There must have burned within Marenghi's breast 100
That fire, more warm and bright than life and hope,
(Which to the martyr makes his dungeon
More joyous than free heaven's majestic cope
To his oppressor), warring with decay,—
Or he could ne'er have lived years, day by day. 105

XIX

Nor was his state so lone as you might think.
He had tamed every newt and snake and toad,
And every seagull which sailed down to drink
Those freshes ere the death-mist went abroad.
And each one, with peculiar talk and play, 110
Wiled, not untaught, his silent time away. 110

XX

And the marsh-meteors, like tame beasts, at night
Came licking with blue tongues his veined feet;
And he would watch them, as, like spirits bright,
In many entangled figures quaint and sweet 115
To some enchanted music they would dance—
Until they vanished at the first moon-glance.

XXI

He mocked the stars by grouping on each weed
The summer dew-globes in the golden dawn;
And, ere the hoar-frost languished, he could read 120
Its pictured path, as on bare spots of lawn
Its delicate brief touch in silver weaves
The likeness of the wood's remembered leaves.

XXII

And many a fresh Spring morn would he awaken—
While yet the unrisen sun made glow, like iron 125
Quivering in crimson fire, the peaks unshaken
Of mountains and blue isles which did environ
With air-clad crags that plain of land and sea,—
And feel liberty.

99 after *B.*; upon 1870. 100 burned within Marenghi's breast
B.; lived within Marenghi's heart 1870. 101 and *B.*; or 1870. 103
free *B.*; the 1870. 109 freshes *B.*; omitted, 1870. 118 by 1870;
with *B.* 119 dew-globes *B.*; dewdrops 1870. 120 languished *B.*;
vanished 1870. 121 path, as on [bare] *B.*; footprints, as on 1870.
122 silver *B.*; silence 1870.

XXIII

And in the moonless nights, when the dun ocean
Heaved underneath wide heaven, star-impearled,
Starting from dreams . . . 130

Communed with the immeasurable world;
And felt his life beyond his limbs dilated,
Till his mind grew like that it contemplated. 135

XXIV

His food was the wild fig and strawberry;
The milky pine-nuts which the autumn-blast
Shakes into the tall grass; or such small fry
As from the sea by winter-storms are cast;
And the coarse bulbs of iris-flowers he found
Knotted in clumps under the spongy ground. 140

XXV

And so were kindled powers and thoughts which made
His solitude less dark. When memory came
(For years gone by leave each a deepening shade),
His spirit basked in its internal flame,— 145
As, when the black storm hurries round at night,
The fisher basks beside his red firelight.

XXVI

Yet human hopes and cares and faiths and errors,
Like billows unawakened by the wind,
Slept in Marenghi still; but that all terrors, 150
Weakness, and doubt, had withered in his mind.
His couch . . .

XXVII

And, when he saw beneath the sunset's planet
A black ship walk over the crimson ocean,—
Its pennon streaming on the blasts that fan it, 155
Its sails and ropes all tense and without motion,
Like the dark ghost of the unburied even
Striding athwart the orange-coloured heaven,—

XXVIII

The thought of his own kind who made the soul
Which sped that wingèd shape through night and day,— 160
The thought of his own country . . .

130 And in the moonless nights 1870; *cancelled*, B. dun B.; dim 1870. 131 Heaved 1870; *cancelled*, B. wide B.; the 1870. star-impearled B.; *omitted*, 1870. 132 Starting from dreams 1870; *cancelled* for He B. 137 autumn B.; autumnal 1870. 138 or B.; and 1870. 155 pennon B.; pennons 1870. 158 athwart B.; across 1870.

SONNET

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. Our text is that of the *Poetical Works*, 1839.]

LIFT not the painted veil which those who live
 Call Life: though unreal shapes be pictured there,
 And it but mimic all we would believe
 With colours idly spread,—behind, lurk Fear
 And Hope, twin Destinies; who ever weave 5
 Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.
 I knew one who had lifted it—he sought,
 For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
 But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
 The world contains, the which he could approve. 10
 Through the unheeding many he did move,
 A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
 Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
 For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

FRAGMENT: TO BYRON

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

O MIGHTY mind, in whose deep stream this age
 Shakes like a reed in the unheeding storm,
 Why dost thou curb not thine own sacred rage?

FRAGMENT: APOSTROPHE TO SILENCE

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862. A transcript by Mrs. Shelley, given to Charles Cowden Clarke, presents one or two variants.]

SILENCE! Oh, well are Death and Sleep and Thou
 Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged
 Of one abyss, where life, and truth, and joy
 Are swallowed up—yet spare me, Spirit, pity me,
 Until the sounds I hear become my soul, 5
 And it has left these faint and weary limbs,
 To track along the lapses of the air
 This wandering melody until it rests
 Among lone mountains in some . . .

Sonnet—6 Their . . . drear 1839; The shadows, which the world calls substance, there 1824. 7 who had lifted 1839; who lifted 1824.
Apostrophe—4 Spirit 1862; O Spirit C.C.C. MS. 8 This wandering melody 1862; These wandering melodies . . . C.C.C. MS.

FRAGMENT: THE LAKE'S MARGIN

[Published by W. M. Rossetti, 1870.]

THE fierce beasts of the woods and wildernesses
Track not the steps of him who drinks of it;
For the light breezes, which for ever fleet
Around its margin, heap the sand thereon.

FRAGMENT: 'MY HEAD IS WILD WITH WEEPING'

[Published by W. M. Rossetti, 1870.]

My head is wild with weeping for a grief
Which is the shadow of a gentle mind.
I walk into the air (but no relief
To seek,—or haply, if I sought, to find;
It came unsought);—to wonder that a chief 5
Among men's spirits should be cold and blind.

FRAGMENT: THE VINE-SHROUD

[Published by W. M. Rossetti, 1870.]

FLOURISHING vine, whose kindling clusters glow
Beneath the autumnal sun, none taste of thee;
For thou dost shroud a ruin, and below
The rotting bones of dead antiquity.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1818, BY MRS. SHELLEY

WE often hear of persons disappointed by a first visit to Italy. This was not Shelley's case. The aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic storms, of the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble marble-built cities, enchanted him. The sight of the works of art was full enjoyment and wonder. He had not studied pictures or statues before; he now did so with the eye of taste, that referred not to the rules of schools, but to those of Nature and truth. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of antique grandeur that far surpassed his expectations; and the un-

speakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy.

Our winter was spent at Naples. Here he wrote the fragments of *Marenghi* and *The Woodman and the Nightingale*, which he afterwards threw aside. At this time, Shelley suffered greatly in health. He put himself under the care of a medical man, who promised great things, and made him endure severe bodily pain, without any good results. Constant and poignant physical suffering exhausted him; and though he preserved the appearance of cheer-

fulness, and often greatly enjoyed our wanderings in the environs of Naples, and our excursions on its sunny sea, yet many hours were passed when his thoughts, shadowed by illness, became gloomy,—and then he escaped to solitude, and in verses, which he hid from fear of wounding me, poured forth morbid but too natural bursts of discontent and sadness. One looks back with unspeakable regret and gnawing remorse to such periods; fancying that, had one been more alive to the nature of his feelings, and more attentive to soothe them, such would not have existed. And yet, enjoying as he appeared to do every sight or influence of earth or sky, it was difficult to imagine that any melancholy he showed was aught but the effect of the constant pain to which he was a martyr.

We lived in utter solitude. And such is often not the nurse of cheerfulness; for then, at least with those who have been exposed to adversity, the mind broods over its sorrows too intently; while the society of the enlightened, the witty, and the wise, enables us to forget ourselves by making us the sharers of the thoughts of others, which is a portion of the philosophy of happiness. Shelley never liked society in numbers,—it harassed and wearied him; but neither did he like loneliness, and usually, when alone, sheltered himself against memory and reflection in a book. But, with one or two whom he loved, he gave way to wild and joyous spirits, or in more serious conversation expounded his opinions with vivacity and

eloquence. If an argument arose, no man ever argued better. He was clear, logical, and earnest, in supporting his own views; attentive, patient, and impartial, while listening to those on the adverse side. Had not a wall of prejudice been raised at this time between him and his countrymen, how many would have sought the acquaintance of one whom to know was to love and to revere! How many of the more enlightened of his contemporaries have since regretted that they did not seek him! how very few knew his worth while he lived! and, of those few, several were withheld by timidity or envy from declaring their sense of it. But no man was ever more enthusiastically loved—more looked up to, as one superior to his fellows in intellectual endowments and moral worth, by the few who knew him well, and had sufficient nobleness of soul to appreciate his superiority. His excellence is now acknowledged; but, even while admitted, not duly appreciated. For who, except those who were acquainted with him, can imagine his unwearied benevolence, his generosity, his systematic forbearance? And still less is his vast superiority in intellectual attainments sufficiently understood—his sagacity, his clear understanding, his learning, his prodigious memory. All these, as displayed in conversation, were known to few while he lived, and are now silent in the tomb:

‘Ahi orbo mondo ingrato!
Gran cagion hai di dover pianger
meco;
Chè quel ben ch’era in te, perduto
hai seco.’

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1819

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION

[Published by Medwin, *The Athenæum*, Dec. 8, 1832; reprinted, *P. W.*, 1839. There is a transcript amongst the Harvard MSS., and another in the possession of Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn. Variants from these two sources are given by Professor Woodberry, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S., Centenary Edition*, 1893, vol. iii, pp. 225, 226. The transcripts are referred to in our footnotes as *Harvard* and *Fred.* respectively.]

I

CORPSES are cold in the tomb;
Stones on the pavement are dumb;
Abortions are dead in the womb,
And their mothers look pale—like the death-white shore
Of Albion, free no more. 5

II

Her sons are as stones in the way—
They are masses of senseless clay—
They are trodden, and move not away,—
The abortion with which *she* travaileth
Is Liberty, smitten to death. 10

III

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor!
For thy victim is no redresser;
Thou art sole lord and possessor
Of her corpses, and clods, and abortions—they pave
Thy path to the grave. 15

IV

Hearest thou the festival din
Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,
And Wealth crying *Havoc!* within?
Tis the bacchanal triumph that makes Truth dumb,
Thine Epithalamium. 20

V

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife!
Let Fear and Disquiet and Strife
Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life!
Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant! and Hell be thy guide
To the bed of the bride! 25

4 death-white *Harvard, Fred.*; white 1832, 1839. 16 festival *Harvard, Fred.*, 1839; festal 1832. 19 that *Fred.*; which *Harvard*, 1832. 22 Disquiet *Harvard, Fred.*, 1839; Disgust 1832. 24 Hell *Fred.*; God *Harvard*, 1832, 1839. 25 the bride *Harvard, Fred.*, 1839; thy bride 1832.

SONG TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Poetical Works*, 1839, 1st ed.]

I

MEN of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

II

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save, 5
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

III

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge 10
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

IV

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm, 15
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

V

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears; 20
The arms ye forge, another bears.

VI

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth,—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes,—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

VII

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells; 25
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

VIII

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom, 30
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre.

SIMILES FOR TWO POLITICAL CHARACTERS
OF 1819

[Published by Medwin, *The Athenæum*, Aug. 25, 1832; reprinted by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839. Our title is that of 1839, 2nd ed. The poem is found amongst the Harvard MSS., headed *To S—th and C—gh.*]

I

As from an ancestral oak
Two empty ravens sound their clarion,
Yell by yell, and croak by croak,
When they scent the noonday smoke
Of fresh human carrion:—

5

II

As two gibbering night-birds flit
From their bowers of deadly yew
Through the night to frighten it,
When the moon is in a fit,
And the stars are none, or few:—

10

III

As a shark and dog-fish wait
Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro-ship, whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while—

15

IV

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,
Two scorpions under one wet stone,
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,
Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,
Two vipers tangled into one.

20

FRAGMENT: TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

[Published by Dr. Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

PEOPLE of England, ye who toil and groan,
Who reap the harvests which are not your own,
Who weave the clothes which your oppressors wear,
And for your own take the inclement air;
Who build warm houses . . .
And are like gods who give them all they have,
And nurse them from the cradle to the grave . . .

5

FRAGMENT: 'WHAT MEN GAIN FAIRLY'¹[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

WHAT men gain fairly—that they should possess,
 And children may inherit idleness,
 From him who earns it—This is understood;
 Private injustice may be general good.
 But he who gains by base and armed wrong,
 Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
 May be despoiled; even as a stolen dress
 Is stripped from a convicted thief, and he
 Left in the nakedness of infamy.

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.]

I

God prosper, speed, and save,
 God raise from England's grave
 Her murdered Queen!
 Pave with swift victory
 The steps of Liberty,
 Whom Britons own to be
 Immortal Queen.

II

See, she comes throned on high,
 On swift Eternity!
 God save the Queen!
 Millions on millions wait,
 Firm, rapid, and elate,
 On her majestic state!
 God save the Queen!

III

She is Thine own pure soul
 Moulding the mighty whole,—
 God save the Queen!
 She is Thine own deep love
 Rained down from Heaven above,—
 Wherever she rest or move,
 God save our Queen!

IV

'Wilder her enemies
 In their own dark disguise,—
 God save our Queen!

¹ Perhaps connected with that immediately preceding (Forman).—Ed.

All earthly things that dare
 Her sacred name to bear, 25
 Strip them, as kings are, bare ;
 God save the Queen !

v

Be her eternal throne
 Built in our hearts alone— 30
 God save the Queen !

Let the oppressor hold
 Canopied seats of gold ;
 She sits enthroned of old
 O'er our hearts Queen. 35

vi

Lips touched by seraphim
 Breathe out the choral hymn
 'God save the Queen !'
 Sweet as if angels sang,
 Loud as that trumpet's clang 40
 Wakening the world's dead gang,—
 God save the Queen !

SONNET: ENGLAND IN 1819

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.]

AN old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—
 Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
 Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy spring,—
 Rulers who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
 But leech-like to their fainting country cling, 5
 Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,—
 A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,—
 An army, which liberticide and prey
 Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield,—
 Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay ; 10
 Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed ;
 A Senate,—Time's worst statute unrepealed,—
 Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may
 Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

AN ODE

WRITTEN OCTOBER, 1819, BEFORE THE SPANIARDS HAD
 RECOVERED THEIR LIBERTY

[Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820.]

ARISE, arise, arise !
 There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread ;
 Be your wounds like eyes
 To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.

What other grief were it just to pay?
 Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they;
 Who said they were slain on the battle day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!
 The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes;
 Be the cold chains shaken
 To the dust where your kindred repose, repose:
 Their bones in the grave will start and move,
 When they hear the voices of those they love,
 Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner!
 When Freedom is riding to conquest by:
 Though the slaves that fan her
 Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh.
 And ye who attend her imperial car,
 Lift not your hands in the banded war,
 But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,
 To those who have greatly suffered and done!
 Never name in story
 Was greater than that which ye shall have won.
 Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,
 Whose revenge, pride, and power they have overthrown:
 Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow
 With crownals of violet, ivy, and pine:
 Hide the blood-stains now
 With hues which sweet Nature has made divine:
 Green strength, azure hope, and eternity:
 But let not the pansy among them be;
 Ye were injured, and that means memory.

CANCELLED STANZA

[Published in *The Times* (Rossetti).]

GATHER, O gather,
 Foeman and friend in love and peace!
 Waves sleep together
 When the blasts that called them to battle, cease.
 For fangless Power grown tame and mild
 Is at play with Freedom's fearless child—
 The dove and the serpent reconciled!

ODE TO HEAVEN

[Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820. Dated 'Florence, December, 1819' in Harvard MS. (Woodberry). A transcript exists amongst the Shelley MSS. at the Bodleian Library. See Mr. C. D. Locock's *Examination*, &c., p. 39.]

CHORUS OF SPIRITS

First Spirit.

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights!
 Paradise of golden lights!
 Deep, immeasurable, vast,
 Which art now, and which wert then
 Of the Present and the Past, 5
 Of the eternal Where and When,
 Presence-chamber, temple, home,
 Ever-canopying dome,
 Of acts and ages yet to come!

Glorious shapes have life in thee, 10
 Earth, and all earth's company;
 Living globes which ever throng
 Thy deep chasms and wildernesses;
 And green worlds that glide along;
 And swift stars with flashing tresses; 15
 And icy moons most cold and bright,
 And mighty suns beyond the night,
 Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,
 Heaven! for thou art the abode 20
 Of that Power which is the glass
 Wherein man his nature sees.
 Generations as they pass
 Worship thee with bended knees.
 Their unremaining gods and they 25
 Like a river roll away:
 Thou remainest such—alway!—

Second Spirit.

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,
 Round which its young fancies clamber, 30
 Like weak insects in a cave,
 Lighted up by stalactites;
 But the portal of the grave,
 Where a world of new delights
 Will make thy best glories seem 35
 But a dim and noonday gleam
 From the shadow of a dream!

Third Spirit.

Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn
At your presumption, atom-born!

What is Heaven? and what are ye
Who its brief expanse inherit? 40

What are suns and spheres which flee
With the instinct of that Spirit
Of which ye are but a part?

Drops which Nature's mighty heart

Drives through thinnest veins! Depart! 45

What is Heaven? a globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new

Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken
On an unimagined world:

Constellated suns unshaken, 50
Orbits measureless, are furled

In that frail and fading sphere,
With ten millions gathered there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

CANCELLED FRAGMENTS OF THE ODE TO HEAVEN

[Published by Mr. C. D. Locock, *Examination*, &c., 1903.]

THE [living frame which sustains my soul]
Is [sinking beneath the fierce control]
Down through the lampless deep of song
I am drawn and driven along—

When a Nation screams aloud 5
Like an eagle from the cloud
When a . . .

.
When the night . . .

.
Watch the look askance and old—
See neglect, and falsehood fold. . . . 10

✓✓ ODE TO THE WEST WIND¹

[Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820.]

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

¹ This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed 5

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill 10
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion, 15
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine aëry surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night 25
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams 30
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.—

[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

35

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

45

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

50

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

55

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

60

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

65

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

70

AN EXHORTATION

[Published with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820. Dated 'Pisa, April, 1820' in Harvard MS. (Woodberry), but assigned by Mrs. Shelley to 1819.]

CHAMELEONS feed on light and air :
 Poets' food is love and fame :
 If in this wide world of care
 Poets could but find the same
 With as little toil as they, 5
 Would they ever change their hue
 As the light chameleons do,
 Suiting it to every ray
 Twenty times a day?

Poets are on this cold earth, 10
 As chameleons might be,
 Hidden from their early birth
 In a cave beneath the sea ;
 Where light is, chameleons change :
 Where love is not, poets do : 15
 Fame is love disguised : if few
 Find either, never think it strange
 That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
 A poet's free and heavenly mind : 20
 If bright chameleons should devour
 Any food but beams and wind,
 They would grow as earthly soon
 As their brother lizards are.
 Children of a sunnier star, 25
 Spirits from beyond the moon,
 Oh, refuse the boon !

THE INDIAN SERENADE

[Published, with the title, *Song written for an Indian Air*, in *The Liberal*, ii, 1822. Reprinted (*Lines to an Indian Air*) by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. The poem is included in the Harvard MS. book, and there is a description by Robert Browning of an autograph copy presenting some variations from the text of 1824. See Leigh Hunt's *Correspondence*, ii, pp. 264-8.]

I

I ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,

Indian Serenade—3 *Harvard MS.* omits *When.*

And the stars are shining bright:
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, Sweet!

II

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The Champak odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart;—
 As I must on thine,
 Oh, belovèd as thou art!

III

Oh lift me from the grass!
 I die! I faint! I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast;—
 Oh! press it to thine own again,
 Where it will break at last.

CANCELLED PASSAGE

[Published by W. M. Rossetti, *Complete P. W.*, 1870.]

O PILLOW cold and wet with tears!
 Thou breathest sleep no more!

TO SOPHIA [MISS STACEY]

[Published by W. M. Rossetti, *Complete P. W.*, 1870.]

I

THOU art fair, and few are fairer
 Of the Nymphs of earth or ocean;
 They are robes that fit the wearer—
 Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion
 Ever falls and shifts and glances
 As the life within them dances.

4 shining] burning *Harvard MS.*, 1822. 7 Hath led *Browning MS.*,
 1822; Has borne *Harvard MS.*; Has led 1824. 11 The Champak *Harvard*
MS., 1822, 1824; And the Champak's *Browning MS.* 15 As I must on
 1822, 1824; As I must die on *Harvard MS.*, 1839, 1st ed. 16 Oh, belovèd
Browning MS., *Harvard MS.*, 1839, 1st ed.; Belovèd 1822, 1824. 23 press
 it to thine own *Browning MS.*; press it close to thine *Harvard MS.*, 1824,
 1839, 1st ed.; press me to thine own, 1822.