

And from my fingers flow 5
 The powers of life, and like a sign,
 Seal thee from thine hour of woe;
 And brood on thee, but may not blend
 With thine.

II

'Sleep, sleep on! I love thee not; 10
 But when I think that he
 Who made and makes my lot
 As full of flowers as thine of weeds,
 Might have been lost like thee;
 And that a hand which was not mine 15
 Might then have charmed his agony
 As I another's—my heart bleeds
 For thine.

III

'Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of 20
 The dead and the unborn
 Forget thy life and love;
 Forget that thou must wake forever;
 Forget the world's dull scorn;
 Forget lost health, and the divine
 Feelings which died in youth's brief morn; 25
 And forget me, for I can never
 Be thine.

IV

'Like a cloud big with a May shower,
 My soul weeps healing rain 30
 On thee, thou withered flower!
 It breathes mute music on thy sleep;
 Its odour calms thy brain!
 Its light within thy gloomy breast
 Spreads like a second youth again.
 By mine thy being is to its deep 35
 Possessed.

V

'The spell is done. How feel you now?'
 'Better—Quite well,' replied
 The sleeper.—'What would do 40
 You good when suffering and awake?
 What cure your head and side?—'
 'What would cure, that would kill me, Jane:
 And as I must on earth abide
 Awhile, yet tempt me not to break
 My chain.' 45

16 charmed *Trelawny MS.*; chased 1832, *edd.* 1839. 21 love] woe 1832.
 42 so *Trelawny MS.*; 'Twould kill me what would cure my pain 1832, *edd.*
 1839.

LINES: 'WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED'

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. There is a copy amongst the Trelawny MSS.]

I

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—

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

When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;

When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

5

II

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,

The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—

No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,

Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

10

15

III

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest;

The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.

O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,

Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

20

IV

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;

Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home

Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

25

30

6 tones *ed.* 1824; notes *Trelawny MS.* 14 through *ed.* 1824; in
Trelawny MS. 16 dead *ed.* 1824; lost *Trelawny MS.* 23 choose *ed.*
1824; chose *Trelawny MS.* 25-32 wanting *Trelawny MS.*

TO JANE: THE INVITATION

[This and the following poem were published together in their original form as one piece under the title, *The Pine Forest of the Cascine near Pisa*, by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824; reprinted in the same shape, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed.; republished separately in their present form, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed. There is a copy amongst the Trelawny MSS.]

BEST and brightest, come away!
 Fairer far than this fair Day,
 Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
 To the rough Year just awake 5
 In its cradle on the brake.
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
 Through the winter wandering,
 Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
 To hoar February born. 10
 Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
 It kissed the forehead of the Earth,
 And smiled upon the silent sea,
 And bade the frozen streams be free,
 And waked to music all their fountains, 15
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
 And like a prophetess of May
 Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
 Making the wintry world appear
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear. 20

Away, away, from men and towns,
 To the wild wood and the downs—
 To the silent wilderness
 Where the soul need not repress
 Its music lest it should not find 25
 An echo in another's mind,
 While the touch of Nature's art
 Harmonizes heart to heart.
 I leave this notice on my door
 For each accustomed visitor:— 30
 'I am gone into the fields
 To take what this sweet hour yields;—
 Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
 Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.—
 You with the unpaid bill, Despair,— 35
 You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—
 I will pay you in the grave,—
 Death will listen to your stave.
 Expectation too, be off!

To-day is for itself enough ; 40
 Hope, in pity mock not Woe
 With smiles, nor follow where I go ;
 Long having lived on thy sweet food,
 At length I find one moment's good
 After long pain—with all your love, 45
 This you never told me of.'

Radiant Sister of the Day,
 Awake! arise! and come away!
 To the wild woods and the plains,
 And the pools where winter rains 50
 Image all their roof of leaves,
 Where the pine its garland weaves
 Of sapless green and ivy dun
 Round stems that never kiss the sun ;
 Where the lawns and pastures be, 55
 And the sandhills of the sea ;—
 Where the melting hoar-frost wets
 The daisy-star that never sets,
 And wind-flowers, and violets,
 Which yet join not scent to hue, 60
 Crown the pale year weak and new ;
 When the night is left behind
 In the deep east, dun and blind,
 And the blue noon is over us,
 And the multitudinous 65
 Billows murmur at our feet,
 Where the earth and ocean meet,
 And all things seem only one
 In the universal sun.

TO JANE: THE RECOLLECTION

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed. See the
 Editor's prefatory note to the preceding.]

I

Now the last day of many days,
 All beautiful and bright as thou,
 The loveliest and the last, is dead,
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
 Up,—to thy wonted work! come, trace 5
 The epitaph of glory fled,—

44 moment's *Trelawny MS.*; moment 1839, 2nd ed. 50 And *Trelawny MS.*; To 1839, 2nd ed. 53 dun *Trelawny MS.*; dim 1839, 2nd ed.
 6 fled ed. 1824; dead *Trelawny MS.*, 1839, 2nd ed.

For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

II

We wandered to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam, 10
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep 15
The smile of Heaven lay ;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise. 20

III

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath, 25
That under Heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own ;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea, 30
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

IV

How calm it was!—the silence there
By such a chain was bound 35
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less 40
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced,— 45
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling, silent life,—

To momentary peace it bound
 Our mortal nature's strife;
 And still I felt the centre of
 The magic circle there 50
 Was one fair form that filled with love
 The lifeless atmosphere.

v

We paused beside the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough,—
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky 55
 Gulfed in a world below;
 A firmament of purple light
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night,
 And purer than the day— 60
 In which the lovely forests grew,
 As in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any spreading there.
 There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn, 65
 And through the dark green wood
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn
 Out of a speckled cloud.
 Sweet views which in our world above
 Can never well be seen, 70
 Were imaged by the water's love
 Of that fair forest green.
 And all was interfused beneath
 With an Elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath, 75
 A softer day below.
 Like one beloved the scene had lent
 To the dark water's breast,
 Its every leaf and lineament
 With more than truth expressed; 80
 Until an envious wind crept by,
 Like an unwelcome thought,
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye
 Blots one dear image out.
 Though thou art ever fair and kind, 85
 The forests ever green,
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,
 Than calm in waters, seen.

THE PINE FOREST OF THE CASCINE NEAR PISA

[This, the first draft of *To Jane: The Invitation, The Recollection*, was published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and reprinted, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed. See Editor's Prefatory Note to *The Invitation*, p. 748, above.]

DEAREST, best and brightest,
Come away,

To the woods and to the fields!
Dearer than this fairest day
Which, like thee to those in sorrow, 5
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle in the brake.

The eldest of the Hours of Spring, 10
Into the Winter wandering,
Looks upon the leafless wood,
And the banks all bare and rude;
Found, it seems, this halcyon Morn
In February's bosom born,
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth, 15
Kissed the cold forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free;
And waked to music all the fountains, 20
And breathed upon the rigid mountains,
And made the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, Dear.

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away! 25
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all the roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Sapless, gray, and ivy dun 30
Round stems that never kiss the sun—
To the sandhills of the sea,
Where the earliest violets be.

Now the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou, 35
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
And do thy wonted work and trace
The epitaph of glory fled;
For now the Earth has changed its face, 40
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wandered to the Pine Forest
 That skirts the Ocean's foam,
 The lightest wind was in its nest,
 The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep, 45
 The clouds were gone to play,
 And on the woods, and on the deep
 The smile of Heaven lay.

It seemed as if the day were one
 Sent from beyond the skies, 50
 Which shed to earth above the sun
 A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood,
 The giants of the waste,
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude 55
 With stems like serpents interlaced.

How calm it was—the silence there
 By such a chain was bound,
 That even the busy woodpecker
 Made stiller by her sound 60

The inviolable quietness ;
 The breath of peace we drew
 With its soft motion made not less
 The calm that round us grew.

It seemed that from the remotest seat 65
 Of the white mountain's waste
 To the bright flower beneath our feet,
 A magic circle traced ;—

A spirit interfused around,
 A thinking, silent life ; 70
 To momentary peace it bound
 Our mortal nature's strife ;—

And still, it seemed, the centre of
 The magic circle there,
 Was one whose being filled with love 75
 The breathless atmosphere.

Were not the crocuses that grew
 Under that ilex-tree
 As beautiful in scent and hue
 As ever fed the bee ? 80

We stood beneath the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough,
 And each seemed like a sky
 Gulfed in a world below ;

A purple firmament of light 85
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night,
 And clearer than the day—

In which the massy forests grew
 As in the upper air, 90
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any waving there.

Like one beloved the scene had lent
 To the dark water's breast
 Its every leaf and lineament 95
 With that clear truth expressed ;

There lay far glades and neighbouring lawn,
 And through the dark green crowd
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn
 Under a speckled cloud. 100

Sweet views, which in our world above
 Can never well be seen,
 Were imaged by the water's love
 Of that fair forest green.

And all was interfused beneath 105
 With an Elysian air,
 An atmosphere without a breath,
 A silence sleeping there.

Until a wandering wind crept by,
 Like an unwelcome thought, 110
 Which from my mind's too faithful eye
 Blots thy bright image out.

For thou art good and dear and kind,
 The forest ever green,
 But less of peace in S — 's mind, 115
 Than calm in waters, seen.

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

[Published by Medwin, *The Athenæum*, Oct. 20, 1832; *Frazer's Magazine*, Jan. 1833. There is a copy amongst the Trelawny MSS.]

ARIEL to Miranda:—Take
 This slave of Music, for the sake
 Of him who is the slave of thee,
 And teach it all the harmony 5
 In which thou canst, and only thou,
 Make the delighted spirit glow,

Till joy denies itself again,
 And, too intense, is turned to pain;
 For by permission and command
 Of thine own Prince Ferdinand, 10
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token
 Of more than ever can be spoken;
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
 From life to life, must still pursue
 Your happiness;—for thus alone 15
 Can Ariel ever find his own.
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,
 As the mighty verses tell,
 To the throne of Naples, he
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea, 20
 Flitting on, your prow before,
 Like a living meteor.
 When you die, the silent Moon,
 In her interlunar swoon,
 Is not sadder in her cell 25
 Than deserted Ariel.
 When you live again on earth,
 Like an unseen star of birth,
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea
 Of life from your nativity. 30
 Many changes have been run
 Since Ferdinand and you begun
 Your course of love, and Ariel still
 Has tracked your steps, and served your will;
 Now, in humbler, happier lot, 35
 This is all remembered not;
 And now, alas! the poor sprite is
 Imprisoned, for some fault of his,
 In a body like a grave;—
 From you he only dares to crave, 40
 For his service and his sorrow,
 A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
 To echo all harmonious thought,
 Felled a tree, while on the steep 45
 The woods were in their winter sleep,
 Rocked in that repose divine
 On the wind-swept Apennine;
 And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
 And some of Spring approaching fast, 50
 And some of April buds and showers,

12 Of more than ever] Of love that never 1833.
 MS., 1839, 2nd ed.; winds 1832, 1833, 1839, 1st ed.

46 woods *Trelawny*

And some of songs in July bowers,
 And all of love; and so this tree,—
 O that such our death may be!—
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain, 55
 To live in happier form again:
 From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
 The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
 And taught it justly to reply,
 To all who question skilfully, 60
 In language gentle as thine own;
 Whispering in enamoured tone
 Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
 And summer winds in sylvan cells;
 For it had learned all harmonies 65
 Of the plains and of the skies,
 Of the forests and the mountains,
 And the many-voicèd fountains;
 The clearest echoes of the hills,
 The softest notes of falling rills, 70
 The melodies of birds and bees,
 The murmuring of summer seas,
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
 And airs of evening; and it knew
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound, 75
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,
 As it floats through boundless day,
 Our world enkindles on its way.—
 All this it knows, but will not tell 80
 To those who cannot question well
 The Spirit that inhabits it;
 It talks according to the wit
 Of its companions; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before, 85
 By those who tempt it to betray
 These secrets of an elder day:
 But, sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone 90
 For our belovèd Jane alone.

58 this *Trelawny MS.*, 1839, 2nd ed. ; that 1832, 1833, 1839, 1st ed.
 thine own *Trelawny MS.*, 1839, 2nd ed. ; its own 1832, 1833, 1839, 1st ed.
 76 on *Trelawny MS.*, 1839, 2nd ed. ; in 1832, 1833, 1839, 1st ed. 90 Jane
Trelawny MS. ; friend 1832, 1833, edd. 1839.

TO JANE: 'THE KEEN STARS WERE
TWINKLING'

[Published in part (ll. 7-24) by Medwin (under the title, *An Ariette for Music. To a Lady singing to her Accompaniment on the Guitar*), *The Athenæum*, Nov. 17, 1832; reprinted by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 1st ed. Republished in full (under the title, *To —*), *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed. The Trelawny MS. is headed *To Jane*. Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn possesses a transcript in an unknown hand.]

I

THE keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising among them,
Dear Jane!
The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them 5
Again.

II

As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of Heaven
Is thrown,
So your voice most tender 10
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.

III

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later,
To-night; 15
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.

IV

Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing 20
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

3 Dear * * * 1839, 2nd ed. 7 soft] pale *Fred. MS.* 10 your 1839,
2nd ed.; thy 1832, 1839, 1st ed., *Fred. MS.* 11 had then 1839, 2nd ed.;
has 1832, 1839, 1st ed.; hath *Fred. MS.* 12 Its] Thine *Fred. MS.* 17
your 1839, 2nd ed.; thy 1832, 1839, 1st ed., *Fred. MS.* 19 sound] song
Fred. MS. 20 your dear 1839, 2nd ed.; thy sweet 1832, 1839, 1st ed.;
thy soft *Fred. MS.*

A DIRGE

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

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song ;
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Knells all the night long ;
 Sad storm, whose tears are vain,
 Bare woods, whose branches strain,
 Deep caves and dreary main,—
 Wail, for the world's wrong!

5

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI

[Published from the Boscombe MSS. by Dr. Garnett, *Macmillan's Magazine*, June, 1862 ; reprinted, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

SHE left me at the silent time
 When the moon had ceased to climb
 The azure path of Heaven's steep,
 And like an albatross asleep,
 Balanced on her wings of light,
 Hovered in the purple night,
 Ere she sought her ocean nest
 In the chambers of the West.
 She left me, and I stayed alone
 Thinking over every tone
 Which, though silent to the ear,
 The enchanted heart could hear,
 Like notes which die when born, but still
 Haunt the echoes of the hill ;
 And feeling ever—oh, too much!—
 The soft vibration of her touch,
 As if her gentle hand, even now,
 Lightly trembled on my brow ;
 And thus, although she absent were,
 Memory gave me all of her
 That even Fancy dares to claim :—
 Her presence had made weak and tame
 All passions, and I lived alone
 In the time which is our own ;
 The past and future were forgot,
 As they had been, and would be, not.
 But soon, the guardian angel gone,
 The daemon reassumed his throne

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A Dirge—6 strain *cf. Rossetti* ; stain *ed.* 1824. *Lines written, &c.*—11
 though silent *Relics* 1862 ; though now silent *Mac. Mag.* 1862.

In my faint heart. I dare not speak
 My thoughts, but thus disturbed and weak 30
 I sat and saw the vessels glide
 Over the ocean bright and wide,
 Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent
 O'er some serenest element
 For ministrations strange and far; 35
 As if to some Elysian star
 Sailed for drink to medicine
 Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
 And the wind that winged their flight
 From the land came fresh and light, 40
 And the scent of wingèd flowers,
 And the coolness of the hours
 Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
 Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay.
 And the fisher with his lamp 45
 And spear about the low rocks damp
 Crept, and struck the fish which came
 To worship the delusive flame.
 Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
 Extinguishes all sense and thought 50
 Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
 Destroying life alone, not peace!

LINES: 'WE MEET NOT AS WE PARTED'

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

I

WE meet not as we parted,
 We feel more than all may see;
 My bosom is heavy-hearted,
 And thine full of doubt for me:—
 One moment has bound the free. 5

II

That moment is gone for ever,
 Like lightning that flashed and died—
 Like a snowflake upon the river—
 Like a sunbeam upon the tide,
 Which the dark shadows hide. 10

III

That moment from time was singled
 As the first of a life of pain;
 The cup of its joy was mingled
 —Delusion too sweet though vain!
 Too sweet to be mine again. 15

IV

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden
 That its life was crushed by you,
 Ye would not have then forbidden
 The death which a heart so true
 Sought in your briny dew.

20

V

.

 Methinks too little cost
 For a moment so found, so lost!

25

THE ISLE

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

THERE was a little lawny islet
 By anemone and violet,
 Like mosaic, paven :
 And its roof was flowers and leaves
 Which the summer's breath enweaves,
 Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
 Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
 Each a gem engraven;—
 Girt by many an azure wave
 With which the clouds and mountains pave
 A lake's blue chasm.

5

10

FRAGMENT: TO THE MOON

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

BBRIGHT wanderer, fair coquette of Heaven,
 To whom alone it has been given
 To change and be adored for ever,
 Envy not this dim world, for never
 But once within its shadow grew
 One fair as —

5

EPITAPH

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

THESE are two friends whose lives were undivided;
 So let their memory be, now they have glided
 Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
 For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1822, BY MRS. SHELLEY

THIS morn thy gallant bark
 Sailed on a sunny sea :
 'Tis noon, and tempests dark
 Have wrecked it on the lee.
 Ah woe! ah woe!
 By Spirits of the deep
 Thou'rt cradled on the billow
 To thy eternal sleep.

Thou sleep'st upon the shore
 Beside the knelling surge,
 And Sea-nymphs evermore
 Shall sadly chant thy dirge.
 They come, they come,
 The Spirits of the deep,—
 While near thy seaweed pillow
 My lonely watch I keep.

From far across the sea
 I hear a loud lament,
 By Echo's voice for thee
 From Ocean's caverns sent.
 O list! O list!
 The Spirits of the deep!
 They raise a wail of sorrow,
 While I forever weep.

WITH this last year of the life of Shelley these Notes end. They are not what I intended them to be. I began with energy, and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense I have of the virtues and genius of the beloved and the lost; my strength has failed under the task. Recurrence to the past, full of its own deep and forgotten joys and sorrows, contrasted with succeeding years of painful and solitary struggle, has shaken my health. Days of great suffering have followed my attempts to write, and these again produced a weakness and languor that spread their sinister influence over these notes. I dislike speaking of myself, but cannot help apologizing to the dead, and to

the public, for not having executed in the manner I desired the history I engaged to give of Shelley's writings¹.

The winter of 1822 was passed in Pisa, if we might call that season winter in which autumn merged into spring after the interval of but few days of bleaker weather. Spring sprang up early, and with extreme beauty. Shelley had conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of Charles I. It was one that he believed adapted for a drama; full of intense interest, contrasted character, and busy passion. He had recommended it long before, when he encouraged me to attempt a play. Whether the subject proved more difficult than he anticipated, or whether in fact he could not bend his mind away from the broodings and wanderings of thought, divested from human interest,

¹ I at one time feared that the correction of the press might be less exact through my illness; but I believe that it is nearly free from error. Some asterisks occur in a few pages, as they did in the volume of *Posthumous Poems*, either because they refer to private concerns, or because the original manuscript was left imperfect. Did any one see the papers from which I drew that volume, the wonder would be how any eyes or patience were capable of extracting it from so confused a mass, interlined and broken into fragments, so that the sense could only be deciphered and joined by guesses which might seem rather intuitive than founded on reasoning. Yet I believe no mistake was made.

which he best loved, I cannot tell; but he proceeded slowly, and threw it aside for one of the most mystical of his poems, the *Triumph of Life*, on which he was employed at the last.

His passion for boating was fostered at this time by having among our friends several sailors. His favourite companion, Edward Ellerker Williams, of the 8th Light Dragoons, had begun his life in the navy, and had afterwards entered the army; he had spent several years in India, and his love for adventure and manly exercises accorded with Shelley's taste. It was their favourite plan to build a boat such as they could manage themselves, and, living on the sea-coast, to enjoy at every hour and season the pleasure they loved best. Captain Roberts, R.N., undertook to build the boat at Genoa, where he was also occupied in building the *Bolivar* for Lord Byron. Ours was to be an open boat, on a model taken from one of the royal dockyards. I have since heard that there was a defect in this model, and that it was never seaworthy. In the month of February, Shelley and his friend went to Spezia to seek for houses for us. Only one was to be found at all suitable; however, a trifle such as not finding a house could not stop Shelley; the one found was to serve for all. It was unfurnished; we sent our furniture by sea, and with a good deal of precipitation, arising from his impatience, made our removal. We left Pisa on the 26th of April.

The Bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and divided by a rocky promontory into a larger

and smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point, and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of San Terenzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin. He had (and this to the Italians had seemed a glaring symptom of very decided madness) rooted up the olives on the hillside, and planted forest trees. These were mostly young, but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever elsewhere saw in Italy; some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye with a sense of loveliness. The scene was indeed of unimaginable beauty. The blue extent of waters, the almost landlocked bay, the near castle of Lerici shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound in the beach, over which there was only a winding rugged footpath towards Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea leaving no sands nor shingle, formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only. Sometimes the sunshine vanished when the sirocco raged—the 'ponente' the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls that hailed our

first arrival surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying tints.

The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbours of San Terenzo were more like savages than any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing, or rather howling; the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks and joining in their loud wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarzana, at a distance of three miles and a half off, with the torrent of the Magra between; and even there the supply was very deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves farther from civilization and comfort; but, where the sun shines, the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively.

At first the fatal boat had not arrived, and was expected with great impatience. On Monday, 12th May, it came. Williams records the long-wished-for fact in his journal: 'Cloudy and threatening weather. M. Maglian called; and after dinner, and while walking with him on the terrace, we

discovered a strange sail coming round the point of Porto Venere, which proved at length to be Shelley's boat. She had left Genoa on Thursday last, but had been driven back by the prevailing bad winds. A Mr. Heslop and two English seamen brought her round, and they speak most highly of her performances. She does indeed excite my surprise and admiration. Shelley and I walked to Lerici, and made a stretch off the land to try her: and I find she fetches whatever she looks at. In short, we have now a perfect plaything for the summer.'—It was thus that short-sighted mortals welcomed Death, he having disguised his grim form in a pleasing mask! The time of the friends was now spent on the sea; the weather became fine, and our whole party often passed the evenings on the water when the wind promised pleasant sailing. Shelley and Williams made longer excursions; they sailed several times to Massa. They had engaged one of the seamen who brought her round, a boy, by name Charles Vivian; and they had not the slightest apprehension of danger. When the weather was unfavourable, they employed themselves with alterations in the rigging, and by building a boat of canvas and reeds, as light as possible, to have on board the other for the convenience of landing in waters too shallow for the larger vessel. When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him; and much of the *Triumph of Life* was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him.

The heats set in in the middle

of June ; the days became excessively hot. But the sea-breeze cooled the air at noon, and extreme heat always put Shelley in spirits. A long drought had preceded the heat ; and prayers for rain were being put up in the churches, and processions of relics for the same effect took place in every town. At this time we received letters announcing the arrival of Leigh Hunt at Genoa. Shelley was very eager to see him. I was confined to my room by severe illness, and could not move ; it was agreed that Shelley and Williams should go to Leghorn in the boat. Strange that no fear of danger crossed our minds ! Living on the sea-shore, the ocean became as a plaything : as a child may sport with a lighted stick, till a spark inflames a forest, and spreads destruction over all, so did we fearlessly and blindly tamper with danger, and make a game of the terrors of the ocean. Our Italian neighbours, even, trusted themselves as far as Massa in the skiff ; and the running down the line of coast to Leghorn gave no more notion of peril than a fair-weather inland navigation would have done to those who had never seen the sea. Once, some months before, Trelawny had raised a warning voice as to the difference of our calm bay and the open sea beyond ; but Shelley and his friend, with their one sailor-boy, thought themselves a match for the storms of the Mediterranean, in a boat which they looked upon as equal to all it was put to do.

On the 1st of July they left us. If ever shadow of future ill darkened the present hour, such was over

my mind when they went. During the whole of our stay at Lerici, an intense presentiment of coming evil brooded over my mind, and covered this beautiful place and genial summer with the shadow of coming misery. I had vainly struggled with these emotions—they seemed accounted for by my illness ; but at this hour of separation they recurred with renewed violence. I did not anticipate danger for them, but a vague expectation of evil shook me to agony, and I could scarcely bring myself to let them go. The day was calm and clear ; and, a fine breeze rising at twelve, they weighed for Leghorn. They made the run of about fifty miles in seven hours and a half. The *Bolivar* was in port ; and, the regulations of the Health-office not permitting them to go on shore after sunset, they borrowed cushions from the larger vessel, and slept on board their boat.

They spent a week at Pisa and Leghorn. The want of rain was severely felt in the country. The weather continued sultry and fine. I have heard that Shelley all this time was in brilliant spirits. Not long before, talking of presentiment, he had said the only one that he ever found infallible was the certain advent of some evil fortune when he felt peculiarly joyous. Yet, if ever fate whispered of coming disaster, such inaudible but not unfelt prognostics hovered around us. The beauty of the place seemed unearthly in its excess : the distance we were at from all signs of civilization, the sea at our feet, its murmurs or its roaring for ever in our ears,—all these things led

the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and, lifting it from everyday life, caused it to be familiar with the unreal. A sort of spell surrounded us; and each day, as the voyagers did not return, we grew restless and disquieted, and yet, strange to say, we were not fearful of the most apparent danger.

The spell snapped; it was all over; an interval of agonizing doubt—of days passed in miserable journeys to gain tidings, of hopes that took firmer root even as they were more baseless—was changed to the certainty of the death that eclipsed all happiness for the survivors for evermore.

There was something in our fate peculiarly harrowing. The remains of those we lost were cast on shore; but, by the quarantine-laws of the coast, we were not permitted to have possession of them—the law with respect to everything cast on land by the sea being that such should be burned, to prevent the possibility of any remnant bringing the plague into Italy; and no representation could alter the law. At length, through the kind and unwearied exertions of Mr. Dawkins, our Chargé d’Affaires at Florence, we gained permission to receive the ashes after the bodies were consumed. Nothing could equal the zeal of Trelawny in carrying our wishes into effect. He was indefatigable in his exertions, and full of forethought and sagacity in his arrangements. It was a fearful task; he stood before us at last, his hands scorched and blistered by the flames of the funeral-pyre, and by touching the burnt relics as he placed them

in the receptacles prepared for the purpose. And there, in compass of that small case, was gathered all that remained on earth of him whose genius and virtue were a crown of glory to the world—whose love had been the source of happiness, peace, and good,—to be buried with him!

The concluding stanzas of the *Adonais* pointed out where the remains ought to be deposited; in addition to which our beloved child lay buried in the cemetery at Rome. Thither Shelley’s ashes were conveyed; and they rest beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers that recur at intervals in the circuit of the massy ancient wall of Rome. He selected the hallowed place himself; there is

‘the sepulchre,
Oh, not of him, but of our joy!—
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And gray walls moulder round,
on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary
brand;
And one keen pyramid with
wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who
planned
This refuge for his memory, doth
stand
Like flame transformed to mar-
ble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a
newer band
Have pitched in Heaven’s smile
their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce
extinguished breath.’

Could sorrow for the lost, and shuddering anguish at the vacancy left behind, be soothed by poetic imaginations, there was something in Shelley’s fate to mitigate pangs which yet, alas! could not

be so mitigated ; for hard reality brings too miserably home to the mourner all that is lost of happiness, all of lonely unsoled struggle that remains. Still, though dreams and hues of poetry cannot blunt grief, it invests his fate with a sublime fitness, which those less nearly allied may regard with complacency. A year before he had poured into verse all such ideas about death as give it a glory of its own. He had, as it now seems, almost anticipated his own destiny ; and, when the mind figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea, and then, as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been¹—

¹ Captain Roberts watched the vessel with his glass from the top of the lighthouse of Leghorn, on its homeward track. They were off Via Reggio, at some distance from shore, when a storm was driven over the sea. It enveloped them and several larger vessels in darkness. When the cloud passed onwards, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner, which had vanished. From that time he could scarcely doubt the fatal truth ; yet we fancied that they might have been

who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the *Adonais*?

‘The breath whose might I have
invoked in song
Descends on me ; my spirit’s
bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the
trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the
tempest given ;
The massy earth and spherèd
skies are riven !
I am borne darkly, fearfully,
afar ;
Whilst burning through the in-
most veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the
Eternal are.’

PUTNEY, *May 1, 1839.*

driven towards Elba or Corsica, and so be saved. The observation made as to the spot where the boat disappeared caused it to be found, through the exertions of Trelawny for that effect. It had gone down in ten fathom water ; it had not capsized, and, except such things as had floated from her, everything was found on board exactly as it had been placed when they sailed. The boat itself was uninjured. Roberts possessed himself of her, and decked her ; but she proved not seaworthy, and her shattered planks now lie rotting on the shore of one of the Ionian islands, on which she was wrecked.

TRANSLATIONS

[Of the Translations that follow a few were published by Shelley himself, others by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, or the *Poetical Works*, 1839, and the remainder by Medwin (1834, 1847), Garnett (1862), Rossetti (1870), Forman (1876) and Locock (1903) from the MS. originals. Shelley's *Translations* fall between the years 1818 and 1822.]

HYMN TO MERCURY

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824. This alone of the *Translations* is included in the Harvard MS. book. 'Fragments of the drafts of this and the other *Hymns* of Homer exist among the Boscombe MSS.' (Forman).]

I

SING, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,
The Herald-child, king of Arcadia
And all its pastoral hills, whom in sweet love
Having been interwoven, modest May
Bore Heaven's dread Supreme. An antique grove 5
Shadowed the cavern where the lovers lay
In the deep night, unseen by Gods or Men,
And white-armed Juno slumbered sweetly then.

II

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling, 10
And Heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,
She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief;
A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing,
A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,
Who 'mongst the Gods was soon about to thieve, 15
And other glorious actions to achieve.

III

The babe was born at the first peep of day;
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds;—the fourth day of the moon 20
On which him bore the venerable May,
From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,
Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

13 cow-stealing] *gy.* cattle-stealing?

IV

Out of the lofty cavern wandering 25
 He found a tortoise, and cried out—'A treasure!'
 (For Mercury first made the tortoise sing)
 The beast before the portal at his leisure
 The flowery herbage was depasturing,
 Moving his feet in a deliberate measure 30
 Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
 Eying him laughed, and laughing thus begun:—

V

'A useful godsend are you to me now,
 King of the dance, companion of the feast,
 Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you 35
 Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain-beast,
 Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,
 You must come home with me and be my guest;
 You will give joy to me, and I will do
 All that is in my power to honour you. 40

VI

'Better to be at home than out of door,
 So come with me; and though it has been said
 That you alive defend from magic power,
 I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead.' 45
 Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
 Lifting it from the grass on which it fed
 And grasping it in his delighted hold,
 His treasured prize into the cavern old.

VII

Then scooping with a chisel of gray steel,
 He bored the life and soul out of the beast.— 50
 Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
 Darts through the tumult of a human breast
 Which thronging cares annoy—not swifter wheel
 The flashes of its torture and unrest
 Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son 55
 All that he did devise hath featly done.

VIII

And through the tortoise's hard stony skin
 At proper distances small holes he made,
 And fastened the cut stems of reeds within, 60
 And with a piece of leather overlaid
 The open space and fixed the cubits in,
 Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o'er all
 Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

IX

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
 He tried the chords, and made division meet, 65
 Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
 Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
 Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
 A strain of unpremeditated wit
 Joyous and wild and wanton—such you may 70
 Hear among revellers on a holiday.

X

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal
 Dallied in love not quite legitimate;
 And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,
 And naming his own name, did celebrate; 75
 His mother's cave and servant maids he planned all
 In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,
 Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan,—
 But singing, he conceived another plan.

XI

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat, 80
 He in his sacred crib deposited
 The hollow lyre, and from the cavern sweet
 Rushed with great leaps up to the mountain's head,
 Revolving in his mind some subtle feat
 Of thievish craft, such as a swindler might 85
 Devise in the lone season of dun night.

XII

Lo! the great Sun under the ocean's bed has
 Driven steeds and chariot—the child meanwhile strode
 O'er the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows,
 Where the immortal oxen of the God 90
 Are pastured in the flowering unmown meadows,
 And safely stalled in a remote abode.—
 The archer Argicide, elate and proud,
 Drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud.

XIII

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way, 95
 But, being ever mindful of his craft,
 Backward and forward drove he them astray,
 So that the tracks which seemed before, were aft;
 His sandals then he threw to the ocean spray,
 And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft 100
 Of tamarisk, and tamarisk-like sprigs,
 And bound them in a lump with withy twigs.

XIV

And on his feet he tied these sandals light,
 The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray
 His track; and then, a self-sufficing wight, 105
 Like a man hastening on some distant way,
 He from Pieria's mountain bent his flight;
 But an old man perceived the infant pass
 Down green Onchestus heaped like beds with grass.

XV

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine: 110
 'Halloo! old fellow with the crookèd shoulder!
 You grub those stumps? before they will bear wine
 Methinks even you must grow a little older:
 Attend, I pray, to this advice of mine,
 As you would 'scape what might appal a bolder— 115
 Seeing, see not—and hearing, hear not—and—
 If you have understanding—understand.'

XVI

So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast;
 O'er shadowy mountain and resounding dell,
 And flower-paven plains, great Hermes passed; 120
 Till the black night divine, which favouring fell
 Around his steps, grew gray, and morning fast
 Wakened the world to work, and from her cell
 Sea-strewn, the Pallantean Moon sublime
 Into her watch-tower just began to climb. 125

XVII

Now to Alpheus he had driven all
 The broad-foreheaded oxen of the Sun;
 They came unwearied to the lofty stall
 And to the water-troughs which ever run
 Through the fresh fields—and when with rushgrass tall, 130
 Lotus and all sweet herbage, every one
 Had pastured been, the great God made them move
 Towards the stall in a collected drove.

XVIII

A mighty pile of wood the God then heaped, 135
 And having soon conceived the mystery
 Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stripped
 The bark, and rubbed them in his palms;—on high
 Suddenly forth the burning vapour leaped
 And the divine child saw delightedly.— 140
 Mercury first found out for human weal
 Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint and steel.

XIX

And fine dry logs and roots innumeros
 He gathered in a delve upon the ground—
 And kindled them—and instantaneous
 The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around: 145
 And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus
 Wrapped the great pile with glare and roaring sound,
 Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud,
 Close to the fire—such might was in the God.

XX

And on the earth upon their backs he threw 150
 The panting beasts, and rolled them o'er and o'er,
 And bored their lives out. Without more ado
 He cut up fat and flesh, and down before
 The fire, on spits of wood he placed the two,
 Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore 155
 Pursed in the bowels; and while this was done
 He stretched their hides over a craggy stone.

XXI

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then
 Cut it up after long consideration,—
 But joyous-minded Hermes from the glen 160
 Drew the fat spoils to the more open station
 Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them; and when
 He had by lot assigned to each a ration
 Of the twelve Gods, his mind became aware
 Of all the joys which in religion are. 165

XXII

For the sweet savour of the roasted meat
 Tempted him though immortal. Natheless
 He checked his haughty will and did not eat,
 Though what it cost him words can scarce express,
 And every wish to put such morsels sweet 170
 Down his most sacred throat, he did repress;
 But soon within the lofty portalled stall
 He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

XXIII

And every trace of the fresh butchery
 And cooking, the God soon made disappear, 175
 As if it all had vanished through the sky;
 He burned the hoofs and horns and head and hair,—
 The insatiate fire devoured them hungrily;—
 And when he saw that everything was clear,
 He quenched the coal, and trampled the black dust, 180
 And in the stream his bloody sandals tossed.

XXIV

All night he worked in the serene moonshine—
 But when the light of day was spread abroad
 He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine.

On his long wandering, neither Man nor God
 Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
 Nor house-dog had barked at him on his road;
 Now he obliquely through the keyhole passed,
 Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.

185

XXV

Right through the temple of the spacious cave
 He went with soft light feet—as if his tread
 Fell not on earth; no sound their falling gave;
 Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
 The swaddling-clothes about him; and the knave
 Lay playing with the covering of the bed
 With his left hand about his knees—the right
 Held his beloved tortoise-lyre tight.

190

195

XXVI

There he lay innocent as a new-born child,
 As gossips say; but though he was a God,
 The Goddess, his fair mother, unbeguiled,
 Knew all that he had done being abroad:
 'Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,
 You cunning rogue, and where have you abode
 All the long night, clothed in your impudence?
 What have you done since you departed hence?

200

205

XXVII

'Apollo soon will pass within this gate
 And bind your tender body in a chain
 Inextricably tight, and fast as fate,
 Unless you can delude the God again,
 Even when within his arms—ah, runagate!
 A pretty torment both for Gods and Men
 Your father made when he made you!'—'Dear mother,'
 Replied sly Hermes, 'wherefore scold and bother?

210

XXVIII

'As if I were like other babes as old,
 And understood nothing of what is what;
 And cared at all to hear my mother scold.
 I in my subtle brain a scheme have got,
 Which whilst the sacred stars round Heaven are rolled
 Will profit you and me—nor shall our lot
 Be as you counsel, without gifts or food,
 To spend our lives in this obscure abode.

215

220

XXIX

‘But we will leave this shadow-peopled cave
 And live among the Gods, and pass each day
 In high communion, sharing what they have
 Of profuse wealth and unexhausted prey; 225
 And from the portion which my father gave
 To Phoebus, I will snatch my share away,
 Which if my father will not—natheless I,
 Who am the king of robbers, can but try.

XXX

‘And, if Latona’s son should find me out, 230
 I’ll countermine him by a deeper plan;
 I’ll pierce the Pythian temple-walls, though stout,
 And sack the fane of everything I can—
 Caldrons and tripods of great worth no doubt,
 Each golden cup and polished brazen pan, 235
 All the wrought tapestries and garments gay.’—
 So they together talked;—meanwhile the Day

XXXI

Aethereal born arose out of the flood
 Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men.
 Apollo passed toward the sacred wood, 240
 Which from the inmost depths of its green glen
 Echoes the voice of Neptune,—and there stood
 On the same spot in green Onchestus then
 That same old animal, the vine-dresser,
 Who was employed hedging his vineyard there. 245

XXXII

Latona’s glorious Son began:—‘I pray
 Tell, ancient hedger of Onchestus green,
 Whether a drove of kine has passed this way,
 All heifers with crooked horns? for they have been
 Stolen from the herd in high Pieria, 250
 Where a black bull was fed apart, between
 Two woody mountains in a neighbouring glen,
 And four fierce dogs watched there, unanimous as men.

XXXIII

‘And what is strange, the author of this theft
 Has stolen the fatted heifers every one, 255
 But the four dogs and the black bull are left:—
 Stolen they were last night at set of sun,
 Of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft.—
 Now tell me, man born ere the world begun,
 Have you seen any one pass with the cows?’— 260
 To whom the man of overhanging brows:

XXXIV

‘My friend, it would require no common skill
 Justly to speak of everything I see :
 On various purposes of good or ill
 Many pass by my vineyard,—and to me
 ’Tis difficult to know the invisible
 Thoughts, which in all those many minds may be:—
 Thus much alone I certainly can say,
 I tilled these vines till the decline of day,

265

XXXV

‘And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak
 With certainty of such a wondrous thing,
 A child, who could not have been born a week,
 Those fair-horned cattle closely following,
 And in his hand he held a polished stick :
 And, as on purpose, he walked wavering
 From one side to the other of the road,
 And with his face opposed the steps he trod.’

270

275

XXXVI

Apollo hearing this, passed quickly on—
 No wingèd omen could have shown more clear
 That the deceiver was his father’s son.
 So the God wraps a purple atmosphere
 Around his shoulders, and like fire is gone
 To famous Pylos, seeking his kine there,
 And found their track and his, yet hardly cold,
 And cried—‘What wonder do mine eyes behold!

280

285

XXXVII

‘Here are the footsteps of the hornèd herd
 Turned back towards their fields of asphodel;—
 But *these* are not the tracks of beast or bird,
 Gray wolf, or bear, or lion of the dell,
 Or manèd Centaur—sand was never stirred
 By man or woman thus! Inexplicable!
 Who with unwearied feet could e’er impress
 The sand with such enormous vestiges?

290

XXXVIII

‘That was most strange—but this is stranger still!’
 Thus having said, Pheobus impetuously
 Sought high Cyllene’s forest-cinctured hill,
 And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,
 And where the ambrosial nymph with happy will
 Bore the Saturnian’s love-child, Mercury—
 And a delightful odour from the dew
 Of the hill pastures, at his coming, flew.

295

300

XXXIX

And Phoebus stooped under the craggy roof
 Arched over the dark cavern:—Maia's child
 Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,
 About the cows of which he had been beguiled; 305
 And over him the fine and fragrant woof
 Of his ambrosial swaddling-clothes he piled—
 As among fire-brands lies a burning spark
 Covered, beneath the ashes cold and dark.

XL

There, like an infant who had sucked his fill 310
 And now was newly washed and put to bed,
 Awake, but courting sleep with weary will,
 And gathered in a lump, hands, feet, and head,
 He lay, and his beloved tortoise still
 He grasped and held under his shoulder-blade. 315
 Phoebus the lovely mountain-goddess knew,
 Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

XLI

Lay swathed in his sly wiles. Round every crook
 Of the ample cavern, for his kine, Apollo
 Looked sharp; and when he saw them not, he took 320
 The glittering key, and opened three great hollow
 Recesses in the rock—where many a nook
 Was filled with the sweet food immortals swallow,
 And mighty heaps of silver and of gold
 Were piled within—a wonder to behold! 325

XLII

And white and silver robes, all overwrought
 With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet—
 Except among the Gods there can be nought
 In the wide world to be compared with it.
 Latona's offspring, after having sought 330
 His herds in every corner, thus did greet
 Great Hermes:—'Little cradled rogue, declare
 Of my illustrious heifers, where they are!

XLIII

'Speak quickly! or a quarrel between us
 Must rise, and the event will be, that I 335
 Shall hurl you into dismal Tartarus,
 In fiery gloom to dwell eternally;
 Nor shall your father nor your mother loose
 The bars of that black dungeon—utterly
 You shall be cast out from the light of day, 340
 To rule the ghosts of men, unblessed as they.'

XLIV

To whom thus Hermes sily answered :—‘ Son
 Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
 Why come you here to ask me what is done
 With the wild oxen which it seems you miss? 345
 I have not seen them, nor from any one
 Have heard a word of the whole business;
 If you should promise an immense reward,
 I could not tell more than you now have heard.

XLV

‘An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong, 350
 And I am but a little new-born thing,
 Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong :—
 My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
 The cradle-clothes about me all day long,—
 Or half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing, 355
 And to be washed in water clean and warm,
 And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.

XLVI

‘O, let not e’er this quarrel be averred!
 The astounded Gods would laugh at you, if e’er
 You should allege a story so absurd 360
 As that a new-born infant forth could fare
 Out of his home after a savage herd.
 I was born yesterday—my small feet are
 Too tender for the roads so hard and rough :—
 And if you think that this is not enough, 365

XLVII

I swear a great oath, by my father’s head,
 That I stole not your cows, and that I know
 Of no one else, who might, or could, or did.—
 Whatever things cows are, I do not know,
 For I have only heard the name.’—This said, 370
 He winked as fast as could be, and his brow
 Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,
 Like one who hears some strange absurdity.

XLVIII

Apollo gently smiled and said :—‘ Ay, ay,—
 You cunning little rascal, you will bore 375
 Many a rich man’s house, and your array
 Of thieves will lay their siege before his door,
 Silent as night, in night; and many a day
 In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore
 That you or yours, having an appetite, 380
 Met with their cattle, comrade of the night!

XLIX

‘And this among the Gods shall be your gift,
 To be considered as the lord of those
 Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift;—
 But now if you would not your last sleep doze; 385
 Crawl out!’—Thus saying, Phoebus did uplift
 The subtle infant in his swaddling clothes,
 And in his arms, according to his wont,
 A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont.

L

And sneezed and shuddered—Phoebus on the grass 390
 Him threw, and whilst all that he had designed
 He did perform—eager although to pass,
 Apollo darted from his mighty mind
 Towards the subtle babe the following scoff:—
 ‘Do not imagine this will get you off, 395

LI

‘You little swaddled child of Jove and May!’
 And seized him:—‘By this omen I shall trace
 My noble herds, and you shall lead the way.’—
 Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,
 Like one in earnest haste to get away, 400
 Rose, and with hands lifted towards his face
 Round both his ears up from his shoulders drew
 His swaddling clothes, and—‘What mean you to do

LII

‘With me, you unkind God?’—said Mercury:
 ‘Is it about these cows you tease me so? 405
 I wish the race of cows were perished!—I
 Stole not your cows—I do not even know
 What things cows are. Alas! I well may sigh
 That, since I came into this world of woe,
 I should have ever heard the name of one— 410
 But I appeal to the Saturnian’s throne.’

LIII

Thus Phoebus and the vagrant Mercury
 Talked without coming to an explanation,
 With adverse purpose. As for Phoebus, he
 Sought not revenge, but only information, 415
 And Hermes tried with lies and roguery
 To cheat Apollo.—But when no evasion
 Served—for the cunning one his match had found—
 He paced on first over the sandy ground.

LIV

He of the Silver Bow the child of Jove 420
 Followed behind, till to their heavenly Sire
 Came both his children, beautiful as Love,
 And from his equal balance did require
 A judgement in the cause wherein they strove.
 O'er odorous Olympus and its snows 425
 A murmuring tumult as they came arose,—

LV

And from the folded depths of the great Hill,
 While Hermes and Apollo reverent stood
 Before Jove's throne, the indestructible
 Immortals rushed in mighty multitude; 430
 And whilst their seats in order due they fill,
 The lofty Thunderer in a careless mood
 To Phoebus said:—'Whence drive you this sweet prey,
 This herald-baby, born but yesterday?—

LVI

'A most important subject, trifler, this 435
 To lay before the Gods!'—'Nay, Father, nay,
 When you have understood the business,
 Say not that I alone am fond of prey.
 I found this little boy in a recess
 Under Cyllene's mountains far away— 440
 A manifest and most apparent thief,
 A scandalmonger beyond all belief.

LVII

'I never saw his like either in Heaven
 Or upon earth for knavery or craft:—
 Out of the field my cattle yester-even, 445
 By the low shore on which the loud sea laughed,
 He right down to the river-ford had driven;
 And mere astonishment would make you daft
 To see the double kind of footsteps strange
 He has impressed wherever he did range. 450

LVIII

'The cattle's track on the black dust, full well
 Is evident, as if they went towards
 The place from which they came—that asphodel
 Meadow, in which I feed my many herds,—
 His steps were most incomprehensible— 455
 I know not how I can describe in words
 Those tracks—he could have gone along the sands
 Neither upon his feet nor on his hands;—

LIX

'He must have had some other stranger mode
 Of moving on: those vestiges immense, 460
 Far as I traced them on the sandy road,
 Seemed like the trail of oak-toppings:—but thence
 No mark nor track denoting where they trod
 The hard ground gave:—but, working at his fence,
 A mortal hedger saw him as he passed 465
 To Pylos, with the cows, in fiery haste.

LX

'I found that in the dark he quietly
 Had sacrificed some cows, and before light
 Had thrown the ashes all dispersedly
 About the road—then, still as gloomy night, 470
 Had crept into his cradle, either eye
 Rubbing, and cogitating some new sleight.
 No eagle could have seen him as he lay
 Hid in his cavern from the peering day.

LXI

'I taxed him with the fact, when he averred 475
 Most solemnly that he did neither see
 Nor even had in any manner heard
 Of my lost cows, whatever things cows be;
 Nor could he tell, though offered a reward,
 Not even who could tell of them to me.' 480
 So speaking, Phoebus sate; and Hermes then
 Addressed the Supreme Lord of Gods and Men:—

LXII

'Great Father, you know clearly beforehand
 That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
 I am a most veracious person, and 485
 Totally unacquainted with untruth.
 At sunrise Phoebus came, but with no band
 Of Gods to bear him witness, in great wrath,
 To my abode, seeking his heifers there,
 And saying that I must show him where they are, 490

LXIII

'Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss.
 I know that every Apollonian limb
 Is clothed with speed and might and manliness,
 As a green bank with flowers—but unlike him
 I was born yesterday, and you may guess 495
 He well knew this when he indulged the whim
 Of bullying a poor little new-born thing
 That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

LXIV

'Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine?

Believe me, dearest Father—such you are—
This driving of the herds is none of mine;

Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine

Sun and the Gods, and I love you, and care
Even for this hard accuser—who must know
I am as innocent as they or you.

500

505

LXV

'I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals
(It is, you will allow, an oath of might)

Through which the multitude of the Immortals

Pass and repass forever, day and night,
Devising schemes for the affairs of mortals—

That I am guiltless; and I will requite,
Although mine enemy be great and strong,
His cruel threat—do thou defend the young!

510

LXVI

So speaking, the Cyllenian Argiphont

Winked, as if now his adversary was fitted:—
And Jupiter, according to his wont,

Laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted
Infant give such a plausible account,

And every word a lie. But he remitted
Judgement at present—and his exhortation
Was, to compose the affair by arbitration.

515

520

LXVII

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden

To go forth with a single purpose both,
Neither the other chiding nor yet chidden:

And Mercury with innocence and truth
To lead the way, and show where he had hidden

The mighty heifers.—Hermes, nothing loth,
Obeyed the Aegis-bearer's will—for he

Is able to persuade all easily.

525

530

LXVIII

These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord

Hastened to Pylos and the pastures wide
And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford,

Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied
With silent growth. Whilst Hermes drove the herd

Out of the stony cavern, Phoebus spied
The hides of those the little babe had slain,
Stretched on the precipice above the plain.

535

LXIX

'How was it possible,' then Phoebus said,
 'That you, a little child, born yesterday, 540
 A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed,
 Could two prodigious heifers ever flay?
 Even I myself may well hereafter dread
 Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenian May,
 When you grow strong and tall.'—He spoke, and bound 545
 Stiff withy bands the infant's wrists around.

LXX

He might as well have bound the oxen wild;
 The withy bands, though starkly interknit,
 Fell at the feet of the immortal child,
 Loosened by some device of his quick wit. 550
 Phoebus perceived himself again beguiled,
 And stared—while Hermes sought some hole or pit,
 Looking askance and winking fast as thought,
 Where he might hide himself and not be caught.

LXXI

Sudden he changed his plan, and with strange skill 555
 Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might
 Of winning music, to his mightier will;
 His left hand held the lyre, and in his right
 The plectrum struck the chords—unconquerable
 Up from beneath his hand in circling flight 560
 The gathering music rose—and sweet as Love
 The penetrating notes did live and move

LXXII

Within the heart of great Apollo—he
 Listened with all his soul, and laughed for pleasure.
 Close to his side stood harping fearlessly 565
 The unabashed boy; and to the measure
 Of the sweet lyre, there followed loud and free
 His joyous voice; for he unlocked the treasure
 Of his deep song, illustrating the birth
 Of the bright Gods, and the dark desert Earth: 570

LXXIII

And how to the Immortals every one
 A portion was assigned of all that is;
 But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son
 Clothe in the light of his loud melodies;—
 And, as each God was born or had begun, 575
 He in their order due and fit degrees
 Sung of his birth and being—and did move
 Apollo to unutterable love.

LXXIV

These words were wingèd with his swift delight :

'You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you
Deserve that fifty oxen should requite 580

Such minstrelsies as I have heard even now.

Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,

One of your secrets I would gladly know,

Whether the glorious power you now show forth 585

Was folded up within you at your birth,

LXXV

'Or whether mortal taught or God inspired

The power of unpremeditated song?

Many divinest sounds have I admired,

The Olympian Gods and mortal men among ; 590

But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,

And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,

Yet did I never hear except from thee,

Offspring of May, impostor Mercury!

LXXVI

'What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use, 595

What exercise of subtlest art, has given

Thy songs such power?—for those who hear may choose

From three, the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,

Delight, and love, and sleep,—sweet sleep, whose dews

Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even :— 600

And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo

Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow :

LXXVII

'And their delight is dance, and the blithe noise

Of song and overflowing poesy ;

And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice 605

Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly ;

But never did my inmost soul rejoice

In this dear work of youthful revelry

As now. I wonder at thee, son of Jove ;

Thy harpings and thy song are soft as love. 610

LXXVIII

'Now since thou hast, although so very small,

Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,—

And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,

Witness between us what I promise here,— 615

That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,

Honoured and mighty, with thy mother dear,

And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,

And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee.'

580 heifer-stealing] heifer-killing *Harvard MS.*

LXXIX

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech:—
 'Wisely hast thou inquired of my skill: 620
 I envy thee no thing I know to teach
 Even this day:—for both in word and will
 I would be gentle with thee; thou canst reach
 All things in thy wise spirit, and thy sill
 Is highest in Heaven among the sons of Jove, 625
 Who loves thee in the fulness of his love.

LXXX

'The Counsellor Supreme has given to thee
 Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude
 Of his profuse exhaustless treasury;
 By thee, 'tis said, the depths are understood 630
 Of his far voice; by thee the mystery
 Of all oracular fates,—and the dread mood
 Of the diviner is breathed up; even I—
 A child—perceive thy might and majesty.

LXXXI

'Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit 635
 Can find or teach;—yet since thou wilt, come take
 The lyre—be mine the glory giving it—
 Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake
 Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit
 Of tranced sound—and with fleet fingers make 640
 Thy liquid-voiced comrade talk with thee,—
 It can talk measured music eloquently.

LXXXII

'Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,
 Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,
 A joy by night or day—for those endowed 645
 With art and wisdom who interrogate
 It teaches, babbling in delightful mood
 All things which make the spirit most elate,
 Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,
 Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay. 650

LXXXIII

'To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,
 Though they should question most impetuously
 Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong—
 Some senseless and impertinent reply.
 But thou who art as wise as thou art strong 655
 Canst compass all that thou desirest. I
 Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
 Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

LXXXIV

'And let us two henceforth together feed,
 On this green mountain-slope and pastoral plain, 660
 The herds in litigation—they will breed
 Quickly enough to recompense our pain,
 If to the bulls and cows we take good heed;—
 And thou, though somewhat over fond of gain,
 Grudge me not half the profit.'—Having spoke, 665
 The shell he proffered, and Apollo took;

LXXXV

And gave him in return the glittering lash,
 Installing him as herdsman;—from the look
 Of Mercury then laughed a joyous flash.
 And then Apollo with the plectrum strook 670
 The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash
 Of mighty sounds rushed up, whose music shook
 The soul with sweetness, and like an adept
 His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

LXXXVI

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead, 675
 Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter
 Won their swift way up to the snowy head
 Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre
 Soothing their journey; and their father dread
 Gathered them both into familiar 680
 Affection sweet,—and then, and now, and ever,
 Hermes must love Him of the Golden Quiver,

LXXXVII

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,
 Which skilfully he held and played thereon.
 He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded 685
 The echo of his pipings; every one
 Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded;
 While he conceived another piece of fun,
 One of his old tricks—which the God of Day
 Perceiving, said:—'I fear thee, Son of May;—' 690

LXXXVIII

'I fear thee and thy sly chameleon spirit,
 Lest thou should steal my lyre and crookèd bow;
 This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,
 To teach all craft upon the earth below; 695
 Thieves love and worship thee—it is thy merit
 To make all mortal business ebb and flow
 By roguery:—now, Hermes, if you dare
 By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear

673 and like 1839, 1st ed.; as of ed. 1824, Harvard MS.

LXXXIX

‘That you will never rob me, you will do
 A thing extremely pleasing to my heart.’ 700
 Then Mercury swear by the Stygian dew,
 That he would never steal his bow or dart,
 Or lay his hands on what to him was due,
 Or ever would employ his powerful art
 Against his Pythian fane. Then Phoebus swore 705
 There was no God or Man whom he loved more.

XC

‘And I will give thee as a good-will token,
 The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness ;
 A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,
 Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless ; 710
 And whatsoever by Jove’s voice is spoken
 Of earthly or divine from its recess,
 It, like a loving soul, to thee will speak,
 And more than this, do thou forbear to seek.

XCI

‘For, dearest child, the divinations high 715
 Which thou requirest, ’tis unlawful ever
 That thou, or any other deity
 Should understand—and vain were the endeavour ;
 For they are hidden in Jove’s mind, and I,
 In trust of them, have sworn that I would never 720
 Betray the counsels of Jove’s inmost will
 To any God—the oath was terrible.

XCII

‘Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not
 To speak the fates by Jupiter designed ;
 But be it mine to tell their various lot 725
 To the unnumbered tribes of human-kind.
 Let good to these, and ill to those be wrought
 As I dispense—but he who comes consigned
 By voice and wings of perfect augury
 To my great shrine, shall find avail in me. 730

XCIII

‘Him will I not deceive, but will assist ;
 But he who comes relying on such birds
 As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist
 The purpose of the Gods with idle words,
 And deems their knowledge light, he shall have missed 735
 His road—whilst I among my other hoards
 His gifts deposit. Yet, O son of May,
 I have another wondrous thing to say.

713 loving] living *cj. Rossetti.*

XCIV

'There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who
 Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings, 740
 Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,
 Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings
 Its circling skirts—from these I have learned true
 Vaticinations of remotest things.
 My father cared not. Whilst they search out dooms, 745
 They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

XCV

'They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow
 Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter
 With earnest willingness the truth they know;
 But if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter 750
 All plausible delusions;—these to you
 I give;—if you inquire, they will not stutter;
 Delight your own soul with them:—any man
 You would instruct may profit if he can.

XCVI

'Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia's child— 755
 O'er many a horse and toil-enduring mule,
 O'er jagged-jawed lions, and the wild
 White-tusked boars, o'er all, by field or pool,
 Of cattle which the mighty Mother mild
 Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule— 760
 Thou dost alone the veil from death uplift—
 Thou givest not—yet this is a great gift.'

XCVII

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May
 In truth, and Jove covered their love with joy. 765
 Hermes with Gods and Men even from that day
 Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,
 And little profit, going far astray
 Through the dun night. Farewell, delightful Boy,
 Of Jove and Maia sprung,—never by me, 770
 Nor thou, nor other songs, shall unremembered be.

761 from *Harvard MS.*; of *edd.* 1824, 1839.
Harvard MS.; them with love and joy, *edd.* 1824, 1839.
 wandering *Harvard MS.*

764 their love with joy
 767 going]

HOMER'S HYMN TO CASTOR AND POLLUX

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Poetical Works*, 1839, 2nd ed.;
dated 1818.]

YE wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove,
Whom the fair-ankled Leda, mixed in love
With mighty Saturn's Heaven-obscuring Child,
On Taygetus, that lofty mountain wild,
Brought forth in joy: mild Pollux, void of blame, 5
And steed-subduing Castor, heirs of fame.
These are the Powers who earth-born mortals save
And ships, whose flight is swift along the wave.
When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea
Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly 10
Call on the Twins of Jove with prayer and vow,
Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,
And sacrifice with snow-white lambs,—the wind
And the huge billow bursting close behind,
Even then beneath the weltering waters bear 15
The staggering ship—they suddenly appear,
On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky,
And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity,
And strew the waves on the white Ocean's bed,
Fair omen of the voyage; from toil and dread 20
The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,
And plough the quiet sea in safe delight.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE MOON

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Poetical Works*, 1839, 2nd ed.;
dated 1818.]

DAUGHTERS of Jove, whose voice is melody,
Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy,
Sing the wide-wingèd Moon! Around the earth,
From her immortal head in Heaven shot forth,
Far light is scattered—boundless glory springs; 5
Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings
The lampless air glows round her golden crown.

But when the Moon divine from Heaven is gone
Under the sea, her beams within abide,
Till, bathing her bright limbs in Ocean's tide, 10
Clothing her form in garments glittering far,
And having yoked to her immortal car

Castor and Pollux—6 steed-subduing *emend.* Rossetti; steel-subduing 1839,
2nd ed.

The beam-invested steeds whose necks on high
 Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky
 A western Crescent, borne impetuously. 15
 Then is made full the circle of her light,
 And as she grows, her beams more bright and bright
 Are poured from Heaven, where she is hovering then,
 A wonder and a sign to mortal men.

The Son of Saturn with this glorious Power 20
 Mingled in love and sleep—to whom she bore
 Pandeia, a bright maid of beauty rare
 Among the Gods, whose lives eternal are.

Hail Queen, great Moon, white-armed Divinity,
 Fair-haired and favourable! thus with thee 25
 My song beginning, by its music sweet
 Shall make immortal many a glorious feat
 Of demigods, with lovely lips, so well
 Which minstrels, servants of the Muses, tell.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE SUN

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.; dated 1818.]

OFFSPRING of Jove, Calliope, once more
 To the bright Sun, thy hymn of music pour;
 Whom to the child of star-clad Heaven and Earth
 Euryphaëssa, large-eyed nymph, brought forth;
 Euryphaëssa, the famed sister fair 5
 Of great Hyperion, who to him did bear
 A race of loveliest children; the young Morn,
 Whose arms are like twin roses newly born,
 The fair-haired Moon, and the immortal Sun,
 Who borne by heavenly steeds his race doth run 10
 Unconquerably, illuming the abodes
 Of mortal Men and the eternal Gods.

Fiercely look forth his awe-inspiring eyes,
 Beneath his golden helmet, whence arise 15
 And are shot forth afar, clear beams of light;
 His countenance, with radiant glory bright,
 Beneath his graceful locks far shines around,
 And the light vest with which his limbs are bound,
 Of woof aethereal delicately twined, 20
 Glows in the stream of the uplifting wind.
 His rapid steeds soon bear him to the West;
 Where their steep flight his hands divine arrest,
 And the fleet car with yoke of gold, which he
 Sends from bright Heaven beneath the shadowy sea.

HOMER'S HYMN TO THE EARTH: MOTHER OF ALL

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.; dated 1818.]

O UNIVERSAL Mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee!
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine 5
Live, move, and there are nourished—these are thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway 10
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away!
Happy are they whom thy mild favours nourish;
All things unstinted round them grow and flourish.
For them, endures the life-sustaining field
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield 15
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
Such honoured dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously;
Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,
And their fresh daughters free from care or sadness, 20
With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
Leap round them sporting—such delights by thee
Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou Wife of starry Heaven, 25
Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody,
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

HOMER'S HYMN TO MINERVA

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *P. W.*, 1839, 2nd ed.; dated 1818.]

I SING the glorious Power with azure eyes,
Athenian Pallas! tameless, chaste, and wise,
Tritogenia, town-preserving Maid,
Revered and mighty; from his awful head
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armour dressed, 5
Golden, all radiant! wonder strange possessed
The everlasting Gods that Shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of Aegis-bearing Jove;

Fearfully Heaven was shaken, and did move 10
 Beneath the might of the Cerulean-eyed ;
 Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide ;
 And, lifted from its depths, the sea swelled high
 In purple billows, the tide suddenly
 Stood still, and great Hyperion's son long time 15
 Checked his swift steeds, till, where she stood sublime,
 Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
 The arms divine ; wise Jove rejoiced to view.
 Child of the Aegis-bearer, hail to thee,
 Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be. 20

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS

[Published by Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862 ; dated 1818.]

[Vv. 1-55, with some omissions.]

MUSE, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite,
 Who wakens with her smile the lulled delight
 Of sweet desire, taming the eternal kings
 Of Heaven, and men, and all the living things
 That fleet along the air, or whom the sea, 5
 Or earth, with her maternal ministry,
 Nourish innumerable, thy delight
 All seek O crownèd Aphrodite !
 Three spirits canst thou not deceive or quell :—
 Minerva, child of Jove, who loves too well 10
 Fierce war and mingling combat, and the fame
 Of glorious deeds, to heed thy gentle flame.
 Diana golden-shafted queen,
 Is tamed not by thy smiles ; the shadows green 15
 Of the wild woods, the bow, the . . .
 And piercing cries amid the swift pursuit
 Of beasts among waste mountains,—such delight
 Is hers, and men who know and do the right.
 Nor Saturn's first-born daughter, Vesta chaste, 20
 Whom Neptune and Apollo wooed the last,
 Such was the will of aegis-bearing Jove ;
 But sternly she refused the ills of Love,
 And by her mighty Father's head she swore
 An oath not unperformed, that evermore 25
 A virgin she would live mid deities
 Divine : her father, for such gentle ties
 Renounced, gave glorious gifts—thus in his hall
 She sits and feeds luxuriously. O'er all
 In every fane, her honours first arise 30
 From men—the eldest of Divinities.

By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee; 5
 Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,
 When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,
 No unpropitious fellow-combatant,
 And, driving through his shield my wingèd spear,
 Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now, 10
 Is it a dream of which I speak to thee?
 By Jove, it is not, for you have the trophies!
 And now I suffer more than all before.
 For when I heard that Juno had devised
 A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea 15
 With all my children quaint in search of you,
 And I myself stood on the beakèd prow
 And fixed the naked mast; and all my boys
 Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain
 Made white with foam the green and purple sea,— 20
 And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
 Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,
 And drove us to this waste Aetnean rock;
 The one-eyed children of the Ocean God,
 The man-destroying Cyclopes, inhabit, 25
 On this wild shore, their solitary caves,
 And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us
 To be his slaves; and so, for all delight
 Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
 We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks. 30
 My sons indeed, on far declivities,
 Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep,
 But I remain to fill the water-casks,
 Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
 Some impious and abominable meal 35
 To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it!
 And now I must scrape up the littered floor
 With this great iron rake, so to receive
 My absent master and his evening sheep
 In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see 40
 My children tending the flocks hitherward.
 Ha! what is this? are your Sicinnian measures
 Even now the same, as when with dance and song
 You brought young Bacchus to Althaea's halls?

Chorus of Satyrs.

STROPHE

Where has he of race divine 45
 Wandered in the winding rocks?

23 waste B.; wild 1824; 'cf. 26, where waste is cancelled for wild' (Locock).

Here the air is calm and fine
 For the father of the flocks;—
 Here the grass is soft and sweet,
 And the river-eddies meet 50
 In the trough beside the cave,
 Bright as in their fountain wave.—
 Neither here, nor on the dew
 Of the lawny uplands feeding?
 Oh, you come!—a stone at you 55
 Will I throw to mend your breeding;—
 Get along, you hornèd thing,
 Wild, seditious, rambling!

EPODE

An Iacchic melody
 To the golden Aphrodite 60
 Will I lift, as erst did I
 Seeking her and her delight
 With the Maenads, whose white feet
 To the music glance and fleet.
 Bacchus, O belovèd, where, 65
 Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
 Wanderest thou alone, afar?
 To the one-eyed Cyclops, we,
 Who by right thy servants are,
 Minister in misery, 70
 In these wretched goat-skins clad,
 Far from thy delights and thee.

Silenus. Be silent, sons; command the slaves to drive
 The gathered flocks into the rock-roofed cave.

Chorus. Go! But what needs this serious haste, O father?

Silenus. I see a Grecian vessel on the coast, 76
 And thence the rowers with some general
 Approaching to this cave.—About their necks
 Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
 And water-flasks.—Oh, miserable strangers! 80
 Whence come they, that they know not what and who
 My master is, approaching in ill hour
 The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
 And the Cyclopiàn jaw-bone, man-destroying?
 Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear 85
 Whence coming, they arrive the Aetnean hill.

Ulysses. Friends, can you show me some clear water-spring,
 The remedy of our thirst? Will any one
 Furnish with food seamen in want of it?
 Ha! what is this? We seem to be arrived 90
 At the blithe court of Bacchus. I observe

This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.
First let me greet the elder.—Hail!

Silenus. Hail thou,
O Stranger! tell thy country and thy race.

Ulysses. The Ithacan Ulysses and the king
Of Cephalonia. 95

Silenus. Oh! I know the man,
Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sisyphus.

Ulysses. I am the same, but do not rail upon me.—

Silenus. Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?

Ulysses. From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils. 100

Silenus. How, touched you not at your paternal shore?

Ulysses. The strength of tempests bore me here by force.

Silenus. The self-same accident occurred to me.

Ulysses. Were you then driven here by stress of weather?

Silenus. Following the Pirates who had kidnapped Bacchus.

Ulysses. What land is this, and who inhabit it?— 106

Silenus. Aetna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.

Ulysses. And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns?

Silenus. There are not.—These lone rocks are bare of men.

Ulysses. And who possess the land? the race of beasts?

Silenus. Cyclops, who live in caverns, not in houses. 111

Ulysses. Obeying whom? Or is the state popular?

Silenus. Shepherds: no one obeys any in aught.

Ulysses. How live they? do they sow the corn of Ceres?

Silenus. On milk and cheese, and on the flesh of sheep. 115

Ulysses. Have they the Bromian drink from the vine's
stream?

Silenus. Ah! no; they live in an ungracious land.

Ulysses. And are they just to strangers?—hospitable?

Silenus. They think the sweetest thing a stranger brings
Is his own flesh.

Ulysses. What! do they eat man's flesh? 120

Silenus. No one comes here who is not eaten up.

Ulysses. The Cyclops now—where is he? Not at home?

Silenus. Absent on Aetna, hunting with his dogs.

Ulysses. Know'st thou what thou must do to aid us hence?

Silenus. I know not: we will help you all we can. 125

Ulysses. Provide us food, of which we are in want.

Silenus. Here is not anything, as I said, but meat.

Ulysses. But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.

Silenus. Cow's milk there is, and store of curdled cheese.

Ulysses. Bring out:—I would see all before I bargain. 130

Silenus. But how much gold will you engage to give?

Ulysses. I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.

Silenus. Oh, joy!

'Tis long since these dry lips were wet with wine.

Ulysses. Maron, the son of the God, gave it me.

- Silenus.* Whom I have nursed a baby in my arms. 135
- Ulysses.* The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.
- Silenus.* Have you it now?—or is it in the ship?
- Ulysses.* Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.
- Silenus.* Why, this would hardly be a mouthful for me.
- Ulysses.* Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence. 140
- Silenus.* You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.
- Ulysses.* Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?
- Silenus.* 'Tis just—tasting invites the purchaser.
- Ulysses.* Here is the cup, together with the skin. 144
- Silenus.* Pour: that the draught may fillip my remembrance.
- Ulysses.* See!
- Silenus.* Papaiapax! what a sweet smell it has!
- Ulysses.* You see it then?—
- Silenus.* By Jove, no! but I smell it.
- Ulysses.* Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.
- Silenus.* Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance!
- Joy! joy!
- Ulysses.* Did it flow sweetly down your throat? 150
- Silenus.* So that it tingled to my very nails.
- Ulysses.* And in addition I will give you gold.
- Silenus.* Let gold alone! only unlock the cask.
- Ulysses.* Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.
- Silenus.* That will I do, despising any master. 155
- Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give
All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains.
- Chorus.* Ye have taken Troy and laid your hands on Helen?
- Ulysses.* And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.
- Silenus.* The wanton wretch! she was bewitched to see 160
The many-coloured anklets and the chain
Of woven gold which girt the neck of Paris,
And so she left that good man Menelaus.
There should be no more women in the world
But such as are reserved for me alone.— 165
See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses,
Here are unsparing cheeses of pressed milk;
Take them; depart with what good speed ye may;
First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew
Of joy-inspiring grapes.
- Ulysses.* Ah me! Alas! 170
What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!
Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?
- Silenus.* Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.
- Ulysses.* 'Twere perilous to fly into the net.
- Silenus.* The cavern has recesses numberless; 175
Hide yourselves quick.

Ulysses. That will I never do!
 The mighty Troy would be indeed disgraced
 If I should fly one man. How many times
 Have I withstood, with shield immovable,
 Ten thousand Phrygians!—if I needs must die, 180
 Yet will I die with glory;—if I live,
 The praise which I have gained will yet remain.

Silenus. What, ho! assistance, comrades, haste, assistance!

The CYCLOPS, SILENUS, ULYSSES; CHORUS.

Cyclops. What is this tumult? Bacchus is not here,
 Nor tympanies nor brazen castanets. 185
 How are my young lambs in the cavern? Milking
 Their dams or playing by their sides? And is
 The new cheese pressed into the bulrush baskets?
 Speak! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears—
 Look up, not downwards when I speak to you. 190

Silenus. See! I now gape at Jupiter himself;
 I stare upon Orion and the stars.

Cyclops. Well, is the dinner fitly cooked and laid?

Silenus. All ready, if your throat is ready too.

Cyclops. Are the bowls full of milk besides?

Silenus. O'er-brimming;
 So you may drink a tunful if you will. 196

Cyclops. Is it ewe's milk or cow's milk, or both mixed?—

Silenus. Both, either; only pray don't swallow me.

Cyclops. By no means.—

What is this crowd I see beside the stalls? 200
 Outlaws or thieves? for near my cavern-home
 I see my young lambs coupled two by two
 With willow bands; mixed with my cheeses lie
 Their implements; and this old fellow here
 Has his bald head broken with stripes.

Silenus. Ah me! 205

I have been beaten till I burn with fever.

Cyclops. By whom? Who laid his fist upon your head?

Silenus. Those men, because I would not suffer them
 To steal your goods.

Cyclops. Did not the rascals know
 I am a God, sprung from the race of Heaven? 210

Silenus. I told them so, but they bore off your things,
 And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,
 And carried out the lambs—and said, moreover,
 They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,
 And pull your vitals out through your one eye, 215
 Furrow your back with stripes, then, binding you,

216 Furrow B. ; Torture (evidently misread for Furrow) 1824.

Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,
And then deliver you, a slave, to move
Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.

Cyclops. In truth? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly
The cooking-knives, and heap upon the hearth, 221
And kindle it, a great faggot of wood.—

As soon as they are slaughtered, they shall fill
My belly, broiling warm from the live coals,
Or boiled and seethed within the bubbling caldron. 225
I am quite sick of the wild mountain game;
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.

Silenus. Nay, master, something new is very pleasant
After one thing forever, and of late 230
Very few strangers have approached our cave.

Ulysses. Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.
We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship
Into the neighbourhood of your cave, and here
This old Silenus gave us in exchange 235
These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank,
And all by mutual compact, without force.
There is no word of truth in what he says,
For slyly he was selling all your store.

Silenus. I? May you perish, wretch—

Ulysses. If I speak false!

Silenus. Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee, 241
By mighty Triton and by Nereus old,
Calypso and the glaucous Ocean Nymphs,
The sacred waves and all the race of fishes—
Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master, 245
My darling little Cyclops, that I never
Gave any of your stores to these false strangers;—
If I speak false may those whom most I love,
My children, perish wretchedly!

Chorus. There stop!

I saw him giving these things to the strangers. 250
If I speak false, then may my father perish,
But do not thou wrong hospitality.

Cyclops. You lie! I swear that he is juster far
Than Rhadamanthus—I trust more in him.
But let me ask, whence have ye sailed, O strangers? 255
Who are you? And what city nourished ye?

Ulysses. Our race is Ithacan—having destroyed
The town of Troy, the tempests of the sea
Have driven us on thy land, O Polypheme.

Cyclops. What, have ye shared in the unenvied spoil 260
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream?

Ulysses. The same, having endured a woful toil.

Cyclops. Oh, basest expedition! sailed ye not
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake?

Ulysses. 'Twas the Gods' work—no mortal was in fault. 265
But, O great Offspring of the Ocean-King,
We pray thee and admonish thee with freedom,
That thou dost spare thy friends who visit thee,
And place no impious food within thy jaws.
For in the depths of Greece we have upreared 270
Temples to thy great Father, which are all
His homes. The sacred bay of Taenarus
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess
Scooped high on the Malean promontory,
And aëry Sunium's silver-veinèd crag, 275
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept
From Phrygian contumely; and in which
You have a common care, for you inhabit 280
The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots
Of Aetna and its crags, spotted with fire.
Turn then to converse under human laws,
Receive us shipwrecked suppliants, and provide
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts; 285
Nor fixing upon oxen-piercing spits
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough;
And weapon-wingèd murder heaped together
Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless, 290
And ancient women and gray fathers wail
Their childless age;—if you should roast the rest—
And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare—
Where then would any turn? Yet be persuaded;
Forgo the lust of your jaw-bone; prefer 295
Pious humanity to wicked will:
Many have bought too dear their evil joys.

Silenus. Let me advise you, do not spare a morsel
Of all his flesh. If you should eat his tongue
You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops. 300

Cyclops. Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's God,
All other things are a pretence and boast.
What are my father's ocean promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt, 305
I know not that his strength is more than mine.
As to the rest I care not.—When he pours
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast, 310

And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
 Emulating the thunder of high Heaven.
 And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
 I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
 Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on. 315
 The earth, by force, whether it will or no,
 Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
 Which, to what other God but to myself
 And this great belly, first of deities,
 Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know 320
 The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
 To eat and drink during his little day,
 And give himself no care. And as for those
 Who complicate with laws the life of man,
 I freely give them tears for their reward. 325
 I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
 Or hesitate in dining upon you:—
 And that I may be quit of all demands,
 These are my hospitable gifts;—fierce fire
 And yon ancestral caldron, which o'er-bubbling 330
 Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
 Creep in!—

Ulysses. Ai! ai! I have escaped the Trojan toils,
 I have escaped the sea, and now I fall
 Under the cruel grasp of one impious man. 335
 O Pallas, Mistress, Goddess, sprung from Jove,
 Now, now, assist me! Mightier toils than Troy
 Are these;—I totter on the chasms of peril;—
 And thou who inhabitest the thrones
 Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove, 340
 Upon this outrage of thy deity,
 Otherwise be considered as no God!

Chorus (alone).

For your gaping gulf and your gullet wide,
 The ravin is ready on every side,
 The limbs of the strangers are cooked and done; 345
 There is boiled meat, and roast meat, and meat from the coal,
 You may chop it, and tear it, and gnash it for fun,
 An hairy goat's-skin contains the whole.
 Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
 The stream of your wrath to a safer shore. 350
 The Cyclops Aetnean is cruel and bold,
 He murders the strangers
 That sit on his hearth,
 And dreads no avengers
 To rise from the earth. 355

344 ravin *Rossetti*; *spelt ravine* in *B.*, *edd.* 1824, 1839.

He roasts the men before they are cold,
 He snatches them broiling from the coal,
 And from the caldron pulls them whole,
 And minces their flesh and gnaws their bone
 With his cursèd teeth, till all be gone.

360

Farewell, foul pavilion :

Farewell, rites of dread !

The Cyclops vermilion,

With slaughter uncloying,

Now feasts on the dead,

365

In the flesh of strangers joying !

Ulysses. O Jupiter ! I saw within the cave
 Horrible things ; deeds to be feigned in words,
 But not to be believed as being done.

Chorus. What ! sawest thou the impious Polypheme
 Feasting upon your loved companions now ?

370

Ulysses. Selecting two, the plumpest of the crowd,
 He grasped them in his hands.—

Chorus.

Unhappy man !

Ulysses. Soon as we came into this craggy place,
 Kindling a fire, he cast on the broad hearth

375

The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,

Three waggon-loads at least, and then he strewed
 Upon the ground, beside the red firelight,

His couch of pine-leaves ; and he milked the cows,

And pouring forth the white milk, filled a bowl

380

Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much

As would contain ten amphoræ, and bound it

With ivy wreaths ; then placed upon the fire

A brazen pot to boil, and made red hot

The points of spits, not sharpened with the sickle,

385

But with a fruit tree bough, and with the jaws

Of axes for Aetnean slaughterings¹.

And when this God-abandoned Cook of Hell

Had made all ready, he seized two of us

And killed them in a kind of measured manner ;

390

For he flung one against the brazen rivets

Of the huge caldron, and seized the other

By the foot's tendon, and knocked out his brains

Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone :

Then peeled his flesh with a great cooking-knife

395

And put him down to roast. The other's limbs

He chopped into the caldron to be boiled.

369 not to be believed *B.* ; not believed 1824.
 four 1824 ; four cancelled for ten (possibly) *B.*

382 ten *cj.* Swinburne ;

¹ I confess I do not understand this.—[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

And I, with the tears raining from my eyes,
 Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him;
 The rest, in the recesses of the cave,
 Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear. 400
 When he was filled with my companions' flesh,
 He threw himself upon the ground and sent
 A loathsome exhalation from his maw.
 Then a divine thought came to me. I filled
 The cup of Maron, and I offered him 405
 To taste, and said:—'Child of the Ocean God,
 Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,
 The exultation and the joy of Bacchus.'
 He, satiated with his unnatural food,
 Received it, and at one draught drank it off, 410
 And taking my hand, praised me:—'Thou hast given
 A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest.'
 And I, perceiving that it pleased him, filled
 Another cup, well knowing that the wine 415
 Would wound him soon and take a sure revenge.
 And the charm fascinated him, and I
 Plied him cup after cup, until the drink
 Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud
 In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen 420
 A hideous discord—and the cavern rung.
 I have stolen out, so that if you will
 You may achieve my safety and your own.
 But say, do you desire, or not, to fly
 This uncompanionable man, and dwell 425
 As was your wont among the Grecian Nymphs
 Within the fanes of your beloved God?
 Your father there within agrees to it,
 But he is weak and overcome with wine,
 And caught as if with bird-lime by the cup, 430
 He claps his wings and crows in dotting joy.
 You who are young escape with me, and find
 Bacchus your ancient friend; unsuited he
 To this rude Cyclops.

Chorus. Oh my dearest friend,
 That I could see that day, and leave for ever 435
 The impious Cyclops.

Ulysses. Listen then what a punishment I have
 For this fell monster, how secure a flight
 From your hard servitude.

Chorus. O sweeter far
 Than is the music of an Asian lyre 440
 Would be the news of Polypheme destroyed.

416 take] grant (as alternative) B.

Ulysses. Delighted with the Bacchic drink he goes
To call his brother Cyclops—who inhabit
A village upon Aetna not far off.

Chorus. I understand, catching him when alone 445
You think by some measure to dispatch him,
Or thrust him from the precipice.

Ulysses. Oh no ;
Nothing of that kind ; my device is subtle.

Chorus. How then ? I heard of old that thou wert wise.

Ulysses. I will dissuade him from this plan, by saying 450
It were unwise to give the Cyclopes
This precious drink, which if enjoyed alone
Would make life sweeter for a longer time.
When, vanquished by the Bacchic power, he sleeps,
There is a trunk of olive wood within, 455
Whose point having made sharp with this good sword
I will conceal in fire, and when I see
It is alight, will fix it, burning yet,
Within the socket of the Cyclops' eye
And melt it out with fire—as when a man 460
Turns by its handle a great auger round,
Fitting the framework of a ship with beams,
So will I, in the Cyclops' fiery eye
Turn round the brand and dry the pupil up.

Chorus. Joy ! I am mad with joy at your device. 465

Ulysses. And then with you, my friends, and the old man,
We'll load the hollow depth of our black ship,
And row with double strokes from this dread shore.

Chorus. May I, as in libations to a God, 470
Share in the blinding him with the red brand ?
I would have some communion in his death.

Ulysses. Doubtless : the brand is a great brand to hold.

Chorus. Oh ! I would lift an hundred waggon-loads,
If like a wasp's nest I could scoop the eye out
Of the detested Cyclops.

Ulysses. Silence now ! 475
Ye know the close device—and when I call,
Look ye obey the masters of the craft.
I will not save myself and leave behind
My comrades in the cave : I might escape, 480
Having got clear from that obscure recess,
But 'twere unjust to leave in jeopardy
The dear companions who sailed here with me.

Chorus.

Come ! who is first, that with his hand
Will urge down the burning brand

Through the lids, and quench and pierce
The Cyclops' eye so fiery fierce? 485

Semichorus I. (Song within.)

Listen! listen! he is coming,
A most hideous discord humming.
Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling,
Far along his rocky dwelling; 490
Let us with some comic spell
Teach the yet unteachable.
By all means he must be blinded,
If my counsel be but minded.

Semichorus II.

Happy thou made odorous 495
With the dew which sweet grapes weep,
To the village hastening thus,
Seek the vines that soothe to sleep;
Having first embraced thy friend,
Thou in luxury without end, 500
With the strings of yellow hair,
Of thy voluptuous leman fair,
Shalt sit playing on a bed!—
Speak! what door is openèd?

Cyclops.

Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine, 505
Heavy with the joy divine,
With the young feast oversated;
Like a merchant's vessel freighted
To the water's edge, my crop
Is laden to the gullet's top. 510
The fresh meadow grass of spring
Tempt me forth thus wandering
To my brothers on the mountains,
Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains.
Bring the cask, O stranger, bring! 515

Chorus.

One with eyes the fairest
Cometh from his dwelling;
Some one loves thee, rarest,
Bright beyond my telling. 520
In thy grace thou shinest
Like some nymph divinest
In her caverns dewy:—

495 thou *cj.* Swinburne, Rossetti; those 1824; 'the word is doubtful in B.'
(Locock). 500 Thou B.; There 1824. 508 merchant's 1824;
merchant B.

All delights pursue thee,
 Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
 Shall thy head be wreathing.

525

Ulysses. Listen, O Cyclops, for I am well skilled
 In Bacchus, whom I gave thee of to drink.

Cyclops. What sort of God is Bacchus then accounted?

Ulysses. The greatest among men for joy of life.

Cyclops. I gulped him down with very great delight. 530

Ulysses. This is a God who never injures men.

Cyclops. How does the God like living in a skin?

Ulysses. He is content wherever he is put.

Cyclops. Gods should not have their body in a skin.

Ulysses. If he gives joy, what is his skin to you? 535

Cyclops. I hate the skin, but love the wine within.

Ulysses. Stay here now: drink, and make your spirit glad.

Cyclops. Should I not share this liquor with my brothers?

Ulysses. Keep it yourself, and be more honoured so.

Cyclops. I were more useful, giving to my friends. 540

Ulysses. But village mirth breeds contests, broils, and blows.

Cyclops. When I am drunk none shall lay hands on me.—

Ulysses. A drunken man is better within doors.

Cyclops. He is a fool, who drinking, loves not mirth.

Ulysses. But he is wise, who drunk, remains at home. 545

Cyclops. What shall I do, Silenus? Shall I stay?

Silenus. Stay—for what need have you of pot companions?

Cyclops. Indeed this place is closely carpeted
 With flowers and grass.

Silenus. And in the sun-warm noon
 'Tis sweet to drink. Lie down beside me now, 550
 Placing your mighty sides upon the ground.

Cyclops. What do you put the cup behind me for?

Silenus. That no one here may touch it.

Cyclops. Thievish one!
 You want to drink;—here place it in the midst.
 And thou, O stranger, tell how art thou called? 555

Ulysses. My name is Nobody. What favour now
 Shall I receive to praise you at your hands?

Cyclops. I'll feast on you the last of your companions.

Ulysses. You grant your guest a fair reward, O Cyclops.

Cyclops. Ha! what is this? Stealing the wine, you rogue! 561

Silenus. It was this stranger kissing me because
 I looked so beautiful.

Cyclops. You shall repent
 For kissing the coy wine that loves you not.

Silenus. By Jupiter! you said that I am fair. 565

Cyclops. Pour out, and only give me the cup full.

537 Stay here now. drink B. ; stay here, now drink 1824.

Silenus. How is it mixed? let me observe.

Cyclops. Curse you!
Give it me so.

Silenus. Not till I see you wear
That coronal, and taste the cup to you.

Cyclops. Thou wily traitor!

Silenus. But the wine is sweet.
Ay, you will roar if you are caught in drinking.

Cyclops. See now, my lip is clean and all my beard. 570

Silenus. Now put your elbow right and drink again.
As you see me drink— . . .

Cyclops. How now?

Silenus. Ye Gods, what a delicious gulp!

Cyclops. Guest, take it;—you pour out the wine for me. 575

Ulysses. The wine is well accustomed to my hand.

Cyclops. Pour out the wine!

Ulysses. I pour; only be silent.

Cyclops. Silence is a hard task to him who drinks.

Ulysses. Take it and drink it off; leave not a dreg.

Oh, that the drinker died with his own draught! 580

Cyclops. Papai! the vine must be a sapient plant.

Ulysses. If you drink much after a mighty feast,
Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well;
If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.

Cyclops. Ho! ho! I can scarce rise. What pure delight!
The heavens and earth appear to whirl about 586

Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove
And the clear congregation of the Gods.

Now if the Graces tempted me to kiss
I would not—for the loveliest of them all 590

I would not leave this Ganymede.

Silenus. Polypheme,

I am the Ganymede of Jupiter.

Cyclops. By Jove, you are; I bore you off from Dardanus.

ULYSSES and the CHORUS.

Ulysses. Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race,
This man within is folded up in sleep, 595
And soon will vomit flesh from his fell maw;

The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke,
No preparation needs, but to burn out
The monster's eye;—but bear yourselves like men.

Chorus. We will have courage like the adamant rock, 600
All things are ready for you here; go in,
Before our father shall perceive the noise.

Ulysses. Vulcan, Aetnean king! burn out with fire
The shining eye of this thy neighbouring monster!

And thou, O Sleep, nursling of gloomy Night, 605
 Descend unmixed on this God-hated beast,
 And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,
 Returning from their famous Trojan toils,
 To perish by this man, who cares not either
 For God or mortal; or I needs must think 610
 That Chance is a supreme divinity,
 And things divine are subject to her power.

Chorus.

Soon a crab the throat will seize
 Of him who feeds upon his guest,
 Fire will burn his lamp-like eyes 615
 In revenge of such a feast!
 A great oak stump now is lying
 In the ashes yet undying.
 Come, Maron, come!
 Raging let him fix the doom, 620
 Let him tear the eyelid up
 Of the Cyclops—that his cup
 May be evil!
 Oh! I long to dance and revel
 With sweet Bromian, long desired, 625
 In loved ivy wreaths attired;
 Leaving this abandoned home—
 Will the moment ever come?

Ulysses. Be silent, ye wild things! Nay, hold your peace,
 And keep your lips quite close; dare not to breathe, 630
 Or spit, or e'en wink, lest ye wake the monster,
 Until his eye be tortured out with fire.

Chorus. Nay, we are silent, and we chaw the air.

Ulysses. Come now, and lend a hand to the great stake
 Within—it is delightfully red hot. 635

Chorus. You then command who first should seize the stake
 To burn the Cyclops' eye, that all may share
 In the great enterprise.

Semichorus I. We are too far;
 We cannot at this distance from the door
 Thrust fire into his eye. 640

Semichorus II. And we just now
 Have become lame! cannot move hand or foot.

Chorus. The same thing has occurred to us,—our ankles
 Are sprained with standing here, I know not how.

Ulysses. What, sprained with standing still?

Chorus. And there is dust 645
 Or ashes in our eyes, I know not whence.

Ulysses. Cowardly dogs! ye will not aid me then?

Chorus. With pitying my own back and my back-bone,
And with not wishing all my teeth knocked out,
This cowardice comes of itself—but stay,
I know a famous Orphic incantation 650
To make the brand stick of its own accord
Into the skull of this one-eyed son of Earth.

Ulysses. Of old I knew ye thus by nature; now
I know ye better.—I will use the aid
Of my own comrades. Yet though weak of hand 655
Speak cheerfully, that so ye may awaken
The courage of my friends with your blithe words.

Chorus. This I will do with peril of my life,
And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.
Hasten and thrust, 660
And parch up to dust,
The eye of the beast
Who feeds on his guest.
Burn and blind
The Aetnean hind! 665
Scoop and draw,
But beware lest he claw
Your limbs near his maw.

Cyclops. Ah me! my eyesight is parched up to cinders.

Chorus. What a sweet paean! sing me that again! 670

Cyclops. Ah me! indeed, what woe has fallen upon me!
But, wretched nothings, think ye not to flee
Out of this rock; I, standing at the outlet,
Will bar the way and catch you as you pass.

Chorus. What are you roaring out, Cyclops?

Cyclops. I perish! 675

Chorus. For you are wicked.

Cyclops. And besides miserable.

Chorus. What, did you fall into the fire when drunk?

Cyclops. 'Twas Nobody destroyed me.

Chorus. Why then no one
Can be to blame.

Cyclops. I say 'twas Nobody
Who blinded me.

Chorus. Why then you are not blind. 680

Cyclops. I wish you were as blind as I am.

Chorus. Nay,
It cannot be that no one made you blind.

Cyclops. You jeer me; where, I ask, is Nobody?

Chorus. Nowhere, O Cyclops.

Cyclops. It was that stranger ruined me:—the wretch 685
First gave me wine and then burned out my eye,
For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.

Have they escaped, or are they yet within?

Chorus. They stand under the darkness of the rock
And cling to it.

Cyclops. At my right hand or left? 690

Chorus. Close on your right.

Cyclops. Where?

Chorus. Near the rock itself.

You have them.

Cyclops. Oh, misfortune on misfortune!
I've cracked my skull.

Chorus. Now they escape you—there.

Cyclops. Not there, although you say so.

Chorus. Not on that side.

Cyclops. Where then?

Chorus. They creep about you on your left. 695

Cyclops. Ah! I am mocked! They jeer me in my ills.

Chorus. Not there! he is a little there beyond you.

Cyclops. Detested wretch! where are you?

Ulysses. Far from you

I keep with care this body of Ulysses.

Cyclops. What do you say? You proffer a new name. 700

Ulysses. My father named me so; and I have taken
A full revenge for your unnatural feast;

I should have done ill to have burned down Troy
And not revenged the murder of my comrades.

Cyclops. Ai! ai! the ancient oracle is accomplished; 705
It said that I should have my eyesight blinded

By your coming from Troy, yet it foretold

That you should pay the penalty for this

By wandering long over the homeless sea.

Ulysses. I bid thee weep—consider what I say; 710

I go towards the shore to drive my ship

To mine own land, o'er the Sicilian wave.

Cyclops. Not so, if, whelming you with this huge stone,
I can crush you and all your men together;

I will descend upon the shore, though blind, 715

Groping my way adown the steep ravine.

Chorus. And we, the shipmates of Ulysses now,
Will serve our Bacchus all our happy lives.

EPIGRAMS

[These four *Epigrams* were published—nos. II and IV without title
—by Mrs. Shelley, *Poetical Works*, 1839, 1st ed.]

I.—TO STELLA

FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO

THOU wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

II.—KISSING HELENA

FROM THE GREEK OF PLATO

KISSING Helena, together
With my kiss, my soul beside it
Came to my lips, and there I kept it,—
For the poor thing had wandered thither,
To follow where the kiss should guide it, 5
Oh, cruel I, to intercept it!

III.—SPIRIT OF PLATO

FROM THE GREEK

EAGLE! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and star-ypaven home
Floatest thou?—
I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,
Ascending heaven; Athens doth inherit 5
His corpse below.

IV.—CIRCUMSTANCE

FROM THE GREEK

A MAN who was about to hang himself,
Finding a purse, then threw away his rope;
The owner, coming to reclaim his pelf,
The halter found, and used it. So is Hope
Changed for Despair—one laid upon the shelf, 5
We take the other. Under Heaven's high cope
Fortune is God—all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.

Spirit of Plato—5 doth *Boscombe MS.*; does *ed.* 1839.

FRAGMENT OF THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH
OF ADONIS

FROM THE GREEK OF BION

[Published by Forman, *P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1876.]

I MOURN Adonis dead—loveliest Adonis—
Dead, dead Adonis—and the Loves lament.
Sleep no more, Venus, wrapped in purple woof—
Wake, violet-stolèd queen, and weave the crown
Of Death,—’tis Misery calls,—for he is dead. 5

The lovely one lies wounded in the mountains,
His white thigh struck with the white tooth; he scarce
Yet breathes; and Venus hangs in agony there.
The dark blood wanders o’er his snowy limbs,
His eyes beneath their lids are lustreless, 10
The rose has fled from his wan lips, and there
That kiss is dead, which Venus gathers yet.

A deep, deep wound Adonis . . .
A deeper Venus bears upon her heart.
See, his belovèd dogs are gathering round— 15
The Oread nymphs are weeping—Aphrodite
With hair unbound is wandering through the woods,
’Wildered, ungirt, unsandalled—the thorns pierce
Her hastening feet and drink her sacred blood.
Bitterly screaming out, she is driven on 20
Through the long vales; and her Assyrian boy,
Her love, her husband, calls—the purple blood
From his struck thigh stains her white navel now,
Her bosom, and her neck before like snow.

Alas for Cytherea—the Loves mourn— 25
The lovely, the beloved is gone!—and now
Her sacred beauty vanishes away.
For Venus whilst Adonis lived was fair—
Alas! her loveliness is dead with him.
The oaks and mountains cry, Ai! ai! Adonis! 30
The springs their waters change to tears and weep—
The flowers are withered up with grief . . .

Ai! ai!	Adonis is dead	
Echo resounds	Adonis dead.	
Who will weep not thy dreadful woe, O Venus?		35
Soon as she saw and knew the mortal wound		
Of her Adonis—saw the life-blood flow		
From his fair thigh, now wasting,—wailing loud		

23 his *Rossetti, Dowden, Woodberry*; her *Boscombe MS., Forman.*

Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

PAN, ECHO, AND THE SATYR

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS

[Published (without title) by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.
There is a draft amongst the Hunt MSS.]

PAN loved his neighbour Echo—but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild
The bright nymph Lyda,—and so three went weeping.
As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr, 5
The Satyr, Lyda; and so love consumed them.—
And thus to each—which was a woful matter—
To bear what they inflicted Justice doomed them;
For, inasmuch as each might hate the lover,
Each, loving, so was hated.—Ye that love not 10
Be warned—in thought turn this example over,
That when ye love, the like return ye prove not.

FROM VERGIL'S TENTH ECLOGUE

[Vv. 1-26]

[Published by Rossetti, *Complete P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1870, from the Boscombe MSS. now in the Bodleian. Mr. Locock (*Examination, &c.*, 1903, pp. 47-50), as the result of his collation of the same MSS., gives a revised and expanded version which we print below.]

MELODIOUS Arethusa, o'er my verse
Shed thou once more the spirit of thy stream:
Who denies verse to Gallus? So, when thou
Glidest beneath the green and purple gleam 5
Of Syracusan waters, mayst thou flow
Unmingled with the bitter Doric dew!
Begin, and, whilst the goats are browsing now
The soft leaves, in our way let us pursue
The melancholy loves of Gallus. List!
We sing not to the dead: the wild woods knew 10
His sufferings, and their echoes . . .
Young Naiads, . . . in what far woodlands wild

Pan, Echo, &c.—6 so *Hunt MS.*; thus 1824. 11 So 1824; This lesson
timely in your thoughts turn over, The moral of this song in thought turn
over (as alternatives) *Hunt MS.*

Wandered ye when unworthy love possessed
 Your Gallus? Not where Pindus is up-piled,
 Nor where Parnassus' sacred mount, nor where
 Aonian Aganippe expands . . . 15

The laurels and the myrtle-copses dim.
 The pine-encircled mountain, Maenalus,
 The cold crags of Lycaeus, weep for him;
 And Sylvan, crowned with rustic coronals, 20
 Came shaking in his speed the budding wands
 And heavy lilies which he bore: we knew
 Pan the Arcadian.

'What madness is this, Gallus? Thy heart's care
 With willing steps pursues another there.' 25

THE SAME

(As revised by Mr. C. D. Locock.)

MELODIOUS Arethusa, o'er my verse
 Shed thou once more the spirit of thy stream:
 (Two lines missing)

Who denies verse to Gallus? So, when thou
 Glidest beneath the green and purple gleam
 Of Syracusan waters, mayest thou flow 5
 Unmingled with the bitter Dorian dew!

Begin, and whilst the goats are browsing now
 The soft leaves, in our song let us pursue
 The melancholy loves of Gallus. List!
 We sing not to the deaf: the wild woods knew 10

His sufferings, and their echoes answer . . .
 Young Naiades, in what far woodlands wild
 Wandered ye, when unworthy love possessed
 Our Gallus? Nor where Pindus is up-piled
 Nor where Parnassus' sacred mount, nor where 15
 Aonian Aganippe spreads its
 (Three lines missing)

The laurels and the myrtle-copses dim,
 The pine-encircled mountain, Maenalus,
 The cold crags of Lycaeus weep for him.
 (Several lines missing)

'What madness is this, Gallus? thy heart's care, 20
 Lycoris, mid rude camps and Alpine snow,
 With willing step pursues another there.'
 (Some lines missing)

And Sylvan, crowned with rustic coronals,
 Came shaking in his speed the budding wands

And heavy lilies which he bore: we knew 25
 Pan the Arcadian with
 . . . and said,
 'Wilt thou not ever cease? Love cares not.
 The meadows with fresh streams, the bees with thyme,
 The goats with the green leaves of budding spring 30
 Are saturated not—nor Love with tears.'

FROM VERGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC

[Vv. 360 et seq.]

[Published by Locock, *Examination*, etc., 1903.]

AND the cloven waters like a chasm of mountains
 Stood, and received him in its mighty portal
 And led him through the deep's untrampled fountains
 He went in wonder through the path immortal
 Of his great Mother and her humid reign 5
 And groves profaned not by the step of mortal
 Which sounded as he passed, and lakes which rain
 Replenished not girt round by marble caves
 'Wildered by the watery motion of the main
 Half 'wildered he beheld the bursting waves 10
 Of every stream beneath the mighty earth
 Phasis and Lycus which the sand paves,
 [And] The chasm where old Enipeus has its birth
 And father Tyber and Anienas[?] glow
 And whence Caicus, Mysian stream, comes forth 15
 And rock-resounding Hypanis, and thou
 Eridanus who bearest like empire's sign
 Two golden horns upon thy taurine brow
 Thou than whom none of the streams divine
 Through garden-fields and meads with fiercer power, 20
 Burst in their tumult on the purple brine

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE

[Published with *Alastor*, 1816; reprinted, *P. P.*, 1824.]

Dante Alighieri to Guido Cavalcanti

GUIDO, I would that Lapo, thou, and I,
 Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
 A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly
 With winds at will where'er our thoughts might wend,

So that no change, nor any evil chance
 Should mar our joyous voyage; but it might be, 5
 That even satiety should still enhance
 Between our hearts their strict community:
 And that the bounteous wizard then would place
 Vanna and Bice and my gentle love, 10
 Companions of our wandering, and would grace
 With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
 Our time, and each were as content and free
 As I believe that thou and I should be.

THE FIRST CANZONE OF THE CONVITO

• FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE

[Published by Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862; dated 1820.]

I

YE who intelligent the Third Heaven move,
 Hear the discourse which is within my heart,
 Which cannot be declared, it seems so new.
 The Heaven whose course follows your power and art,
 Oh, gentle creatures that ye are! me drew, 5
 And therefore may I dare to speak to you,
 Even of the life which now I live—and yet
 I pray that ye will hear me when I cry,
 And tell of mine own heart this novelty;
 How the lamenting Spirit moans in it, 10
 And how a voice there murmurs against her
 Who came on the refulgence of your sphere.

II

A sweet Thought, which was once the life within
 This heavy heart, many a time and oft
 Went up before our Father's feet, and there 15
 It saw a glorious Lady throned aloft;
 And its sweet talk of her my soul did win,
 So that I said, 'Thither I too will fare.'
 That Thought is fled, and one doth now appear
 Which tyrannizes me with such fierce stress, 20
 That my heart trembles—ye may see it leap—
 And on another Lady bids me keep
 Mine eyes, and says—Who would have blessedness
 Let him but look upon that Lady's eyes,
 Let him not fear the agony of sighs. 25

III

This lowly Thought, which once would talk with me
 Of a bright seraph sitting crowned on high,

Sonnet—5 So 1824; And 1816.

Found such a cruel foe it died, and so
 My Spirit wept, the grief is hot even now—
 And said, Alas for me! how swift could flee 30
 That piteous Thought which did my life console!
 And the afflicted one questioning
 Mine eyes, if such a Lady saw they never,
 And why they would . . .
 I said: 'Beneath those eyes might stand for ever 35
 He whom regards must kill with . . .
 To have known their power stood me in little stead,
 Those eyes have looked on me, and I am dead.'

IV

'Thou art not dead, but thou hast wanderèd,
 Thou Soul of ours, who thyself dost fret,' 40
 A Spirit of gentle Love beside me said;
 For that fair Lady, whom thou dost regret,
 Hath so transformed the life which thou hast led,
 Thou scornest it, so worthless art thou made.
 And see how meek, how pitiful, how staid, 45
 Yet courteous, in her majesty she is.
 And still call thou her Woman in thy thought;
 Her whom, if thou thyself deceivest not,
 Thou wilt behold decked with such loveliness,
 That thou wilt cry [Love] only Lord, lo! here 50
 Thy handmaiden, do what thou wilt with her.

V¹

My song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
 Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning
 Of such hard matter dost thou entertain.
 Whence, if by misadventure chance should bring 55
 Thee to base company, as chance may do,
 Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,
 I prithee comfort thy sweet self again,
 My last delight; tell them that they are dull,
 And bid them own that thou art beautiful. 60

MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS

FROM THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE, CANTO XXVIII, ll. 1-51

[Published in part (ll. 1-8, 22-51) by Medwin, *The Angler in Wales*, 1834, *Life of Shelley*, 1847; reprinted in full by Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.]

AND earnest to explore within—around—
 The divine wood, whose thick green living woof
 Tempered the young day to the sight—I wound

² The 1862; That 1834.

¹ Published with *Epipsychidion*, 1821.—ED.

Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
 With slow, soft steps leaving the mountain's steep, 5
 And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof

Against the air, that in that stillness deep
 And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare,
 The slow, soft stroke of a continuous . . .

In which the leaves tremblingly were 10
 All bent towards that part where earliest
 The sacred hill obscures the morning air.

Yet were they not so shaken from the rest,
 But that the birds, perched on the utmost spray,
 Incessantly renewing their blithe quest, 15

With perfect joy received the early day,
 Singing within the glancing leaves, whose sound
 Kept a low burden to their roundelay,

Such as from bough to bough gathers around
 The pine forest on bleak Chiassi's shore, 20
 When Aeolus Sirocco has unbound.

My slow steps had already borne me o'er
 Such space within the antique wood, that I
 Perceived not where I entered any more,—

When, lo! a stream whose little waves went by, 25
 Bending towards the left through grass that grew
 Upon its bank, impeded suddenly

My going on. Water of purest hue
 On earth, would appear turbid and impure
 Compared with this, whose unconcealing dew, 30

4, 5 *So 1862;*

Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof,
 With slow, slow steps— 1834.

6 inmost 1862; leafy 1834.

9 *So 1862;* The slow, soft stroke of a

continuous sleep *cj. Rossetti, 1870.*

13 the 1862; their *cj. Rossetti, 1870.*

9-28 *So 1862;*

Like the sweet breathing of a child asleep:
 Already I had lost myself so far
 Amid that tangled wilderness that I
 Perceived not where I ventured, but no fear
 Of wandering from my way disturbed, when nigh
 A little stream appeared; the grass that grew
 Thick on its banks impeded suddenly
 My going on. 1834.

26 through] the *cj. Rossetti.*
 1862; hue 1834.

28 hue 1862; dew 1834.

30 dew

Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
 Eternal shades, whose interwoven looms
 The rays of moon or sunlight ne'er endure.
 I moved not with my feet, but mid the glooms
 Pierced with my charmèd eye, contemplating 35
 The mighty multitude of fresh May blooms
 Which starred that night, when, even as a thing
 That suddenly, for blank astonishment,
 Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing,—
 A solitary woman! and she went 40
 Singing and gathering flower after flower,
 With which her way was painted and besprent.
 'Bright lady, who, if looks had ever power
 To bear true witness of the heart within,
 Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower 45
 Towards this bank. I prithee let me win
 This much of thee, to come, that I may hear
 Thy song: like Proserpine, in Enna's glen,
 Thou seemest to my fancy, singing here
 And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when 50
 She lost the Spring, and Ceres her, more dear.'

FRAGMENT

ADAPTED FROM THE VITA NUOVA OF DANTE

[Published by Forman, *P. W. of P. B. S.*, 1876.]

WHAT Mary is when she a little smiles
 I cannot even tell or call to mind,
 It is a miracle so new, so rare.

UGOLINO ¹

INFERNO xxxiii. 22-75

[Translated by Medwin and corrected by Shelley.]

Now had the loophole of that dungeon, still
 Which bears the name of Famine's Tower from me,
 And where 'tis fit that many another will

32 Eternal shades 1862; Of the close boughs 1834. 33 *So* 1862; No
 ray of moon or sunshine would endure 1834. 34, 35 *So* 1862;

My feet were motionless, but mid the glooms
 Darted my charmèd eyes— 1834.

37 Which 1834; That 1862. 39 *So* 1834; Dissolves all other thought...
 1862. 40 *So* 1862; Appeared a solitary maid—she went 1834. 46
 Towards 1862; Unto 1834. 47 thee, to come 1862; thee O come 1834.

¹ Published by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*, 1847, with Shelley's corrections
 in italics.—Ed.

Be doomed to linger in captivity,
 Shown through its narrow opening in my cell
Moon after moon slow waning, when a sleep, 5
That of the future burst the veil, in dream
Visited me. It was a slumber deep
And evil; for I saw, or I did seem
 To see, *that* tyrant Lord his revels keep, 10
 The leader of the cruel hunt to them,
 Chasing the wolf and wolf-cubs up the steep
 Ascent, that from *the Pisan is the screen*
 Of *Lucca*; with him Gualandi came,
 Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, *bloodhounds lean,* 15
Trained to the sport and eager for the game
Wide ranging in his front; but soon were seen
 Though by so short a course, with *spirits tame,*
 The father and *his whelps* to flag at once,
 And then the sharp fangs gored their bosoms deep. 20
 Ere morn I roused myself, and heard my sons,
 For they were with me, moaning in their sleep,
 And begging bread. Ah, for those darling ones!
 Right cruel art thou, if thou dost not weep
 In thinking of my soul's sad augury; 25
 And if thou weapest not now, weep never more!
 They were already waked, as wont drew nigh
 The allotted hour for food, and in that hour
 Each drew a presage from his dream. When I
Heard locked beneath me of that horrible tower 30
The outlet; then into their eyes alone
I looked to read myself, without a sign
 Or word. I wept not—turned within to stone.
 They wept aloud, and little Anselm mine,
 Said—'twas my youngest, dearest little one,— 35
 'What ails thee, father? Why look so at thine?'
 In all that day, and all the following night,
 I wept not, nor replied; but when to shine
 Upon the world, not us, came forth the light
 Of the new sun, and thwart my prison thrown 40
 Gleamed through its narrow chink, a doleful sight,
Three faces, each the reflex of my own,
Were imaged by its faint and ghastly ray;
 Then I, of either hand unto the bone,
 Gnawed, in my agony; and thinking they 45

'Twas done from sudden pangs, in their excess,
All of a sudden raise themselves, and say,
'Father! our woes, so great, were yet the less

Would you but eat of us,—'twas *you who clad*
Our bodies in these weeds of wretchedness;
Despoil them.' Not to make their hearts more sad,

50

I *hushed* myself. That day is at its close,—
Another—still we were all mute. Oh, had
The obdurate earth opened to end our woes!

The fourth day dawned, and when the new sun shone, 55
Outstretched himself before me as it rose
My Gaddo, saying, 'Help, father! hast thou none

For thine own child—is there no help from thee?'
He died—there at my feet—and one by one,
I saw them fall, plainly as you see me.

60

Between the fifth and sixth day, ere 'twas dawn,
I found *myself blind-groping o'er the three.*
Three days I called them after they were gone.

Famine of grief can get the mastery.

SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CAVALCANTI

GUIDO CAVALCANTI TO DANTE ALIGHIERI

[Published by Forman (who assigns it to 1815), *P. W. of*
P. B. S., 1876.]

RETURNING from its daily quest, my Spirit
Changed thoughts and vile in thee doth weep to find:
It grieves me that thy mild and gentle mind
Those ample virtues which it did inherit
Has lost. Once thou didst loathe the multitude 5
Of blind and madding men—I then loved thee—
I loved thy lofty songs and that sweet mood
When thou wert faithful to thyself and me.
I dare not now through thy degraded state
Own the delight thy strains inspire—in vain 10
I seek what once thou wert—we cannot meet
And we were wont. Again and yet again
Ponder my words: so the false Spirit shall fly
And leave to thee thy true integrity.

SCENES FROM THE MAGICO PRODIGIOSO

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON

[Published by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824; dated March, 1822. There is a transcript of Scene I among the Hunt MSS., which has been collated by Mr. Buxton Forman.]

SCENE I.—*Enter CYPRIAN, dressed as a Student; CLARIN and MOSCON as poor Scholars, with books.*

Cyprian. In the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me; the books you brought out of the house
To me are ever best society. 5
And while with glorious festival and song,
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still 10
Lives of the dying day in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
Go, and enjoy the festival; it will
Be worth your pains. You may return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows 15
Which, among dim gray clouds on the horizon,
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse;—and here
I shall expect you.

Moscon. I cannot bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival
Certainly is, to leave you, Sir, without 20
Just saying some three or four thousand words.
How is it possible that on a day
Of such festivity, you can be content
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back 25
On all this mirth?

Clarín. My master's in the right;
There is not anything more tiresome
Than a procession day, with troops, and priests,
And dances, and all that.

Moscon. From first to last,

14 *So transcr.*; Be worth the labour, and return for me 1824. 16,

17 *So 1824*;

Hid among dim gray clouds on the horizon

Which dance like plumes—*transcr.*, Forman.

21 thousand *transcr.*; hundred 1824. 23 be content *transcr.*; bring
your mind 1824. 28 and priests *transcr.*; of men 1824.

Clarín, you are a temporizing flatterer;
 You praise not what you feel but what he does;—
 Toadeater!

Clarín. You lie—under a mistake—
 For this is the most civil sort of lie
 That can be given to a man's face. I now
 Say what I think.

Cyprian. Enough, you foolish fellows!
 Puffed up with your own dotting ignorance,
 You always take the two sides of one question.
 Now go; and as I said, return for me
 When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
 This glorious fabric of the universe.

Moscon. How happens it, although you can maintain
 The folly of enjoying festivals,
 That yet you go there?

Clarín. Nay, the consequence
 Is clear:—who ever did what he advises
 Others to do?—

Moscon. Would that my feet were wings,
 So would I fly to Livia. 45
[Exit.]

Clarín. To speak truth,
 Livia is she who has surprised my heart;
 But he is more than half-way there.—Soho!
 Livia, I come; good sport, Livia, soho! [Exit.]

Cyprian. Now, since I am alone, let me examine 50
 The question which has long disturbed my mind
 With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
 The words of mystic import and deep sense
 In which he defines God. My intellect
 Can find no God with whom these marks and signs 55
 Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth
 Which I must fathom.

[CYPRIAN reads; the DAEMON, dressed in a Court dress, enters.]

Daemon. Search even as thou wilt,
 But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

Cyprian. What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?
 What art thou?—

Daemon. 'Tis a foreign gentleman. 60
 Even from this morning I have lost my way
 In this wild place; and my poor horse at last,
 Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon
 The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
 And feeds and rests at the same time. I was 65
 Upon my way to Antioch upon business
 Of some importance, but wrapped up in cares

36 dotting ignorance *transcr.*; ignorance and pride 1824. 57 Stage
Direction: So transcr.; Reads. Enter the Devil as a fine gentleman 1824.

(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)

I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

Cyprian. 'Tis singular that even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood there is not one but leads,
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch;
Take which you will, you cannot miss your road. 70 75

Daemon. And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it.
But as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch, 80
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you 85
Are a great student;—for my part, I feel
Much sympathy in such pursuits.

Cyprian. Have you
Studied much?

Daemon. No,—and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.

Cyprian. Pray, Sir,
What science may you know?—

Daemon. Many.

Cyprian. Alas! 90
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not;—but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.

Daemon. And with truth.
For in the country whence I come the sciences 95
Require no learning,—they are known.

Cyprian. Oh, would
I were of that bright country! for in this
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.

Daemon. It is so true, that I 100
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,
And obtained many votes, and, though I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious, than the failure
Could be dishonourable. If you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting 105

That which you know the best, and although I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

Cyprian. The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is racked with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.

110

Daemon. It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, couched in these words:
'God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands.'

115

Cyprian. 'Tis true.

Daemon. What difficulty find you here?

Cyprian. I do not recognize among the Gods
The God defined by Plinius; if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter
Is not supremely good; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness; in what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?

120

Daemon. The wisdom
Of the old world masked with the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of Man;
A sort of popular philosophy.

125

Cyprian. This reply will not satisfy me, for
Such awe is due to the high name of God
That ill should never be imputed. Then,
Examining the question with more care,
It follows, that the Gods would always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How then does one will one thing, one another?
And that you may not say that I allege
Poetical or philosophic learning:—

130

Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end? And, being opposite,
If one be good, is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods
Without their union.

140

145

Daemon. I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end

106 the *transcr.*; *wanting*, 1824.133 would *transcr.*; should 1824.

Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
 They are the work of Providence, and more
 The battle's loss may profit those who lose, 150
 Than victory advantage those who win.

Cyprian. That I admit; and yet that God should not
 (Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
 Assure the victory; it would be enough 155
 To have permitted the defeat. If God
 Be all sight,—God, who had beheld the truth,
 Would not have given assurance of an end
 Never to be accomplished: thus, although
 The Deity may according to his attributes 160
 Be well distinguished into persons, yet
 Even in the minutest circumstance
 His essence must be one.

Daemon. To attain the end
 The affections of the actors in the scene
 Must have been thus influenced by his voice. 165

Cyprian. But for a purpose thus subordinate
 He might have employed Genii, good or evil,—
 A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
 Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
 And from whose influence and existence we 170
 May well infer our immortality.
 Thus God might easily, without descent
 To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
 Have moved the affections by this mediation
 To the just point.

Daemon. These trifling contradictions 175
 Do not suffice to impugn the unity
 Of the high Gods; in things of great importance
 They still appear unanimous; consider
 That glorious fabric, man,—his workmanship
 Is stamped with one conception.

Cyprian. Who made man 180
 Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
 If they are equal, might they not have risen
 In opposition to the work, and being
 All hands, according to our author here,
 Have still destroyed even as the other made? 185
 If equal in their power, unequal only
 In opportunity, which of the two
 Will remain conqueror?

Daemon. On impossible
 And false hypothesis there can be built

157 had *transcr.*; *wanting*, 1824.

172 *descent transcr.*; *descending*

1824. 186 *unequal only transcr.*; and *only unequal* 1824.

No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?

190

Cyprian. That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival,
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence.
And, in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguished, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause.

195

[*They rise.*

Daemon. How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?

200

Cyprian. Do you regret
My victory?

Daemon. Who but regrets a check
In rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.

205

Cyprian. Go in peace!

Daemon. Remain in peace!—Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought but of
A piece of excellent beauty; and, as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeance.

210

[*Aside and exit.*

Cyprian. I never
Met a more learnèd person. Let me now
Revolve this doubt again with careful mind.

215

[*He reads.*

FLORO and LELIO enter.

Lelio. Here stop. These toppling rocks and tangled boughs,
Impenetrable by the noonday beam,
Shall be sole witnesses of what we—

Floro. Draw!
If there were words, here is the place for deeds.

220

Lelio. Thou needest not instruct me; well I know
That in the field, the silent tongue of steel
Speaks thus,—

[*They fight.*

Cyprian. Ha! what is this? *Lelio*,—*Floro*,
Be it enough that *Cyprian* stands between you,
Although unarmed.

Lelio. Whence comest thou, to stand

225

197 And] *query*, Ay? 200 all cause 1824; all things *transcr.*

214

Stage direction: So *transcr.*; Exit 1824.

Between me and my vengeance?

Floro.

From what rocks

And desert cells?

Enter MOSCON and CLARIN.

Moscon.

Run! run! for where we left

My master, I now hear the clash of swords.

Clarín. I never run to approach things of this sort,
But only to avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! sir!

230

Cyprian. Be silent, fellows! What! two friends who are
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch,
One of the noble race of the Colalti,
The other son o' the Governor, adventure
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,
Two lives, the honour of their country?

235

Lelio.

Cyprian!

Although my high respect towards your person
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of the scabbard:

Thou knowest more of science than the duel;

240

For when two men of honour take the field,
No counsel nor respect can make them friends
But one must die in the dispute.

Floro.

I pray

That you depart hence with your people, and
Leave us to finish what we have begun
Without advantage.—

245

Cyprian.

Though you may imagine

That I know little of the laws of duel,

Which vanity and valour instituted,

You are in error. By my birth I am

Held no less than yourselves to know the limits

250

Of honour and of infamy, nor has study

Quenched the free spirit which first ordered them;

And thus to me, as one well experienced

In the false quicksands of the sea of honour,

You may refer the merits of the case;

255

And if I should perceive in your relation

That either has the right to satisfaction

From the other, I give you my word of honour

To leave you.

Lelio.

Under this condition then

I will relate the cause, and you will cede

260

And must confess the impossibility

228 I now hear *transcr.*; we hear 1824. 227-9 lines otherwise arranged,
1824. 233 race *transcr.*; men 1824. Colalti] Colatti 1824. 239
of the *transcr.*; of its 1824. 242 No counsel nor 1839, 1st ed.; No
[] or 1824; No reasoning or *transcr.* 243 dispute *transcr.*;
pursuit 1824. 253 well omit, *cj. Forman.*

Of compromise; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.

Floro. It seems
Much to me that the light of day should look
Upon that idol of my heart—but he——
Leave us to fight, according to thy word. 265

Cyprian. Permit one question further: is the lady
Impossible to hope or not?

Lelio. She is
So excellent, that if the light of day
Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were 270
Without just cause, for even the light of day
Trembles to gaze on her.

Cyprian. Would you for your
Part, marry her?

Flora. Such is my confidence.

Cyprian. And you?

Lelio. Oh! would that I could lift my hope
So high, for though she is extremely poor, 275
Her virtue is her dowry.

Cyprian. And if you both
Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,
Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand
To slur her honour? What would the world say
If one should slay the other, and if she 280
Should afterwards espouse the murderer?

[The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to CYPRIAN; who in consequence visits JUSTINA, and becomes enamoured of her; she disdains him, and he retires to a solitary sea-shore.]

SCENE II

Cyprian.

O memory! permit it not
That the tyrant of my thought
Be another soul that still
Holds dominion o'er the will, 5
That would refuse, but can no more,
To bend, to tremble, and adore.
Vain idolatry!—I saw,
And gazing, became blind with error;
Weak ambition, which the awe 10
Of her presence bound to terror!
So beautiful she was—and I,
Between my love and jealousy,
Am so convulsed with hope and fear,
Unworthy as it may appear;—

So bitter is the life I live, 15
 That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
 To thy most detested spirit
 My soul, for ever to inherit,
 To suffer punishment and pine,
 So this woman may be mine. 20
 Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
 My soul is offered!

Daemon (unseen). I accept it.

[Tempest, with thunder and lightning.]

Cyprian.

What is this? ye heavens for ever pure,
 At once intensely radiant and obscure!
 Athwart the aethereal halls 25
 The lightning's arrow and the thunder-balls
 The day affright,
 As from the horizon round,
 Burst with earthquake sound,
 In mighty torrents the electric fountains;— 30
 Clouds quench the sun, and thunder-smoke
 Strangles the air, and fire eclipses Heaven.
 Philosophy, thou canst not even
 Compel their causes underneath thy yoke:
 From yonder clouds even to the waves below 35
 The fragments of a single ruin choke
 Imagination's flight;
 For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
 The ashes of the desolation, cast
 Upon the gloomy blast, 40
 Tell of the footsteps of the storm;
 And nearer, see, the melancholy form
 Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
 Drives miserably!
 And it must fly the pity of the port, 45
 Or perish, and its last and sole resort
 Is its own raging enemy.
 The terror of the thrilling cry
 Was a fatal prophecy
 Of coming death, who hovers now 50
 Upon that shattered prow,
 That they who die not may be dying still.
 And not alone the insane elements
 Are populous with wild portents,
 But that sad ship is as a miracle 55
 Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast
 It seems as if it had arrayed its form
 With the headlong storm.

It strikes—I almost feel the shock,—
 It stumbles on a jagged rock,—
 Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast. 60

[*A tempest.*

All exclaim (within). We are all lost!

Daemon (within). Now from this plank will I
 Pass to the land and thus fulfil my scheme.

Cyprian.

As in contempt of the elemental rage
 A man comes forth in safety, while the ship's 65
 Great form is in a watery eclipse
 Obliterated from the Ocean's page,
 And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,
 A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
 Is heaped over its carcase, like a grave. 70

The DAEMON enters, as escaped from the sea.

Daemon (aside). It was essential to my purposes
 To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean,
 That in this unknown form I might at length
 Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture
 Sustained upon the mountain, and assail 75
 With a new war the soul of Cyprian,
 Forging the instruments of his destruction
 Even from his love and from his wisdom.—O
 Belovèd earth, dear mother, in thy bosom
 I seek a refuge from the monster who 80
 Precipitates itself upon me.

Cyprian. Friend,
 Collect thyself; and be the memory
 Of thy late suffering, and thy greatest sorrow
 But as a shadow of the past,—for nothing
 Beneath the circle of the moon, but flows 85
 And changes, and can never know repose.

Daemon. And who art thou, before whose feet my fate
 Has prostrated me?

Cyprian. One who, moved with pity,
 Would soothe its stings.

Daemon. Oh, that can never be!
 No solace can my lasting sorrows find. 90

Cyprian. Wherefore?

Daemon. Because my happiness is lost.
 Yet I lament what has long ceased to be
 The object of desire or memory,
 And my life is not life.

Cyprian. Now, since the fury
 Of this earthquaking hurricane is still, 95
 And the crystalline Heaven has reassumed

Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems
 As if its heavy wrath had been awakened
 Only to overwhelm that vessel,—speak,
 Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

Daemon.

Far more 100

My coming hither cost, than thou hast seen
 Or I can tell. Among my misadventures
 This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear?

Cyprian.

Speak.

Daemon. Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
 Myself to thee;—for in myself I am 105
 A world of happiness and misery;
 This I have lost, and that I must lament
 Forever. In my attributes I stood
 So high and so heroically great,
 In lineage so supreme, and with a genius 110
 Which penetrated with a glance the world
 Beneath my feet, that, won by my high merit,
 A king—whom I may call the King of kings,
 Because all others tremble in their pride
 Before the terrors of His countenance, 115
 In His high palace roofed with brightest gems
 Of living light—call them the stars of Heaven—
 Named me His counsellor. But the high praise
 Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
 In mighty competition, to ascend 120
 His seat and place my foot triumphantly
 Upon His subject thrones. Chastised, I know
 The depth to which ambition falls; too mad
 Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
 Repentance of the irrevocable deed:— 125
 Therefore I chose this ruin, with the glory
 Of not to be subdued, before the shame
 Of reconciling me with Him who reigns
 By coward cession.—Nor was I alone,
 Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone; 130
 And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
 For many suffrages among His vassals
 Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
 Are mine, and many more, perchance shall be.
 Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious, 135
 I left His seat of empire, from mine eye
 Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
 With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
 Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
 And imprecating on His prostrate slaves 140
 Rapine, and death, and outrage. Then I sailed
 Over the mighty fabric of the world,—

A pirate ambushed in its pathless sands,
 A lynx crouched watchfully among its caves
 And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
 The expanse of these wide wildernesses 145
 In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
 In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
 And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
 Seeking ever a mountain, through whose forests 150
 I seek a man, whom I must now compel
 To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
 In tempest, and although my power could well
 Bridle the forest winds in their career,
 For other causes I forbore to soothe 155
 Their fury to Favonian gentleness;
 I could and would not; (thus I wake in him [Aside.
 A love of magic art). Let not this tempest,
 Nor the succeeding calm excite thy wonder;
 For by my art the sun would turn as pale 160
 As his weak sister with unwonted fear;
 And in my wisdom are the orbs of Heaven
 Written as in a record; I have pierced
 The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres
 And know them as thou knowest every corner 165
 Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
 That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
 A charm over this waste and savage wood,
 This Babylon of crags and aged trees,
 Filling its leafy coverts with a horror 170
 Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
 Of these wild oaks and pines—and as from thee
 I have received the hospitality
 Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
 Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er 175
 Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
 As object of desire, that shall be thine.

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
 Twixt thee and me be, that neither Fortune,
 The monstrous phantom which pursues success, 180
 That careful miser, that free prodigal,
 Who ever alternates, with changeful hand,
 Evil and good, reproach and fame; nor Time,
 That lodestar of the ages, to whose beam
 The winged years speed o'er the intervals 185
 Of their unequal revolutions; nor
 Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars

146 wide glassy wildernesses *Rossetti.*

Forman.

154 forest] fiercest *cj. Rossetti.*

150 Seeking forever *cj.*

Rule and adorn the world, can ever make
The least division between thee and me,
Since now I find a refuge in thy favour.

90

SCENE III.—*The DAEMON tempts JUSTINA, who is a Christian.*

Daemon.

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts; 5
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless fantasy
Full to overflowing be! 10
And with sweetest harmony,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
To love, only to love.
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories; 15
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow,
So that from faith no succour she may borrow,
But, guided by my spirit blind
And in a magic snare entwined, 20
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin, while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast began.

A Voice (within).

What is the glory far above
All else in human life?

All.

Love! love! 25

[*While these words are sung, the DAEMON goes out at one door, and JUSTINA enters at another.*

The First Voice.

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impressed not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possessed not.
If all that lives must love or die, 30
All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
With one consent to Heaven cry

18 she may] may she 1824.

That the glory far above
All else in life is—

All.

Love! oh, Love!

Justina.

Thou melancholy Thought which art 35
So flattering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart?
What is the cause of this new Power
Which doth my fevered being move, 40
Momently raging more and more?
What subtle Pain is kindled now
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses?—

All.

Love! oh, Love!

Justina.

'Tis that enamoured Nightingale 45
Who gives me the reply;
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond. 50

Be silent, Nightingale—no more
Make me think, in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me. 55
And, voluptuous Vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin.— 60
No more, with green embraces, Vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest,—
For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too. 65

Light-enchanted Sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendour!
Follow not his faithless glance 70
With thy faded countenance,

36 flattering *Boscombe MS.*; fluttering 1824. 58 To] Who to *ej. Rossetti.*
63 whilst thus *Rossetti, Forman, Dowden*; whilst thou thus 1824.

Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
 If leaves can mourn without a tear,
 How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
 Cease from thy enamoured tale,—
 Leafy Vine, unwreath thy bower,
 Restless Sunflower, cease to move,—
 Or tell me all, what poisonous Power
 Ye use against me—

All.

Love! Love! Love!

Justina. It cannot be!—Whom have I ever loved?
 Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
 Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
 And Cyprian?— [*She becomes troubled at the name of Cyprian.*]

Did I not requite him
 With such severity, that he has fled
 Where none has ever heard of him again?—
 Alas! I now begin to fear that this
 May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
 As if there were no danger. From the moment
 That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
 'Cyprian is absent!'—O me miserable!
 I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.*] It must be pity
 To think that such a man, whom all the world
 Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
 And I the cause. [*She again becomes troubled.*]

And yet if it were pity,
 Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
 For they are both imprisoned for my sake.
 (*Calmly.*) Alas! what reasonings are these? it is
 Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,
 Without this ceremonious subtlety.
 And, woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
 Even should I seek him through this wide world.

Enter DAEMON.

Daemon. Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

Justina. And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,
 Into my chamber through the doors and locks?
 Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
 Has formed in the idle air?

Daemon. No. I am one
 Called by the Thought which tyrannizes thee
 From his eternal dwelling; who this day
 Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

Justina. So shall thy promise fail. This agony
 Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul

89 me miserable] miserable me *edd.* 1839.

May sweep imagination in its storm ;
The will is firm.

Daemon. Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains ;
Let not the will stop half-way on the road. 115

Justina. I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed :—
Thought is not in my power, but action is :
I will not move my foot to follow thee. 120

Daemon. But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step ; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina ?

Justina. By my free-will.

Daemon. I 125
Must force thy will.

Justina. It is invincible ;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.

[*He draws, but cannot move her.*]

Daemon. Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

Justina. It were bought
Too dear.

Daemon. 'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

Justina. 'Tis dread captivity.

Daemon. 'Tis joy, 'tis glory. 130

Justina. 'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

Daemon. But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward ?

Justina. My defence
Consists in God.

[*He vainly endeavours to force her, and at last releases her.*]

Daemon. Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued. 135

But since thou thus findest defence in God,

I will assume a feignèd form, and thus

Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.

For I will mask a spirit in thy form

Who will betray thy name to infamy, 140

And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,

First by dishonouring thee, and then by turning

False pleasure to true ignominy. [*Exit.*]

Justina. I
Appeal to Heaven against thee ; so that Heaven

May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
 Upon my fame vanish in idle thought, 145
 Even as flame dies in the envious air,
 And as the floweret wanes at morning frost;
 And thou shouldst never—But, alas! to whom
 Do I still speak?—Did not a man but whom
 Stand here before me?—No, I am alone, 150
 And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?
 Or can the heated mind engender shapes
 From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
 Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
 Livia!— 155

Enter LISANDER and LIVIA.

Lisander. Oh, my daughter! What?

Livia. What!

Justina. Saw you

A man go forth from my apartment now?—
 I scarce contain myself!

Lisander. A man here!

Justina. Have you not seen him?

Livia. No, Lady.

Justina. I saw him.

Lisander. 'Tis impossible; the doors 160
 Which led to this apartment were all locked.

Livia (aside). I daresay it was Moscon whom she saw,
 For he was locked up in my room.

Lisander. It must

Have been some image of thy fantasy.
 Such melancholy as thou feedest is 165
 Skilful in forming such in the vain air
 Out of the motes and atoms of the day.

Livia. My master's in the right.

Justina. Oh, would it were

Delusion; but I fear some greater ill.
 I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom 170

My heart was torn in fragments; ay,
 Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame;
 So potent was the charm that, had not God
 Shielded my humble innocence from wrong, 175

I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
 With willing steps.—Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
 For I must seek refuge from these extremes
 Even in the temple of the highest God
 Where secretly the faithful worship.

Livia. Here.

Justina (putting on her cloak). In this, as in a shroud of snow,
 may I 180

Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!

Lisander. And I will go with thee.

Livia. When I once see them safe out of the house
I shall breathe freely.

Justina. So do I confide
In thy just favour, Heaven!

Lisander. Let us go. 185

Justina. Thine is the cause, great God! turn for my sake,
And for Thine own, mercifully to me!

STANZAS FROM CALDERON'S CISMA DE INGLATERRA

Translated by Medwin and corrected by Shelley.

[Published by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*, 1847, with Shelley's
corrections in italics.]

I

HAST thou not seen, officious with delight,
Move through the illumined air about the flower
The Bee, that fears to drink its purple light,
Lest danger lurk within that Rose's bower?
Hast thou not marked the moth's enamoured flight 5
About the Taper's flame at evening hour,
Till kindle in that monumental fire
His sunflower wings their own funereal pyre?

II

My heart, its wishes trembling to unfold,
Thus round the Rose and Taper hovering came, 10
And Passion's slave, Distrust, in ashes cold,
Smothered awhile, but could not quench the flame,—
Till Love, that grows by disappointment bold,
And Opportunity, had conquered Shame;
And like the Bee and Moth, in act to close, 15
I burned my wings, and settled on the Rose.

SCENES FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE

[Published in part (Scene II) in *The Liberal*, No. 1, 1822; in full,
by Mrs. Shelley, *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.]

SCENE I.—PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN. *The LORD and the Host of
HEAVEN.*

Enter three ARCHANGELS.

Raphael.

THE sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed: the Angels even

Draw strength from gazing on its glance, 5
 Though none its meaning fathom may:—
 The world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as at Creation's day.

Gabriel.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
 The adorned Earth spins silently, 10
 Alternating Elysian brightness
 With deep and dreadful night; the sea
 Foams in broad billows from the deep
 Up to the rocks, and rocks and Ocean,
 Onward, with spheres which never sleep, 15
 Are hurried in eternal motion.

Michael.

And tempests in contention roar
 From land to sea, from sea to land;
 And, raging, weave a chain of power,
 Which girds the earth, as with a band.— 20
 A flashing desolation there,
 Flames before the thunder's way;
 But Thy servants, Lord, revere
 The gentle changes of Thy day.

Chorus of the Three.

The Angels draw strength from Thy glance, 25
 Though no one comprehend Thee may;—
 Thy world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as on Creation's day¹.

¹ *Raphael.* The sun sounds, according to ancient custom,
 In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres.
 And its fore-written circle
 Fulfils with a step of thunder.
 Its countenance gives the Angels strength
 Though no one can fathom it.
 The incredible high works
 Are excellent as at the first day.

Gabriel. And swift, and inconceivably swift
 The adornment of earth winds itself round,
 And exchanges Paradise-clearness
 With deep dreadful night.
 The sea foams in broad waves
 From its deep bottom, up to the rocks,
 And rocks and sea are torn on together
 In the eternal swift course of the spheres.

Michael. And storms roar in emulation
 From sea to land, from land to sea,
 And make, raging, a chain
 Of deepest operation round about.