

XII.

Love for the maiden, crown'd with
marriage, no regrets for aught
that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children,
debtless competence, golden mean;

XIII.

National hatreds of whole generations,
and pigmy spite of the village
spire;
Vows that will last to the last death-
ruckle, and vows that are snapt
in a moment of fire;

XIV.

He that has lived for the lust of the
minute, and died in the doing it,
flesh without mind;
He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross,
till Self died out in the love of
his kind;

XV.

Spring and Summer and Autumn and
Winter, and all these old revolu-
tions of earth;
All new-old revolutions of Empire—
change of the tide—what is all of
it worth?

XVI.

What the philosophies, all the sciences,
poesy, varying voices of prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all
that is filthy with all that is fair?

XVII.

What is it all, if we all of us end but in
being our own corpse-coffins at
last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence,
drown'd in the deeps of a mean-
ingless Past?

XVIII.

What but a murmur of gnats in the
gloom, or a moment's anger of
bees in their hive?—

* * * *

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and
love him for ever: the dead are
not dead but alive.

Dedicated to the Hon. J. Russell
Lowell.

THE RING.

MIRIAM AND HER FATHER.

Miriam (singing).

MELLOW moon of heaven,
Bright in blue,
Moon of married hearts,
Hear me, you!

Twelve times in the year
Bring me bliss,
Globing Honey Moons
Bright as this.

Moon, you fade at times
From the night.
Young again you grow
Out of sight.

Silver crescent-curve,
Coming soon,
Globe again, and make
Honey Moon.

Shall not *my* love last,
Moon, with you,
For ten thousand years
Old and new?

Father. And who was he with such
love-drunken eyes
They made a thousand honey moons of
one?

Miriam. The prophet of his own, my
Hubert—his
The words, and mine the setting. 'Air
and Words,'
Said Hubert, when I sang the song, 'are
bride
And bridegroom.' Does it please you?

Father. Mainly, child,
Because I hear your Mother's voice in
yours.

She——, why, you shiver tho' the wind
is west

With all the warmth of summer.

Miriam. Well, I felt
On a sudden I know not what, a breath
that past
With all the cold of winter.

Father (muttering to himself). Even
so.

The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once
was Man,

But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the
veil

Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.
No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for
man,

But thro' the Will of One who knows
and rules—

And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the Spheres—an ever opening
height,

An ever lessening earth—and she perhaps,
My Miriam, breaks her latest earthly link
With me to-day.

Miriam. You speak so low, what is it?
Your 'Miriam breaks'—is making a new
link

Breaking an old one?

Father. No, for we, my child,
Have been till now each other's all-in-all.

Miriam. And you the lifelong guard-
ian of the child.

Father. I, and one other whom you
have not known.

Miriam. And who? what other?

Father. Whither are you bound?
For Naples which we only left in May?

Miriam. No! father, Spain, but
Hubert brings me home

With April and the swallow. Wish me
joy!

Father. What need to wish when
Hubert weds in you

The heart of Love, and you the soul of
Truth

In Hubert?

Miriam. Tho' you used to call me
once

The lonely maiden-Princess of the wood,
Who meant to sleep her hundred sum-
mers out

Before a kiss should wake her.

Father. Ay, but now
Your fairy Prince has found you, take
this ring.

Miriam. 'Io t'amo'—and these dia-
monds—beautiful!

'From Walter,' and for me from you then?

Father. Well,
One way for Miriam.

Miriam. Miriam am I not?

Father. This ring bequeath'd you by
your mother, child,
Was to be given you—such her dying
wish—

Given on the morning when you came of
age

Or on the day you married. Both the
days

Now close in one. The ring is doubly
yours.

Why do you look so gravely at the tower?

Miriam. I never saw it yet so all
ablaze

With creepers crimsoning to the pinnacles,
As if perpetual sunset linger'd there,
And all ablaze too in the lake below!

And how the birds that circle round the
tower

Are cheeping to each other of their flight
To summer lands!

Father. And that has made you grave?
Fly—care not. Birds and brides must
leave the nest.

Child, I am happier in your happiness
Than in mine own.

Miriam. It is not that!

Father. What else?

Miriam. That chamber in the tower.

Father. What chamber, child?
Your nurse is here?

Miriam. My Mother's nurse and mine.
She comes to dress me in my bridal veil.

Father. What did she say?

Miriam. She said, that you and I
Had been abroad for my poor health so
long
She fear'd I had forgotten her, and I
ask'd
About my Mother, and she said, 'Thy
hair
Is golden like thy Mother's, not so fine.'

Father. What then? what more?

Miriam. She said—perhaps indeed
She wander'd, having wander'd now so
far
Beyond the common date of death—that
you,

When I was smaller than the statuette
Of my dear Mother on your bracket here—
You took me to that chamber in the tower,
The topmost—a chest there, by which
you knelt—

And there were books and dresses—left
to me,

A ring too which you kiss'd, and I, she
said,

I babbled, Mother, Mother—as I used
To prattle to her picture—stretch'd my
hands

As if I saw her; then a woman came
And caught me from my nurse. I hear
her yet—

A sound of anger like a distant storm.

Father. Garrulous old crone.

Miriam. Poor nurse!

Father. I bad her keep,
Like a seal'd book, all mention of the
ring,

For I myself would tell you all to-day.

Miriam. 'She too might speak to-
day,' she mumbled. Still,
I scarce have learnt the title of your book,
But you will turn the pages.

Father. Ay, to-day!
I brought you to that chamber on your
third

September birthday with your nurse, and
felt

An icy breath play on me, while I stoopt
To take and kiss the ring.

Miriam. This very ring
Is t'amo?

Father. Yes, for some wild hope
was mine

That, in the misery of my married life,
Miriam your Mother might appear to me.
She came to you, not me. The storm,
you hear

Far-off, is Muriel—your stepmother's
voice.

Miriam. Vext, that you thought my
Mother came to me?

Or at my crying 'Mother?' or to find
My Mother's diamonds hidden from her
there,

Like worldly beauties in the Cell, not
shown

To dazzle all that see them?

Father. Wait a while.

Your Mother and step-mother—Miriam
Erne

And Muriel Erne—the two were cousins
—lived

With Muriel's mother on the down, that
sees

A thousand squares of corn and meadow,
far

As the gray deep, a landscape which
your eyes

Have many a time ranged over when a
babe.

Miriam. I climb'd the hill with
Hubert yesterday,

And from the thousand squares, one
silent voice

Came on the wind, and seem'd to say
'Again.'

We saw far off an old forsaken house,
Then home, and past the ruin'd mill.

Father. And there

I found these cousins often by the brook,
For Miriam sketch'd and Muriel threw
the fly;

The girls of equal age, but one was fair,
And one was dark, and both were beauti-
ful.

No voice for either spoke within my heart
Then, for the surface eye, that only doats
On outward beauty, glancing from the one
To the other, knew not that which
pleased it most,

The raven ringlet or the gold; but both

Were dowerless, and myself, I used to
walk

This Terrace—morbid, melancholy; mine
And yet not mine the hall, the farm, the
field;

For all that ample woodland whisper'd
'debt,'

The brook that feeds this lakelet mur-
mur'd 'debt,'

And in yon arching avenue of old elms,
Tho' mine, not mine, I heard the sober
rook

And carrion crow cry 'Mortgage.'

Miriam. Father's fault
Visited on the children!

Father. Ay, but then
A kinsman, dying, summon'd me to
Rome—

He left me wealth—and while I journey'd
hence,

And saw the world fly by me like a dream,
And while I communed with my truest
self,

I woke to all of truest in myself,
Till, in the gleam of those mid-summer
dawns,

The form of Muriel faded, and the face
Of Miriam grew upon me, till I knew;
And past and future mix'd in Heaven
and made

The rosy twilight of a perfect day.

Miriam. So glad? no tear for him,
who left you wealth,
Your kinsman?

Father. I had seen the man but once;
He loved my name not me; and then I
pass'd

Home, and thro' Venice, where a jeweller,
So far gone down, or so far up in life,
That he was nearing his own hundred,
sold

This ring to me, then laugh'd 'the ring
is weird.'

And weird and worn and wizard-like was
he.

'Why weird?' I ask'd him; and he said
'The souls

Of two repentant Lovers guard the ring;
Then with a ribald twinkle in his bleak
eyes—

'And if you give the ring to any maid,
They still remember what it cost them
here,

And bind the maid to love you by the
ring;

And if the ring were stolen from the
maid,

The theft were death or madness to the
thief,

So sacred those Ghost Lovers hold the
gift.'

And then he told their legend:

'Long ago
Two lovers parted by a scurrilous tale
Had quarrell'd, till the man repenting
sent

This ring "Io t'amo" to his best beloved,
And sent it on her birthday. She in
wrath

Return'd it on her birthday, and that day
His death-day, when, half-frenzied by the
ring,

He wildly fought a rival suitor, him
The causer of that scandal, fought and
fell;

And she that came to part them all too
late,

And found a corpse and silence, drew the
ring

From his dead finger, wore it till her
death,

Shrined him within the temple of her
heart,

Made every moment of her after life
A virgin victim to his memory,
And dying rose, and rear'd her arms, and
cried

"I see him, Io t'amo, Io t'amo."

Miriam. Legend or true? so tender
should be true!

Did he believe it? did you ask him?

Father. Ay!
But that half skeleton, like a barren
ghost

From out the fleshless world of spirits,
laugh'd:

A hollow laughter!

Miriam. Vile, so near the ghost
Himself, to laugh at love in death! But
you?

Father. Well, as the bygone lover
thro' this ring
Had sent his cry for her forgiveness, I
Would call thro' this 'Io t'amo' to the
heart
Of Miriam; then I bad the man en-
grave
'From Walter' on the ring, and send it
—wrote
Name, surname, all as clear as noon, but
he—
Some younger hand must have engraven
the ring—
His fingers were so stiffen'd by the frost
Of seven and ninety winters, that he
scrawl'd
A 'Miriam' that might seem a 'Muriel';
And Muriel claim'd and open'd what I
meant
For Miriam, took the ring, and flaunted
it
Before that other whom I loved and love.
A mountain stay'd me here, a minster
there,
A galleried palace, or a battlefield,
Where stood the sheaf of Peace: but—
coming home—
And on your Mother's birthday—all but
yours—
A week betwixt—and when the tower as
now
Was all ablaze with crimson to the roof,
And all ablaze too plunging in the lake
Head-foremost—who were those that
stood between
The tower and that rich phantom of the
tower?
Muriel and Miriam, each in white, and
like
May-blossoms in mid autumn—was it
they?
A light shot upward on them from the
lake.
What sparkled there? whose hand was
that? they stood
So close together. I am not keen of
sight,
But coming nearer—Muriel had the ring—
'O Miriam! have you given your ring to
her?

O Miriam! Miriam redden'd, Muriel
clench'd
The hand that wore it, till I cried again:
'O Miriam, if you love me take the ring!'
She glanced at me, at Muriel, and was
mute.
'Nay, if you cannot love me, let it be.'
Then—Muriel standing ever statue-like—
She turn'd, and in her soft imperial way
And saying gently: 'Muriel, by your
leave,'
Unclosed the hand, and from it drew the
ring,
And gave it me, who pass'd it down her
own,
'Io t'amo, all is well then.' Muriel fled.
Miriam. Poor Muriel!
Father. Ay, poor Muriel
when you hear
What follows! Miriam loved me from
the first,
Not thro' the ring; but on her marriage-
morn
This birthday, death-day, and betrothal
ring,
Laid on her table overnight, was gone;
And after hours of search and doubt and
threats,
And hubbub, Muriel enter'd with it,
'See!—
Found in a chink of that old moulder'd
floor!'
My Miriam nodded with a pitying smile,
As who should say 'that those who lose
can find.'
Then I and she were married for a
year,
One year without a storm, or even a
cloud;
And you my Miriam born within the
year;
And she my Miriam dead within the
year.
I sat beside her dying, and she gaspt:
'The books, the miniature, the lace are
hers,
My ring too when she comes of age, or
when
She marries; you—you loved me, kept
your word.'

You love me still "Io t'amo."—Muriel
 —no—
 She cannot love; she loves her own
 hard self,
 Her firm will, her fix'd purpose. Pro-
 mise me,
 Miriam not Muriel—she shall have the
 ring.
 And there the light of other life, which
 lives
 Beyond our burial and our buried eyes,
 Gleam'd for a moment in her own on
 earth.
 I swore the vow, then with my latest
 kiss
 Upon them, closed her eyes, which would
 not close,
 But kept their watch upon the ring and
 you.
 Your birthday was her death-day.
Miriam. O poor Mother!
 And you, poor desolate Father, and
 poor me,
 The little senseless, worthless, wordless
 babe,
 Saved when your life was wreck'd!
Father. Desolate? yes!
 Desolate as that sailor, whom the storm
 Had parted from his comrade in the
 boat,
 And dash'd half dead on barren sands,
 was I.
 Nay, you were my one solace; only—
 you
 Were always ailing. Muriel's mother
 sent,
 And sure am I, by Muriel, one day came
 And saw you, shook her head, and patted
 yours,
 And smiled, and making with a kindly
 pinch
 Each poor pale cheek a momentary rose—
 'That should be fix'd,' she said; 'your
 pretty bud,
 So blighted here, would flower into full
 health
 Among our heath and bracken. Let her
 come!
 And we will feed her with our mountain
 air,

And send her home to you rejoicing.
 No—
 We could not part. And once, when
 you my girl
 Rode on my shoulder home—the tiny fist
 Had graspt a daisy from your Mother's
 grave—
 By the lych-gate was Muriel. 'Ay,' she
 said,
 'Among the tombs in this damp vale of
 yours!
 You scorn my Mother's warning, but the
 child
 Is paler than before. We often walk
 In open sun, and see beneath our feet
 The mist of autumn gather from your
 lake,
 And shroud the tower; and once we
 only saw
 Your gilded vane, a light above the
 mist'—
 (Our old bright bird that still is veering
 there
 Above his four gold letters) 'and the
 light,'
 She said, 'was like that light'—and there
 she paused,
 And long; till I believing that the girl's
 Lean fancy, groping for it, could not find
 One likeness, laugh'd a little and found
 her two—
 'A warrior's crest above the cloud of
 war'—
 'A fiery phoenix rising from the smoke,
 The pyre he burnt in.'—'Nay,' she said,
 'the light
 That glimmers on the marsh and on the
 grave.'
 And spoke no more, but turn'd and
 pass'd away.
 Miriam, I am not surely one of those
 Caught by the flower that closes on the
 fly,
 But after ten slow weeks her fix'd intent,
 In aiming at an all but hopeless mark
 To strike it, struck; I took, I left you
 there;
 I came, I went, was happier day by day;
 For Muriel nursed you with a mother's
 care;

Till on that clear and heather-scented
height
The rounder cheek had brighten'd into
bloom.
She always came to meet me carrying
you,
And all her talk was of the babe she
loved ;
So, following her old pastime of the brook,
She threw the fly for me ; but oftener left
That angling to the mother. 'Muriel's
health
Had weaken'd, nursing little Miriam.
Strange !
She used to shun the wailing babe, and
doats
On this of yours.' But when the matron
saw
That hinted love was only wasted bait,
Not risen to, she was bolder. 'Ever
since
You sent the fatal ring'—I told her 'sent
To Miriam,' 'Doubtless—ay, but ever
since
In all the world my dear one sees but
you—
In your sweet babe she finds but you—
she makes
Her heart a mirror that reflects but you.'
And then the tear fell, the voice broke.
Her heart !
I gazed into the mirror, as a man
Who sees his face in water, and a stone,
That glances from the bottom of the
pool,
Strike upward thro' the shadow ; yet at
last,
Gratitude—loneliness—desire to keep
So skilled a nurse about you always—
nay !
Some half remorseful kind of pity too—
Well ! well, you know I married Muriel
Erne.
'I take thee Muriel for my wedded
wife'—
I had forgotten it was your birthday,
child—
When all at once with some electric thrill
A cold air pass'd between us, and the
hands

Fell from each other, and were join'd
again.
No second cloudless honeymoon was
mine.
For by and by she sicken'd of the farce,
She dropt the gracious mask of mother-
hood,
She came no more to meet me, carrying
you,
Nor ever cared to set you on her knee,
Nor ever let you gambol in her sight,
Nor ever cheer'd you with a kindly smile,
Nor ever ceased to clamour for the ring ;
Why had I sent the ring at first to her ?
Why had I made her love me thro' the
ring,
And then had changed ? so fickle are
men—the best !
Not she—but now my love was hers
again,
The ring by right, she said, was hers
again.
At times too shrilling in her angrier
moods,
'That weak and watery nature love you ?
No !
"Io t'amo, Io t'amo" !' flung herself
Against my heart, but often while her
lips
Were warm upon my cheek, an icy breath,
As from the grating of a sepulchre,
Past over both. I told her of my vow,
No pliable idiot I to break my vow ;
But still she made her outcry for the ring ;
For one monotonous fancy madden'd
her,
Till I myself was madden'd with her cry.
And even that 'Io t'amo,' those three
sweet
Italian words, became a weariness.
My people too were scared with eerie
sounds,
A footstep, a low throbbing in the walls,
A noise of falling weights that never fell,
Weird whispers, bells that rang without
a hand,
Door-handles turn'd when none was at
the door,
And bolted doors that open'd of them-
selves :

And one betwixt the dark and light had
seen

Her, bending by the cradle of her babe.

Miriam. And I remember once that
being waked

By noises in the house—and no one near—
I cried for nurse, and felt a gentle hand
Fall on my forehead, and a sudden face
Look'd in upon me like a gleam and
pass'd,

And I was quieted, and slept again.

Or is it some half memory of a dream?

Father. Your fifth September birth-
day.

Miriam. And the face,
The hand,—my Mother.

Father. Miriam, on that day
Two lovers parted by no scurrilous tale—
Mere want of gold—and still for twenty
years

Bound by the golden cord of their first
love—

Had ask'd us to their marriage, and to
share

Their marriage-banquet. Muriel, paler
then

Than ever you were in your cradle,
moan'd,

'I am fitter for my bed, or for my grave,
I cannot go, go you.' And then she rose,
She clung to me with such a hard embrace,
So lingeringly long, that half-amazed
I parted from her, and I went alone.

And when the bridegroom murmur'd,
'With this ring,'

I felt for what I could not find, the key,
The guardian of her relics, of *her* ring.

I kept it as a sacred amulet

About me,—gone! and gone in that
embrace!

Then, hurrying home, I found her not
in house

Or garden—up the tower—an icy air
Fled by me.—There, the chest was open
—all

The sacred relics tost about the floor—

Among them Muriel lying on her face—

I raised her, call'd her 'Muriel, Muriel
wake!'

The fatal ring lay near her; the glazed eye

Glared at me as in horror. Dead! I
took

And chafed the freezing hand. A red
mark ran

All round one finger pointed straight,
the rest

Were crumpled inwards. Dead!—and
maybe stung

With some remorse, had stolen, worn the
ring—

Then torn it from her finger, or as if—
For never had I seen her show remorse—

As if—

Miriam. —those two Ghost lovers—

Father. Lovers yet—

Miriam. Yes, yes!

Father. —but dead so long, gone up
so far,

That now their ever-rising life has dwarf'd
Or lost the moment of their past on earth,

As we forget our wail at being born.

As if—

Miriam. a dearer ghost had—

Father. —wrench'd it away.

Miriam. Had floated in with sad
reproachful eyes,

Till from her own hand she had torn the
ring

In fright, and fallen dead. And I myself
Am half afraid to wear it.

Father. Well, no more!

No bridal music this! but fear not you!
You have the ring she guarded; that

poor link

With earth is broken, and has left her
free,

Except that, still drawn downward for
an hour,

Her spirit hovering by the church, where
she

Was married too, may linger, till she
sees

Her maiden coming like a Queen, who
leaves

Some colder province in the North to
gain

Her capital city, where the loyal bells
Clash welcome—linger, till her own, the

babe

She lean'd to from her Spiritual sphere,

Her lonely maiden-Princess, crown'd
with flowers,
Has enter'd on the larger woman-world
Of wives and mothers.

But the bridal veil—
Your nurse is waiting. Kiss me child
and go.

FORLORN.

I.

HE is fled—I wish him dead—
He that wrought my ruin—
O the flattery and the craft
Which were my undoing . . .
In the night, in the night,
When the storms are blowing.

II.

Who was witness of the crime?
Who shall now reveal it?
He is fled, or he is dead,
Marriage will conceal it . . .
In the night, in the night,
While the gloom is growing.'

III.

Catherine, Catherine, in the night,
What is this you're dreaming?
There is laughter down in Hell
At your simple scheming . . .
In the night, in the night,
When the ghosts are fleeing.

IV.

You to place a hand in his
Like an honest woman's,
You that lie with wasted lungs
Waiting for your summons . . .
In the night, O the night!
O the deathwatch beating!

V.

There will come a witness soon
Hard to be confuted,
All the world will hear a voice
Scream you are polluted . . .
In the night! O the night,
When the owls are wailing!

VI.

Shame and marriage, Shame and
marriage,
Fright and foul dissembling,
Bantering bridesman, reddening priest,
Tower and altar trembling . . .
In the night, O the night,
When the mind is failing!

VII.

Mother, dare you kill your child?
How your hand is shaking!
Daughter of the seed of Cain,
What is this you're taking? . . .
In the night, O the night,
While the house is sleeping.

VIII.

Dreadful! has it come to this,
O unhappy creature?
You that would not tread on a worm
For your gentle nature . . .
In the night, O the night,
O the night of weeping!

IX.

Murder would not veil your sin,
Marriage will not hide it,
Earth and Hell will brand your name,
Wretch you must abide it . . .
In the night, O the night,
Long before the dawning.

X.

Up, get up, and tell him all,
Tell him you were lying!
Do not die with a lie in your mouth,
You that know you're dying . . .
In the night, O the night,
While the grave is yawning.

XI.

No—you will not die before,
Tho' you'll ne'er be stronger;
You will live till *that* is born,
Then a little longer . . .
In the night, O the night,
While the Fiend is prowling.

XII.

Death and marriage, Death and
marriage !

Funeral hearses rolling !
Black with bridal favours mixt !
Bridal bells with tolling ! . . .
In the night, O the night,
When the wolves are howling.

XIII.

Up, get up, the time is short,
Tell him now or never !
Tell him all before you die,
Lest you die for ever . . .
In the night, O the night,
Where there's no forgetting.

XIV.

Up she got, and wrote him all,
All her tale of sadness,
Blister'd every word with tears,
And eased her heart of madness . . .
In the night, and nigh the dawn,
And while the moon was setting.

HAPPY.

THE LEPER'S BRIDE.

I.

WHY wail you, pretty plover ? and what
is it that you fear ?
Is he sick your mate like mine ? have
you lost him, is he fled ?
And there—the heron rises from his
watch beside the mere,
And flies above the leper's hut, where
lives the living-dead.

II.

Come back, nor let me know it ! would
he live and die alone ?
And has he not forgiven me yet, his
over-jealous bride,
Who am, and was, and will be his, his
own and only own,
To share his living death with him,
die with him side by side ?

III.

Is that the leper's hut on the solitary
moor,
Where noble Ulric dwells forlorn, and
wears the leper's weed ?
The door is open. He ! is he standing
at the door,
My soldier of the Cross ? it is he and
he indeed !

IV.

My roses—will he take them *now*—mine,
his—from off the tree
We planted both together, happy in
our marriage morn ?
O God, I could blaspheme, for he fought
Thy fight for Thee,
And Thou hast made him leper to
compass him with scorn—

V.

Hast spared the flesh of thousands, the
coward and the base,
And set a crueller mark than Cain's
on him, the good and brave !
He sees me, waves me from him. I will
front him face to face.
You need not wave me from you. I
would leap into your grave.

* * * *

VI.

My warrior of the Holy Cross and of the
conquering sword,
The roses that you cast aside—once
more I bring you these.
No nearer ? do you scorn me when you
tell me, O my lord,
You would not mar the beauty of your
bride with your disease.

VII.

You say your body is so foul—then here
I stand apart,
Who yearn to lay my loving head upon
your leprous breast.
The leper plague may scale my skin but
never taint my heart ;
Your body is not foul to me, and body
is foul at best.

VIII.

I loved you first when young and fair,
 but now I love you most;
 The fairest flesh at last is filth on which
 the worm will feast;
 This poor rib-grated dungeon of the holy
 human ghost,
 This house with all its hateful needs no
 cleaner than the beast,

IX.

This coarse diseaseful creature which in
 Eden was divine,
 This Satan-haunted ruin, this little
 city of sewers,
 This wall of solid flesh that comes between
 your soul and mine,
 Will vanish and give place to the
 beauty that endures,

X.

The beauty that endures on the Spiritual
 height,
 When we shall stand transfigured, like
 Christ on Hermon hill,
 And moving each to music, soul in soul
 and light in light,
 Shall flash thro' one another in a
 moment as we will.

XI.

Foul! foul! the word was yours not
 mine, I worship that right hand
 Which fell'd the foes before you as the
 woodman fells the wood,
 And sway'd the sword that lighten'd back
 the sun of Holy land,
 And clove the Moslem crescent moon,
 and changed it into blood.

XII.

And once I worshipt all too well this
 creature of decay,
 For Age will chink the face, and Death
 will freeze the supplest limbs—
 Yet you in your mid manhood—O the
 grief when yesterday
 They bore the Cross before you to the
 chant of funeral hymns.

XIII.

'Libera me, Domine!' you sang the
 Psalm, and when
 The Priest pronounced you dead, and
 flung the mould upon your feet,
 A beauty came upon your face, not that
 of living men,
 But seen upon the silent brow when
 life has ceased to beat.

XIV.

'Libera *nos*, Domine'—you knew not
 one was there
 Who saw you kneel beside your bier,
 and weeping scarce could see;
 May I come a little nearer, I that heard,
 and changed the prayer
 And sang the married '*nos*' for the
 solitary '*me*.'

XV.

My beauty marred by you? by you! so
 be it. All is well
 If I lose it and myself in the higher
 beauty, yours.
My beauty lured that falcon from his
 eyry on the fell,
 Who never caught one gleam of the
 beauty which endures—

XVI.

The Count who sought to snap the bond
 that link'd us life to life,
 Who whisper'd me 'your Ulric loves'
 —a little nearer still—
 He hiss'd, 'Let us revenge ourselves,
 your Ulric woos my wife'—
 A lie by which he thought he could
 subdue me to his will.

XVII.

I knew that you were near me when I
 let him kiss my brow;
 Did he touch me on the lips? I was
 jealous, anger'd, vain,
 And I meant to make *you* jealous. Are
 you jealous of me now?
 Your pardon, O my love, if I ever gave
 you pain.

XVIII.

You never once accused me, but I wept
 alone, and sigh'd
 In the winter of the Present for the
 summer of the Past;
 That icy winter silence—how it froze you
 from your bride,
 Tho' I made one barren effort to break
 it at the last.

XIX.

I brought you, you remember, these roses,
 when I knew
 You were parting for the war, and you
 took them tho' you frown'd;
 You frown'd and yet you kiss'd them.
 All at once the trumpet blew,
 And you spurr'd your fiery horse, and
 you hurl'd them to the ground.

XX.

You parted for the Holy War without a
 word to me,
 And clear myself unask'd—not I. My
 nature was too proud.
 And him I saw but once again, and far
 away was he,
 When I was praying in a storm—the
 crash was long and loud—

XXI.

That God would ever slant His bolt from
 falling on your head—
 Then I lifted up my eyes, he was coming
 down the fell—
 I clapt my hands. The sudden fire from
 Heaven had dash'd him dead,
 And sent him charr'd and blasted to
 the deathless fire of Hell.

XXII.

See, I sinn'd but for a moment. I re-
 pent and repent,
 And trust myself forgiven by the God
 to whom I kneel.
 A little nearer? Yes. I shall hardly be
 content
 Till I be leper like yourself, my love,
 from head to heel.

XXIII.

O foolish dreams, that you, that I, would
 slight our marriage oath :
 I held you at that moment even dearer
 than before;
 Now God has made you leper in His
 loving care for both,
 That we might cling together, never
 doubt each other more.

XXIV.

The Priest, who join'd you to the dead,
 has join'd our hands of old;
 If man and wife be but one flesh, let
 mine be leprous too,
 As dead from all the human race as if
 beneath the mould;
 If you be dead, then I am dead, who
 only live for you.

XXV.

Would Earth tho' hid in cloud not be
 follow'd by the Moon?
 The leech forsake the dying bed for
 terror of his life?
 The shadow leave the Substance in the
 brooding light of noon?
 Or if I had been the leper would you
 have left the wife?

XXVI.

Not take them? Still you wave me off
 —poor roses—must I go—
 I have worn them year by year—from
 the bush we both had set—
 What? fling them to you?—well—that
 were hardly gracious. No!
 Your plague but passes by the touch.
 A little nearer yet!

XXVII.

There, there! he buried you, the Priest;
 the Priest is not to blame,
 He joins us once again, to his either
 office true:
 I thank him. I am happy, happy.
 Kiss me. In the name
 Of the everlasting God, I will live and
 die with you.

[DEAN MILMAN has remarked that the protection and care afforded by the Church to this blighted race of lepers was among the most beautiful of its offices during the Middle Ages. The leprosy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was supposed to be a legacy of the crusades, but was in all probability the offspring of meagre and unwholesome diet, miserable lodging and clothing, physical and moral degradation. The services of the Church in the seclusion of these unhappy sufferers were most affecting. The stern duty of looking to the public welfare is tempered with exquisite compassion for the victims of this loathsome disease. The ritual for the sequestration of the leprous differed little from the burial service. After the leper had been sprinkled with holy water, the priest conducted him into the church, the leper singing the psalm 'Libera me domine,' and the crucifix and bearer going before. In the church a black cloth was stretched over two trestles in front of the altar, and the leper leaning at its side devoutly heard mass. The priest, taking up a little earth in his cloak, threw it on one of the leper's feet, and put him out of the church, if it did not rain too heavily; took him to his hut in the midst of the fields, and then uttered the prohibitions: 'I forbid you entering the church . . . or entering the company of others. I forbid you quitting your home without your leper's dress.' He concluded: 'Take this dress, and wear it in token of humility; take these gloves, take this clapper, as a sign that you are forbidden to speak to any one. You are not to be indignant at being thus separated from others, and as to your little wants, good people will provide for you, and God will not desert you.' Then in this old ritual follow these sad words: 'When it shall come to pass that the leper shall pass out of this world, he shall be buried in his hut, and not in the churchyard.' At first there was a doubt whether wives should follow their husbands who had been leprous, or remain in the world and marry again. The Church decided that the marriage-tie was indissoluble, and so bestowed on these unhappy beings this immense source of consolation. With a love stronger than this living death, lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives. Readers of Sir J. Stephen's *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography* will recollect the description of the founder of the Franciscan order, how, controlling his involuntary disgust, St. Francis of Assisi washed the feet and dressed the sores of the lepers, once at least reverently applying his lips to their wounds.—BOUCHER-JAMES.]

This ceremony of *quasi*-burial varied considerably at different times and in different places. In some cases a grave was dug, and the leper's face was often covered during the service.

TO ULYSSES.¹

I.

ULYSSES, much-experienced man,
Whose eyes have known this globe of
ours,
Her tribes of men, and trees, and
flowers,
From Corrientes to Japan,

II.

To you that bask below the Line,
I soaking here in winter wet—
The century's three strong eights have
met
To drag me down to seventy-nine

III.

In summer if I reach my day—
To you, yet young, who breathe the
balm
Of summer-winters by the palm
And orange grove of Paraguay,

IV.

I tolerant of the colder time,
Who love the winter woods, to trace
On paler heavens the branching grace
Of leafless elm, or naked lime,

V.

And see my cedar green, and there
My giant ilex keeping leaf
When frost is keen and days are brief—
Or marvel how in English air

VI.

My yucca, which no winter quells,
Altho' the months have scarce begun,
Has push'd toward our faintest sun
A spike of half-accomplish'd bells—

VII.

Or watch the waving pine which here
The warrior of Caprera set,²

¹ 'Ulysses,' the title of a number of essays by W. G. Palgrave. He died at Monte Video before seeing my poem.

² Garibaldi said to me, alluding to his barren island, 'I wish I had your trees.'

A name that earth will not forget
Till earth has roll'd her latest year—

VIII.

I, once half-crazed for larger light
On broader zones beyond the foam,
But chaining fancy now at home
Among the quarried downs of Wight,

IX.

Not less would yield full thanks to you
For your rich gift, your tale of lands
I know not,¹ your Arabian sands;
Your cane, your palm, tree-fern, bamboo,

X.

The wealth of tropic bower and brake;
Your Oriental Eden-isles,²
Where man, nor only Nature smiles;
Your wonder of the boiling lake;³

XI.

Phra-Chai, the Shadow of the Best,⁴
Phra-bat⁵ the step; your Pontic coast;
Crag-cloister;⁶ Anatolian Ghost;⁷
Hong-Kong,⁸ Karnac,⁹ and all the rest.

XII.

Thro' which I follow'd line by line
Your leading hand, and came, my
friend,
To prize your various book, and send
A gift of slenderer value, mine.

¹ The tale of Nejd.

² The Philippines.

³ In Dominica.

⁴ The Shadow of the Lord. Certain obscure markings on a rock in Siam, which express the image of Buddha to the Buddhist more or less distinctly according to his faith and his moral worth.

⁵ The footstep of the Lord on another rock.

⁶ The monastery of Sumelas.

⁷ Anatolian Spectre stories.

⁸ The Three Cities.

⁹ Travels in Egypt.

TO MARY BOYLE.

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

I.

'SPRING-FLOWERS'! While you still
delay to take
Your leave of Town,
Our elmtree's ruddy-hearted blossom-
flake
Is fluttering down.

II.

Be truer to your promise. There! I
heard
Our cuckoo call
Be needle to the magnet of your word,
Nor wait, till all

III.

Our vernal bloom from every vale and
plain
And garden pass,
And all the gold from each laburnum
chain
Drop to the grass.

IV.

Is memory with your Marian gone to rest,
Dead with the dead?
For ere she left us, when we met, you
prest
My hand, and said

V.

'I come with your spring-flowers.' You
came not, friend;
My birds would sing,
You heard not. Take then this spring-
flower I send,
This song of spring,

VI.

Found yesterday—forgotten mine own
rhyme
By mine old self,
As I shall be forgotten by old Time,
Laid on the shelf—

VII.

A rhyme that flower'd betwixt the whiten-
ing sloe
And kingcup blaze,
And more than half a hundred years ago,
In rick-fire days,

VIII.

When Dives loathed the times, and paced
his land
In fear of worse,
And sanguine Lazarus felt a vacant hand
Fill with *his* purse.

IX.

For lowly minds were madden'd to the
height
By tonguester tricks,
And once—I well remember that red
night
When thirty ricks,

X.

All flaming, made an English homestead
Hell—
These hands of mine
Have helpt to pass a bucket from the well
Along the line,

XI.

When this bare dome had not begun to
gleam
Thro' youthful curls,
And you were then a lover's fairy dream,
His girl of girls ;

XII.

And you, that now are lonely, and with
Grief
Sit face to face,
Might find a flickering glimmer of relief
In change of place.

XIII.

What use to brood ? this life of mingled
pains
And joys to me,
Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains
The Mystery.

XIV.

Let golden youth bewail the friend, the
wife,
For ever gone.
He dreams of that long walk thro' desert
life
Without the one.

XV.

The silver year should cease to mourn
and sigh—
Not long to wait—
So close are we, dear Mary, you and I
To that dim gate.

XVI.

Take, read ! and be the faults your Poet
makes
Or many or few,
He rests content, if his young music
wakes
A wish in you

XVII.

To change our dark Queen-city, all her
realm
Of sound and smoke,
For his clear heaven, and these few lanes
of elm
And whispering oak.

THE PROGRESS OF SPRING.

I.

THE groundflame of the crocus breaks
the mould,
Fair Spring slides hither o'er the
Southern sea,
Wavers on her thin stem the snowdrop
cold
That trembles not to kisses of the bee :
Come, Spring, for now from all the
dripping eaves
The spear of ice has wept itself away,
And hour by hour unfolding woodbine
leaves
O'er his uncertain shadow droops the
day.

She comes ! The loosen'd rivulets run ;
 The frost-bead melts upon her golden
 hair ;
 Her mantle, slowly greening in the Sun,
 Now wraps her close, now arching
 leaves her bare
 To breaths of balmier air ;

II.

Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome
 her,
 About her glance the tits, and shriek
 the jays,
 Before her skims the jubilant woodpecker,
 The linnet's bosom blushes at her gaze,
 While round her brows a woodland culver
 flits,
 Watching her large light eyes and
 gracious looks,
 And in her open palm a halcyon sits
 Patient—the secret splendour of the
 brooks.
 Come, Spring ! She comes on waste and
 wood,
 On farm and field : but enter also here,
 Diffuse thyself at will thro' all my blood,
 And, tho' thy violet sicken into sere,
 Lodge with me all the year !

III.

Once more a downy drift against the
 brakes,
 Self-darken'd in the sky, descending
 slow !
 But gladly see I thro' the wavering flakes
 Yon blanching apricot like snow in snow.
 These will thine eyes not brook in forest-
 paths,
 On their perpetual pine, nor round
 the beech ;
 They fuse themselves to little spicy baths,
 Solved in the tender blushes of the
 peach ;
 They lose themselves and die
 On that new life that gems the haw-
 thorn line ;
 Thy gay lent-lilies wave and put them by,
 And out once more in varnish'd glory
 shine
 Thy stars of celandine.

IV.

She floats across the hamlet. Heaven
 lours,
 But in the tearful splendour of her
 smiles
 I see the slowly-thickening chestnut
 towers
 Fill out the spaces by the barren tiles.
 Now past her feet the swallow circling
 flies,
 A clamorous cuckoo stoops to meet
 her hand ;
 Her light makes rainbows in my closing
 eyes,
 I hear a charm of song thro' all the
 land.
 Come, Spring ! She comes, and Earth
 is glad
 To roll her North below thy deepening
 dome,
 But ere thy maiden birk be wholly clad,
 And these low bushes dip their twigs
 in foam,
 Make all true hearths thy home.

V.

Across my garden ! and the thicket stirs,
 The fountain pulses high in sunnier jets,
 The blackcap warbles, and the turtle
 purrs,
 The starling claps his tiny castanets.
 Still round her forehead wheels the
 woodland dove,
 And scatters on her throat the sparks
 of dew,
 The kingcup fills her footprint, and above
 Broaden the glowing isles of vernal
 blue.
 Hail ample presence of a Queen,
 Bountiful, beautiful, apparell'd gay,
 Whose mantle, every shade of glancing
 green,
 Flies back in fragrant breezes to display
 A tunic white as May !

VI.

She whispers, 'From the South I bring
 you balm,
 For on a tropic mountain was I born,

While some dark dweller by the coco-
palm

Watch'd my far meadow zoned with
airy morn ;

From under rose a muffled moan of
floods ;

I sat beneath a solitude of snow ;
There no one came, the turf was fresh,
the woods

Plunged gulf on gulf thro' all their
vales below.

I saw beyond their silent tops
The steaming marshes of the scarlet
cranes,

The slant seas leaning on the mangrove
copse,

And summer basking in the sultry
plains

About a land of canes ;

VII.

'Then from my vapour-girdle soaring
forth

I scaled the buoyant highway of the
birds,

And drank the dews and drizzle of the
North,

That I might mix with men, and hear
their words

On pathway'd plains ; for—while my
hand exults

Within the bloodless heart of lowly
flowers

To work old laws of Love to fresh
results,

Thro' manifold effect of simple powers—
I too would teach the man

Beyond the darker hour to see the
bright,

That his fresh life may close as it began,
The still-fulfilling promise of a light

Narrowing the bounds of night.'

VIII.

So wed thee with my soul, that I may
mark

The coming year's great good and
varied ills,

And new developments, whatever spark

Be struck from out the clash of warring
wills ;

Or whether, since our nature cannot rest,
The smoke of war's volcano burst

again
From hoary deeps that belt the changeful
West,

Old Empires, dwellings of the kings
of men ;

Or should those fail, that hold the helm,
While the long day of knowledge

grows and warms,
And in the heart of this most ancient
realm

A hateful voice be utter'd, and alarms
Sounding 'To arms ! to arms !'

IX.

A simpler, saner lesson might he learn
Who reads thy gradual process, Holy
Spring.

Thy leaves possess the season in their
turn,

And in their time thy warblers rise on
wing.

How surely glidest thou from March to
May,

And changest, breathing it, the sullen
wind,

Thy scope of operation, day by day,
Larger and fuller, like the human

mind !
Thy warmth from bud to bud

Accomplish that blind model in the
seed,

And men have hopes, which race the
restless blood,

That after many changes may succeed
Life, which is Life indeed.

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM.

I.

O YOUNG Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician

With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
 And *I* am dying,
I am Merlin
 Who follow The Gleam.

II.

Mighty the Wizard
 Who found me at sunrise
 Sleeping, and woke me
 And learn'd me Magic !
 Great the Master,
 And sweet the Magic,
 When over the valley,
 In early summers,
 Over the mountain,
 On human faces,
 And all around me,
 Moving to melody,
 Floated The Gleam.

III.

Once at the croak of a Raven
 who crost it,
 A barbarous people,
 Blind to the magic,
 And deaf to the melody,
 Snarl'd at and cursed me.
 A demon vexed me,
 The light retreated,
 The landskip darken'd,
 The melody deaden'd,
 The Master whisper'd
 'Follow The Gleam.'

IV.

Then to the melody,
 Over a wilderness
 Gliding, and glancing at
 Elf of the woodland,
 Gnome of the cavern,
 Griffin and Giant,
 And dancing of Fairies
 In desolate hollows,
 And wraiths of the mountain,
 And rolling of dragons
 By warble of water,
 Or cataract music
 Of falling torrents,
 Flitted The Gleam.

V.

Down from the mountain
 And over the level,
 And streaming and shining on
 Silent river,
 Silvery willow,
 Pasture and plowland,
 Innocent maidens,
 Garrulous children,
 Homestead and harvest,
 Reaper and gleaner,
 And rough-ruddy faces
 Of lowly labour,
 Slided The Gleam—

VI.

Then, with a melody
 Stronger and statelier,
 Led me at length
 To the city and palace
 Of Arthur the king;
 Touch'd at the golden
 Cross of the churches,
 Flash'd on the Tournament,
 Flicker'd and bicker'd
 From helmet to helmet,
 And last on the forehead
 Of Arthur the blameless
 Rested The Gleam.

VII.

Clouds and darkness
 Closed upon Camelot;
 Arthur had vanish'd
 I knew not whither,
 The king who loved me,
 And cannot die;
 For out of the darkness
 Silent and slowly
 The Gleam, that had waned to a
 wintry glimmer
 On icy fallow
 And faded forest,
 Drew to the valley
 Named of the shadow,
 And slowly brightening
 Out of the glimmer,
 And slowly moving again to a melody
 Yearningly tender,

Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with The Gleam.

VIII.

And broader and brighter
The Gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world;
And slower and fainter,
Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom;
And so to the land's
Last limit I came——
And can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers The Gleam.

IX.

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.

ROMNEY'S REMORSE.

'I read Hayley's Life of Romney the other day—Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter; but his ideal

was not high nor fixed. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that "marriage spoilt an artist" almost immediately left his wife in the North and scarce saw her till the end of his life; when old, nearly mad and quite desolate, he went back to her and she received him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures! even as a matter of Art, I am sure.' (*Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald*, vol. i.)

'BEAT, little heart—I give you this and this'

Who are you? What! the Lady Hamilton?

Good, I am never weary painting you.
To sit once more? Cassandra, Hebe,
Joan,
Or spinning at your wheel beside the
vine—

Bacchante, what you will; and if I fail

To conjure and concentrate into form
And colour all you are, the fault is less
In me than Art. What Artist ever yet
Could make pure light live on the canvas?
Art!

Why should I so disrelish that short word?
Where am I? snow on all the hills!
so hot,

So fever'd! never colt would more delight
To roll himself in meadow grass than I
To wallow in that winter of the hills.

Nurse, were you hired? or came of
your own will

To wait on one so broken, so forlorn?
Have I not met you somewhere long ago?
I am all but sure I have—in Kendal
church—

O yes! I hired you for a season there,
And then we parted; but you look so
kind

That you will not deny my sultry throat
One draught of icy water. There—you
spill

The drops upon my forehead. Your
hand shakes.

I am ashamed. I am a trouble to you,
Could kneel for your forgiveness. Are
they tears?

For me—they do me too much grace—
for me?

O Mary, Mary!

Vexing you with words!

Words only, born of fever, or the fumes
Of that dark opiate dose you gave me,
—words,

Wild babble. I have stumbled back
again

Into the common day, the sounder self.
God stay me there, if only for your sake,
The truest, kindest, noblest-hearted wife
That ever wore a Christian marriage-
ring.

My curse upon the Master's apothegm,
That wife and children drag an Artist
down!

This seem'd my lodestar in the Heaven
of Art,
And lured me from the household fire on
earth.

To you my days have been a life-long lie,
Grafted on half a truth; and tho' you say
'Take comfort you have won the Painter's
fame,'

The best in me that sees the worst in me,
And groans to see it, finds no comfort
there.

What fame? I am not Raphaël,
Titian—no

Nor even a Sir Joshua, some will cry.

Wrong there! The painter's fame? but
mine, that grew

Blown into glittering by the popular
breath,

May float awhile beneath the sun, may
roll

The rainbow hues of heaven about it—
There!

The colour'd bubble bursts above the
abyss

Of Darkness, utter Lethe.

Is it so?

Her sad eyes plead for my own fame
with me

To make it dearer.

Look, the sun has risen
To flame along another dreary day.

Your hand. How bright you keep your
marriage-ring!

Raise me. I thank you.

Has your opiate then
Bred this black mood? or am I conscious,
more

Than other Masters, of the chasm
between

Work and Ideal? Or does the gloom
of Age

And suffering cloud the height I stand
upon

Even from myself? stand? stood . . .
no more.

And yet
The world would lose, if such a wife as
you

Should vanish unrecorded. Might I
crave

One favour? I am bankrupt of all claim
On your obedience, and my strongest
wish

Falls flat before your least unwillingness.
Still would you—if it please you—sit
to me?

I dream'd last night of that clear
summer noon,

When seated on a rock, and foot to foot
With your own shadow in the placid lake,
You claspt our infant daughter, heart to
heart.

I had been among the hills, and brought
you down

A length of staghorn-moss, and this you
twined

About her cap. I see the picture yet,
Mother and child. A sound from far
away,

No louder than a bee among the flowers,
A fall of water lull'd the noon asleep.

You still'd it for the moment with a song
Which often echo'd in me, while I stood
Before the great Madonna-masterpieces
Of ancient Art in Paris, or in Rome.

Mary, my crayons! if I can, I will.
You should have been—I might have
made you once,

Had I but known you as I know you
now—

The true Alcestis of the time. Your
 song—
 Sit, listen! I remember it, a proof
 That I—even I—at times remember'd
you.

'Beat upon mine, little heart! beat,
 beat!

Beat upon mine! you are mine, my
 sweet!

All mine from your pretty blue eyes
 to your feet,

My sweet.'

Less profile! turn to me—three-quarter
 face.

'Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my
 bliss!

For I give you this, and I give you
 this!

And I blind your pretty blue eyes with
 a kiss!

Sleep!

Too early blinded by the kiss of death—

'Father and Mother will watch you
 grow'—

You watch'd not I, she did not grow,
 she died.

'Father and Mother will watch you
 grow,

And gather the roses whenever they
 blow,

And find the white heather wherever
 you go,

My sweet.'

Ah, my white heather only blooms in
 heaven

With Milton's amaranth. There, there,
 there! a child

Had shamed me at it—Down, you idle
 tools,

Stamp'd into dust—tremulous, all awry,
 Blurr'd like a landskip in a ruffled pool,—

Not one stroke firm. This Art, that
 harlot-like

Seduced me from you, leaves me harlot-
 like,

Who love her still, and whimper, im-
 potent

To win her back before I die—and
 then—

Then, in the loud world's bastard judg-
 ment-day,

One truth will damn me with the mind-
 less mob,

Who feel no touch of my temptation,
 more

Than all the myriad lies, that blacken
 round

The corpse of every man that gains a
 name;

'This model husband, this fine Artist'!
 Fool,

What matters? Six foot deep of burial
 mould

Will dull their comments! Ay, but when
 the shout

Of His descending peals from Heaven,
 and throbs

Thro' earth, and all her graves, if *He*
 should ask

'Why left you wife and children? for
 my sake,

According to my word?' and I replied

'Nay, Lord, for *Art*,' why, that would
 sound so mean

That all the dead, who wait the doom of
 Hell

For bolder sins than mine, adulteries,
 Wife-murders,—nay, the ruthless Mussul-
 man

Who flings his bowstrung Harem in the
 sea,

Would turn, and glare at me, and point
 and jeer,

And gibber at the worm, who, living,
 made

The wife of wives a widow-bride, and
 lost

Salvation for a sketch.

I am wild again!

The coals of fire you heap upon my head
 Have crazed me. Someone knocking

there without?

No! Will my Indian brother come? to
 find

Me or my coffin? Should I know the
 man?

This worn-out Reason dying in her house

May leave the windows blinded, and if
 so,
 Bid him farewell for me, and tell him—
 Hope!
 I hear a death-bed Angel whisper 'Hope.'
 "The miserable have no medicine
 But only Hope!" He said it . . . in
 the play.
 His crime was of the senses; of the mind
 Mine; worse, cold, calculated.
 Tell my son—
 O let me lean my head upon your breast.
 'Beat little heart' on this fool brain of
 mine.
 I once had friends—and many—none
 like you.
 I love you more than when we married.
 Hope!
 O yes, I hope, or fancy that, perhaps,
 Human forgiveness touches heaven, and
 thence—
 For you forgive me, you are sure of that—
 Reflected, sends a light on the forgiven.

PARNASSUS.

Exegi monumentum . . .

Quod non . . .

Possit diruere . . .

. . . innumerabilis

Annorum series et fuga temporum.—HORACE.

I.

WHAT be those crown'd forms high over
 the sacred fountain?
 Bards, that the mighty Muses have raised
 to the heights of the mountain,
 And over the flight of the Ages! O
 Goddesses, help me up thither!
 Lightning may shrivel the laurel of
 Cæsar, but mine would not wither.
 Steep is the mountain, but you, you will
 help me to overcome it,
 And stand with my head in the zenith,
 and roll my voice from the summit,
 Sounding for ever and ever thro' Earth
 and her listening nations,
 And mixt with the great Sphere-music of
 stars and of constellations.

II.

What be those two shapes high over the
 sacred fountain,
 Taller than all the Muses, and huger
 than all the mountain?
 On those two known peaks they stand
 ever spreading and heightening;
 Poet, that evergreen laurel is blasted by
 more than lightning!
 Look, in their deep double shadow the
 crown'd ones all disappearing!
 Sing like a bird and be happy, nor hope
 for a deathless hearing!
 'Sounding for ever and ever?' pass on!
 the sight confuses—
 These are Astronomy and Geology, ter-
 rible Muses!

III.

If the lips were touch'd with fire from off
 a pure Pierian altar,
 Tho' their music here be mortal need the
 singer greatly care?
 Other songs for other worlds! the fire
 within him would not falter;
 Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here
 is Homer there.

BY AN EVOLUTIONIST.

THE Lord let the house of a brute to the
 soul of a man,
 And the man said 'Am I your debtor?'
 And the Lord—'Not yet: but make it
 as clean as you can,
 And then I will let you a better.'

I.

If my body come from brutes, my soul
 uncertain, or a fable,
 Why not bask amid the senses while
 the sun of morning shines,
 I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds,
 and in my stable,
 Youth and Health, and birth and
 wealth, and choice of women and
 of wines?

II.

What hast thou done for me, grim Old
Age, save breaking my bones on
the rack?

Would I had past in the morning that
looks so bright from afar!

OLD AGE.

Done for thee? starved the wild beast
that was linkt with thee eighty
years back.

Less weight now for the ladder-of-
heaven that hangs on a star.

I.

If my body come from brutes, tho'
somewhat finer than their own,

I am heir, and this my kingdom.
Shall the royal voice be mute?

No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag
me from the throne,

Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and
rule thy Province of the brute.

II.

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and
I gaze at a field in the Past,

Where I sank with the body at times
in the sloughs of a low desire,

But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the
Man is quiet at last

As he stands on the heights of his life
with a glimpse of a height that is
higher.

FAR—FAR—AWAY.

(FOR MUSIC.)

WHAT sight so lured him thro' the fields
he knew

As where earth's green stole into heaven's
own hue,

Far—far—away?

What sound was dearest in his native dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells

Far—far—away.

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain
or joy,

Thro' those three words would haunt him
when a boy,

Far—far—away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a
breath

From some fair dawn beyond the doors
of death

Far—far—away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of
Birth,

The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,
Far—far—away?

What charm in words, a charm no words
could give?

O dying words, can Music make you live
Far—far—away?

POLITICS.

WE move, the wheel must always move,
Nor always on the plain,

And if we move to such a goal

As Wisdom hopes to gain,

Then you that drive, and know your Craft,
Will firmly hold the rein,

Nor lend an ear to random cries,

Or you may drive in vain,

For some cry 'Quick' and some cry
'Slow,'

But, while the hills remain,

Up hill 'Too-slow' will need the whip,
Down hill 'Too-quick,' the chain.

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

BEAUTIFUL city, the centre and crater
of European confusion,

O you with your passionate shriek for
the rights of an equal humanity,

How often your Re-volution has proven
but E-volution

Roll'd again back on itself in the tides of
a civic insanity!

THE ROSES ON THE
TERRACE.

ROSE, on this terrace fifty years ago,
 When I was in my June, you in your
 May,
 Two words, 'My Rose' set all your face
 aglow,
 And now that I am white, and you are
 gray,
 That blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
 Blooms in the Past, but close to me
 to-day
 As this red rose, which on our terrace here
 Glows in the blue of fifty miles away.

THE PLAY.

ACT first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd
 with woe
 You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
 And yet be patient. Our Playwright
 may show
 In some fifth Act what this wild Drama
 means.

ON ONE WHO AFFECTED
AN EFFEMINATE MANNER.

WHILE man and woman still are incom-
 plete,
 I prize that soul where man and woman
 meet,
 Which types all Nature's male and female
 plan,
 But, friend, man-woman is not woman-
 man.

TO ONE WHO RAN DOWN
THE ENGLISH.

YOU make our faults too gross, and thence
 maintain
 Our darker future. May your fears be
 vain!
 At times the small black fly upon the pane
 May seem the black ox of the distant plain.

THE SNOWDROP.

MANY, many welcomes
 February fair-maid,
 Ever as of old time,
 Solitary firstling,
 Coming in the cold time,
 Prophet of the gay time,
 Prophet of the May time,
 Prophet of the roses,
 Many, many welcomes
 February fair-maid!

THE THROSTLE.

'SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
 I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love
 again,'
 Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
 Last year you sang it as gladly.
 'New, new, new, new'! Is it then *so*
 new
 That you should carol so madly?

'Love again, song again, nest again, young
 again,'
 Never a prophet so crazy!
 And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
 See, there is hardly a daisy.

'Here again, here, here, here, happy
 year'!
 O warble unhidden, unbidden!
 Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
 And all the winters are hidden.

THE OAK.

LIVE thy Life,
 Young and old,
 Like yon oak,
 Bright in spring,
 Living gold;

Summer-rich
Then ; and then
Autumn-changed,
Soberer-hued
Gold again.

All his leaves
Fall'n at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
Naked strength.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. G. WARD.

FAREWELL, whose living like I shall
not find,
Whose Faith and Work were bells of
full accord,
My friend, the most unworldly of man-
kind,
Most generous of all Ultramontanes,
Ward,
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind
with mind,
How loyal in the following of thy
Lord !

THE DEATH OF ÆNONE

AND OTHER POEMS.

JUNE BRACKEN AND HEATHER.

To E. T.

THERE on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me
 June's high blue,
When I look'd at the bracken so bright
 and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this
 book to you,
This, and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of
 the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer-new
As the green of the bracken amid the
 gloom of the heather.

TO THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

I.

DEAR Master in our classic town,
You, loved by all the younger gown
 There at Balliol,
Lay your Plato for one minute down,

II.

And read a Grecian tale re-told,
Which, cast in later Grecian mould,
 Quintus Calaber
Somewhat lazily handled of old ;

III.

And on this white midwinter day—
For have the far-off hymns of May,
 All her melodies,
All her harmonies echo'd away?—

IV.

To-day, before you turn again
To thoughts that lift the soul of men,
 Hear my cataract's
Downward thunder in hollow and glen,

V.

Till, led by dream and vague desire,
The woman, gliding toward the pyre,
 Find her warrior
Stark and dark in his funeral fire.

THE DEATH OF ÆNONE.

ÆNONE sat within the cave from out
Whose ivy-matted mouth she used to gaze
Down at the Troad ; but the goodly view
Was now one blank, and all the serpent
 vines
Which on the touch of heavenly feet had
 risen,
And gliding thro' the branches over-
 bower'd
The naked Three, were wither'd long
 ago,
And thro' the sunless winter morning-
 mist
In silence wept upon the flowerless earth.
 And while she stared at those dead
 cords that ran
Dark thro' the mist, and linking tree to
 tree,
But once were gayer than a dawning sky
With many a pendent bell and fragrant
 star,
Her Past became her Present, and she
 saw
Him, climbing toward her with the
 golden fruit,
Him, happy to be chosen Judge of Gods,
Her husband in the flush of youth and
 dawn,
Paris, himself as beauteous as a God.

Anon from out the long ravine below,
She heard a wailing cry, that seem'd at
first

Thin as the batlike shrillings of the Dead
When driven to Hades, but, in coming
near,

Across the downward thunder of the
brook

Sounded 'Cenone'; and on a sudden he,
Paris, no longer beauteous as a God,
Struck by a poison'd arrow in the fight,
Lame, crooked, reeling, livid, thro' the
mist

Rose, like the wraith of his dead self,
and moan'd

'Cenone, *my* Cenone, while we dwelt
Together in this valley—happy then—
Too happy had I died within thine
arms,

Before the feud of Gods had marr'd our
peace,

And sunder'd each from each. I am
dying now

Pierced by a poison'd dart. Save me.
Thou knowest,

Taught by some God, whatever herb or
balm

May clear the blood from poison, and
thy fame

Is blown thro' all the Troad, and to thee
The shepherd brings his adder-bitten
lamb,

The wounded warrior climbs from Troy
to thee.

My life and death are in thy hand. The
Gods

Avenge on stony hearts a fruitless prayer
For pity. Let me owe my life to thee.

I wrought thee bitter wrong, but thou
forgive,

Forget it. Man is but the slave of Fate.
Cenone, by thy love which once was
mine,

Help, heal me. I am poison'd to the
heart.'

'And I to mine' she said 'Adulterer,
Go back to thine adulteress and die!'

He groan'd, he turn'd, and in the mist
at once

Became a shadow, sank and disappear'd,

But, ere the mountain rolls into the plain,
Fell headlong dead; and of the shepherds
one

Their oldest, and the same who first had
found

Paris, a naked babe, among the woods
Of Ida, following lighted on him there,
And shouted, and the shepherds heard
and came.

One raised the Prince, one sleek'd the
squalid hair,

One kiss'd his hand, another closed his
eyes,

And then, remembering the gay playmate
rear'd

Among them, and forgetful of the man,
Whose crime had half unpeopled Ilion,
these

All that day long labour'd, hewing the
pines,

And built their shepherd-prince a funeral
pile;

And, while the star of eve was drawing
light

From the dead sun, kindled the pyre,
and all

Stood round it, hush'd, or calling on his
name.

But when the white fog vanish'd like
a ghost

Before the day, and every topmost pine
Spired into bluest heaven, still in her
cave,

Amazed, and ever seeming stared upon
By ghastlier than the Gorgon head, a
face,—

His face deform'd by lurid blotch and
blain—

There, like a creature frozen to the heart
Beyond all hope of warmth, Cenone sat
Not moving, till in front of that ravine
Which drowsed in gloom, self-darken'd
from the west,

The sunset blazed along the wall of Troy.

Then her head sank, she slept, and
thro' her dream

A ghostly murmur floated, 'Come to me,
Cenone! I can wrong thee now no
more,

Cenone, my Cenone,' and the dream

Wail'd in her, when she woke beneath
the stars.

What star could burn so low? not
Ilion yet.

What light was there? She rose and
slowly down,

By the long torrent's ever-deepen'd roar,
Paced, following, as in trance, the silent
cry.

She waked a bird of prey that scream'd
and past;

She roused a snake that hissing writhed
away;

A panther sprang across her path, she
heard

The shriek of some lost life among the
pines,

But when she gain'd the broader vale,
and saw

The ring of faces redden'd by the flames
Enfolding that dark body which had lain
Of old in her embrace, paused—and then
ask'd

Falteringly, 'Who lies on yonder pyre?'
But every man was mute for reverence.

Then moving quickly forward till the heat
Smote on her brow, she lifted up a voice
Of shrill command, 'Who burns upon
the pyre?'

Whereon their oldest and their boldest
said,

'He, whom thou wouldst not heal!' and
all at once

The morning light of happy marriage
broke

Thro' all the clouded years of widowhood,
And muffling up her comely head, and
crying

'Husband!' she leapt upon the funeral
pile,

And mixt herself with *him* and past in
fire.

ST. TELEMACHUS.

HAD the fierce ashes of some fiery peak
Been hurl'd so high they ranged about
the globe?

For day by day, thro' many a blood-red
eve,

In that four-hundredth summer after
Christ,

The wrathful sunset glared against a cross
Rear'd on the tumbled ruins of an old
fane

No longer sacred to the Sun, and flamed
On one huge slope beyond, where in his
cave

The man, whose pious hand had built
the cross,

A man who never changed a word with
men,

Fasted and pray'd, Telemachus the Saint.

Eve after eve that haggard anchorite
Would haunt the desolated fane, and
there

Gaze at the ruin, often mutter low

'Vicisti Galilæe'; louder again,

Spurning a shatter'd fragment of the
God,

'Vicisti Galilæe!' but—when now

Bathed in that lurid crimson—ask'd 'Is
earth

On fire to the West? or is the Demon-
god

Wroth at his fall?' and heard an answer
'Wake

Thou deedless dreamer, lazying out a life
Of self-suppression, not of selfless love.'

And once a flight of shadowy fighters
crost

The disk, and once, he thought, a shape
with wings

Came sweeping by him, and pointed to
the West,

And at his ear he heard a whisper
'Rome'

And in his heart he cried 'The call of
God!'

And call'd arose, and, slowly plunging
down

Thro' that disastrous glory, set his face
By waste and field and town of alien
tongue,

Following a hundred sunsets, and the
sphere

Of westward-wheeling stars; and every
dawn

Struck from him his own shadow on to
Rome.

Foot-sore, way-worn, at length he
 touch'd his goal,
 The Christian city. All her splendour
 fail'd
 To lure those eyes that only yearn'd to
 see,
 Fleeting betwixt her column'd palace-
 walls,
 The shape with wings. Anon there past
 a crowd
 With shameless laughter, Pagan oath,
 and jest,
 Hard Romans brawling of their mon-
 strous games ;
 He, all but deaf thro' age and wear-
 ness,
 And muttering to himself 'The call of
 God'
 And borne along by that full stream of
 men,
 Like some old wreck on some indrawing
 sea,
 Gain'd their huge Colosseum. The caged
 beast
 Yell'd, as he yell'd of yore for Christian
 blood.
 Three slaves were trailing a dead lion
 away,
 One, a dead man. He stumbled in, and
 sat
 Blinded ; but when the momentary gloom,
 Made by the noonday blaze without, had
 left
 His aged eyes, he raised them, and
 beheld
 A blood-red awning waver overhead,
 The dust send up a steam of human
 blood,
 The gladiators moving toward their fight,
 And eighty thousand Christian faces
 watch
 Man murder man. A sudden strength
 from heaven,
 As some great shock may wake a palsied
 limb,
 Turn'd him again to boy, for up he
 sprang,
 And glided lightly down the stairs, and
 o'er

The barrier that divided beast from man
 Slipt, and ran on, and flung himself
 between
 The gladiatorial swords, and call'd 'For-
 bear
 In the great name of Him who died for
 men,
 Christ Jesus !' For one moment after-
 ward
 A silence follow'd as of death, and then
 A hiss as from a wilderness of snakes,
 Then one deep roar as of a breaking sea,
 And then a shower of stones that stoned
 him dead,
 And then once more a silence as of death.
 His dream became a deed that woke
 the world,
 For while the frantic rabble in half-amaze
 Stared at him dead, thro' all the nobler
 hearts
 In that vast Oval ran a shudder of shame.
 The Baths, the Forum gabbled of his
 death,
 And preachers linger'd o'er his dying
 words,
 Which would not die, but echo'd on to
 reach
 Honorius, till he heard them, and de-
 creed
 That Rome no more should wallow in
 this old lust
 Of Paganism, and make her festal hour
 Dark with the blood of man who mur-
 der'd man.

[For Honorius, who succeeded to the sov-
 ereignty over Europe, suppress the gladiatorial
 combats practised of old in Rome, on occasion
 of the following event. There was one Tele-
 machus, embracing the ascetic mode of life, who
 setting out from the East and arriving at Rome
 for this very purpose, while that accursed spec-
 tacle was being performed, entered himself the
 circus, and descending into the arena, attempted
 to hold back those who wielded deadly weapons
 against each other. The spectators of the mur-
 derous fray, possess with the drunken glee of
 the demon who delights in such bloodshed, stoned
 to death the preacher of peace. The admirable
 Emperor learning this put a stop to that evil ex-
 hibition.—Theodoret's *Ecclesiastical History*.]

AKBAR'S DREAM.

AN INSCRIPTION BY ABUL FAZL FOR
A TEMPLE IN KASHMIR (Bloch-
mann xxxii.).

O GOD in every temple I see people that
see thee, and in every language I hear
spoken, people praise thee.

Polytheism and Islâm feel after thee.

Each religion says, 'Thou art one, with-
out equal.'

If it be a mosque people murmur the
holy prayer, and if it be a Christian Church,
people ring the bell from love to Thee.

Sometimes I frequent the Christian
cloister, and sometimes the mosque.

But it is thou whom I search from
temple to temple.

Thy elect have no dealings with either
heresy or orthodoxy; for neither of them
stands behind the screen of thy truth.

Heresy to the heretic, and religion to
the orthodox,

But the dust of the rose-petal belongs to
the heart of the perfume seller.

AKBAR and ABUL FAZL before the palace
at Futehpur-Sikri at night.

'LIGHT of the nations' ask'd his
Chronicler

Of Akbar 'what has darken'd thee to-
night?'

Then, after one quick glance upon the
stars,

And turning slowly toward him, Akbar
said

'The shadow of a dream—an idle one
It may be. Still I raised my heart to
heaven,

I pray'd against the dream. To pray,
to do—

To pray, to do according to the prayer,
Are, both, to worship Alla, but the
prayers,

That have no successor in deed, are faint
And pale in Alla's eyes, fair mothers
they

Dying in childbirth of dead sons. I vow'd
Whate'er my dreams, I still would do
the right

Thro' all the vast dominion which a sword,
That only conquers men to conquer
peace,

Has won me. Alla be my guide!

But come,

My noble friend, my faithful counsellor,
Sit by my side. While thou art one
with me,

I seem no longer like a lonely man

In the king's garden, gathering here and
there

From each fair plant the blossom choicest-
grown

To wreath a crown not only for the
king

But in due time for every Mussulmân,
Brahmin, and Buddhist, Christian, and
Parsee,

Thro' all the warring world of Hindustan.

Well spake thy brother in his hymn to
heaven

"Thy glory baffles wisdom. All the
tracks

Of science making toward Thy Perfect-
ness

Are blinding desert sand; we scarce can
spell

The Alif of Thine alphabet of Love."

He knows Himself, men nor themselves
nor Him,

For every splinter'd fraction of a sect
Will clamour "I am on the Perfect Way,
All else is to perdition."

Shall the rose

Cry to the lotus "No flower thou"? the
palm

Call to the cypress "I alone am fair"?

The mango spurn the melon at his foot?

"Mine is the one fruit Alla made for
man."

Look how the living pulse of Alla beats
Thro' all His world. If every single star
Should shriek its claim "I only am in
heaven"

Why that were such sphere-music as the
Greek

Had hardly dream'd of. There is light
in all,

And light, with more or less of shade,
in all

Man-modes of worship ; but our Ulama,
 Who "sitting on green sofas contem-
 plate
 The torment of the damn'd" already,
 these
 Are like wild brutes new-caged—the
 narrower
 The cage, the more their fury. Me they
 front
 With sullen brows. What wonder ! I
 decreed
 That even the dog was clean, that men
 may taste
 Swine-flesh, drink wine ; they know too
 that whene'er
 In our free Hall, where each philosophy
 And mood of faith may hold its own,
 they blurt
 Their furious formalisms, I but hear
 The clash of tides that meet in narrow
 seas,—
 Not the Great Voice not the true Deep.
 To drive
 A people from their ancient fold of Faith,
 And wall them up perforce in mine—
 unwise,
 Unkinglike ;—and the morning of my
 reign
 Was redden'd by that cloud of shame
 when I . . .
 I hate the rancour of their castes and
 creeds,
 I let men worship as they will, I reap
 No revenue from the field of unbelief.
 I cull from every faith and race the best
 And bravest soul for counsellor and
 friend.
 I loathe the very name of infidel.
 I stagger at the Korân and the sword.
 I shudder at the Christian and the stake ;
 Yet "Alla," says their sacred book, "is
 Love,"
 And when the Goan Padre quoting Him,
 Issa Ben Mariam, his own prophet, cried
 "Love one another little ones" and
 "bless"
 Whom ? even "your persecutors" ! there
 methought
 The cloud was rifted by a purer gleam
 Than glances from the sun of our Islâm.

And thou rememberest what a fury
 shook
 Those pillars of a moulder'd faith, when
 he,
 That other, prophet of their fall, pro-
 claimed
 His Master as "the Sun of Righteous-
 ness,"
 Yea, Alla here on earth, who caught
 and held
 His people by the bridle-rein of Truth.
 What art thou saying ? "And was
 not Alla call'd
 In old Irân the Sun of Love ? and Love
 The net of truth ?"
 A voice from old Irân !
 Nay, but I know it—*his*, the hoary Sheik,
 On whom the women shrieking "Atheist"
 flung
 Filth from the roof, the mystic melodist
 Who all but lost himself in Alla, him
 Abû Saïd——
 —a sun but dimly seen
 Here, till the mortal morning mists of
 earth
 Fade in the noon of heaven, when creed
 and race
 Shall bear false witness, each of each, no
 more,
 But find their limits by that larger light,
 And overstep them, moving easily
 Thro' after-ages in the love of Truth,
 The truth of Love.
 The sun, the sun ! they rail
 At me the Zoroastrian. Let the Sun,
 Who heats our earth to yield us grain
 and fruit,
 And laughs upon thy field as well as
 mine,
 And warms the blood of Shiah and
 Sunnee,
 Symbol the Eternal ! Yea and may not
 kings
 Express Him also by their warmth of
 love
 For all they rule—by equal law for all ?
 By deeds a light to men ?
 But no such light
 Glanced from our Presence on the face
 of one,

Who breaking in upon us yestermorn,
 With all the Hells a-glare in either eye,
 Yell'd "hast *thou* brought us down a
 new Korân
 From heaven? art *thou* the Prophet?
 canst *thou* work
 Miracles?" and the wild horse, anger,
 plunged
 To fling me, and fail'd. Miracles! no,
 not I
 Nor he, nor any. I can but lift the torch
 Of Reason in the dusky cave of Life,
 And gaze on this great miracle, the
 World,
 Adoring That who made, and makes,
 and is,
 And is not, what I gaze on—all else
 Form,
 Ritual, varying with the tribes of men.
 Ay but, my friend, thou knowest I
 hold that forms
 Are needful: only let the hand that rules,
 With politic care, with utter gentleness,
 Mould them for all his people.
 And what are forms?
 Fair garments, plain or rich, and fitting
 close
 Or flying looselier, warm'd but by the
 heart
 Within them, moved but by the living
 limb,
 And cast aside, when old, for newer,—
 Forms!
 The Spiritual in Nature's market-place—
 The silent Alphabet-of-heaven-in-man
 Made vocal—banners blazoning a Power
 That is not seen and rules from far away—
 A silken cord let down from Paradise,
 When fine Philosophies would fail, to
 draw
 The crowd from wallowing in the mire
 of earth,
 And all the more, when these behold
 their Lord,
 Who shaped the forms, obey them, and
 himself
 Here on this bank in *some* way live the
 life
 Beyond the bridge, and serve that Infinite
 Within us, as without, that All-in-all,

And over all, the never-changing One
 And ever-changing Many, in praise of
 Whom
 The Christian bell, the cry from off the
 mosque,
 And vaguer voices of Polytheism
 Make but one music, harmonising
 "Pray."
 There westward—under yon slow-
 falling star,
 The Christians own a Spiritual Head;
 And following thy true counsel, by thine
 aid,
 Myself am such in our Islâm, for no
 Mirage of glory, but for power to fuse
 My myriads into union under one;
 To hunt the tiger of oppression out
 From office; and to spread the Divine
 Faith
 Like calming oil on all their stormy
 creeds,
 And fill the hollows between wave and
 wave;
 To nurse my children on the milk of
 Truth,
 And alchemise old hates into the gold
 Of Love, and make it current; and beat
 back
 The menacing poison of intolerant priests,
 Those cobras ever setting up their hoods—
 One Alla! one Kalifa!
 Still—at times
 A doubt, a fear,—and yester afternoon
 I dream'd,—thou knowest how deep a
 well of love
 My heart is for my son, Saleem, mine
 heir,—
 And yet so wild and wayward that my
 dream—
 He glares askance at thee as one of those
 Who mix the wines of heresy in the cup
 Of counsel—so—I pray thee—
 Well, I dream'd
 That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred
 fane,
 A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque, nor
 Church,
 But loftier, simpler, always open-door'd
 To every breath from heaven, and Truth
 and Peace

And Love and Justice came and dwelt
 therein ;
 But while we stood rejoicing, I and thou,
 I heard a mocking laugh "the new
 Korân !"
 And on the sudden, and with a cry
 "Saleem"
 Thou, thou—I saw thee fall before me,
 and then
 Me too the black-wing'd Azrael over-
 came,
 But Death had ears and eyes ; I watch'd
 my son,
 And those that follow'd, loosen, stone
 from stone,
 All my fair work ; and from the ruin
 arose
 The shriek and curse of trampled millions,
 even
 As in the time before ; but while I
 groan'd,
 From out the sunset pour'd an alien race,
 Who fitted stone to stone again, and
 Truth,
 Peace, Love and Justice came and dwelt
 therein,
 Nor in the field without were seen or
 heard
 Fires of Sûttee, nor wail of baby-wife,
 Or Indian widow ; and in sleep I said
 "All praise to Alla by whatever hands
 My mission be accomplish'd !" but we
 hear
 Music : our palace is awake, and morn
 Has lifted the dark eyelash of the Night
 From off the rosy cheek of waking Day.
 Our hymn to the sun. They sing it.
 Let us go.'

HYMN.

I.

Once again thou flamest heavenward,
 once again we see thee rise.
 Every morning is thy birthday gladdening
 human hearts and eyes.
 Every morning here we greet it,
 bowing lowly down before thee,
 Thee the Godlike, thee the changeless in
 thine ever-changing skies.

II.

Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing
 light from clime to clime,
 Hear thy myriad laureates hail thee
 monarch in their woodland rhyme.
 Warble bird, and open flower, and
 men, below the dome of azure
 Kneel adoring Him the Timeless in the
 flame that measures Time!

NOTES TO AKBAR'S DREAM.

The great Mogul Emperor Akbar was born October 14, 1542, and died 1605. At 13 he succeeded his father Humayun ; at 18 he himself assumed the sole charge of government. He subdued and ruled over fifteen large provinces ; his empire included all India north of the Vindhya Mountains—in the south of India he was not so successful. His tolerance of religions and his abhorrence of religious persecution put our Tudors to shame. He invented a new eclectic religion by which he hoped to unite all creeds, castes and peoples : and his legislation was remarkable for vigour, justice and humanity.

'*Thy glory baffles wisdom.*' The Emperor quotes from a hymn to the Deity by Faizi, brother of Abul Fazl, Akbar's chief friend and minister, who wrote the *Ain i Akbari* (Annals of Akbar). His influence on his age was immense. It may be that he and his brother Faizi led Akbar's mind away from Islâm and the Prophet—this charge is brought against him by every Muhammadan writer ; but Abul Fazl also led his sovereign to a true appreciation of his duties, and from the moment that he entered Court, the problem of successfully ruling over mixed races, which Islâm in few other countries had to solve, was carefully considered, and the policy of toleration was the result (Blochmann xxix.).

Abul Fazl thus gives an account of himself 'The advice of my Father with difficulty kept me back from acts of folly ; my mind had no rest and my heart felt itself drawn to the sages of Mongolia or to the hermits on Lebanon. I longed for interviews with the Llamás of Tibet or with the padres of Portugal, and I would gladly sit with the priests of the Parsis and the learned of the Zendavesta. I was sick of the learned of my own land.'

He became the intimate friend and adviser of Akbar, and helped him in his tolerant system of government. Professor Blochmann writes 'Impressed with a favourable idea of the value of his Hindu subjects, he (Akbar) had resolved when pensively sitting in the evenings on the solitary

stone at Futehpur-Sikri to rule with an even hand all men in his dominions; but as the extreme views of the learned and the lawyers continually urged him to persecute instead of to heal, he instituted discussions, because, believing himself to be in error, he thought it his duty as ruler to inquire.' 'These discussions took place every Thursday night in the Ibadat-khana a building at Futehpur-Sikri, erected for the purpose' (Malleeson).

In these discussions Abul Fazl became a great power, and he induced the chief of the disputants to draw up a document defining the 'divine Faith' as it was called, and assigning to Akbar the rank of a Mujahid, or supreme khalifah, the vicegerent of the one true God.

Abul Fazl was finally murdered at the instigation of Akbar's son Salim, who in his Memoirs declares that it was Abul Fazl who had perverted his father's mind so that he denied the divine mission of Mahomet, and turned away his love from his son.

Faizi. When Akbar conquered the North-West Provinces of India, Faizi, then 20, began his life as a poet, and earned his living as a physician. He is reported to have been very generous and to have treated the poor for nothing. His fame reached Akbar's ears who commanded him to come to the camp at Chitor. Akbar was delighted with his varied knowledge and scholarship and made the poet teacher to his sons. Faizi at 33 was appointed Chief Poet (1588). He collected a fine library of 4300 MSS. and died at the age of 40 (1595) when Akbar incorporated his collection of rare books in the Imperial Library.

The warring world of Hindostan. Akbar's rapid conquests and the good government of his fifteen provinces with their complete military, civil and political systems make him conspicuous among the great kings of history.

The Goan Padre. Abul Fazl relates that 'one night the Ibadat-khana was brightened by the presence of Padre Rodolpho, who for intelligence and wisdom was unrivalled among Christian doctors. Several carping and bigoted men attacked him and this afforded an opportunity for the display of the calm judgment and justice of the assembly. These men brought forward the old received assertions, and did not attempt to arrive at truth by reasoning. Their statements were torn to pieces, and they were nearly put to shame, when they began to attack the contradictions of the Gospel, but they could not prove their assertions. With perfect calmness, and earnest conviction of the truth he replied to their arguments.

Abû Sa'id. 'Love is the net of Truth, Love is the noose of God' is a quotation from the great Sufee poet Abû Sa'id—born A.D. 968, died at the age of 83. He is a mystical poet, and some of his expressions have been compared to our George Herbert. Of Shaikh Abû Sa'id it is recorded that he said, 'when my affairs had reached a certain pitch I buried under the dust my books and opened a shop on my own account (*i.e.* began to teach with authority), and verily men represented me as that which I was not, until it came to this, that they went to the Qâdhî and testified against me of unbelief; and women got upon the roofs and cast unclean things upon me.' (*Vide* reprint from article in *National Review*, March 1891, by C. J. Pickering.)

Aziz. I am not aware that there is any record of such intrusion upon the king's privacy, but the expressions in the text occur in a letter sent by Akbar's foster-brother Aziz, who refused to come to court when summoned and threw up his government, and 'after writing an insolent and reproachful letter to Akbar in which he asked him if he had received a book from heaven, or if he could work miracles like Mahomet that he presumed to introduce a new religion, warned him that he was on the way to eternal perdition, and concluded with a prayer to God to bring him back into the path of salvation' (Elphinstone).

'The Koran, the Old and New Testament, and the Psalms of David are called *books* by way of excellence, and their followers "People of the Book"' (Elphinstone).

Akbar according to Abdel Kadir had his son Murad instructed in the Gospel, and used to make him begin his lessons 'In the name of Christ' instead of in the usual way 'In the name of God.'

To drive

A people from their ancient fold of Truth, etc. Malleeson says 'This must have happened because Akbar states it, but of the forced conversions I have found no record. This must have taken place whilst he was still a minor, and whilst the chief authority was wielded by Bairam.'

'I reap no revenue from the field of unbelief.' The Hindus are fond of pilgrimages and Akbar removed a remunerative tax raised by his predecessors on pilgrimages. He also abolished the *fezza* or capitation tax on those who differed from the Mahomedan faith. He discouraged all *excessive* prayers, fasts and pilgrimages.

Suttee. Akbar decreed that every widow who showed the least desire not to be burnt on her

husband's funeral pyre, should be let go free and unharmed.

baby-wife. He forbad marriage before the age of puberty.

Indian widow. Akbar ordained that re-marriage was lawful.

Music. 'About a watch before daybreak,' says Abul Fazl, the musicians played to the king in the palace. 'His Majesty had such a knowledge of the science of music as trained musicians do not possess.'

'*The Divine Faith.*' The Divine Faith slowly passed away under the immediate successors of Akbar. An idea of what the Divine Faith was may be gathered from the inscription at the head of the poem. The document referred to, Abul Fazl says 'brought about excellent results (1) the Court became a gathering place of the sages and learned of all creeds; the good doctrines of all religious systems were recognized, and their defects were not allowed to obscure their good features; (2) perfect toleration or peace with all was established; and (3) the perverse and evil-minded were covered with shame on seeing the disinterested motives of His Majesty, and these stood in the pillory of disgrace.' Dated September 1579—Ragab 987 (Blochmann xiv.).

THE BANDIT'S DEATH.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹

O GREAT AND GALLANT SCOTT,
TRUE GENTLEMAN, HEART, BLOOD AND BONE,
I WOULD IT HAD BEEN MY LOT
TO HAVE SEEN THEE, AND HEARD THEE, AND
KNOWN.

SIR, do you see this dagger? nay, why
do you start aside?
I was not going to stab you, tho' I *am*
the Bandit's bride.

You have set a price on his head: I may
claim it without a lie.
What have I here in the cloth? I will
show it you by-and-by.

¹ I have adopted Sir Walter Scott's version of the following story as given in his last journal (Death of Il Bizarro)—but I have taken the liberty of making some slight alterations.

Sir, I was once a wife. I had one brief
summer of bliss.

But the Bandit had woo'd me in vain,
and he stabb'd my Piero with this.

And he dragg'd me up there to his cave
in the mountain, and there one
day
He had left his dagger behind him. I
found it. I hid it away.

For he reek'd with the blood of Piero;
his kisses were red with his crime,
And I cried to the Saints to avenge me.
They heard, they bided their time.

In a while I bore him a son, and he
loved to dandle the child,
And that was a link between us; but I
—to be reconciled?—

No, by the Mother of God, tho' I think
I hated him less,
And—well, if I sinn'd last night, I will
find the Priest and confess.

Listen! we three were alone in the dell
at the close of the day.
I was lilting a song to the babe, and it
laugh'd like a dawn in May.

Then on a sudden we saw your soldiers
crossing the ridge,
And he caught my little one from me:
we dipt down under the bridge

By the great dead pine—you know it—
and heard as we crouch'd below,
The clatter of arms, and voices, and men
passing to and fro.

Black was the night when we crept away
—not a star in the sky—
Hush'd as the heart of the grave, till the
little one utter'd a cry.

I whisper'd 'give it to me,' but he would
not answer me—then
He gript it so hard by the throat that
the boy never cried again.

We return'd to his cave—the link was
broken—he sobb'd and he wept,
And cursed himself; then he yawn'd, for
the wretch *could* sleep, and he
slept

Ay, till dawn stole into the cave, and a
ray red as blood
Glanced on the strangled face—I could
make Sleep Death, if I would—

Glared on at the murder'd son, and the
murderous father at rest, . . .
I drove the blade that had slain my hus-
band thrice thro' his breast.

He was loved at least by his dog: it was
chain'd, but its horrible yell
'She has kill'd him, has kill'd him, has
kill'd him' rang out all down
thro' the dell,

Till I felt I could end myself too with the
dagger—so deafen'd and dazed—
Take it, and save me from it! I fled.
I was all but crazed

With the grief that gnaw'd at my heart,
and the weight that dragg'd at
my hand;

But thanks to the Blessed Saints that I
came on none of his band;

And the band will be scatter'd now their
gallant captain is dead,
For I with this dagger of his—do you
doubt me? Here is his head!

THE CHURCH-WARDEN AND THE CURATE.

This is written in the dialect which was cur-
rent in my youth at Spilsby and in the country
about it.

I.

EH? good daäy! good daäy! thaw it
bean't not mooch of a daäy,
Nasty, casselty¹ weather! an' mea haäfe
down wi' my haäy!²

¹ 'Casselty,' casualty, chance weather.

² 'Haäfe down wi' my haäy,' while my grass
is only half-mown.

II.

How be the farm gittin on? noäways.
Gittin on i'deeäd!

Why, tonups was haäfe on 'em fingers
an' toäs,¹ an' the mare brokken-
kneeäd,

An' pigs didn't sell at fall,² an' wa lost
wer Haldeny cow,

An' it beäts ma to knaw wot she died on,
but wool's looking oop ony how.

III.

An' soä they've maäde tha a parson, an'
thou'll git along, niver fear,

Fur I beän chuch-warden mysen i' the
parish fur fifteen year.

Well—sin ther beä chuch-wardens, ther
mun be parsons an' all,

An' if t'ōne stick alongside t'uther³ the
chuch weänt happen a fall.

IV.

Fur I wur a Baptis wonst, an' ageän the
toithe an' the raäte,

Till I fun⁴ that it warn't not the gaäinist⁵
waäy to the narra Gaäte.

An' I can't abeär 'em, I can't, fur a lot
on 'em coom'd ta-year⁶—

I wur down wi' the rheumatis then—to
my pond to wesh thessens theere—

Sa I sticks like the ivin⁷ as long as I
lives to the owd chuch now,

Fur they wesh'd their sins i' *my* pond,
an' I doubts they poison'd the cow.

V.

Ay, an' ya seed the Bishop. They says
'at he coom'd fra nowt—

Burn i' traäde. Sa I warrants 'e niver
said haäfe wot 'e thowt,

But 'e creeäpt an' 'e crawl'd along, till
'e feeäld 'e could howd 'is oän,

Then 'e married a greät Yerl's darter,
an' sits o' the Bishop's throän.

¹ 'Fingers and toes,' a disease in turnips.

² 'Fall,' autumn.

³ 'If t'ōne stick alongside t'uther,' if the one
hold by the other. One is pronounced like 'own.'

⁴ 'Fun,' found.

⁵ 'Gaäinist,' nearest.

⁶ 'Ta-year,' this year.

⁷ 'Ivin,' ivy.

VI.

Now I'll gie tha a bit o' my mind an'
 tha weant be taakin' offence,
 Fur thou be a big scholard now wi' a
 hoonderd haäcre o' sense—
 But sich an obstropulous¹ lad—naay,
 naay—fur I minds tha sa well,
 Tha'd niver not hopple² thy tongue, an'
 the tongue's sit afire o' Hell,
 As I says to my missis to-daay, when she
 hurl'd a plaäte at the cat
 An' anoother ageän my noäse. Ya was
 niver sa bad as that.

VII.

But I minds when i' Howlaby beck won
 daäy ya was ticklin' o' trout,
 An' keeäper 'e seed ya an roon'd, an' 'e
 beal'd³ to ya 'Lad coom hout'
 An' ya stood oop naäkt i' the beck, an'
 ya tell'd 'im to knaw his awn
 plaäce
 An' ya call'd 'im a clown, ya did, an' ya
 thraw'd the fish i' 'is faäce,
 An' 'e torn'd⁴ as red as a stag-tuckey's⁵
 wattles, but theer an' then
 I coämb'd 'im down, fur I promised ya'd
 niver not do it ageän.

VIII.

An' I cotch'd tha wonst i' my garden,
 when thou was a height-year-
 howd,⁶
 An' I fun thy pockets as full o' my pip-
 pins as iver they'd 'owd,⁷
 An' thou was as peärky⁸ as owt, an' tha
 maäde me as mad as mad,
 But I says to tha 'keearp 'em, an' wel-
 come' fur thou was the Parson's
 lad.

¹ 'Obstropulous,' obstreperous—here the Curate makes a sign of deprecation.

² 'Hopple' or 'hobble,' to tie the legs of a skittish cow when she is being milked.

³ 'Beal'd,' bellowed.

⁴ In such words as 'torned' (turned), 'hurled,' the *r* is hardly audible.

⁵ 'Stag-tuckey,' turkey-cock.

⁶ 'Height-year-howd,' eight-year-old.

⁷ 'Owd,' hold. ⁸ 'Peärky,' pert.

IX.

An Parson 'e 'ears on it all, an' then
 taäkes kindly to me,
 An' then I wur chose Chuch-warden an'
 coom'd to the top o' the tree,
 Fur Quoloty's hall my friends, an' they
 maäkes ma a help to the poor,
 When I gits the plaäte fuller o' Soondays
 nor ony chuch-warden afoor,
 Fur if iver thy feyther 'ed riled me I kep'
 mysen meeäk as a lamb,
 An' saw by the Graäce o' the Lord, Mr.
 Harry, I ham wot I ham.

X.

But Parson 'e *will* speäk out, saw, now
 'e be sixty-seven,
 He'll niver swap Owlby an' Scratby fur
 owt but the Kingdom o' Heaven;
 An' thou'll be 'is Curate 'ere, but, if iver
 tha meäns to git 'igher,
 Tha mun tackle the sins o' the Wo'ld,¹
 an' not the faults o' the Squire.
 An' I reckons tha'll light of a livin' some-
 wheers i' the Wowd² or the Fen,
 If tha cottons down to thy betters, an'
 keeäps thysen to thysen.
 But niver not speäk plaain out, if tha
 wants to git forrards a bit,
 But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, an'
 thou'll be a Bishop yit.

XI.

Naäy, but tha *mun* speäk hout to the
 Baptises here i' the town,
 Fur moäst on 'em talks ageän tithe, an'
 I'd like tha to preäch 'em down,
 Fur *they've* bin a-preächin' *mea* down,
 they heve, an' I haätes 'em now,
 Fur they leäved their nasty sins i' *my*
 pond, an' it poison'd the cow.

¹ 'Wo'ld,' the world. Short *o*.

² 'Wowd,' wold.

CHARITY.

I.

WHAT am I doing, you say to me,
 'wasting the sweet summer hours'?
 Haven't you eyes? I am dressing the
 grave of a woman with flowers.

II.

For a woman ruin'd the world, as God's
 own scriptures tell,
 And a man ruin'd mine, but a woman,
 God bless her, kept me from Hell.

III.

Love me? O yes, no doubt—how long
 —till you threw me aside!
 Dresses and laces and jewels and never
 a ring for the bride.

IV.

All very well just now to be calling me
 darling and sweet,
 And after a while would it matter so
 much if I came on the street?

V.

You when I met you first—when *he*
 brought you!—I turn'd away
 And the hard blue eyes have it still, that
 stare of a beast of prey.

VI.

You were his friend—you—you—when
 he promised to make me his bride,
 And you knew that he meant to betray
 me—you knew—you knew that
 he lied.

VII.

He married an heiress, an orphan with
 half a shire of estate,—
 I sent him a desolate wail and a curse,
 when I learn'd my fate.

VIII.

For I used to play with the knife, creep
 down to the river-shore,

Moan to myself 'one plunge—then quiet
 for evermore.'

IX.

Would the man have a touch of remorse
 when he heard what an end was
 mine?
 Or brag to his fellow rakes of his conquest
 over their wine?

X.

Money—my hire—*his* money—I sent
 him back what he gave,—
 Will you move a little that way? your
 shadow falls on the grave.

XI.

Two trains clash'd: then and there he
 was crush'd in a moment and
 died,
 But the new-wedded wife was unharm'd,
 tho' sitting close at his side.

XII.

She found my letter upon him, my wail
 of reproach and scorn;
 I had cursed the woman he married, and
 him, and the day I was born.

XIII.

They put him aside for ever, and after a
 week—no more—
 A stranger as welcome as Satan—a widow
 came to my door:

XIV.

So I turn'd my face to the wall, I was
 mad, I was raving-wild,
 I was close on that hour of dishonour,
 the birth of a baseborn child.

XV.

O you that can flatter your victims, and
 juggle, and lie and cajole,
 Man, can you even guess at the love of
 a soul for a soul?

XVI.

I had cursed her as woman and wife,
and in wife and woman I found
The tenderest Christ-like creature that
ever stept on the ground.

XVII.

She watch'd me, she nursed me, she fed
me, she sat day and night by my
bed,
Till the joyless birthday came of a boy
born happily dead.

XVIII.

And her name? what was it? I ask'd
her. She said with a sudden glow
On her patient face 'My dear, I will
tell you before I go.'

XIX.

And I when I learnt it at last, I shriek'd,
I sprang from my seat,
I wept, and I kiss'd her hands, I flung
myself down at her feet,

XX.

And we pray'd together for *him*, for *him*
who had given her the name.
She has left me enough to live on. I
need no wages of shame.

XXI.

She died of a fever caught when a nurse
in a hospital ward.
She is high in the Heaven of Heavens,
she is face to face with her Lord,

XXII.

And He sees not her like anywhere in
this pitiless world of ours!
I have told you my tale. Get you gone.
I am dressing her grave with
flowers.

KAPIOLANI.

Kapiolani was a great chieftainess who lived
in the Sandwich Islands at the beginning of this
century. She won the cause of Christianity by
openly defying the priests of the terrible goddess
Peelè. In spite of their threats of vengeance she
ascended the volcano Mauna-Loa, then clambered
down over a bank of cinders 400 feet high to the
great lake of fire (nine miles round)—Kilauēā—
the home and haunt of the goddess, and flung
into the boiling lava the consecrated berries
which it was sacrilege for a woman to handle.

I.

WHEN from the terrors of Nature a
people have fashion'd and worship
a Spirit of Evil,
Blest be the Voice of the Teacher who
calls to them
'Set yourselves free!'

II.

Noble the Saxon who hurl'd at his Idol
a valorous weapon in olden
England!
Great and greater, and greatest of women,
island heroine, Kapiolani
Clomb the mountain, and flung the berries,
and dared the Goddess, and freed
the people
Of Hawa-i-ee!

III.

A people believing that Peelè the Goddess
would wallow in fiery riot and
revel
On Kilauēā,
Dance in a fountain of flame with her
devils, or shake with her thunders
and shatter her island,
Rolling her anger
Thro' blasted valley and flaring forest
in blood-red cataracts down to
the sea!

IV.

Long as the lava-light
Glares from the lava-lake
Dazing the starlight,

Long as the silvery vapour in daylight
Over the mountain
Floats, will the glory of Kapiolani be
mingled with either on Hawa-i-ee.

V.

What said her Priesthood?
'Woe to this island if ever a woman
should handle or gather the berries
of Peelè !

Accurséd were she !
And woe to this island if ever a woman
should climb to the dwelling of
Peelè the Goddess !
Accurséd were she !'

VI.

One from the Sunrise
Dawn'd on His people, and slowly before
him
Vanish'd shadow-like
Gods and Goddesses,
None but the terrible Peelè remaining as
Kapiolani ascended her mountain,
Baffled her priesthood,
Broke the Taboo,
Dipt to the crater,
Call'd on the Power adored by the
Christian, and crying 'I dare her,
let Peelè avenge herself' !
Into the flame-billow dash'd the berries,
and drove the demon from Hawa-
i-ee.

THE DAWN.

"You are but children."
Egyptian Priest to Solon.

I.

RED of the Dawn !
Screams of a babe in the red-hot palms
of a Moloch of Tyre,
Man with his brotherless dinner on
man in the tropical wood,
Priests in the name of the Lord passing
souls thro' fire to the fire,
Head-hunters and boats of Dahomey
that float upon human blood !

II.

Red of the Dawn !
Godless fury of peoples, and Christless
frolic of kings,
And the bolt of war dashing down
upon cities and blazing farms,
For Babylon was a child new-born,
and Rome was a babe in arms,
And London and Paris and all the rest
are as yet but in leading-strings.

III.

Dawn not Day,
While scandal is mouthing a bloodless
name at *her* cannibal feast,
And rake-ruin'd bodies and souls go
down in a common wreck,
And the press of a thousand cities is
prized for it smells of the beast,
Or easily violates virgin Truth for a
coin or a cheque.

IV.

Dawn not Day !
Is it Shame, so few should have climb'd
from the dens in the level below,
Men, with a heart and a soul, no
slaves of a four-footed will?
But if twenty million of summers are
stored in the sunlight still,
We are far from the noon of man, there
is time for the race to grow.

V.

Red of the Dawn !
Is it turning a fainter red? so be it, but
when shall we lay
The Ghost of the Brute that is walking
and haunting us yet, and be free?
In a hundred, a thousand winters?
Ah, what will *our* children be,
The men of a hundred thousand, a
million summers away?

THE MAKING OF MAN.

WHERE is one that, born of woman,
altogether can escape
From the lower world within him, moods
of tiger, or of ape?

Man as yet is being made, and ere the
crowning Age of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch
him into shape?

All about him shadow still, but, while
the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly
gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all
their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker 'It is finish'd.
Man is made.'

THE DREAMER.

ON a midnight in midwinter when all
but the winds were dead,
'The meek shall inherit the earth' was
a Scripture that rang thro' his
head,
Till he dream'd that a Voice of the Earth
went wailingly past him and said :

'I am losing the light of my Youth
And the Vision that led me of old,
And I clash with an iron Truth,
When I make for an Age of gold,
And I would that my race were run,
For teeming with liars, and madmen,
and knaves,
And wearied of Autocrats, Anarchs,
and Slaves,
And darken'd with doubts of a Faith
that saves,
And crimson with battles, and hollow
with graves,
To the wail of my winds, and the
moan of my waves
I whirl, and I follow the Sun.'

Was it only the wind of the Night shrill-
ing out Desolation and wrong
Thro' a dream of the dark? Yet he
thought that he answer'd her wail
with a song—

Moaning your losses, O Earth,
Heart-weary and overdone!
But all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

He is racing from heaven to heaven
And less will be lost than won,
For all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

The Reign of the Meek upon earth,
O weary one, has it begun?
But all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

For moans will have grown sphere-
music
Or ever your race be run!
And all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun!

MECHANOPHILUS.

(In the time of the first railways.)

Now first we stand and understand,
And sunder false from true,
And handle boldly with the hand,
And see and shape and do.

Dash back that ocean with a pier,
Strow yonder mountain flat,
A railway there, a tunnel here,
Mix me this Zone with that!

Bring me my horse—my horse? my wings
That I may soar the sky,
For Thought into the outward springs,
I find her with the eye.

O will she, moonlike, sway the main,
And bring or chase the storm,
Who was a shadow in the brain,
And is a living form?

Far as the Future vaults her skies,
From this my vantage ground
To those still-working energies
I spy nor term nor bound.

As we surpass our fathers' skill,
Our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still
And not a hundred known.

And had some prophet spoken true
Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new,
That no man would believe.

Meanwhile, my brothers, work, and wield
The forces of to-day,
And plow the Present like a field,
And garner all you may!

You, what the cultured surface grows,
Dispense with careful hands:
Deep under deep for ever goes,
Heaven over heaven expands.

RIFLEMEN FORM!

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day!
Storm of battle and thunder of war!
Well if it do not roll our way.
Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns,
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles? or grapes of thorns?
How can a despot feel with the Free?
Form, Form, Riflemen Form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Let your reforms for a moment go!
Look to your butts, and take good aims!
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames!
Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True we have got—*such* a faithful ally
That only the Devil can tell what he
means.

Form, Form, Riflemen Form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!¹

¹ I have been asked to republish this old poem, which was first published in 'The Times,' May 9, 1859, before the Volunteer movement began.

THE TOURNEY.

RALPH would fight in Edith's sight,
For Ralph was Edith's lover,
Ralph went down like a fire to the fight,
Struck to the left and struck to the right,
Roll'd them over and over.
'Gallant Sir Ralph,' said the king.

Casques were crack'd and hauberks hack'd,
Lances snapt in sunder,
Rang the stroke, and sprang the blood,
Knights were thwack'd and riven, and
hew'd
Like broad oaks with thunder.
'O what an arm,' said the king.

Edith bow'd her stately head,
Saw them lie confounded,
Edith Montfort bow'd her head,
Crown'd her knight's, and flush'd as red
As poppies when she crown'd it.
'Take her Sir Ralph,' said the king.

THE WANDERER.

THE gleam of household sunshine ends,
And here no longer can I rest;
Farewell!—You will not speak, my
friends,
Unfriendly of your parted guest.

O well for him that finds a friend,
Or makes a friend where'er he come,
And loves the world from end to end,
And wanders on from home to home!

O happy he, and fit to live,
On whom a happy home has power
To make him trust his life, and give
His fealty to the halcyon hour!

I count you kind, I hold you true;
But what may follow who can tell?
Give me a hand—and you—and you—
And deem me grateful, and farewell!

POETS AND CRITICS.

THIS thing, that thing is the rage,
 Helter-skelter runs the age ;
 Minds on this round earth of ours
 Vary like the leaves and flowers,
 Fashion'd after certain laws ;
 Sing thou low or loud or sweet,
 All at all points thou canst not meet,
 Some will pass and some will pause.

What is true at last will tell :
 Few at first will place thee well ;
 Some too low would have thee shine,
 Some too high—no fault of thine—
 Hold thine own, and work thy will !
 Year will graze the heel of year,
 But seldom comes the poet here,
 And the Critic's rarer still.

A VOICE SPAKE OUT OF
THE SKIES.

A VOICE spake out of the skies
 To a just man and a wise—
 'The world and all within it
 Will only last a minute !'
 And a beggar began to cry
 'Food, food or I die' !
 Is it worth his while to eat,
 Or mine to give him meat,
 If the world and all within it
 Were nothing the next minute ?

DOUBT AND PRAYER.

THO' Sin too oft, when smitten by Thy
 rod,
 Rail at 'Blind Fate' with many a vain
 'Alas !'
 From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass
 By that same path our true forefathers
 trod ;
 And let not Reason fail me, nor the sod
 Draw from my death Thy living flower
 and grass,
 Before I learn that Love, which is, and
 was

My Father, and my Brother, and my
 God !
 Steel me with patience ! soften me with
 grief !
 Let blow the trumpet strongly while I
 pray,
 Till this embattled wall of unbelief
 My prison, not my fortress, fall away !
 Then, if Thou willest, let my day be
 brief,
 So Thou wilt strike Thy glory thro' the
 day.

FAITH.

I.

DOUBT no longer that the Highest is the
 wisest and the best,
 Let not all that saddens Nature blight
 thy hope or break thy rest,
 Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the
 shipwreck, or the rolling
 Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or
 the famine, or the pest !

II.

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower
 than the heart's desire !
 Thro' the gates that bar the distance
 comes a gleam of what is higher.
 Wait till Death has flung them open,
 when the man will make the Maker
 Dark no more with human hatreds in the
 glare of deathless fire !

THE SILENT VOICES.

WHEN the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
 Brings the Dreams about my bed,
 Call me not so often back,
 Silent Voices of the dead,
 Toward the lowland ways behind me,
 And the sunlight that is gone !
 Call me rather, silent voices,
 Forward to the starry track
 Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
 On, and always on !

GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.

I.

WILL my tiny spark of being wholly
vanish in your deeps and heights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye
Heavens, of your boundless nights,
Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and
your fiery clash of meteorites?

II.

'Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the
limit of thy human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that
Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor
the silent Opener of the Gate.'

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE
OF CLARENCE AND AVON-
DALE.

To the Mourners.

THE bridal garland falls upon the bier,
The shadow of a crown, that o'er him
hung,

Has vanish'd in the shadow cast by
Death.

So princely, tender, truthful, reverent,
pure—

Mourn! That a world-wide Empire
mourns with you,

That all the Thrones are clouded by
your loss,

Were slender solace. Yet be comforted;
For if this earth be ruled by Perfect
Love,

Then, after his brief range of blameless
days,

The toll of funeral in an Angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest mar-
riage-bell.

The face of Death is toward the Sun
of Life,

His shadow darkens earth: his truer
name

Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the
roll

And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly
heard

Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in
hope!

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time
and Place

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