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COLLECTION  
OF  
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VOL. 504.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF TENNYSON.  
VOL. IV.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
ALFRED TENNYSON.

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VOL. IV.

POEMS.—VOL. II.



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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1860.



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# ENGLISH IDYLS AND OTHER POEMS.

(PUBLISHED 1842.)



## THE EPIC.

— —

AT Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve, —  
The game of forfeits done — the girls all kiss'd  
Beneath the sacred bush and past away —  
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,  
The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl,  
Then half-way ebb'd: and there we held a talk,  
How all the old honour had from Christmas gone,  
Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games  
In some odd nooks like this; till I, tired out  
With cutting eights that day upon the pond,  
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,  
I bump'd the ice into three several stars,  
Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard  
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,  
Now harping on the church-commissioners,  
Now hawking at Geology and schism;

Until I woke, and found him settled down  
Upon the general decay of faith  
Right thro' the world, "at home was little left,  
And none abroad: there was no anchor, none,  
To hold by." Francis, laughing, clapt his hand  
On Everard's shoulder, with "I hold by him."  
"And I," quoth Everard, "by the wassail-bowl."  
"Why yes," I said, "we knew your gift that way  
At college: but another which you had,  
I mean of verse (for so we held it then,) —  
What came of that?" "You know," said Frank, "he burnt  
His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books" —  
And then to me demanding why? "Oh, sir,  
He thought that nothing new was said, or else  
Something so said 'twas nothing — that a truth  
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day:  
God knows: he has a mint of reasons: ask.  
It pleased *me* well enough." "Nay, nay," said Hall,  
"Why take the style of those heroic times?  
For nature brings not back the Mastodon,  
Nor we those times; and why should any man

Remodel models? these twelve books of mine  
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,  
Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt." "But I,"  
Said Francis, "pick'd the eleventh from this hearth,  
And have it: keep a thing, its use will come.  
I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes."  
He laugh'd, and I, though sleepy, like a horse  
'That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd my ears;  
For I remember'd Everard's college fame  
When we were Freshmen: then at my request  
He brought it; and the poet little urged,  
But with some prelude of disparagement,  
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and aes,  
Deep-chested music, and to this result.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.  

---

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
Had fall'n in Lyonness about their Lord,  
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep



They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made, —  
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more — but let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In aftertime, this also shall be known:  
But now delay not: take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere:

Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:

"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept

And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down

By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,

Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,

And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd  
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?  
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:  
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:  
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud.

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
What good should follow this, if this were done?  
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,  
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself?  
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
What record, or what relic of my lord

Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,  
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
To all the people, winning reverence.  
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:  
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:  
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,

Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!  
Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;  
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:  
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock

By night, with noises of the northern sea  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:  
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;  
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:  
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick!  
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."  
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,



Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.  
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —  
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

'Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them; and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these  
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose  
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"  
And to the barge they came. There those three  
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.  
But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white  
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;  
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops  
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust;  
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;  
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,

Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
For now I see the true old times are dead,  
When every morning brought a noble chance,  
And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
Such times have been not since the light that led  
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
Which was an image of the mighty world;  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done

May He within himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by  
prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —

(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

---

Here ended Hall, and our last light, that long  
Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell:  
At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound,  
And waked with silence, grunted "Good!" but we  
Sat rapt: it was the tone with which he read —  
Perhaps some modern touches here and there  
Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness —  
Or else we loved the man, and prized his work;  
I know not: but we sitting, as I said,  
The cock crew loud; as at that time of year  
The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn:

Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,  
"There now — that's nothing!" drew a little back,  
And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,  
That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue:  
And so to bed; where yet in sleep I seem'd  
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,  
Point after point; till on to dawn, when dreams  
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,  
To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,  
There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore  
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman  
Of stateliest port; and all the people cried,  
"Arthur is come again: he cannot die."  
Then those that stood upon the hills behind  
Repeated — "come again, and thrice as fair;"  
And, further inland, voices echoed — "come  
With all good things, and war shall be no more."  
At this a hundred bells began to peal,  
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed  
The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER;  
OR  
THE PICTURES.

---

THIS morning is the morning of the day,  
When I and Eustace from the city went  
To see the Gardener's Daughter; I and he,  
Brothers in Art; a friendship so complete  
Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew  
The fable of the city where we dwelt.

My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;  
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.  
He, by some law that holds in love, and draws  
The greater to the lesser, long desired  
A certain miracle of symmetry,  
A miniature of loveliness, all grace  
Summ'd up and closed in little; — Juliet, she  
So light of foot, so light of spirit — oh, she

To me myself, for some three careless moons,  
The summer pilot of an empty heart  
Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not  
Such touches are but embassies of love,  
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found  
Empire for life? but Eustace painted her,  
And said to me, she sitting with us then,  
"When will *you* paint like this?" and I replied,  
(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)  
"'Tis not your work, but Love's. Love, unperceived,  
A more ideal Artist he than all,  
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes  
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair  
More black than ashbuds in the front of March."  
And Juliet answer'd laughing, "Go and see  
The Gardener's daughter: trust me, after that,  
You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece."  
And up we rose, and on the spur we went.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.  
News from the humming city comes to it



In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;  
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear  
The windy clanging of the minster clock;  
Although between it and the garden lies  
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,  
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,  
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge  
Crown'd with the minster-towers.

The fields between

Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,  
And all about the large lime feathers low,  
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

In that still place she, hoarded in herself,  
Grew, seldom seen: not less among us lived  
Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard  
Of Rose, the Gardener's daughter? Where was he,  
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,  
At such a distance from his youth in grief,  
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,  
So gross to express delight, in praise of her

Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,  
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

And if I said that Fancy, led by Love,  
Would play with flying forms and images,  
Yet this is also true, that, long before  
I look'd upon her, when I heard her name  
My heart was like a prophet to my heart,  
And told me I should love. A crowd of hopes,  
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,  
Born out of everything I heard and saw,  
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul;  
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm  
To one that travels quickly, made the air  
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought,  
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream  
Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,  
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.

And sure this orbit of the memory folds  
For ever in itself the day we went  
To see her. All the land in flowery squares,  
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,

Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud  
Drew downward: but all else of Heaven was pure  
Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,  
And May with me from head to heel. And now,  
As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were  
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound,  
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these,)  
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,  
And, where the hedge-row cuts the pathway, stood  
Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,  
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods  
Came voices of the well-contented doves.  
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,  
But shook his song together as he near'd  
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,  
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;  
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;  
The redcap whistled; and the nightingale  
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.

And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me,  
"Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,

These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing  
Like poets, from the vanity of song?  
Or have they any sense of why they sing?  
And would they praise the heavens for what they  
have?"

And I made answer, "Were there nothing else  
For which to praise the heavens but only love,  
That only love were cause enough for praise."

Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read my thought,  
And on we went; but ere an hour had pass'd,  
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North;  
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us  
To one green wicket in a privet hedge;  
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk  
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned;  
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew  
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.  
The garden stretches southward. In the midst  
A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.  
The garden-glasses shone, and momentarily  
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.

“Eustace,” I said, “This wonder keeps the house.”  
He nodded, but a moment afterwards  
He cried, “Look! look!” Before he ceased I turn’d,  
And, ere a star can wink, beheld her there.

For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,  
That, flowering high, the last night’s gale had caught,  
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft —  
Gown’d in pure white, that fitted to the shape —  
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.  
A single stream of all her soft brown hair  
Pour’d on one side: the shadow of the flowers  
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering  
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist —  
Ah, happy shade — and still went wavering down,  
But, ere it touch’d a foot, that might have danced  
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,  
And mix’d with shadows of the common ground!  
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn’d  
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,  
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,  
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast

As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,  
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

So rapt, we near'd the house; but she, a Rose  
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,  
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance turn'd  
Into the world without; till close at hand,  
And almost ere I knew mine own intent,  
This murmur broke the stillness of that air  
Which brooded round about her:

“Ah, one rose,  
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,  
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips  
Less exquisite than thine.”

She look'd: but all  
Suffused with blushes — neither self-possess'd  
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,  
Divided in a graceful quiet — paused,  
And dropt the branch she held, and turning, wound  
Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd her lips  
For some sweet answer, tho' no answer came,  
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,

And moved away, and left me, statue-like,  
In act to render thanks.

I, that whole day,  
Saw her no more, altho' I linger'd there  
Till every daisy slept, and Love's white star  
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the dusk.

So home we went, and all the livelong way  
With solemn gibe did Eustace banter me.  
"Now," said he, "will you climb the top of Art.  
You cannot fail but work in hues to dim  
The Titianic Flora. Will you match  
My Juliet? you, not you, — the Master, Love,  
A more ideal Artist he than all."

So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,  
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,  
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,  
And shaping faithful record of the glance  
That graced the giving — such a noise of life  
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice  
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such  
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark.

And all that night I heard the watchmen peal  
The sliding season: all that night I heard  
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.  
The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,  
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,  
Distilling odours on me as they went  
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all,  
Made this night thus. Henceforward squall nor storm  
Could keep me from that Eden where she dwelt.  
Light pretexts drew me: sometimes a Dutch love  
For tulips; then for roses, moss or musk,  
To grace my city-rooms; or fruits and cream  
Served in the weeping elm; and more and more  
A word could bring the colour to my cheek;  
A thought would fill my eyes with happy dew;  
Love trebled life within me, and with each  
The year increased.

The daughters of the year,  
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd:  
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower



Danced into light, and died into the shade;  
And each in passing touch'd with some new grace  
Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by day,  
Like one that never can be wholly known,  
Her beauty grew; till Autumn brought an hour  
For Eustace, when I heard his deep "I will,"  
Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold  
From thence thro' all the worlds: but I rose up  
Full of his bliss, and following her dark eyes  
Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd  
The wicket-gate, and found her standing there.

There sat we down upon a garden mound,  
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third,  
Between us, in the circle of his arms  
Enwound us both; and over many a range  
Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,  
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,  
Reveal'd their shining windows: from them clash'd  
The bells; we listen'd; with the time we play'd;  
We spoke of other things; we coursed about  
The subject most at heart, more near and near,

Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round  
The central wish, until we settled there.

Then, in that time and place, I spoke to her,  
Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,  
Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,  
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,  
A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved;  
And in that time and place she answer'd me,  
And in the compass of three little words,  
More musical than ever came in one,  
The silver fragments of a broken voice,  
Made me most happy, faltering "I am thine."

Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say  
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,  
By its own energy fulfill'd itself,  
Merged in completion? Would you learn at full  
How passion rose thro' circumstantial grades  
Beyond all grades develop'd? and indeed  
I had not staid so long to tell you all,  
But while I mused came Memory with sad eyes,  
Holding the folded annals of my youth;

And while I mused, Love with knit brows went by,  
And with a flying finger swept my lips,  
And spake, "Be wise: not easily forgiven  
Are those, who setting wide the doors, that bar  
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,  
Let in the day." Here, then, my words have end.

Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells —  
Of that which came between, more sweet than each,  
In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves  
That tremble round a nightingale — in sighs  
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,  
Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell  
Of difference, reconciliation, pledges given,  
And vows, where there was never need of vows,  
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap  
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above  
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale  
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars;  
Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-lit,  
Spread the light haze along the river-shores,  
And in the hollows; or as once we met

Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain  
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,  
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep.

But this whole hour your eyes have been intent  
On that veil'd picture — veil'd, for what it holds  
May not be dwelt on by the common day.  
This prelude has prepared thee. Raise thy soul;  
Make thine heart ready with thine eyes: the time  
Is come to raise the veil

Behold her there,  
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,  
My first, last love; the idol of my youth,  
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!  
Now the most blessed memory of mine age.

DORA.  

---

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode  
William and Dora. William was his son,  
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,  
And often thought "I'll make them man and wife."  
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because  
He had been always with her in the house,  
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son:  
I married late, but I would wish to see  
My grandchild on my knees before I die:  
And I have set my heart upon a match.  
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well  
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.

She is my brother's daughter: he and I  
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred  
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;  
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,  
For many years." But William answer'd short;  
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,  
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man  
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:  
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!  
But in my time a father's word was law,  
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;  
Consider, William: take a month to think,  
And let me have an answer to my wish;  
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
And never more darken my doors again."  
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,  
And broke away. The more he look'd at her  
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;  
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before  
The month was out he left his father's house,

And hired himself to work within the fields;  
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;  
But if you speak with him that was my son,  
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
My home is none of yours. My will is law."  
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,  
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
To William; then distresses came on him;  
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,  
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.  
But Dora stored what little she could save,  
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized  
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat  
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought  
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

“I have obey’d my uncle until now,  
And I have sinn’d, for it was all thro’ me  
This evil came on William at the first.  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that’s gone,  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan, I am come to you:  
You know there has not been for these five years  
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,  
And I will set him in my uncle’s eye  
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad  
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
And bless him for the sake of him that’s gone.”

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound  
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.  
Far off the farmer came into the field  
And spied her not; for none of all his men  
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;  
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
But her heart fail’d her; and the reapers reap’d,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.



But when the morrow came, she rose and took  
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.  
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field  
He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
And came and said; "Where were you yesterday?  
Whose child is that! What are you doing here?"  
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"  
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not  
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again;  
"Do with me as you will, but take the child  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"  
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick  
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.  
I must be taught my duty, and by you!  
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared  
To slight it. Well — for I will take the boy;  
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud  
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell  
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,  
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,  
Remembering the day when first she came,  
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down  
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy  
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise  
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.  
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;  
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:  
He says that he will never see me more."  
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,  
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:  
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,

And I will have my boy, and bring him home;  
And I will beg of him to take thee back;  
But if he will not take thee back again,  
Then thou and I will live within one house,  
And work for William's child, until he grows  
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd  
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.  
The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw  
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out  
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung  
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld  
His mother, he cried out to come to her:  
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

"O Father! — if you let me call you so —  
I never came a-begging for myself,  
Or William, or this child; but now I come

For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.  
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace  
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,  
He could not ever rue his marrying me —  
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said  
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:  
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know  
The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then he turn'd  
His face and pass'd — unhappy that I am!  
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you  
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
His father's memory; and take Dora back,  
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
By Mary. There was silence in the room;  
And all at once the old man burst in sobs: —

"I have been to blame — to blame. I have kill'd  
my son.

I have kill'd him — but I loved him — my dear son.  
May God forgive me! — I have been to blame.  
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about  
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.  
And all the man was broken with remorse;  
And all his love came back a hundredfold;  
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,  
Thinking of William.

So those four abode  
Within one house together; and as years  
Went forward, Mary took another mate;  
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

AUDLEY COURT.  

---

"THE Bull, the Fleece are cramm'd, and not a room  
For love or money. Let us picnic there  
At Audley Court."

I spoke, while Audley feast  
Humm'd like a hive all round the narrow quay,  
To Francis, with a basket on his arm,  
To Francis just alighted from the boat,  
And breathing of the sea. "With all my heart,"  
Said Francis. Then we shoulder'd thro' the swarm,  
And rounded by the stillness of the beach  
To where the bay runs up its latest horn.

We left the dying ebb that faintly lipp'd  
The flat red granite; so by many a sweep  
Of meadow smooth from aftermath we reach'd  
The griffin-guarded gates, and pass'd thro' all

The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores,  
And cross'd the garden to the gardener's lodge,  
With all its casements bedded, and its walls  
And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine.

There, on a slope of orchard, Francis laid  
A damask napkin wrought with horse and hound,  
Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,  
And, half-cut-down, a pasty costly-made,  
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,  
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks  
Imbedded and injellied; last, with these,  
A flask of cider from his father's vats,  
Prime, which I knew; and so we sat and eat  
And talk'd old matters over; who was dead,  
Who married, who was like to be, and how  
The races went, and who would rent the hall:  
Then touch'd upon the game, how scarce it was  
This season; glancing thence, discuss'd the farm,  
The fourfield system, and the price of grain;  
And struck upon the corn-laws, where we split,  
And came again together on the king

With heated faces; till he laugh'd aloud;  
And, while the blackbird on the pippin hung  
To hear him, clapt his hand in mine and sang —

“Oh! who would fight and march and countermarch,  
Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field,  
And shovell'd up into a bloody trench  
Where no one knows? but let me live my life.

“Oh! who would cast and balance at a desk,  
Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool,  
Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints  
Are full of chalk? but let me live my life.

“Who'd serve the state? for if I carved my name  
Upon the cliffs that guard my native land,  
I might as well have traced it in the sands;  
The sea wastes all: but let me live my life.

“Oh! who would love? I woo'd a woman once,  
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,  
And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn  
Turns from the sea: but let me live my life.”

He sang his song, and I replied with mine:  
I found it in a volume, all of songs,



Knock'd down to me, when old Sir Robert's pride,  
His books — the more the pity, so I said —  
Came to the hammer here in March — and this —  
I set the words, and added names I knew.

“Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep, and dream of me:  
Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister's arm,  
And sleeping, haply dream her arm is mine.

“Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia's arm;  
Emilia, fairer than all else but thou,  
For thou art fairer than all else that is.

“Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast:  
Sleep, breathing love and trust against her lip:  
I go to-night: I come to-morrow morn.

“I go, but I return: I would I were  
The pilot of the darkness and the dream.  
Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and dream of me.”

So sang we each to either, Francis Hale,  
The farmer's son who lived across the bay,  
My friend; and I, that having wherewithal,  
And in the fallow leisure of my life  
A rolling stone of here and everywhere,

Did what I would; but ere the night we rose  
And saunter'd home beneath a moon, that, just  
In crescent, dimly rain'd about the leaf  
Twilights of airy silver, till we reach'd  
The limit of the hills; and as we sank  
From rock to rock upon the glooming quay,  
The town was hush'd beneath us: lower down  
The bay was oily-calm; the harbour-buoy  
With one green sparkle ever and anon  
Dipt by itself, and we were glad at heart.

WALKING TO THE MAIL.  

---

*John.* I'm glad I walk'd. How fresh the meadows look  
Above the river, and, but a month ago,  
The whole hill-side was redder than a fox.  
Is yon plantation where this byway joins  
The turnpike?

*James.* Yes.

*John.* And when does this come by?

*James.* The mail? At one o'clock.

*John.* What is it now?

*James.* A quarter to.

*John.* Whose house is that I see?

No, not the County Member's with the vane:  
Up higher with the yewtree by it, and half  
A score of gables.

*James.* That? Sir Edward Head's:  
But he's abroad: the place is to be sold.

*John.* Oh, his. He was not broken.

*James.* No, sir, he,  
Vex'd with a morbid devil in his blood  
That veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his face  
From all men, and commercing with himself,  
He lost the sense that handles daily life —  
That keeps us all in order more or less —  
And sick of home went overseas for change.

*John.* And whither?

*James.* Nay, who knows? he's here and there.  
But let him go; his devil goes with him,  
As well as with his tenant, Jocky Dawes.

*John.* What's that?

*James.* You saw the man — on Monday, was it? —  
There by the humpback'd willow; half stands up  
And bristles; half has fall'n and made a bridge;  
And there he caught the younker tickling trout —  
Caught in *flagrante* — what's the Latin word? —  
*Delicto*: but his house, for so they say,  
Was haunted with a jolly ghost, that shook  
The curtains, whined in lobbies, tapt at doors,

And rummaged like a rat: no servant stay'd:  
The farmer vext packs up his beds and chairs,  
And all his household stuff; and with his boy  
Betwixt his knees, his wife upon the tilt,  
Sets out, and meets a friend who hails him, "What!  
You're flitting!" "Yes, we're flitting," says the ghost  
(For they had pack'd the thing among the beds,)  
"Oh well," says he, "you flitting with us too —  
Jack, turn the horses' heads and home again."

*John.* He left his wife behind; for so I heard.

*James.* He left her, yes. I met my lady once:  
A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs.

*John.* Oh yet but I remember, ten years back —  
'Tis now at least ten years — and then she was —  
You could not light upon a sweeter thing:  
A body slight and round, and like a pear  
In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot  
Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin  
As clean and white as privet when it flowers.

*James.* Ay, ay, the blossom fades, and they that loved  
At first like dove and dove were cat and dog.

She was the daughter of a cottager,  
Out of her sphere. What betwixt shame and pride,  
New things and old, himself and her, she sour'd  
To what she is: a nature never kind!  
Like men, like manners: like breeds like, they say.  
Kind nature is the best: those manners next  
That fit us like a nature second-hand;  
Which are indeed the manners of the great.

*John.* But I had heard it was this bill that past,  
And fear of change at home, that drove him hence.

*James.* That was the last drop in the cup of gall.  
I once was near him, when his bailiff brought  
A Chartist pike. You should have seen him wince  
As from a venomous thing: he thought himself  
A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a cry  
Should break his sleep by night, and his nice eyes  
Should see the raw mechanic's bloody thumbs  
Sweat on his blazon'd chairs; but, sir, you know  
That these two parties still divide the world —  
Of those that want, and those that have: and still  
The same old sore breaks out from age to age

With much the same result. Now I myself,  
A Tory to the quick, was as a boy  
Destructive, when I had not what I would.  
I was at school — a college in the South:  
There lived a flayflint near; we stole his fruit,  
His hens, his eggs; but there was law for *us*;  
We paid in person. He had a sow, sir. She,  
With meditative grunts of much content,  
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud.  
By night we dragg'd her to the college tower  
From her warm bed, and up the corkscrew stair  
With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow,  
And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.  
Large range of prospect had the mother sow,  
And but for daily loss of one she loved,  
As one by one we took them — but for this —  
As never sow was higher in this world —  
Might have been happy: but what lot is pure?  
We took them all, till she was left alone  
Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,  
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty.

*John.* They found you out?

*James.* Not they.

*John.* Well — after all —

What know we of the secret of a man?

His nerves were wrong. What ails us, who are sound,

That we should mimic this raw fool the world,

Which charts us all in its coarse blacks or whites,

As ruthless as a baby with a worm,

As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows

To Pity — more from ignorance than will.

But put your best foot forward, or I fear

That we shall miss the mail: and here it comes

With five at top: as quaint a four-in-hand

As you shall see — three pyebalds and a roan.



## EDWIN MORRIS;

OR, THE LAKE.

---

O ME, my pleasant rambles by the lake,  
My sweet, wild, fresh three quarters of a year,  
My one Oasis in the dust and drouth  
Of city life! I was a sketcher then:  
See here, my doing: curves of mountain, bridge,  
Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built  
When men knew how to build, upon a rock,  
With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock:  
And here, now-comers in an ancient hold,  
New-comers from the Mersey, millionaires,  
Here lived the Hills — a Tudor-chimnied bulk  
Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake  
With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull  
The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,  
Long learned names of agaric, moss and fern,  
Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,  
Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,  
Who read me rhymes elaborately good,  
His own — I call'd him Crichton, for he seem'd  
All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.

And once I ask'd him of his early life,  
And his first passion; and he answer'd me;  
And well his words became him: was he not  
A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence  
Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he spoke.

'My love for Nature is as old as I;  
But thirty moons, one honeymoon to that,  
And three rich sennights more, my love for her.  
My love for Nature and my love for her,  
Of different ages, like twin-sisters grew,  
Twin-sisters differently beautiful.  
To some full music rose and sank the sun,

And some full music seem'd to move and change  
With all the varied changes of the dark,  
And either twilight and the day between;  
For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again  
Revolving toward fulfilment, made it sweet  
To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to breathe.'

Or this or something like to this he spoke.  
Then said the fat-faced curate Edward Bull,

'I take it, God made the woman for the man,  
And for the good and increase of the world.  
A pretty face is well, and this is well,  
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up,  
And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways  
Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed  
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.  
I say, God made the woman for the man,  
And for the good and increase of the world.'

'Parson' said I 'you pitch the pipe too low:  
But I have sudden touches, and can run

My faith beyond my practice into his:  
Tho' if, in dancing after Letty Hill,  
I do not hear the bells upon my cap,  
I scarce hear other music: yet say on.  
What should one give to light on such a dream?'  
I ask'd him half-sardonically.

'Give?

Give all thou art' he answer'd, and a light  
Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek;  
'I would have hid her needle in my heart,  
To save her little finger from a scratch  
No deeper than the skin: my ears could hear  
Her lightest breaths: her least remark was worth  
The experience of the wise. I went and came;  
Her voice fled always thro' the summer land;  
I spoke her name alone. Thrice-happy days!  
The flower of each, those moments when we met,  
The crown of all, we met to part no more.'

Were not his words delicious, I a beast  
'To take them as I did? but something jarr'd;

Whether he spoke too largely; that there seem'd  
A touch of something false, some self-conceit,  
Or over-smoothness: howsoe'er it was,  
He scarcely hit my humour, and I said:

'Friend Edwin, do not think yourself alone  
Of all men happy. Shall not Love to me,  
As in the Latin song I learnt at school,  
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left?  
But you can talk: yours is a kindly vein:  
I have, I think, — Heaven knows — as much within;  
Have, or should have, but for a thought or two,  
That like a purple beech among the greens  
Looks out of place: 'tis from no want in her:  
It is my shyness, or my self-distrust,  
Or something of a wayward modern mind  
Dissecting passion. Time will set me right.'

So spoke I knowing not the things that were.  
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull:  
'God made the woman for the use of man,

And for the good and increase of the world.'  
And I and Edwin laugh'd; and now we paused  
About the windings of the marge to hear  
The soft wind blowing over meadowy holms  
And alders, garden-isles; and now we left  
The clerk behind us, I and he, and ran  
By ripply shallows of the lipping lake,  
Delighted with the freshness and the sound.

But, when the bracken rusted on their crags  
My suit had wither'd, nipt to death by him  
'That was a God, and is a lawyer's clerk,  
The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles.  
'Tis true, we met; one hour I had, no more:  
She sent a note, the seal an *Elle vous suit*,  
The close 'Your Letty, only yours;' and this  
Thrice underscored. The friendly mist of morn  
Clung to the lake. I boated over, ran  
My craft aground, and heard with beating heart  
The Sweet-Gale rustle round the shelving keel;  
And out I stept, and up I crept: she moved,

Like Proserpine in Enna, gathering flowers:  
Then low and sweet I whistled thrice; and she,  
She turn'd, we closed, we kiss'd, swore faith, I breathed  
In some new planet: a silent cousin stole  
Upon us and departed: 'Leave' she cried  
'O leave me!' 'Never, dearest, never: here  
I brave the worst:' and while we stood like fools  
Embracing, all at once a score of pugs  
And poodles yell'd within, and out they came  
Trustees and Aunts and Uncles. 'What, with him!  
Go' (shrill'd the cottonspinning chorus) 'him!'  
I choked. Again they shriek'd the burthen 'Him!'  
Again with hands of wild rejection 'Go! —  
Girl, get you in!' She went — and in one month  
They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,  
To lands in Kent and messuages in York,  
And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile  
And educated whisker. But for me,  
They set an ancient creditor to work:  
It seems I broke a close with force and arms:  
There came a mystic token from the king

To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy!  
I read, and fled by night, and flying turn'd:  
Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below:  
I turn'd once more, close-button'd to the storm;  
So left the place, left Edwin, nor have seen  
Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared to hear.

Nor cared to hear? perhaps: yet long ago  
I have pardon'd little Letty; not indeed,  
It may be, for her own dear sake but this,  
She seems a part of those fresh days to me;  
For in the dust and drouth of London life  
She moves among my visions of the lake,  
While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then  
While the gold-lily blows, and overhead  
The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag.



ST. SIMEON STYLITES.  

---

ALTHO' I be the basest of mankind,  
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,  
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet  
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,  
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold  
Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn and sob,  
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,  
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.

Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God,  
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years,  
Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs,  
In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold,  
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps,  
A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,  
Patient on this tall pillar I have borne  
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow;

And I had hoped that ere this period closed  
Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,  
Denying not these weather-beaten limbs  
The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm.

O take the meaning, Lord: I do not breathe,  
Not whisper, any murmur of complaint.  
Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this, were still  
Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to bear,  
Than were those lead-like tons of sin, that crush'd  
My spirit flat before thee.

O Lord, Lord,  
Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,  
For I was strong and hale of body then;  
And tho' my teeth, which now are dropt away,  
Would chatter with the cold, and all my beard  
Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the moon,  
I drown'd the whoopings of the owl with sound  
Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw  
An angel stand and watch me, as I sang.  
Now am I feeble grown; my end draws nigh;  
I hope my end draws nigh: half deaf I am,

So that I scarce can hear the people hum  
About the column's base, and almost blind,  
And scarce can recognise the fields I know;  
And both my thighs are rotted with the dew;  
Yet cease I not to clamour and to cry,  
While my stiff spine can hold my weary head,  
Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from the stone,  
Have mercy, mercy: take away my sin.

O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my soul,  
Who may be saved? who is it may be saved?  
Who may be made a saint, if I fail here?  
Show me the man hath suffer'd more than I.  
For did not all thy martyrs die one death?  
For either they were stoned, or crucified,  
Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or sawn  
In twain beneath the ribs; but I die here  
To-day, and whole years long, a life of death.  
Bear witness, if I could have found a way  
(And heedfully I sifted all my thought)  
More slowly-painful to subdue this home  
Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and hate,

I had not stinted practice, O my God.

For not alone this pillar-punishment,  
Not this alone I bore: but while I lived  
In the white convent down the valley there,  
For many weeks about my loins I wore  
The rope that haled the buckets from the well,  
Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose;  
And spake not of it to a single soul,  
Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,  
Betray'd my secret penance, so that all  
My brethren marvell'd greatly. More than this  
I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest all.

Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee,  
I lived up there on yonder mountain side.  
My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay  
Pent in a roofless close of ragged stones;  
Inswathed sometimes in wandering mist, and twice  
Black'd with thy branding thunder, and sometimes  
Sucking the damps for drink, and eating not,  
Except the spare chance-gift of those that came  
To touch my body and be heal'd, and live:

And they say then that I work'd miracles,  
Whereof my fame is loud amongst mankind,  
Cured lameness, palsies, cancers. Thou, O God,  
Knowest alone whether this was or no.  
Have mercy, mercy; cover all my sin.

Then, that I might be more alone with thee,  
Three years I lived upon a pillar, high  
Six cubits, and three years on one of twelve;  
And twice three years I crouch'd on one that rose  
Twenty by measure; last of all, I grew  
Twice ten long weary weary years to this,  
That numbers forty cubits from the soil.

I think that I have borne as much as this —  
Or else I dream — and for so long a time,  
If I may measure time by yon slow light,  
And this high dial, which my sorrow crowns —  
So much — even so.

And yet I know not well,  
For that the evil ones come here, and say,  
“Fall down, O Simeon: thou hast suffer'd long  
For ages and for ages!” then they prate

Of penances I cannot have gone thro',  
Perplexing me with lies; and oft I fall,  
Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies,  
That Heaven, and Earth, and Time are choked.

But yet

Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints  
Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth  
House in the shade of comfortable roofs,  
Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,  
And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,  
I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,  
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,  
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Saints;  
Or in the night, after a little sleep,  
I wake: the chill stars sparkle; I am wet  
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost.  
I wear an undress'd goatskin on my back;  
A grazing iron collar grinds my neck;  
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,  
And strive and wrestle with thee till I die:  
O mercy, mercy! wash away my sin.

O Lord, thou knowest what a man I am;  
A sinful man, conceived and born in sin:  
'Tis their own doing; this is none of mine;  
Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for this,  
That here come those that worship me? Ha! ha!  
'They think that I am somewhat. What am I?  
The silly people take me for a saint,  
And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers:  
And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness here)  
Have all in all endured as much, and more  
Than many just and holy men, whose names  
Are register'd and calendar'd for saints.

Good people, you do ill to kneel to me.  
What is it I can have done to merit this?  
I am a sinner viler than you all.  
It may be I have wrought some miracles,  
And cured some halt and maim'd; but what of that?  
It may be, no one, even among the saints,  
May match his pains with mine; but what of that?  
Yet do not rise: for you may look on me,  
And in your looking you may kneel to God.

Speak! is there any of you halt or maim'd?  
I think you know I have some power with Heaven  
From my long penance: let him speak his wish.

Yes, I can heal him. Power goes forth from me.  
They say that they are heal'd. Ah, hark! they shout  
"St. Simeon Stylites." Why, if so,  
God reaps a harvest in me. O my soul,  
God reaps a harvest in thee. If this be,  
Can I work miracles and not be saved?  
This is not told of any. They were saints.  
It cannot be but that I shall be saved;  
Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout, "Behold a saint!"  
And lower voices saint me from above.  
Courage, St. Simeon! This dull chrysalis  
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death  
Spreads more and more and more, that God hath now  
Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all  
My mortal archives.

O my sons, my sons,  
I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname  
Stylites. among men; I, Simeon,



The watcher on the column till the end;  
I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes;  
I, whose bald brows in silent hours become  
Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now  
From my high nest of penance here proclaim  
That Pontius and Iscariot by my side  
Show'd like fair seraphs. On the coals I lay,  
A vessel full of sin: all hell beneath  
Made me boil over. Devils pluck'd my sleeve;  
Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.  
I smote them with the cross; they swarm'd again.  
In bed like monstrous apes they crush'd my chest:  
They flapp'd my light out as I read: I saw  
Their faces grow between me and my book:  
With colt-like whinny and with hoggish whine  
They burst my prayer. Yet this way was left,  
And by this way I 'scaped them. Mortify  
Your flesh, like me, with scourges and with thorns;  
Smite, shrink not, spare not. If it may be, fast  
Whole Lents, and pray. I hardly, with slow steps,  
With slow, faint steps, and much exceeding pain,

Have scrambled past those pits of fire, that still  
Sing in mine ears. But yield not me the praise:  
God only thro' his bounty hath thought fit,  
Among the powers and princes of this world,  
To make me an example to mankind,  
Which few can reach to. Yet I do not say  
But that a time may come — yea, even now,  
Now, now, his footsteps smite the threshold stairs  
Of life — I say, that time is at the doors  
When you may worship me without reproach;  
For I will leave my relics in your land,  
And you may carve a shrine about my dust,  
And burn a fragrant lamp before my bones,  
When I am gather'd to the glorious saints.

While I spake then, a sting of shrewdest pain  
Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloudlike change,  
In passing, with a grosser film made thick  
These heavy, horny eyes. The end! the end!  
Surely the end! What's here? a shape, a shade,  
A flash of light. Is that the angel there  
That holds a crown? Come, blessed brother, come.

I know thy glittering face. I waited long;  
My brows are ready. What! deny it now?  
Nay, draw, draw, draw nigh. So I clutch it. Christ!  
'Tis gone: 'tis here again; the crown! the crown!  
So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,  
And from it melt the dews of Paradise,  
Sweet! sweet! spikenard, and balm, and frankincense.  
Ah! let me not be fool'd, sweet saints: I trust  
That I am whole, and clean, and meet for Heaven.

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God,  
Among you there, and let him presently  
Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,  
And climbing up into my airy home,  
Deliver me the blessed sacrament;  
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost,  
I prophesy that I shall die to-night,  
A quarter before twelve.

But thou, O Lord,  
Aid all this foolish people; let them take  
Example, pattern: lead them to thy light.

THE TALKING OAK.

---

ONCE more the gate behind me falls;  
Once more before my face  
I see the moulder'd Abbey-walls,  
That stand within the chace.

Beyond the lodge the city lies,  
Beneath its drift of smoke;  
And ah! with what delighted eyes  
I turn to yonder oak.

For when my passion first began,  
Ere that, which in me burn'd,  
The love, that makes me thrice a man,  
Could hope itself return'd;

To yonder oak within the field  
I spoke without restraint,  
And with a larger faith appeal'd  
Than Papist unto Saint.

For oft I talk'd with him apart,  
And told him of my choice,  
Until he plagiarised a heart,  
And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper'd, under Heaven  
None else could understand;  
I found him garrulously given,  
A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply  
Is many a weary hour;  
'Twere well to question him, and try  
If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,  
Broad Oak of Sumner-chace,  
Whose topmost branches can discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place!

Say thou, whereon I carved her name,  
If ever maid or spouse,  
As fair as my Olivia, came  
To rest beneath thy boughs. —

“O Walter, I have shelter’d here  
Whatever maiden grace  
The good old Summers, year by year,  
Made ripe in Sumner-chace:

“Old Summers, when the monk was fat,  
And, issuing shorn and sleek,  
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat  
The girls upon the cheek,

“Ere yet, in scorn of Peter’s-pence,  
And number’d bead, and shrift,  
Bluff Harry broke into the spence,  
And turn’d the cowls adrift:

“And I have seen some score of those  
Fresh faces, that would thrive  
When his man-minded offset rose  
To chase the deer at five;

“And all that from the town would stroll,  
Till that wild wind made work  
In which the gloomy brewer's soul  
Went by me, like a stork:

“The slight she-slips of loyal blood,  
And others, passing praise,  
Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud  
For puritanic stays:

“And I have shadow'd many a group  
Of beauties, that were born  
In teacup-times of hood and hoop,  
Or while the patch was worn;

“And, leg and arm with love-knots gay,  
About me leap'd and laugh'd  
The modish Cupid of the day,  
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

“I swear (and else may insects prick  
Each leaf into a gall)  
This girl, for whom your heart is sick,  
Is three times worth them all;

“For those and theirs, by Nature’s law,  
Have faded long ago;  
But in these latter springs I saw  
Your own Olivia blow,

“From when she gamboll’d on the greens,  
A baby-germ, to when  
The maiden blossoms of her teens  
Could number five from ten.

“I swear, by leaf, and wind, and rain,  
(And hear me with thine ears,)  
That, tho’ I circle in the grain  
Five hundred rings of years —

“Yet, since I first could cast a shade,  
Did never creature pass  
So slightly, musically made,  
So light upon the grass:

“For as to fairies, that will flit  
To make the greensward fresh,  
I hold them exquisitely knit,  
But far too spare of flesh.”



Oh, hide thy knotted knees in fern,  
And overlook the chace;  
And from thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Summer-place.

But thou, whereon I carved her name,  
That oft hast heard my vows,  
Declare when last Olivia came  
To sport beneath thy boughs.

“O yesterday, you know, the fair  
Was holden at the town;  
Her father left his good arm-chair,  
And rode his hunter down.

“And with him Albert came on his.  
I look'd at him with joy:  
As cowslip unto oxlip is,  
So seems she to the boy.

“An hour had past — and, sitting straight  
Within the low-wheel'd chaise,  
Her mother trundled to the gate  
Behind the dappled grays.

“But, as for her, she stay’d at home,  
And on the roof she went,  
And down the way you use to come,  
She look’d with discontent.

“She left the novel half-uncut  
Upon the rosewood shelf;  
She left the new piano shut:  
She could not please herself.

“Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,  
And livelier than a lark  
She sent her voice thro’ all the holt  
Before her, and the park.

“A light wind chased her on the wing,  
And in the chase grew wild,  
As close as might be would he cling  
About the darling child:

“But light as any wind that blows  
So fleetly did she stir,  
The flower, she touch’d on, dipt and rose,  
And turn’d to look at her.

“And here she came, and round me play’d,  
And sang to me the whole  
Of those three stanzas that you made  
About my ‘giant bole;’

“And in a fit of frolic mirth  
She strove to span my waist:  
Alas, I was so broad of girth,  
I could not be embraced.

“I wish’d myself the fair young beech  
That here beside me stands,  
That round me, clasping each in each,  
She might have lock’d her hands.

“Yet seem’d the pressure thrice as sweet  
As woodbine’s fragile hold,  
Or when I feel about my feet  
The berried briony fold.”

O muffle round thy knees with fern,  
And shadow Sumner-chace!  
Long may thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name  
I carved with many vows  
When last with throbbing heart I came  
To rest beneath thy boughs?

"O yes, she wander'd round and round  
These knotted knees of mine,  
And found, and kiss'd the name she found  
And sweetly murmur'd thine.

"A teardrop trembled from its source,  
And down my surface crept.  
My sense of touch is something coarse,  
But I believe she wept.

"Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,  
She glanced across the plain;  
But not a creature was in sight:  
She kiss'd me once again.

"Her kisses were so close and kind,  
That, trust me on my word,  
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,  
But yet my sap was stirr'd:

“And even into my inmost ring  
A pleasure I discern’d,  
Like those blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turn’d.

“Thrice-happy he that may caress  
The ringlet’s waving balm —  
The cushions of whose touch may press  
The maiden’s tender palm.

“I, rooted here among the groves,  
But languidly adjust  
My vapid vegetable loves  
With anthers and with dust:

“For ah! my friend, the days were brief  
Whereof the poets talk,  
When that, which breathes within the leaf,  
Could slip its bark and walk.

“But could I, as in times foregone,  
From spray, and branch, and stem,  
Have suck’d and gather’d into one  
The life that spreads in them,

"She had not found me so remiss;  
But lightly issuing thro',  
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,  
With usury thereto."

O flourish high, with leafy towers,  
And overlook the lea,  
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,  
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,  
Old oak, I love thee well;  
A thousand thanks for what I learn  
And what remains to tell.

"'Tis little more: the day was warm;  
At last, tired out with play,  
She sank her head upon her arm,  
And at my feet she lay.

"Her eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves.  
I breathed upon her eyes  
Thro' all the summer of my leaves  
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

"I took the swarming sound of life —  
The music from the town —  
The murmurs of the drum and fife  
And lull'd them in my own.

"Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip,  
To light her shaded eye;  
A second flutter'd round her lip  
Like a golden butterfly;

"A third would glimmer on her neck  
To make the necklace shine;  
Another slid, a sunny fleck,  
From head to ankle fine.

"Then close and dark my arms I spread,  
And shadow'd all her rest —  
Dropt dew upon her golden head,  
An acorn in her breast.

"But in a pet she started up,  
And pluck'd it out, and drew  
My little oakling from the cup,  
And flung him in the dew.

“And yet it was a graceful gift —  
I felt a pang within  
As when I see the woodman lift  
His axe to slay my kin.

“I shook him down because he was  
The finest on the tree.  
He lies beside thee on the grass.  
O kiss him once for me.

“O kiss him twice and thrice for me,  
That have no lips to kiss,  
For never yet was oak on lea  
Shall grow so fair as this.”

Step deeper yet in herb and fern,  
Look further thro’ the chace,  
Spread upward till thy boughs discern  
The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is blest,  
That but a moment lay  
Where fairer fruit of Love may rest  
Some happy future day.



I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice,  
The warmth it thence shall win  
To riper life may magnetise  
The baby-oak within.

But thou, while kingdoms overset,  
Or lapse from hand to hand,  
Thy leaf shall never fail, nor yet  
Thine acorn in the land.

May never saw dismember thee,  
Nor wielded axe disjoint,  
That art the fairest-spoken tree  
From here to Lizard-point.

O rock upon thy towery top  
All throats that gurgle sweet!  
All starry culmination drop  
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow —  
And while he sinks or swells  
The full south-breeze around thee blow  
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,  
That under deeply strikes!  
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,  
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,  
But, rolling as in sleep,  
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,  
That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath,  
That only by thy side  
Will I to Olive plight my troth,  
And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall,  
She, Dryad-like, shall wear  
Alternate leaf and acorn-ball  
In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme,  
And praise thee more in both  
Than bard has honour'd beech or lime,  
Or that Thessalian growth,

In which the swarthy ringdove sat,  
And mystic sentence spoke;  
And more than England honours that,  
Thy famous brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode  
Till all the paths were dim,  
And far below the Roundhead rode,  
And humm'd a surly hymn.

LOVE AND DUTY.  

---

OF love that never found his earthly close,  
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?  
Or all the same as if he had not been?

Not so. Shall Error in the round of time  
Still father Truth? O shall the braggart shout  
For some blind glimpse of freedom work itself  
Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to law  
System and empire? Sin itself be found  
The cloudy porch oft opening on the Sun?  
And only he, this wonder, dead, become  
Mere highway dust? or year by year alone  
Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,  
Nightmare of youth, the spectre of himself?

If this were thus, if this, indeed, were all,  
Better the narrow brain, the stony heart,  
The staring eye glazed o'er with sapless days,  
The long mechanic paces to and fro,

The set gray life, and apathetic end.  
But am I not the nobler thro' thy love?  
O three times less unworthy! likewise thou  
Art more thro' Love, and greater than thy years.  
'The Sun will run his orbit, and the Moon  
Her circle. Wait, and Love himself will bring  
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit  
Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large in Time,  
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.

Will some one say, then why not ill for good?  
Why took ye not your pastime? To that man  
My work shall answer, since I knew the right  
And did it; for a man is not as God,  
But then most Godlike being most a man.  
— So let me think 'tis well for thee and me —  
Ill-fated that I am, what lot is mine  
Whose foresight preaches peace, my heart so slow  
To feel it! For how hard it seem'd to me,  
When eyes, love-languid thro' half-tears, would dwell  
One earnest, earnest moment upon mine,  
Then not to dare to see! when thy low voice,

Faltering, would break its syllables, to keep  
My own full-tuned, — hold passion in a leash,  
And not leap forth and fall about thy neck,  
And on thy bosom, (deep-desired relief!)  
Rain out the heavy mist of tears, that weigh'd  
Upon my brain, my senses and my soul!

For Love himself took part against himself  
To warn us off, and Duty loved of Love —  
O this world's curse, — beloved but hated — came  
Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace and mine,  
And crying, "Who is this? behold thy bride,"  
She push'd me from thee.

If the sense is hard  
To alien ears, I did not speak to these —  
No, not to thee, but to thyself in me:  
Hard is my doom and thine: thou knowest it all.

Could Love part thus? was it not well to speak,  
To have spoken once? It could not but be well.  
The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,  
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,  
And all good things from evil, brought the night

In which we sat together and alone,  
And to the want, that hollow'd all the heart,  
Gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,  
That burn'd upon its object thro' such tears  
As flow but once a life.

The trance gave way

To those caresses, when a hundred times  
In that last kiss, which never was the last,  
Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died.  
Then follow'd counsel, comfort, and the words  
That make a man feel strong in speaking truth;  
Till now the dark was worn, and overhead  
The lights of sunset and of sunrise mix'd  
In that brief night; the summer night, that paused  
Among her stars to hear us; stars that hung  
Love-charm'd to listen: all the wheel's of Time  
Spun round in station, but the end had come.

O then like those, who clench their nerves to rush  
Upon their dissolution, we two rose,  
There — closing like an individual life —  
In one blind cry of passion and of pain,

Like bitter accusation ev'n to death,  
Caught up the whole of love and utter'd it,  
And bade adieu for ever.

Live — yet live —

Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all  
Life needs for life is possible to will —  
Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended by  
My blessing! Should my Shadow cross thy thoughts  
Too sadly for their peace, remand it thou  
For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,  
If not to be forgotten — not at once —  
Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy dreams,  
O might it come like one that looks content,  
With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth,  
And point thee forward to a distant light,  
Or seem to lift a burthen from thy heart  
And leave thee freer, till thou wake refresh'd,  
Then when the first low matin-chirp hath grown  
Full quire, and morning driv'n her plow of pearl  
Far furrowing into light the mounded rack,  
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.



THE GOLDEN YEAR.

---

WELL, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote:  
It was last summer on a tour in Wales:  
Old James was with me: we that day had been  
Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leonard there,  
And found him in Llanberis: then we crost  
Between the lakes, and clamber'd half way up  
The counter side; and that same song of his  
He told me; for I banter'd him, and swore  
They said he lived shut up within himself,  
A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous days,  
That, setting the *how much* before the *how*,  
Cry, like the daughters of the horseleech, "Give,  
Cram us with all," but count not me the herd!

To which "They call me what they will," he said:  
"But I was born too late: the fair new forms,  
That float about the threshold of an age,  
Like truths of Science waiting to be caught —

Catch me who can, and make the catcher crown'd —  
Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.  
But if you care indeed to listen, hear  
These measured words, my work of yestermorn.

“We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;  
'The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;  
The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse;  
And human things returning on themselves  
Move onward, leading up the golden year.

“Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud,  
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,  
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,  
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,  
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

“When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,  
But smit with frëer light shall slowly melt  
In many streams to fatten lower lands,  
And light shall spread, and man be liker man  
Thro' all the season of the golden year.

“Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens  
If all the world were falcons, what of that?

The wonder of the eagle were the less,  
But he not less the eagle. Happy days  
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

“Fly happy happy sails and bear the Press;  
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;  
Knit land to land, and blowing havenward  
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,  
Enrich the markets of the golden year.

“But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men’s good  
Be each man’s rule, and universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
Thro’ all the circle of the golden year?”

Thus far he flow’d, and ended; whereupon  
“Ah, folly!” in mimic cadence answer’d James —  
“Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,  
Not in our time, nor in our children’s time,  
’Tis like the second world to us that live;  
’Twere all as one to fix our hopes on Heaven  
As on this vision of the golden year.”

With that he struck his staff against the rocks  
And broke it, — James, — you know him, — old, but full  
Of force and choler, and firm upon his feet,  
And like an oaken stock in winter woods,  
O'erflourish'd with the hoary clematis:  
Then added, all in heat:

“What stuff is this!

Old writers push'd the happy season back, —  
The more fools they, — we forward: dreamers both:  
You most, that in an age, when every hour  
Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,  
Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt  
Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip  
His hand into the bag: but well I know  
That unto him who works, and feels he works,  
This same grand year is ever at the doors.”

He spoke; and, high above, I heard them blast  
The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap  
And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff.

ULYSSES.

---

It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd  
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;  
 For always roaming with a hungry heart  
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!  
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains: but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail  
 In offices of tenderness, and pay  
 Meet adoration to my household gods,  
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:  
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with  
 me —

That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;  
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;  
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.



LOCKSLEY HALL.

---

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis  
early morn:

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon  
the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews  
call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley  
Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy  
tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went  
to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow  
shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver  
braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth  
sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of  
Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land  
reposed;  
When I clung to all the present for the promise that  
it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could  
see;  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that  
would be. ——

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's  
breast;  
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another  
crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd  
dove;

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to  
thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be  
for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance  
hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the  
truth to me,

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to  
thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a  
light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern  
night.

And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a sudden  
storm of sighs —

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel  
eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should  
do me wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I  
have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his  
glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden  
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the  
chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in  
music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the  
copses ring,

And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fullness  
of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the  
stately ships,

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the  
lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no  
more!

O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren  
shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs  
have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish  
tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to  
decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than  
mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by  
day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise  
with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a  
clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight to  
drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent  
its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his  
horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are  
glazed with wine.  
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand  
in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is over-  
wrought:  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy  
lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to under-  
stand —  
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with  
my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's  
disgrace,  
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last  
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength  
of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living  
truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest  
Nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead  
of the fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou  
less unworthy proved —

Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever  
wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but  
bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the  
root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years  
should come

As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging  
rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the  
mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew  
her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak  
and move:

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to  
love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love  
she bore?

No — she never loved me truly: love is love for ever-  
more.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the  
poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering  
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart  
be put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on  
the roof.



Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring  
at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows  
rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his  
drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that  
thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the  
phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of  
thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness  
on thy pain.

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy  
rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender  
voice will cry.

'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble  
dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings  
thee rest.

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the  
mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not  
his due.

Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the  
two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty  
part,

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a  
daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings — she  
herself was not exempt —

Truly, she herself had suffer'd" — Perish in thy self-  
contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should  
I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by  
despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon  
days like these?

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to  
golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets  
overflow.

I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I  
should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's  
ground,

When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds  
are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that  
Honour feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each  
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier  
page.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous  
Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the  
strife,

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of  
my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming  
years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's  
field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer  
drawn,

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a  
dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him  
then,

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs  
of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping  
something new:

That which they have done but earnest of the things  
that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could  
see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that  
would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with  
costly bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd  
a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central  
blue;  
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind  
rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the  
thunder-storm;  
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-  
flags were furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the  
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful  
    realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal  
    law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping thro' me left  
    me dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the  
    jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out  
    of joint,  
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from  
    point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping  
    nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-  
    dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose  
    runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process  
    of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his  
youthful joys,  
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a  
boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on  
the shore,  
And the individual withers, and the world is more and  
more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a  
laden breast,  
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of  
his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the  
bugle-horn,  
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for  
their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd  
string?  
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so  
slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's  
pleasure, woman's pain —

Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a  
shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd  
with mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto  
wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for  
some retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began  
to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-  
starr'd; —

I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's  
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far  
away,

On from island unto island at the gateways of the  
day.



Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and  
happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots  
of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European  
flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the  
trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-  
fruited tree —  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of  
sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this  
march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that  
shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope  
and breathing-space;  
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my  
dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they  
shall run,

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances  
in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows  
of the brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable  
books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my  
words are wild,

But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian  
child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious  
gains,

Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with  
lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun  
or clime?

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of  
time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by  
one,

Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's  
moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward  
let us range.

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing  
grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the  
younger day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of  
Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when  
life begun:

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings,  
weigh the Sun —

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not  
set.

Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy  
yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley  
Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the  
roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over  
heath and holt,  
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a  
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire  
or snow;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and  
I go.

GODIVA.

---

*I waited for the train at Coventry;  
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,  
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped  
The city's ancient legend into this: —*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,  
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she  
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
The woman of a thousand summers back,  
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled  
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax  
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought  
Their children, clamouring, "If we pay, we starve!"  
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode  
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,

His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,  
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."  
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
"You would not let your little finger ache  
For such as *these*?" — "But I would die," said she.  
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:  
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear;  
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,  
"But prove me what it is I would not do."  
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,  
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,  
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,  
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
And bad him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
The hard condition; but that she would loose  
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,

From then till noon no foot should pace the street,  
No eye look down, she passing; but that all  
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath  
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon  
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,  
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;  
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair  
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd  
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt  
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:  
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,  
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout  
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur  
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot  
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls

Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead  
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she  
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw  
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field  
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:  
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little augur-hole in fear,  
Peep'd — but his eyes, before they had their will,  
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,  
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait  
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;  
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon  
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,  
One after one: but even then she gain'd  
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,  
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
And built herself an everlasting name.



THE TWO VOICES.

---

A STILL small voice spake unto me,  
"Thou art so full of misery,  
Were it not better not to be?"

Then to the still small voice I said;  
"Let me not cast in endless shade  
What is so wonderfully made."

To which the voice did urge reply;  
"To-day I saw the dragon-fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie.

"An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk: from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

"He dried his wings: like gauze they grew:  
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew."

I said, "When first the world began,  
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,  
And in the sixth she moulded man.

"She gave him mind, the lordliest  
Proportion, and, above the rest,  
Dominion in the head and breast."

Thereto the silent voice replied;  
"Self-blinded are you by your pride:  
Look up thro' night: the world is wide.

"This truth within thy mind rehearse,  
That in a boundless universe  
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

"Think you this mould of hopes and fears  
Could find no statelier than his peers  
In yonder hundred million spheres?"

It spake, moreover, in my mind:  
"Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,  
Yet is there plenty of the kind."

Then did my response clearer fall:  
"No compound of this earthly ball  
Is like another, all in all."

To which he answer'd scoffingly;  
"Good soul! suppose I grant it thee,  
Who'll weep for thy deficiency?

"Or will one beam be less intense,  
When thy peculiar difference  
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?"

I would have said, "Thou canst not know,"  
But my full heart, that work'd below,  
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me:  
"Thou art so steep'd in misery,  
Surely 'twere better not to be.

"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,  
Nor any train of reason keep:  
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep."

I said, "The years with change advance:  
If I make dark my countenance,  
I shut my life from happier chance.

"Some turn this sickness yet might take,  
Ev'n yet." But he: "What drug can make  
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?"

I wept, "Tho' I should die, I know  
That all about the thorn will blow  
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;

"And men, thro' novel spheres of thought  
Still moving after truth long sought,  
Will learn new things when I am not."

"Yet," said the secret voice, "some time  
Sooner or later, will gray prime  
Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

"Not less swift souls that yearn for light,  
Rapt after heaven's starry flight,  
Would sweep the tracts of day and night.

"Not less the bee would range her cells,  
The furzy prickle fire the dells,  
The foxglove cluster dappled bells."

I said that "all the years invent;  
Each month is various to present  
The world with some development.

"Were this not well, to bide mine hour,  
Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower  
How grows the day of human power?"

"The highest-mounted mind," he said,  
"Still sees the sacred morning spread  
The silent summit overhead.

"Will thirty seasons render plain  
Those lonely lights that still remain,  
Just breaking over land and main?

"Or make that morn, from his cold crown  
And crystal silence creeping down,  
Flood with full daylight glebe and town?

"Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let  
'Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set  
In midst of knowledge, dream'd not yet.

"Thou hast not gain'd a real height,  
Nor art thou nearer to the light,  
Because the scale is infinite.

"'Twere better not to breathe or speak,  
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,  
And seem to find, but still to seek.

"Moreover, but to seem to find  
Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,  
A healthy frame, a quiet mind."

I said, "When I am gone away,  
'He dared not tarry,' men will say,  
Doing dishonour to my clay."

"This is more vile," he made reply,  
"To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh,  
Than once from dread of pain to die.

"Sick art thou — a divided will  
Still heaping on the fear of ill  
The fear of men, a coward still.

"Do men love thee? Art thou so bound  
To men, that how thy name may sound  
Will vex thee lying underground?

"The memory of the wither'd leaf  
In endless time is scarce more brief  
Than of the garner'd Autumn-sheaf.

"Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust;  
The right ear, that is fill'd with dust,  
Hears little of the false or just."

"Hard task, to pluck resolve," I cried,  
"From emptiness and the waste wide  
Of that abyss, or scornful pride!

"Nay — rather yet that I could raise  
One hope that warm'd me in the days  
While still I yearn'd for human praise.

“When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,  
Among the tents I paused and sung,  
The distant battle flash’d and rung.

“I sung the joyful Pæan clear,  
And, sitting, burnish’d without fear  
The brand, the buckler, and the spear —

“Waiting to strive a happy strife,  
To war with falsehood to the knife,  
And not to lose the good of life —

“Some hidden principle to move,  
To put together, part and prove,  
And mete the bounds of hate and love —

“As far as might be, to carve out  
Free space for every human doubt,  
That the whole mind might orb about —

“To search thro’ all I felt or saw,  
The springs of life, the depths of awe,  
And reach the law within the law:



"At least, not rotting like a weed,  
But, having sown some generous seed,  
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

"To pass, when Life her light withdraws,  
Not void of righteous self-applause,  
Nor in a merely selfish cause —

"In some good cause, not in mine own,  
To perish, wept for, honour'd, known,  
And like a warrior overthrown;

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,  
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears  
His country's war-song thrill his ears:

"Then dying of a mortal stroke,  
What time the foeman's line is broke,  
And all the war is roll'd in smoke."

"Yea!" said the voice, "thy dream was good,  
While thou abodest in the bud.  
It was the stirring of the blood.

“If Nature put not forth her power  
About the opening of the flower,  
Who is it that could live an hour?

“Then comes the check, the change, the fall.  
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall.  
There is one remedy for all.

“Yet hadst thou, thro’ enduring pain,  
Link’d month to month with such a chain  
Of knitted purport, all were vain.

“Thou hadst not between death and birth  
Dissolved the riddle of the earth.  
So were thy labour little-worth.

“That men with knowledge merely play’d,  
I told thee — hardly nigher made,  
Tho’ scaling slow from grade to grade;

“Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind,  
Named man, may hope some truth to find,  
That bears relation to the mind.

"For every worm beneath the moon  
Draws different threads, and late and soon  
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

"Cry, faint not: either Truth is born  
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,  
Or in the gateways of the morn.

"Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope  
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,  
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.

"Sometimes a little corner shines,  
As over rainy mist inclines  
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

"I will go forward, sayest thou,  
I shall not fail to find her now.  
Look up, the fold is on her brow.

"If straight thy track, or if oblique,  
Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost strike,  
Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;

“And owning but a little more  
Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,  
Calling thyself a little lower

“Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl!  
Why inch by inch to darkness crawl?  
There is one remedy for all.”

“O dull, one-sided voice,” said I,  
“Wilt thou make everything a lie,  
To flatter me that I may die?

“I know that age to age succeeds,  
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,  
A dust of systems and of creeds.

“I cannot hide that some have striven,  
Achieving calm, to whom was given  
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:

“Who, rowing hard against the stream,  
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And did not dream it was a dream;

“But heard, by secret transport led,  
Ev’n in the charnels of the dead,  
The murmur of the fountain-head —

“Which did accomplish their desire,  
Bore and forbore, and did not tire,  
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

“He heeded not reviling tones,  
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,  
Tho’ cursed and scorned, and bruised with stones:

“But looking upward, full of grace,  
He pray’d, and from a happy place  
God’s glory smote him on the face.”

The sullen answer slid betwixt:  
“Not that the grounds of hope were fix’d,  
The elements were kindlier mix’d.”

I said, “I toil beneath the curse,  
But, knowing not the universe,  
I fear to slide from bad to worse.

“And that, in seeking to undo  
One riddle, and to find the true,  
I knit a hundred others new:

“Or that this anguish fleeting hence,  
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,  
Be fix’d and froz’n to permanence:

“For I go, weak from suffering here;  
Naked I go, and void of cheer:  
What is it that I may not fear?”

“Consider well,” the voice replied,  
“His face, that two hours since hath died;  
Wilt thou find passion, pain or pride?

“Will he obey when one commands?  
Or answer should one press his hands?  
He answers not, nor understands.

“His palms are folded on his breast:  
There is no other thing express’d  
But long disquiet merged in rest.

"His lips are very mild and meek:  
Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,  
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

"His little daughter, whose sweet face  
He kiss'd, taking his last embrace,  
Becomes dishonour to her race —

"His sons grow up that bear his name,  
Some grow to honour, some to shame, —  
But he is chill to praise or blame.

"He will not hear the north-wind rave,  
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave  
From winter rains that beat his grave.

"High up the vapours fold and swim:  
About him broods the twilight dim:  
The place he knew forgetteth him."

"If all be dark, vague voice," I said,  
"These things are wrapt in doubt and dread,  
Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

"The sap dries up: the plant declines.  
A deeper tale my heart divines.  
Know I not Death? the outward signs?

"I found him when my years were few;  
A shadow on the graves I knew,  
And darkness in the village yew.

"From grave to grave the shadow crept:  
In her still place the morning wept:  
Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.

"The simple senses crown'd his head:  
'Omega! thou art Lord,' they said,  
'We find no motion in the dead.'

"Why, if man rot in dreamless ease,  
Should that plain fact, as taught by these,  
Not make him sure that he shall cease?

"Who forged that other influence,  
That heat of inward evidence,  
By which he doubts against the sense?



"He owns the fatal gift of eyes,  
That read his spirit blindly wise,  
Not simple as a thing that dies.

"Here sits he shaping wings to fly:  
His heart forebodes a mystery:  
He names the name Eternity.

"That type of Perfect in his mind  
In Nature can he nowhere find.  
He sows himself on every wind.

"He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,  
And thro' thick veils to apprehend  
A labour working to an end.

"The end and the beginning vex  
His reason: many things perplex,  
With motions, checks, and counterchecks.

"He knows a baseness in his blood  
At such strange war with something good,  
He may not do the thing he would.

“Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,  
Vast images in glimmering dawn,  
Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.

“Ah! sure within him and without,  
Could his dark wisdom find it out,  
There must be answer to his doubt.

“But thou canst answer not again.  
With thine own weapon art thou slain,  
Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

“The doubt would rest, I dare not solve.  
In the same circle we revolve.  
Assurance only breeds resolve.”

As when a billow, blown against,  
Falls back, the voice with which I fenced  
A little ceased, but recommenced.

“Where wert thou when thy father play’d  
In his free field, and pastime made,  
A merry boy in sun and shade?

"A merry boy they called him then.  
He sat upon the knees of men  
In days that never come again.

"Before the little ducts began  
To feet thy bones with lime, and ran  
Their course, till thou wert also man:

"Who took a wife, who rear'd his race,  
Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,  
Whose troubles number with his days:

"A life of nothings, nothing-worth,  
From that first nothing ere his birth  
To that last nothing under earth!"

"These words," I said, "are like the rest,  
No certain clearness, but at best  
A vague suspicion of the breast:

"But if I grant, thou might'st defend  
The thesis which thy words intend —  
That to begin implies to end;

"Yet how should I for certain hold,  
Because my memory is so cold,  
That I first was in human mould?

"I cannot make this matter plain,  
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,  
A random arrow from the brain.

"It may be that no life is found,  
Which only to one engine bound  
Falls off, but cycles always round.

"As old mythologies relate,  
Some draught of Lethe might await  
The slipping thro' from state to state.

"As here we find in trances, men  
Forget the dream that happens then,  
Until they fall in trance again.

"So might we, if our state were such  
As one before, remember much,  
For those two likes might meet and touch.

"But, if I lapsed from nobler place,  
Some legend of a fallen race  
Alone might hint of my disgrace;

"Some vague emotion of delight  
In gazing up an Alpine height,  
Some yearning toward the lamps of night.

"Or if thro' lower lives I came —  
Tho' all experience past became  
Consolidate in mind and frame —

"I might forget my weaker lot;  
For is not our first year forgot?  
The haunts of memory echo not.

"And men, whose reason long was blind,  
From cells of madness unconfined,  
Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

"Much more, if first I floated free,  
As naked essence, must I be  
Incompetent of memory:

“For memory dealing but with time,  
And he with matter, should she climb  
Beyond her own material prime?

“Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams —

“Of something felt, like something here  
Of something done, I know not where;  
Such as no language may declare.”

The still voice laugh'd. “I talk,” said he,  
“Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee  
Thy pain is a reality.”

“But thou,” said I, “hast miss'd thy mark,  
Who sought'st to wreck my mortal ark,  
By making all the horizon dark.

“Why not set forth, if I should do  
This rashness, that which might ensue  
With this old soul in organs new?

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,  
No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly long'd for death.

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;  
More life, and fuller, that I want."

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.  
Then said the voice, in quiet scorn,  
"Behold, it is the Sabbath morn."

And I arose, and I released  
The casement, and the light increased  
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,  
When meres begin to uncongeal,  
The sweet church bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest:  
Passing the place where each must rest,  
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and child,  
With measur'd footfall firm and mild,  
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood  
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,  
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,  
The little maiden walk'd demure,  
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,  
My frozen heart began to beat,  
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on:  
I spoke, but answer came there none:  
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,  
A little whisper silver-clear,  
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."



As from some blissful neighbourhood,  
A notice faintly understood,  
"I see the end, and know the good."

A little hint to solace woe,  
A hint, a whisper breathing low,  
"I may not speak of what I know."

Like an Æolian harp that wakes  
No certain air, but overtakes  
Far thought with music that it makes:

Such seem'd the whisper at my side:  
"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?" I cried.  
"A hidden hope," the voice replied:

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour  
From out my sullen heart a power  
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,  
That every cloud, that spreads above  
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,  
And Nature's living motion lent  
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,  
The slow result of winter showers:  
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along:  
The woods were fill'd so full with song,  
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,  
I marvell'd how the mind was brought  
To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice  
To commune with that barren voice,  
Than him that said, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

## THE DAY-DREAM.

## PROLOGUE.

O, LADY FLORA, let me speak:

A pleasant hour has past away  
While, dreaming on your damask cheek,  
The dewy sister-eyelids lay.

As by the lattice you reclined,

I went thro' many wayward moods  
To see you dreaming — and, behind,

A summer crisp with shining woods.  
And I too dream'd, until at last

Across my fancy, brooding warm,  
The reflex of a legend past,

And loosely settled into form.  
And would you have the thought I had,  
And see the vision that I saw,

Then take the broidery-frame, and add  
A crimson to the quaint Macaw,  
And I will tell it. Turn your face,  
Nor look with that too-earnest eye —  
The rhymes are dazzled from their place,  
And order'd words asunder fly.

---

## THE SLEEPING PALACE.

## 1.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf  
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains;  
Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the veins.  
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,  
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,  
Like hints and echoes of the world  
To spirits folded in the womb.

## 2.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns  
On every slanting terrace-lawn.

The fountain to his place returns  
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.  
Here droops the banner on the tower,  
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,  
The peacock in his laurel bower,  
The parrot in his gilded wires.

## 3.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs:  
In these, in those the life is stay'd.  
The mantles from the golden pegs  
Droop sleepily: no sound is made,  
Not even of a gnat that sings.  
More like a picture seemeth all  
Than those old portraits of old kings,  
That watch the sleepers from the wall.

## 4.

Here sits the Butler with a flask  
Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there  
The wrinkled steward at his task,  
The maid-of-honour blooming fair.

The page has caught her hand in his:

Her lips are sever'd as to speak:

His own are pouted to a kiss:

The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

5.

'Till all the hundred summers pass,

The beams, that thro' the Oriel shine,

Make prisms in every carven glass,

And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.

Each baron at the banquet sleeps,

Grave faces gather'd in a ring.

His state the king reposing keeps.

He must have been a jovial king.

6.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows

At distance like a little wood;

Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,

And grapes with bunches red as blood;

All creeping plants, a wall of green

Close-matted, bur and brake and briar,

And glimpsing over these, just seen,  
High up, the topmost palace-spire.

## 7.

When will the hundred summers die,  
And thought and time be born again,  
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,  
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?  
Here all things in their place remain,  
As all were order'd, ages since.  
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,  
And bring the fated fairy Prince.

---

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

## 1.

YEAR after year unto her feet,  
She lying on her couch alone,  
Across the purpled coverlet,  
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,  
On either side her tranced form  
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:

The slumbrous light is rich and warm,  
And moves not on the rounded curl.

## 2.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid  
Unto her limbs itself doth mould  
Languidly ever; and, amid  
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,  
Gloweth forth each softly-shadow'd arm  
With bracelets of the diamond bright:  
Her constant beauty doth inform  
Stillness with love, and day with light.

## 3.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard  
In palace chambers far apart.  
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd  
That lie upon her charmed heart.  
She sleeps: on either hand upswells  
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:  
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
A perfect form in perfect rest.



## THE ARRIVAL

## 1.

ALL precious things, discover'd late,  
To those that seek them issue forth;  
For love in sequel works with fate,  
And draws the veil from hidden worth.  
He travels far from other skies —  
His mantle glitters on the rocks —  
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,  
And lighter-footed than the fox.

## 2.

The bodies and the bones of those  
That strove in other days to pass,  
Are wither'd in the thorny close,  
Or scatter'd blanching on the grass.  
He gazes on the silent dead:  
"They perish'd in their daring deeds."  
This proverb flashes thro' his head,  
"The many fail: the one succeeds."

## 3.

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:

He breaks the hedge: he enters there:

The colour flies into his cheeks:

He trusts to light on something fair;

For all his life the charm did talk

About his path, and hover near

With words of promise in his walk,

And whisper'd voices at his ear.

## 4.

More close and close his footsteps wind;

The Magic Music in his heart

Beats quick and quicker, till he find

The quiet chamber far apart.

His spirit flutters like a lark,

He stoops — to kiss her — on his knee.

“Love, if thy tresses be so dark,

How dark those hidden eyes must be!”

---

## THE REVIVAL.

## 1.

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt.  
There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;  
A fuller light illumined all,  
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,  
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

## 2.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,  
The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,  
The maid and page renew'd their strife,  
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clackt,  
And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

## 3.

And last with these the king awoke,  
And in his chair himself uprear'd,  
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,  
"By holy rood, a royal beard!  
How say you? we have slept, my lords.  
My beard has grown into my lap."  
The barons swore, with many words,  
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

## 4.

"Pardy," return'd the king, "but still  
My joints are something stiff or so.  
My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
I mention'd half an hour ago?"  
The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
In courteous words return'd reply:  
But dallied with his golden chain,  
And, smiling, put the question by.

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## THE DEPARTURE.

## 1.

AND on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold,  
And far across the hills they went  
In that new world which is the old:  
Across the hills, and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
And deep into the dying day  
The happy princess follow'd him.

## 2.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,  
O love, for such another kiss;"  
"O wake for ever, love," she hears,  
"O love, 'twas such as this and this."  
And o'er them many a sliding star,  
And many a merry wind was borne,  
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,  
The twilight melted into morn.

## 3.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"

"O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"

"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"

"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"

And o'er them many a flowing range

Of vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,

And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,

The twilight died into the dark.

## 4.

"A hundred summers! can it be?

And whither goest thou, tell me where?"

"O seek my father's court with me,

For there are greater wonders there."

And o'er the hills, and far away

Beyond their utmost purple rim,

Beyond the night, across the day,

Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

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## MORAL.

## 1.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
And if you find no moral there,  
Go, look in any glass and say,  
What moral is in being fair.  
Oh, to what uses shall we put  
The wildweed-flower that simply blows?  
And is there any moral shut  
Within the bosom of the rose?

## 2.

But any man that walks the mead,  
In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,  
According as his humours lead,  
A meaning suited to his mind.  
And liberal applications lie  
In Art like Nature, dearest friend;  
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I  
Should hook it to some useful end.

## L'ENVOI.

## 1.

You shake your head. A random string  
Your finer female sense offends.  
Well — were it not a pleasant thing  
To fall asleep with all one's friends;  
To pass with all our social ties  
To silence from the paths of men;  
And every hundred years to rise  
And learn the world, and sleep again;  
To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,  
And wake on science grown to more,  
On secrets of the brain, the stars,  
As wild as aught of fairy lore;  
And all that else the years will show,  
The Poet-forms of stronger hours,  
The vast Republics that may grow,  
The Federations and the Powers;  
Titanic forces taking birth  
In divers seasons, divers climes;



For we are Ancients of the earth,  
And in the morning of the times.

## 2.

So sleeping, so aroused from sleep  
Thro' sunny decads new and strange,  
Or gay quinquenniads would we reap  
The flower and quintessence of change.

## 3.

Ah, yet would I — and would I might!  
‘So much your eyes my fancy take —  
Be still the first to leap to light  
That I might kiss those eyes awake  
For, am I right, or am I wrong,  
To choose your own you did not care;  
You’d have *my* moral from the song,  
And I will take my pleasure there:  
And, am I right or am I wrong,  
My fancy, ranging thro’ and thro’,  
To search a meaning for the song,  
Perforce will still revert to you;

Nor finds a closer truth than this  
All-graceful head, so richly curl'd,  
And evermore a costly kiss  
The prelude to some brighter world.

## 4.

For since the time when Adam first  
Embraced his Eve in happy hour,  
And every bird of Eden burst  
In carol, every bud to flower,  
What eyes, like thine, have waken'd hopes?  
What lips, like thine, so sweetly join'd?  
Where on the double rosebud droops  
The fullness of the pensive mind;  
Which all too dearly self-involved,  
Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to me;  
A sleep by kisses undissolved,  
That lets thee neither hear nor see:  
But break it. In the name of wife,  
And in the rights that name may give,  
Are clasp'd the moral of thy life,  
And that for which I care to live.

## EPILOGUE.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
And, if you find a meaning there,  
O whisper to your glass, and say,  
“What wonder, if he thinks me fair?”  
What wonder I was all unwise,  
To shape the song for your delight  
Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise,  
That float thro' Heaven, and cannot light?  
Or old-world trains, upheld at court  
By Cupid-boys of blooming hue —  
But take it — earnest wed with sport,  
And either sacred unto you.

AMPHION.  

---

My father left a park to me,  
But it is wild and barren,  
A garden too with scarce a tree  
And waster than a warren:  
Yet say the neighbours when they call,  
It is not bad but good land,  
And in it is the germ of all  
That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great  
In days of old Amphion,  
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,  
Nor cared for seed or scion!

And had I lived when song was great,  
And legs of trees were limber,  
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate  
And fiddled in the timber!

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,  
Such happy intonation,  
Wherever he sat down and sung  
He left a small plantation;  
Wherever in a lonely grove  
He set up his forlorn pipes,  
The gouty oak began to move,  
And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,  
And, as tradition teaches,  
Young ashes pirouetted down  
Coquetting with young beeches;  
And briony-vine and ivy-wreath  
Ran forward to his rhyming,  
And from the valleys underneath  
Came little copses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent

The woodbine wreaths that bind her,  
And down the middle buzz! she went

With all her bees behind her:  
The poplars, in long order due,  
With cypress promenaded,  
The shock-head willows two and two  
By rivers gallopaded.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,  
Came yews, a dismal coterie;  
Each pluck'd his one foot from the grave,  
Poussetting with a sloe-tree:  
Old elms came breaking from the vine,  
The vine stream'd out to follow,  
And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine  
From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,  
When, ere his song was ended,  
Like some great landslip, tree by tree,  
The country-side descended;

And shepherds from the mountain-eaves  
Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frighten'd,  
As dash'd about the drunken leaves  
The random sunshine lighten'd!

Oh, nature first was fresh to men,  
And wanton without measure;  
So youthful and so flexile then,  
You moved her at your pleasure.  
Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs!  
And make her dance attendance;  
Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs,  
And scirrhouz roots and tendons.

'Tis vain! in such a brassy age  
I could not move a thistle,  
The very sparrows in the hedge  
Scarce answer to my whistle;  
Or at the most, when three-parts-sick  
With strumming and with scraping,  
A jackass heehaws from the rick,  
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound  
Like sleepy counsel pleading:  
O Lord! — 'tis in my neighbour's ground,  
The modern Muses reading.  
They read Botanic Treatises,  
And Works on Gardening thro' there,  
And Methods of transplanting trees,  
To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd Misses! how they prose  
O'er books of travell'd seamen,  
And show you slips of all that grows  
From England to Van Diemen.  
They read in arbours clipt and cut,  
And alleys, faded places,  
By squares of tropic summer shut  
And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,  
Are neither green nor sappy;  
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,  
The spindlings look unhappy.



Better to me the meanest weed  
That blows upon its mountain,  
The vilest herb that runs to seed  
Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil,  
And years of cultivation,  
Upon my proper patch of soil  
To grow my own plantation.  
I'll take the showers as they fall,  
I will not vex my bosom:  
Enough if at the end of all  
A little garden blossom.

ST. AGNES' EVE.  

---

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon:  
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:  
May my soul follow soon!  
The shadows of the convent-towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord:  
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snowdrop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,  
To yonder shining ground;  
As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
To yonder argent round;

So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee;  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
To that I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,  
Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;  
The flashes come and go;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strows her lights below,  
And deepens on and up! the gates  
Roll back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The sabbaths of Eternity,  
One sabbath deep and wide —  
A light upon the shining sea —  
The Bridegroom with his bride!

SIR GALAHAD.

---

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

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favours fall!  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall:

But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

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

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres

I find a magic bark;

I leap on board: no helmsman steers:

I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!

Three angels bear the holy Grail:

With folded feet, in stoles of white,

On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!

My spirit beats her mortal bars,

As down dark tides the glory slides,

And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go,

The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,

The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,

And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,

And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

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

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And thro' the mountain-walls

A rolling organ-harmony

Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,

Wings flutter, voices hover clear:

“O just and faithful knight of God!

Ride on! the prize is near.”

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;

By bridge and ford, by park and pale,

All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,

Until I find the holy Grail.



EDWARD GRAY.

---

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town  
Met me walking on yonder way,  
“And have you lost your heart?” she said;  
“And are you married yet, Edward Gray?”

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:  
“Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

“Ellen Adair she loved me well,  
Against her father's and mother's will:  
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,  
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

“Shy she was, and I thought her cold;  
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;  
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,  
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel the words I said!

Cruelly came they back to-day:

'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,

'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass —

Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair:

I repent me of all I did:

Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil, and wrote

On the mossy stone, as I lay,

'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;

And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,

And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree:

But I will love no more, no more,

Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:

Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:

There lies the body of Ellen Adair!

And there the heart of Edward Gray!"

## WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE

MADE AT THE COCK.  

---

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock,  
To which I most resort,  
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.  
Go fetch a pint of port:  
But let it not be such as that  
You set before chance-comers,  
But such whose father-grape grew fat  
On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse,  
But may she still be kind,  
And whisper lovely words, and use  
Her influence on the mind,

To make me write my random rhymes,  
Ere they be half-forgotten;  
Nor add and alter, many times,  
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips  
Her laurel in the wine,  
And lays it thrice upon my lips,  
These favour'd lips of mine;  
Until the charm have power to make  
New lifeblood warm the bosom,  
And barren commonplaces break  
In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board;  
Her gradual fingers steal  
And touch upon the master-chord  
Of all I felt and feel.

Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,  
And phantom hopes assemble;  
And that child's heart within the man's  
Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns  
By many pleasant ways,  
Against its fountain upward runs  
The current of my days:  
I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd;  
The gas-light wavers dimmer;  
And softly, thro' a vinous mist,  
My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense,  
Unboding critic-pen,  
Or that eternal want of pence,  
Which vexes public men,  
Who hold their hands to all, and cry  
For that which all deny them —  
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,  
And all the world go by them.

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,  
Tho' fortune clip my wings,  
I will not cramp my heart, nor take  
Half-views of men and things.

Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;  
There must be stormy weather;  
But for some true result of good  
All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes;  
If old things, there are new;  
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,  
Yet glimpses of the true.

Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,  
We lack not rhymes and reasons,  
And on this whirligig of Time  
We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid;  
With fair horizons bound:  
This whole wide earth of light and shade  
Comes out, a perfect round.

High over roaring Temple-bar,  
And, set in Heaven's third story,  
I look at all things as they are,  
But thro' a kind of glory.

---

Head-waiter, honour'd by the guest  
Half-mused, or reeling-ripe,  
The pint, you brought me, was the best  
That ever came from pipe.  
But tho' the port surpasses praise,  
My nerves have dealt with stiffer.  
Is there some magic in the place?  
Or do my peptics differ?

For since I came to live and learn,  
No pint of white or red  
Had ever half the power to turn  
This wheel within my head,  
Which bears a season'd brain about,  
Unsubject to confusion,  
Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and out,  
Thro' every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,  
With many kinsmen gay,  
Where long and largely we carouse  
As who shall say me nay:

Each month, a birth-day coming on,  
We drink defying trouble,  
Or sometimes two would meet in one,  
And then we drank it double;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,  
Had relish fiery-new,  
Or, elbow-deep in sawdust, slept,  
As old as Waterloo;  
Or stow'd (when classic Canning died)  
In musty bins and chambers,  
Had cast upon its crusty side  
The gloom of ten Decembers.

The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is!  
She answer'd to my call,  
She changes with that mood or this,  
Is all-in-all to all:  
She lit the spark within my throat,  
To make my blood run quicker,  
Used all her fiery will, and smote  
Her life into the liquor.



And hence this halo lives about  
The waiter's hands, that reach  
To each his perfect pint of stout,  
His proper chop to each.  
He looks not like the common breed  
That with the napkin dally;  
I think he came like Ganymede,  
From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg  
Than modern poultry drop,  
Stept forward on a firmer leg,  
And cramm'd a plumper crop;  
Upon an ampler dunghill trod,  
Crow'd lustier late and early,  
Sipt wine from silver, praising God,  
And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,  
Till in a court he saw  
A something-pottle-bodied boy,  
That knuckled at the taw:

He stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and good,  
Flew over roof and casement:  
His brothers of the weather stood  
Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe and spire,  
And follow'd with acclaims,  
A sign to many a staring shire,  
Came crowing over Thames.  
Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,  
Till, where the street grows straiter,  
One fix'd for ever at the door,  
And one became head-waiter.

---

But whither would my fancy go?  
How out of place she makes  
The violet of a legend blow  
Among the chops and steaks!  
'Tis but a steward of the can,  
One shade more plump than common;  
As just and mere a serving-man  
As any, born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me down  
Into the common day?

Is it the weight of that half-crown,  
Which I shall have to pay?

For, something duller than at first,  
Nor wholly comfortable,

I sit (my empty glass reversed),  
And thrumming on the table:

Half fearful that, with self at strife  
I take myself to task;

Lest of the fullness of my life  
I leave an empty flask:

For I had hope, by something rare,  
To prove myself a poet:

But, while I plan and plan, my hair  
Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,  
Till they be gather'd up;  
The truth, that flies the flowing can,  
Will haunt the vacant cup:

And others' follies teach us not,  
Nor much their wisdom teaches;  
And most, of sterling worth, is what  
Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone!

We know not what we know.  
But for my pleasant hour, 'tis gone,  
'Tis gone, and let it go.  
'Tis gone: a thousand such have slipt  
Away from my embraces,  
And fall'n into the dusty crypt  
Of darken'd forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went  
Long since, and came no more;  
With peals of genial clamour sent  
From many a tavern-door,  
With twisted quirks and happy hits,  
From misty men of letters;  
The tavern-hours of mighty wits —  
Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the Poet's words and looks

Had yet their native glow:

Nor yet the fear of little books

Had made him talk for show;

But, all his vast heart sherris-warm'd,

He flash'd his random speeches;

Ere days, that deal in ana, swarm'd

His literary leeches.

So mix for ever with the past,

Like all good things on earth!

For should I prize thee, couldst thou last,

At half thy real worth?

I hold it good, good things should pass:

With time I will not quarrel:

It is but yonder empty glass

That makes me maudlin-moral.

---

Head-waiter of the chop-house here,

To which I most resort,

I too must part: I hold thee dear

For this good pint of port.

For this, thou shalt from all things suck  
Marrow of mirth and laughter;  
And, wheresoe'er thou move, good luck  
Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from hence,  
The sphere thy fate allots:  
Thy latter days increased with pence  
Go down among the pots:  
Thou battenest by the greasy gleam  
In haunts of hungry sinners,  
Old boxes, larded with the steam  
Of thirty thousand dinners.

*We* fret, *we* fume, would shift our skins,  
Would quarrel with our lot;  
*Thy* care is, under polished tins,  
To serve the hot-and-hot;  
To come and go, and come again,  
Returning like the pewit,  
And watch'd by silent gentlemen,  
That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head  
The thick-set hazel dies;  
Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread  
The corners of thine eyes:  
Live long, nor feel in head or chest  
Our changeful equinoxes,  
Till mellow Death, like some late guest,  
Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease  
To pace the gritted floor,  
And, laying down an unctuous lease  
Of life, shalt earn no more;  
No carved cross-bones, the types of Death,  
Shall show thee past to Heaven:  
But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,  
A pint-pot, neatly graven.

TO —,

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

---

“Cursed be he that moves my bones.”*Shakespeare's Epitaph.*

---

You might have won the Poet's name,  
If such be worth the winning now,  
And gain'd a laurel for your brow  
Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice,  
A life that moves to gracious ends  
Thro' troops of unrecording friends,  
A deedful life, a silent voice:

And you have miss'd the irreverent doom  
Of those that wear the Poet's crown:  
Hereafter, neither knave nor clown  
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.



For now the Poet cannot die  
Nor leave his music as of old,  
But round him ere he scarce be cold  
Begins the scandal and the cry:

“Proclaim the faults he would not show:  
Break lock and seal: betray the trust:  
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just  
The many-headed beast should know.”

Ah shameless! for he did but sing  
A song that pleased us from its worth;  
No public life was his on earth,  
No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best:  
His worst he kept, his best he gave.  
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave  
Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it seem more sweet to be  
The little life of bank and brier,  
The bird that pipes his lone desire  
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud  
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,  
For whom the carrion vulture waits  
To tear his heart before the crowd!

## TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE.

---

ILLYRIAN woodlands, echoing falls  
Of water, sheets of summer glass,  
The long divine Peneïan pass,  
The vast Akrokeraunian walls,

Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,  
With such a pencil, such a pen,  
You shadow forth to distant men,  
I read and felt that I was there:

And trust me while I turn'd the page,  
And track'd you still on classic ground,  
I grew in gladness till I found  
My spirits in the golden age.

For me the torrent ever pour'd  
And glisten'd — here and there alone  
The broad-limb'd Gods at random thrown  
By fountain-urns; — and Naiads oar'd

A glimmering shoulder under gloom  
Of cavern pillars; on the swell  
The silver lily heaved and fell;  
And many a slope was rich in bloom

From him that on the mountain lea  
By dancing rivulets fed his flocks,  
To him who sat upon the rocks,  
And fluted to the morning sea.

LADY CLARE.

---

It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air,  
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:  
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:  
They two will wed the morrow morn:  
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,  
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;  
He loves me for my own true worth,  
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"  
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,

"That all comes round so just and fair:  
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,

"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread!

I buried her like my own sweet child,

And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,

O mother," she said, "if this be true,

To keep the best man under the sun

So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,

And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,

When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,

"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.

Pull off, pull off, the broach of gold,

And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."

She said "Not so: but I will know

If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!

Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,

My mother dear, if this be so,

And lay your hand upon my head,

And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare:  
She went by dale, and she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
Leapt up from where she lay,  
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,  
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:  
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!  
Why come you drest like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,  
I am but as my fortunes are:  
I am a beggar born," she said,  
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"For I am yours in word and in deed.  
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"Your riddle is hard to read."



O and proudly stood she up!

Her heart within her did not fail:  
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:

He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:  
"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,  
We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.  

---

IN her ear he whispers gaily,  
    “If my heart by signs can tell,  
Maiden, I have watch’d thee daily,  
    And I think thou lov’st me well.”  
She replies, in accents fainter,  
    “‘There is none I love like thee.”  
He is but a landscape-painter,  
    And a village maiden she.  
He to lips, that fondly falter,  
    Presses his without reproof:  
Leads her to the village altar,  
    And they leave her father’s roof.  
“I can make no marriage present:  
    Little can I give my wife.  
Love will make our cottage pleasant,  
    And I love thee more than life.”

They by parks and lodges going  
See the lordly castles stand:  
Summer woods, about them blowing,  
Made a murmur in the land.  
From deep thought himself he rouses,  
Says to her that loves him well,  
"Let us see these handsome houses  
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."  
So she goes by him attended,  
Hears him lovingly converse,  
Sees whatever fair and splendid  
Lay betwixt his home and hers;  
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
Parks and order'd gardens great,  
Ancient homes of lord and lady,  
Built for pleasure and for state.  
All he shows her makes him dearer:  
Evermore she seems to gaze  
On that cottage growing nearer,  
Where they twain will spend their days.

O but she will love him truly!  
He shall have a cheerful home;  
She will order all things duly,  
When beneath his roof they come.  
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,  
Till a gateway she discerns  
With armorial bearings stately,  
And beneath the gate she turns;  
Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before:  
Many a gallant gay domestic  
Bows before him at the door.  
And they speak in gentle murmur,  
When they answer to his call,  
While he treads with footstep firmer,  
Leading on from hall to hall  
And, while now she wonders blindly,  
Nor the meaning can divine,  
Proudly turns he round and kindly,  
"All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,  
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,  
Not a lord in all the county  
Is so great a lord as he.  
All at once the colour flushes  
Her sweet face from brow to chin:  
As it were with shame she blushes,  
And her spirit changed within.  
Then her countenance all over  
Pale again as death did prove:  
But he clasp'd her like a lover,  
And he cheered her soul with love.  
So she strove against her weakness,  
Tho' at times her spirits sank:  
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness  
To all duties of her rank:  
And a gentle consort made he,  
And her gentle mind was such  
That she grew a noble lady,  
And the people loved her much.  
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,  
And perplex'd her, night and morn,

With the burthen of an honour  
Unto which she was not born.  
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,  
As she murmur'd, "Oh, that he  
Were once more that landscape-painter,  
Which did win my heart from me!"  
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,  
Fading slowly from his side:  
Th'ree fair children first she bore him,  
Then before her time she died.  
Weeping, weeping late and early,  
Walking up and pacing down,  
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh  
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.  
And he came to look upon her,  
And he look'd at her and said,  
"Bring the dress and put it on her,  
That she wore when she was wed."  
Then her people, softly treading,  
Bore to earth her body, drest  
In the dress that she was wed in,  
That her spirit might have rest.

## SIR LAUNCELOT &amp; QUEEN GUINEVERE.

A FRAGMENT.  

---

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,  
With tears and smiles from heaven again  
The maiden Spring upon the plain  
Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.

    In crystal vapour everywhere  
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,  
And, far in forest-deeps unseen,  
The topmost elmtree gather'd green  
    From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song:  
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong:  
Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,  
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong:  
    By grassy capes with fuller sound

In curves the yellowing river ran,  
And drooping chestnut-buds began  
To spread into the perfect fan,  
    Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,  
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere  
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,  
With blissful treble ringing clear.

    She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:  
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,  
Buckled with golden clasps before;  
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore  
    Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,  
Now by some tinkling rivulet,  
In mosses mixt with violet  
Her cream-white mule his pastern set:  
    And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains



Than she whose elfin prancer springs  
By night to eery warblings,  
When all the glimmering moorland rings  
    With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,  
The happy winds upon her play'd,  
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:  
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd  
    The rein with dainty finger-tips,  
A man had given all other bliss,  
And all his worldly worth for this,  
To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
    Upon her perfect lips.

A FAREWELL.

---

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
Thy tribute wave deliver:  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet then a river:  
No where by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,  
And here thine aspen shiver;  
And here by thee will hum the bee,  
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee  
A thousand moons will quiver;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

---

HER arms across her breast she laid;  
She was more fair than words can say,  
Bare-footed came the beggar maid  
Before the king Cophetua.  
In robe and crown the king stept down,  
To meet and greet her on her way;  
"It is no wonder," said the lords,  
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen:  
One praised her ancles, one her eyes,  
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.  
So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
In all that land had never been:  
Cophetua sware a royal oath:  
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

## THE VISION OF SIN.

## 1.

I HAD a vision when the night was late:  
A youth came riding toward a palace-gate.  
He rode a horse with wings, that would have flown,  
But that his heavy rider kept him down.  
And from the palace came a child of sin,  
And took him by the curls, and led him in,  
Where sat a company with heated eyes,  
Expecting when a fountain should arise:  
A sleepy light upon their brows and lips —  
As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,  
Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and capes —  
Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,  
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and piles of  
grapes.

## 2.

Then methought I heard a mellow sound,  
Gathering up from all the lower ground;  
Narrowing in to where they sat assembled  
Low voluptuous music winding trembled,  
Wov'n in circles: they that heard it sigh'd,  
Panted hand in hand with faces pale,  
Swung themselves, and in low tones replied;  
Till the fountain spouted, showering wide  
Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail;  
Then the music touch'd the gates and died;  
Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,  
Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing gale;  
Till thronging in and in, to where they waited,  
As 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale,  
The strong tempestuous treble throb'd and palpitated;  
Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,  
Caught the sparkles, and in circles,  
Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes,  
Flung the torrent rainbow round:  
Then they started from their places,

Moved with violence, changed in hue,  
Caught each other with wild grimaces,  
Half-invisible to the view,  
Wheeling with precipitate paces  
To the melody, till they flew,  
Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces,  
Twisted hard in fierce embraces,  
Like to Furies, like to Graces,  
Dash'd together in blinding dew:  
Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,  
The nerve-dissolving melody  
Flutter'd headlong from the sky.

## 3.

And then I look'd up toward a mountain-tract,  
That girt the region with high cliff and lawn:  
I saw that every morning, far withdrawn  
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,  
God made himself an awful rose of dawn,  
Unheeded: and detaching, fold by fold,  
From those still heights, and, slowly drawing near,

A vapour heavy, hueless, formless, cold,  
Came floating on for many a month and year,  
Unheeded: and I thought I would have spoken,  
And warn'd that madman ere it grew too late:  
But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was broken,  
When that cold vapour touch'd the palace gate,  
And link'd again. I saw within my head  
A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death,  
Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath,  
And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

## 4.

“Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin!

Here is custom come your way;  
Take my brute, and lead him in,  
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

“Bitter barmaid, waning fast!

See that sheets are on my bed;  
What! the flower of life is past:  
It is long before you wed.

“Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour,

At the Dragon on the heath!

Let us have a quiet hour,

Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

“I am old, but let me drink;

Bring me spices, bring me wine;

I remember, when I think,

That my youth was half divine.

“Wine is good for shrivell’d lips,

When a blanket wraps the day,

When the rotten woodland drips,

And the leaf is stamp’d in clay.

“Sit thee down, and have no shame,

Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee:

What care I for any name?

What for order or degree?

“Let me screw thee up a peg:

Let me loose thy tongue with wine:

Callest thou that thing a leg?

Which is thinnest? thine or mine?



"Thou shalt not be saved by works:

Thou hast been a sinner too:  
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,  
Empty scarecrows, I and you!

"Fill the cup, and fill the can:

Have a rouse before the morn:  
Every moment dies a man,  
Every moment one is born.

"We are men of ruin'd blood;

Therefore comes it we are wise.  
Fish are we that love the mud,  
Rising to no fancy-flies.

"Name and fame! to fly sublime

Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,  
Is to be the ball of Time,  
Bandied by the hands of fools.

"Friendship! — to be two in one —

Let the canting liar pack!  
Well I know, when I am gone,  
How she mouths behind my back.

“Virtue! — to be good and just --

Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust,  
Mix'd with 'cunning sparks of hell.

“O! we two as well can look

Whited thought and cleanly life  
As the priest, above his book  
Leering at his neighbour's wife.

“Fill the cup, and fill the can:

Have a rouse before the morn:  
Every moment dies a man,  
Every moment one is born.

“Drink, and let the parties rave:

They are fill'd with idle spleen;  
Rising, falling, like a wave,  
For they know not what they mean.

“He that roars for liberty

Faster binds a tyrant's power;  
And the tyrant's cruel glee  
Forces on the freer hour.

“Fill the can, and fill the cup:

    All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
    And is lightly laid again.


“Greet her with applaudive breath,

    Freedom, gaily doth she tread;  
In her right a civic wreath,  
    In her left a human head.

“No, I love not what is new;

    She is of an ancient house:  
And I think we know the hue  
    Of that cap upon her brows.

“Let her go! her thirst she slakes

    Where the bloody conduit runs:  
Then her sweetest meal she makes  
    On the first-born of her sons. 

“Drink to lofty hopes that cool —

    Visions of a perfect State:  
Drink we, last, the public fool,  
    Frantic love and frantic hate.

“Chant me now some wicked stave,  
Till thy drooping courage rise,  
And the glow-worm of the grave  
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

“Fear not thou to loose thy tongue;  
Set thy hoary fancies free;  
What is loathsome to the young  
Savours well to thee and me.

“Change, reverting to the years,  
When thy nerves could understand  
What there is in loving tears,  
And the warmth of hand in hand.

“Tell me tales of thy first love —  
April hopes, the fools of chance;  
Till the graves begin to move,  
And the dead begin to dance.

“Fill the can, and fill the cup:  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

“Trooping from their mouldy dens

The chap-fallen circle spreads:

Welcome, fellow-citizens,

Hollow hearts and empty heads!

“You are bones, and what of that?

Every face, however full,

Padded round with flesh and fat,

Is but modell'd on a skull.

“Death is king, and Vivat Rex!

Tread a measure on the stones,

Madam — if I know your sex,

From the fashion of your bones.

“No, I cannot praise the fire

In your eye — nor yet your lip:

All the more do I admire

Joints of cunning workmanship.

“Lo! God's likeness — the ground-plan —

Neither modell'd, glazed, or framed:

Buss me, thou rough sketch of man,

Far too naked to be shamed!

“Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance,  
While we keep a little breath!  
Drink to heavy Ignorance!  
Hob-and-nob with brother Death!

“Thou art mazed, the night is long,  
And the longer night is near:  
What! I am not all as wrong  
As a bitter jest is dear.

“Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,  
When the locks are crisp and curl'd;  
Unto me my maudlin gall  
And my mockeries of the world.

“Fill the cup, and fill the can!  
Mingle madness, mingle scorn!  
Dregs of life, and lees of man:  
Yet we will not die forlorn.”

## 5.

The voice grew faint: there came a further change:  
Once more uprose the mystic mountain-range:  
Below were men and horses pierced with worms,

And slowly quickening into lower forms;  
By shards and scurf of salt, and scum of dross,  
Old splash of rains, and refuse patch'd with moss.  
Then some one spake: "Behold! it was a crime  
Of sense avenged by sense that wore with time."  
Another said: "The crime of sense became  
The crime of malice, and is equal blame."  
And one: "He had not wholly quench'd his power;  
A little grain of conscience made him sour."  
At last I heard a voice upon the slope  
Cry to the summit, "Is there any hope?"  
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,  
But in a tongue no man could understand;  
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn  
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.



COME not, when I am dead,  
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,  
To trample round my fallen head,  
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.  
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;  
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime  
I care no longer, being all unblest:  
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,  
And I desire to rest.  
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:  
Go by, go by.



## THE EAGLE.

FRAGMENT.

---

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.



Move eastward, happy earth, and leave

Yon orange sunset waning slow:

From fringes of the faded eve,

O, happy planet, eastward go;

Till over thy dark shoulder glow

Thy silver sister-world, and rise

To glass herself in dewy eyes

That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,

Dip forward under starry light,

And move me to my marriage-morn,

And round again to happy night.

---

BREAK, break, break,

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

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

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

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

## THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,  
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,  
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,  
And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,  
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,  
The snake slipt under a spray,  
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,  
And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have died away."

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