

CXXXVI.

LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT.

ON a starred night Prince Lucifer arose.
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Africa careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

v. good.

CXXXVII.

v. C na canes, possajuni

RENOUNCEMENT.

I MUST not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,
 I shun the love that lurks in all delight—
 The love of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
 And in the dearest passage of a song.
 Oh, just beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng
 This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet
 bright ;
 But it must never, never come in sight ;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long. admirable
 But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
 Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Very good

CXXXVIII.

WITHOUT HIM.

"Senza te son nulla."—PETRARCA.

I TOUCHED the heart that loved me, as a player
 Touches a lyre ; content with my poor skill
 No touch save mine knew my belov'd (and still
 I thought at times ; Is there no sweet lost air
 Old loves could wake in him, I cannot share ?) ;
 Oh, he alone, alone could so fulfil
 My thoughts in sound to the measure of my will.
 He is dead, and silence takes me unaware.

The songs I knew not he resumes, set free
 From my constraining love, alas for me !
 His part in our tune goes with him ; my part
 Is locked in me for ever ; I stand as mute
 As one with full strung music in his heart
 Whose fingers stray upon a shattered lute.

admirable

Good.
CXXXIX.

SPRING AMONG THE ALBAN HILLS.

TO —.

“Silent with expectation.”—SHELLEY.

O’ER the Campagna it is dim warm weather,
The Spring comes with a full heart silently
And many thoughts; a faint flash of the sea
Divides two mists; straight falls the falling feather.

With wild Spring meanings hill and plain together
Grow pale, or just flush with a dust of flowers.
Rome in the ages, dimmed with all her towers,
Floats in the midst, a little cloud at tether.

I fain would put my hands about thy face,
Thou with thy thoughts, who art another Spring,
And draw thee to me like a mournful child.

Thou lookest on me from another place;
I touch not this day’s secret, nor the thing
That in thy silence makes thy sweet eyes wild.

| N. G.

Weak and badly expressed.

CXL.

LIFE AND DEATH.

FROM morn to eve they struggled—Life and Death,
At first it seemed to me that they in mirth
Contended, and as foes of equal worth,
So firm their feet, so undisturbed their breath.
But when the sharp red sun cut through its sheath
Of western clouds, I saw the brown arms' girth
Tighten and bear that radiant form to earth,
And suddenly both fell upon the heath.
And then the wonder came—for when I fled
To where those great antagonists down fell
I could not find the body that I sought,
And when and where it went I could not tell,
One only form was left of those who fought,
The long dark form of Death—and it was dead.

Very good.

CXLI.

THE BANQUET.

Now, as when sometime with high festival
 A conquering king new realms inaugurates,
 The souls of men go up within the gates
 Of their new-made mysterious palace-hall.
 And on their ears in bursts of triumph fall
 Marches of mighty music, while below,
 In carven cups with far-sought gems aglow,
 And lamped by shapes of splendour on the wall,
 The new wine of man's kingdom flashes free.
 Yet some, among the wonders wondering there,
 Sit desolate, and shivering inwardly
 Lack yet some love to make the strange thing fair,
 Yea, to their sad souls rather seem to be
 Sheep from the sheepfold strayed they know not
 where.

CXLII.

THE NIGHT'S MESSAGE.

LAST night there came a message to mine ear
Saying : Come forth, that I may speak with thee.
It was the Night herself that called to me.
And I arose and went forth without fear
And without hope ; and by the mountain-mere,
In the great silence sitting silently,
Drank in amazed the large moon's purity :
Yet was my soul unsoothed of any cheer.

But when the moon had set, a great mist lay
On the earth and me, and to its wide soft breast
Drew forth the secret woe we might not say.
Then slowly, its brooding presence lightlier pressed,
It heaved, and broke, and swayed, and soared away :
And the Earth had morn, and I some space of rest.

Very fine.

CXLIII.

MILTON.

HE left the upland lawns and serene air
Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,
And reared his helm among the unquiet crew
Battling beneath ; the morning radiance rare
Of his young brow amid the tumult there
Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew ;
Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew
The signs of his life's dayspring, calm and fair.
But when peace came, peace fouler far than war,
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,
He, with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,
Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore,
(And with the awful Night he dwelt alone,
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

CXLIV.

IMMORTALITY.

So when the old delight is born anew
 And God re-animates the early bliss,
 Seems it not all as one first trembling kiss
 Ere soul knew soul with whom she has to do?
 "O nights how desolate, O days how few,
 O death in life, if life be this, be this!
 O weighed alone as one shall win or miss
 The faint eternity which shines therethrough!"

Lo, all but age is as a speck of sand
 Lost on the long beach where the tides are free
 And no man metes it in his hollow hand
 Nor cares to ponder it, how small it be;
 At ebb it lies forgotten on the land,
 And at full tide forgotten in the sea.

very fine.

Very fine.

CXLV.

WOULD GOD IT WERE MORNING.

My God, how many times ere I be dead
Must I the bitterness of dying know ?
How often like a corpse upon my bed
Compose me and surrender me, and so
Thro' hateful hours and ill-remembered
Between the twilight and the twilight go,
By visions bodiless obscurely led
Thro' many a wild enormity of woe ?
And yet I know not but that this is worst
When with that light, the feeble and the first,
I start and gaze into the world again,
And gazing find it as of old accurst,
And grey, and blinded with the stormy burst
And blank appalling solitude of rain.

Very fine.

CLXVI.

HIGH TIDE AT MIDNIGHT.

No breath is on the glimmering ocean-floor,
No blast beneath the windless Pleiades,
But thro' dead night a melancholy roar,
A voice of moving and of marching seas,—
The boom of thundering waters on the shore
Sworn with slow force by desolate degrees
Once to go on, and whelm for evermore
Earth and her folk and all their phantasies.
Then half asleep in the great sound I seem
Lost in the starlight, dying in a dream
Where overmastering Powers abolish me,—
Drown, and thro' dim euthanasy redeem
My merged life in the living ocean-stream
And soul-environing of shadowy sea.

CXLVII.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the phantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found,
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground ;
As if such shapes and modes, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show,
To sway or judge, and skill to sain or wound.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined man !
Know thy dread gift,—a creature, yet a cause :
Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span,
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

Give though
False. Newm.

CXLVIII.

SAN SEBASTIAN,

THE Atlantic rolls around a fort of Spain :
Old towers and bastions looming o'er the sea ;
The yellow banner floating, torn yet free ;
Cannon and shell, the trumpet's martial strain
Bring memories of thy greatness back, in vain.
The shadow of the past is over thee,
Grey cenotaph of Rowland's chivalry,
And glories that can never come again.
Balconied streets, the scenes of stubborn fight
In the red days of siege, and terraced squares,
And bright eyes gleaming through the veil of night,
And feet that climb the long cathedral stairs
So softly ;—every sight and sound recalls
Spain's worn-out flag above the ruined walls.

CXLIX.

LONDON.

DIM miles of smoke behind—I look before,
Through looming curtains of November rain,
Till eyes and ears are weary with the strain :
Amid the glare and gloom, I hear the roar
Of life's sea, beating on a barren shore.
Terrible arbiter of joy and pain !
A thousand hopes are wrecks of thy disdain ;
A thousand hearts have learnt to love no more.
Over thy gleaming bridges, on the street
That ebbs and flows beneath the silent dome,
Life's pulse is throbbing at a fever heat.
City of cities—battlefield and home
Of England's greatest, greatly wear their spoils,
Thou front and emblem of an Empire's toils.

CL.

CROWNED.

TO ———.

I THOUGHT to track a world-disdaining Light,
A dreadless Spirit, till our work was done.—
Grown greater in men's eyes, his battle won,
My hero fails me, wearied of the fight,
And, late succeeding, finds Success is Right.
Honoured and wise, his days unruffled run
With grace and mellow music, tamed to shun
The obdurate heart that wrestles with the night.
I was his homager, and shall remain,
Through chance of time and change, his debtor
still :
But the old days can never come again
Of love in exile knit, whose memories will
Shine on the way, though shrinking throngs disown,
That lies for me across the seas alone.

OLI.

A CHARACTER—AND A QUESTION.

A DUBIOUS, strange, uncomprehended life,—
A roll of riddles with no answer found,—
A sea-like soul which plummet cannot sound,
Torn by belligerent winds at mutual strife. !!!
The god in him hath taken unto wife
A daughter of the pit, and—strongly bound
By coils of snake-like hair about him wound—
Dies straining hard to raise the severing knife.

For such a sunken soul what room in Heaven ?
For such a soaring soul what place in Hell ?
Can these desires be damned, these doings shriven,
Or in some lone mid-region must he dwell
For ever ? Lo ! God sitteth with the seven
Stars in His hand, and shall not He judge well ?

OLIL.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

"Only a woman's hair."—SWIFT.

"A special despatch in the 'Tagblatt,' states that Wagner's body was laid in the coffin by the widow herself, who, last night, cut off the beautiful hair her husband so admired and placed it in a red cushion under the head of the departed."—"Standard," Feb. 17th, 1888.

"ONLY a woman's hair!" We may not guess
 If 'twere a mocking sneer or the sharp cry
 Of a great heart's o'ermastering agony
 That spake in these four words. Nevertheless,
 One thing we know,—that the long clinging tress
 Had lived with Stella's life in days gone by,
 And, she being dead, lived on to testify
 Of love's victorious everlastingness.

Such love, O mute musician, doth provide
 For thy dear head's repose a pillow rare :
 With red of heart's blood is the covering dyed,
 And underneath—canst thou not feel it there ?—
 The rippling wavy wealth that was thy pride,
 Now love's last gift—only a woman's hair !

CLIII.

THE RAINBOW.

THE raindrops shimmered down the beamy sky :

“ Behold,” one sang, “ how gloriously bright
The golden garments of the King of light ! ”—

“ Golden ! O drop, a beam is in thine eye ! ”

A second cries ; “ His robe’s of crimson dye. ”—

“ Ye both are blind,” another shouts : “ my sight
Is clear, and with the purple veil of night
Our monarch is arrayed in mystery. ”

Thus wrangling, shouting, hopeless to agree,

The drops shot swiftly down the headlong steep,
Until at last they fell into the sea.

When they arose from out the cold, dark deep,
The sun sat throned in stainless majesty,
While down a cloud they saw the rainbow sweep.

CLIV.

BY THE SEA.

AH ! wherefore do I haunt the shadowy tomb,
My joyless days and nights among the dead ?
Know you not He, my radiant Sun, who fled
With hope uncertain, soothes yon awful gloom
Afar, upon the weltering sea's wan lead ?
Behold ! faint, tremulous, ghostly gleams illumine
The unrevealing mystery of Doom,
Ash-pale dumb wastes, impenetrably dead,
O'erwhelming purple incumbent o'er the coast.
Into the Presence-Chamber of dim Death
He hath been summoned ! and I hold my post
Here on the threshold, thirsty for one breath
Released from yonder ! leave me ! I love my night,
More than abounding pulses of your light !

CLV.

IN MEMORY OF F. C. C.

6th May 1882.

FAIR Soul, who in this faltering age did show
Manhood's true image, constant, courteous, pure,
In silence strong to do and to endure,
'Neath self-suppression veiling inner glow,—
Justice at one with gentleness :—The throe
Of lightning-death found thee, if any, fit,—
Secure in Faith,—to bare thy breast to it :
Ah ! Thine the joy, beloved,—ours the woe !
For thou hast ta'en thine innocence on high,
The child-simplicity of thy stainless years ;
And on thy brows we see the diadem
Of those who walk with Christ in purity,
Fair souls, and wept, like thee, with lifelong tears
Sword-slain in Ephratean Bethlehem.

CLVL.

“TIMOR MORTIS CONTURBAT ME.”

COULD I have sung one Song that should survive
The singer's voice, and in my country's heart
Find loving echo—evermore a part
Of all her sweetest memories; could I give
One great Thought to the People, that should prove
The spring of noble action in their hour
Of darkness, or control their headlong power
With the firm reins of Justice and of Love;
Could I have traced one Form that should express
The sacred mystery that underlies
All Beauty; and through man's enraptured eyes
Teach him how beautiful is Holiness,—
I had not feared thee. But to yield my breath,
Life's Purpose unfulfilled!—This is thy sting, O
Death!

CLVII.

SIBYL.

THIS is the glamour of the world antique ;
The thyme-scents of Hymettus fill the air,
And in the grass narcissus-cups are fair.
The full brook wanders through the ferns to seek
The amber haunts of bees ; and on the peak
Of the soft hill, against the gold-marged sky,
She stands, a dream from out the days gone by.
Entreat her not. Indeed she will not speak !
Her eyes are full of dreams ; and in her ears
There is the rustle of immortal wings ;
And ever and anon the slow breeze bears
The mystic murmur of the song she sings.
Entreat her not : she sees thee not, nor hears
Aught but the sights and sounds of bygone springs.

fine

CLVIII.

HESPERIA.

MY dream is of a city in the west,
Built with fair colour, still and sad as flow'rs
That wear the blazon of the autumn hours,
Set by the side of some wide wave's unrest ;
And there the sun-fill'd calm is unimprest
Save by a flutter as of silver showers,
Rain-rippled on dim Paradisal bowers,
And some far tune of bells chimed softliest.
About the still clear streets my love-thoughts go ;
A many-coloured throng—some pale as pearl,
Some gold as the gold brow-locks of a girl :
And 'midst them where the saddest memories teem,
My veiled hope wanders, musingly and slow,
And hears the sad sea murmur like a dream.

CLIX.

LIFE UNLIVED.

How many months, how many a weary year
My soul hath stood upon that brink of days,
Straining dim eyes into the treacherous haze
For signs of life's beginning. Far and near
The grey mist floated, like a shadow-mere,
Beyond hope's bounds ; and in the lapsing ways,
Pale phantoms flitted, seeming to my gaze
The portents of the coming hope and fear.

"Surely," I said, "life shall rise up at last,
Shall sweep me by with pageant and delight !"
But as I spake, the waste shook with a blast
Of cries and clamours of a mighty fight ;
Then all was still. Upon me fell the night,
And a voice whisper'd to me, "*Life is Past.*"

Good and true.

CLX.

EVOLUTION.

HUNGER that strivest in the restless arms
 Of the sea-flower, that drivest rooted things
 To break their moorings, that unfoldest wings
 In creatures to be rapt above thy harms ;
 Hunger, of whom the hungry-seeming waves
 Were the first ministers, till, free to range,
 Thou mad'st the Universe thy park and grange,
 What is it thine insatiate heart still craves ?
 Sacred disquietude, divine unrest !
 Maker of all that breathes the breath of life,
 No unthrift greed spurs thine unflagging zest,
 No lust self-slaying hounds thee to the strife ;
 Thou art the Unknown God on whom we wait :
 Thy path the course of our unfolded fate.

Very good.

CLXI.

TO NATURE.

II.

DREAD force, in whom of old we loved to see
 A nursing mother, clothing with her life
 The seeds of Love divine, with what sore strife
 We hold or yield our thoughts of Love and thee !
 Thou art not " calm," but restless as the ocean,
 Filling with aimless toil the endless years—
 Stumbling on thought and throwing off the spheres,
 Churning the Universe with mindless motion.
 Dull fount of joy, unhallowed source of tears,
 Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,
 Dead, but engendering life, love, pangs, and fears,
 Thou crownedst thy wild work with foulest wrong
 When first thou lightedst on a seeming goal
 And darkly blundered on man's suffering soul.

*I do not know how to say
 I do not know how to say, what a
 I do not know how to say, what a
 I do not know how to say, what a*

CLXII.

TO NATURE.

III.

BLIND Cyclops, hurling stones of destiny,
And not in fury!—working bootless ill,
In mere vacuity of mind and will—
Man's soul revolts against thy work and thee!
Slaves of a despot, conscienceless and *nil*,
Slaves by mad chance befooled to think them free,
We still might rise and with one heart agree
To mar the ruthless grinding of thy mill!
Dead tyrant, tho' our cries and groans pass by thee,
Man, cutting off from each new "tree of life"
Himself, its fatal flower, could still defy thee,
In waging on thy work eternal strife,—
The races come and coming evermore,
Heaping with hecatombs thy dead-sea shore.

CLXIII.

TO A MOTH THAT DRINKETH OF THE RIPE
OCTOBER.

I.

A MOTH belated,—sun and zephyr-kist,—
Trembling about a pale arbutus bell,
Probing to wildering depths its honeyed cell,—
A noonday thief, a downy sensualist !
Not vainly, sprite, thou drawest careless breath,
Strikest ambrosia from the cool-cupped flowers,
And flutterest through the soft, uncounted hours,
To drop at last in unawaited death ;—
'Tis something to be glad ! and those fine thrills
Which move thee, to my lip have drawn the smile
Wherewith we look on joy. Drink ! drown thine ills,
If ill have any part in thee ; erewhile
May the pent force—thy bounded life—set free
Fill larger sphere with equal ecstasy !

CLXIV.

A STILL PLACE.

UNDER what beechen shade or silent oak
Lies the mute sylvan now mysterious Pan ?
Once (when rich Péneus and Ilissus ran
Clear from their fountains) as the morning broke,
'Tis said the Satyr with Apollo spoke,
And to harmonious strife with his wild reed,
Challenged the God, whose music was indeed
Divine, and fit for heaven. Each played, and woke
Beautiful sounds to life—deep melodies ;
One blew his pastoral pipe with such nice care,
That flocks and birds all answered him ; and one
Shook his immortal showers upon the air.
That music has ascended to the sun ;
But where the other ? Speak, ye dells and trees.

CLXV.

THE SEA—IN CALM.

Look what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us !—Mark how still (as though in dreams
Bound) the once wild and terrible Ocean seems !
How silent are the winds ! No billow roars,
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores ;
The silver margin which eye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea hath here no sound :
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors.
What ! is the giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatched beneath the sun ?
No : he reposes. Now his toils are done,
More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.
So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be.

CLXVI.

MORE THAN TRUTH.

No longer do I know if thou art fair
Or if the truth my vision might disgrace,
Nor do I know if other men would care
To make their sweetest heaven of thy face,
But what to me the words that others speak,
Their thoughts, their laughter, or their foolish gaze ?
For hast thou not a herald on my cheek
To tell the coming nearer of thy ways,
And in my veins a stranger blood that flows,
A bell that strikes on pulses of my heart,
Submissive life that proudly comes and goes
Through eyes that burn, and speechless lips that part ?
And hast thou not a hidden life in mine,
In thee a soul which none may know for thine ?

CLXVII.

THE BODY FAIR.

THE empty marvel of a splendid cage
With fretted gold and twisted silver wire
Thy body seems, and mine a lover's rage
That gilds thy painted shows with rich desire.
And round the precious metal of the bars
Flowers scarlet-hearted, and pale passion-flowers,
And crowded jasmine mingle as the stars,
Dewy with scent of kisses, warm with showers.
Of marble, lily and pure snow, the floor ;
The window stained with sunlit ruby shine ;
Of azure water clear the sapphire door
That never turns on hinges crystalline :
 The bird within is mute and does not sing,
 And dull his tuneless throat, and clipt his wing.

CLXVIII.

LOVE AND WEARINESS.

No idol thou for passion's eager will
To make a holy worship of thy name ;
Not thine our praise ; remembered not thy claim ;
Thy shrine no temple on love's holy hill.
What rules thy life and soul, their wayward skill,
Has not the spell that masters rosy shame,
And tender pride and beauty like a flame
Desirous, one through starry good and ill.

No God with ministers of hope and fate,
He came, but humbly at my heart's low gate
There knocked a languid boy, a beggar maid ;
His limbs were wan : her tarnished golden dress
Did match his faded hair. And this she said :
" He is thy Love, and I am Weariness."

CLXIX.

THE STUDENT'S CHAMBER.

STRANGE things pass nightly in this little room,
 All dreary as it looks by light of day ;
 Enchantment reigns here when at evening play
 Red firelit glimpses through the pallid gloom :
 Then come—perchance the shadows thrown assume
 That guise—heroic guests in dim array,—
 The Kings of eld, returned the human way
 By Bridge of Dread, from star to straitening tomb.

High dreams they bring that never were dreamt in sleep:
 These walls yawn wide to Time, to Death, and Hell,
 To the last abyss of men's wild cries to Heaven ;
 While night uncurtains on a sobbing deep,
 (And lo ! the land wherein the Holy Grail,
 In far Monsalvat, to the soul is given.

*Printed
 as a true and exact full
 in Monsalvat by the
 You shall for my sake remain*

CLXX.

THE LOST IDEAL OF THE WORLD.

A NOVICE in the School of Paradise,
I leant beside the Golden Gate one day:
Eternity's blue deeps before me lay
That girdle the Queen Island of the skies,
And soul-content was lit within mine eyes,
Calm with the calm that lists not of decay,—
A dreamy sense of dreams come true for aye,
And Darkness burnt up in a last Sunrise.

O God, what was She, there, without the Gate—
Sad in such beauty Heav'n seemed incomplete?
Drawn by a nameless star's young whisperings,
With hands stretch'd forth as if to pass by Fate
She drifted on—so near Thy mercy-seat—
Blind, and in all the loneliness of wings!

CLXXI.

TWO LOVERS.

I.

I LOVE my lover ; on the heights above me
He mocks my poor attainment with a frown.
I, looking up as he is looking down,
By his displeasure guess he still doth love me ;
For his ambitious love would ever prove me
More excellent than I as yet am shown,
So, straining for some good ungrasped, unknown,
I vainly would become his image of me.

And, reaching through the dreadful gulfs that sever
Our souls, I strive with darkness nights and days,
Till my perfected work towards him I raise,
Who laughs thereat, and scorns me more than ever ;
Yet his upbraiding is beyond all praise.
This lover that I love I call : *Endeavour.*

CLXXII.

TWO LOVERS.

II.

I HAVE another lover loving me,
Himself beloved of all men, fair and true.
He would not have me change altho' I grew
Perfect as Light, because more tenderly
He loves myself than loves what I might be.
Low at my feet he sings the winter through,
And, never won, I love to hear him woo.
For in my heaven both sun and moon is he,
To my bare life a fruitful-flooding Nile,
His voice like April airs that in our isle
Wake sap in trees that slept since autumn went.
His words are all caresses, and his smile
The relic of some Eden Ravishment;
And he that loves me so I call : *Content.*

CLXXIII.

LOVER'S SILENCE.

WHEN she whose love is even my air of life
Enters, delay being past, to bless my home,
And ousts her phantom from its place, being come
Herself to fill it ; when the importunate strife
Of absence with desire is stilled, and rife
With heaven is earth ; why am I stricken dumb,
Abashed, confounded, awed of heart and numb,
Waking no triumph of song, no welcoming fife ?

Be thine own answer, soul, who long ago
Did'st see the awful light of Beauty shine,
Silent ; and silently rememberest yet
That glory which no spirit may forget,
Nor utter save in love a thought too fine
For souls to ignore, or mortal sense to know.

Very fine.

CLXXIV.

THE POETIC LAND.

THE bubble of the silver-springing waves,
 Castalian music, and that flattering sound,
 Low rustling of the loved Apollian leaves, *honorable*
 With which my youthful hair was to be crowned,
 Grow dimmer in my ears ; while Beauty grieves
 Over her votary, less frequent found ;
 And, not untouched by storms, my life-boat heaves
 Through the splashed ocean-waters, outward bound.
 And as the leaning mariner, his hand
 Clasped on his oar, strives trembling to reclaim
 Some loved lost echo from the fleeting strand,
 So lean I back to the poetic land ;
And in my heart a sound, a voice, a name
Hangs, as above the lamp hangs the expiring flame.

CLXXV.

DAYBREAK IN FEBRUARY.

OVER the ground white snow, and in the air
Silence. The stars like lamps soon to expire,
Gleam tremblingly ; serene and heavenly fair,
The eastern hanging crescent climbeth higher.
See, purple on the azure softly steals,
And Morning, faintly touched with quivering fire,
Leans on the frosty summits of the hills,
Like a young girl over her hoary sire.
Oh, such a dawning over me has come,
The daybreak of thy purity and love ;—
The sadness of the never satiate tomb
Thy countenance hath power to remove,
And from the sepulchre of Hope thy palm
Can roll the stone, and raise her bright and calm.

excellent

OLXXVI.

"LIKE A MUSICIAN."

Like a musician that with flying finger
 Startles the voice of some new instrument,
 And, though he know that in one string are blent
 All its extremes of sound, yet still doth linger
 Among the lighter threads, fearing to start
 The deep soul of that one melodious wire,
 Lest it, unanswering, dash his high desire,
 And spoil the hopes of his expectant heart;—
 Thus with my mistress oft conversing, I
 Stir every lighter theme with careless voice,
 Gathering sweet music and celestial joys
 From the harmonious soul o'er which I fly;
 Yet o'er the one deep master-chord I hover,
 And dare not stoop, fearing to tell—I love her.

g.

OLXXVII.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

AGAIN thou reignest in thy golden hall,
Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night !
The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight :
Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
For tasks well ended ere the season's fall,
Sweet orb, thou smilest from thy starry height ;
But whilst on them thy beams are shedding bright,
To me thou com'st o'ershadowed with a pall ;
To me alone the year hath fruitless flown ;
Earth hath fulfilled her trust through all her lands,
The good man gathereth where he had sown,
And the Great Master in his vineyard stands ;
But I, as if my task were all unknown,
Come to his gates alas ! with empty hands.

v. good.

OLXXVIII.

REMEMBER.

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more, day by day,
 You tell me of our future that you planned:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

*Q. E. l'oubli de l'homme e' est tout
 l'oubli de son avenir e' est tout
 l'oubli de son*

CLXXIX.

ONE CERTAINTY.

VANITY of vanities, the Preacher saith,
All things are vanity. The eye and ear
Cannot be filled with what they see and hear.
Like early dew, or like the sudden breath
Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,
Is man, tossed to and fro by hope and fear :
So little joy hath he, so little cheer,
Till all things end in the long dust of death.
To-day is still the same as yesterday,
To-morrow also even as one of them ;
And there is nothing new under the sun :
Until the ancient sea of Time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the old stem,
And morning shall be cold, and twilight grey.

CLXXX.

THE WORLD.

By day she woos me, soft, exceeding fair :
 But all night as the moon so changeth she ;
 Loathsome and foul with hideous leprosy,
And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.
By day she woos me to the outer air,
 Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety :
 But through the night, a beast she grins at me,
A very monster void of love and prayer.
By day she stands a lie : by night she stands,
 In all the naked horror of the truth,
With pushing horns and clawed and clutching hands.
Is this a friend indeed ; that I should sell
 My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell.

CLXXXI.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

AH, woe is me for pleasure that is vain,
Ah, woe is me for glory that is past :
Pleasure that bringeth sorrow at the last,
Glory that at the last bringeth no gain !
So saith the sinking heart ; and so again
It shall say till the mighty angel-blast
Is blown, making the sun and moon aghast,
And showering down the stars like sudden rain.
And evermore men shall go fearfully,
Bending beneath their weight of heaviness ;
And ancient men shall lie down wearily,
And strong men shall rise up in weariness ;
Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,
Saying one to another : How vain it is !

CLXXXII.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

Love that is dead and buried, yesterday
Out of his grave rose up before my face,
No recognition in his look, no trace
Of memory in his eyes dust-dimmed and grey.
While I, remembering, found no word to say,
But felt my quickened heart leap in its place ;
Caught afterglow thrown back from long set days,
Caught echoes of all music passed away.
Was this indeed to meet ?—I mind me yet
In youth we met when hope and love were quick,
We parted with hope dead, but love alive :
I mind me how we parted then heart sick,
Remembering, loving, hopeless, weak to strive :—
Was this to meet ? Not so, we have not met.

CLXXXIII.

SIBYLLA PALMIFERA.

UNDER the arch of Life, where love and death,
 Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
 Beauty enthroned ; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath. *inappropriate.*
 Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
 The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw,
 By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
 The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
 Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee
 By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
 Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
 How passionately and irretrievably,
 In what fond flight, how many ways and days !

O color color no emp N SW

184 DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Most sublime.

CLXXXIV.

FOR

A VENETIAN PASTORAL.

BY GIORGIONE.

(*In the Louvre.*)

WATER, for anguish of the solstice:—nay,
But dip the vessel slowly,—nay, but lean
And hark how at its verge the wave sighs in
Reluctant. Hush! beyond all depth away
The heat lies silent at the break of day:
Now the hand trails upon the viol-string
That sobs, and the brown faces cease to sing,
Sad with the whole of pleasure. Whither stray
Her eyes now, from whose mouth the slim pipes creep
And leave it pouting, while the shadowed grass
Is cool against her naked side? Let be:
Say nothing now unto her lest she weep,
Nor name this ever. Be it as it was,—
Life touching lips with Immortality.

colorful

Trist A pastor

Magnificent.

CLXXXV.

ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN NATIONS.

Nor that the earth is changing, O my God !

Nor that the seasons totter in their walk,—

Not that the virulent ill of act and talk

Seethes ever as a wine-press ever trod,—

Not therefore are we certain that the rod

Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world ; though
now

Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,

So many kings :—not therefore, O my God !

But because Man is parcelled out in men

To-day ; because, for any wrongful blow,

No man not stricken asks, ' I would be told

Why thou dost strike ; ' but his heart whispers then,

' *He is he, I am I.* ' By this we know

That the earth falls asunder, being old.

CLXXXVI.

LOVESIGHT.

(House of Life.—IV.)

WHEN do I see thee most, beloved one ?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
 The worship of that Love through thee made known ?
 Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
 Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

O love, my love ! if I no more should see
 Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
 Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
 How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
 The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
 The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

CLXXXVII.

THE DARK GLASS.

(*House of Life.*—xxxiv.)

NOT I myself know all my love for thee :
How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh
To-morrow's dower by gage of yesterday ?
Shall birth and death, and all dark names that be
As doors and windows bared to some loud sea,
Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with spray ;
And shall my sense pierce love,—the last relay
And ultimate outpost of eternity ?

Lo ! what am I to Love, the Lord of all ?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand.

CLXXXVIII.

WITHOUT HER.

(House of Life.—LIII.)

WHAT of her glass without her? The blank grey
 There where the pool is blind of the moon's face.
 Her dress without her? The tossed empty space
 Of cloud-rack whence the moon has passed away.
 Her paths without her? Day's appointed sway
 Usurped by desolate night. Her pillowed place
 Without her? Tears, ah me! for love's good grace,
 And cold forgetfulness of night or day.

What of the heart without her? Nay, poor heart,
 Of thee what word remains ere speech be still?
 A way-farer by barren ways and chill,
 Steep ways and weary, without her thou art,
 Where the long cloud, the long wood's counterpart,
 Sheds doubled darkness up the labouring hill.

CLXXXIX.

TRUE WOMAN—HER HEAVEN.

(*House of Life.*—LVII.)

If to grow old in Heaven is to grow young,
 (As the Seer saw and said,) then blest were he
 With youth for evermore, whose heaven should be
True Woman, she whom these weak notes have sung
Here and hereafter,—choir-strains of her tongue,—
 Sky-spaces of her eyes,—sweet signs that flee
 About her soul's immediate sanctuary,—
Were Paradise all uttermost worlds among.

n. fine | The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
 Like any hillflower; and the noblest troth
 Dies here to dust. Yet shall Heaven's promise clothe
Even yet those lovers who have cherished still
This test for love:—in every kiss sealed fast
 To feel the first kiss and forebode the last.

o by pen
Let's not say o words

Very fine.

OXC.

TRUE WOMAN—HER LOVE.

(House of Life.—LVIII.)

SHE loves him ; for her infinite soul is Love,
 And he her lode-star. Passion in her is
 A glass facing his fire, where the bright bliss
 Is mirrored, and the heat returned. Yet move
 That glass, a stranger's amorous flame to prove,
 And it shall turn, by instant contraries,
 Ice to the moon ; while her pure fire to his
harsh. For whom it burns, clings close i' the heart's alcove.

Lo ! they are one. With wifely breast to breast
 And circling arms, she welcomes all command
 Of love,—her soul to answering ardours fann'd :
 Yet as morn springs or twilight sinks to rest,
 Ah ! who shall say she deems not loveliest
 The hour of sisterly sweet hand-in-hand ?

Haunt line
Sublime
ending.

fair

CCXCI.

THE CHOICE.

(*House of Life.*—LXXII.)

THINK thou and act ; to-morrow thou shalt die.

Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
Thou say'st : " Man's measured path is all gone o'er :
Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
Man clomb until he touched the truth ; and I,
Even I, am he whom it was destined for."

How should this be ! Art thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby ?

Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound

Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me ;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.

Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

OXOIL.

LOST DAYS.

(House of Life.—LXXXVI.)

THE lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on the street
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.
 "I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"
 "And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith,)
 "And thou thyself to all eternity!"

OXCIII.

"RETRO ME, SATHANA!"

(House of Life.—xc.)

GET thee behind me. Even as, heavy-curled,
Stooping against the wind, a charioteer
Is snatched from out his chariot by the hair,
So shall Time be ; and as the void car, hurled
Abroad by reinless steeds, even so the world :
Yea, even as chariot-dust upon the air,
It shall be sought and not found anywhere.
Get thee behind me, Satan. Oft unfurled,
Thy perilous wings can beat and break like lath
Much mightiness of men to win thee praise.
Leave these weak feet to tread in narrow ways.
Thou still, upon the broad vine-sheltered path,
Mayst wait the turning of the phials of wrath
For certain years, for certain months and days.

OXCIV.

A SUPERScription.

(House of Life.—XCVII.)

LOOK in my face ; my name is Might-have-been ;
 I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell ;
 Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
 Cast up thy Life s foam-fretted feet between ;
 Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
 Which had Life s form and Love's, but by my spell
 Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
 Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am ! But should there dart
 One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
 Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—
 Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
 Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
 Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

g. f. *Cur finis*

by name, or else finis desiderata.

OCXV.

DEMOCRACY DOWNTRODDEN.

How long, O Lord ?—The voice is sounding still :

Not only heard beneath the altar-stone,

Not heard of John Evangelist alone

In Patmos. It doth cry aloud and will

Between the earth's end and earth's end, until

The day of the great reckoning—bone for bone,

And blood for righteous blood, and groan for groan :

Then shall it cease on the air with a sudden thrill ; *wear.*

Not slowly growing fainter if the rod

Strikes here or there amid the evil throng

Or one oppressor's hand is stayed and numbs ;

Not till the vengeance that is coming comes.

For shall all hear the voice excepting God,

Or God not listen, hearing ?—Lord, how long ?

CXCVI.

EMIGRATION.

WEAVE o'er the world your weft, yea weave yourselves,
Imperial races weave the warp thereof.
Swift like your shuttle speed the ships, and scoff
At wind and wave. And, as a miner delves
For hidden treasure bedded deep in stone,
So seek ye and find the treasure patriotism
In lands remote and dipped with alien chrism,
And make those new lands heart-dear and your own.
Weave o'er the world yourselves. Half-human man
Wanes from before your faces like a cloud
Sun-stricken, and his soil becomes his shroud.
But of your souls and bodies ye shall make
The sov'reign vesture of its leagueless span,
Clothing with history cliff and wild and lake.

Magnificent.

CXCVII.

AT LEMNOS.

ON this lone isle whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pæan's son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound; alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watched, and blamed its lingering flight;
By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave
Drove slumber from his eyes; the chiding wave
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.
Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sighed
Through his low grot he heard a coming oar—
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
Nor seldom listened to the fancied roar
Of Oeta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts famed Trachis from the Euboic shore.

Good.

CXCVIII.

THE UNIVERSE VOID.

*Rather
good.*

REVOLVING^x worlds, revolving^x systems, yea,
 Revolving^x firmaments^x, nor there we end :
 Systems of firmaments^x revolving, send
 Our thought across the Infinite astray,
 Gasping and lost and terrified, the day
 Of life, the goodly interests of home,
 Shrivelled to nothing ; that unbounded dome
 Peeling still on, in blind fatality.

) bathos

No rest is there for our soul's wingèd feet,
 She must return for shelter to her ark—
 The body, fair, frail, death-born, incomplete,
 And let her bring this truth back from the dark :

Good.

Life is self-centred, man is nature's god ;
 Space, time, are but the walls of his abode.

CXCIX.

BELOW THE OLD HOUSE.

BENEATH those buttressed walls with lichen grey,
Beneath the slopes of trees whose flickering shade
Darkens the pools by dun green velveted,
The stream leaps like a living thing at play,—
In haste it seems : it cannot cannot stay !
The great boughs changing there from year to year,
And the high jackdaw-haunted eaves, still hear
The burden of the rivulet—*Passing away !*

And some time certainly that oak no more
Will keep the winds in check ; his breadth of beam
Will go to rib some ship for some far shore ;
Those coigns and eaves will crumble, while that stream
Will still run whispering, whispering night and day,
That oversong of Father Time—*Passing away !*

CC

PARTED LOVE.

METHINKS I have passed through some dreadful door,
Shutting off summer and its sunniest glades
From a dark waste of marsh and ruinous shades :
And in that sunlit past, one day before
All other days is crimson to the core ;
That day of days when hand in hand became
Encircling arms, and with an effluent flame
Of terrible surprise, we knew love's lore.

The rose-red ear that then my hand caressed,
Those smiles bewildered, that low voice so sweet
The truant threads of silk about the brow
Dishevelled, when our burning lips were pressed
Together, and the temple-pulses beat !
All gone now—where am I, and where art thou ?

CCL.

SEEKING FORGETFULNESS.

AND yet I am as one who looks behind,
A traveller in a shadowed land astray,
Passing and lost upon the boundary
Of actual things, who turns against the wind,
An hundred simulacral ghosts to find
Close following, an hundred pairs of eyes
Shining around like phosphorescent flies,—
And all of them himself, yet changed in kind.

Those once I was, which of them now am I ?
Not one, all alien, long abandoned masks,
That in some witches' sabbath long since past,
Did dance awhile in my life's panoply,
And drank with me from out of the same flasks ;
Am I not rid of these, not even at last ?

Very good.

CCIL.

SPRING WIND.

O FULL-VOICED herald of immaculate Spring,
With clarion gladness striking every tree
To answering raptures, as a resonant sea
Fills rock-bound shores with thunders echoing—
O thou, each beat of whose tempestuous wing
Shakes the long winter-sleep from hill and lea,
And rouses with loud reckless jubilant glee
The birds that have not dared as yet to sing:—

O Wind that comest with prophetic cries,
Hast thou indeed beheld the face that is
The joy of poets and the glory of birds—
Spring's face itself:—hast thou 'neath bluer skies
Met the warm lips that are the gates of bliss,
And heard June's leaf-like whisper of sweet words?

Very good.

CCIII.

A MIDSUMMER HOUR.

THERE comes not through the o'erarching cloud of green
 A harsh, an envious sound to jar the ear :
 But vaguely swells a hum, now far, now near,
 Where the wild honey-bee beyond the screen
 Of beech-leaves haunts the field of flowering bean.
 Far, far away the low voice of the weir
 Dies into silence. Hush'd now is the clear
 Sweet song down-circling from the lark unseen.

Beyond me, where I lie, the shrew-mice run
 A-patter where of late the streamlet's tones
 Made music : on a branch a drowsy bird
 Sways by the webs that midst dry pools are spun—
 Yet lives the streamlet still, for o'er flat stones
The slow lapse of the gradual wave is heard.

good.

Magnificent.

CCIV. /

OZYMANDIAS.

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

CCV.

A CHILL IN SUMMER.

I WENT upon a meadow bright with gold
Of buttercups, which glistened on the green
Of summer grass, veiled with a filmy sheen
Of gossamer, whereby a river rolled
His shrunken waters by a city old,
Leaving large space of poisonous ooze between
The herbage and his waves, which were not clean,
And in the air there was a touch of cold.
Then my thoughts troubled me, I knew not why ;
But everything seemed still, and nought at rest.
The sun grew dim, the faint wind seemed to sigh,
The pale blue seemed to shiver as unblest,
White fleecy clouds came scudding up the sky,
And turned to ashen darkness in the west.

CCVI.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY still walketh on the earth and air:
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's music was out-rolled,
The roses of the Spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old ;
So if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
'Tis pleasant when blue skies are o'er us bending
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet friend ! Ah, dearer this to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending.

Not good.

CCVII.

WINTER.

A WEINKLED crabbèd man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree ;
Blue-lipt, an ice drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
Old Winter ! seated in thy great armed chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth ;
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night ;
Pausing at times to rouse the smouldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

CCVIII.

THE TOUCH OF LIFE.

I SAW a circle in a garden sit
Of dainty dames and solemn cavaliers,
Whereof some shuddered at the burrowing nit,
And at the carrion worm some burst in tears :
And all, as envying the abhorred estate
Of empty shades and disembodied elves,
Under the laughing stars, early and late,
Sat shamefast at their birth and at themselves.

 The keeper of the house of life is fear ;
In the rent lion is the honey found
By him that rent it ; out of stony ground
The toiler, in the morning of the year,
Beholds the harvest of his grief abound
And the green corn put forth the tender ear.

CCIX.

EVENING.

My window's open to the evening sky ;
The solemn trees are fringed with golden light ;
The lawn here shadow'd lies, there kindles bright ;
And cherished roses lift their incense high.
The punctual thrush, on plane-tree warbling nigh,
With loud and luscious cries calls down the night ;
Dim waters, flowing on with gentle might,
Between each pause are heard to murmur by.
The book that told of wars in holy-land,
(Nor less than Tasso sounded in mine ears)
Escapes unheeded from my listless hand.
Poets whom Nature for her service rears,
Like Priests in her great temple ministering stand,
But in her glory fade when she appears.

CCX.

TO TIME.

TIME, I rejoice, amid the ruin wide
That peoples thy dark empire, to behold
Shores against which thy waves in vain have rolled,
Where man's proud works still frown above thy tide.
The deep based Pyramids still turn aside
Thy wasteful current ; vigorously old,
Lucania's temples their array unfold,
Pillar and portico, in simple pride.
Nor less thy joy, when, sheltered from thy storms
In earth's fond breast, hid treasure bursts the sod—
Elaborate stone in sculpture's matchless forms,
Oft did I mock thee, spoiler, as I trod
The glowing courts where still the Goddess warms
And stern in beauty stands the quivered God.

CCXI.

TO THEODORE WATTS.

(Dedicatory Sonnet. *Tristram of Lyonesse* :
And other Poems.)

SPRING speaks again, and all our woods are stirred,
And all our wide glad wastes a-flower around, *bad.*
That twice have heard keen April's clarion sound
Since here we first together saw and heard
Spring's light reverberate and reiterate word
Shine forth and speak in season. Life stands crowned
Here with the best one thing it ever found,
As of my soul's best birthdays dawns the third.

There is a friend that as the wise man saith
Cleaves closer than a brother: nor to me
Hath time not shown, through days like waves at
strife,
This truth more sure than all things else but death,
This pearl most perfect found in all the sea
That washes towards your feet these waifs of life.

CCXII.

JOHN FORD.

HEW hard the marble from the mountain's heart
Where hardest night holds fast in iron gloom
Gems brighter than an April dawn in bloom,
That his Memnonian likeness thence may start
Revealed, whose hand with high funereal art
Carved night, and chiselled shadow : be the tomb
That speaks him famous graven with signs of doom
Intrenched inevitably in lines athwart,
As on some thunder-blasted Titan's brow
His record of rebellion. Not the day
Shall strike forth music from so stern a chord,
Touching this marble : darkness, none knows how,
And stars impenetrable of midnight, may.
So looms the likeness of thy soul, John Ford.

CCXIII.

JOHN WEBSTER.

THUNDER : the flesh quails, and the soul bows down.
Night : east, west, south, and northward, very night.
Star upon struggling star strives into sight,
Star after shuddering star the deep storms drown.
The very throne of night, her very crown,
A man lays hand on, and usurps her right.
Song from the highest of heaven's imperious height
Shoots, as a fire to smite some towering town.
Rage, anguish, harrowing fear, heart-crazing crime,
Make monstrous all the murderous face of Time
Shown in the spheral orbit of a glass
Revolving. Earth cries out from all her graves.
Frail, on frail rafts, across wide-wallowing waves,
Shapes here and there of child and mother pass.

Admirable.

CXXIV.

ON THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF
THE JEWS.

(*Written June 1882.*)

O SON of man, by lying tongues adored,
By slaughterous hands of slaves with feet red-shod
In carnage deep as ever Christian trod
Profaned with prayer and sacrifice abhorred
And incense from the trembling tyrant's horde,
Brute worshippers of wielders of the rod,
Most murderous even of all that call thee God,
Most treacherous even that ever called thee Lord;—
Face loved of little children long ago,
Head hated of the priests and rulers then,
If thou see this, or hear these hounds of thine
Run ravening as the Gadarean swine,
Say, was not this thy Passion to foreknow
In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?

*As for the passage about the Jews,
I find it in the Bible?*

*two
pages*

CCXV.

HOPE AND FEAR.

BENEATH the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,
With eyes enkindled as the sun's own sphere,
Hope from the front of youth in godlike cheer
Looks Godward, past the shades where blind men grope
Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can ope,
| And makes for joy the very darkness dear
| That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams that fear
At noon may rise and pierce the heart of hope.
Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and yearn,
May truth first purge her eyesight to discern
What once being known leaves time no power to appal;
Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn
The kind wise word that falls from years that fall—
'Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all.'

Very
fine

CCXVI. ✓

TO THE GENIUS OF ETERNAL SLUMBER.

SLEEP, thou art named eternal ! Is there then
 No chance of waking in thy noiseless realm ?
 Come there no fretful dreams to overwhelm
 The feverish spirits of o'erlaboured men ?
 Shall conscience sleep where thou art ; and shall pain
 Lie folded with tired arms around her head ;
 And memory be stretched upon a bed
 Of ease, whence she shall never rise again ?
 O Sleep, that art eternal ! Say, shall Love
 Breathe like an infant slumbering at thy breast ?
 Shall hope there cease to throb ; and shall the smart
Of things impossible at length find rest ?
 Thou answerest not. The poppy-heads above
 Thy calm brows sleep. How cold, how still thou art !

CCXVII.

INEVITABLE CHANGE.

REBUKE me not! I have nor wish nor skill
To alter one hair's breadth in all this house
Of Love, rising with domes so luminous
And air-built galleries on life's topmost hill!
Only I know that fate, chance, years that kill,
Change that transmutes, have aimed their darts at us;
Envyng each lovely shrine and amorous
Reared on earth's soil by man's too passionate will.

Dread thou the moment when these glittering towers,
These adamantine walls and gates of gems,
Shall fade like forms of sun-forsaken cloud;
When dulled by imperceptible chill hours,
The golden spires of our Jerusalems
Shall melt to mist and vanish in night's shroud!

CCXVIII.

THE JEWS' CEMETERY. ✓

Lido of Venice.

A TRACT of land swept by the salt sea-foam,
 Fringed with acacia flowers, and billowy deep
 In meadow-grasses, where tall poppies sleep,
 And bees athirst for wilding honey roam.
 How many a bleeding heart hath found its home
 Under these hillocks which the sea-mews sweep!
 Here knelt an outcast race to curse and weep,
 Age after age, 'neath heaven's unanswering dome.

Sad is the place, and solemn. Grave by grave,
 Lost in the dunes, with rank weeds overgrown
 Pines in abandonment; as though unknown,
 Uncared for, lay the dead, whose records pave
 This path neglected; each forgotten stone
 Wept by no mourner but the moaning wave.

CCXIX.

A CRUCIFIX IN THE ETSCH THAL.

BLUE mists lie curled along the sullen stream :
 Clouds furl the pine-clad highlands whence we came :
 Stage after stage, interminably tame,
 Stretch the gaunt mountain-flanks without one gleam.
 All things are frozen in a dull dead dream :
 It is a twilight land without a name :
 Each half-awakened hamlet seems the same
 Home of grey want and misery supreme.

Heart-breaking is the world-^{old} human strife
 With niggard nature traced adown this vale
 In records fugitive as human life.
 Ah Christ! The land is thine. Those tortured eyes,
 That thorn-crowned brow, those mute lips, thin and
 pale,

Appeal from man's pain to the impiteous skies.

(Byron: Sonnet)

CCXX.

A DREAM OF BURIAL IN MID-OCEAN.

Down through the [×]deēp [×]deēp grey-green seas, in sleep,[×]
 Plunged my drowsed soul ; and ever on and on,
 Hurrying at first, then where the faint light shone
 Through fathoms twelve, with slackening fall did creep :
 Nor touched the [×]bottom of that [×]bottomless steep,
 But with a slow sustained suspension,
 Buoyed 'mid the watery wildernesses wan,
 Like a thin cloud in air, voyaged the deep.

Then all those dreadful faces of the sea,
 Horned things abhorred and shapes intolerable,
 Fixing glazed lidless eyes swam up to me,
 And pushed me with their snouts, and coiled and fell
 In spiral volumes writhing horribly—
 Jagged fins grotesque, fanged ghastly jaws of hell.

CCXXI.

VENETIAN SUNRISE.

How often have I now outwatched the night
Alone in this grey chamber toward the sea
Turning its deep-arcaded balcony !
Round yonder sharp acanthus-leaves the light
Comes stealing, red at first, then golden bright ;
Till when the day-god in his strength and gloe
Springs from the orient flood victoriously,
Each cusp is tipped and tongued with quivering white.
The islands that were blots of purple bloom,
Now tremble in soft liquid luminous haze,
Uplifted from the sea-floor to the skies ;
And dim discerned erewhile through roseate gloom,
A score of sails now stud the waterways,
Ruffling like swans afloat from paradise.

CCXXII.

MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk ; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples ! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom ! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora ! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers,

CCXXIII.

Indifferent.

SONNET

*Written on Hearing of the Outbreak of the Polish
Insurrection.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, gather from afar
 The hosts to battle : be not bought and sold.
 Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the bold ;
 Break through your iron shackles—fling them far.
 O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar
 Grew to his strength among his deserts cold ;
 When even to Moscow's cupolas were rolled
 The growing murmurs of the Polish war !
 Now must your noble anger blaze out more
 Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,
 The Moslem myriads fell, and fled before—
 Than when Zamoysky smote the Tartar Khan ;
 Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore
 Boleslas drove the Pomeranian.

*There are too many names in the
 scroll.*

Good.

CCXXIV. ✓

A RECUSANT.

THE Church stands there beyond the orchard-blooms ;
 How yearningly I gaze upon its spire !
 Lifted mysterious through the twilight glooms,
 Dissolving in the sunset's golden fire,
 Or dim as slender incense morn by morn
 Ascending to the blue and open sky.
 For ever when my heart feels most forlorn
 It murmurs to me with a weary sigh,
 How sweet to enter in, to kneel and pray
 With all the others whom we love so well !
 All disbelief and doubt might pass away,
 All peace float to us with its Sabbath bell.
 Conscience replies, There is but one good rest,
 Whose head is pillowed upon Truth's pure breast.

CCXXV.

FORGETFULNESS.

I ASK one boon of heaven ; I have indeed,
And I will tell it thankfully, filled high,
Nor ruffled, as I drank it, with a sigh,
The cup of joy ; to love has been my meed,
And to be loved—and ofttimes could I read
In others' hearts with mine a sympathy :
But joy and love beam on us but to die
And foster memory, most bitter weed.
And this has been my bane, to fling behind
One look into the west, where day dwells yet,
Then turn me shivering to the cold night wind
And dream of joys and loves that long have set :
'Tis for this sleepless viper of the mind
I ask one boon of heaven—to forget.

CCXXVI.

TO A BIRD

That Haunted the Waters of Laken, in the Winter.

O MELANCHOLY bird !—a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And taught by God dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay ;
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey :
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart ;
He who has not enough for thee to spare
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair :
Nature is always wise in every part.

CCXXVII.

THE HARVEST HOME.

THE crimson moon, uprising from the sea,
With large delight foretells the harvest near :
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody
To greet the soft appearance of her sphere ;
And, like a page enamoured of her train,
The star of evening glimmers in the west :
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,
That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest.
Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain,
Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell ;
Her golden splendour glimmers on the main,
And vales and mountains her bright glory tell :
Then sing, ye shepherds, for the time is come
When we must bring the enriched harvest home.

8^{et}

CCXXVIII.

A DREAM OF EGYPT.

"Where's my Serpent of old Nile?"

NIGHT sends forth many an eagle-wingèd dream
 To soar through regions never known by day ;
 And I by one of these was rapt away
 To where the sunburnt Nile, with opulent stream
 Makes teem the desert sand. My pomp supreme
 Enriched the noon ; I spurned earth's common clay ;
 For I was Antony and by me lay
 That Snake whose sting was bliss. Nations did seem
 But camels for the burden of our joy ;
 Kings were our slaves ; our wishes glowed in the air
 And grew fruition ; night grew day, day night,
 Lest the high bacchanal of our loves should cloy ;
 We reined the tiger, Life, with flower-crowned hair,
Abashlessly abandoned to delight.

Fine

CCXXIX.

IN THE LOUVRE.

A DINGY picture : others passed it by
Without a second glance. To me it seemed
Mine somehow, yet I knew not how, nor why :
It hid some mystic thing I once had dreamed,
As I suppose. A palace porch there stood,
With massy pillars and long front, where gleamed
Most precious sculptures ; but all scarred and seamed
By ruining Time. There, in a sullen mood,
A man was pacing o'er the desolate floor
Of weedy marble ; and the bitter waves
Of the encroaching sea crawled to his feet,
Gushing round tumbled blocks. I conned it o'er.
'Age-mouldering creeds !' said I, 'a dread sea raves
To whelm the temples of our fond conceit.'

CCXXX.

WITCHES.

METHOUGHT I saw three sexless things of storm,
 Like Macbeth's witches—creatures of the curse
 That broods, the nightmare of the universe,
 Over the womb and mortal births of form ;
 And cloudlike in their train a vampyre swarm
 Of hovering ills, each than the other worse,
 Letcheries and hates that make this world a hearse
 Wherein the heart of life is confined warm.
 Said the First Witch: "I am Lust, the worm that feeds
 Upon the buds of love ;" the Second said ;
 "I am the tyrant's tyrant, cruel Fear ;"
 The Third : "I am the blight of evil deeds,
 The murrain of sick souls," and in my ear
Whispered a name of paralysing dread.

*This last expression, which is
 meant to be striking, is but
 obscure & stupid.*

CXXXI.

THE HEART'S SACREDNESS.

A WRETCHED thing it were to have our heart
Like a broad highway or a populous street,
Where every idle thought has leave to meet,
Pause or pass on as in an open mart ;
Or like some roadside pool, which no nice art
Has guarded that the cattle may not beat
And foul it with a multitude of feet,
Till of the heavens it give back no part.
But keep thou thine a holy solitude,
For He who would walk there would walk alone ;
He who would drink there must be first endued
With single right to call that stream his own ;
Keep thou thine heart close fastened, unrevealed,
A fenced garden and a fountain sealed.

CCXXXII.

IN MEMORIAM : RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH,

Late Archbishop of Dublin.

HAST known at eve the sea without a sound,
 Lying in the beauty of descended rest,
 Calm'd by the floating light upon its breast,
 Stretch from thy foot unto the distant round ?
 So gentle to the heart, and so profound
 The sight of this man dead : for such a sleep
 Hath followed on all tumult of the deep,
 And surgy war of elements unbound.
 The brow is changed that hath looked up alway,
 Through shifting sky, on immortalities.
 The soul that, spreading beyond life and death,
 Glassed heaven the clearer as it grew in peace,
 Now, after the last motion of the breath,
 Tarrieth in the face. Oh, let us pray !

Good.

CCLXXXIII.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade ;
'Thanks be to heaven !' in happy mood I said.
'What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made ?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see ! we are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea ;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms ;
And, at prime hour, behold ! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms !'

CCXXXIV.

THE BUOY-BELL.

How like the leper, with his own sad cry
Enforcing its own solitude, it tolls !
That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals,
To warn us from the place of jeopardy !
O friend of man ! sore-vexed by Ocean's power,
The changing tides wash o'er thee day by day ;
Thy trembling mouth is filled with bitter spray,
Yet still thou ringest on from hour to hour ;
High is thy mission, though thy lot is wild—
To be in danger's realm a guardian sound ;
In seamen's dreams a pleasant part to bear,
And earn their blessing as the year goes round ;
And strike the key-note of each grateful prayer,
Breathed in their distant homes by wife or child.

CCXXXV.

ON STARTLING SOME PIGEONS.

A HUNDRED wings are dropt as soft as one
Now ye are lighted—lovely to my sight
The fearful circle of your gentle flight,
Rapid and mute, and drawing homeward soon ;
And then the sober chiding of your tone
As there ye sit from your own roof arraiging
My trespass on your haunts, so boldly done,
Sounds like a solemn and a just complaining !
O happy happy race ! for tho' there clings
A feeble fear about your timid clan,
Yet ye are blest ! with not a thought that brings
Disquietude, while proud and sorrowing man,
An eagle, weary of his mighty wings,
With anxious inquest fills his little span.

CCXXXVI.

THE OCEAN.

THE ocean at the bidding of the moon
For ever changes with his restless tide ;
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon
With kindly pauses of reluctant pride
And semblance of return: Anon—from home
He issues forth anew, high ridg'd and free—
The gentlest murmur of his seething foam
Like armies whispering where great echoes be !
O leave me here upon this beach to rove,
Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone—
A glorious sound, deep drawn and strongly thrown,
And reaching those on mountain heights above,
To British ears, (as who shall scorn to own ?)
A tutelal fond voice, a saviour-tone of Love !

CCXXXVII.

SUMMER GLOAMING.

It is a Summer's gloaming, faint and sweet,
A gloaming brightened by an infant moon
Fraught with the fairest light of middle June ;
The garden path rings hard beneath my feet,
And hark, O hear I not the gentle dews
Fretting the gentle forest in his sleep ?
Or does the stir of housing insects creep
Thus faintly on mine ear ? day's many hues
Waned with the paling light and are no more,
And none but drowsy pinions beat the air—
The bat is circling softly by my door,
And silent as the snow-flake leaves his lair,
In the dark twilight flitting here and there
Wheeling the self-same circuit o'er and o'er.

*Conventional in thought
and rhythm.*

CCXXXVIII.

“FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT.”

FROM night to night, through circling darkness whirled,
 Day dawns, and wanes, and still leaves, as before
 The shifting tides and the eternal shore :
 Sources of life, and forces of the world,
 Unseen, unknown, in folds of mystery furled,
 Unseen, unknown, remain for evermore :—
 To heaven-hid heights man's questioning soul would
 soar,
 Yet falls from darkness unto darkness hurled !

Angels of light, ye spirits of the air,
 Peopling of yore the dreamland of our youth,
 Ye who once led us through those scenes so fair,
 Lead now, and leave us near the realm of Truth :
 Lo, if in dreams some truths we chanced to see,
 Now in the truth some dreams may haply be

CCXXXIX.

THE AFTERMATH.

It was late summer, and the grass again
Had grown knee-deep,—we stood, my love and I,
Awhile in silence where the stream runs by ;
Idly we listened to a plaintive strain,—
A young maid singing to her youthful swain,—
Ah me, dead days remembered make us sigh,
And tears will sometimes flow we know not why ;
If spring be past, I said, shall love remain ?

She moved aside, yet soon she answered me,
Turning her gaze responsive to mine own,—
*Spring days are gone, and yet the grass, we see
Unto a goodly height again hath grown ;
Dear love, just so love's aftermath may be
A richer growth than e'er spring-days have known.*

CXXL.

GOD-SEEKING.

GOD-SEEKING thou hast journeyed far and nigh.
On dawn-lit mountain-tops thy soul did yearn
To hear His trailing garments wander by ;
And where 'mid thunderous glooms great sunsets burn
Vainly thou sought'st His shadow on sea and sky ;
Or gazing up, at noontide, could'st discern
Only a neutral heaven's indifferent eye
And countenance austerely taciturn.

Yet whom thou soughtest I have found at last,
Neither where tempest dims the world below
Nor where the westering daylight reels aghast
In conflagrations of red overthrow :
But where this virgin brooklet silvers past,
And yellowing either bank the king-cups blow.

CCXLI.

HISTORY.

DARKLY, as by some gloomèd mirror glassed,
Herein at times the brooding eye beholds
The great scarred visage of the pompous Past ;
But oftener only the embroidered folds
And soiled regality of his rent robe,
Whose tattered skirts are ruined dynasties
And cumber with their trailing pride the globe,
And sweep the dusty ages in our eyes ;
Till the world seems a world of husks and bone,
Where sightless Seers and Immortals dead,
Kings that remember not their awful thrones,
Invincible armies long since vanquished,
And powerless potentates and foolish sages
Lie 'mid the crumbling of the massy ages.

CCXLII.

Magnificent.

THE FIRST KISS.

(From *The Coming of Love.*)

IF only in dreams may Man be fully blest,
 Is heaven a dream? Is she I claspt a dream?
 Or stood she here even now where dew-drops gleam
 And miles of furze shine yellow down the West?
 I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast
 Her bosom beats: I see the bright eyes beam.
 I think she kiss'd these lips, for now they seem
Sublime Scarce mine: so hallow'd of the lips they press'd.

Yon thicket's breath—can that be eglantine?
 Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers?
 Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of furze?
Like burning bushes fired of God they shine!
 I seem to know them, though this body of mine
Passed into spirit at the touch of hers!

This last thought is very sublime

CXXLIII.

FORESHADOWINGS.

(THE STARS IN THE RIVER.)

(From *The Coming of Love.*)

THE mirrored stars lit all the bulrush-spears,
And all the flags and broad-leaved lily-isles;
The ripples shook the stars to golden smiles,
Then smoothed them back to happy golden spheres.
We rowed—we sang; her voice seemed in mine ears
An angel's, yet with woman's dearer wiles;
But shadows fell from gathering cloudy piles
And ripples shook the stars to fiery tears.

What shaped those shadows like another boat
Where Rhona sat and he Love made a liar?
There, where the "Scollard" sank, I saw it float,
While ripples shook the stars to symbols dire;
We wept—we kissed—while starry fingers wrote,
And ripples shook the stars to a snake of fire.

CCXLIV.

THE HEAVEN THAT WAS.

(A SLEEPLESS NIGHT IN VENICE.)

(From *Prophetic Pictures*.)

WHEN hope lies dead—ah, when 'tis death to live,
 And wrongs remembered make the heart still bleed,
 Better are Sleep's kind lies for Life's blind need
 Than truth, if lies a little peace can give.
 A little peace ! 'tis thy prerogative,
 O Sleep! to lend it; thine to quell or feed
 This love that starves—this starving soul's long
 greed,
 And bid Regret, the queen of hell, forgive.

Yon moon that mocks me thro' the uncurtained glass
 Recalls that other night, that other moon,—
 Two English lovers on a grey lagoon,—
 The voices from the lantern'd gondolas,
 The kiss, the breath, the flashing eyes, and, soon,
 The throbbing stillness: all the heaven that was.

CCXLV.

NATURA BENIGNA.

(From *The Coming of Love.*)

WHAT power is this? what witchery wins my feet
To peaks so sheer they scorn the cloaking snow,
All silent as the emerald gulfs below,
Down whose ice-walls the wings of twilight beat?
What thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most
sweet—

What answering pulse that all the senses know,
Comes leaping from the ruddy eastern glow
Where, far away, the skies and mountains meet?

Mother, 'tis I reborn: I know thee well:
That throb I know and all its prophesies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes.

CCXLVI.

NATURA MALIGNA.

(From *The Coming of Love.*)

THE Lady of the Hills with crimes untold
 Followed my feet, with azure eyes of prey;
 By glacier-brink she stood—by cataract-spray—
 When mists were dire, or avalanche-echoes rolled.
 At night she glimmered in the death-wind cold,
 And if a footprint shone at break of day,
 My flesh would quail, but straight my soul would say:
 “’Tis hers whose hand God’s mightier hand doth hold.”

I trod her snow-bridge, for the moon was bright,
 Her icicle-arch across the sheer crevasse,
 When lo, she stood! . . . God made her let me pass,
 Then felled the bridge! . . . Oh, there in sallow light,
 There down the chasm, I saw her cruel, white,
 And all my wondrous days as in a glass.

CXXLVII.

A DREAM.

(From *The Coming of Love.*)

BENEATH the loveliest dream there coils a fear:
Last night came she whose eyes are memories now;
Her far-off gaze seemed all forgetful how
Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone and clear.
"Sorrow," I said, "has made me old, my dear;
'Tis I, indeed, but grief can change the brow:
Beneath *my* load a seraph's neck might bow,
Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair."

) vulgar

Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move !
I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes—
I heard a sound as if a murmuring dove
Felt lonely in the dells of Paradise;
But when upon my neck she fell, my love,
Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland spice.

CCXLVIII.

THE BROOK RHINE.

SMALL current of the wilds afar from men,
Changing and sudden as a baby's mood ;
Now a green babbling rivulet in the wood,
Now loitering broad and shallow through the glen,
Or threading 'mid the naked shoals, and then
Brattling against the stones, half mist, half flood,
Between the mountains where the storm-clouds
brood ;
And each change but to wake or sleep again.

Pass on, young stream, the world has need of thee ;
Far hence a mighty river on its breast
Bears the deep-laden vessels to the sea ;
Far hence wide waters feed the vines and corn.
Pass on, small stream, to so great purpose born,
On to the distant toil, the distant rest.

*Stupendous, sublime,
peerless.*

CCXLIX.

TO NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo ! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,
Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

Childish.

CCL.

WHAT art Thou, Mighty One, and where Thy seat ?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And Thou dost bear within Thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet :
Stern on Thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon
Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the Polar span
Dost Thou repose ? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood ?
Vain thought, the confines of His throne to trace
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space !

Rather good.

CCLI.

As yonder lamp in my vacated room
With arduous flame disputes the darksome night,
And can, with its involuntary light,
But lifeless things that near it stand, illumine;
Yet all the while it doth itself consume;
And, ere the sun begin its heavenly height
With courier beams that meet the shepherd's sight,
There, whence its life arose, shall be its tomb.

So wastes my light away. Perforce confined
To common things, a limit to its sphere,
It shines on worthless trifles undesign'd,
With fainter ray each hour imprison'd here.
Alas! to know that the consuming mind
Shall leave its lamp cold, ere the sun appear!

COLLII.

TIME AND DEATH.

I SAW old Time, destroyer of mankind ;
Calm, stern, and cold he sate, and often shook
And turned his glass, nor ever cared to look
How many of life's sands were still behind.
And there was Death, his page, aghast to find
How tremblingly, like aspens o'er a brook
His blunted dart fell harmless ; so he took
His master's scythe, and idly smote the wind.
Smite on, thou gloomy one, with powerless aim !
For Sin, thy mother, at her dying breath
Withered that arm, and left thee but a name.
Hope closed the grave, when He of Nazareth,
Who led captivity His captive, came
And vanquished the great conquerors, Time
and Death.

Rather good.

COLLII.

LIBERTATIS SACRA FAMES.

ALBERT nurtured in democracy,
And liking best that state republican
Where every man is kinglike and no man
Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
Spite of this modern fret for Liberty,
Better the rule of One, whom all obey,
Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.
Wherefore I love them not whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honour, all things fade.
Save Treason and the dagger of her trade,
And Murder with his silent bloody feet.

CCLIV.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the Lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
✓ Even in its very motion there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
✕ Right onwards to the golden gate of Heaven,
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

CCLV.

FROSTED TREES.

OH, what a goodly and a glorious show !
The stately trees have decked themselves with white,
And stand transfigured in a robe of light ;
Wearing for each lost leaf a flake of snow.
The rising sun shines through them with a glow
Of gold amid the silver ; while a bright
But hapless bird comes hovering into sight,
Amazed at the wan world above, below.

What was the ivory house which Ahab made
Compared with Nature's fretwork rich and rare,
In every grove with lavish wealth displayed ?
And oh, if frozen mist appears so fair,
How will those " many mansions " be arrayed,
Which Love is fashioning in celestial air !

X

OCLVI.

THE WORLD'S DEATH-NIGHT.

I THINK a stormless night-time shall ensue
Unto the world, yearning for hours of calm :
Not these the end,—nor sudden-closing palm
Of a God's hand beneath the skies we knew,
Nor fall from a fierce heaven of fiery dew
In place of the sweet dewfall, the world's balm,
Nor swell of elemental triumph-psalm
Round the long-buffeted bulk, rent through and
through.

✓
But in the even of its endless night,
With shoreless floods of moonlight on its breast,
And baths of healing mist about its scars,
An instant sums its circling years of flight,
And the tired earth hangs crystallised into rest,
Girdled with gracious watchings of the stars.

*Under new plans, for you as in
vires*

V. fine

Fair.

CCLVII.

THE SOUL STITHY.

My soul, asleep between its body-throes,
 Mid leagues of darkness watched a furnace glare,
 And breastless arms that wrought laborious there,—
 Power without plan, wherefrom no purpose grows,—
 Welding white metal on a forge with blows,
 Whence streamed the singing sparks like flaming
 hair,
 Which whirling gusts ever abroad would bear :
And still the stithy hammers fell and rose.

And then I knew those sparks were souls of men,
 And watched them driven like stars before the wind.
 A myriad died and left no trace to tell ;
 An hour like will-o'-the-wisps some lit the fen ;
 Now one would leave a trail of fire behind :
And still the stithy hammers rose and fell.

In north corner a stithy
 _____ S. _____ R

CCLVIII.

"FAIR STAR OF EVENING."

FAIR Star of Evening, Splendour of the West,
Star of my country !—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom : yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem ; and should'st
wink

Bright Star ! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There ! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, it is England ; there it lies.
Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot.
One life, one glory ! I with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

CCCLIX.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN
REPUBLIC.

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee ;
 And was the safeguard of the West : the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a Maiden City, bright and free ;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
 And, when She took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she has seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day :
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great, is passed away.

*For how a loss for whom
 does not a whole to part part
 can*

CCLX.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, thou most unhappy man of men !
 Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—
 O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
 Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again,
 Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and skies ;
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

Handwritten notes:
 As he says in the second
 On the spot, his part, this -
 On the spot, his part, this -
 As he says in the second
 On the spot, his part, this -

COLXI.

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen Music, Liberty !
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
Thou from the Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain Floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

admirable.

OCLXII.

MILTON.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Two very tender lines from Milton's Ode
 On the Death of Mr. Keble, friend (Milton's Ode)

CCLXIII.

TRANSIENT JOY.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh ! with whom
But Thee, deep-buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find ?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee ? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss !—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

OCLXIV.

THE TIMES THAT ARE.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our Life is only drest
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a Brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best;
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone: our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

OCLXV.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky —
By turns have all been thought of, yet I lie
Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees ;
And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth :
So do not let me wear to-night away :
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

admirable

COLXVI.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

(Conclusion to the Sonnets to the River Duddon.)

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide, Suz
 As being past away.—Vain sympathies !
 For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
 Still glides the stream and shall for ever glide ;
 The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
 While we the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We men, who in our morn of youth defied Wm. W.
 The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
 Enough, if something from our hands have power
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
 And if, as toward the silent land we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcen-
 dent dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

Wm. W.

Suz

CCLXVII.

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US."

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

OCLXVIII.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

(Early Morning.)

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky :
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

*him just counsel for company as
in a temp. 20, toward a friend
in a type*

OCLXX.

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail :
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not ; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

On the mountain

*L. J. Johnson like some a true justice
D. Hunt from his may a crown
Pen right, may to find the resistance*

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