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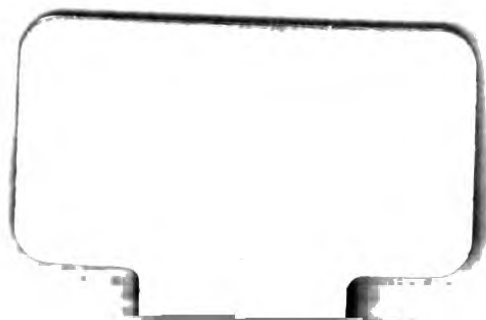
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[By W. Cory, formerly Johnson]

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Desiderato

J. M. R.

OH, lost and unforgotten friend,
Whose presence change and chance deny ;
If angels turn your soft proud eye
To lines your cynic playmate penned,

Look on them, as you looked on me,
When both were young ; when, as we went
Through crowds or forest ferns, you leant
On him who loved your staff to be ;

And slouch your lazy length again
On cushions fit for aching brow,
(Yours always ached, you know) and now
As dainty languishing as then,

Give them but one fastidious look,
And if you see a trace of him
Who humoured you in every whim,
Seek for his heart within his book :

For though there be enough to mark
The man's divergence from the boy,
Yet shines my faith without alloy
For him who led me through that park ;

And though a stranger throw aside,
Such grains of common sentiment ;
Yet let your haughty head be bent
To take the jetsom of the tide ;

Because this brackish turbid sea
Throws toward thee things that pleased of yore,
And though it wash thy feet no more,
Its murmurs mean : " I yearn for thee."

After reading "Ajax."

THE world may like, for all I care,
The gentler voice, the cooler head,
That bows a rival to despair,
And cheaply compliments the dead;

That smiles at all that's coarse and rash,
Yet wins the trophies of the fight,
Unscathed, in honour's wreck and crash,
Heartless, but always in the right,

Thanked for good counsel by the judge
Who tramples on the bleeding brave,
Thanked too by him who will not budge
From claims thrice hallowed by the grave.

Thanked, and self-pleased : aye, let him wear

What to that noble breast was due ;

And I, dear passionate Teucer, dare

Go through the homeless world with you.

Minnermus in Church.

You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will ;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still :
Your chilly stars I can forego,
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
One great reality above :
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love :
Show me what angels feel. Till then,
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips and fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires,
Unwearied voices, wordless strains:
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away ;
All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But oh, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die.

Εἶπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μῶρον.

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears
to shed.

I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the
sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot
take.

Iole.

I WILL not leave the smouldering pyre:
Enough remains to light again:
But who am I to dare desire
A place beside the king of men.

So burnt my dear Cæchalian town;
And I an outcast gazed and groaned.
But, when my father's roof fell down,
For all that wrong sweet love atoned.

He led me trembling to the ship,
He seemed at least to love me then;
He soothed, he clasped me lip to lip:
How strange, to wed the king of men.

I linger, orphan, widow, slave,

I lived when sire and brethren died,
Oh, had I shared my mother's grave,
Or clomb unto the hero's side.

That comrade old hath made his moan;

The centaur cowers within his den:
And I abide to guard alone
The ashes of the king of men.

Alone, beneath the night divine—

Alone, another weeps elsewhere:
Her love for him is unlike mine,
Her wail she will not let me share.

Stesichorus.

QUEEN of the Argives, thus the poet spake,
Great lady Helen, thou hast made me wise;
Veiled is the world, but all the soul awake,
Purged by thine anger, clearer far than eyes.

Deep is the darkness; for my bride is hidden,
Crown of my glory, guerdon of my song:
Dread is the vision; thou art here unbidden,
Mute and reproachful, since I did thee wrong.

Sweetest of wanderers, grievest thou for friend
Tricked by a phantom, cheated to the grave.
Woe worth the God, the mocking God, that sends
Lies to the pious, furies to the brave.

Pardon our falsehood : thou wert far away,
Gathering the lotus down the Egypt-water,
Wifely and duteous, hearing not the fray,
Taking no stain from all those years of slaughter :

Guiltless, yet mournful. Tell the poets truths ;
Tell them real beauty leadeth not to strife ;
Weep for the slain, those many blooming youths ;
Tears such as thine might bring them back to life.

Dear gentle lady, if the web's unthreaded,
Slander and fable fairly rent in twain,
Then, by the days when thou wert loved and wedded,
Give me, I pray, my bride's glad smile again.

The Daughter of Cleomenes.

THE lord, who leads the Spartan host,
 Stands with a little maid,
To greet a stranger from the coast
 Who comes to seek his aid.
What brings the guest? a disk of brass
 With curious lines engraven :
What mean the lines ? stream, road, and pass,
 Forest and town and haven.
“ Lo, here Choaspes’ liliated field :
 Lo, here the Hermian plain :
What need we save the Doric shield
 To stop the Persian’s reign ?

Or shall barbarians drink their fill

 Upon the slopes of Tmolus ?

Or trowsered robbers spoil at will

 The bounties of Pactolus ?

Salt lakes, burnt uplands, lie between ;

 The distant king moves slow ;

He starts, ere Smyrna's vines are green,

 Comes, when their juices flow.

Waves bright with morning smooth thy course,

 Swift row the Samian gallies ;

Unconquered Colophon sounds to horse

 Up the broad eastern valleys.

Is not Apollo's call enough,

 The god of every Greek ?

Then take our gold, and household stuff ;

 Claim what thou wilt, but speak."

He falters ; for the waves he fears,

 The roads he cannot measure ;

But rates full high the gleam of spears,

 And dreams of yellow treasure.

14 THE DAUGHTER OF CLEOMENES.

He listens ; he is yielding now ;

Outspoke the fearless child :

“ Oh, father, come away, lest thou

Be by this man beguiled.”

Her lowly judgment barred the plea,

So low, it could not reach her.

The man knows more of land and sea,

But she's the truer teacher.

Gaius Gracchus.

I MIND the day, when thou didst cheat
Those rival dames with answer meet ;
 When, toiling at the loom,
Unblest with bracelet, ring, or chain,
 Thou alone didst dare disdain
 To toil in tiring-room.

Merely thou saidst : “ At set of sun
My humble taskwork will be done ;
 And through the twilight street
Come back to view my jewels, when
 Pattering through the throng of men
 Go merry schoolboys’ feet.”

They came, and sneered : for thou didst stand,
The web well finished up, one hand
 Laid on my yielding shoulder ;
The sternest stripling in the land
 Grasped the other, boldly scanned
 Their faces, and grew bolder :

And said : “ Fair ladies, by your leave
I would exhort you spin and weave
 Some frugal homely cloth.
I warn you, when I lead the tribes,
 Law shall strip you ; threats nor bribes
 Shall blunt the just man’s wrath.”

How strongly gravely did he speak.
I shivered, hid my tingling cheek
 Behind thy marble face ;
And prayed the gods to be like him,
 Firm in temper, lithe of limb,
 Right worthy of our race.

Oh, mother, didst thou bear me brave ?

Or was I weak, till from the grave

So early hollowed out,

Tiberius sought me yesternight,

Blood upon his mantle white,

A vision clear of doubt.

What can I fear, oh, mother, now ?

His dead cold hand is on my brow ;

Rest thou thereon thy lips :

His voice is in the night-wind's breath,

“ Do as I did,” still he saith ;

With blood his finger drips.

Asterope.

CHILD of the summer cloud, upon thy birth,
And thou art often born to die again,
Follow loud groans, that shake the darkening earth,
And break the troublous sleep of guilty men.

Thou leapest from the thinner streams of air
To crags where vapours cling, where ocean frets ;
No cave so deep, so cold, but thou art there,
Wrath in thy smile, and beauty in thy threats.

The molten sands beneath thy burning feet
Run, as thou runnest, into tubes of glass ;
Old towers and trees, that proudly stood to meet
The whirlwind, let their fair invader pass.

The lone ship warring on the Indian sea
 Bursts into splinters at thy sudden stroke ;
Siberian mines fired long ago by thee
 Still waste in helpless flame and barren smoke.

Such is thy dreadful pastime, Angel-queen,
 When swooping headlong from the firmament
Thou spreadest fear along the village green,
 Fear of the day when gravestones shall be rent.

And we that fear remember not, that thou
 Slewest the Theban maid, who vainly strove
To rival Juno, when the lover's vow
 Was kept in wedlock by unwilling Jove.

And we forget, that when Oileus went
 From the wronged virgin and the ruined fane,
When storms were howling round, Repent, Repent,
 Thy holy arrow pierced the spoiler's brain.

So perish all the proud! but chiefly he,
Who at the tramp of steeds and cymbal-beat
Proclaimed, "I thunder! Why not worship me?"
And thou didst slay him for his counterfeit.

A Dirge.

NAIAD, hid beneath the bank
By the willowy river-side,
Where Narcissus gently sank,
Where unmarried Echo died,
Unto thy serene repose
Waft the stricken Anterôs.

Where the tranquil swan is borne,
Imaged in a watery glass,
Where the sprays of fresh pink thorn
Stoop to catch the boats that pass,
Where the earliest orchis grows,
Bury thou fair Anterôs.

A DIRGE.

Glide we by, with prow and oar:

Ripple shadows off the wave,
And reflected on the shore

Haply play about the grave.

Folds of summer-light enclose

All that once was Anterôs.

On a flickering wave we gaze,

Not upon his answering eyes:
Flower and bird we scarce can praise,

Having lost his sweet replies:

Cold and mute the river flows

With our tears for Anterôs.

An Invocation.

I NEVER prayed for Dryads, to haunt the woods again ;
More welcome were the presence of hungering, thirsting
men,

Whose doubts we could unravel, whose hopes we could
fulfil,

Our wisdom tracing backward, the river to the rill,
Were such beloved forerunners one summer day
restored,

Then, then we might discover the Muse's mystic hoard.

Oh, dear divine Comatas, I would that thou and I
Beneath this broken sunlight this leisure day might lie ;
Where trees from distant forests, whose names were
strange to thee,
Should bend their amorous branches within thy reach
to be,

And flowers thine Hellas knew not, which art hath
 made more fair,
Should shed their shining petals upon thy fragrant
 hair.

Then thou shouldst calmly listen with ever-changing
 looks
To songs of younger minstrels and plots of modern books,
And wonder at the daring of poets later born,
Whose thoughts are unto thy thoughts as noon-tide is
 to morn;
And little shouldst thou grudge them their greater
 strength of soul,
Thy partners in the torch-race, though nearer to the
 goal.

As when ancestral portraits look gravely from the walls
Upon the youthful baron who treads their echoing halls;

And whilst he builds new turrets, the thrice ennobled
heir

Would gladly wake his grandsire his home and feast to
share;

So from Ægean laurels that hide thine ancient urn
I fain would call thee hither, my sweeter lore to learn.

Or in thy cedarn prison thou waitest for the bee:

Ah, leave that simple honey, and take thy food from me.

My sun is stooping westward. Entrancèd dreamer,
haste:

There's fruitage in my garden, that I would have thee
taste.

Now lift the lid a moment: now, Dorian shepherd,
speak:

Two minds shall flow together, the English and the
Greek.

Academus.

PERHAPS there's neither tear nor smile,
When once beyond the grave.
Woe's me: but let me live meanwhile
Amongst the bright and brave;

My summers lapse away beneath
Their cool Athenian shade:
And I a string for myrtle-wreath,
A whetstone unto blade;

I cheer the games I cannot play;
As stands a crippled squire
To watch his master through the fray,
Uplifted by desire.

I roam, where little pleasures fall,

As morn to morn succeeds,

To melt, or ere the sweetness pall,

Like glittering manna-beads.

The wishes dawning in the eyes,

The softly murmured thanks;

The zeal of those that miss the prize

On clamorous river-banks,

The quenchless hope, the honest choice,

The self-reliant pride,

The music of the pleading voice

That will not be denied,

The wonder flushing in the cheek,

The questions many a score,

When I grow eloquent, and speak

Of England, and of war—

Oh, better than the world of dress
And pompous dining-out,
Better than simpering and finesse
Is all this stir and rout.

I'll borrow life, and not grow old ;
And nightingales and trees
Shall keep me, though the veins be cold,
As young as Sophocles.

And when I may no longer live,
They'll say, who know the truth,
He gave whate'er he had to give
To freedom and to youth.

Prospero.

FAREWELL, my airy pursuivants, farewell.

We part to-day, and I resign
This lonely island, and this rocky cell,
And all that hath been mine.

“ Ah, whither go we? Why not follow thee,
“ Our human king, across the wave,
“ The man that rescued us from rifted tree,
“ Bleak marsh, and howling cave.”

Oh, no. The wand I wielded then is buried,
Broken, and buried in the sand.

Oh, no. By mortal hands I must be ferried
Unto the Tuscan strand.

You came to cheer my exile, and to lift
The weight of silence off my lips :
With you I ruled the clouds, and ocean-drift,
Meteors, and wandering ships.

Your fancies glinting on my central mind
Fell off in beams of many hues,
Soft lambent light. Yet, severed from mankind,
Not light, but heat, I lose.

I go, before my heart be chilled. Behold,
The bark that bears me waves her flag,
To chide my loitering. Back to your mountain-hold.
And flee the tyrant hag.

Away. I hear your little voices sinking
Into the wood-notes of the breeze :
I hear you say : Enough, enough of thinking ;
Love lies beyond the seas.

Amaturus.

SOMEWHERE beneath the sun,
 These quivering heart-strings prove it,
Somewhere there must be one
 Made for this soul, to move it ;
Some one that hides her sweetness
 From neighbours whom she slights,
Nor can attain completeness,
 Nor give her heart its rights ;
Some one whom I could court
 With no great change of manner,
Still holding reason's fort,
 Though waving fancy's banner ;
A lady, not so queenly
 As to disdain my hand,
Yet born to smile serenely
 Like those that rule the land ;

Noble, but not too proud ;
 With soft hair simply folded,
And bright face crescent-browed,
 And throat by Muses moulded ;
And eyelids lightly falling
 On little glistening seas,
Deep-calm, when gales are brawling,
 Though stirred by every breeze ;
Swift voice, like flight of dove
 Through minster-arches floating,
With sudden turns, when love
 Gets overnear to doting ;
Keen lips, that shape soft sayings
 Like crystals of the snow,
With pretty half-betrayings
 Of things one may not know ;
Fair hand, whose touches thrill,
 Like golden rod of wonder,
Which Hermes wields at will
 Spirit and flesh to sunder ;

Light foot, to press the stirrup
In fearlessness and glee,
Or dance, till finches chirrup,
And stars sink to the sea.

Forth, Love, and find this maid,
Wherever she be hidden :
Speak, Love, be not afraid,
But plead as thou art bidden ;
And say, that he who taught thee
His yearning want and pain,
Too dearly, dearly, bought thee
To part with thee in vain.

Mortem, quæ violat suavia, pellit amor.

THE plunging rocks, whose ravenous throats

The sea in wrath and mockery fills ;

The smoke, that up the valley floats ;

The girlhood of the growing hills ;

The thunderings from the miners' ledge,

The wild assaults on nature's hoard ;

The peak, that stormward bares an edge

Ground sharp in days when Titans warred ;

Grim heights, by wandering clouds embraced,

Where lightning's ministers conspire ;

Grey glens, with tarn and streamlet laced,

Stark forgeries of primeval fire ;

These scenes may gladden many a mind
Awhile from homelier thoughts released,
And here my fellow-men may find
A Sabbath and a vision-feast.

I bless them in the good they feel ;
And yet I bless them with a sigh :
On me this grandeur stamps the seal
Of tyrannous mortality.

The pitiless mountain stands so sure—
The human breast so weakly heaves—
That brains decay, while rocks endure,
At this the insatiate spirit grieves.

But hither, oh ideal bride,
For whom this heart in silence aches—
Love is unwearied as the tide,
Love is perennial as the lakes—

Come thou. The spiky crags will seem
One harvest of one heavenly year,
And fear of death, like childish dream,
Will pass and flee, when thou art here.

Two Fragments of Childhood.

WHEN these locks were yellow as gold,
When past days were easily told,
Well I knew the voice of the sea,
Once he spake as a friend to me.
Thunder-roarings carelessly heard,
Once that poor little heart they stirred.

Why, oh, why ?

Memory, Memory !

She that I wished to be with was by.

Sick was I in those misanthrope days
Of soft caresses, womanly ways.
Once that maid on the stairs I met,
Lip on brow she suddenly set.

38 TWO FRAGMENTS OF CHILDHOOD.

Then flushed up my chivalrous blood,
Like Swiss streams in a midsummer flood.

Then, oh, then,

Imogen, Imogen !

Hadst thou a lover, whose years were ten.

Σάλπιγξ αὐτῆ πάντ' ἐκεῖν' ἐπέφλεγεν.

ONE hour of my boyhood, one glimpse of the past,
One beam of the dawn ere the heavens were o'ercast :

I came to a castle by royalty's grace,
Forgot I was bashful, and feeble, and base.
For stepping to music I dreamt of a siege,
A vow to my mistress, a fight for my liege.
The first sound of trumpets that fell on mine ear
Set warriors around me and made me their peer.
Meseemed we were arming, the bold for the fair,
In joyous devotion and haughty despair :
The warders were waiting to draw bolt and bar
The maidens attiring to gaze from afar :

I thought of the sally, but not the retreat,
The cause was so glorious, the dying so sweet.

I live, I am old, I return to the ground :
Blow trumpets, and still I can dream to the sound.

Aubenti.

THOUGH the lark that upward flies
Recks not of the opening skies,
Nor discerneth grey from blue,
Nor the rain-drop from the dew ;
Yet the tune which no man taught
So can quicken human thought,
That the startled fancies spring
Faster far than voice or wing.

And the songstress as she floats
Rising on her buoyant notes,
Though she may the while refuse
Homage to the nobler Muse,

Though she cannot truly tell
How her voice hath wrought the spell,
Fills the listener's eyes with tears,
Lifts him to the inner spheres.

Lark, thy morning song is done ;
Overhead the silent sun
Bids thee pause. But he that heard
Such a strain, must bless the bird.
Lady, thou hast hushed too soon
Sounds that cheered my weary noon ;
Let me, warned by marriage bell,
Whisper, Queen of Song, farewell.

Words for a Portuguese Air.

THEY 'RE sleeping beneath the roses;
Oh, kiss them before they rise,
And tickle their tiny noses,
And sprinkle the dew on their eyes.
Make haste, make haste;
The fairies are caught;
Make haste.

We 'll put them in silver cages,
And send them full-drest to court,
And maids of honour and pages
Shall turn the poor things to sport.
Be quick, be quick;
Be quicker than thought;
Be quick.

44 WORDS FOR A PORTUGUESE AIR.

Their scarfs shall be pennons for lancers,

 We'll tie up our flowers with their curls,

Their plumes will make fans for dancers,

 Their tears shall be set with pearls.

 Be wise, be wise,

 Make the most of the prize;

 Be wise.

They'll scatter sweet scents by winking,

 With sparks from under their feet;

They'll save us the trouble of thinking,

 Their voices will sound so sweet.

 Oh stay, oh stay:

 They're up and away;

 Oh stay.

Rhymes at the Wrong End.

FAIR Queen Inez,
Dare I meet thee,
Even in dreams of the dead winter-morn?
While I slumber,
Smile, and speak to me,
Some kind words to a knight forlorn.

Here I need not
Fear thy glories,
Far from the courtiers that compass thy throne.
Now discrown thee,
Bow, and stoop to me,
Seem for once to be mine, mine own.

Day, dawn slowly,
Stay, faint starlight;
Sleep lets the lover be hopeful and bold.
Hush, fond dreamer,
Crush thy fantasies;
These vain thoughts must be left untold.

Adrienne and Maurice.

(WORDS FOR THE AIR COMMONLY CALLED "PESTAL.")

I.

FLY, poor soul, fly on,
No early clouds shall stop thy roaming;
Fly, till day be gone,
Nor fold thy wings before the gloaming.
He thou lov'st will soon be far beyond thy flight,
Other lands to light,
Leaving thee in night.
Let no fear of loss thy heavenly pathway cross;
Better then to lose than now.

II.

Now, faint heart, arise,
And proudly feel that he regards thee;
Draw from godlike eyes
Some grace to last when love discards thee.

Once thou hast been blest by one too high for thee;
Fate will have him be
Great and fancy-free,
When some noble maid her hand in his hath laid,
Give him up, poor heart, and break.

A Chobham Song.

" OH, look at his jacket, I know him afar ;
 " How nice," cry the ladies, " looks yonder Hussar !"
 Yet bright gleams the pipeclay below the red breast,
 And in slate-coloured trowsers the Line look their best.
 Some envy the dirk with the gems on the hilt,
 Some delight in the sporran, and call it a kilt.
 But if I have to ride over Russia or France,
 Oh, give me the pennon that flaunts on the lance !

Though strong be the man that can bear the cuirass,
 Though light go the Scotsmen through mud and morass,
 Though useful the carbine for him that can shoot,
 With the gun in his hands, and the bridle to boot ;

Though the rifleman looks quite as neat as a Quaker,
As grim and austere as a green undertaker,
Yet what can you wear that will better enhance
Your terrors and charms, than the flag on the lance?

For Cruelty's weapons are naked and cold,
And luxury covers her carcase with gold,
Vain-glory may hide in gay colours her sting,
But simple the plumage on chivalry's wing.
Then ask not for gauds, man, but ride like a knight
With his lady-love's kerchief held ever in sight ;
Go gaily to battle, just fresh from the dance,
And smile, as you strike, with the flag on the lance.

The Hallowing of the Fleet.

HER captains for the Baltic bound,
In silent homage stood around ;
 Silent, whilst holy dew
Dimmed her kind eyes. She stood in tears,
For she had felt a mother's fears,
 And wifely cares she knew.

She wept ; she could not bear to say,
“ Sail forth, my mariners, and slay
 The liegemen of my foe.”
Meanwhile on Russian steppe and lake
Are women weeping for the sake
 Of them that seaward go.

52 THE HALLOWING OF THE FLEET.

Oh, warriors, when you stain with gore,

If this indeed must be, the floor

Whereon that lady stept,

When the fierce joy of battle won

Hardens the heart of sire and son,

Remember that she wept.

The Cairn and the Church.

A PRINCE went down the banks of Dee
That widen out from bleak Braemar,
To drive the deer that wander free
Amidst the pines of Lochnagar.

And stepping on beneath the birks
On the road-side he found a spot,
Which told of pibrochs, kilts, and dirks,
And wars the courtiers had forgot:

Where with the streams, as each alone
Down to the gathering river runs,
Each on one heap to cast a stone,
Came twice three hundred Farquharsons.

They raised that pile to keep for ever
The memory of the loyal clan;
Then, grudging not their vain endeavour,
Fell at Culloden to a man.

And she, whose grandsire's uncle slew
Those dwellers on the banks of Dee,
Sighed for those tender hearts and true,
And whispered: Who would die for me?

Oh lady, turn thee southward. Show
Thy standard on thine own Thames-side:
Let us be called to meet thy foe,
Our faith be pledged, our honour tried.

Now, on the stone by Albert laid,
We'll build a pile as high as theirs,
So sworn to bring our Sovereign aid,
If not with war-cries, yet with prayers.

A Queen's Visit.

(JUNE 4, 1851.)

FROM vale to vale, from shore to shore,
The lady Gloriana passed,
To view her realms: the south wind bore
Her shallop to Belleisle at last.

A quiet mead, where willows bend
Above the curving wave, which rolls
On slowly crumbling banks, to send
Its hard-won spoils to lazy shoals.

Beneath an oak weird eddies play,
Where fate was writ for Saxon seer;
And yonder park is white with May,
Where shadowy hunters chased the deer.

In rows, half up the chestnut, perch
Stiff-silvered fairies; busy rooks
Caw from the elm; and, rung to church,
Mute anglers drop their caddised hooks.

They troop between the dark-red walls,
When the twin towers give four-fold chimes;
And lo! the breaking groupes, where falls
The chequered shade of quivering limes.

They come from field and wharf and street
With dewy hair and veined throat,
One floor to tread with reverent feet—
One hour of rest for ball and boat:

Like swallows gathering for their flight,
When autumn whispers, play no more,
They check the laugh, with fancies bright
Still hovering round the sacred door.

Lo! childhood swelling into seed,
Lo! manhood bursting from the bud:
Two growths, unlike; yet all agreed
To trust the movement of the blood.

They toil at games, and play with books:
They love the winner of the race,
If only he that prospers looks
On prizes with a simple grace.

The many leave the few to choose;
They scorn not him who turns aside
To woo alone a milder Muse,
If shielded by a tranquil pride.

When thought is claimed, when pain is borne,
Whate'er is done in this sweet isle,
There's none that may not lift his horn,
If only lifted with a smile.

So here dwells freedom ; nor could she,
Who ruled in every clime on earth,
Find any spring more fit to be
The fountain of her festal mirth.

Elsewhere she sought for lore and art,
But hither came for vernal joy :
Nor was this all : she smote the heart,
And woke the hero in the boy.

Moon-set.

SWEET moon, twice rounded in a blithe July,
Once down a wandering English stream thou leddest
My lonely boat ; swans gleamed around ; the sky
Throbbled overhead with meteors : now thou sheddest
Faint radiance on a cold Arvernian plain,
Where I, far severed from that youthful crew,
Far from the gay disguise thy witcheries threw
On wave and dripping oar, still own thy reign,
Travelling with thee through many a sleepless hour.
Now shrink, like my weak will : a sterner power
Empurpleth yonder hills beneath thee piled,
Hills, where Cæsarian sovereignty was won
On high basaltic levels blood-defiled,
The Druid moonlight quenched beneath the Roman sun.

To the Infallible.

OLD angler, what device is thine
To draw my pleasant friends from me?
Thou fishest with a silken line,
Not the coarse nets of Galilee.

In stagnant vivaries they lie,
Forgetful of their ancient haunts :
And how shall he that standeth by
Refrain his open mouth from taunts ?

How? by remembering this, that he,
Like them, in eddies whirled about
Felt less: for thus they disagree :
He can, they could not, bear to doubt.

After reading "Maud."

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

TWELVE years ago, if he had died,
His critic friends had surely cried:
"Death does us wrong, the fates are cross ;
"Nor will this age repair the loss.
"Fine was the promise of his youth ;
"Time would have brought him deeper truth.
"Some earnest of his wealth he gave,
"Then hid his treasures in the grave."
And proud that they alone on earth
Perceived what might have been his worth,
They would have kept their leader's name
Linked with a fragmentary fame.

Forsooth the beeches knotless stem
If early felled, were dear to them.
But the fair tree lives on, and spreads
Its scatheless boughs above their heads,
And they are pollarded by cares
And give themselves religious airs
And grow not, whilst the forest-king
Strikes high and deep from spring to spring.
So they would have his branches rise
In theoretic symmetries ;
They see a twist in yonder limb,
The foliage not precisely trim ;
Some gnarlèd roughness they lament,
Take credit for their discontent,
And count his flaws, serenely wise
With motes of pity in their eyes ;
As if they could, the prudent fools,
Adjust such live-long growth to rules,

As if so strong a soul could thrive
Fixed in one shape at thirty-five.
Leave him to us, ye good and sage
Who stiffen in your middle age.
Ye loved him once, but now forbear ;
Yield him to those who hope and dare,
And have not yet to forms consigned
A rigid, ossifying mind.

One's feelings lose poetic flow
Soon after twenty-seven or so.
Professionizing moral men
Thenceforth admire what pleased them then :
The poems bought in youth they read,
And say them over like their creed.
All autumn crops of rhyme seem strange ;
Their intellect resents the change.
They cannot follow to the end
Their more susceptible college-friend :

He runs from field to field, and they
Stroll in their paddocks making hay :
He's ever young, and they get old ;
Poor things, they deem him over-bold :
What wonder, if they stare and scold ?

A Song.

I.

Oh earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
In after years, those happier years ;
And children weep, when we lie low,
Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

II.

Oh true shall boyish laughter ring,
Like tinkling chimes, in kinder times ;
And merrier shall the maiden sing :
And I not there, and I not there.

III.

Like lightning in the summer night

 Their mirth shall be, so quick and free ;

And oh ! the flash of their delight

 I shall not see, I may not see.

IV.

In deeper dream, with wider range,

 Those eyes shall shine, but not on mine :

Unmoved, unblest, by worldly change,

 The dead must rest, the dead shall rest.

The Bridesmaid.

THE wreath was woven, the veil was tied,
And in came the bridegroom's sister ;
She smiled, and helped to attire the bride,
And owned she was fair, and kissed her.

She said in faltering tones : " I bring
A few old pearls, a simple string ;
'T is many years since they saw the light ;
The same my mother used to wear
When she was fairest of the fair ;
No gift of mine, but yours by right,
Yours, since the day, when Edward bent
To meet her longest last embrace
And heard her say, ' My pearls are meant
To be the heirloom of my race.

Death calls me, and I own his claim ;
Yet roves my heart, and takes no shame
 Beyond this darkened bed ;
Still I admire your face, my son,
Still long to see that happy one
 Whom one day you shall wed.
Oh ! hadst thou married ere I died,
Honoured thy mother in thy bride—
 But, since that may not be,
Yet will I help thee to adorn
That dear girl for her marriage-morn,
 My pearls she'll wear for me.'

“ So one, who knew the worth of beauty
Doth charge me with this simple duty
And if I wept, forgive me, dear !
'T was but because she is not here.”

A Study of Boyhood.

So young, and yet so worn with pain !
No sign of youth upon that stooping head,
Save weak half-curls, like beechen boughs that spread
With up-turned edge to catch the hurrying rain :

Such little lint-white locks, as wound
About a mother's finger long ago,
When he was blither, not more dear, for woe
Was then far off, and other sons stood round.

And she has wept since then with him
Watching together, where the ocean gave
To her child's counted breathings wave for wave,
Whilst the heart fluttered, and the eye grew dim.

And when the sun and day-breeze fell,
She kept with him the vigil of despair;
Knit hands for comfort, blended sounds of prayer,
Saw him at dawn face death, and take farewell;

Saw him grow holier through his grief,
The early grief that lined his withering brow,
As one by one her stars were quenched. And now
He that so mourned can play, though life is brief;

Not gay, but gracious; plain of speech,
And freely kindling under beauty's ray,
He dares to speak of what he loves: to-day
He talked of art, and led me on to teach,

And glanced, as poets glance, at pages
Full of bright Florence and warm Umbrian skies;
Not slighting modern greatness, for the wise
Can sort the treasures of the circling ages—

Not echoing the sickly praise,
Which boys repeat, who hear a father's guest
Prate of the London show-rooms; what is best
He firmly lights upon, as birds on sprays;

All honest, and all delicate:
No room for flattery, no smiles that ask
For tender pleasantries, no looks that mask
The genial impulses of love and hate.

Oh bards, that call to bank and glen,
Ye bid me go to nature to be healed:
And lo! a purer fount is here revealed:
My lady-nature dwells in hearts of men.

Mercurialia.

SWEET eyes, that aim a level shaft
At pleasure flying from afar,
Sweet lips, just parted for a draught
Of Hebe's nectar, shall I mar
By stress of disciplinal craft
The joys that in your freedom are.

Shall the bright Queen who rules the tide,
Now forward thrown, now bridled back,
Smile o'er each answering smile, then hide
Her grandeur in the transient rack,
And yield her power, and veil her pride,
And move along a ruffled track:

And shall not I give jest for jest,
 Though king of fancy all the while,
Catch up your wishes half-expressed,
 Endure your whimsies void of guile,
Albeit with risk of such unrest
 As may disturb, but not defile?

Oh twine me myrtle round the sword,
 Soft wit round wisdom over-keen:
Let me but lead my peers, no lord
 With brows high arched and lofty mien:
Set comrades round my council-board
 For bold debates, with jousts between.

There quiver lips, there glisten eyes,
 There throb young hearts with generous hope;
Thence, playmates, rise for high emprise;
 For, though ye fail, yet shall ye cope
With worldling wrapt in silken lies,
 With pedant, hypocrite, and pope.

Requies.

THE world will rob me of my friends,
For time with her conspires;
But they shall both to make amends
Relight my slumbering fires.

For while my comrades pass away
To bow and smirk and gloze,
Come others, for as short a stay;
And dear are these as those.

And who was this? they ask; and then
The loved and lost I praise:
"Like you they frolicked; they are men;
" Bless ye my later days."

Why fret? the hawks I trained are flown :

'Twas nature bade them range ;

I could not keep their wings half-grown,

I could not bar the change.

With lattice opened wide I stand

To watch their eager flight ;

With broken jesses in my hand

I muse on their delight.

And, oh ! if one with sullied plume

Should droop in mid career,

My love makes signals :—" there is room,

Oh bleeding wanderer, here."

A Birth-Day.

THE graces marked the hour, when thou
Didst leave thine ante-natal rest,
Without a cry to heave a breast
Which never ached from then till now.

That vivid soul then first unsealed
Would be, they knew, a torch to wave
Within a chill and dusky cave
Whose crystals else were unrevealed.

That fine small mouth they wreathed so well
In rosy curves, would rouse to arms
A troop then bound in slumber-charms ;
Such notes they gave the magic shell.

Those straying fingerlets, that clutched
At good and bad, they so did glove,
That they might pick the flowers of love,
Unscathed, from every briar they touched.

The bounteous sisters did ordain,
That thou one day wilt jest and whim
Should'st rain thy merriment on him
Whose life, when thou wert born, was pain.

For haply on that night they spied
A sickly student at his books,
Who having basked in loving looks
Was freezing into barren pride.

His squalid discontent they saw,
And, for that he had worshipped them
With incense and with anadem,
They willed his wintry world should thaw ;

And at thy cradle did decree
That fifteen years should pass, and thou
Should'st breathe upon that pallid brow
Favonian airs of mirth and glee.

A New Year's Day.

OUR planet runs through liquid space,
And sweeps us with her in the race ;
And wrinkles gather on my face,
 And Hebé bloom on thine :
Our sun with his encircling spheres
Around the central sun careers ;
And unto thee with mustering years
 Come hopes which I resign.

'Twere sweet for me to keep thee still
Reclining half-way up the hill ;
But time will not obey the will,
 And onward thou must climb :

'Twere sweet to pause on this descent,
To wait for thee and pitch my tent,
But march I must with shoulders bent,
Yet farther from my prime.

I shall not tread thy battle-field,
Nor see the blazon on thy shield ;
Take thou the sword I could not wield,
And leave me, and forget.

Be fairer, braver, more admired ;
So win what feeble hearts desired ;
Then leave thine arms, when thou art tired,
To some one nobler yet.

The Swimmer's Wish.

FRESH from the summer wave, under the beech,
 Looking through leaves with a far-darting eye,
 Tossing those river-pearled locks about,
 Throwing those delicate limbs straight out,
 Chiding the clouds as they sailed out of reach,
 Murmured the swimmer, I wish I could fly.

Laugh, if you like, at the bold reply,
 Answer disdainfully, flouting my words :
 How should the listener at simple sixteen
 Guess what a foolish old rhymer could mean
 Calmly predicting, "you will surely fly"—
 Fish one might vie with, but how be like birds ?

Sweet maiden-fancies, at present they range
Close to a sister's engarlanded brows,
Over the diamonds a mother will wear,
In the false flowers to be shaped for her hair.—
Slow glide the hours to thee, late be the change,
Long be thy rest 'neath the cool beechen boughs !

Genius and love will uplift thee : not yet.

Walk through some passionless years by my side,
Chasing the silly sheep, snapping the lily stalk,
Drawing my secrets forth, witching my soul with talk.
When the sap stays, and the blossom is set,
Others will take the fruit, I shall have died.

ATEANAKTI.

Your princely progress is begun ;
 And pillowed on the bounding deck
You break with dark brown hair a sun
 That falls transfigured on your neck.
Sail on, and charm sun, wind, and sea.
Oh! might that love-light rest on me.

Vacantly lingering with the hours,
 The sacred hours that still remain
From that rich month of fruits and flowers
 Which brought you near me once again,
By thoughts of you, though roses die,
I strive to make it still July.

Soft waves are strown beneath your prow,
Like carpets for a victor's feet ;
You call slow zephyrs to your brow,
In listless luxury complete :
Love, the true Halcyon, guides your ship ;
Oh, might his pinion touch my lip.

I by the shrunken river stroll ;
And changed, since I was left alone,
With tangled weed and rising shoal,
The loss I mourn he seems to own :
This is, how base soe'er his sloth,
This is the stream that bore us both.

For you shall granite peaks uprise
As old and scornful as your race,
And fringed with firths of lucent dyes
The jewelled beach your limbs embrace.
Oh, bather, may those Western gems
Remind you of my liliated Thames.

I too have seen the castled West,
Her Cornish creeks, her Breton ports ;
Her caves by knees of hermits pressed ;
Her fairy islets bright with quartz :
And dearer now each well-known scene,
For what shall be than what hath been.

Obeisance of kind strangers' eyes,
Triumphant cannons' measured roar,
Doffed plumes, and martial courtesies,
Shall greet you on the Norman shore.
Oh, that I were a stranger too,
To win that first sweet glance from you.

I was a stranger once : and soon
Beyond desire, above belief,
Thy soul was as a crescent moon,
A bud expanding leaf by leaf.
I'd pray thee now to close, to wane,
So that 'twere all to do again.

ΑΛΙΘΣ ΑΜΜΙ ΔΕΔΥΚΕ.

I MAY not touch the hand I saw
 So nimbly weave the violet chain ;
 I may not see my artist draw
 That southward-sloping lawn again.
 But joy brimmed over when we met,
 Nor can I mourn our parting yet.

Though he lies sick and far away,
 I play with those that still are here,
 Not honouring him the less, for they
 To me by loving him are dear :
 They share, they soothe my fond regret,
 Since neither they nor I forget.

His sweet strong heart so nobly beat
 With scorn and pity, mirth and zeal,
That vibrant hearts of ours repeat
 What they with him were wont to feel;
Still quiring in that higher key,
Till he take up the melody.

If there be any music here,
 I trust it will not fail, like notes
Of May-birds, when the waning year
 Abates their summer-wearied throats.
Shame on us, if we drudge once more
As dull and tuneless as before.

Without him I was weak and coarse,
 My soul went droning through the hours,
His goodness stirred a latent force
 That drew from others kindred powers.
Nor they nor I could think me base,
When with their prince I had found grace.

His influence crowns me, like a cloud
 Steeped in the light of a lost sun :
I reign, for willing knees are bowed
 And light behests are gladly done :
So Rome obeyed the lover-king,
Who drank at pure Egeria's spring.

Such honour doth my mind perplex :
 For, who is this, I ask, that dares
With manhood's wounds, and virtue's wrecks,
 And tangled creeds, and subtle cares,
Affront the look, or speak the name
Of one who from Elysium came.

And yet, though withered and forlorn,
 I had renounced what man desires,
I'd thought some poet might be born
 To string my lute with silver wires ;
At least in brighter days to come
Such men as I would not lie dumb.

I saw the Sibyl's finger rest

On fate's unturned, imagined page,
Believed her promise, and was blest

With dreams of that heroic age.

She sent me, ere my hope was cold,
One of the race that she foretold.

His fellows Time will bring, and they,

In manifold affections free,

Shall scatter pleasures day by day

Like blossoms rained from windy tree.

So let that garden bloom; and I,

Content with one such flower, will die.

A New Michonnet.

THE foster-child forgets his nurse :

She doth but know what he hath been,
Took him for better or for worse,
Would pet him, though he be sixteen.

He helps to weave the soft quadrille ;

Ah! leave the parlour door ajar ;
Those thirsting eyes shall take their fill,
And watch her darling from afar.

It is her pride to see the hand,

Which wont so wantonly to tear
Her unblanched curls, control the band,
And change the tune, with such an air.

And who so good? she thinks, or who
So fit for partners rich and tall?
Indeed she's looked the ball-room through,
And he's the loveliest lad of all.

So to her lonesome bed: and there,
If any wandering notes she hear,
She'll say in pauses of her prayer,
"He's dancing still, my child! my dear!"

His gladness doth on her redound,
Though hair be grey, and eyes be dim:
At every waif of broken sound
She'll wake, and smile, and think of him.

So, noblest of the noble, go
Through regions echoing thy name;
And even on me, thy friend, shall flow
Some streamlet from thy river of fame.

Thou to the gilded youth be kind ;
 Shed all thy genius-rays on them ;
An ancient comrade stands behind
 To touch, unseen, thy mantle's hem.

A stranger to thy peers am I,
 And slighted, like that poor old crone,
And yet some clinging memories try
 To rate thy conquests as mine own.

Nay, when at random drops thy praise
 From lips of happy lookers-on,
My tearful eyes I proudly raise,
 And bid my conscious self be gone.

Sapphics.

LOVE, like an island, held a single heart,
Waiting for shoreward flutterings of the breeze,
So might it waft to him that sat apart
Some angel guest from out the clouded seas.

Was it mere chance that threw within his reach
Fragments and symbols of the bliss unknown?
Was it vague hope that murmured down the beach
Tuning the billows and the cavern's moan?

Oft through the aching void the promise thrilled :
"Thou shalt be loved, and Time shall pay his debt."
Silence returns upon the wish fulfilled,
Joy for a year, and then a sweet regret.

Idol, mine Idol, whom this touch profanes,
Pass as thou cam'st across the glimmering seas :
All, all is lost but memory's sacred pains ;
Leave me, oh leave me, ere I forfeit these.

A Fable.

AN eager girl, whose father buys
Some ruined thane's forsaken hall,
Explores the new domain, and tries
Before the rest to view it all.

Alone she lifts the latch, and glides
Through many a sadly curtained room,
As daylight through the doorway slides
And struggles with the muffled gloom.

With mimicries of dance she wakes
The lordly gallery's silent floor,
And climbing up on tip-toe, makes
The old-world mirror smile once more

With tankards dry she chills her lip,
 With yellowing laces veils the head,
And leaps in pride of ownership
 Upon the faded marriage-bed.

A harp in some dark nook she sees,
 Long left a prey to heat and frost,
She smites it : can such tinklings please ?
 Is not all worth, all beauty, lost ?

Ah ! who'd have thought such sweetness clung
 To loose neglected strings like those ?
They answered to whate'er was sung,
 And sounded as the lady chose.

Her pitying finger hurried by
 Each vacant space, each slackened chord ;
Nor would her wayward zeal let die
 The music-spirit she restored.

The fashion quaint, the time-worn flaws,
The narrow range, the doubtful tone,
All was excused awhile, because
It seemed a creature of her own.

Perfection tires ; the new in old,
The mended wrecks that need her skill,
Amuse her. If the truth be told,
She loves the triumph of her will.

With this, she dares herself persuade,
She'll be for many a month content,
Quite sure no duchess ever played
Upon a sweeter instrument.

And thus in sooth she can beguile
Girlhood's romantic hours ; but soon
She yields to taste and mode and style,
A siren of the gay saloon ;

And wonders how she once could like
Those drooping wires, those failing notes,
And leaves her toy for bats to strike
Amongst the cobwebs and the motes.

But enter in, thou freezing wind,
And snap the harp-strings one by one,
It was a maiden blithe and kind :
They felt her touch ; their task is done.

Amavi.

Ask, mournful Muse, by one alone inspired:

What change? am I less fond, or thou less fair?

Or is it, that thy mounting soul is tired

Of duteous homage and religious care?

So many court thee that my reverent gaze

Vexes that wilful and capricious eye;

Such fine rare flatteries flow to thee, that praise,

From one whose thoughts thou know'st, seems poor
and dry.

So must it be. Thus monarchs blandly greet

Strange heralds offering tribute, and forget

The vassals ranked behind the golden seat,

Whose annual gift is counted as a debt.

Since sure of me thy liegeman once in thrall

Thou need'st not waste on me those gracious looks,
Stirred by the newborn wish to conquer all,
Leave thy first subject to his rhymes and books.

Ah! those impetuous claims that drew me forth

From my cold shadows to thy dazzling day,
Those spells that lured me to the stately North,
Those pleas against my scruples, where are they?

Oh glorious bondage in a dreamful bower!

Oh freedom thrice abhorred, unblest release!
Why, why hath cruel circumstance the power
To make such worship, such obedience cease?

Surely I served thee, as the wrinkled elm

Yieldeth his nature to the jocund vine,
Strength unto beauty: may the flood o'erwhelm
Root, trunk, and branch, if they have not been thine.

If thine no more, if lightly left behind,
To guard the dancing clusters thought unmeet,
It is because with gilded trellis twined
Thy liberal growth demands untempered heat.

Yet, while they spread more freely to the sun,
Those tendrils; while they wanton in the breeze
Gathering all heaven's bounties, henceforth one
Abides more honoured than the neighbouring trees.

Ah dear, there's something left of that great gift;
And humbly marvelling at thy former choice
A head once crowned with love I dare uplift,
And, for that once I pleased thee, still rejoice.

Notes of an Interview.

It is but little that remaineth

Of the kindness that you gave me,
And that little precious remnant you withhold.

Go free; I know that time constraineth,

Wilful blindness could not save me :
Yet you say I caused the change that I foretold.

At every sweet unasked relenting,

Though you 'd tried me with caprice,
Did my welcome, did my gladness ever fail ?

To-day not loud is my lamenting :

Do not chide me ; it shall cease :
Could I think of vanished love without a wail ?

Elsewhere, you lightly say, are blooming

All the graces I desire:

Thus you goad me to the treason of content:

If ever, when your brow is glooming,

Softer faces I admire,

Then your lightnings make me tremble and repent.

Grant this: whatever else beguileth

Restless dreaming, drowsy toil,

As a plaything, as a windfall, let me hail it.

Believe: the brightest one that smileth

To your beaming is a foil,

To the splendour breaking from you, though you veil it.

Preparation.

Too weak am I to pray, as some have prayed,
That love might hurry straightway out of mind,
And leave an ever-vacant waste behind.
I thank thee rather, that through every grade
Of less and less affection we decline,
As month by month thy strong importunate fate
Thrusts back my claims, and draws thee toward the
 great,
And shares amongst a hundred what was mine.
Proud heroes ask to perish in high noon:
I'd have refractions of the fallen day,
And heavings when the gale hath flown away,
And this slow disenchantment: since too soon,
Too surely, comes the death of my poor heart,
Be it inured to pain, in mercy, ere we part.

Deteriora.

ONE year I lived in high romance,
A soul ennobled by the grace
Of one whose very frowns enhance
The regal lustre of the face,
And in the magic of a smile
I dwelt as in Calypso's isle.

One year, a narrow line of blue,
With clouds both ways awhile held back:
And dull the vault that line goes through,
And frequent now the crossing rack;
And who shall pierce the upper sky,
And count the spheres? Not I, not I!

Sweet year, it was not hope you brought,
Nor after toil and storm repose,
But a fresh growth of tender thought,
And all of love my spirit knows.
You let my lifetime pause, and bade
The noontide dial cast no shade.

If fate and nature screen from me
The sovran front I bowed before,
And set the glorious creature free,
Whom I would clasp, detain, adore;
If I forego that strange delight,
Must all be lost? Not quite, not quite.

Die, little Love, without complaint,
Whom Honour standeth by to shrive:
Assoilèd from all selfish taint,
Die, Love, whom Friendship will survive.
Nor heat nor folly gave thee birth;
And briefness doth but raise thy worth.

Let the grey hermit Friendship hoard

Whatever sainted Love bequeathed,

And in some hidden scroll record

The vows in pious moments breathed.

Vex not the lost with idle suit,

Oh lonely heart, be mute, be mute.

Parting.

As when a traveller, forced to journey back, *
Takes coin by coin, and gravely counts them o'er,
Grudging each payment, fearing lest he lack,
Before he can regain the friendly shore;
So reckoned I your sojourn, day by day,
So grudged I every week that dropt away.

And as a prisoner, doomed and bound, upstarts
From shattered dreams of wedlock and repose,
At sudden rumblings of the market-carts,
Which bring to town the strawberry and the rose,
And wakes to meet sure death; so shuddered I,
To hear you meditate your gay Good-bye.

But why not gay? For, if there's aught you lose,
It is but drawing off a wrinkled glove
To turn the keys of treasuries, free to choose
Throughout the hundred-chambered house of love.
This pathos draws from you, though true and kind,
Only bland pity for the left-behind.

We part; you comfort one bereaved, unmanned;
You calmly chide the silence and the grief;
You touch me once with light and courteous hand,
And with a sense of something like relief
You turn away from what may seem to be
Too hard a trial of your charity.

So closes in the life of life; so ends
The soaring of the spirit. What remains?
To take whate'er the Muse's mother lends,
One sweet sad thought in many soft refrains,
And half-reveal in Coan gauze of rhyme
A cherished image of your joyous prime.

All that was possible.

SLOPE under slope the pastures dip
With ribboned waterfalls, and make
Scant room for just a village strip,
The setting of a sapphire lake.

And here, when summer draws the kine
To upland grasses patched with snow,
Our travellers rest not, only dine,
Then driven by Furies, onward go.

For pilgrims of the pointed stick,
With passport case for scallop shell,
Scramble for worshipped Alps too quick
To care for vales where mortals dwell.

Twice daily swarms the hostel's pier,
Twice daily is the table laid ;
And, " Oh, that some would tarry here !"
Sighs Madeline, the serving-maid.

She shows them silly carven stuff ;
Some sneer, but others smile and buy ;
And these light smiles are quite enough
To make the wistful maiden sigh.

She scans the face, but not the mind ;
She learns their taste in wines and toys,
But, seem they thoughtful and refined,
She fain would know their cares, their joys.

For man is not as horse and hound,
Who turn to meet their lord's caress,
Yet never miss the touch or sound,
When absence brings unconsciousness.

Not such the souls that can reflect ;
Too mild they may be to repine ;
But sometimes, winged with intellect,
They strain to pass the bounding line.

And to have learnt our pleasant tongue
In English mansions, gave a sense
Of something bitter-sweet, that stung
The pensive maiden of Brientz.

I will not say she wished for aught ;
For, failing guests, she duly spun,
And saved for marriage : but one thought
Would still in alien channels run.

And when at last a lady came,
Not lovely, but with twofold grace,
For courtly France had tuned her name,
Whilst England reigned in hair and face ;

And illness bound her many a day,
A willing captive, to the mere,
In peace, though home was far away,
For Madeline's talking brought it near.

Then delicate words unused before
Rose to her lips, as amber shines
Thrown by the wave upon the shore
From unimagined ocean-mines ;

And then perceptions multiplied,
Foreshadowings of the heart came true,
And interlaced on every side
Old girlish fancies bloomed and grew ;

And looks of higher meaning gleamed
Like azure sheen of mountain ice,
And common household service seemed
The wageless work of Paradise.

But autumn downward drove the kine,
And clothed the wheel with flaxen thread,
And sprinkled snow upon the pine,
And bowed the silent spinster's head.

Then Europe's tumult scared the spring,
And checked the Northern travel-drift :
Yet to Brientz did summer bring
An English letter and a gift;

And Madeline took them with a tear :
" How gracious, to remember me !
" Her words I'll keep from year to year,
" Her face in heaven I hope to see."

An Apology.

UPROSE the temple of my love,
Sculptured with many a mystic theme,
All frail and fanciful above,
But pillared on a deep esteem.

It might have been a simpler plan,
And traced on more majestic lines ;
But he that built it was a man
Of will unstrung, and vague designs ;

Nor worthy, though indeed he wrought
With reverence and a meek content,
To keep that presence : yet the thought
Is there, in frieze and pediment.

The trophied arms and treasured gold
Have passed beneath the spoiler's hand ;
The shrine is bare, the altar cold,
But let the outer fabric stand.



