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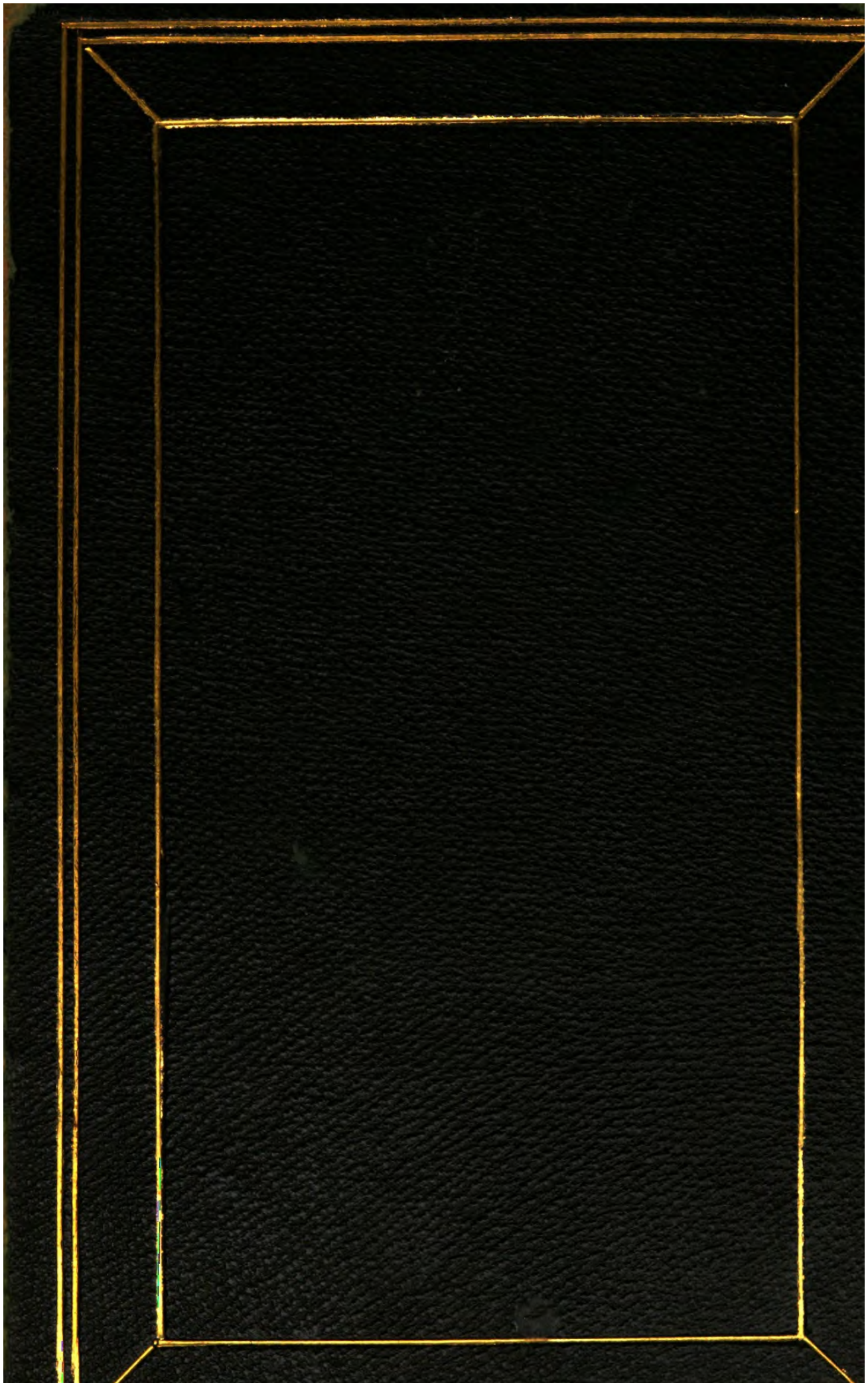
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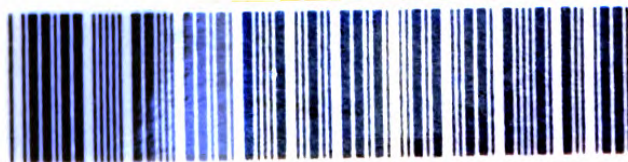
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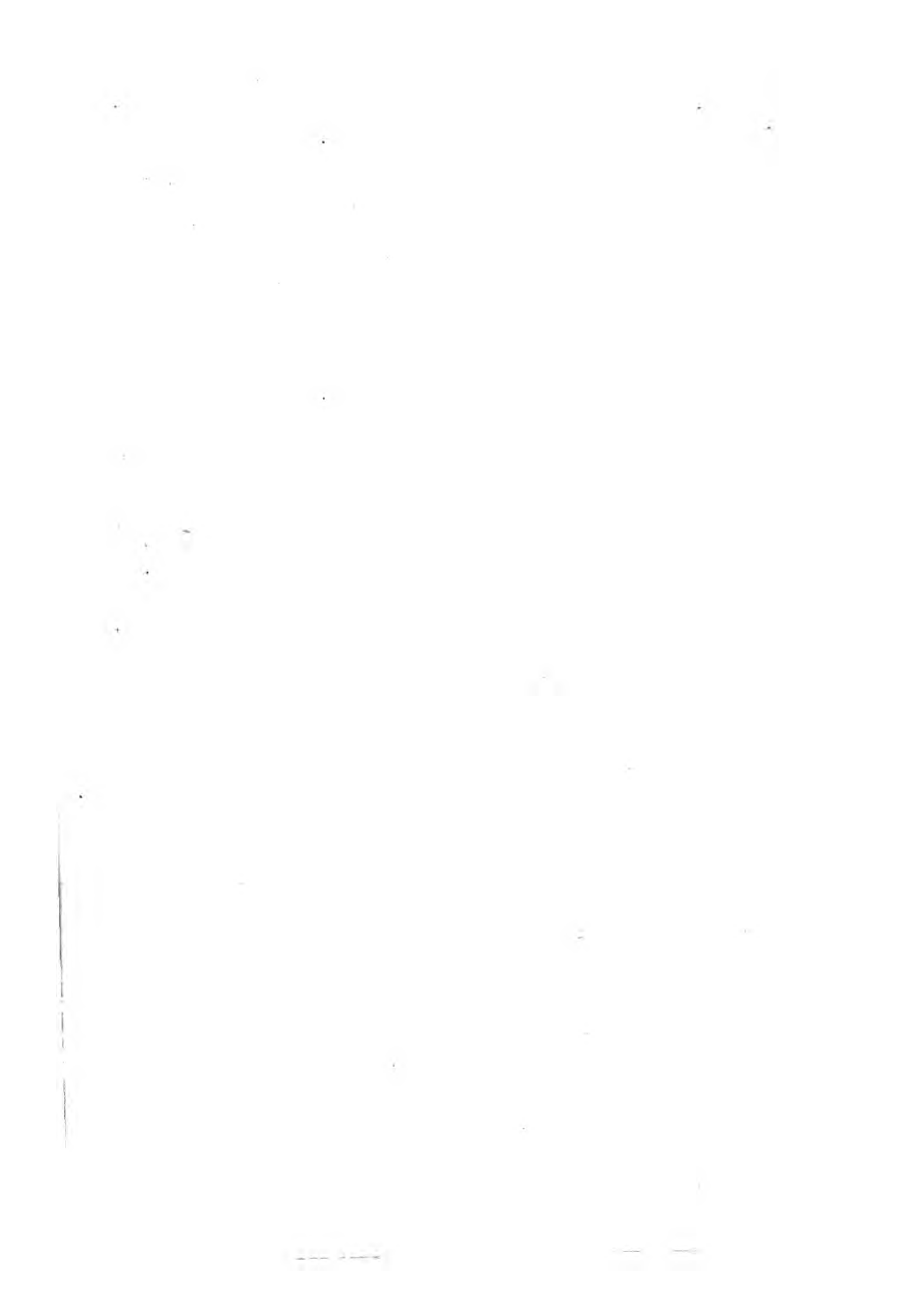
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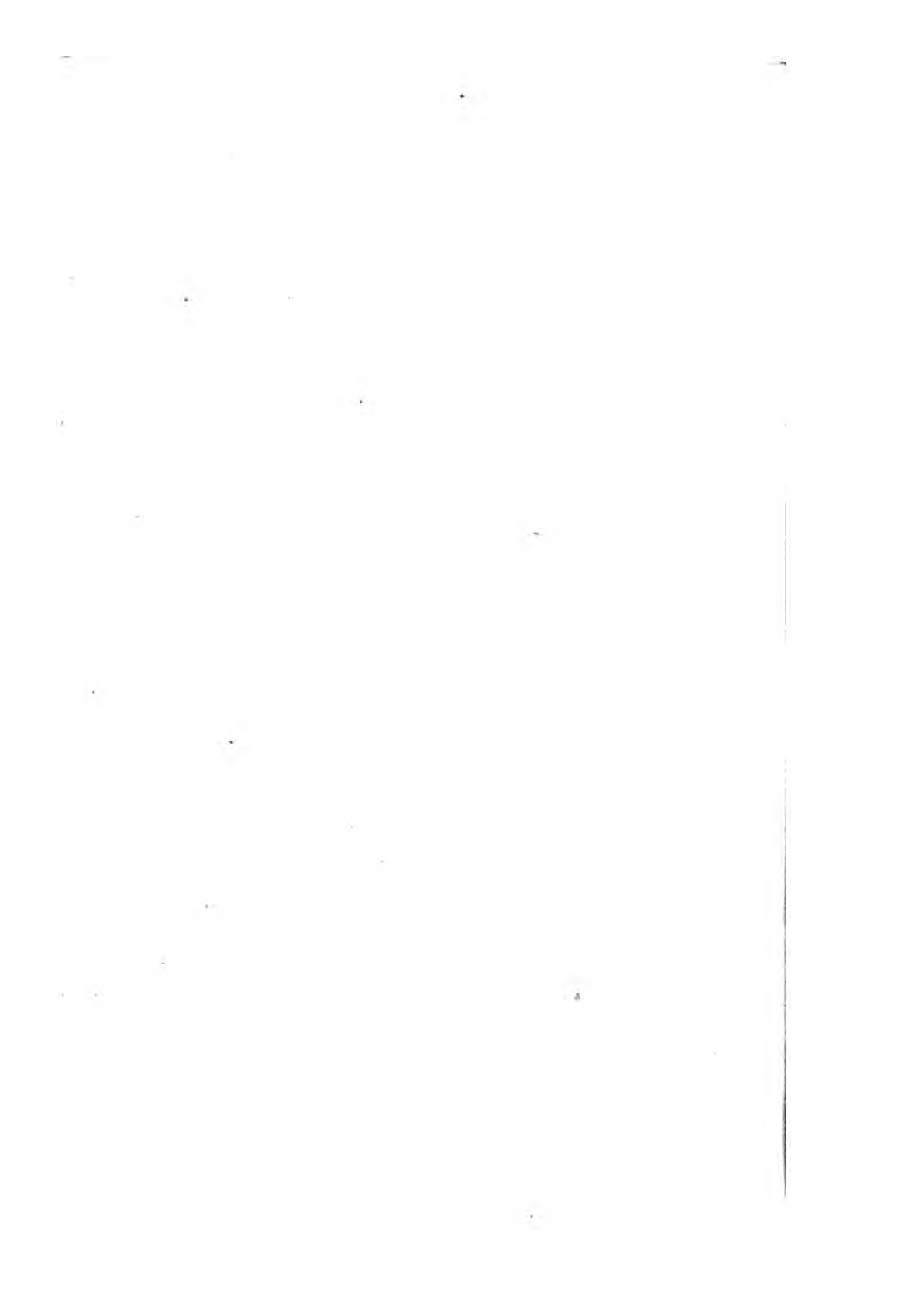
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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

EDITED

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

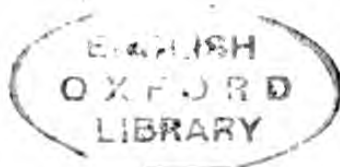
Lui non trov' io, ma suoi sauti vestigi
Tutti rivolti alla superna strada
Veggio, lunge da' laghi averni e stigi.—PETRARCA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCCXLVII.



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POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820.



THE SENSITIVE PLANT.



PART I.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noon-tide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds, which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings ;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which, like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

THERE was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest :
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and the going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands ;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris,
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died!

PART III.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the noon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of the Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low ;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank ;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass ;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul :
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noon-day sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day by day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past ;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds
Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks ;
And the leafless net-work of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated !

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to kill :
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noon-day
Unseen ; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came : the wind was his whip ;
One choppy finger was on his lip :
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles ;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death,
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath :
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want :
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

WHETHER the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life
Of error, ignorance and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there,
In truth have never passed away :
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ! not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change ; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

A VISION OF THE SEA.

'Tis the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail
 Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale :
 From the stark night of vapours the dim rain is driven,
 And when lightning is loosed like a deluge from heaven,
 She sees the black trunks of the water-spouts spin,
 And bend, as if heaven was ruining in,
 Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass
 As if ocean had sunk from beneath them : they pass
 To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,
 And the waves and the thunders, made silent around,
 Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now tossed
 Through the low trailing rack of the tempest, is lost
 In the skirts of the thunder-cloud : now down the sweep
 Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep
 It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
 Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
 Dim mirrors of ruin, hang gleaming about ;
 While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
 Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,
 With splendour and terror the black ship environ ;
 Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire,
 In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire
 The pyramid-billows, with white points of brine,
 In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,
 As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.

The great ship seems splitting ! it cracks as a tree,
 While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast
 Of the whirlwind that stript it of branches has past.

The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven
 Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.
 The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk
 On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
 Like a corpse on the clay which is hung'ring to fold
 Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,
 One deck is burst up from the waters below,
 And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
 O'er the lakes of the desert! Who sit on the other?
 Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,
 Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast? Are those
 Twin tigers, who burst, when the waters arose,
 In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold
 (What now makes them tame, is what then made them bold)
 Who crouch, side by side, and have driven, like a crank,
 The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank?
 Are these all?

Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain
 On the windless expanse of the watery plain,
 Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,
 And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon,
 Till a lead-coloured fog gathered up from the deep,
 Whose breath was quick pestilence; then, the cold sleep
 Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,
 O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,
 With their hammocks for coffins the seamen aghast
 Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast
 Down the deep, which closed on them above and around,
 And the sharks and the dog-fish their grave-clothes unbound,
 And were gluttoned like Jews with this manna rained down
 From God on their wilderness. One after one
 The mariners died; on the eve of this day,
 When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array,
 But seven remained. Six the thunder had smitten,
 And they lie black as mummies on which Time has written

His scorn of the embalmer ; the seventh, from the deck
 An oak splinter pierced through his breast and his back,
 And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.

No more ? At the helm sits a woman more fair
 Than heaven, when, unbinding its star-braided hair,
 It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.
 She clasps a bright child on her up-gathered knee,
 It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder
 Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder
 It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near,
 It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear
 Is outshining the meteors ; its bosom beats high,
 The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye ;
 Whilst its mother's is lustreless. " Smile not, my child,
 But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled
 Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,
 So dreadful since thou must divide it with me !
 Dream, sleep ! This pale bosom, thy cradle and bed,
 Will it rock thee not, infant ? 'Tis beating with dread !
 Alas ! what is life, what is death, what are we,
 That when the ship sinks we no longer may be ?
 What ! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more ?
 To be after life what we have been before ?
 Not to touch those sweet hands, not to look on those eyes,
 Those lips, and that hair, all that smiling disguise
 Thou yet wearest, sweet spirit, which I, day by day,
 Have so long called my child, but which now fades away
 Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower ? "

Lo ! the ship

Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip ;
 The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine
 Crawling inch by inch on them ; hair, ears, limbs, and eyne,
 Stand rigid with horror ; a loud, long, hoarse cry
 Burst at once from their vitals tremendously,

And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,
Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,
Mixed with the clash of the lashing rain,
Hurried on by the might of the hurricane :
The hurricane came from the west, and past on
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm ;
As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form
Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste.
Black as a cormorant the screaming blast,
Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, past,
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world
Which, based on the sea and to heaven upcurled,
Like columns and walls did surround and sustain
The dome of the tempest ; it rent them in twain,
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag ;
And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,
Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has past,
Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast ;
They are scattered like foam on the torrent ; and where
The wind has burst out through the chasm, from the air
Of clear morning, the beams of the sunrise flow in,
Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,
Banded armies of light and of air ; at one gate
They encounter, but interpenetrate.
And that breach in the tempest is widening away,
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day,
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings,
Lulled by the motion and murmurings,
And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea,
And over head glorious, but dreadful to see,
The wrecks of the tempest, like vapours of gold,
Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves behold,
The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,
And, like passions made still by the presence of Love,

Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide
 Tremulous with soft influence ; extending its tide
 From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,
 Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with heaven's azure smile,
 The wide world of waters is vibrating.

Where

Is the ship ? On the verge of the wave where it lay
 One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray
 With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle
 Stain the clear air with sunbows ; the jar, and the rattle
 Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress
 Of the snake's adamantine voluminousness ;
 And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains
 Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the veins,
 Swollen with rage, strength, and effort ; the whirl and the
 splash

As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash
 The thin winds and soft waves into thunder ! the screams
 And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean-streams,
 Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion,
 A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
 The fin-winged tomb of the victor. The other
 Is winning his way from the fate of his brother,
 To his own with the speed of despair. Lo ! a boat
 Advances ; twelve rowers with the impulse of thought
 Urge on the keen keel, the brine foams. At the stern
 Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn
 In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on
 To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone,
 'Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost gone,
 Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.
 With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,
 With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death, Fear,
 Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere,

Which trembles and burns with the fervour of dread
 Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head,
 Like a meteor of light o'er the waters! her child
 Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring: so smiled
 The false deep ere the storm. Like a sister and brother
 The child and the ocean still smile on each other,
 Whilst—————

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother:
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

THE CLOUD.

I.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

II.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits ;
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

III.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

IV.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

v.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow ;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

vi.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

I.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

II.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

III.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad day-light
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

v.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

vi.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

vii.

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

viii.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

ix.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

x.

Like a glow worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aërial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

xi.

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

xii.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

xiii.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

xiv.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

xv.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

xvi.

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety

xvii.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

xviii.

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

xix.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

xx.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

xxi.

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

 TO _____
 —•—

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,
 Thou needest not fear mine ;
 My spirit is too deeply laden
 Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,
 Thou needest not fear mine ;
 Innocent is the heart's devotion
 With which I worship thine.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

—•—
 Yet freedom, yet, thy banner torn but flying,
 Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.

BYRON.

I.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
 The lightning of the nations : Liberty,
 From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
 Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
 Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
 And, in the rapid plumes of song,
 Clothed itself sublime and strong ;
 As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
 Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey ;
 Till from its station in the heaven of fame
 The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
 Of the remotest sphere of living flame
 Which paves the void, was from behind it flung,
 As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
 A voice out of the deep ; I will record the same.

II.

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth ;
 The burning stars of the abyss were hurl'd
 Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
 That island in the ocean of the world,
 Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air :
 But this divinest universe
 Was yet a chaos and a curse,

For thou wert not : but power from worst producing worse,
 The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
 And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
 And there was war among them and despair
 Within them, raging without truce or terms :
 The bosom of their violated nurse
 Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on worms,
 And men on men ; each heart was as a hell of storms.

III.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
 His generations under the pavilion
 Of the Sun's throne : palace and pyramid,
 Temple and prison, to many a swarming million,
 Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
 This human living multitude
 Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
 For thou wert not ; but o'er the populous solitude,
 Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
 Hung tyranny ; beneath, sate deified
 The sister-pest, congregator of slaves ;
 Into the shadow of her pinions wide,
 Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,
 Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
 Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

IV.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
 And cloud-like mountains, and dividuous waves
 Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles
 Of favouring heaven : from their enchanted caves
 Prophetic echoes flung dim melody
 On the unapprehensive wild.
 The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
 Grew, savage yet, to human use unreconciled ;

And like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
 Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
 Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
 Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
 Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
 Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
 Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

v.

Athens arose: a city such as vision
 Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
 Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
 Of kingliest masonry: the ocean floors
 Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
 Its portals are inhabited
 By thunder-zoned winds, each head
 Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,
 A divine work! Athens diviner yet
 Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
 Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
 For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
 Peopled, with forms that mock the eternal dead
 In marble immortality, that hill
 Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

vi.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
 Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
 Immoveably unquiet, and for ever
 It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
 The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
 With an earth-awakening blast
 Through the caverns of the past;
 Religion veils her eyes; Oppression shrinks aghast:
 A winged sound of joy, and love, and wonder,

Which soars where Expectation never flew,
 Rending the veil of space and time asunder !
 One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew ;
 One sun illumines heaven ; one spirit vast
 With life and love makes chaos ever new,
 As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

VII.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
 Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad*,
 She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
 From that Elysian food was yet unweaned ;
 And many a deed of terrible uprightiness
 By thy sweet love was sanctified ;
 And in thy smile, and by thy side,
 Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
 But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
 And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,
 Thou didst desert, with spirit-winged lightness,
 The senate of the tyrants : they sunk prone
 Slaves of one tyrant. Palatinus sighed
 Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone
 Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
 Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
 Or utmost islet inaccessible,
 Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
 Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,
 And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
 To talk in echoes sad and stern,
 Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn ?

* See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
 Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.
 What if the tears rained through thy shattered locks,
 Were quickly dried? for thou didst groan, not weep,
 When from its sea of death to kill and burn,
 The Galilean serpent forth did creep,
 And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

IX.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou?
 And then the shadow of thy coming fell
 On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:
 And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
 Like rocks, which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
 Arose in sacred Italy,
 Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
 Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty;
 That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
 And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
 Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep,
 Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
 Dissonant arms; and Art which cannot die,
 With divine want traced on our earthly home
 Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

X.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
 Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver,
 Whose sun-like shafts pierce tempest-winged Error,
 As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever
 In the calm regions of the orient day!
 Luther caught thy wakening glance:
 Like lightning from his leaden lance
 Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
 In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;

And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,
 In songs whose music cannot pass away,
 Though it must flow for ever: not unseen
 Before the spirit-sighted countenance
 Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
 Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

xi.

The eager hours and unreluctant years
 As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
 Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
 Darkening each other with their multitude,
 And cried aloud, Liberty! Indignation
 Answered Pity from her cave;
 Death grew pale within the grave,
 And desolation howled to the destroyer, Save!
 When, like heaven's sun, girt by the exhalation
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
 Like shadows: as if day had cloven the skies
 At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
 Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
 Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

xii.

Thou heaven of earth! what spells could pall thee then,
 In ominous eclipse? A thousand years,
 Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den,
 Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
 Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away;
 How like Bacchanals of blood
 Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
 Destruction's sceptered slaves, and Folly's mitred brood!
 When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
 The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers,

Rose : armies mingled in obscure array,
 Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
 Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
 Rests with those dead but unforgotten hours,
 Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers.

XIII.

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?
 Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
 Vesuvius wakens *Ætna*, and the cold
 Snow-crag by its reply are cloven in sunder :
 O'er the lit waves every *Æolian* isle
 From *Pithecusa* to *Pelorus*
 Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus :
 They cry, Be dim, ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er us.
 Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
 And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links of steel,
 Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
 Twins of a single destiny ! appeal
 To the eternal years enthroned before us,
 In the dim West ; impress us from a seal,
 All ye have thought and done ! Time cannot dare conceal.

XIV.

Tomb of *Arminius* ! render up thy dead
 Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
 His soul may stream over the tyrant's head !
 Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
 Wild *Bacchanal* of truth's mysterious wine,
 King-deluded *Germany*,
 His dead spirit lives in thee.
 Why do we fear or hope ? thou art already free !
 And thou, lost *Paradise* of this divine
 And glorious world ! thou flowery wilderness !
 Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine

Where desolation, clothed with loveliness,
 Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy,
 Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
 The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

xv.

O that the free would stamp the impious name
 Of * * * * into the dust; or write it there,
 So that this blot upon the page of fame
 Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
 Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
 Ye the oracle have heard:
 Lift the victory-flashing sword,
 And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,
 Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
 Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
 The axes and the rods which awe mankind;
 The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
 Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred;
 Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
 To set thine armed heel on this reluctant worm.

xvi.

O that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
 Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
 That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle
 Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
 A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure,
 Till human thoughts might kneel alone,
 Each before the judgment-throne
 Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown!
 O that the words which make the thoughts obscure
 From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
 From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,

Were stript of their thin masks and various hue,
 And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,
 Till in the nakedness of false and true
 They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due.

xvii.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
 Can be between the cradle and the grave,
 Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavour!
 If on his own high will a willing slave,
 He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
 What if earth can clothe and feed
 Amplest millions at their need,
 And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
 Or what if art, an ardent intercessor,
 Diving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
 Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
 And cries, give me, thy child, dominion
 Over all height and depth? if Life can breed
 New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan,
 Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one.

xviii.

Come thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
 Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
 Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
 Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
 Self-moving like cloud charioted by flame;
 Comes she not, and come ye not,
 Rulers of eternal thought,
 To judge with solemn truth life's ill-apportioned lot?
 Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
 Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
 O, Liberty! if such could be thy name

Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee :
 If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
 By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
 Wept tears, and blood like tears ? The solemn harmony

XIX.

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing
 To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn ;
 Then as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
 Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
 Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light
 On the heavy sounding plain,
 When the bolt has pierced its brain ;
 As summer clouds dissolve unburthened of their rain ;
 As a far taper fades with fading night ;
 As a brief insect dies with dying day,
 My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
 Drooped ; o'er it closed the echoes far away
 Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
 As waves which lately paved his watery way
 Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

 THE WANING MOON.

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,
 Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
 The moon arose upon the murky earth,
 A white and shapeless mass.

ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams ;—
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams :
 And gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold,
 With his trident the mountains strook ;
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks ;—with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind
 It concealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,

And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below :
 The beard and the hair
 Of the river God were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,
 As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

" Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair ! "

The loud Ocean heard,
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer ;
 And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam ;
 Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream :
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
 Where the Ocean Powers
 Sit on their pearled thrones.
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ;

Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a net-work of coloured light ;
 And under the caves,
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night :—
 Outspeeding the shark,
 And the sword-fish dark,
 Under the ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts
 Of the mountain clifts
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks,
 Like friends once parted
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap
 From their cradles steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill ;
 At noon-tide they flow
 Through the woods below
 And the meadows of Asphodel ;
 And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore ;—
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky
 When they love but live no more.

SONG OF PROSERPINE,

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA.

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
 Thou from whose immortal bosom,
 Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
 Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
 Thou dost nourish these young flowers
 Till they grow, in scent and hue,
 Fairest children of the hours,
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

HYMN OF APOLLO.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
 Curtained with star-enwoven tapestries
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—
 Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam ;

My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
With their ethereal colours ; the Moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown :
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself and knows itself divine ;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of art or nature ;—to my song
Victory and praise in their own right belong.

HYMN OF PAN.

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come ;
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass,
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus* was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 Spedded with my sweet pipings.
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow,
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

* This and the former poem were written at the request of a friend, to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas. Apollo and Pan contended before Tmolus for the prize in music.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal Earth,
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
 And then I changed my pipings,—
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed :
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

 THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
 But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
 Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
 The constellated flower that never sets ;
 Faint oxlips ; tender blue bells, at whose birth
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-coloured May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!—Oh! to whom?

THE TWO SPIRITS.

AN ALLEGORY.

FIRST SPIRIT.

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire
 Wouldst float above the earth, beware !
 A shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
 Night is coming !
 Bright are the regions of the air,
 And among the winds and beams
 It were delight to wander there—
 Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT.

The deathless stars are bright above :
 If I would cross the shade at night,
 Within my heart is the lamp of love,
 And that is day !
 And the moon will smile with gentle light
 On my golden plumes where'er they move ;
 The meteors will linger round my flight,
 And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
 Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain ;
 See the bounds of the air are shaken—
 Night is coming !

The red swift clouds of the hurricane
 Yon declining sun have overtaken,
 The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—
 Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT.

I see the light, and I hear the sound ;
 I 'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
 With the calm within and the light around
 Which makes night day :
 And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
 Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,
 My moonlight flight thou then may'st mark
 On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice
 Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
 O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
 'Mid Alpine mountains ;
 And that the languid storm, pursuing
 That winged shape, for ever flies
 Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
 Its aëry fountains.

Some say when nights are dry and clear,
 And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
 Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
 Which make night day :
 And a silver shape like his early love doth pass
 Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
 And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
 He finds night day.

LETTER TO MARIA GISBORNE.

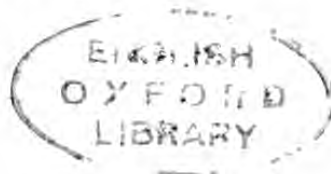
LEGHORN, *July 1, 1820.*

THE spider spreads her webs, whether she be
 In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree ;
 The silkworm in the dark-green mulberry leaves
 His winding-sheet and cradle ever weaves !
 So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,
 Sit spinning still round this decaying form,
 From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought—
 No net of words in garish colours wrought,
 To catch the idle buzzers of the day—
 But a soft cell, where, when that fades away,
 Memory may clothe in wings my living name
 And feed it with the asphodels of fame,
 Which in those hearts which most remember me
 Grow, making love an immortality.

Whoever should behold me now, I wist,
 Would think I were a mighty mechanist,
 Bent with sublime Archimedean art
 To breathe a soul into the iron heart
 Of some machine portentous, or strange gin,
 Which by the force of figured spells might win
 Its way over the sea, and sport therein ;
 For round the walls are hung dread engines, such
 As Vulcan never wrought for Jove to clutch
 Ixion or the Titan :—or the quick
 Wit of that man of God, St. Dominic,
 To convince Atheist, Turk, or Heretic ;

Or those in philosophic councils met,
Who thought to pay some interest for the debt
They owed to Jesus Christ for their salvation,
By giving a faint foretaste of damnation
To Shakspeare, Sidney, Spenser, and the rest
Who made our land an island of the blest,
When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire
On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire :—
With thumb-screws, wheels, with tooth and spike and jag,
With fishes found under the utmost crag
Of Cornwall, and the storm-encompassed isles,
Where to the sky the rude sea seldom smiles
Unless in treacherous wrath, as on the morn
When the exulting elements in scorn
Satiated with destroyed destruction, lay
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,
As panthers sleep :—and other strange and dread
Magical forms the brick-floor overspread—
Proteus transformed to metal did not make
More figures, or more strange ; nor did he take
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,
Or heap himself in such a horrid mass
Of tin and iron not to be understood,
And forms of unimaginable wood,
To puzzle Tubal Cain and all his brood :
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and grooved blocks,
The elements of what will stand the shocks
Of wave and wind and time.—Upon the table
More knacks and quips there be than I am able
To catalogue in this verse of mine :—
A pretty bowl of wood—not full of wine,
But quicksilver ; that dew which the gnomes drink
When at their subterranean toil they swink,
Pledging the demons of the earthquake, who
Reply to them in lava-cry, halloo !

And call out to the cities o'er their head,—
Roofs, towns, and shrines,—the dying and the dead
Crash through the chinks of earth—and then all quaff
Another rouse, and hold their sides and laugh.
This quicksilver no gnome has drunk—within
The walnut-bowl it lies, veined and thin,
In colour like the wake of light that stains
The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains
The inmost shower of its white fire—the breeze
Is still—blue heaven smiles over the pale seas.
And in this bowl of quicksilver—for I
Yield to the impulse of an infancy
Outlasting manhood—I have made to float
A rude idealism of a paper boat—
A hollow screw with cogs—Henry will know
The thing I mean, and laugh at me,—if so
He fears not I should do more mischief.—Next
Lie bills and calculations much perplext,
With steam-boats, frigates, and machinery quaint
Traced over them in blue and yellow paint.
Then comes a range of mathematical
Instruments, for plans nautical and statical,
A heap of rosin, a green broken glass
With ink in it;—a china cup that was
What it will never be again, I think,
A thing from which sweet lips were wont to drink
The liquor doctors rail at—and which I
Will quaff in spite of them—and when we die
We'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,
And cry out,—heads or tails? where'er we be.
Near that a dusty paint-box, some old hooks,
A half-burnt match, an ivory block, three books,
Where conic sections, spherics, logarithms,
To great Laplace, from Saunderson and Sims,
Lie heaped in their harmonious disarray



Of figures,—disentangle them who may.
 Baron de Tott's Memoirs beside them lie,
 And some odd volumes of old chemistry.
 Near them a most inexplicable thing,
 With least in the middle—I 'm conjecturing
 How to make Henry understand ;—but—no,
 I 'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,
 This secret in the pregnant womb of time,
 Too vast a matter for so weak a rhyme.

And here like some weird Archimage sit I,
 Plotting dark spells, and devilish enginery,
 The self impelling steam-wheels of the mind
 Which pump up oaths from clergymen, and grind
 The gentle spirit of our meek reviews
 Into a powdery foam of salt abuse,
 Ruffling the ocean of their self-content :—
 I sit—and smile or sigh as is my bent,
 But not for them—Libeccio rushes round
 With an inconstant and an idle sound,
 I heed him more than them—the thunder-smoke
 Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak
 Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare ;
 The ripe corn under the undulating air
 Undulates like an ocean ;—and the vines
 Are trembling wide in all their trellised lines ;—
 The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill
 The empty pauses of the blast ;—the hill
 Looks hoary through the white electric rain,
 And from the glens beyond, in sullen strain
 The interrupted thunder howls ; above
 One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye of love
 On the unquiet world ;—while such things are,
 How could one worth your friendship heed the war
 Of worms ? The shriek of the world's carrion jays,
 Their censure, or their wonder, or their praise ?

You are not here ! The quaint witch Memory sees
In vacant chairs your absent images,
And points where once you sat, and now should be,
But are not.—I demand if ever we
Shall meet as then we met ;—and she replies,
Veiling in awe her second-sighted eyes,
“ I know the past alone—but summon home
My sister Hope, she speaks of all to come.”
But I, an old diviner, who know well
Every false verse of that sweet oracle,
Turned to the sad enchantress once again,
And sought a respite from my gentle pain,
In acting every passage o'er and o'er
Of our communion.—How on the sea shore
We watched the ocean and the sky together,
Under the roof of blue Italian weather ;
How I ran home through last year's thunder-storm,
And felt the transverse lightning linger warm
Upon my cheek : and how we often made
Treats for each other, where good will outweighed
The frugal luxury of our country cheer,
As it well might, were it less firm and clear
Than ours must ever be ;—and how we spun
A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
Of this familiar life, which seems to be
But is not,—or is but quaint mockery
Of all we would believe ; or sadly blame
The jarring and inexplicable frame
Of this wrong world :—and then anatomize
The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes
Were closed in distant years ;—or widely guess
The issue of the earth's great business,
When we shall be as we no longer are ;
Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war
Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not ; or how

You listened to some interrupted flow
 Of visionary rhyme ;—in joy and pain
 Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,
 With little skill perhaps ;—or how we sought
 Those deepest wells of passion or of thought
 Wrought by wise poets in the waste of years,
 Staining the sacred waters with our tears ;
 Quenching a thirst ever to be renewed !
 Or how I, wisest lady ! then indued
 The language of a land which now is free,
 And winged with thoughts of truth and majesty,
 Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud,
 And bursts the peopled prisons, and cries aloud,
 “ My name is Legion ! ”—that majestic tongue
 Which Calderon over the desert flung
 Of ages and of nations ; and which found
 An echo in our hearts, and with the sound
 Startled oblivion ;—thou wert then to me
 As is a nurse—when inarticulately
 A child would talk as its grown parents do.
 If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,
 If hawks chase doves through the aerial way,
 Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,
 Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast
 Out of the forest of the pathless past
 These recollected pleasures ?

You are now

In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow
 At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
 Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
 Yet in its depth what treasures ! You will see
 Your old friend Godwin, greater none than he ;
 Though fallen on evil times, yet will he stand,
 Among the spirits of our age and land,

Before the dread tribunal of To-come
The foremost, whilst rebuke stands pale and dumb.
You will see Coleridge; he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lustre blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.
You will see Hunt; one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb;
Who is, what others seem:—his room no doubt
Is still adorned by many a cast from Shout,
With graceful flowers, tastefully placed about;
And coronals of bay from ribbons hung,
And brighter wreaths in neat disorder flung,
The gifts of the most learned among some dozens
Of female friends, sisters-in-law and cousins.
And there is he with his eternal puns,
Which beat the dullest brain for smiles, like duns
Thundering for money at a poet's door;
Alas! it is no use to say, "I'm poor!"
Or oft in graver mood, when he will look
Things wiser than were ever said in book,
Except in Shakspeare's wisest tenderness.
You will see H—, and I cannot express
His virtues, though I know that they are great,
Because he locks, then barricades, the gate
Within which they inhabit;—of his wit,
And wisdom, you'll cry out when you are bit.
He is a pearl within an oyster-shell,
One of the richest of the deep. And there
Is English P— with his mountain Fair
Turned into a Flamingo,—that shy bird

That gleams i' the Indian air. Have you not heard
 When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
 His best friends hear no more of him? but you
 Will see him, and will like him too, I hope,
 With the milk-white Snowdonian Antelope
 Matched with his camelopard; his fine wit
 Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it;
 A strain too learned for a shallow age,
 Too wise for selfish bigots;—let his page,
 Which charms the chosen spirits of the age,
 Fold itself up for a serener clime
 Of years to come, and find its recompense
 In that just expectation. Wit and sense,
 Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
 Make this dull world a business of delight,
 Are all combined in Horace Smith.—And these,
 With some exceptions, which I need not tease
 Your patience by descanting on, are all
 You and I know in London.

I recall

My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night:
 As water does a sponge, so the moonlight
 Fills the void, hollow, universal air.
 What see you?—Unpavilioned heaven is fair,
 Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
 Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan
 Climbs with diminished beams the azure steep;
 Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
 Piloted by the many-wandering blast,
 And the rare stars rush through them, dim and fast.
 All this is beautiful in every land.
 But what see you beside? A shabby stand
 Of hackney-coaches—a brick house or wall
 Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl

Of our unhappy politics ;—or worse—
A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse
Mixed with the watchman's, partner of her trade,
You must accept in place of serenade—
Or yellow-haired Pollonia murmuring
To Henry, some unutterable thing.

I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit
Built round dark caverns, even to the root
Of the living stems who feed them ; in whose bowers
There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers ;
Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne
In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,
Like winged stars the fire-flies flash and glance
Pale in the open moonshine ; but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
A meteor tamed ; a fixed star gone astray
From the silver regions of the Milky-way.
Afar the Contadino's song is heard,
Rude, but made sweet by distance ;—and a bird
Which cannot be a nightingale, and yet
I know none else that sings so sweet as it
At this late hour ;—and then all is still :—
Now Italy or London, which you will !

Next winter you must pass with me ; I'll have
My house by that time turned into a grave
Of dead despondence and low-thoughted care,
And all the dreams which our tormentors are.
O that Hunt and ————— were there,
With everything belonging to them fair !—
We will have books ; Spanish, Italian, Greek,
And ask one week to make another week
As like his father, as I'm unlike mine.

Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,
 Yet let's be merry ; we'll have tea and toast ;
 Custards for supper, and an endless host
 Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,
 And other such lady-like luxuries,—
 Feasting on which we will philosophise.
 And we'll have fires out of the Grand Duke's wood,
 To thaw the six weeks' winter in our blood.
 And then we'll talk ;—what shall we talk about ?
 Oh ! there are themes enough for many a bout
 Of thought-entangled descant ; as to nerves—
 With cones and parallelograms and curves
 I've sworn to strangle them if once they dare
 To bother me,—when you are with me there.
 And they shall never more sip laudanum
 From Helicon or Himeros ;*—well, come,
 And in spite of * * * and of the devil,
 We'll make our friendly philosophic revel
 Outlast the leafless time ;—till buds and flowers
 Warn the obscure inevitable hours
 Sweet meeting by sad parting to renew :—
 “ To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

* *Ἥμιρος*, from which the river Himera was named, is, with some slight shade of difference, a synonyme of Love.

TO MARY,

(ON HER OBJECTING TO THE FOLLOWING POEM, UPON THE SCORE
OF ITS CONTAINING NO HUMAN INTEREST.)

I.

How, my dear Mary, are you critic-bitten,
 (For vipers kill, though dead,) by some review,
 That you condemn these verses I have written,
 Because they tell no story, false or true !
 What, though no mice are caught by a young kitten,
 May it not leap and play as grown cats do,
 Till its claws come? Prithee, for this one time,
 Content thee with a visionary rhyme.

II.

What hand would crush the silken-winged fly,
 The youngest of inconstant April's minions,
 Because it cannot climb the purest sky,
 Where the swan sings, amid the sun's dominions ?
 Not thine. Thou knowest 'tis its doom to die,
 When day shall hide within her twilight pinions,
 The lucent eyes, and the eternal smile,
 Serene as thine, which lent it life awhile.

III.

To thy fair feet a winged Vision came,
 Whose date should have been longer than a day,
 And o'er thy head did beat its wings for fame,
 And in thy sight its fading plumes display ;

The watery bow burned in the evening flame,
 But the shower fell, the swift Sun went his way—
 And that is dead.—O, let me not believe
 That any thing of mine is fit to live !

IV.

Wordsworth informs us he was nineteen years
 Considering and retouching Peter Bell ;
 Watering his laurels with the killing tears
 Of slow, dull care, so that their roots to hell
 Might pierce, and their wide branches blot the spheres
 Of heaven, with dewy leaves and flowers ; this well
 May be, for Heaven and Earth conspire to foil
 The over-busy gardener's blundering toil.

V.

My Witch indeed is not so sweet a creature
 As Ruth or Lucy, whom his graceful praise
 Clothes for our grandsons—but she matches Peter,
 Though he took nineteen years, and she three days
 In dressing. Light the vest of flowing metre
 She wears ; he, proud as dandy with his stays,
 Has hung upon his wiry limbs a dress
 Like King Lear's " looped and windowed raggedness."

VI.

If you strip Peter, you will see a fellow,
 Scorched by Hell's hyperequatorial climate
 Into a kind of a sulphureous yellow :
 A lean mark, hardly fit to fling a rhyme at ;
 In shape a Scaramouch, in hue Othello,
 If you unveil my Witch, no priest nor primate
 Can shrieve you of that sin,—if sin there be
 In love, when it becomes idolatry.

THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

I.

BEFORE those cruel Twins, whom at one birth
 Incestuous Change bore to her father Time,
 Error and Truth, had hunted from the earth
 All those bright natures which adorned its prime,
 And left us nothing to believe in, worth
 The pains of putting into learned rhyme,
 A lady-witch there lived on Atlas' mountain
 Within a cavern by a secret fountain.

II.

Her mother was one of the Atlantides :
 The all-beholding Sun had ne'er beholden
 In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas
 So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden
 In the warm shadow of her loveliness ;—
 He kissed her with his beams, and made all golden
 The chamber of grey rock in which she lay—
 She, in that dream of joy, dissolved away.

III.

'Tis said, she was first changed into a vapour,
 And then into a cloud, such clouds as flit,
 Like splendour-winged moths about a taper,
 Round the red west when the sun dies in it :

And then into a meteor, such as caper
 On hill-tops when the moon is in a fit ;
 Then, into one of those mysterious stars
 Which hide themselves between the Earth and Mars.

iv.

Ten times the Mother of the Months had bent
 Her bow beside the folding-star, and bidden
 With that bright sign the billows to indent
 The sea-deserted sand : like children chidden,
 At her command they ever came and went :—
 Since in that cave a dewy splendour hidden,
 Took shape and motion : with the living form
 Of this embodied Power, the cave grew warm.

v.

A lovely lady garmented in light
 From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are
 Two openings of unfathomable night
 Seen through a tempest's cloven roof ;—her hair
 Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,
 Picturing her form ;—her soft smiles shone afar,
 And her low voice was heard like love, and drew
 All living things towards this wonder new.

vi.

And first the spotted camelopard came,
 And then the wise and fearless elephant ;
 Then the sly serpent, in the golden flame
 Of his own volumes intervolved ;—all gaunt
 And sanguine beasts her gentle looks made tame.
 They drank before her at her sacred fount ;
 And every beast of beating heart grew bold,
 Such gentleness and power even to behold.

VII.

The brinded lioness led forth her young,
 That she might teach them how they should forego
 Their inborn thirst of death ; the pard unstrung
 His sinews at her feet, and sought to know,
 With looks whose motions spoke without a tongue,
 How he might be as gentle as the doe.
 The magic circle of her voice and eyes
 All savage natures did imparadise.

VIII.

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick
 Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew
 Came, blithe, as in the olive copses thick
 Cicadæ are, drunk with the noonday dew :
 And Driope and Faunus followed quick,
 Teazing the God to sing them something new,
 Till in this cave they found the lady lone,
 Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

IX.

And universal Pan, 'tis said, was there,
 And though none saw him,—through the adamant
 Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,
 And through those living spirits, like a want,
 He passed out of his everlasting lair
 Where the quick heart of the great world doth pant,
 And felt that wondrous lady all alone,—
 And she felt him upon her emerald throne.

X.

And every nymph of stream and spreading tree,
 And every shepherdess of Ocean's flocks,
 Who drives her white waves over the green sea ;
 And Ocean, with the brine on his grey locks,

And quaint Priapus with his company,
All came, much wondering how the enwombed rocks
Could have brought forth so beautiful a birth ;—
Her love subdued their wonder and their mirth.

XI.

The herdsmen and the mountain maidens came,
And the rude kings of pastoral Garamant—
Their spirits shook within them, as a flame
Stirred by the air under a cavern gaunt :
Pigmies, and Polyphemes, by many a name,
Centaur and Satyr, and such shapes as haunt
Wet clefts,—and lumps neither alive nor dead,
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed.

XII.

For she was beautiful : her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade :
No thought of living spirit could abide
(Which to her looks had ever been betrayed)
On any object in the world so wide,
On any hope within the circling skies,
But on her form, and in her inmost eyes.

XIII.

Which when the lady knew, she took her spindle
And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three
Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle
The clouds and waves and mountains with, and she
As many star-beams, ere their lamps could dwindle
In the belated moon, wound skilfully ;
And with these threads a subtle veil she wove—
A shadow for the splendour of her love.

XIV.

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
 Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air,
 Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
 Folded in cells of crystal silence there ;
 Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
 Will never die—yet ere we are aware,
 The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
 And the regret they leave remains alone.

XV.

And there lay visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,
 Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis ;
 Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint
 With the soft burthen of intensest bliss
 It is its work to bear to many a saint
 Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,
 Even Love's—and others white, green, grey, and black,
 And of all shapes—and each was at her beck.

XVI.

And odours in a kind of aviary
 Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,
 Clipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy
 Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet slept ;
 As bats at the wired window of a dairy,
 They beat their vans ; and each was an adept,
 When loosed and missioned, making wings of winds,
 To stir sweet thoughts or sad, in destined minds.

XVII.

And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful might
 Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,
 And change eternal death into a night
 Of glorious dreams—or if eyes needs must weep

Could make their tears all wonder and delight,
 She in her crystal vials did closely keep :
 If men could drink of those clear vials, 'tis said
 The living were not envied of the dead.

XVIII.

Her cave was stored with scrolls of strange device,
 The works of some Saturnian Archimage,
 Which taught the expiations at whose price
 Men from the Gods might win that happy age
 Too lightly lost, redeeming native vice ;
 And which might quench the earth-consuming rage
 Of gold and blood—till men should live and move
 Harmonious as the sacred stars above.

XIX.

And how all things that seem untameable,
 Not to be checked and not to be confined,
 Obey the spells of wisdom's wizard skill ;
 Time, Earth and Fire—the Ocean and the Wind,
 And all their shapes—and man's imperial will ;
 And other scrolls whose writings did unbind
 The inmost lore of Love—let the profane
 Tremble to ask what secrets they contain.

XX.

And wondrous works of substances unknown,
 To which the enchantment of her father's power
 Had changed those ragged blocks of savage stone,
 Were heaped in the recesses of her bower ;
 Carved lamps and chalices, and phials which shone
 In their own golden beams—each like a flower,
 Out of whose depth a fire-fly shakes his light
 Under a cypress in a starless night.

XXI.

At first she lived alone in this wild home,
 And her thoughts were each a minister,
 Clothing themselves or with the ocean-foam,
 Or with the wind, or with the speed of fire,
 To work whatever purposes might come
 Into her mind : such power her mighty Sire
 Had girt them with, whether to fly or run,
 Through all the regions which he shines upon.

XXII.

The Ocean-nymphs and Hamadryades,
 Oreads and Naiads with long weedy locks,
 Offered to do her bidding through the seas,
 Under the earth, and in the hollow rocks,
 And far beneath the matted roots of trees,
 And in the gnarled heart of stubborn oaks,
 So they might live for ever in the light
 Of her sweet presence—each a satellite.

XXIII.

“ This may not be,” the wizard maid replied ;
 “ The fountains where the Naiades bedew
 Their shining hair, at length are drained and dried ;
 The solid oaks forget their strength, and strew
 Their latest leaf upon the mountains wide ;
 The boundless ocean, like a drop of dew
 Will be consumed—the stubborn centre must
 Be scattered, like a cloud of summer dust.

XXIV.

“ And ye with them will perish one by one :
 If I must sigh to think that this shall be,
 If I must weep when the surviving Sun
 Shall smile on your decay—Oh, ask not me

To love you till your little race is run ;
 I cannot die as ye must—over me
 Your leaves shall glance—the streams in which ye dwell
 Shall be my paths henceforth, and so farewell !”

XXV.

She spoke and wept : the dark and azure well
 Sparkled beneath the shower of her bright tears,
 And every little circlet where they fell,
 Flung to the cavern-roof inconstant spheres
 And intertangled lines of light :—a knell
 Of sobbing voices came upon her ears
 From those departing Forms, o'er the serene
 Of the white streams and of the forest green.

XXVI.

All day the wizard lady sat aloof,
 Spelling out scrolls of dread antiquity,
 Under the cavern's fountain-lighted roof ;
 Or broidering the pictured poesy
 Of some high tale upon her growing woof,
 Which the sweet splendour of her smiles could dye
 In hues outshining heaven—and ever she
 Added some grace to the wrought poesy.

XXVII.

While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece
 Of sandal-wood, rare gums, and cinnamon ;
 Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is ;
 Each flame of it is as a precious stone
 Dissolved in ever-moving light, and *this*
 Belongs to each and all who gaze upon.
 The Witch beheld it not, for in her hand
 She held a woof that dimmed the burning brand.

XXVIII.

This lady never slept, but lay in trance
 All night within the fountain—as in sleep.
 Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance :
 Through the green splendour of the water deep
 She saw the constellations reel and dance
 Like fire-flies—and withal did ever keep
 The tenour of her contemplations calm,
 With open eyes, closed feet, and folded palm.

XXIX.

And when the whirlwinds and the clouds descended
 From the white pinnacles of that cold hill,
 She passed at dewfall to a space extended,
 Where, in a lawn of flowering asphodel
 Amid a wood of pines and cedars blended,
 There yawned an inextinguishable well
 Of crimson fire, full even to the brim,
 And overflowing all the margin trim.

XXX.

Within the which she lay when the fierce war
 Of wintry winds shook that innocuous liquor
 In many a mimic moon and bearded star,
 O'er woods and lawns—the serpent heard it flicker
 In sleep, and dreaming still, he crept afar—
 And when the windless snow descended thicker
 Than autumn leaves, she watched it as it came
 Melt on the surface of the level flame.

XXXI.

She had a Boat which some say Vulcan wrought
 For Venus, as the chariot of her star ;
 But it was found too feeble to be fraught
 With all the ardours in that sphere which are,

And so she sold it, and Apollo bought
 And gave it to this daughter : from a car
 Changed to the fairest and the lightest boat
 Which ever upon mortal stream did float.

xxxii.

And others say, that, when but three hours old,
 The first-born Love out of his cradle leapt,
 And clove dun Chaos with his wings of gold,
 And like a horticultural adept,
 Stole a strange seed, and wrapt it up in mould,
 And sowed it in his mother's star, and kept
 Watering it all the summer with sweet dew,
 And with his wings fanning it as it grew.

xxxiii.

The plant grew strong and green—the snowy flower
 Fell, and the long and gourd-like fruit began
 To turn the light and dew by inward power
 To its own substance : woven tracery ran
 Of light firm texture, ribbed and branching, o'er
 The solid rind, like a leaf's veined fan,
 Of which Love scooped this boat, and with soft motion
 Piloted it round the circumfluous ocean.

xxxiv.

This boat she moored upon her fount, and lit
 A living spirit within all its frame,
 Breathing the soul of swiftmess into it.
 Couched on the fountain like a panther tame,
 One of the twain at Evan's feet that sit ;
 Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame,
 Or on blind Homer's heart a winged thought,—
 In joyous expectation lay the boat.

XXXV.

Then by strange art she kneaded fire and snow
Together, tempering the repugnant mass
With liquid love—all things together grow
Through which the harmony of love can pass ;
And a fair Shape out of her hands did flow
A living Image, which did far surpass
In beauty that bright shape of vital stone
Which drew the heart out of Pygmalion.

XXXVI.

A sexless thing it was, and in its growth
It seemed to have developed no defect
Of either sex, yet all the grace of both,—
In gentleness and strength its limbs were decked ;
The bosom lightly swelled with its full youth,
The countenance was such as might select
Some artist that his skill should never die,
Imaging forth such perfect purity.

XXXVII.

From its smooth shoulders hung two rapid wings,
Fit to have borne it to the seventh sphere,
Tipt with the speed of liquid lightnings,
Dyed in the ardours of the atmosphere :
She led her creature to the boiling springs
Where the light boat was moored, and said—“ Sit here !”
And pointed to the prow, and took her seat
Beside the rudder with opposing feet.

XXXVIII.

And down the streams which clove those mountains vast
Around their inland islets, and amid
The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast
Darkness and odours, and a pleasure hid

In melancholy gloom, the pinnace passed ;
 By many a star-surrounded pyramid
 Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,
 And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

XXXIX.

The silver moon into that winding dell,
 With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,
 Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell ;
 A green and glowing light, like that which drops
 From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell,
 When earth over her face night's mantle wraps ;
 Between the severed mountains lay on high
 Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

XL.

And ever as she went, the Image lay
 With folded wings and unawakened eyes ;
 And o'er its gentle countenance did play
 The busy dreams, as thick as summer flies,
 Chasing the rapid smiles that would not stay,
 And drinking the warm tears, and the sweet sighs
 Inhaling, which, with busy murmur vain,
 They had aroused from that full heart and brain.

XLI.

And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud
 Upon a stream of wind, the pinnace went :
 Now lingering on the pools, in which abode
 The calm and darkness of the deep, content
 In which they paused ; now o'er the shallow road
 Of white and dancing waters, all besprent
 With sand and polished pebbles :—mortal boat
 In such a shallow rapid could not float.

XLII.

And down the earthquaking cataracts, which shiver
Their snow-like waters into golden air,
Or under chasms unfathomable ever
Sepulchre them, till in their rage they tear
A subterranean portal for the river,
It fled—the circling sunbows did upbear
Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,
Lighting it far upon its lampless way.

XLIII.

And when the wizard lady would ascend
The labyrinths of some many-winding vale,
Which to the inmost mountain upward tend—
She called “Hermaphroditus!” and the pale
And heavy hue which slumber could extend
Over its lips and eyes, as on the gale
A rapid shadow from a slope of grass,
Into the darkness of the stream did pass.

XLIV.

And it unfurled its heaven-coloured pinions ;
With stars of fire spotting the stream below
And from above into the Sun’s dominions
Flinging a glory, like the golden glow
In which spring clothes her emerald-winged minions,
All interwoven with fine feathery snow
And moonlight splendour of intensest rime,
With which frost paints the pines in winter time.

XLV.

And then it winnowed the Elysian air
Which ever hung about that lady bright,
With its ethereal vans—and speeding there,
Like a star up the torrent of the night,

Or a swift eagle in the morning glare
 Breasting the whirlwind with impetuous flight,
 The pinnacle, oared by those enchanted wings,
 Clove the fierce streams towards their upper springs.

XLVI.

The water flashed like sunlight by the prow
 Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven ;
 The still air seemed as if its waves did flow
 In tempest down the mountains,—loosely driven
 The lady's radiant hair streamed to and fro ;
 Beneath, the billows having vainly striven
 Indignant and impetuous, roared to feel
 The swift and steady motion of the keel.

XLVII.

Or, when the weary moon was in the wane,
 Or in the noon of interlunar night,
 The lady-witch in visions could not chain
 Her spirit ; but sailed forth under the light
 Of shooting stars, and bade extend amain
 His storm-outspeeding wings, th' Hermaphrodite ;
 She to the Austral waters took her way,
 Beyond the fabulous Thamondocona.

XLVIII.

Where, like a meadow which no scythe has shaven,
 Which rain could never bend, or whirl-blast shake,
 With the Antarctic constellations paven,
 Canopus and his crew, lay th' Austral lake—
 There she would build herself a windless haven
 Out of the clouds whose moving turrets make
 The bastions of the storm, when through the sky
 The spirits of the tempest thundered by.

XLIX.

A haven, beneath whose translucent floor
The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,
And around which the solid vapours hoar,
Based on the level waters, to the sky
Lifted their dreadful crags ; and like a shore
Of wintry mountains, inaccessibly
Hemmed in with rifts and precipices grey,
And hanging crags, many a cove and bay.

L.

And whilst the outer lake beneath the lash
Of the winds' scourge, foamed like a wounded thing ;
And the incessant hail with stony clash
Ploughed up the waters, and the flagging wing
Of the roused cormorant in the lightning flash
Looked like the wreck of some wind-wandering
Fragment of inky thunder-smoke—this haven
Was as a gem to copy Heaven engraven.

LI.

On which that lady played her many pranks,
Circling the image of a shooting star,
Even as a tiger on Hydaspes' banks
Outspeeds the Antelopes which speediest are,
In her light boat ; and many quips and cranks
She played upon the water ; till the car
Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,
To journey from the misty east began.

LII.

And then she called out of the hollow turrets
Of those high clouds, white, golden, and vermilion,
The armies of her ministering spirits—
In mighty legions million after million

They came, each troop emblazoning its merits
 On meteor flags ; and many a proud pavilion,
 Of the intertexture of the atmosphere,
 They pitched upon the plain of the calm mere.

LIII.

They framed the imperial tent of their great Queen
 Of woven exhalations, underlaid
 With lambent lightning-fire, as may be seen
 A dome of thin and open ivory inlaid
 With crimson silk—cressets from the serene
 Hung there, and on the water for her tread,
 A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,
 Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon.

LIV.

And on a throne o'erlaid with starlight, caught
 Upon those wandering isles of aery dew,
 Which highest shoals of mountain shipwreck not,
 She sate, and heard all that had happened new
 Between the earth and moon since they had brought
 The last intelligence—and now she grew
 Pale as that moon, lost in the watery night—
 And now she wept, and now she laughed outright.

LV.

These were tame pleasures.—She would often climb
 The steepest ladder of the crudded rack
 Up to some beaked cape of cloud sublime,
 And like Arion on the dolphin's back
 Ride singing through the shoreless air. Oft time
 Following the serpent lightning's winding track,
 She ran upon the platforms of the wind,
 And laughed to hear the fire-balls roar behind.

LVI.

And sometimes to those streams of upper air,
Which whirl the earth in its diurnal round,
She would ascend, and win the spirits there
To let her join their chorus. Mortals found
That on those days the sky was calm and fair,
And mystic snatches of harmonious sound
Wandered upon the earth where'er she passed,
And happy thoughts of hope, too sweet to last.

LVII.

But her choice sport was, in the hours of sleep,
To glide adown old Nilus, when he threads
Egypt and Æthiopia, from the steep
Of utmost Axumé, until he spreads,
Like a calm flock of silver-fleeced sheep,
His waters on the plain : and crested heads
Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,
And many a vapour-belted pyramid.

LVIII.

By Mœris and the Mareotid lakes,
Strewn with faint blooms like bridal chamber floors ;
Where naked boys bridling tame water-snakes,
Or charioteering ghastly alligators,
Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes
Of those huge forms :—within the brazen doors
Of the great Labyrinth slept both boy and beast,
Tired with the pomp of their Osirian feast.

LIX.

And where within the surface of the river
The shadows of the massy temples lie,
And never are erased—but tremble ever
Like things which every cloud can doom to die,

Through lotus-pav'n canals, and wheresoever
 The works of man pierced that serenest sky
 With tombs, and towers, and fane, 'twas her delight
 To wander in the shadow of the night.

LX.

With motion like the spirit of that wind
 Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet
 Past through the peopled haunts of human kind,
 Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet
 Through fane and palace-court and labyrinth mined
 With many a dark and subterranean street
 Under the Nile ; through chambers high and deep
 She past, observing mortals in their sleep.

LXI.

A pleasure sweet doubtless it was to see
 Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep.
 Here lay two sister-twins in infancy ;
 There a lone youth who in his dreams did weep ;
 Within, two lovers linked innocently
 In their loose locks which over both did creep
 Like ivy from one stem ;—and there lay calm,
 Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm.

LXII.

But other troubled forms of sleep she saw,
 Not to be mirrored in a holy song,
 Distortions foul of supernatural awe,
 And pale imaginings of visioned wrong,
 And all the code of custom's lawless law
 Written upon the brows of old and young :
 "This," said the wizard maiden, "is the strife
 Which stirs the liquid surface of man's life."

LXIII.

And little did the sight disturb her soul—
We, the weak mariners of that wide lake,
Where'er its shores extend or billows roll,
Our course unpiloted and starless make
O'er its wide surface to an unknown goal,—
But she in the calm depths her way could take,
Where in bright bowers immortal forms abide,
Beneath the weltering of the restless tide.

LXIV.

And she saw princes couched under the glow
Of sunlike gems ; and round each temple-court
In dormitories ranged, row after row,
She saw the priests asleep,—all of one sort,
For all were educated to be so.
The peasants in their huts, and in the port
The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,
And the dead lulled within their dreamless graves.

LXV.

And all the forms in which those spirits lay,
Were to her sight like the diaphanous
Veils, in which those sweet ladies oft array
Their delicate limbs, who would conceal from us
Only their scorn of all concealment : they
Move in the light of their own beauty thus.
But these and all now lay with sleep upon them,
And little thought a Witch was looking on them.

LXVI.

She all those human figures breathing there
Beheld as living spirits—to her eyes
The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,
And often through a rude and worn disguise

She saw the inner form most bright and fair—
 And then,—she had a charm of strange device,
 Which, murmured on mute lips with tender tone,
 Could make that spirit mingle with her own.

LXVII.

Alas, Aurora! what wouldst thou have given
 For such a charm, when Tithon became grey?
 Or how much, Venus, of thy silver heaven
 Wouldst thou have yielded, ere Proserpina
 Had half (oh! why not all?) the debt forgiven
 Which dear Adonis had been doomed to pay,
 To any witch who would have taught you it?
 The Heliad doth not know its value yet.

LXVIII.

'Tis said in after times her spirit free
 Knew what love was, and felt itself alone—
 But holy Dian could not chaster be
 Before she stooped to kiss Endymion,
 Than now this lady—like a sexless bee
 Tasting all blossoms, and confined to none—
 Among those mortal forms, the wizard-maiden
 Passed with an eye serene and heart unladen.

LXIX.

To those she saw most beautiful, she gave
 Strange panacea in a crystal bowl.
 They drank in their deep sleep of that sweet wave,
 And lived thenceforth as if some control,
 Mightier than life, were in them; and the grave
 Of such, when death oppressed the weary soul,
 Was a green and over-arching bower
 Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.

LXX.

For on the night that they were buried, she
Restored the embalmers' ruining, and shook
The light out of the funeral lamps, to be
A mimic day within that deathly nook ;
And she unwound the woven imagery
Of second childhood's swaddling bands, and took
The coffin, its last cradle, from its niche,
And threw it with contempt into a ditch.

LXXI.

And there the body lay, age after age,
Mute, breathing, beating, warm, and undecaying,
Like one asleep in a green hermitage,
With gentle sleep about its eyelids playing,
And living in its dreams beyond the rage
Of death or life ; while they were still arraying
In liveries ever new the rapid, blind,
And fleeting generations of mankind.

LXXII.

And she would write strange dreams upon the brain
Of those who were less beautiful, and make
All harsh and crooked purposes more vain
Than in the desert is the serpent's wake
Which the sand covers,—all his evil gain
The miser in such dreams would rise and shake
Into a beggar's lap ;—the lying scribe
Would his own lies betray without a bribe.

LXXIII.

The priests would write an explanation full,
Translating hieroglyphics into Greek,
How the god Apis really was a bull,
And nothing more ; and bid the herald stick

The same against the temple doors, and pull
 The old cant down; they licensed all to speak
 Whate'er they thought of hawks, and cats, and geese,
 By pastoral letters to each diocese.

LXXIV.

The king would dress an ape up in his crown
 And robes, and seat him on his glorious seat,
 And on the right hand of the sunlike throne
 Would place a gaudy mock-bird to repeat
 The chatterings of the monkey.—Every one
 Of the prone courtiers crawled to kiss the feet
 Of their great Emperor when the morning came;
 And kissed—alas, how many kiss the same!

LXXV.

The soldiers dreamed that they were blacksmiths, and
 Walked out of quarters in somnambulism,
 Round the red anvils you might see them stand
 Like Cyclopes in Vulcan's sooty abysm,
 Beating their swords to ploughshares;—in a band
 The gaolers sent those of the liberal schism
 Free through the streets of Memphis; much, I wis,
 To the annoyance of king Amasis.

LXXVI.

And timid lovers who had been so coy,
 They hardly knew whether they loved or not,
 Would rise out of their rest, and take sweet joy,
 To the fulfilment of their inmost thought;
 And when next day the maiden and the boy
 Met one another, both, like sinners caught,
 Blushed at the thing which each believed was done
 Only in fancy—till the tenth moon shone;

LXXVII.

And then the Witch would let them take no ill :
 Of many thousand schemes which lovers find
 The Witch found one,—and so they took their fill
 Of happiness in marriage warm and kind.
 Friends who, by practice of some envious skill,
 Were torn apart, a wide wound, mind from mind !
 She did unite again with visions clear
 Of deep affection and of truth sincere.

LXXVIII.

These were the pranks she played among the cities
 Of mortal men, and what she did to sprites
 And Gods, entangling them in her sweet ditties,
 To do her will, and show their subtle slights,
 I will declare another time ; for it is
 A tale more fit for the weird winter nights—
 Than for these garish summer days, when we
 Scarcely believe much more than we can see.

 TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy ?

ODE TO NAPLES.*

EPODE I. a.

I stood within the city disinterred † ;
 And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
 Of spirits passing through the streets ; and heard
 The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
 Thrill through those roofless halls ;
 The oracular thunder penetrating shook
 The listening soul in my suspended blood ;
 I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
 I felt, but heard not :—through white columns glowed
 The isle-sustaining Ocean flood,
 A plane of light between two heavens of azure :
 Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
 Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
 Were to spare Death, had never made erasure ;
 But every living lineament was clear
 As in the sculptor's thought ; and there
 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,
 Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
 Seemed only not to move and grow
 Because the crystal silence of the air,
 Weighed on their life ; even as the Power divine,
 Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.

* The Author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiæ with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory Epodes, which depict the scenes and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.—*Author's Note.*

† Pompeii.

EPODE II. α.

Then gentle winds arose,
 With many a mingled close
 Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odour keen ;
 And where the Baian ocean
 Welters with air-like motion,
 Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,
 Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves,
 Even as the ever stormless atmosphere
 Floats o'er the Elysian realm,
 It bore me ; (like an Angel, o'er the waves
 Of sunlight, whose swift pinnacle of dewy air
 No storm can overwhelm ;)

I sailed where ever flows
 Under the calm Serene
 A spirit of deep emotion,
 From the unknown graves
 Of the dead kings of Melody *.

Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm
 The horizontal æther ; heaven stript bare
 Its depths over Elysium, where the prow
 Made the invisible water white as snow ;
 From that Typhæan mount, Inarimé,
 There streamed a sunlit vapour, like the standard
 Of some ethereal host ;
 Whilst from all the coast,
 Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered
 Over the oracular woods and divine sea
 Propesyings which grew articulate—
 They seize me—I must speak them ;—be they fate !

STROPHE α. 1.

NAPLES ! thou Heart of men, which ever pantest
 Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven !

* Homer and Virgil.

Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
 The mutinous air and sea! they round thee, even
 As sleep round Love, are driven!
 Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
 Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!
 Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,
 Which armed Victory offers up unstained
 To Love, the flower-enchained!
 Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
 Now art, and henceforth ever shall be, free,
 If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail.
 Hail, hail, all hail!

STROPHE β . 2.

Thou youngest giant birth,
 Which from the groaning earth
 Leap'st, clothed in armour of impenetrable scale!
 Last of the Intercessors
 Who 'gainst the Crowned Transgressors
 Pleadest before God's love! Arrayed in Wisdom's mail,
 Wave thy lightning lance in mirth;
 Nor let thy high heart fail,
 Though from their hundred gates the leagued Oppressors,
 With hurried legions move! Hail, hail, all hail!

ANTISTROPHE α .

What though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme
 Freedom and thee? thy shield is as a mirror
 To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
 To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer;
 A new Actæon's error
 Shall theirs have been—devoured by their own hounds!
 Be thou like the imperial Basilisk,
 Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds!

Gaze on oppression, till, at that dread risk
 Aghast, she pass from the Earth's disk ;
 Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow,
 And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe.
 If Hope, and Truth, and Justice may avail,
 Thou shalt be great.—All hail !

ANTISTROPHE β . 2.

From Freedom's form divine,
 From Nature's inmost shrine,
 Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by veil :
 O'er Ruin desolate,
 O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
 Sit thou sublime, unawed ; be the Destroyer pale !
 And equal laws be thine,
 And winged words let sail,
 Freighted with truth even from the throne of God :
 That wealth, surviving fate, be thine.—All hail !

ANTISTROPHE α . γ .

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan
 From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
 Till silence became music ? From the *Ææan* *
 To the cold Alps, eternal Italy
 Starts to hear thine ! The Sea
 Which paves the desert streets of Venice, laughs,
 In light and music ; widowed Genoa wan,
 By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,
 Murmuring, where is Doria ? fair Milan,
 Within whose veins long ran
 The viper's † palsyng venom, lifts her heel
 To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
 (If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail)
 Art thou of all these hopes.—O hail !

* *Ææa*, the Island of Circe.

† The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

ANTISTROPHE β . γ .

Florence! beneath the sun,
 Of cities fairest one,
 Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation:
 From eyes of quenchless hope
 Rome tears the priestly cope,
 As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,—
 An athlete stript to run
 From a remoter station
 For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore:—
 As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,
 So now may Fraud and Wrong! O hail!

EPODE I. β .

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
 Arrayed against the ever-living Gods?
 The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
 Bursting their inaccessible abodes
 Of crags and thunder-clouds?
 See ye the banners blazoned to the day,
 Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
 Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,
 The Serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide
 With iron light is dyed,
 The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions
 Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating;
 An hundred tribes nourished on strange religions
 And lawless slaveries,—down the aerial regions
 Of the white Alps, desolating,
 Famished wolves that bide no waiting,
 Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
 Trampling our columned cities into dust,
 Their dull and savage lust
 On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating—
 They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
 With fire—from their red feet the streams run gory!

EPODE II. β.

Great Spirit, deepest Love!
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are, within the Italian shore;
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it;
Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor,
Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison!
From the Earth's bosom chill;
O bid those beams be each a blinding brand
Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison!
Bid the Earth's plenty kill!
Bid thy bright Heaven above
Whilst light and darkness bound it,
Be their tomb who planned
To make it ours and thine!
Or, with thine harmonizing ardours fill
And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire—
Be man's high hope and unextinct desire
The instrument to work thy will divine!
Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
And frowns and fears from Thee,
Would not more swiftly flee,
Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.—
Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine
Thou yieldest or withholdest, Oh let be
This City of thy worship, ever free!

AUTUMN :

A DIRGE.



THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
 And the year
 On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
 Is lying,
 Come, months, come away,
 From November to May,
 In your saddest array ;
 Follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
 For the year ;
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
 To his dwelling ;
 Come, months, come away ;
 Put on white, black, and grey,
 Let your light sisters play—
 Ye, follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

DEATH.



DEATH is here, and death is there,
 Death is busy everywhere,
 All around, within, beneath,
 Above is death—and we are death.

Death has set his mark and seal
 On all we are and all we feel,
 On all we know and all we fear,

* * * *

First our pleasures die—and then
 Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
 These are dead, the debt is due,
 Dust claims dust—and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,
 Like ourselves, must fade and perish ;
 Such is our rude mortal lot—
 Love itself would, did they not.



LIBERTY.



THE fiery mountains answer each other ;
 Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone ;
 The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
 And the ice-rocks are shaken round winter's throne,
 When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
 Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around ;
 Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
 An hundred are shuddering and tottering ; the sound
 Is bellowing underground.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp ;
 Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean ; thy stare
 Makes blind the volcanoes ; the sun's bright lamp
 To thine is a fen-fire damp.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
 The sunlight is darted through vapour and blast ;
 From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
 From city to hamlet, thy dawning is cast,—
 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
 In the van of the morning light.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
 In what cavern of the night
 Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
 Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
 In what depth of night or day
 Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
 Like the world's rejected guest,
 Hast thou still some secret nest
 On the tree or billow?

THE TOWER OF FAMINE.*

AMID the desolation of a city,
 Which was the cradle, and is now the grave,
 Of an extinguished people ; so that pity
 Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,
 There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built
 Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave
 For bread, and gold, and blood : pain, linked to guilt,
 Agitates the light flame of their hours,
 Until its vital oil is spent or spilt :
 There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
 And sacred domes ; each marble-ribbed roof,
 The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers
 Of solitary wealth ! the tempest-proof
 Pavilions of the dark Italian air
 Are by its presence dimmed—they stand aloof,
 And are withdrawn—so that the world is bare,
 As if a spectre, wrapt in shapeless terror,
 Amid a company of ladies fair
 Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
 Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,
 The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,
 Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

* At Pisa there still exists the prison of Ugolino, which goes by the name of "La Torre della Fame : " in the adjoining building the galley-slaves are confined. It is situated near the Ponte al Mare on the Arno.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
 When the north wind congregates in crowds
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds
 From the horizon—and the stainless sky
 Opens beyond them like eternity.
 All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,
 The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds ;
 The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
 In the deep forests ; and the fishes lie
 Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
 Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
 A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick ; and when,
 Among their children, comfortable men
 Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold :
 Alas ! then for the homeless beggar old !

AN ALLEGORY.

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant
 Stands yawning on the highway of the life
 Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt ;
 Around it rages an unceasing strife
 Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt

The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
 Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

And many passed it by with careless tread,
 Not knowing that a shadowy []
 Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
 Wait peacefully for their companion new ;
 But others, by more curious humour led,
 Pause to examine,—these are very few,
 And they learn little there, except to know
 That shadows follow them where'er they go.

 SONNET.

YE hasten to the dead ! What seek ye there,
 Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
 Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear ?
 O thou quick Heart, which pantest to possess
 All that anticipation feigneth fair !
 Thou vainly curious Mind which wouldest guess
 Whence thou didst come, and whither thou mayest go,
 And that which never yet was known wouldst know—
 Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press
 With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
 Seeking alike from happiness and woe
 A refuge in the cavern of grey death ?
 O heart, and mind, and thoughts ! What thing do you
 Hope to inherit in the grave below ?

LINES TO A REVIEWER.

ALAS! good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?
There is no sport in hate where all the rage
Is on one side. In vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
In which not even contempt lurks, to beguile
Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.
Oh conquer what you cannot satiate!
For to your passion I am far more coy
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
In winter noon. Of your antipathy
If I am the Narcissus you are free
To pine into a sound with hating me.

NOTE ON THE POEMS OF 1820.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE spent the latter part of the year 1819 in Florence, where Shelley passed several hours daily in the Gallery, and made various notes on its ancient works of art. His thoughts were a good deal taken up also by the project of a steam-boat, undertaken by a friend, an engineer, to ply between Leghorn and Marseilles, for which he supplied a sum of money. This was a sort of plan to delight Shelley, and he was greatly disappointed when it was thrown aside.

There was something in Florence that disagreed excessively with his health, and he suffered far more pain than usual ; so much so that we left it sooner than we intended, and removed to Pisa, where we had some friends, and, above all, where we could consult the celebrated Vaccà, as to the cause of Shelley's sufferings. He, like every other medical man, could only guess at that, and gave little hope of immediate relief ; he enjoined him to abstain from all physicians and medicine, and to leave his complaint to nature. As he had vainly consulted medical men of the highest repute in England, he was easily persuaded to adopt this advice. Pain and ill-health followed him to the end, but the residence at Pisa

agreed with him better than any other, and there in consequence we remained.

In the spring we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends, who were absent on a journey to England.—It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes, whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fire-flies, that we heard the carolling of the sky-lark, which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems. He addressed the letter to Mrs. Gisborne from this house, which was hers ; he had made his study of the workshop of her son, who was an engineer. Mrs. Gisborne had been a friend of my father in her younger days. She was a lady of great accomplishments, and charming from her frank and affectionate nature. She had the most intense love of knowledge, a delicate and trembling sensibility, and preserved freshness of mind, after a life of considerable adversity. As a favourite friend of my father we had sought her with eagerness, and the most open and cordial friendship was established between us.

We spent the summer at the baths of San Giuliano, four miles from Pisa. These baths were of great use to Shelley in soothing his nervous irritability. We made several excursions in the neighbourhood. The country around is fertile ; and diversified and rendered picturesque by ranges of near hills and more distant mountains. The peasantry are a handsome, intelligent race, and there was a gladsome sunny heaven spread over us, that rendered home and every scene we visited cheerful and bright. During some of the hottest days of August, Shelley made a solitary journey on foot to the summit of Monte San Pelegrino—a mountain of some height, on the top of which there is a chapel, the object, during certain days

in the year, of many pilgrimages. The excursion delighted him while it lasted, though he exerted himself too much, and the effect was considerable lassitude and weakness on his return. During the expedition he conceived the idea and wrote, in the three days immediately succeeding to his return, *The Witch of Atlas*. This poem is peculiarly characteristic of his tastes—wildly fanciful, full of brilliant imagery, and discarding human interest and passion, to revel in the fantastic ideas that his imagination suggested.

The surpassing excellence of *The Cenci* had made me greatly desire that Shelley should increase his popularity, by adopting subjects that would more suit the popular taste, than a poem conceived in the abstract and dreamy spirit of *The Witch of Atlas*. It was not only that I wished him to acquire popularity as redounding to his fame; but I believed that he would obtain a greater mastery over his own powers, and greater happiness in his mind, if public applause crowned his endeavours. The few stanzas that precede the poem were addressed to me on my representing these ideas to him. Even now I believe that I was in the right. Shelley did not expect sympathy and approbation from the public; but the want of it took away a portion of the ardour that ought to have sustained him while writing. He was thrown on his own resources, and on the inspiration of his own soul, and wrote because his mind overflowed, without the hope of being appreciated. I had not the most distant wish that he should truckle in opinion, or submit his lofty aspirations for the human race to the low ambition and pride of the many, but I felt sure, that if his poems were more addressed to the common feelings of men, his proper rank among the writers of the day would be acknowledged; and

that popularity as a poet would enable his countrymen to do justice to his character and virtues ; which, in those days, it was the mode to attack with the most flagitious calumnies and insulting abuse. That he felt these things deeply cannot be doubted, though he armed himself with the consciousness of acting from a lofty and heroic sense of right. The truth burst from his heart sometimes in solitude, and he would write a few unfinished verses that showed that he felt the sting ; among such I find the following :—

Alas ! this is not what I thought life was.
I knew that there were crimes and evil men,
Misery and hate ; nor did I hope to pass
Untouched by suffering, through the rugged glen.
In mine own heart I saw as in a glass
The hearts of others. . . . And when
I went among my kind, with triple brass
Of calm endurance my weak breast I armed,
To bear scorn, fear, and hate, a woful mass !

I believed that all this morbid feeling would vanish, if the chord of sympathy between him and his countrymen were touched. But my persuasions were vain, the mind could not be bent from its natural inclination. Shelley shrunk instinctively from portraying human passion, with its mixture of good and evil, of disappointment and disquiet. Such opened again the wounds of his own heart, and he loved to shelter himself rather in the airiest flights of fancy, forgetting love and hate, and regret and lost hope, in such imagination as borrowed their hues from sunrise or sunset, from the yellow moonshine or paly twilight, from the aspect of the far ocean or the shadows of the woods ; which celebrated the singing of the winds among the pines, the flow of a murmuring stream, and the thousand harmonious sounds which nature creates in her solitudes. These are the materials which form *The Witch*

of Atlas ; it is a brilliant congregation of ideas, such as his senses gathered, and his fancy coloured, during his rambles in the sunny land he so much loved.

Our stay at the baths of San Giuliano was shortened by an accident. At the foot of our garden ran the canal that communicated between the Serchio and the Arno. The Serchio overflowed its banks, and breaking its bounds, this canal also overflowed ; all this part of the country is below the level of its rivers, and the consequence was, that it was speedily flooded. The rising waters filled the square of the baths, in the lower part of which our house was situated. The canal overflowed in the garden behind ; the rising waters on either side at last burst open the doors, and meeting in the house, rose to the height of six feet. It was a picturesque sight at night, to see the peasants driving the cattle from the plains below, to the hills above the baths. A fire was kept up to guide them across the ford ; and the forms of the men and the animals showed in dark relief against the red glare of the flame, which was reflected again in the waters that filled the square.

We then removed to Pisa, and took up our abode there for the winter. The extreme mildness of the climate suited Shelley, and his solitude was enlivened by an intercourse with several intimate friends. Chance cast us, strangely enough, on this quiet, half-unpeopled town ; but its very peace suited Shelley,—its river, the near mountains, and not distant sea, added to its attractions, and were the objects of many delightful excursions. We feared the south of Italy, and a hotter climate, on account of our child ; our former bereavement inspiring us with terror. We seemed to take root here, and moved little afterwards ; often, indeed, entertaining

projects for visiting other parts of Italy, but still delaying. But for our fears on account of our child, I believe we should have wandered over the world, both being passionately fond of travelling. But human life, besides its great unalterable necessities, is ruled by a thousand liliputian ties, that shackle at the time, although it is difficult to account afterwards for their influence over our destiny.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821.



EPIPSYCHIDION :

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND UNFORTUNATE

LADY EMILIA V——.

NOW IMPRISONED IN THE CONVENT OF——.



“ L’ anima amante si slancia furio del creato, e si crea nel infinito un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.”—*Her own words.*



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

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer of the following lines died at Florence, as he was preparing for a voyage to one of the wildest of the Sporades, which he had bought, and where he had fitted up the ruins of an old building, and where it was his hope to have realised a scheme of life, suited perhaps to that happier and better world of which he is now an inhabitant, but hardly practicable in this. His life was singular ; less on account of the romantic vicissitudes which diversified it, than the ideal tinge which it received from his own character and feelings. The present Poem, like the Vita Nuova of Dante, is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates ; and to a certain other class it must ever remain incomprehensible, from a defect of a common organ of perception for the ideas of which it treats. Not but that, *gran vergogna sarebbe a colui, che rimasse cosa sotto veste di figura, o di colore rettorico : e domandato non sapesse denudare le sue parole da cotal veste, in guisa che avessero verace intendimento.*

The present poem appears to have been intended by the writer as the dedication to some longer one. The stanza on the preceding page is almost a literal translation from Dante's famous canzone

Voi ch' intendendo, il terzo ciel movete, &c.

The presumptuous application of the concluding lines to his own composition will raise a smile at the expense of my unfortunate friend : be it a smile not of contempt, but pity.

S.

EPIPSYCHIDION.

SWEET Spirit! Sister of that orphan one,
Whose empire is the name thou weapest on,
In my heart's temple I suspend to thee
These votive wreaths of withered memory.

Poor captive bird! who, from thy narrow cage,
Pourest such music, that it might assuage
The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee,
Were they not deaf to all sweet melody;
This song shall be thy rose: its petals pale
Are dead, indeed, my adored Nightingale!
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,
And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-winged Heart! who dost for ever
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,
Till those bright plumes of thought, in which arrayed
It over-soared this low and worldly shade,
Lie shattered; and thy panting wounded breast
Stains with dear blood its unmaternal nest!
I weep vain tears: blood would less bitter be,
Yet poured forth gladlier, could it profit thee.

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality!

Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse!
 Veiled Glory of this lampless Universe!
 Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
 Among the Dead! thou Star above the Storm!
 Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
 Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
 In whom, as in the splendour of the Sun,
 All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
 Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee now
 Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow;
 I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song
 All of its much mortality and wrong,
 With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
 From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,
 Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy:
 Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see
 Youth's vision thus made perfect: Emily,
 I love thee; though the world by no thin name
 Will hide that love from its unvalued shame.
 Would we two had been twins of the same mother!
 Or, that the name my heart lent to another
 Could be a sister's bond for her and thee,
 Blending two beams of one eternity!
 Yet were one lawful and the other true,
 These names, though dear, could paint not, as is due,
 How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me!
 I am not thine: I am a part of *thee*.

Sweet Lamp! my moth-like Muse has burnt its wings,
 Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,
 Young Love should teach Time, in his own grey style,
 All that thou art. Art thou not void of guile,
 A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless?

A well of sealed and secret happiness,
 Whose waters like blithe light and music are,
 Vanquishing dissonance and gloom? A Star
 Which moves not in the moving Heavens, alone?
 A smile amid dark frowns? a gentle tone
 Amid rude voices? a beloved light?
 A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight?
 A lute, which those whom love has taught to play
 Make music on, to soothe the roughest day
 And lull fond grief asleep? a buried treasure?
 A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure?
 A violet-shrouded grave of Woe?—I measure
 The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,
 And find—alas! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,
 And lured me towards sweet Death; as Night by Day,
 Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,
 Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,
 In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
 Were less ethereally light: the brightness
 Of her divinest presence trembles through
 Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew
 Embodied in the windless heaven of June.
 Amid the splendour-winged stars, the Moon
 Burns inextinguishably beautiful:
 And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full
 Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,
 Killing the sense with passion: sweet as stops
 Of planetary music heard in trance.
 In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,
 The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap
 Under the lightnings of the soul—too deep
 For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense.
 The glory of her being, issuing thence,

Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade
 Of unentangled intermixture, made
 By Love, of light and motion ; one intense
 Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,
 Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing
 Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing
 With the unintermitted blood, which there
 Quivers, (as in a fleece of snow-like air
 The crimson pulse of living morning quiver,)
 Continuously prolonged, and ending never,
 Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled
 Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world ;
 Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.
 Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress,
 And her loose hair ; and where some heavy tress
 The air of her own speed has disentwined,
 The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind ;
 And in the soul a wild odour is felt,
 Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt
 Into the bosom of a frozen bud.
 See where she stands ! a mortal shape indued
 With love and life and light and deity,
 And motion which may change but cannot die ;
 An image of some bright Eternity ;
 A shadow of some golden dream ; a Splendour
 Leaving the third sphere pilotless ; a tender
 Reflection on the eternal Moon of Love,
 Under whose motions life's dull billows move ;
 A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning ;
 A vision like incarnate April, warning,
 With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy
 Into his summer grave.

Ah ! woe is me !

What have I dared ? where am I lifted ? how

Shall I descend, and perish not? I know
 That Love makes all things equal: I have heard .
 By mine own heart this joyous truth averred:
 The spirit of the worm beneath the sod,
 In love and worship, blends itself with God.

Spouse! Sister! Angel! Pilot of the Fate
 Whose course has been so starless! O too late
 Beloved! O too soon adored, by me!
 For in the fields of immortality
 My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,
 A divine presence in a place divine;
 Or should have moved beside it on this earth,
 A shadow of that substance, from its birth;
 But not as now:—I love thee; yes, I feel
 That on the fountain of my heart a seal
 Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
 For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast delight.
 We—are we not formed, as notes of music are,
 For one another, though dissimilar;
 Such difference without discord, as can make
 Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake,
 As trembling leaves in a continuous air?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare
 Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wreckt.
 I never was attached to that great sect,
 Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
 Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
 And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
 To cold oblivion, though it is in the code
 Of modern morals, and the beaten road
 Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,
 Who travel to their home among the dead
 By the broad highway of the world, and so

With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
Gazing on many truths ; 'tis like thy light,
Imagination ! which, from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human phantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The Universe with glorious beams, and kills
Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates
One object, and one form, and builds thereby
A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in this :
Evil from good ; misery from happiness ;
The baser from the nobler ; the impure
And frail, from what is clear and must endure.
If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away ;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole ; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared :
This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw
The unenvied light of hope ; the eternal law
By which those live, to whom this world of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft
 Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
 In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
 Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
 Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
 Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
 Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
 Paved her light steps ;—on an imagined shore,
 Under the grey beak of some promontory
 She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,
 That I beheld her not. In solitudes
 Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,
 And from the fountains, and the odours deep
 Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep
 Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,
 Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured air ;
 And from the breezes whether low or loud,
 And from the rain of every passing cloud,
 And from the singing of the summer-birds,
 And from all sounds, all silence. In the words
 Of antique verse and high romance,—in form,
 Sound, colour—in whatever checks that Storm
 Which with the shattered present chokes the past ;
 And in that best philosophy, whose taste
 Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
 As glorious as a fiery martyrdom ;
 Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.—

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy youth
 I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire,
 And towards the loadstar of my one desire,
 I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight
 Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,
 When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
 A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,

As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.—
But She, whom prayers or tears then could not tame,
Past, like a God throned on a winged planet,
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade ;
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,
I would have followed, though the grave between
Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen :
When a voice said :—“ O Thou of hearts the weakest,
The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest.”
Then I—“ Where ? ” the world's echo answered “ where ! ”
And in that silence, and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul ;
And murmured names and spells which have controul
Over the sightless tyrants of our fate ;
But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate
The night which closed on her ; nor uncreate
That world within this Chaos, mine and me,
Of which she was the veiled Divinity,
The world I say of thoughts that worshipped her :
And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear,
And every gentle passion sick to death,
Feeding my course with expectation's breath,
Into the wintry forest of our life ;
And struggling through its error with vain strife,
And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,
And half bewildered by new forms, I past
Seeking among those untaught foresters
If I could find one form resembling hers,
In which she might have masked herself from me.
There,—One, whose voice was venomed melody
Sate by a well, under blue night-shade bowers ;
The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,

Her touch was as electric poison,—flame
 Out of her looks into my vitals came,
 And from her living cheeks and bosom flew
 A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew
 Into the core of my green heart, and lay
 Upon its leaves ; until, as hair grown grey
 O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime
 With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought
 The shadow of that idol of my thought.
 And some were fair—but beauty dies away :
 Others were wise—but honeyed words betray :
 And One was true—oh ! why not true to me ?
 Then, as a hunted deer, that could not flee,
 I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,
 Wounded, and weak, and panting ; the cold day
 Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain,
 When, like a noon-day dawn, there shone again
 Deliverance. One stood on my path who seemed
 As like the glorious shape which I had dreamed,
 As is the Moon, whose changes ever run
 Into themselves, to the eternal Sun ;
 The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright isles,
 Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles.
 That wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame
 Which ever is transformed, yet still the same,
 And warms not but illumines. Young and fair
 As the descended Spirit of that sphere,
 She hid me, as the Moon may hide the night
 From its own darkness, until all was bright
 Between the Heaven and Earth of my calm mind,
 And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,
 She led me to a cave in that wild place,
 And sat beside me, with her downward face

Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon
 Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.
 And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
 And all my being became bright or dim
 As the Moon's image in a summer sea,
 According as she smiled or frowned on me ;
 And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed :
 Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead :—
 For at her silver voice came Death and Life,
 Unmindful each of their accustomed strife,
 Masked like twin babes, a sister and a brother,
 The wandering hopes of one abandoned mother,
 And through the cavern without wings they flew,
 And cried, " Away ! he is not of our crew."
 I wept, and, though it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,
 Blotting that Moon, whose pale and waning lips
 Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse ;—
 And how my soul was as a lampless sea,
 And who was then its Tempest ; and when She,
 The Planet of that hour, was quenched, what frost
 Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast
 The moving billows of my being fell
 Into a death of ice, immoveable ;—
 And then—what earthquakes made it gape and split,
 The white Moon smiling all the while on it,
 These words conceal :—If not, each word would be
 The key of staunchless tears. Weep not for me !

At length, into the obscure forest came
 The vision I had sought through grief and shame.
 Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
 Flashed from her motion splendour like the Morn's,
 And from her presence life was radiated

Through the grey earth and branches bare and dead ;
 So that her way was paved, and roofed above
 With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love ;
 And music from her respiration spread
 Like light,—all other sounds were penetrated
 By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,
 So that the savage winds hung mute around ;
 And odours warm and fresh fell from her hair
 Dissolving the dull cold in the froze air :
 Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,
 When light is changed to love, this glorious One
 Floated into the cavern where I lay,
 And called my Spirit, and the dreaming clay
 Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below
 As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow
 I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night
 Was penetrating me with living light :
 I knew it was the Vision veiled from me
 So many years—that it was Emily.

Thin Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth,
 This world of love, this *me* ; and into birth
 Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart
 Magnetic might into its central heart ;
 And lift its billows and its mists, and guide
 By everlasting laws each wind and tide
 To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave ;
 And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave
 Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers
 The armies of the rainbow-winged showers ;
 And, as those married lights, which from the towers
 Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe
 In liquid sleep and splendour, as a robe ;
 And all their many-mingled influence blend,
 If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end ;—

So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway,
 Govern my sphere of being, night and day !
 Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed might ;
 Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light ;
 And, through the shadow of the seasons three,
 From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,
 Light it into the Winter of the tomb,
 Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.
 Thou too, O Comet, beautiful and fierce,
 Who drew the heart of this frail Universe
 Towards thine own ; till, wreckt in that convulsion,
 Alternating attraction and repulsion,
 Thine went astray, and that was rent in twain ;
 Oh, float into our azure heaven again !
 Be there love's folding-star at thy return ;
 The living Sun will feed thee from its urn
 Of golden fire ; the Moon will veil her horn
 In thy last smiles ; adoring Even and Morn
 Will worship thee with incense of calm breath
 And lights and shadows ; as the star of Death
 And Birth is worshipped by those sisters wild
 Called Hope and Fear—upon the heart are piled
 Their offerings,—of this sacrifice divine
 A World shall be the altar.

Lady mine,

Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth
 Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth,
 Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,
 Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me.
 To whatso'er of dull mortality
 Is mine, remain a vestal sister still ;
 To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,

Not mine, but me, henceforth be thou united
 Even as a bride, delighting and delighted.
 The hour is come :—the destined Star has risen
 Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.
 The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set
 The sentinels—but true love never yet
 Was thus constrained : it overleaps all fence :
 Like lightning, with invisible violence
 Piercing its continents ; like Heaven's free breath,
 Which he who grasps can hold not ; liker Death,
 Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
 Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array
 Of arms : more strength has Love than he or they ;
 For he can burst his charnel, and make free
 The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
 The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,

A ship is floating in the harbour now,
 A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow ;
 There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
 No keel has ever ploughed that path before ;
 The halcyons brood around the foamless isles ;
 The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles ;
 The merry mariners are bold and free :
 Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me ?
 Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
 Is a far Eden of the purple East ;
 And we between her wings will sit, while Night,
 And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
 Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
 It is an isle under Ionian skies,
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
 And, for the harbours are not safe and good,

This land would have remained a solitude
But for some pastoral people native there,
Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
Simple and spirited ; innocent and bold.
The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,
Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar ;
And all the winds wandering along the shore
Undulate with the undulating tide :
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide ;
And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
As clear as elemental diamond,
Or serene morning air ; and far beyond,
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year.)
Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
Illumining, with sound that never fails,
Accompany the noonday nightingales ;
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs ;
The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eye-lids like faint sleep ;
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
With that deep music is in unison :
Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.—
It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity ;
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,

Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young air.
It is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never light
Upon its mountain-peaks ; blind vultures, they
Sail onward far upon their fatal way :
The winged storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm
To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
From which its fields and woods ever renew
Their green and golden immortality.
And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,
Veil after veil, each hiding some delight.
Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,
Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride
Glowing at once with love and loveliness,
Blushes and trembles at its own excess :
Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
An atom of the Eternal, whose own smile
Unfolds itself, and may be felt not seen
O'er the grey rocks, blue waves, and forests green,
Filling their bare and void interstices.—
But the chief marvel of the wilderness
Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how
None of the rustic island-people know ;
'Tis not a tower of strength, though with its height
It overtops the woods ; but, for delight,
Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere crime
Had been invented, in the world's young prime,
Reared it, a wonder of that simple time,
And envy of the isles, a pleasure-house
Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.
It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,
But, as it were, Titanic ; in the heart

Of Earth having assumed its form, then grown
 Out of the mountains, from the living stone,
 Lifting itself in caverns light and high :
 For all the antique and learned imagery
 Has been erased, and in the place of it
 The ivy and the wild vine interknit
 The volumes of their many-twining stems ;
 Parasite flowers illumine with dewy gems
 The lampless halls, and when they fade, the sky
 Peeps through their winter-woof of tracery
 With moonlight patches, or star atoms keen,
 Or fragments of the day's intense serene ;
 Working mosaic on their Parian floors.
 And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers
 And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem
 To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
 Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
 Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed
 Thee to be lady of the solitude.
 And I have fitted up some chambers there
 Looking towards the golden Eastern air,
 And level with the living winds, which flow
 Like waves above the living waves below.
 I have sent books and music there, and all
 Those instruments with which high spirits call
 The future from its cradle, and the past
 Out of its grave, and make the present last
 In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,
 Folded within their own eternity.
 Our simple life wants little, and true taste
 Hires not the pale drudge Luxury to waste
 The scene it would adorn, and therefore still,
 Nature, with all her children, haunts the hill.

The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy, yet
Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit
Round the evening tower, and the young stars glance
Between the quick bats in their twilight dance ;
The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight
Before our gate, and the slow silent night
Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.
Be this our home in life, and when years heap
Their withered hours, like leaves, on our decay,
Let us become the overhanging day,
The living soul of this Elysian isle,
Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile
We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
And wander in the meadows, or ascend
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend
With lightest winds, to touch their paramour ;
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,
Under the quick faint kisses of the sea
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—
Possessing and possest by all that is
Within that calm circumference of bliss,
And by each other, till to love and live
Be one :—or, at the noontide hour, arrive
Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,
Through which the awakened day can never peep ;
A veil for our seclusion, close as Night's,
Where secure sleep may kill thine innocent lights ;
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.
And we will talk, until thought's melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
In words, to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,

Harmonising silence without a sound.
Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together ; and our lips,
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them ; and the wells
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity,
As mountain-springs under the morning Sun.
We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames, oh ! wherefore two ?
One passion in twin-hearts, which grows and grew
Till like two meteors of expanding flame,
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever still
Burning, yet ever unconsumable :
In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure and light and unimbued
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away :
One hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,
And one annihilation. Woe is me !
The winged words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of love's rare Universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire.—
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire !

Weak verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,
And say :—" We are the masters of thy slave ;
" What wouldest thou with us and ours and thine ? "

Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,
All singing loud: "Love's very pain is sweet,
But its reward is in the world divine,
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave."
So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste
Over the hearts of men, until ye meet
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,
And bid them love each other, and be blest:
And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,
And come and be my guest,—for I am Love's.

ADONAIS;

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS,

AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION, ETC.

Ἄστυς πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζώοισιν εἶδος.
Nūn δὲ θανῶν, λάμπεις ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

PLATO.

PREFACE.

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον εἶδες
Πῶς τευ τοῖς χεῖλεσσι ποτέδραμε, κοῦκ ἐγλυκάνθη;
Τίς δὲ βροτὸς τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ἢ κεράσαι τοι,
Ἡ δοῦναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἔκφυγεν ᾧδάν.

MOSCHUS, EPITAPH. BION.

It is my intention to subjoin to the London edition of this poem, a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled, prove at least that I am an impartial judge. I consider the fragment of "Hyperion," as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats died at Rome, of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the 27th of December, 1820, and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy

walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses, was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful ; and where canker-worms abound, what wonder, if its young flower was blighted in the bud ? The savage criticism on his "Endymion," which appeared in the Quarterly Review, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind ; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs ; a rapid consumption ensued ; and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said, that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one, like Keats's, composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to "Endymion," was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, "Paris," and "Woman," and a "Syrian Tale," and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barret, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure ? Are these the men, who in their venal good-nature, presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron ? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels ? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone ? Miserable man ! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the Elegy was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of "Endymion" was exasperated at the bitter sense of unrequited benefits ; the poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect, to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career——may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name !

ADONAI8.



I.

I WEEP for ADONAI8—he is dead !
Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow ; say : with me
Died Adonais ; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity !

II.

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness ? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

III.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead !
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !
 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
 Descend :—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air ;
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !
 Lament anew, Urania !—He died,
 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride
 The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
 Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death ; but his clear Sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth ; the third among the sons of light.

V.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb :
 And happier they their happiness who knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
 In which suns perished ; others more sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

VI.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
 And fed with true love tears instead of dew ;
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

VII.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came ; and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away !
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof ! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay ;
 Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more !
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
 Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX.

Oh, weep for Adonais !—The quick Dreams,
 The passion-winged Ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not,—
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home again.

X.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
 “ Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead ;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
 A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.”
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise !
 She knew not 'twas her own ; as with no stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

XI.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
 Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them ;
 Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw,
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;
 Another in her wilful grief would break
 Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
 A greater loss with one which was more weak ;
 And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

XII.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
 That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
 Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart beneath
 With lightning and with music : the damp death
 Quenched its caress upon its icy lips ;
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

XIII.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,
 Winged Persuasions, and veiled Destinies,
 Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
 Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies ;
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
 Came in slow pomp ;—the moving pomp might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought
 From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day ;
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
 And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.

xv.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain they pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

xvi.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?
 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou Adonais ; wan they stand and sere
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,
 With dew all turned to tears ; odour, to sighing ruth.

xvii.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
 Her mighty youth, with morning doth complain,
 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
 As Albion wails for thee : the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
 And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest !

XVIII.

Ah woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year ;
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;
 The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear ;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier ;
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and brere ;
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean,
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
 As it has ever done, with change and motion,
 From the great morning of the world when first
 God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream immersed,
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst ;
 Diffuse themselves ; and spend in love's delight,
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

XX.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender,
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ;
 Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning ? th' intense atom glows
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

XXI.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

XXII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
 A wound more fierce than his tears and sighs."
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
 And all the echoes whom their sister's song
 Had held in holy silence, cried, "Arise!"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

XXIII.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt, Urania,
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere
 Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way,
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her aery tread
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell ;
 And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

XXV.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,
 Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
 "Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night !
 Leave me not !" cried Urania : her distress
 Roused Death : Death rose and smiled, and met her vain
 caress.

XXVI.

"Stay yet awhile ! speak to me once again ;
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain
 That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
 Of thee, my Adonais ! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art,
 But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart !

XXVII.

" O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
 Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den ?
 Defenceless as thou wert, oh ! where was then
 Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the spear ?
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII.

" The herded wolves, bold only to pursue ;
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead ;
 The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion ;—how they fled,
 When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
 And smiled !—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

XXIX.

" The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn ;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again ;
 So it is in the world of living men :
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

xxx.

Thus ceased she : and the mountain shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent ;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow ; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

xxxI.

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
 A phantom among men, companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
 Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
 Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

xxxII.

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—
 A love in desolation masked ;—a Power
 Girt round with weakness ;—it can scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour ;
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow ;—even whilst we speak
 Is it not broken ? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles brightly : on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

XXXIII.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue ;
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
 Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,
 Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew
 He came the last, neglected and apart ;
 A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
 Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle band
 Who in another's fate now wept his own ;
 As in the accents of an unknown land
 He sang new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned
 The Stranger's mien, and murmured : " Who art thou ? "
 He answered not, but with a sudden hand
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh ! that it should be so !

XXXV.

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
 In mockery of monumental stone,
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?
 If it be he, who, gentlest of the wise,
 Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one ;
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh !
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe ?
 The nameless worm would now itself disown :
 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate and wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

XXXVII.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !
 Live ! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name !
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be !
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow :
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee ;
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

XXXVIII.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion-kites that scream below ;
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead ;
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
 Dust to the dust ! but the pure spirit shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

XXXIX.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings—*We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
 Which like a morning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

XLII.

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
 All new successions to the forms they wear,
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heavens' light.

XLIV.

The splendours of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved ;
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reprov'd.

XLVI.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry ;
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid a Heaven of song.
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

XLVII.

Who mourns for Adonais ? oh come forth,
 Fond wretch ! and know thyself and him aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth ;
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Satiates the void circumference : then shrink
 Even to a point within our day and night ;
 And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

XLVIII.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
 Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
 That ages, empires, and religions, there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
 For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
 Glory from those who made the world their prey;
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their times' decay,
 And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
 The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
 And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness
 Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,

L.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

LI.

Here pause : these graves are all too young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each ; and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

LII.

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
 Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

LIII.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
 Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near :
 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV.

That light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

LV.

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

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
 Star-inwrought!
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noon-tide bee,

Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

 FROM THE ARABIC.

 AN IMITATION.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
 Of thy looks, my love;
 It panted for thee like the hind at noon
 For the brooks, my love.
 Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,
 Bore thee far from me;
 My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
 Did companion thee.

Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
 Or the death they bear,
 The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
 With the wings of care;
 In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
 Shall mine cling to thee,
 Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
 It may bring to thee.

TO E*** V***.

MADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me
 Sweet-basil and mignonette?
 Embleming love and health, which never yet
 In the same wreath might be.
 Alas, and they are wet!
 Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?
 For never rain or dew
 Such fragrance drew
 From plant or flower—the very doubt endears
 My sadness ever new,
 The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves are years,
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
 Claspest the limits of mortality!
 And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
 Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;
 Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable Sea?

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

THE waters are flashing,
 The white hail is dashing,
 The lightnings are glancing,
 The hoar-spray is dancing—
 Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
 The thunder is tolling,
 The forest is swinging,
 The minster bells ringing—
 Come away!

The Earth is like Ocean,
 Wreck-strewn and in motion :
 Bird, beast, man, and worm,
 Have crept out of the storm—
 Come away!

II.

“ Our boat has one sail,
 And the helmsman is pale ;—
 A bold pilot I trow,
 Who should follow us now,”—
 Shouted He—

And she cried : “ Ply the oar ;
 Put off gaily from shore ! ”—
 As she spoke, bolts of death
 Mixed with hail, specked their path
 O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,
 The blue beacon-cloud broke,
 Though dumb in the blast,
 The red cannon flashed fast
 From the lee.

III.

“And fear’st thou, and fear’st thou?
 And see’st thou, and hear’st thou?
 And drive we not free
 O’er the terrible sea,
 I and thou?”

One boat-cloak did cover
 The loved and the lover—
 Their blood beats one measure,
 They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low;—

While around the lashed Ocean,
 Like mountains in motion,
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,
 Sunk, shattered, and shifted,
 To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
 Beside the pale portress,
 Like a blood-hound well beaten
 The bridegroom stands, eaten
 By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
 As a death-boding spirit,
 Stands the grey tyrant father,
 To his voice the mad weather
 Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
 As e'er cling to child,
 He devotes to the blast
 The best, loveliest, and last
 Of his name !

MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow dies ;
 All that we wish to stay,
 Tempts and then flies ;
 What is this world's delight ?
 Lightning that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !
 Friendship too rare !
 Love, how it sells poor bliss
 For proud despair !
 But we, though soon they fall,
 Survive their joy and all
 Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
 Whilst flowers are gay,
 Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day ;
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep
 Then wake to weep.

TO _____.



MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed ;
 Yes, I was firm—thus wert not thou ;—
 My baffled looks did fear yet dread
 To meet thy looks—I could not know
 How anxiously they sought to shine
 With soothing pity upon mine.

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
 Which preys upon itself alone ;
 To curse the life which is the cage
 Of fettered grief that dares not groan,
 Hiding from many a careless eye
 The scorned load of agony.

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,
 The [] thou alone should be,
 To spend years thus, and be rewarded,
 As thou, sweet love, requited me
 When none were near—Oh ! I did wake
 From torture for that moment's sake.

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
 Of peace and pity fell like dew
 On flowers half dead ;—thy lips did meet
 Mine tremblingly ; thy dark eyes threw
 Their soft persuasion on my brain,
 Charming away its dream of pain.

We are not happy, sweet ! our state
 Is strange and full of doubt and fear ;
 More need of words that ills abate ;—
 Reserve or censure come not near
 Our sacred friendship, lest there be
 No solace left for thou and me.

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
 Nor can I live if thou appear
 Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
 Away from me, or stoop to wear
 The mask of scorn, although it be
 To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

 LINES.
 —◆—

FAR, far away, O ye
 Halcyons of Memory !
 Seek some far calmer nest
 Than this abandoned breast ;—
 No news of your false spring
 To my heart's winter bring ;
 Once having gone, in vain
 Ye come again.

Vultures, who build your bowers
 High in the Future's towers !
 Withered hopes on hopes are spread ;
 Dying joys, choked by the dead,
 Will serve your beaks for prey
 Many a day

SONG.



RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight !
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night ?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again ?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure ;—
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure ;—
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
 And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
 And like light can flee,
But, above all other things,
 Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

A FRAGMENT.
—♦—

As a violet's gentle eye
 Gazes on the azure sky,
 Until its hue grows like what it beholds ;
 As a grey and empty mist
 Lies like solid Amethyst,
 Over the western mountain it enfolds,
 When the sunset sleeps
 Upon its snow.

As a strain of sweetest sound
 Wraps itself the wind around,
 Until the voiceless wind be music too ;
 As aught dark, vain and dull,
 Basking in what is beautiful,
 Is full of light and love.

TO —————
 —♦—

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

WHAT! alive and so bold, O Earth?
 Art thou not over-bold?
 What! leapest thou forth as of old
 In the light of thy morning mirth,
 The last of the flock of the starry fold?
 Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?
 Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
 And canst thou more, Napoleon being dead?

How! is not thy quick heart cold?
 What spark is alive on thy hearth?
 How! is not *his* death-knell knolled?
 And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth?
 Thou wert warming thy fingers old
 O'er the embers covered and cold
 Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled—
 What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

“Who has known me of old,” replied Earth,
 “Or who has my story told?
 It is thou who art over bold.”
 And the lightning of scorn laughed forth
 As she sung, “To my bosom I fold
 All my sons when their knell is knolled,
 And so with living motion all are fed,
 And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.”

“ Still alive and still bold,” shouted Earth,
 “ I grow bolder, and still more bold.
 The dead fill me ten thousand fold
 Fuller of speed, and splendour, and mirth ;
 I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,
 Fike a frozen chaes uprolled,
 Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
 My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

“ Ay, alive and still bold,” muttered Earth,
 “ Napoleon’s fierce spirit rolled,
 In terror, and blood, and gold,
 A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.
 Leave the millions who follow to mould
 The metal before it be cold,
 And weave into his shame, which like the dead
 Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled.”

TO-MORROW.

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow ?
 When young and old, and strong and weak,
 Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
 Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
 In thy place—ah ! well-a-day !
 We find the thing we fled—To-day.

GINEVRA.*
—•—

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one
 Who staggers forth into the air and sun
 From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,
 Bewildered, and incapable, and ever
 Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain
 Of usual shapes, till the familiar train
 Of objects and of persons passed like things
 Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,
 Ginevra from the nuptial altar went ;
 The vows to which her lips had sworn assent
 Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,
 Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,
 Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,
 And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,
 And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth,—
 And of the gold and jewels glittering there
 She scarce felt conscious, but the weary glare
 Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,
 Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.
 A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud
 Was less heavenly fair—her face was bowed,
 And as she passed, the diamonds in her hair
 Were mirrored in the polished marble stair
 Which led from the cathedral to the street ;

* This fragment is part of a poem which Shelley intended to write, founded on a story to be found in the first volume of a book entitled "L' Osservatore Fiorentino."

And even as she went her light fair feet
Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,
Envyng the unenviable ; and others
Making the joy which should have been another's
Their own by gentle sympathy ; and some
Sighing to think of an unhappy home ;
Some few admiring what can ever lure
Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure
Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat ; a thing
Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.

But they are all dispersed—and lo ! she stands
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,
Alone within the garden now her own ;
And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,
The music of the merry marriage-bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells ;—
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems
A mockery of itself—when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said—“ Is this thy faith ? ” and then as one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,
Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore
To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood
Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
Said—“ Friend, if earthly violence or ill,

Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
Of parents, chance, or custom, time, or change,
Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,
Or wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,
With all their stings and venom, can impeach
Our love,—we love not:—if the grave, which hides
The victim from the tyrant, and divides
The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
Imperious inquisition to the heart
That is another's, could dissever ours,
We love not.”—“What! do not the silent hours
Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed?
Is not that ring”——a pledge, he would have said,
Of broken vows, but she with patient look
The golden circle from her finger took
And said—“Accept this token of my faith,
The pledge of vows to be absolved by death;
And I am dead or shall be soon—my knell
Will mix its music with that merry bell;
Does it not sound as if they sweetly said,
'We toll a corpse out of the marriage bed?'
The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn
Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon
That even the dying violet will not die
Before Ginevra.” The strong fantasy
Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,
And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere
Round her, which chilled the burning noon with fear,
Making her but an image of the thought,
Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought
News of the terrors of the coming time.
Like an accuser branded with the crime
He would have cast on a beloved friend,
Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end

The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance
Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence—
Antonio stood and would have spoken, when
The compound voice of women and of men
Was heard approaching; he retired, while she
Was led amid the admiring company
Back to the palace,—and her maidens soon
Changed her attire for the afternoon,
And left her at her own request to keep
An hour of quiet and rest:—like one asleep
With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
And in the lighted hall the guests are met;
The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight,
Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes
Kindling a momentary Paradise.
This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
Falls, and the dew of music more divine
Tempers the deep emotions of the time
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime:—
How many meet, who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget?
How many saw the beauty, power, and wit
Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet!
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
And unprophetic of the coming hours,
The matin winds from the expanded flowers
Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken

From every living heart which it possesses,
 Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,
 As if the future and the past were all
 Treasured i' the instant ;—so Gherardi's hall
 Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,
 Till some one asked—“ Where is the Bride ?” And then
 A bride's-maid went, and ere she came again
 A silence fell upon the guests—a pause
 Of expectation, as when beauty awes
 All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld ;
 Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled ;—
 For whispers passed from mouth to ear which drew
 The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew
 Louder and swifter round the company ;
 And then Gherardi entered with an eye
 Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd
 Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead ! if it be death,
 To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,
 With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,
 And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light
 Mocked at the speculation they had owned.
 If it be death, when there is felt around
 A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
 And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
 From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
 Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
 And giving all it shrouded to the earth,
 And leaving as swift lightning in its flight
 Ashes, and smoke, and darkness : in our night
 Of thought we know thus much of death,—no more
 Than the unborn dream of our life before
 Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore.
 The marriage feast and its solemnity

Was turned to funeral pomp—the company,
With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; nor they
Who loved the dead went weeping on their way
Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise
Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,
On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,
Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.
The lamps which, half extinguished in their haste,
Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,
Showed as it were within the vaulted room
A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
Had passed out of men's minds into the air.
Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
Friends and relations of the dead,—and he,
A loveless man, accepted torpidly
The consolation that he wanted not,
Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.
Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
More still—some wept, []
Some melted into tears without a sob,
And some with hearts that might be heard to throb
Leant on the table, and at intervals
Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls
And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came
Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
Of every torch and taper as it swept
From out the chamber where the women kept;—
Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
Of pleasures now departed; then was knolled
The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,
And finding death their penitent had shrived,
Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon
A vulture has just feasted to the bone.
And then the mourning women came.—

* * * * *

THE DIRGE.

OLD winter was gone
 In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,
 And the spring came down
 From the planet that hovers upon the shore
 Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
 On the limits of wintry night;—
 If the land, and the air, and the sea,
 Rejoice not when spring approaches,
 We did not rejoice in thee,
 Ginevra!

She is still, she is cold
 On the bridal couch,
 One step to the white death-bed,
 And one to the bier,
 And one to the charnel—and one, Oh where?
 The dark arrow fled
 In the noon.

Ere the sun through heaven once more has rolled,
 The rats in her heart
 Will have made their nest,
 And the worms be alive in her golden hair;
 While the spirit that guides the sun
 Sits throned in his flaming chair,
 She shall sleep.

* * * * *

EVENING.

PONTE A MARE, PISA.



THE sun is set ; the swallows are asleep ;
 The bats are flitting fast in the grey air ;
 The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep ;
 And evening's breath, wandering here and there
 Over the quivering surface of the stream,
 Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
 Nor damp within the shadow of the trees ;
 The wind is intermitting, dry, and light ;
 And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
 The dust and straws are driven up and down,
 And whirled about the pavement of the town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
 The wrinkled image of the city lay,
 Immoveably unquiet, and for ever
 It trembles, but it never fades away ;
 Go to the []
 You, being changed, will find it then as now.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk, is shut
 By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
 Like mountain over mountain huddled—but
 Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
 And over it a space of watery blue,
 Which the keen evening star is shining through.

THE BOAT,

ON THE SERCHIO.



OUR boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,
 Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
 The helm sways idly, hither and thither ;
 Dominic, the boat-man, has brought the mast,
 And the oars, and the sails ; but 'tis sleeping fast,
 Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
 And the thin white moon lay withering there,
 To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,
 The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
 Day had kindled the dewy woods
 And the rocks above and the stream below,
 And the vapours in their multitudes,
 And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,
 And clothed with light of aery gold
 The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,
 The lark and the thrush and the swallow free ;
 And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
 And the matin-bell and the mountain bee :
 Fire-flies were quenched on the dewy corn,
 Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
 Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :
 The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
 The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :

Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
 Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
 Fled from the brains which are their prey,
 From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each,
 Who shaped us to his ends and not our own ;
 The million rose to learn, and one to teach
 What none yet ever knew or can be known.

And many rose

Whose woe was such that fear became desire ;—
 Melchior and Lionel were not among those ;
 They from the throng of men had stepped aside,
 And made their home under the green hill side.
 It was that hill, whose intervening brow
 Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,
 Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
 Like a wide lake of green fertility,
 With streams and fields and marshes bare,
 Divides from the far Apennines—which lie
 Islanded in the immeasurable air.

“What think you, as she lies in her green cove,
 Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of ?
 If morning dreams are true, why I should guess
 That she was dreaming of our idleness,
 And of the miles of watery way
 We should have led her by this time of day.”—

——“Never mind,” said Lionel,
 “Give care to the winds, they can bear it well
 About yon poplar tops ; and see !
 The white clouds are driving merrily,
 And the stars we miss this morn will light
 More willingly our return to-night.—

List, my dear fellow, the breeze blows fair ;
How it scatters Dominic's long black hair !
Singing of us, and our lazy motions,
If I can guess a boat's emotions."—

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,
The living breath is fresh behind,
As, with dews and sunrise fed,
Comes the laughing morning wind ;—
The sails are full, the boat makes head
Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,
Then flags with intermitting course,
And hangs upon the wave,
Which fervid from its mountain source
Shallow, smooth, and strong, doth come,—
Swift as fire, tempestuously
It sweeps into the affrighted sea ;
In morning's smile its eddies coil,
Its billows sparkle, toss, and boil,
Torturing all its quiet light
Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth
Between the marble barriers which it clove
At Ripafratta, leads through the dread chasm
The wave that died the death which lovers love,
Living in what it sought ; as if this spasm
Had not yet past, the toppling mountains cling,
But the clear stream in full enthusiasm
Pours itself on the plain, until wandering,
Down one clear path of effluence crystalline
Sends its clear waves, that they may fling
At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine :
Then, through the pestilential deserts wild
Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted fir,
It rushes to the Ocean.

A LAMENT.



SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
 Swifter far than youth's delight,
 Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone :
 As the earth when leaves are dead,
 As the night when sleep is sped,
 As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
 The owlet Night resumes her reign,
 But the wild swan Youth is fain
 To fly with thee, false as thou.
 My heart each day desires the morrow,
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
 Vainly would my winter borrow
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
 Roses for a matron's head,
 Violets for a maiden dead,
 Pansies let my flowers be :
 On the living grave I bear,
 Scatter them without a tear,
 Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

TO _____.

I.

THE serpent is shut out from paradise.
 The wounded deer must seek the herd no more
 In which its heart-cure lies :
 The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower,
 Like that from which its mate with feigned sighs
 Fled in the April hour.
 I too, must seldom seek again
 Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

II.

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content ;
 Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown
 Itself indifferent.
 But, not to speak of love, pity alone
 Can break a spirit already more than bent.
 The miserable one
 Turns the mind's poison into food,—
 Its medicine is tears,—its evil good.

III.

Therefore if now I see you seldomer,
 Dear friends, dear *friend!* know that I only fly
 Your looks because they stir
 Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die :
 The very comfort that they minister
 I scarce can bear; yet I,
 So deeply is the arrow gone,
 Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

IV.

When I return to my cold home, you ask
 Why I am not as I have ever been?
 You spoil me for the task
 Of acting a forced part on life's dull scene,—
 Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
 Of author, great or mean,
 In the world's Carnival. I sought
 Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

V.

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot
 With various flowers, and every one still said,
 “ She loves me,——loves me not*.”
 And if this meant a vision long since fled—
 If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought—
 If it meant—but I dread
 To speak what you may know too well :
 Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

VI.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home ;
 No bird so wild, but has its quiet nest,
 When it no more would roam ;
 The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
 Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,
 And thus, at length, find rest :
 Doubtless there is a place of peace
 Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

VII.

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed
 That I had resolution. One who *had*
 Would ne'er have thus relieved

* See *Faust*.

His heart with words,—but what his judgment bade
Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.

These verses are too sad
To send to you, but that I know,
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

THE AZIOLA.

“Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,”
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere the stars were lit, or candles brought;
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked, “Who is Aziola?” How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear and hate!
And Mary saw my soul,
And laughed and said, “Disquiet yourself not,
’Tis nothing but a little downy owl.”

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain side,
And fields and marshes wide,—
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirred;
Unlike and far sweeter than they all:
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

SONNET.

POLITICAL GREATNESS.

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
 Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
 Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
 Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts :
 History is but the shadow of their shame ;
 Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts
 As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
 Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
 Of their own likeness. What are numbers, knit
 By force or custom ? Man who man would be,
 Must rule the empire of himself ! in it
 Must be supreme, establishing his throne
 On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
 Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight :
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more !

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

A BRIDAL SONG.

THE golden gates of sleep unbar
 Where strength and beauty, met together,
 Kindle their image like a star
 In a sea of glassy weather !
 Night, with all thy stars look down,—
 Darkness, weep thy holiest dew,—
 Never smiled the inconstant moon
 On a pair so true.
 Let eyes not see their own delight ;—
 Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
 Oft renew.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her !
 Holy stars, permit no wrong !
 And return to wake the sleeper,
 Dawn,—ere it be long.
 O joy ! O fear ! what will be done
 In the absence of the sun !
 Come along !

TO ———.

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,
 If tenderness and truth could last
 Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
 I should not weep, I should not weep !

It were enough to feel, to see
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
 And dream the rest—and burn and be
 The secret food of fires unseen,
 Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year
 The woodland violets re-appear ;
 All things revive in field or grove,
 And sky and sea ; but two, which move,
 And for all others, life and love.

 GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT? ah! no; the hour is ill
 Which severs those it should unite;
 Let us remain together still,
 Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,
 Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
 Be it not said, thought, understood,
 That it will be *good* night.

To hearts which near each other move
 From evening close to morning light,
 The night is good; because, my love,
 They never *say* good-night.

MUSIC.

I PANT for the music which is divine,
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower ;
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;
 Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
 More, O more !—I am thirsting yet,
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound
 Upon my heart, to stifle it ;
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,
 Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
 When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
 And mist there was none its thirst to slake—
 And the violet lay dead while the odour flew
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

As one who drinks from a charmed cup
 Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine,
 Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling up,
 Invites to love with her kiss divine.

* * * * *

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
 Come and sigh, come and weep!
 Merry hours, smile instead,
 For the year is but asleep:
 See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
 Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
 In its coffin in the clay,
 So White Winter, that rough nurse,
 Rocks the dead-cold year to-day;
 Solemn hours! wail aloud
 For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
 The tree-swung cradle of a child,
 So the breath of these rude days
 Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
 Trembling hours; she will arise
 With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,
 Like a sexton by her grave;
 February bears the bier,
 March with grief doth howl and rave,
 And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
 Follow with May's fairest flowers

A FRAGMENT.



THEY were two cousins, almost like two twins,
 Except that from the catalogue of sins
 Nature had razed their love—which could not be
 But by dissevering their nativity.
 And so they grew together, like two flowers
 Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
 Lull or awaken in their purple prime,
 Which the same hand will gather—the same clime
 Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see
 All those who love,—and who e'er loved like thee,
 Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,
 Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
 The ardours of a vision which obscure
 The very idol of its portraiture;
 He faints, dissolved into a sense of love;
 But thou art as a planet sphered above,
 But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion
 Of his subjected spirit:—such emotion
 Must end in sin or sorrow, if sweet May
 Had not brought forth this morn—your wedding-day.

TO ———



ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And Pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the Heavens reject not:
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

NOTE ON THE POEMS OF 1821.

BY THE EDITOR.

My task becomes inexpressibly painful as the year draws near that which sealed our earthly fate ; and each poem and each event it records, has a real or mysterious connexion with the fatal catastrophe. I feel that I am incapable of putting on paper the history of those times. The heart of the man, abhorred of the poet,

Who could peep and botanize upon his mother's grave,

does not appear to me less inexplicably framed than that of one who can dissect and probe past woes, and repeat to the public ear the groans drawn from them in the throes of their agony.

The year 1821 was spent in Pisa, or at the baths of San Giuliano. We were not, as our wont had been, alone—friends had gathered round us. Nearly all are dead ; and when memory recurs to the past, she wanders among tombs : the genius with all his blighting errors and mighty powers ; the companion of Shelley's ocean-wanderings, and the sharer of his fate, than whom no man ever existed more gentle, generous, and fearless ; and others, who found in Shelley's society, and in his great knowledge and warm sympathy,

delight, instruction and solace, have joined him beyond the grave. A few survive who have felt life a desert since he left it. What misfortune can equal death? Change can convert every other into a blessing, or heal its sting—death alone has no cure; it shakes the foundations of the earth on which we tread, it destroys its beauty, it casts down our shelter, it exposes us bare to desolation; when those we love have passed into eternity, “life is the desert and the solitude,” in which we are forced to linger—but never find comfort more.

There is much in the Adonais which seems now more applicable to Shelley himself, than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned. The poetic view he takes of death, and the lofty scorn he displays towards his calumniators, are as a prophecy on his own destiny, when received among immortal names, and the poisonous breath of critics has vanished into emptiness before the fame he inherits.

Shelley's favourite taste was boating; when living near the Thames, or by the lake of Geneva, much of his life was spent on the water. On the shore of every lake, or stream, or sea, near which he dwelt, he had a boat moored. He had latterly enjoyed this pleasure again. There are no pleasure-boats on the Arno, and the shallowness of its waters except in winter time, when the stream is too turbid and impetuous for boating, rendered it difficult to get any skiff light enough to float. Shelley, however, overcame the difficulty; he, together with a friend, contrived a boat such as the huntsmen carry about with them in the Maremma, to cross the sluggish but deep streams that intersect the forests, a boat of laths and pitched canvas; it held three persons, and he was often seen on the Arno in it, to the horror of the Italians, who

remonstrated on the danger, and could not understand how any one could take pleasure in an exercise that risked life. "Ma va per la vita!" they exclaimed. I little thought how true their words would prove. He once ventured with a friend, on the glassy sea of a calm day, down the Arno and round the coast, to Leghorn, which by keeping close in shore was very practicable. They returned to Pisa by the canal, when, missing the direct cut, they got entangled among weeds, and the boat upset; a wetting was all the harm done, except that the intense cold of his drenched clothes made Shelley faint. Once I went down with him to the mouth of the Arno, where the stream, then high and swift, met the tideless sea and disturbed its sluggish waters; it was a waste and dreary scene; the desert sand stretched into a point surrounded by waves that broke idly though perpetually around; it was a scene very similar to Lido, of which he had said,—

I love all waste
 And solitary places; where we taste
 The pleasure of believing what we see
 Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be;
 And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
 More barren than its billows.

Our little boat was of greater use, unaccompanied by any danger, when we removed to the baths. Some friends lived at the village of Pugnano, four miles off, and we went to and fro to see them, in our boat, by the canal; which, fed by the Serchio, was, though an artificial, a full and picturesque stream, making its way under verdant banks, sheltered by trees that dipped their boughs into the murmuring waters. By day, multitudes of ephemera darted to and fro on the surface; at night, the fire-flies came out among the shrubs on the banks; the cicale at noon day kept up their hum;

the aziola cooed in the quiet evening. It was a pleasant summer, bright in all but Shelley's health and inconstant spirits; yet he enjoyed himself greatly, and became more and more attached to the part of the country where chance appeared to cast us. Sometimes he projected taking a farm, situated on the height of one of the near hills, surrounded by chesnut and pine woods, and overlooking a wide extent of country; or of settling still further in the maritime Apennines, at Massa. Several of his slighter and unfinished poems were inspired by these scenes, and by the companions around us. It is the nature of that poetry however which overflows from the soul oftener to express sorrow and regret than joy; for it is when oppressed by the weight of life, and away from those he loves, that the poet has recourse to the solace of expression in verse.

Still Shelley's passion was the ocean; and he wished that our summers, instead of being passed among the hills near Pisa, should be spent on the shores of the sea. It was very difficult to find a spot. We shrank from Naples from a fear that the heats would disagree with Percy; Leghorn had lost its only attraction, since our friends who had resided there were returned to England; and Monte Nero being the resort of many English, we did not wish to find ourselves in the midst of a colony of chance travellers. No one then thought it possible to reside at Via Reggio, which latterly has become a summer resort. The low lands and bad air of Maremma stretch the whole length of the western shores of the Mediterranean, till broken by the rocks and hills of Spezia. It was a vague idea; but Shelley suggested an excursion to Spezia, to see whether it would be feasible to spend a summer there. The beauty of the bay enchanted him—we saw no

house to suit us—but the notion took root, and many circumstances, enchained as by fatality, occurred to urge him to execute it.

He looked forward this autumn with great pleasure to the prospect of a visit from Leigh Hunt. When Shelley visited Lord Byron at Ravenna, the latter had suggested his coming out, together with the plan of a periodical work, in which they should all join. Shelley saw a prospect of good for the fortunes of his friend, and pleasure in his society, and instantly exerted himself to have the plan executed. He did not intend himself joining in the work ; partly from pride, not wishing to have the air of acquiring readers for his poetry by associating it with the compositions of more popular writers ; and, also, because he might feel shackled in the free expression of his opinions, if any friends were to be compromised ; by those opinions, carried even to their utmost extent, he wished to live and die, as being in his conviction not only true, but such as alone would conduce to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. The sale of the work might, meanwhile, either really or supposedly, be injured by the free expression of his thoughts, and this evil he resolved to avoid.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822.

—◆—
THE ZUCCA.*
—◆—

SUMMER was dead and Autumn was expiring,
And infant Winter laughed upon the land
All cloudlessly and cold ;—when I, desiring
More in this world than any understand,
Wept o'er the beauty, which, like sea retiring,
Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand
Of my poor heart, and o'er the grass and flowers
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering hours.

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep
The instability of all but weeping ;
And on the earth lulled in her winter sleep
I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.
Too happy Earth ! over thy face shall creep
The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping
From unremembered dreams shalt [] see
No death divide thy immortality.

I loved—O no, I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be ;—

* Pumpkin.

I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere,
 And all that it contains, contains not thee,
 Thou, whom, seen nowhere, I feel everywhere,
 Dim object of my soul's idolatry.

* * * * *

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,
 Neither to be contained, delayed, or hidden,
 Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,
 When for a moment thou art not forbidden
 To live within the life which thou bestowest,
 And leaving noblest things, vacant and chidden,
 Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
 Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all things common,
 In music, and the sweet unconscious tone
 Of animals, and voices which are human,
 Meant to express some feelings of their own ;
 In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,
 In flowers and leaves, and in the fresh grass shown,
 Or dying in the autumn, I the most
 Adore thee present, or lament thee lost.

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw
 A plant upon the river's margin lie,
 Like one who loved beyond his Nature's law,
 And in despair had cast him down to die ;
 Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw
 Had blighted as a heart which hatred's eye
 Can blast not, but which pity kills ; the dew
 Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth
 Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast

* * * * *

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted
 It in a vase full of the lightest mould ;
 The winter beams which out of Heaven slanted
 Fell through the window panes, disrobed of cold,
 Upon its leaves and flowers ; the star which panted
 In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled
 Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light
 Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

The mitigated influences of air
 And light revived the plant, and from it grew
 Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,
 Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
 O'erflowed with golden colours ; an atmosphere
 Of vital warmth, infolded it anew,
 And every impulse sent to every part
 The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
 Even if the sun and air had smiled not on it ;
 For one wept o'er it all the winter long
 Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell upon it
 Hour after hour ; for sounds of softest song
 Mixed with the stringed melodies that won it
 To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
 Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers
 On which he wept, the while the savage storm
 Waked by the darkest of December's hours
 Was raving round the chamber hushed and warm ;
 The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,
 The fish were frozen in the pools, the form
 Of every summer plant was dead []
 Whilst this * * *

TO A LADY WITH A GUITAR.



ARIEL to Miranda:—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him, who is the slave of thee ;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own ;
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon,
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel ;
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth,

Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity :
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remembered not ;
And now, alas ! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you, he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love ; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be !—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamoured tone

Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way—
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it ;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions ; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our beloved friend alone.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

THE following fragments are part of a Drama, undertaken for the amusement of the individuals who composed our intimate society, but left unfinished. I have preserved a sketch of the story as far as it had been shadowed in the poet's mind.

An Enchantress, living in one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, saves the life of a Pirate, a man of savage but noble nature. She becomes enamoured of him; and he, inconstant to his mortal love, for awhile returns her passion; but at length, recalling the memory of her whom he left, and who laments his loss, he escapes from the enchanted island and returns to his lady. His mode of life makes him again go to sea, and the Enchantress seizes the opportunity to bring him, by a spirit-brewed tempest, back to her island.

*Scene, before the Cavern of the Indian Enchantress.
The Enchantress comes forth.*

ENCHANTRESS.

HE came like a dream in the dawn of life,
He fled like a shadow before its noon;
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.
O sweet Echo, wake,
And for my sake
Make answer the while my heart shall break!

But my heart has a music which Echo's lips,
Though tender and true, yet can answer not,
And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse
Can return not the kiss by his now forgot;
Sweet lips! he who hath
On my desolate path
Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death!

The Enchantress makes her spell : she is answered by a Spirit.

SPIRIT.

Within the silent centre of the earth
 My mansion is ; where I have lived insphered
 From the beginning, and around my sleep
 Have woven all the wondrous imagery
 Of this dim spot, which mortals call the world ;
 Infinite depths of unknown elements
 Massed into one impenetrable mask ;
 Sheets of immeasurable fire, and veins
 Of gold, and stone, and adamantine iron.
 And as a veil in which I walk through Heaven
 I have wrought mountains, seas, waves, and clouds,
 And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns
 In the dark space of interstellar air.

A good Spirit, who watches over the Pirate's fate, leads, in a mysterious manner, the lady of his love to the Enchanted Isle. She is accompanied by a youth, who loves her, but whose passion she returns only with a sisterly affection. The ensuing scene takes place between them on their arrival at the Isle.

INDIAN YOUTH AND LADY.

INDIAN.

And if my grief should still be dearer to me
 Than all the pleasures in the world beside,
 Why would you lighten it?—

LADY.

I offer only
 That which I seek, some human sympathy
 In this mysterious island.

INDIAN.

Oh ! my friend,
 My sister, my beloved ! What do I say ?
 My brain is dizzy, and I scarce know whether
 I speak to thee or her.

LADY.

Peace, perturbed heart !

I am to thee only as thou to mine,
The passing wind which heals the brow at noon,
And may strike cold into the breast at night,
Yet cannot linger where it soothes the most,
Or long soothe could it linger.

INDIAN.

But you said

You also loved ?

LADY.

Loved ! Oh, I love. Methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
I have loved.

INDIAN.

And thou lovest not ? If so
Young as thou art, thou canst afford to weep.

LADY.

Oh ! would that I could claim exemption
From all the bitterness of that sweet name.
I loved, I love, and when I love no more
Let joys and grief perish, and leave despair
To ring the knell of youth. He stood beside me,
The embodied vision of the brightest dream,
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life ;
The shadow of his presence made my world
A paradise. All familiar things he touched,
All common words he spoke, became to me
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.
He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
As terrible and lovely as a tempest ;

He came, and went, and left me what I am.
 Alas! Why must I think how oft we two
 Have sat together near the river springs,
 Under the green pavilion which the willow
 Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain,
 Strewn by the nurslings that linger there,
 Over that islet paved with flowers and moss,
 While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
 Showered on us, and the dove mourned in the pine,
 Sad prophetess of sorrows not her own.

INDIAN.

Your breath is like soft music, your words are
 The echoes of a voice which on my heart
 Sleeps like a melody of early days.
 But as you said—

LADY.

He was so awful, yet
 So beautiful in mystery and terror,
 Calming me as the loveliness of heaven
 Soothes the unquiet sea:—and yet not so,
 For he seemed stormy, and would often seem
 A quenchless sun masked in portentous clouds;
 For such his thoughts, and even his actions were;
 But he was not of them, nor they of him,
 But as they hid his splendour from the earth.
 Some said he was a man of blood and peril,
 And steeped in bitter infamy to the lips
 More need was there I should be innocent,
 More need that I should be most true and kind,
 And much more need that there should be found one
 To share remorse, and scorn, and solitude,
 And all the ills that wait on those who do
 The tasks of ruin in the world of life.
 He fled, and I have followed him.

INDIAN.

Such a one

Is he who was the winter of my peace.
But, fairest stranger, when didst thou depart
From the far hills, where rise the springs of India,
How didst thou pass the intervening sea?

LADY.

If I be sure I am not dreaming now,
I should not doubt to say it was a dream.

THE ISLE.
—♦—

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

THE INVITATION.

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

Away, away, from men and towns,
 To the wild wood and the downs—
 To the silent wilderness
 Where the soul need not repress
 Its music, lest it should not find
 An echo in another's mind,

While the touch of Nature's art
 Harmonizes heart to heart.
 I leave this notice on my door
 For each accustomed visitor:—
 “ I am gone into the fields
 To take what this sweet hour yields ;—
 Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
 Sit by the fireside of Sorrow.—
 You with the unpaid bill, Despair,
 You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,
 I will pay you in the grave,
 Death will listen to your stave.—
 Expectation too, be off !
 To-day is for itself enough ;
 Hope in pity mock not woe
 With smiles, nor follow where I go ;
 Long having lived on thy sweet food,
 At length I find one moment good
 After long pain—with all your love,
 This you never told me of.”

Radiant Sister of the Day,
 Awake ! arise ! and come away !
 To the wild woods and the plains,
 To the pools where winter rains
 Image all their roof of leaves,
 Where the pine its garland weaves
 Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
 Round stems that never kiss the sun,
 Where the lawns and pastures be
 And the sandhills of the sea,
 Where the melting hoar-frost wets
 The daisy-star that never sets,
 And wind-flowers and violets,
 Which yet join not scent to hue,

THE RECOLLECTION.

Crown the pale year weak and new ;
 When the night is left behind
 In the deep east, dim and blind,
 And the blue noon is over us,
 And the multitudinous
 Billows murmur at our feet,
 Where the earth and ocean meet,
 And all things seem only one,
 In the universal sun.

 THE RECOLLECTION.

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

r.

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

Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

II.

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

III.

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

The magic circle there,
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

iv.

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

Which from the mind's too faithful eye
 Blots one dear image out.
 Though thou art ever fair and kind,
 The forests ever green,
 Less oft is peace in S——'s mind,
 Than calm in waters seen.

 TO ———
 ———

THE keen stars were twinkling,
 And the fair moon was rising among them,
 Dear * * * !
 The guitar was tinkling,
 But the notes were not sweet till you sung them
 Again.
 As the moon's soft splendour
 O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
 Is thrown,
 So your voice most tender
 To the strings without soul had then given
 Its own.

The stars will awaken,
 Though the moon sleep a full hour later,
 To-night ;
 No leaf will be shaken
 Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
 Delight.
 Though the sound overpowers,
 Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
 A tone
 Of some world far from ours,
 Where music and moonlight and feeling
 Are one.

LINES.



WHEN the lamp is shattered,
 The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scattered,
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute :—
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
 Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possest.
 O, Love ! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high :
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

A DIRGE.

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

CHARLES THE FIRST.

A FRAGMENT.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Pageant to celebrate the arrival of the Queen.*

A PURSUIVANT.

PLACE for the Marshal of the Masque!

FIRST SPEAKER.

What thinkest thou of this quaint masque, which turns
 Like morning from the shadow of the night,
 The night to day, and London to a place
 Of peace and joy?

SECOND SPEAKER.

And Hell to Heaven.

Eight years are gone,
 And they seem hours, since in this populous street
 I trod on grass made green by summer's rain,
 For the red plague kept state within that palace
 Where now reigns vanity—in nine years more
 The roots will be refreshed with civil blood;
 And thank the mercy of insulted Heaven
 That sin and wrongs wound as an orphan's cry,
 The patience of the great Avenger's ear.

THIRD SPEAKER (*a youth*).

Yet, father, 'tis a happy sight to see,
 Beautiful, innocent, and unforbidden
 By God or man ;—'tis like the bright procession
 Of skiey visions in a solemn dream
 From which men wake as from a paradise,
 And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life.
 If God be good, wherefore should this be evil ?
 And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw
 Unseasonable poison from the flowers
 Which bloom so rarely in this barren world ?
 Oh, kill these bitter thoughts which make the present
 Dark as the future !—

* * * * *

When avarice and tyranny, vigilant fear,
 And open-eyed conspiracy, lie sleeping
 As on Hell's threshold ; and all gentle thoughts
 Waken to worship him who giveth joys
 With his own gift.

SECOND SPEAKER.

How young art thou in this old age of time !
 How green in this grey world ! Canst thou not think
 Of change in that low scene, in which thou art
 Not a spectator but an actor ?
 The day that dawns in fire will die in storms,
 Even though the noon be calm. My travel's done ;
 Before the whirlwind wakes I shall have found
 My inn of lasting rest, but thou must still
 Be journeying on in this inclement air.

* * * * *

FIRST SPEAKER.

That

Is the Archbishop.

SECOND SPEAKER.

Rather say the Pope.
 London will be soon his Rome: he walks
 As if he trod upon the heads of men.
 He looks elate, drunken with blood and gold;—
 Beside him moves the Babylonian woman
 Invisibly, and with her as with his shadow,
 Mitred adulterer! he is joined in sin,
 Which turns Heaven's milk of mercy to revenge.

ANOTHER CITIZEN, (*lifting up his eyes*).

Good Lord! rain it down upon him.
 Amid her ladies walks the papist queen
 As if her nice feet scorned our English earth.
 There's old Sir Henry Vane, the Earl of Pembroke,
 Lord Essex, and Lord Keeper Coventry,
 And others who made base their English breed
 By vile participation of their honours
 With papists, atheists, tyrants, and apostates.
 When lawyers mask 'tis time for honest men
 To strip their vizard from their purposes.

* * * * *

FOURTH SPEAKER (*a pursuivant*).

Give place, give place!
 You torch-bearers, advance to the great gate,
 And then attend the Marshal of the Masque
 Into the Royal presence.

FIFTH SPEAKER (*a law student*).

What thinkest thou
 Of this quaint show of ours, my aged friend?

FIRST SPEAKER.

I will not think but that our country's wounds
 May yet be healed—The king is just and gracious,

Though wicked councils now pervert his will :
These once cast off—

SECOND SPEAKER.

As adders cast their skins
And keep their venom, so kings often change ;
Councils and councillors hang on one another,
Hiding the loathsome []
Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags.

THIRD SPEAKER.

Oh, still those dissonant thoughts—List, loud music
Grows on the enchanted air ! And see, the torches
Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided
Like waves before an admiral's prow.

* * * * *

ANOTHER SPEAKER.

Give place—
To the Marshal of the Masque !

THIRD SPEAKER.

How glorious ! See those thronging chariots
Rolling like painted clouds before the wind :
Some are
Like curved shells dyed by the azure depths
Of Indian seas ; some like the new-born moon ;
And some like cars in which the Romans climbed
(Canopied by Victory's eagle-wings outspread)
The Capitolian—See how gloriously
The mettled horses in the torchlight stir
Their gallant riders, while they check their pride,
Like shapes of some diviner element !

SECOND SPEAKER.

Ay, there they are—
Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,

Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,
 On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.
 Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
 Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.
 These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,
 Who toil not, neither do they spin,—unless
 It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
 Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
 The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves
 The tithe that will support them till they crawl
 Back to its cold hard bosom. Here is health
 Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,
 Waste by lank famine, wealth by squalid want,
 And England's sin by England's punishment.
 And, as the effect pursues the cause foregone,
 Lo, giving substance to my words, behold
 At once the sign and the thing signified—
 A troop of cripples, beggars, and lean outcasts,
 Horsed upon stumbling shapes, carted with dung,
 Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins
 And rotten hiding-places, to point the moral
 Of this presentiment, and bring up the rear
 Of painted pomp with misery !

SPEAKER.

'Tis but
 The anti-masque, and serves as discords do
 In sweetest music. Who would love May flowers
 If they succeeded not to Winter's flaw ;
 Or day unchanged by night ; or joy itself
 Without the touch of sorrow ?

* * * * *

SCENE II.

*A Chamber in Whitehall.**Enter the KING, QUEEN, LAUD, WENTWORTH, and ARCHY.*

KING.

Thanks, gentlemen. I heartily accept
 This token of your service : your gay masque
 Was performed gallantly.

QUEEN.

And, gentlemen,
 Call your poor Queen your debtor. Your quaint pageant
 Rose on me like the figures of past years,
 Treading their still path back to infancy,
 More beautiful and mild as they draw nearer
 The quiet cradle. I could have almost wept
 To think I was in Paris, where these shows
 Are well devised—such as I was ere yet
 My young heart shared with [] the task,
 The careful weight of this great monarchy.
 There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure
 And that which it regards, no clamour lifts
 Its proud interposition.

* * * * *

KING.

My lord of Canterbury.

ARCHY.

The fool is here.

LAUD.

I crave permission of your Majesty
 To order that this insolent fellow be
 Chastised : he mocks the sacred character,
 Scoffs at the stake, and—

KING.

What, my Archy!

He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears,
 Yet with a quaint and graceful licence—Prithee
 For this once do not as Prynne would, were he
 Primate of England.

He lives in his own world; and, like a parrot,
 Hung in his gilded prison from the window
 Of a queen's bower over the public way,
 Blasphemes with a bird's mind:—his words, like arrows
 Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,
 Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.

QUEEN.

Go, sirrah, and repent of your offence
 Ten minutes in the rain: be it your penance
 To bring news how the world goes there. Poor Archy!
 He weaves about himself a world of mirth
 Out of this wreck of ours.

LAUD.

I take with patience, as my Master did,
 All scoffs permitted from above.

KING.

My lord,
 Pray overlook these papers. Archy's words
 Had wings, but these have talons.

QUEEN.

And the lion
 That wears them must be tamed. My dearest lord,
 I see the new-born courage in your eye
 Armed to strike dead the spirit of the time.

* * * * *

Do thou persist: for, faint but in resolve,

And it were better thou hadst still remained
 The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs
 The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer ;
 And Opportunity, that empty wolf,
 Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions,
 Even to the disposition of thy purpose,
 And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel ;
 And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,
 Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,
 And not betray thee with a traitor's kiss,
 As when she keeps the company of rebels,
 Who think that she is fear. This do, lest we
 Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle
 In a bright dream, and awake as from a dream
 Out of our worshipped state.

* * * * *

LAUD.

And if this suffice not,
 Unleash the sword and fire, that in their thirst
 They may lick up that scum of schismatics.
 I laugh at those weak rebels who, desiring
 What we possess, still prate of christian peace,
 As if those dreadful messengers of wrath,
 Which play the part of God 'twixt right and wrong,
 Should be let loose against innocent sleep
 Of templed cities and the smiling fields,
 For some poor argument of policy
 Which touches our own profit or our pride,
 Where indeed it were christian charity
 To turn the cheek even to the smiter's hand :
 And when our great Redeemer, when our God
 Is scorned in his immediate ministers,
 They talk of peace !
 Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now.

* * * * *

QUEEN.

My beloved lord,
 Have you not noted that the fool of late
 Has lost his careless mirth, and that his words
 Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears?
 What can it mean? I should be loth to think
 Some factious slave had tutored him.

KING.

It partly is,

That our minds piece the vacant intervals
 Of his wild words with their own fashioning;
 As in the imagery of summer clouds,
 Or coals in the winter fire, idlers find
 The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts:
 And partly, that the terrors of the time
 Are sown by wandering Rumour in all spirits;
 And in the lightest and the least, may best
 Be seen the current of the coming wind.

QUEEN.

Your brain is overwrought with these deep thoughts.
 Come, I will sing to you; let us go try
 These airs from Italy,—and you shall see
 A cradled miniature of yourself asleep,
 Stamped on the heart by never-erring love;
 Likier than any Vandyke ever made,
 A pattern to the unborn age of thee,
 Over whose sweet beauty I have wept for joy
 A thousand times, and now should weep for sorrow,
 Did I not think that after we were dead
 Our fortunes would spring high in him, and that
 The cares we waste upon our heavy crown
 Would make it light and glorious as a wreath
 Of heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.

KING.

Dear Henrietta!

* * * * *

SCENE III.

HAMPDEN, PYM, CROMWELL, *and the younger* VANE.

HAMPDEN.

England, farewell! thou, who hast been my cradle,
 Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave!
 I held what I inherited in thee
 As pawn for that inheritance of freedom
 Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler's smile:—
 How can I call thee England, or my country?
 Does the wind hold?

VANE.

The vanes sit steady
 Upon the Abbey-towers. The silver lightnings
 Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,
 Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air.
 Mark too that flock of fleecy-winged clouds
 Sailing athwart St. Margaret's.

HAMPDEN.

Hail, fleet herald
 Of tempest! that wild pilot who shall guide
 Hearts free as his, to realms as pure as thee,
 Beyond the shot of tyranny! And thou,
 Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,
 Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm,
 Bright as the path to a beloved home,
 O light us to the isles of th' evening land!

Like floating Edens, cradled in the glimmer
 Of sunset, through the distant mist of years
 Tinged by departing Hope, they gleam ! Lone regions,
 Where power's poor dupes and victims yet have never
 Propitiated the savage fear of kings
 With purest blood of noblest hearts ; whose dew
 Is yet unstained with tears of those who wake
 To weep each day the wrongs on which it dawns ;
 Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo
 Of formal blasphemies ; nor impious rites
 Wrest man's free worship from the God who loves
 Towards the worm, who envies us his love,
 Receive thou, young [] of Paradise,
 These exiles from the old and sinful world !
 This glorious clime, this firmament, whose lights
 Dart mitigated influence through the veil
 Of pale-blue atmosphere ; whose tears keep green
 The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth ;
 This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
 Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,
 Repelling invasion from the sacred towers ;
 Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,
 A low dark roof, a damp and narrow vault :
 The mighty universe becomes a cell
 Too narrow for the soul that owns no master.

While the loathliest spot
 Of this wide prison, England, is a nest
 Of cradled peace built on the mountain tops,
 To which the eagle-spirits of the free,
 Which range through heaven and earth, and scorn the storm
 Of time, and gaze upon the light of truth,
 Return to brood over the [] thoughts
 That cannot die, and may not be repelled.

* * * * *

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task
 Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
 Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth—
 The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
 Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,
 To which the birds tempered their matin lay.
 All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
 Swinging their censers in the element,
 With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
 Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
 And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
 The form and character of mortal mould,
 Rise as the sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old
 Took as his own and then imposed on them:
 But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chesnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine : before me fled
The night ; behind me rose the day ; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,
When a strange trance over my fancy grew
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent that the scene came through
As clear as, when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills, they glimmer ; and I knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn
Bathe in the same cold dew my brow and hair,
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the self-same bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains, and the ocean hold
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air,
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.



As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
This was the tenour of my waking dream :—
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's bier ;
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear :
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some
Seeking the object of another's fear ;

And others as with steps towards the tomb,
Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,
And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked and called it death ;
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath :

But more, with motions which each other crost,
Pursued or spurned the shadows the clouds threw,
Or birds within the noon-day ether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,—
And weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells for ever burst ;
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
Of grassy paths and wood, lawn-interspersed,

With over-arching elms and caverns cold,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,

And a cold glare intenser than the noon,
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon

When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might,

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair,—

So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape
So sate within, as one whom years deform,

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb ;
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom
Tempering the light : upon the chariot beam
A Janus-visaged shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-winged team ;
The shapes which drew it in thick lightnings
Were lost :—I heard alone on the air's soft stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.
All the four faces of that charioteer
Had their eyes banded ; little profit brings

All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the conquerors—but as soon
As they had touched the world with living flame,

Fled back like eagles to their native noon,
Or those who put aside the diadem
Of earthly thrones or gems []

Were there of Athens or Jerusalem,
Were neither 'mid the mighty captives seen,
Nor 'mid the ribald crowd that followed them,

Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.
The wild dance maddens in the van, and those
Who lead it—fleet as shadows on the green,

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose
Mix with each other in tempestuous measure
To savage music, wilder as it grows,

They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,
Convulsed and on the rapid whirlwinds spun
Of that fierce spirit whose unholy leisure

Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,—
Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hair ;
And in their dance round her who dims the sun,

Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air ;
As their feet twinkle they recede, and now
Bending within each other's atmosphere

Kindle invisibly—and as they glow,
Like moths by light attracted and repelled,
Oft to their bright destruction come and go,

Till like two clouds into one vale impelled
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle
And die in rain—the fiery band which held

Their natures, snaps—the shock still may tingle ;
One falls and then another in the path
Senseless—nor is the desolation single,

Yet ere I can say *where*—the chariot hath
Past over them—nor other trace I find
But as of foam after the ocean's wrath

Is spent upon the desert shore ;—behind,
Old men and women foully disarrayed,
Shake their grey hairs in the insulting wind,

And follow in the dance, with limbs decayed,
Seeking to reach the light which leaves them still
Farther behind and deeper in the shade.

But not the less with impotence of will
They wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose
Round them and round each other, and fulfil

Their part, and in the dust from whence they rose
Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,
And past in these performs what [] in those.

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,
Half to myself I said—And what is this ?
Whose shape is that within the car? And why—

I would have added—is all here amiss?—
But a voice answered—“ Life ! ”—I turned, and knew
(O Heaven, have mercy on such wretchedness !)

That what I thought was an old root which grew
To strange distortion out of the hill side,
Was indeed one of those deluded crew,

And that the grass, which methought hung so wide
And white, was but his thin discoloured hair,
And that the holes it vainly sought to hide,

Were or had been eyes :—" If thou canst, forbear
To join the dance, which I had well forborne!"
Said the grim Feature, (of my thought aware);

" I will unfold that which to this deep scorn
Led me and my companions, and relate
The progress of the pageant since the morn ;

" If thirst of knowledge shall not then abate,
Follow it thou even to the night, but I
Am weary."—Then like one who with the weight

Of his own words is staggered, wearily
He paused; and, ere he could resume, I cried,
" First, who art thou?"—" Before thy memory,

" I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did and died,
And if the spark with which Heaven lit my spirit
Had been with purer sentiment supplied,

" Corruption would not now thus much inherit
Of what was once Rousseau,—nor this disguise
Stained that which ought to have disdained to wear it ;

" If I have been extinguished, yet there rise
A thousand beacons from the spark I bore"—

" And who are those chained to the car?"—" The wise,

“ The great, the unforgotten,—they who wore
Mitres and helms and crowns, or wreaths of light,
Signs of thought’s empire over thought—their lore

“ Taught them not this, to know themselves ; their might
Could not repress the mystery within,
And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night

“ Caught them ere evening.”—“ Who is he with chin
Upon his breast, and hands crost on his chain ?”—
“ The Child of a fierce hour ; he sought to win

“ The world, and lost all that it did contain
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed ; and more
Of fame and peace than virtue’s self can gain

“ Without the opportunity which bore
Him on his eagle pinions to the peak
From which a thousand climbers have before

“ Fallen, as Napoleon fell.”—I felt my cheek
Alter to see the shadow pass away,
Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak,

That every pigmy kicked it as it lay ;
And much I grieved to think how power and will
In opposition rule our mortal day,

And why God made irreconcilable
Good and the means of good ; and for despair
I half disdained mine eyes’ desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were
And scarce have ceased to be.—“ Dost thou behold,”
Said my guide, “ those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire,

“ Frederick, and Paul, Catherine, and Leopold,
And hoary anarchists, demagogues, and sage—
—names which the world thinks always old,

“ For in the battle life and they did wage,
She remained conqueror. I was overcome
But my own heart alone, which neither age,

“ Nor tears, nor infamy, nor now the tomb
Could temper to its object.”—“ Let them pass,”
I cried, “ the world and its mysterious doom

“ Is not so much more glorious than it was,
That I desire to worship those who drew
New figures on its false and fragile glass

“ As the old faded.”—“ Figures ever new
Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may ;
We have but thrown, as those before us threw,

“ Our shadows on it as it past away.
But mark how chained to the triumphal chair
The mighty phantoms of an elder day ;

“ All that is mortal of great Plato there
Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not :
The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,

“ And life, where long that flower of Heaven grew not,
Conquered that heart by love, which gold, or pain,
Or age, or sloth, or slavery, could subdue not.

“ And near him walk the [] twain,
The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.

“ The world was darkened beneath either pinion
Of him whom from the flock of conquerors
Fame singled out for her thunder-bearing minion ;

“ The other long outlived both woes and wars,
Throned in the thoughts of men, and still had kept
The jealous key of truth’s eternal doors,

“ If Bacon’s eagle spirit had not leapt
Like lightning out of darkness—he compelled
The Proteus shape of Nature as it slept

“ To wake, and lead him to the caves that held
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.
See the great bards of elder time, who quelled

“ The passions which they sung, as by their strain
May well be known : their living melody
Tempers its own contagion to the vein

“ Of those who are infected with it—I
Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain,
And so my words have seeds of misery ! ”——

[There is a chasm here in the MS. which it is impossible to fill up. It appears from the context, that other shapes pass, and that Rousseau still stood beside the dreamer, as]

—— he pointed to a company,
’Midst whom I quickly recognised the heirs
Of Cæsar’s crime, from him to Constantine ;
The anarch chiefs, whose force and murderous snares

Had founded many a sceptre-bearing line,
And spread the plague of gold and blood abroad :
And Gregory and John, and men divine,

Who rose like shadows between man and God ;
 Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven,
 Was worshipped by the world o'er which they strode,

For the true sun it quenched—" Their power was given
 But to destroy," replied the leader :—" I
 Am one of those who have created, even

If it be but a world of agony."—

" Whence comest thou ? and whither goest thou ?
 How did thy course begin ? " I said, " and why ?

" Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow
 Of people, and my heart sick of one sad thought—
 Speak ! "—" Whence I am, I partly seem to know,

" And how and by what paths I have been brought
 To this dread pass, methinks even thou may'st guess ;—
 Why this should be, my mind can compass not ;

" Whither the conqueror hurries me, still less ;—
 But follow thou, and from spectator turn
 Actor or victim in this wretchedness,

" And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn
 From thee. Now listen :—In the April prime,
 When all the forest tips began to burn

" With kindling green, touched by the azure clime
 Of the young year's dawn, I was laid asleep
 Under a mountain, which from unknown time

" Had yawned into a cavern, high and deep ;
 And from it came a gentle rivulet,
 Whose water, like clear air, in its calm sweep

“ Bent the soft grass, and kept for ever wet
The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the grove
With sounds, which whoso hears must needs forget

“ All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love,
Which they had known before that hour of rest ;
A sleeping mother then would dream not of

“ Her only child who died upon her breast
At eventide—a king would mourn no more
The crown of which his brows were dispossessed

“ When the sun lingered o’er his ocean floor,
To gild his rival’s new prosperity.
Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore

“ Ills, which if ill can find no cure from thee,
The thought of which no other sleep will quell,
Nor other music blot from memory,

“ So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell ;
And whether life had been before that sleep
The heaven which I imagine, or a hell

“ Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep,
I know not. I arose, and for a space
The scene of woods and waters seem to keep,

“ Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace
Of light diviner than the common sun
Sheds on the common earth, and all the place

“ Was filled with magic sounds woven into one
Oblivious melody, confusing sense
Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun ;

“ And, as I looked, the bright omnipresence
Of morning through the orient cavern flowed,
And the sun’s image radiantly intense

“ Burned on the waters of the well that glowed
Like gold, and threaded all the forest’s maze
With winding paths of emerald fire ; there stood

“ Amid the sun,—as he amid the blaze
Of his own glory, on the vibrating
Floor of the fountain paved with flashing rays,—

“ A Shape all light, which with one hand did fling
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,
And the invisible rain did ever sing

“ A silver music on the mossy lawn ;
And still before me on the dusky grass,
Iris her many-coloured scarf had drawn :

“ In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,
Mantling with bright Nepenthe ; the fierce splendour
Fell from her as she moved under the mass

“ Out of the deep cavern, with palms so tender,
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow ;
She glided along the river, and did bend her

“ Head under the dark boughs, till, like a willow,
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream
That whispered with delight to be its pillow.

“ As one enamoured is upborne in dream
O’er lily-paven lakes ’mid silver mist,
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem

“ Partly to tread the waves with feet which kissed
The dancing foam ; partly to glide along
The air which roughened the moist amethyst,

“ Or the faint morning beams that fell among
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees ;
And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song

“ Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees,
And falling drops moved to a measure new,
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,

“ Up from the lake a shape of golden dew
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,
Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew ;

“ And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune
To which they moved, seemed as they moved to blot
The thoughts of him who gazed on them ; and soon

“ All that was, seemed as if it had been not ;
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath
Her feet like embers ; and she, thought by thought,

“ Trampled its sparks into the dust of death,
As day upon the threshold of the east
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath

“ Of darkness re-illumine even the least
Of heaven's living eyes !—like day she came,
Making the night a dream ; and ere she ceased

“ To move, as one between desire and shame
Suspended, I said—If, as it doth seem,
Thou comest from the realm without a name,

“ Into this valley of perpetual dream,
Show whence I came, and where I am, and why—
Pass not away upon the passing stream.

“ Arise and quench thy thirst, was her reply.
And as a shut lily, stricken by the wand
Of dewy morning’s vital alchemy,

“ I rose ; and, bending at her sweet command,
Touched with faint lips the cup she raised,
And suddenly my brain became as sand,

“ Where the first wave had more than half erased
The track of deer on desert Labrador ;
Whilst the wolf, from which they fled amazed,

“ Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore,
Until the second bursts ;—so on my sight
Burst a new vision, never seen before,

“ And the fair shape waned in the coming light,
As veil by veil the silent splendour drops
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

“ Of sun-rise, ere it tinge the mountain tops ;
And as the presence of that fairest planet,
Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes

“ That his day’s path may end, as he began it,
In that star’s smile, whose light is like the scent
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,

“ Or the soft note in which his dear lament
The Brescian shepherd breathes, or the caress
That turned his weary slumber to content ;*

* The favourite song, “ *Stanco di pascolar le pecorelle,*” is a Brescian national air

“ So knew I in that light’s severe excess
The presence of that shape which on the stream
Moved, as I moved along the wilderness,

“ More dimly than a day-appearing dream,
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep ;
A light of heaven, whose half-extinguished beam

“ Through the sick day in which we wake to weep,
Glimmers, for ever sought, for ever lost ;
So did that shape its obscure tenour keep

“ Beside my path, as silent as a ghost ;
But the new Vision, and the cold bright car,
With solemn speed and stunning music, crost

“ The forest, and as if from some dread war
Triumphantly returning, the loud million
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

“ A moving arch of victory, the vermilion
And green and azure plumes of Iris had
Built high over her wind-winged pavilion,

“ And underneath ethereal glory clad
The wilderness, and far before her flew
The tempest of the splendour, which forbade

“ Shadow to fall from leaf and stone ; the crew
Seemed in that light, like atomies to dance
Within a sunbeam ;—some upon the new

“ Embroidery of flowers, that did enhance
The grassy vesture of the desert, played,
Forgetful of the chariot’s swift advance ;

“ Others stood gazing, till within the shade
Of the great mountain its light left them dim ;
Others outspeded it ; and others made

“ Circles around it, like the clouds that swim
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air ;
And more did follow, with exulting hymn,

“ The chariot and the captives fettered there :—
But all like bubbles on an eddying flood
Fell into the same track at last, and were

“ Borne onward. I among the multitude
Was swept—me, sweetest flowers delayed not long ;
Me, not the shadow nor the solitude ;

“ Me, not that falling stream’s Lethean song ;
Me, not the phantom of that early form,
Which moved upon its motion—but among

“ The thickest billows of that living storm
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime
Of that cold light, whose airs too soon deform.

“ Before the chariot had begun to climb
The opposing steep of that mysterious dell,
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme

“ Of him who from the lowest depths of hell,
Through every paradise and through all glory,
Love led serene, and who returned to tell

“ The words of hate and care ; the wondrous story
How all things are transfigured except Love ;
(For deaf as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary,

“ The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
 The sphere whose light is melody to lovers)
 A wonder worthy of his rhyme—the grove

“ Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
 The earth was grey with phantoms, and the air
 Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers

“ A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
 Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,
 Strange night upon some Indian vale ;—thus were

“ Phantoms diffused around ; and some did fling
 Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,
 Behind them ; some like eaglets on the wing

“ Were lost in the white day ; others like elves
 Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes
 Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves ;

“ And others sate chattering like restless apes
 On vulgar hands, * * *
 Some made a cradle of the ermined capes

“ Of kingly mantles ; some across the tire
 Of pontiffs rode, like demons ; others played
 Under the crown which girt with empire

“ A baby’s or an idiot’s brow, and made
 Their nests in it. The old anatomies
 Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade

“ Of demon wings, and laughed from their dead eyes
 To re-assume the delegated power,
 Arrayed in which those worms did monarchise,

“ Who made this earth their charnel. Others more
Humble, like falcons, sat upon the fist
Of common men, and round their heads did soar ;

“ Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist
On evening marshes, thronged about the brow
Of lawyers, statesmen, priest, and theorist ;—

“ And others, like discoloured flakes of snow
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,
Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow

“ Which they extinguished ; and, like tears, they were
A veil to those from whose faint lids they rained
In drops of sorrow. I became aware

“ Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stained
The track in which we moved. After brief space,
From every form the beauty slowly waned ;

“ From every firmest limb and fairest face
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
The action and the shape without the grace

“ Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft
With care ; and in those eyes where once hope shone,
Desire, like a lioness bereft

“ Of her last cub, glared ere it died ; each one
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown

“ In autumn evening from a poplar tree,
Each like himself and like each other were
At first ; but some distorted seemed to be

“ Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air ;
And of this stuff the car’s creative ray
Wrapt all the busy phantoms that were there,

“ As the sun shapes the clouds ; thus on the way
Mask after mask fell from the countenance
And form of all ; and long before the day

“ Was old, the joy which waked like heaven’s glance
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died ;
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,

“ And fell, as I have fallen, by the way-side ;—
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past,
And least of strength and beauty did abide.

“ Then, what is life ? I cried.”—

FRAGMENTS.*



TO —.

HERE, my dear friend, is a new book for you ;
I have already dedicated two
To other friends, one female and one male,
What you are, is a thing that I must veil ;
What can this be to those who praise or rail ?
I never was attached to that great sect
Whose doctrine is that each one should select
Out of the world a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
To cold oblivion—though it is the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread
Who travel to their home among the dead,
By the broad highway of the world—and so
With one sad friend, and many a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

Free love has this, different from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.

* These fragments do not properly belong to the poems of 1822. They are gleanings from Shelley's manuscript books and papers; preserved not only because they are beautiful in themselves, but as affording indications of his feelings and virtues.

Like ocean, which the general north wind breaks
 Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes
 A mirror of the moon ; like some great glass,
 Which did distort whatever form might pass,
 Dashed into fragments by a playful child,
 Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild,
 Giving for one, which it could ne'er express,
 A thousand images of loveliness.

If I were one whom the loud world held wise,
 I should disdain to quote authorities
 In the support of this kind of love ;—
 Why there is first the God in heaven above,
 Who wrote a book called Nature, 'tis to be
 Reviewed I hear in the next Quarterly ;
 And Socrates, the Jesus Christ of Greece ;
 And Jesus Christ himself did never cease
 To urge all living things to love each other,
 And to forgive their mutual faults, and smother
 The Devil of disunion in their souls.

* * * * *

It is a sweet thing friendship, a dear balm,
 A happy and auspicious bird of calm,
 Which rides o'er life's ever tumultuous Ocean ;
 A God that broods o'er chaos in commotion ;
 A flower which fresh as Lapland roses are,
 Lifts its bold head into the world's pure air,
 And blooms most radiantly when others die,
 Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity ;
 And, with the light and odour of its bloom,
 Shining within the dungeon and the tomb ;
 Whose coming is as light and music are
 'Mid dissonance and gloom—a star
 Which moves not 'mid the moving heavens alone,
 A smile among dark frowns—a gentle tone

Among rude voices, a beloved light,
A solitude, a refuge, a delight.

If I had but a friend ! why I have three,
Even by my own confession ; there may be
Some more, for what I know ; for 'tis my mind
To call my friends all who are wise and kind,
And these, Heaven knows, at best are very few,
But none can ever be more dear than you.
Why should they be ? my muse has lost her wings,
Or like a dying swan who soars and sings
I should describe you in heroic style,
But as it is—are you not void of guile ?
A lovely soul, formed to be blessed and bless ;
A well of sealed and secret happiness ;
A lute, which those whom love has taught to play
Make music on, to cheer the roughest day ?

* * * * *

II.

AND who feels discord now or sorrow ?
Love is the universe to-day—
These are the slaves of dim to-morrow,
Darkening Life's labyrinthine way.

III.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

THY little footsteps on the sands
Of a remote and lonely shore ;
The twinkling of thine infant hands
Where now the worm will feed no more :
Thy mingled look of love and glee
When we returned to gaze on thee.

IV.

A GENTLE story of two lovers young,
 Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,
 And of one selfish heart, whose rancour clung
 Like curses on them ; are ye slow to borrow
 The lore of truth from such a tale ?
 Or in this world's deserted vale,
 Do ye not see a star of gladness
 Pierce the shadows of its sadness,
 When ye are cold, that love is a light sent
 From heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the inno-
 cent ?

V.

I AM drunk with the honey wine
 Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,
 Which fairies catch in hyacinth buds :—
 The bats, the dormice, and the moles
 Sleep in the walls or under the sward
 Of the desolate Castle yard ;
 And when 'tis spilt on the summer earth
 Or its fumes arise among the dew,
 Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,
 They gibber their joy in sleep ; for few
 Of the fairies bear those bowls so new !

VI.

YE gentle visitations of calm thought—
 Moods like the memories of happier earth,
 Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,
 Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,
 But that the clouds depart and stars remain,
 While they remain, and ye, alas, depart !

VII.

THE world is dreary,
 And I am weary
 Of wandering on without thee, Mary ;
 A joy was erewhile
 In thy voice and thy smile,
 And 'tis gone, when I should be gone too, Mary.

1819.

VIII.

MY dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,
 And left me in this dreary world alone !
 Thy form is here indeed—a lovely one—
 But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,
 That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode ;
 Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,
 Where
 For thine own sake I cannot follow thee.

1819.

IX.

WHEN a lover clasps his fairest,
 Then be our dread sport the rarest.
 Their caresses were like the chaff
 In the tempest, and be our laugh
 His despair—her epitaph !

When a mother clasps her child,
 Watch till dusty Death has piled
 His cold ashes on the clay ;
 She has loved it many a day—
 She remains,—it fades away.

X.

ONE sung of thee who left the tale untold,
 Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting :
 Like empty cups of wrought and dædal gold,
 Which mock the lips with air, when they are thirsting.

XI.

AND where is truth ? On tombs ? for such to thee
 Has been my heart—and thy dead memory
 Has lain from childhood, many a changeful year—
 Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

XII.

IN the cave which wild weeds cover
 Wait for thine ethereal lover ;
 For the pallid moon is waning,
 O'er the spiral cypress hanging
 And the moon no cloud is staining.

It was once a Roman's chamber,
 Where he kept his darkest revels,
 And the wild weeds twine and clamber ;
 It was then a chasm for devils.

XIII.

THERE is a warm and gentle atmosphere
 About the form of one we love, and thus
 As in a tender mist our spirits are
 Wrapt in the——of that which is to us
 The health of life's own life.

XIV.

How sweet it is to sit and read the tales
Of mighty poets, and to hear the while
Sweet music, which when the attention fails
Fills the dim pause——

XV.

WHAT men gain fairly—that they should possess,
And children may inherit idleness,
From him who earns it—This is understood ;
Private injustice may be general good.
But he who gains by base and armed wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled ; even as a stolen dress
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy.

XVI.

WAKE the serpent not—lest he
Should not know the way to go,—
Let him crawl which yet lies sleeping
Through the deep grass of the meadow !
Not a bee shall hear him creeping,
Not a May-fly shall awaken,
From its cradling blue-bell shaken,
Not the starlight as he's sliding
Through the grass with silent gliding.

XVII.

ROME has fallen, ye see it lying
 Heaped in undistinguished ruin :
Nature is alone undying.

XVIII.

THE fitful alternations of the rain,
When the chill wind, languid as with pain
Of its own heavy moisture, here and there
Drives through the grey and beamless atmosphere.

XIX.

I WOULD not be a king—enough
Of woe it is to love ;
The path to power is steep and rough,
And tempests reign above.

I would not climb the imperial throne ;
'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun
Thaws in the height of noon.
Then farewell, king, yet were I one,
Care would not come so soon.
Would he and I were far away
Keeping flocks on Himelay !

XX.

O THOU immortal deity
Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,
I do adjure thy power and thee
By all that man may be, by all that he is not,
By all that he has been and yet must be !

XXI.

HE wanders, like a day-appearing dream,
Through the dim wildernesses of the mind ;
Through desert woods and tracts, which seem
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

XXII.

ON KEATS,

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD BE INSCRIBED—

“ HERE lieth One whose name was writ on water !”
 But ere the breath that could erase it blew,
 Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
 Death, the immortalising winter flew,
 Athwart the stream, and time’s monthless torrent grew
 A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
 Of Adonais!—

XXIII.

THE rude wind is singing
 The dirge of the music dead,
 The cold worms are clinging
 Where kisses were lately fed.

XXIV.

WHAT art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest
 The wreath to mighty poets only due,
 Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wanest ?
 Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few,
 Who wander o’er the paradise of fame,
 In sacred dedication ever grew,—
 One of the crowd thou art without a name.
 Ah, friend, ’tis the false laurel that I wear ;
 Bright though it seem, it is not the same
 As that which bound Milton’s immortal hair ;
 Its dew is poison and the hopes that quicken
 Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair,
 Are flowers which die almost before they sicken.

XXV.

WHEN soft winds and sunny skies
With the green earth harmonise,
And the young and dewy dawn,
Bold as an unhunted fawn,
Up the windless heaven is gone—
Laugh—for ambushed in the day,
Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey.

XXVI.

THE babe is at peace within the womb,
The corpse is at rest within the tomb,
We begin in what we end.

XXVII.

EPITAPH.

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

NOTE ON THE POEMS OF 1822.

BY THE EDITOR.

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

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

From far across the sea
I hear a loud lament,
By echo's voice for thee,
From ocean's caverns sent.
O list! O list,
The spirits of the deep;
They raise a wail of sorrow,
While I for ever weep.

WITH this last year of the life of Shelley these Notes end. They are not what I intended them to be. I began with energy and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense I have of the virtues and genius

of the Beloved and the Lost ; my strength has failed under the task. Recurrence to the past—full of its own deep and unforgotten joys and sorrows, contrasted with succeeding years of painful and solitary struggle, has shaken my health. Days of great suffering have followed my attempts to write, and these again produced a weakness and languor that spread their sinister influence over these notes. I dislike speaking of myself, but cannot help apologising to the dead, and to the public, for not having executed in the manner I desired the history I engaged to give of Shelley's writings*.

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

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

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

The bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and divided by a rocky promontory into a larger and smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point, and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of Sant' Arezzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village ; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated was insane ; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin. He had, and

this to the Italians had seemed a glaring symptom of very decided madness, rooted up the olives on the hill side, and planted forest trees; these were mostly young, but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever elsewhere saw in Italy; some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye with a sense of loveliness. The scene was indeed of unimaginable beauty; the blue extent of waters, the almost land-locked bay, the near castle of Lerici, shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound in the beach, over which there was only a winding rugged foot-path towards Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea leaving no sands nor shingle,—formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only: sometimes the sunshine vanished when the scirocco raged—the ponente, the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls, that hailed our first arrival, surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying tints.

The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbours, of Sant' Arenzo, were more like savages than any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing or rather howling, the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks and joining in their loud wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarzana, at a distance of

three miles and a half off, with the torrent of the Magra between; and even there the supply was very deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves further from civilisation and comfort; but where the sun shines the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively.

At first the fatal boat had not arrived, and was expected with great impatience. On Monday, May 12th, it came. Williams records the long-wished-for fact in his journal: "Cloudy and threatening weather. M. Maglian called, and after dinner and while walking with him on the terrace, we discovered a strange sail coming round the point of Porto Venere, which proved at length to be Shelley's boat. She had left Genoa on Thursday last, but had been driven back by the prevailing bad winds. A Mr. Heslop and two English seamen brought her round, and they speak most highly of her performances. She does indeed excite my surprise and admiration. Shelley and I walked to Lerici, and made a stretch off the land to try her; and I find she fetches whatever she looks at. In short, we have now a perfect plaything for the summer."—It was thus that short-sighted mortals welcomed death, he having disguised his grim form in a pleasing mask! The time of the friends was now spent on the sea; the weather became fine, and our whole party often passed the evenings on the water, when the wind promised pleasant sailing. Shelley and Williams made longer excursions; they sailed several times to Massa; they had engaged one of the seamen who brought her round, a boy, by name Charles Vivian; and

they had not the slightest apprehension of danger. When the weather was unfavourable, they employed themselves with alterations in the rigging, and by building a boat of canvas and reeds, as light as possible, to have on board the other, for the convenience of landing in waters too shallow for the larger vessel. When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him ; and much of the "Triumph of Life" was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him.

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

Shelley and his friend, with their one sailor boy, thought themselves a match for the storms of the Mediterranean, in a boat which they looked upon as equal to all it was put to do.

On the 1st of July they left us. If ever shadow of future ill darkened the present hour, such was over my mind when they went. During the whole of our stay at Lerici, an intense presentiment of coming evil brooded over my mind, and covered this beautiful place, and genial summer, with the shadow of coming misery—I had vainly struggled with these emotions—they seemed accounted for by my illness, but at this hour of separation they recurred with renewed violence. I did not anticipate danger for them, but a vague expectation of evil shook me to agony, and I could scarcely bring myself to let them go. The day was calm and clear, and a fine breeze rising at twelve they weighed for Leghorn; they made the run of about fifty miles in seven hours and a half: the Bolivar was in port, and the regulations of the health-office not permitting them to go on shore after sunset, they borrowed cushions from the larger vessel, and slept on board their boat.

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

signs of civilisation, the sea at our feet, its murmurs or its roaring for ever in our ears,—all these things led the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and, lifting it from every-day life, caused it to be familiar with the unreal. A sort of spell surrounded us, and each day, as the voyagers did not return, we grew restless and disquieted, and yet, strange to say, we were not fearful of the most apparent danger.

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

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

world—whose love had been the source of happiness, peace, and good,—to be buried with him !

The concluding stanzas of the Adonais pointed out where the remains ought to be deposited ; in addition to which our beloved child lay buried in the cemetery at Rome. Thither Shelley's ashes were conveyed, and they rest beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers that recur at intervals in the circuit of the massy ancient wall of Rome. The vignette of the title page, is taken from a sketch made on the spot by Captain Roberts. He selected the hallowed place himself ; there is the

Sepulchre,
O, not of him, but of our joy !—
* * * * *

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
And one keen pyramid, with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Could sorrow for the lost, and shuddering anguish at the vacancy left behind, be soothed by poetic imaginations, there was something in Shelley's fate to mitigate pangs, which yet alas ! could not be so mitigated ; for hard reality brings too miserably home to the mourner, all that is lost of happiness, all of lonely unsolaced struggle that remains. Still though dreams and hues of poetry cannot blunt grief, it invests his fate with a sublime fitness, which those less nearly allied may regard with complacency. A year before, he had poured into verse all such ideas about death as give it a glory of its own. He had, as it now seems, almost anticipated his own destiny ; and when the mind figures his skiff wrapped

from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea ; and then, as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been *—who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the “ Adonais ? ”

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

* Captain Roberts watched the vessel with his glass from the top of the light-house of Leghorn, on its homeward track. They were off Via Reggio, at some distance from shore, when a storm was driven over the sea. It enveloped them and several larger vessels in darkness. When the cloud passed onward, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner, which had vanished. From that time he could scarcely doubt the fatal truth ; yet we fancied that they might have been driven towards Elba, or Corsica, and so be saved. The observation made as to the spot where the boat disappeared, caused it to be found, through the exertions of Trelawny, for that effect. It had gone down in ten fathom water ; it had not capsized, and, except such things as had floated from her, everything was found on board exactly as it had been placed when they sailed. The boat itself was uninjured. Roberts possessed himself of her, and decked her, but she proved not sea-worthy, and her shattered planks now lie rotting on the shore of one of the Ionian islands, on which she was wrecked.

PUTNEY, *May 1st*, 1839.

PREFACE

TO THE VOLUME OF POSTHUMOUS POEMS,

PUBLISHED IN 1824.

In nobil sangue, vita umile e queta,
Ed in alto intelletto un puro core;
Frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore,
E in aspetto pensoso, anima lieta.—PETRARCA.

It had been my wish, on presenting the public with the Posthumous Poems of *SHELLEY*, to have accompanied them by a biographical notice : as it appeared to me, that at this moment a narration of the events of my husband's life would come more gracefully from other hands than mine, I applied to *LEIGH HUNT*. The distinguished friendship that *SHELLEY* felt for him, and the enthusiastic affection with which *LEIGH HUNT* clings to his friend's memory, seemed to point him out as the person best calculated for such an undertaking. His absence from this country, which prevented our mutual explanation, has unfortunately rendered my scheme abortive. I do not doubt but that on some other occasion he will pay this tribute to his lost friend, and sincerely regret that the volume which I edit has not been honoured by its insertion.

The comparative solitude in which *SHELLEY* lived, was the occasion that he was personally known to few ; and his fearless enthusiasm in the cause which he considered the most sacred upon

earth, the improvement of the moral and physical state of mankind, was the chief reason why he, like other illustrious reformers, was pursued by hatred and calumny. No man was ever more devoted than he, to the endeavour of making those around him happy ; no man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him. The ungrateful world did not feel his loss, and the gap it made seemed to close as quickly over his memory as the murderous sea above his living frame. Hereafter men will lament that his transcendent powers of intellect were extinguished before they had bestowed on them their choicest treasures. To his friends his loss is irremediable : the wise, the brave, the gentle, is gone for ever ! He is to them as a bright vision, whose radiant track, left behind in the memory, is worth all the realities that society can afford. Before the critics contradict me, let them appeal to any one who had ever known him : to see him was to love him ; and his presence, like Ithuriel's spear, was alone sufficient to disclose the falsehood of the tale which his enemies whispered in the ear of the ignorant world.

His life was spent in the contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. He was an elegant scholar and a profound metaphysician : without possessing much scientific knowledge, he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects ; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and habits of every production of the earth ; he could interpret without a fault each appearance in the sky, and the varied phenomena of heaven and earth filled him with deep emotion. He made his study and reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, and the waterfall. Ill health and continual pain preyed upon his powers ; and the solitude in which we lived, particularly on our first arrival in Italy, although congenial to his feelings, must

frequently have weighed upon his spirits ; those beautiful and affecting " Lines, written in dejection at Naples," were composed at such an interval ; but when in health, his spirits were buoyant and youthful to an extraordinary degree.

Such was his love for nature, that every page of his poetry is associated in the minds of his friends with the loveliest scenes of the countries which he inhabited. In early life he visited the most beautiful parts of this country and Ireland. Afterwards the Alps of Switzerland became his inspirers. " Prometheus Unbound " was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome ; and when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harboured him as he composed " The Witch of Atlas," " Adonais," and " Hellas." In the wild but beautiful Bay of Spezia, the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water ; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter wrote " The Triumph of Life," the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place, the refined pleasure which he felt in the companionship of a few selected friends, our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there were the happiest which he had ever known : his health even rapidly improved, and he was never better than when I last saw him, full of spirits and joy, embark for Leghorn, that he might there welcome LEIGH HUNT to Italy. I was to have accompanied him, but illness confined me to my room, and thus put the seal on my misfortune. His vessel bore out of sight with a favourable wind, and I remained

awaiting his return by the breakers of that sea which was about to engulf him.

He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices toward his friends, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with WILLIAMS, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to return to us. We waited for them in vain ; the sea by its restless moaning seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn :—but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of those moments transcended all the fictions that the most flowing imagination ever portrayed : our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea, combined to imbue with strange horror our days of uncertainty. The truth was at last known,—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament, and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love that each voice bestowed and each countenance demonstrated for him we had lost,—not, I fondly hope, for ever : his unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes ; they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall, and “ the world’s sole monument ” is enriched by his remains.

I must add a few words concerning the contents of this volume. “ Julian and Maddalo,” “ The Witch of Atlas,” and most of the Translations, were written some years ago ; and, with the exception of “ The Cyclops,” and the Scenes from the “ Magico Prodigioso,” may be considered as having received the author’s ultimate corrections. “ The Triumph of Life ” was his last work, and was left in so unfinished a state, that I arranged it in its present form with great difficulty. All his poems which were scattered in periodical works are collected in this volume, and I have added a

reprint of "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude :"—the difficulty with which a copy can be obtained is the cause of its republication. Many of the Miscellaneous Poems, written on the spur of the occasion, and never retouched, I found among his manuscript books, and have carefully copied. I have subjoined, whenever I have been able, the date of their composition.

I do not know whether the critics will reprehend the insertion of some of the most imperfect among them ; but I frankly own that I have been more actuated by the fear lest any monument of his genius should escape me, than the wish of presenting nothing but what was complete to the fastidious reader. I feel secure that the Lovers of SHELLEY'S Poetry (who know how more than any poet of the present day every line and word he wrote is instinct with peculiar beauty) will pardon and thank me : I consecrate this volume to them.

The size of this collection has prevented the insertion of any prose pieces. They will hereafter appear in a separate publication.

MARY W. SHELLEY.

LONDON, *June 1st*, 1824.

TRANSLATIONS.



HYMNS OF HOMER.

HYMN TO MERCURY.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

The babe was born at the first peep of day ;
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds ;—the fourth day of the moon

On which him bore the venerable May,
 From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,
 Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
 But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal
 Dallied in love not quite legitimate ;
 And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,
 And naming his own name, did celebrate ;

His mother's cave and servant maids he planned all
 In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,
 Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan—
 But singing he conceived another plan.

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

Now to Alpheus he had driven all
 The broad-foreheaded oxen of the Sun ;
 They came unwearied to the lofty stall
 And to the water troughs which ever run

Through the fresh fields—and when with rushgrass tall
 Lotus and all sweet herbage, every one
 Had pastured been, the Great God made them move
 Towards the stall in a collected drove.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

All night he worked in the serene moonshine—
 But when the light of day was spread abroad
 He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine.
 On his long wandering, neither man nor god

Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
 Nor house-dog had barked at him on his road ;
 Now he obliquely through the key-hole passed,
 Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.

xxv.

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

xxvi.

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

xxvii.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

Ethereal born, arose out of the flood
 Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men.
 Apollo past toward the sacred wood,
 Which from the inmost depths of its green glen

Echoes the voice of Neptune,—and there stood
 On the same spot in green Onchestus then
 That same old animal, the vine-dresser,
 Who was employed hedging his vineyard there.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

“ That was most strange—but this is stranger still ! ”
 Thus having said, Phœbus impetuously
 Sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill,
 And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,

And where the ambrosial nymph with happy will
 Bore the Saturnian's love-child, Mercury—
 And a delighted odour from the dew
 Of the hill pastures, at his coming, flew.

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

“ An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
 And I am but a little new-born thing,
 Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong :—
 My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling

The cradle-clothes about me all day long,—
 Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
 And to be washed in water clean and warm,
 And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

* * * * *

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

LI.

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

LII.

“ With me, you unkind God ? ”—said Mercury :
 “ Is it about these cows you tease me so ?
 I wish the race of cows were perished !—I
 Stole not your cows—I do not even know

What things cows are. Alas ! I well may sigh,
 That, since I came into this world of woe,
 I should have ever heard the name of one—
 But I appeal to the Saturnian's throne."

LIII.

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

LIV.

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

LV.

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

LVI.

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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

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

LIX.

“ He must have had some other stranger mode
 Of moving on : those vestiges immense,
 Far as I traced them on the sandy road,
 Seemed like the trail of oak-toppings :—but thence

No mark nor track denoting where they trod
 The hard ground gave :—but, working at his fence,
 A mortal hedger saw him as he past
 To Pylos, with the cows, in fiery haste.

LX.

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

LXI.

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

LXII.

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

LXIII.

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

LXIV.

“ Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine ?
 Believe me, dearest Father, such you are,
 This driving of the herds is none of mine ;
 Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
 So may I thrive ! I reverence the divine
 Sun and the Gods, and I love you, and care
 Even for this hard accuser—who must know
 I am as innocent as they or you.

LXV.

“ I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals—
 (It is, you will allow, an oath of might)
 Through which the multitude of the Immortals
 Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
 Devising schemes for the affairs of mortals—
 That I am guiltless ; and I will requite,
 Although mine enemy be great and strong,
 His cruel threat—do thou defend the young !”

LXVI.

So speaking, the Cyllenian Argiphont
 Winked, as if now his adversary was fitted :—
 And Jupiter, according to his wont,
 Laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted

Infant give such a plausible account,
 And every word a lie. But he remitted
 Judgment at present—and his exhortation
 Was, to compose the affair by arbitration.

LXVII.

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden
 To go forth with a single purpose both,
 Neither the other chiding nor yet chidden :
 And Mercury with innocence and truth
 To lead the way, and show where he had hidden
 The mighty heifers.—Hermes, nothing loth,
 Obeyed the Ægis-bearer's will—for he
 Is able to persuade all easily.

LXVIII.

These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord
 Hastened to Pylos and the pastures wide
 And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford,
 Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied
 With silent growth. Whilst Hermes drove the herd
 Out of the stony cavern, Phœbus spied
 The hides of those the little babe had slain,
 Stretched on the precipice above the plain.

LXIX.

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

LXX.

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

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

And how to the Immortals every one
 A portion was assigned of all that is ;
 But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son
 Clothe in the light of his loud melodies ;—

And, as each God was born or had begun,
 He in their order due and fit degrees
 Sung of his birth and being—and did move
 Apollo to unutterable love.

LXXIV.

These words were winged with his swift delight :
 “ You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you
 Deserve that fifty oxen should requite
 Such minstrelsies as I have heard even now.
 Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,
 One of your secrets I would gladly know,
 Whether the glorious power you now show forth
 Was folded up within you at your birth,

LXXV.

“ Or whether mortal taught or God inspired
 The power of unpremeditated song ?
 Many divinest sounds have I admired
 The Olympian Gods and mortal men among ;
 But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,
 And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,
 Yet did I never hear except from thee,
 Offspring of May, impostor Mercury !

LXXVI.

“ What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,
 What exercise of subtlest art, has given
 Thy songs such power ?—for those who hear may choose
 From three, the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,
 Delight, and love, and sleep, sweet sleep, whose dews
 Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even :—
 And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo
 Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow :

LXXVII.

“ And their delight is dance, and the blithe noise
 Of song and everflowing poesy ;
 And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice
 Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly ;
 But never did my inmost soul rejoice
 In this dear work of youthful revelry,
 As now I wonder at thee, son of Jove ;
 Thy harpings and thy song are soft as love.

LXXVIII.

“ Now since thou hast, although so very small,
 Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,—
 And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,
 Witness between us what I promise here,—
 That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,
 Honoured and mighty, with thy mother dear,
 And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,
 And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee.”

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

“ The Counsellor Supreme has given to thee
 Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude
 Of his profuse exhaustless treasury ;
 By thee, 'tis said, the depths are understood

Of his far voice ; by thee the mystery
 Of all oracular fates,—and the dread mood
 Of the diviner is breathed up, even I—
 A child—perceive thy might and majesty—

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

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

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

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

LXXXVII.

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,
 Which skilfully he held and played thereon.
 He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded
 The echo of his pipings ; every one

Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded,
 While he conceived another piece of fun,
 One of his old tricks—which the God of Day
 Perceiving, said :—“ I fear thee, Son of May ;—

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX.

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

xc.

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

xci.

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

xcii.

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

xciii.

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

xciv.

“ There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who,
 Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings,
 Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,
 Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings

Its circling skirts—from these I have learned true
 Vaticinations of remotest things.
 My father cared not. Whilst they search out dooms,
 They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

xcv.

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

xcvi.

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

xcvii.

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

TO THE SUN.

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

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

TO THE MOON.

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

But when the Moon divine from Heaven is gone
 Under the sea, her beams within abide,
 Till, bathing her bright limbs in Ocean's tide,
 Clothing her form in garments glittering far,
 And having yoked to her immortal car
 The beam-invested steeds, whose necks on high
 Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky
 A western Crescent, borne impetuously.
 Then is made full the circle of her light,
 And as she grows, her beams more bright and bright,
 Are poured from Heaven, where she is hovering then,
 A wonder and a sign to mortal men.

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

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

TO THE EARTH, MOTHER OF ALL.

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

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

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

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

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

TO MINERVA.

I SING the glorious Power with azure eyes,
Athenian Pallas ! tameless, chaste, and wise,
Trilogenia, town-preserving maid,
Revered and mighty ; from his awful head
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armour drest,
Golden, all radiant ! wonder strange possessed
The everlasting Gods that shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of Ægis-bearing Jove ;
Fearfully Heaven was shaken, and did move
Beneath the might of the Cerulean-eyed ;
Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide,
And lifted from its depths, the sea swelled high
In purple billows, the tide suddenly
Stood still, and great Hyperion's son long time
Checked his swift steeds, till where she stood sublime,
Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
The arms divine ; wise Jove rejoiced to view.
Child of the Ægis-bearer, hail to thee,
Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be.

THE CYCLOPS;

A Satyric Drama.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

SILENUS.
CHORUS OF SATYRS.

ULYSSES.
THE CYCLOPS.

SILENUS.

O BACCHUS, what a world of toil, both now
 And ere these limbs were overworn with age,
 Have I endured for thee! First, when thou fled'st
 The mountain-nymphs who nurst thee, driven afar
 By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee;
 Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,
 When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,
 No unpropitious fellow combatant,
 And, driving through his shield my winged spear,
 Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now,
 Is it a dream of which I speak to thee?
 By Jove it is not, for you have the trophies!
 And now I suffer more than all before.
 For, when I heard that Juno had devised
 A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea
 With all my children quaint in search of you,
 And I myself stood on the beaked prow
 And fixed the naked mast; and all my boys,
 Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain

Made white with foam the green and purple sea,—
 And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
 Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,
 And drove us to this wild Ætnean rock ;
 The one-eyed children of the Ocean God,
 The man-destroying Cyclopes inhabit,
 On this wild shore, their solitary caves ;
 And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us
 To be his slaves ; and so, for all delight
 Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
 We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.
 My sons indeed, on far declivities,
 Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep,
 But I remain to fill the water casks,
 Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
 Some impious and abominable meal
 To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it !
 And now I must scrape up the littered floor
 With this great iron rake, so to receive
 My absent master and his evening sheep
 In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see
 My children tending the flocks hitherward.
 Ha ! what is this ? are your Sicinnian measures
 Even now the same as when with dance and song
 You brought young Bacchus to Athæa's halls ?

* * * *

CHORUS OF SATYRS.

STROPHE.

Where has he of race divine
 Wandered in the winding rocks ?
 Here the air is calm and fine
 For the father of the flocks ;—
 Here the grass is soft and sweet,
 And the river-eddies meet

In the trough beside the cave,
 Bright as in their fountain wave.—
 Neither here, nor on the dew
 Of the lawny uplands feeding?
 Oh, you come!—a stone at you
 Will I throw to mend your breeding;—
 Get along, you horned thing,
 Wild, seditious, rambling!

EPODE.*

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

SILENUS.

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

CHORUS.

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

SILENUS.

I see a Grecian vessel on the coast,
 And thence the rowers, with some general,

* The Antistrophe is omitted.

Approaching to this cave. About their necks
 Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
 And water-flasks.—O miserable strangers!
 Whence come they, that they know not what and who
 My master is, approaching in ill hour
 The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
 And the Cyclopiian jaw-bone, man-destroying?
 Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear,
 Whence coming, they arrive the Ætnean hill.

ULYSSES.

Friends, can you show me some clear water spring,
 The remedy of our thirst? Will any one
 Furnish with food seamen in want of it?
 Ha! what is this? We seem to be arrived
 At the blithe court of Bacchus. I observe
 This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.
 First let me greet the elder.—Hail!

SILENUS.

Hail thou,
 O Stranger! Tell thy country and thy race.

ULYSSES.

The Ithacan Ulysses and the king
 Of Cephalonia.

SILENUS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

SILENUS.

Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?

ULYSSES.

From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils.

SILENUS.

How touched you not at your paternal shore ?

ULYSSES.

The strength of tempests bore me here by force.

SILENUS.

The self-same accident occurred to me.

ULYSSES.

Were you then driven here by stress of weather ?

SILENUS.

Following the Pirates who had kidnapped Bacchus.

ULYSSES.

What land is this, and who inhabit it ?—

SILENUS.

Ætna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.

ULYSSES.

And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns ?

SILENUS.

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

ULYSSES.

And who possess the land ? the race of beasts ?

SILENUS.

Cyclops, who live in caverns, not in houses.

ULYSSES.

Obeying whom ? Or is the state popular ?

SILENUS.

Shepherds : no one obeys any in aught.

ULYSSES.

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

SILENUS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

SILENUS.

Ah! no; they live in an ungracious land.

ULYSSES.

And are they just to strangers?—hospitable?

SILENUS.

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

ULYSSES.

What! do they eat man's flesh?

SILENUS.

No one comes here who is not eaten up.

ULYSSES.

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

SILENUS.

Absent on *Ætna*, hunting with his dogs.

ULYSSES.

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

SILENUS.

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

ULYSSES.

Provide us food, of which we are in want.

SILENUS.

Here is not any thing, as I said, but meat.

ULYSSES.

But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.

SILENUS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

SILENUS.

But how much gold will you engage to give ?

ULYSSES.

I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.

SILENUS.

O joy!

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

ULYSSES.

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

SILENUS.

Whom I have nursed a baby in my arms.

ULYSSES.

The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.

SILENUS.

Have you it now?—or is it in the ship ?

ULYSSES.

Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.

SILENUS.

Why this would hardly be a mouthful for me.

ULYSSES.

Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence.

SILENUS.

You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.

ULYSSES.

Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?

SILENUS.

'Tis just—tasting invites the purchaser.

ULYSSES.

Here is the cup, together with the skin.

SILENUS.

Pour: that the draught may fillip my remembrance.

ULYSSES.

See!

SILENUS.

Papaiapæx! what a sweet smell it has!

ULYSSES.

You see it then?—

SILENUS.

By Jove, no! but I smell it.

ULYSSES.

Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.

SILENUS.

Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance!
Joy! joy!

ULYSSES.

Did it flow sweetly down your throat?

SILENUS.

So that it tingled to my very nails.

ULYSSES.

And in addition I will give you gold.

SILENUS.

Let gold alone ! only unlock the cask.

ULYSSES.

Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.

SILENUS.

That will I do, despising any master.
 Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give
 All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains.

* * * * *

CHORUS.

Ye have taken Troy, and laid your hands on Helen ?

ULYSSES.

And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.

SILENUS.

* * * * *

The wanton wretch ! She was bewitched to see
 The many-coloured anklets and the chain
 Of woven gold which girt the neck of Paris,
 And so she left that good man Menelaus.
 There should be no more women in the world
 But such as are reserved for me alone.—
 See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses ;
 Here are unsparing cheeses of pressed milk ;
 Take them ; depart with what good speed ye may ;
 First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew
 Of joy-inspiring grapes.

ULYSSES.

Ah me ! Alas !

What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!
Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?

SILENUS.

Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.

ULYSSES.

'Twere perilous to fly into the net.

SILENUS.

The cavern has recesses numberless;
Hide yourselves quick.

ULYSSES.

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

SILENUS.

What, ho! assistance, comrades, haste, assistance!

The CYCLOPS, SILENUS, ULYSSES; CHORUS.

CYCLOPS.

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

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

Well, is the dinner fitly cooked and laid ?

SILENUS.

All ready, if your throat is ready too.

CYCLOPS.

Are the bowls full of milk besides ?

SILENUS.

O'erbrimming ;

So you may drink a tunful if you will.

CYCLOPS.

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

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

By no means.—

* * * * *

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

SILENUS.

Ah me !

I have been beaten till I burn with fever.

CYCLOPS.

By whom ? Who laid his fist upon your head ?

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

Did not the rascals know
I am a God, sprung from the race of heaven?

SILENUS.

I told them so, but they bore off your things,
And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,
And carried out the lambs—and said, moreover,
They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,
And pull your vitals out through your one eye,
Torture your back with stripes; then, binding you,
Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,
And then deliver you, a slave, to move
Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.

CYCLOPS.

In truth? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly
The cooking knives, and heap upon the hearth,
And kindle it, a great faggot of wood.—
As soon as they are slaughtered, they shall fill
My belly, broiling warm from the live coals,
Or boiled and seethed within the bubbling cauldron.
I am quite sick of the wild mountain game;
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.

SILENUS.

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

ULYSSES.

Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.
We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship
Into the neighbourhood of your cave, and here
This old Silenus gave us in exchange

These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank,
 And all by mutual compact, without force.
 There is no word of truth in what he says,
 For sily he was selling all your store.

SILENUS.

I? May you perish, wretch—

ULYSSES.

If I speak false !

SILENUS.

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

CHORUS.

There stop !

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

CYCLOPS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

CYCLOPS.

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

ULYSSES.

The same, having endured a woeful toil.

CYCLOPS.

O basest expedition ! Sailed ye not
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake ?

ULYSSES.

'Twas the Gods' work—no mortal was in fault.
But, O great offspring of the Ocean King !
We pray thee and admonish thee with freedom,
That thou dost spare thy friends who visit thee,
And place no impious food within thy jaws.
For in the depths of Greece we have upreared
Temples to thy great father, which are all
His homes. The sacred bay of Tænarus
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess
Scooped high on the Malean promontory,
And aery Sunium's silver-veined crag,
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept
From Phrygian contumely ; and in which
You have a common care, for you inhabit
The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots
Of Ætna and its crags, spotted with fire.
Turn then to converse under human laws ;
Receive us shipwrecked suppliants, and provide
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts ;
Nor, fixing upon oxen-piercing spits
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough ;

And weapon-winged murder heaped together
 Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless,
 And ancient women and grey fathers wail
 Their childless age:—if you should roast the rest,
 And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare,
 Where then would any turn? Yet be persuaded;
 Forego the lust of your jaw-bone; prefer
 Pious humanity to wicked will;
 Many have bought too dear their evil joys.

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's God;
 All other things are a pretence and boast.
 What are my father's ocean promontories,
 The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?
 Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt,
 I know not that his strength is more than mine.
 As to the rest I care not.—When he pours
 Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
 Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
 Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,
 And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
 Emulating the thunder of high heaven.
 And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
 I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
 Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
 The earth by force, whether it will or no,
 Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
 Which, to what other God but to myself
 And this great belly, first of deities,
 Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know

The wise man's only Jupiter is this,
 To eat and drink during his little day,
 And give himself no care. And as for those
 Who complicate with laws the life of man,
 I freely give them tears for their reward.
 I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
 Or hesitate in dining upon you :—
 And that I may be quit of all demands,
 These are my hospitable gifts ;—fierce fire
 And yon ancestral cauldron, which o'erbubbling
 Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
 Creep in !—

* * * * *

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS (*alone*).

For your gaping gulf and your gullet wide
 The ravine is ready on every side ;
 The limbs of the strangers are cooked and done,
 There is boiled meat, and roast meat, and meat from the coal,
 You may chop it, and tear it, and gnash it for fun,
 A hairy goat's skin contains the whole.
 Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
 The stream of your wrath to a safer shore.

The Cyclops Ætnean is cruel and bold,

He murders the strangers
 That sit on his hearth,
 And dreads no avengers
 To rise from the earth.

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

Farewell, foul pavilion!
 Farewell, rites of dread!
 The Cyclops vermilion,
 With slaughter uncloying,
 Now feasts on the dead,
 In the flesh of strangers joying!

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS.

Unhappy man!

* * * * *

ULYSSES.

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

The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,
Three waggon-loads at least, and then he strewed
Upon the ground, beside the red fire light,
His couch of pine leaves ; and he milked the cows,
And pouring forth the white milk, filled a bowl
Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much
As would contain four amphoræ, and bound it
With ivy wreaths ; then placed upon the fire
A brazen pot to boil, and make red hot
The points of spits, not sharpened with the sickle,
But with a fruit-tree bough, and with the jaws
Of axes for Ætnean slaughterings*.
And when this God-abandoned cook of hell
Had made all ready, he seized two of us,
And killed them in a kind of measured manner ;
For he flung one against the brazen rivets
Of the huge cauldron, and seized the other
By the foot's tendon, and knocked out his brains
Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone :
Then peeled his flesh with a great cooking knife,
And put him down to roast. The other's limbs
He chopped into the cauldron to be boiled.
And I, with the tears raining from my eyes,
Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him ;
The rest, in the recesses of the cave,
Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear.
When he was filled with my companions' flesh,
He threw himself upon the ground, and sent
A loathsome exhalation from his maw.
Then a divine thought came to me. I filled
The cup of Maron, and I offered him
To taste, and said :—" Child of the Ocean-God,
Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,
The exultation and the joy of Bacchus."

* I confess I do not understand this.—*Note of the Author.*

He, satiated with his unnatural food,
 Received it, and at one draught drank it off,
 And, taking my hand, praised me :—" Thou hast given
 A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest."
 And I, perceiving that it pleased him, filled
 Another cup, well knowing that the wine
 Would wound him soon and take a sure revenge.
 And the charm fascinated him, and I
 Plied him cup after cup, until the drink
 Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud
 In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen
 A hideous discord—and the cavern rung.
 I have stolen out, so that if you will
 You may achieve my safety and your own.
 But say, do you desire, or not, to fly
 This uncompanionable man, and dwell,
 As was your wont, among the Grecian nymphs,
 Within the fanes of your beloved God?
 Your father there within agrees to it,
 But he is weak and overcome with wine,
 And caught as if with birdlime by the cup,
 He claps his wings and crows in doating joy.
 You who are young escape with me, and find
 Bacchus your ancient friend ; unsuited he
 To this rude Cyclops.

CHORUS.

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

* * * * *

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

O no;
Nothing of that kind; my device is subtle.

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

So will I in the Cyclops' fiery eye
Turn round the brand, and dry the pupil up.

CHORUS.

Joy! I am mad with joy at your device.

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

Doubtless; the brand is a great brand to hold.

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

Silence now!

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

CHORUS.

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

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

SEMI-CHORUS I. *Song within.*

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

SEMI-CHORUS II.

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

CYCLOPS.

Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine,
Heavy with the joy divine,
With the young feast oversated.
Like a merchant's vessel freighted
To the water's edge, my crop
Is laden to the gullet's top.
The fresh meadow grass of spring
Tempt me forth, thus wandering
To my brothers on the mountains,

Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains.
Bring the cask, O stranger, bring!

CHORUS.

One with eyes the fairest
Cometh from his dwelling ;
Some one loves thee, rarest,
Bright beyond my telling.
In thy grace thou shinest
Like some nymph divinest,
In her caverns dewy ;—
All delights pursue thee,
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
Shall thy head be wreathing.

ULYSSES.

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

CYCLOPS.

What sort of God is Bacchus then accounted ?

ULYSSES.

The greatest among men for joy of life.

CYCLOPS.

I gulpt him down with very great delight.

ULYSSES.

This is a God who never injures men.

CYCLOPS.

How does the God like living in a skin ?

ULYSSES.

He is content wherever he is put.

CYCLOPS.

Gods should not have their body in a skin.

ULYSSES.

If he give joy, what is his skin to you ?

CYCLOPS.

I hate the skin, but love the wine within.

ULYSSES.

Stay here ; now drink, and make your spirit glad.

CYCLOPS.

Should I not share this liquor with my brothers ?

ULYSSES.

Keep it yourself, and be more honoured so.

CYCLOPS.

I were more useful, giving to my friends.

ULYSSES.

But village mirth breeds contests, broils, and blows.

CYCLOPS.

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

ULYSSES.

A drunken man is better within doors.

CYCLOPS.

He is a fool, who drinking loves not mirth.

ULYSSES.

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

CYCLOPS.

What shall I do, Silenus ? Shall I stay ?

SILENUS.

Stay—for what need have you of pot companions ?

CYCLOPS.

Indeed this place is closely carpeted
With flowers and grass.

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

What do you put the cup behind me for ?

SILENUS.

That no one here may touch it.

CYCLOPS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

CYCLOPS.

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

ULYSSES.

You grant your guest a fair reward, O Cyclops.

CYCLOPS.

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

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

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

SILENUS.

By Jupiter ! you said that I am fair.

CYCLOPS.

Pour out, and only give me the cup full.

SILENUS.

How is it mixed ? Let me observe.

CYCLOPS.

Curse you !

Give it me so.

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

Thou wily traitor !

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

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

SILENUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

How now ?

SILENUS.

Ye Gods, what a delicious gulp !

CYCLOPS.

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

ULYSSES.

The wine is well accustomed to my hand.

CYCLOPS.

Pour out the wine !

ULYSSES.

I pour ; only be silent.

CYCLOPS.

Silence is a hard task to him who drinks.

ULYSSES.

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

Oh, that the drinker died with his own draught !

CYCLOPS.

Papai ! the vine must be a sapient plant.

ULYSSES.

If you drink much after a mighty feast,

Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well ;

If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.

CYCLOPS.

Ho ! ho ! I can scarce rise. What pure delight !

The heavens and earth appear to whirl about

Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove

And the clear congregation of the Gods.

Now if the Graces tempted me to kiss,

I would not, for the loveliest of them all

I would not leave this Ganymede.

SILENUS.

Polypheme,

I am the Ganymede of Jupiter.

CYCLOPS.

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

ULYSSES *and the* CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race,
 This man within is folded up in sleep,
 And soon will vomit flesh from his fell maw ;
 The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke,
 No preparation needs, but to burn out
 The monster's eye ;—but bear yourselves like men.

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

Vulcan, Ætnean king ! burn out with fire
 The shining eye of this thy neighbouring monster !
 And thou, O Sleep, nursling of gloomy night,
 Descend unmixed on this God-hated beast,
 And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,
 Returning from their famous Trojan toils,
 To perish by this man, who cares not either
 For God or mortal ; or I needs must think
 That Chance is a supreme divinity,
 And things divine are subject to her power.

CHORUS.

Soon a crab the throat will seize
 Of him who feeds upon his guest,
 Fire will burn his lamp-like eyes
 In revenge of such a feast !
 A great oak stump now is lying
 In the ashes yet undying.

Come, Maron, come !
 Raging let him fix the doom,

Let him tear the eyelid up,
 Of the Cyclops—that his cup
 May be evil!
 Oh, I long to dance and revel
 With sweet Bromian, long desired,
 In loved ivy-wreaths attired ;
 Leaving this abandoned home—
 Will the moment ever come ?

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS.

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

SEMI-CHORUS I.

 We are too few ;
 We cannot at this distance from the door
 Thrust fire into his eye.

SEMI-CHORUS II.

 And we just now
 Have become lame ; cannot move hand nor foot.

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

What, sprained with standing still ?

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

Cowardly dogs ! ye will not aid me, then ?

CHORUS.

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

ULYSSES.

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

CHORUS.

This I will do with peril of my life,
And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.

Hasten and thrust,
And parch up to dust,
The eye of the beast,
Who feeds on his guest.

Burn and blind
 The Ætnean hind !
 Scoop and draw,
 But beware lest he claw
 Your limbs near his maw.

CYCLOPS.

Ah me ! my eye-sight is parched up to cinders.

CHORUS.

What a sweet pæan ! sing me that again !

CYCLOPS.

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

CHORUS.

What are you roaring out, Cyclops ?

CYCLOPS.

I perish !

CHORUS.

For you are wicked.

CYCLOPS.

And besides miserable.

CHORUS.

What, did you fall into the fire when drunk ?

CYCLOPS.

'Twas Nobody destroyed me.

CHORUS.

Why then no one
 Can be to blame.

CYCLOPS.

I say 'twas Nobody
Who blinded me.

CHORUS.

Why then, you are not blind!

CYCLOPS.

I wish you were as blind as I am.

CHORUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

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

CHORUS.

No where, O Cyclops * * *

CYCLOPS.

It was that stranger ruined me:—the wretch
First gave me wine, and then burnt out my eye,
For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.
Have they escaped, or are they yet within?

CHORUS.

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

CYCLOPS.

At my right hand or left?

CHORUS.

Close on your right.

CYCLOPS.

Where?

CHORUS.

Near the rock itself.

You have them.

CYCLOPS.

Oh, misfortune on misfortune !
I've crack'd my skull.

CHORUS.

Now they escape you there.

CYCLOPS.

Not there, although you say so.

CHORUS.

Not on that side.

CYCLOPS.

Where then ?

CHORUS.

They creep about you on your left.

CYCLOPS.

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

CHORUS.

Not there ! he is a little there beyond you.

CYCLOPS.

Detested wretch ! where are you ?

ULYSSES.

Far from you
I keep with care this body of Ulysses.

CYCLOPS.

What do you say ? You proffer a new name.

ULYSSES.

My father named me so ; and I have taken
A full revenge for your unnatural feast ;
I should have done ill to have burned down Troy,
And not revenged the murder of my comrades.

CYCLOPS.

Ai! ai! the ancient oracle is accomplished ;
It said that I should have my eye-sight blinded
By you coming from Troy, yet it foretold
That you should pay the penalty for this
By wandering long over the homeless sea.

ULYSSES.

I bid thee weep—consider what I say,
I go towards the shore to drive my ship
To mine own land, o'er the Sicilian wave.

CYCLOPS.

Not so, if whelming you with this huge stone
I can crush you and all your men together ;
I will descend upon the shore, though blind,
Groping my way adown the steep ravine.

CHORUS.

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

EPIGRAMS.

SPIRIT OF PLATO.

FROM THE GREEK.

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

FROM THE GREEK.

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

TO STELLA.

FROM PLATO.
—•—

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

FROM PLATO.
—•—

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

SONNETS FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

—◆—
Τὰν ἄλλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ὅταν ἄνεμος ἀτρέμα βάλλῃ,—π. τ. λ.
—

I.

WHEN winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more :
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Tempt my unquiet mind.—But when the roar
Of ocean's grey abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody ;
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey, the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit but disturbs it not.

II.

PAN loved his neighbour Echo—but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping ;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild
The bright nymph Lyda—and so the three went weeping.

As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr ;
 The Satyr, Lyda—and thus love consumed them.—
 And thus to each—which was a woeful matter—
 To bear what they inflicted, justice doomed them ;
 For, inasmuch as each might hate the lover,
 Each, loving, so was hated.—Ye that love not
 Be warned—in thought turn this example over,
 That, when ye love, the like return ye prove not.

SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

—♦—
 DANTE ALIGHIERI TO GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

GUIDO, I would that Lappo, thou, and I,
 Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
 A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly
 With winds at will where'er our thoughts might wend,
 So that no change, nor any evil chance,
 Should mar our joyous voyage ; but it might be,
 That even satiety should still enhance
 Between our hearts their strict community ;
 And that the bounteous wizard then would place
 Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,
 Companions of our wandering, and would grace
 With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
 Our time, and each were as content and free
 As I believe that thou and I should be.

SCENES

FROM THE

MAGICO PRODIGIOSO OF CALDERON.

*CYPRIAN as a Student ; CLARIN and MOSCON as poor Scholars,
with books.*

CYPRIAN.

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

MOSCON.

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

CLARIN.

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

MOSCON.

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

CLARIN.

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

CYPRIAN.

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

MOSCON.

How happens it, although you can maintain

The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there?

CLARIN.

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

MOSCON.

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

CLARIN.

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

CYPRIAN.

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

Enter the DEVIL, as a fine Gentleman.

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

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

DÆMON.

'Tis a foreign gentleman.
 Even from this morning I have lost my way
 In this wild place, and my poor horse, at last
 Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon
 The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
 And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
 Upon my way to Antioch upon business
 Of some importance, but wrapt up in cares
 (Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
 I parted from my company, and lost
 My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

CYPRIAN.

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

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

Studied much?—

Have you

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

Pray, Sir,
What science may you know?—

DÆMON.

Many.

CYPRIAN.

Alas !

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

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

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

DÆMON.

It is so true that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,
And obtained many votes, and though I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious than the failure
Could be dishonourable : if you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know best, and although I

Know not the opinion you maintain, and though
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

CYPRIAN.

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

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

’Tis true.

DÆMON.

What difficulty find you here ?

CYPRIAN.

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

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

This reply will not satisfy me, for
 Such awe is due to the high name of God,
 That ill should never be imputed. Then,
 Examining the question with more care,
 It follows, that the gods should always will
 That which is best, were they supremely good.
 How then does one will one thing—one another?
 And you may not say that I allege
 Poetical or philosophic learning:—
 Consider the ambiguous responses
 Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
 Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
 One victory. Is it not indisputable
 That two contending wills can never lead
 To the same end? And, being opposite,
 If one be good is not the other evil?
 Evil in God is inconceivable;
 But supreme goodness fails among the gods
 Without their union.

DÆMON.

I deny your major.

These responses are means towards some end
 Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
 They are the work of providence, and more
 The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
 Than victory advantage those who win.

CYPRIAN.

That I admit, and yet that God should not
 (Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
 Assure the victory, it would be enough
 To have permitted the defeat; if God
 Be all sight,—God, who beheld the truth,
 Would not have given assurance of an end

Never to be accomplished ; thus, although
 The Deity may according to his attributes
 Be well distinguished into persons, yet,
 Even in the minutest circumstance,
 His essence must be one.

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

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

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

Who made man
 Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
 If they are equal, might they not have risen
 In opposition to the work, and being
 All hands, according to our author here,

Have still destroyed even as the other made?
 If equal in their power, and only unequal
 In opportunity, which of the two
 Will remain conqueror?

DÆMON.

On impossible
 And false hypothesis, there can be built
 No argument. Say, what do you infer
 From this?

CYPRIAN.

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

[They rise.]

DÆMON.

How can I impugn
 So clear a consequence?

CYPRIAN.

Do you regret
 My victory?

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

Go in peace !

DÆMON.

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

[*Exit.*

CYPRIAN.

I never

Met a more learned person. Let me now
 Revolve this doubt again with careful mind. [*He reads.*

Enter LELIO and FLORO.

LELIO.

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

FLORO.

Draw !

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

LELIO.

Thou needest not instruct me ; well I know
 That in the field the silent tongue of steel
 Speaks thus. [*They fight.*

CYPRIAN.

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

LELIO.

Whence comest thou, to stand
Between me and my vengeance ?

FLORO.

From what rocks
And desert cells ?

Enter MOSCON and CLARIN.

MOSCON.

Run, run ! for where we left my master,
We hear the clash of swords.

CLARIN.

I never
Run to approach things of this sort, but only
To avoid them. Sir ! Cyprian ! sir !

CYPRIAN.

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

LELIO.

Cyprian,
Although my high respect towards your person
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of its scabbard.
Thou knowest more of science than the duel ;
For when two men of honour take the field,
No counsel nor respect can make them friends,
But one must die in the pursuit.

FLORO.

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

CYPRIAN.

Though you may imagine
That I know little of the laws of duel,
Which vanity and valour instituted,
You are in error. By my birth I am
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits
Of honour and of infamy, nor has study
Quenched the free spirit which first ordered them ;
And thus to me, as to one well experienced
In the false quicksands of the sea of honour,
You may refer the merits of the case ;
And if I should perceive in your relation
That either has the right to satisfaction
From the other, I give you my word of honour
To leave you.

LELIO.

Under this condition then
I will relate the cause, and you will cede
And must confess th' impossibility
Of compromise ; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.

FLORO.

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

CYPRIAN.

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

LELIO.

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

CYPRIAN.

Would you for your
 Part marry her?

FLORO.

Such is my confidence.

CYPRIAN.

And you?

LELIO.

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

CYPRIAN.

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

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

SCENE II.

CYPRIAN.

O memory! permit it not
 That the tyrant of my thought
 Be another soul that still
 Holds dominion o'er the will;
 That would refuse, but can no more,
 To bend, to tremble, and adore.
 Vain idolatry!—I saw,
 And gazing became blind with error;
 Weak ambition, which the awe
 Of her presence bound to terror!
 So beautiful she was—and I,
 Between my love and jealousy,
 Am so convulsed with hope and fear,
 Unworthy as it may appear;—
 So bitter is the life I live,
 That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
 To thy most detested spirit
 My soul, for ever to inherit,
 To suffer punishment and pine,
 So this woman may be mine.
 Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
 My soul is offered!

DÆMON (*unseen*).

I accept it.

[*Tempest, with thunder and lightning.*]

CYPRIAN.

What is this! ye heavens, for ever pure,
 At once intensely radiant and obscure!

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

It stumbles on a jagged rock,—
Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast.

A tempest—All exclaim within

We are all lost!

DÆMON (*within*).

Now from this plank will I
Pass to the land, and thus fulfil my scheme.

CYPRIAN.

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

The DÆMON enters as escaped from the sea.

DÆMON (*aside*).

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

CYPRIAN.

Friend,

Collect thyself; and be the memory
Of thy late suffering, and thy greatest sorrow

But as a shadow of the past,—for nothing
Beneath the circle of the moon but flows
And changes, and can never know repose.

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

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

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

Wherefore?

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

Now, since the fury
Of this earthquaking hurricane is still,
And the crystalline heaven has reassumed
Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems
As if its heavy wrath had been awakened
Only to overwhelm that vessel,—speak,
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

DÆMON.

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

CYPRIAN.

Speak.

DÆMON,

Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
 Myself to thee ;—for in myself I am
 A world of happiness and misery ;
 This I have lost, and that I must lament
 For ever. In my attributes I stood
 So high and so heroically great,
 In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
 Which penetrated with a glance the world
 Beneath my feet, that won by my high merit
 A king—whom I may call the King of kings,
 Because all others tremble in their pride
 Before the terrors of his countenance,
 In his high palace roofed with brightest gems
 Of living light—call them the stars of Heaven—
 Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
 Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
 In mighty competition, to ascend
 His seat, and place my foot triumphantly
 Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
 The depth to which ambition falls ; too mad
 Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
 Repentance of the irrevocable deed :—
 Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
 Of not to be subdued, before the shame
 Of reconciling me with him who reigns
 By coward cession.—Nor was I alone,
 Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone ;
 And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
 For many suffrages among his vassals
 Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
 Are mine, and many more perchance shall be.
 Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,

I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage. Then I sailed
Over the mighty fabric of the world,
A pirate ambushed in its pathless sands,
A lynx crouched watchfully among its caves
And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
The expanse of these wide wildernesses
In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
Seeking ever a mountain, through whose forests
I seek a man, whom I must now compel
To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
In tempest, and, although my power could well
Bridle the forest winds in their career,
For other causes I forbore to soothe
Their fury to Favonian gentleness;
I could and would not: (thus I wake in him
A love of magic art.) Let not this tempest,
Nor the succeeding calm excite thy wonder;
For by my art the sun would turn as pale
As his weak sister with unwonted fear;
And in my wisdom are the orbs of Heaven
Written as in a record. I have pierced
The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres,
And know them as thou knowest every corner
Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
A charm over this waste and savage wood,
This Babylon of crags and aged trees,
Filling its leafy coverts with a horror

[*Aside.*]

Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
 Of these wild oaks and pines—and as from thee
 I have received the hospitality
 Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
 Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er
 Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
 As object of desire, that shall be thine.

* * * * *

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
 'Twixt thou and me be, that neither fortune,
 The monstrous phantom which pursues success,
 That careful miser, that free prodigal,
 Who ever alternates with changeful hand
 Evil and good, reproach and fame; nor Time,
 That loadstar of the ages, to whose beam
 The winged years speed o'er the intervals
 Of their unequal revolutions; nor
 Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars
 Rule and adorn the world, can ever make
 The least division between thee and me,
 Since now I find a refuge in thy favour.

SCENE III.

The DÆMON tempts JUSTINA, who is a Christian.

DÆMON.

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
 Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
 From thy prison-house set free
 The spirits of voluptuous death,
 That with their mighty breath
 They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
 Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes

Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
 Till her guiltless phantasy
 Full to overflowing be !
 And, with sweetest harmony,
 Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
 To love, only to love.
 Let nothing meet her eyes
 But signs of Love's soft victories ;
 Let nothing meet her ear
 But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow ;
 So that from faith no succour may she borrow,
 But, guided by my spirit blind
 And in a magic snare entwined,
 She may now seek Cyprian.
 Begin, while I in silence bind
 My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast begun.

A VOICE WITHIN.

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

ALL.

Love ! love !

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

THE FIRST VOICE.

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

ALL.

Love ! O love !

JUSTINA.

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

ALL.

Love, O love !

JUSTINA.

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

Be silent, Nightingale !—No more
 Make me think, in hearing thee
 Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
 If a bird can feel his so,
 What a man would feel for me.
 And, voluptuous vine, O thou
 Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
 To the trunk thou interlacest
 Art the verdure which embracest,
 And the weight which is its ruin,—

No more, with green embraces, vine,
 Make me think on what thou lovest,—
 For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,
 I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
 How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
 Who gazest ever true and tender
 On the sun's revolving splendour,
 Follow not his faithless glance
 With thy faded countenance,
 Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
 If leaves can mourn without a tear,
 How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
 Cease from thy enamoured tale,—
 Leafy vine, unwreath thy bower,
 Restless sunflower, cease to move,—
 Or tell me all, what poisonous power
 Ye use against me.—

ALL.

Love! love! love!

JUSTINA.

It cannot be! Whom have I ever loved?
 Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
 Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
 And Cyprian?— [*She becomes troubled at the name of CYPRIAN.*
 Did I not requite him
 With such severity, that he has fled
 Where none has ever heard of him again?—
 Alas! I now begin to fear that this
 May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
 As if there were no danger. From the moment
 That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
 Cyprian is absent, O miserable me!

I know not what I feel !

[*More calmly.*]

It must be pity

To think that such a man, whom all the world

Admired, should be forgot by all the world,

And I the cause.

[*She again becomes troubled.*]

And yet if it were pity,

Floro and Lelio might have equal share,

For they are both imprisoned for my sake.

[*Calmly.*]

Alas ! what reasonings are these ? It is

Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,

Without this ceremonious subtlety.

And woe is me ! I know not where to find him now,

Even should I seek him through this wide world.

Enter DÆMON.

DÆMON.

Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

JUSTINA.

And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,

Into my chamber through the doors and locks ?

Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness

Has formed in the idle air ?

DÆMON.

No. I am one

Called by the thought which tyrannises thee

From his eternal dwelling ; who this day

Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

JUSTINA.

So shall thy promise fail. This agony

Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul

May sweep imagination in its storm ;

The will is firm.

DÆMON.

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

JUSTINA.

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

DÆMON.

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

JUSTINA.

By my free-will.

DÆMON.

I

Must force thy will.

JUSTINA.

It is invincible ;
 It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.
[He draws, but cannot move her.]

DÆMON.

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

JUSTINA.

Too dear.

It were bought

DÆMON.

'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

JUSTINA.

'Tis dread captivity.

DÆMON.

'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

JUSTINA.

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

DÆMON.

But how

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

JUSTINA.

My defence

Consists in God.

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

DÆMON.

Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defence in God,
I will assume a feigned form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
First by dishonouring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. *[Exit.]*

JUSTINA.

I

Appeal to Heaven against thee ! so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot

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

Enter LISANDER and LIVIA.

LISANDER.

O my daughter; what?

LIVIA.

What?

JUSTINA.

Saw you
 A man go forth from my apartment now?—
 I scarce sustain myself!

LISANDER.

A man here!

JUSTINA.

Have you not seen him?

LIVIA.

No, lady.

JUSTINA.

I saw him.

LISANDER.

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

LIVIA (*aside*).

I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was locked up in my room.

LISANDER.

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

LIVIA.

My master's in the right.

JUSTINA.

Oh, would it were
Delusion! but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments; aye,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame;
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps.—Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Which secretly the faithful worship.

LIVIA.

Here.

JUSTINA (*putting on her cloak*).

In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!

LISANDER.

And I will go with thee.

LIVIA.

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

JUSTINA.

So do I confide
In thy just favour, Heaven!

LISANDER.

Let us go.

JUSTINA.

Thine is the cause, great God! Turn, for my sake
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

SCENES

FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.



PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The LORD and the Host of Heaven.

Enter Three Archangels.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
With thunder speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may;—
The world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

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

MICHAEL.

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

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The Angels draw strength from thy glance,
 Though no one comprehend thee may :—
 Thy world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as on creation's day.*

* RAPHAEL.

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

GABRIEL.

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

MICHAEL.

And storms roar in emulation
 From sea to land, from land to sea,
 And make, raging, a chain
 Of deepest operation round about.
 There flames a flashing destruction
 Before the path of the thunderbolt.
 But thy servants, Lord, revere
 The gentle alternations of thy day.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As thou, O Lord, once more art kind enough
 To interest thyself in our affairs—
 And ask, “How goes it with you there below?”
 And as indulgently at other times
 Thou tookedst not my visits in ill part,
 Thou seest me here once more among thy household.
 Though I should scandalize this company,
 You will excuse me if I do not talk
 In the high style which they think fashionable ;
 My pathos certainly would make you laugh too,
 Had you not long since given over laughing.
 Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds ;
 I observe only how men plague themselves ;—
 The little god o’ the world keeps the same stamp,
 As wonderful as on creation’s day :—
 A little better would he live, hadst thou
 Not given him a glimpse of Heaven’s light
 Which he calls reason, and employs it only
 To live more beastily than any beast.
 With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken,
 He’s like one of those long-legged grasshoppers
 Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever

CHORUS.

Thy countenance gives the Angels strength,
 Though none can comprehend thee :
 And all thy lofty works
 Are excellent as at the first day.

Such is the literal translation of this astonishing Chorus; it is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification ; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a caput mortuum.—*Author’s Note.*

The same old song i' the grass. There let him lie,
Burying his nose in every heap of dung.

THE LORD.

Have you no more to say? Do you come here
Always to scold, and cavil, and complain?
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord; I find all there, as ever, bad at best.
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.

THE LORD.

Knowest thou Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

Ay; my servant Faust.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth

He serves you in a fashion quite his own,
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from Heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears;
Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

THE LORD.

Though he now serves me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.

When trees look green, full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you bet?—now I am sure of winning—
Only observe you give me full permission
To lead him softly on my path.

THE LORD.

As long
As he shall live upon the earth, so long
Is nothing unto thee forbidden.—Man
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thanks.

And that is all I ask ; for willingly
I never make acquaintance with the dead.
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me,
And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.
For I am like a cat—I like to play
A little with the mouse before I eat it.

THE LORD.

Well, well, it is permitted thee. Draw thou
His spirit from its springs ; as thou find'st power,
Seize him and lead him on thy downward path ;
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
Is well aware of the right way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well and good.

I am not in much doubt about my bet,
And, if I lose, then 'tis your turn to crow ;
Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast.
Ay ; dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,
Like my old paramour, the famous Snake.

THE LORD.

Pray come here when it suits you ; for I never
 Had much dislike for people of your sort.
 And, among all the Spirits who rebelled,
 The knave was ever the least tedious to me.
 The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon
 He seeks unbroken quiet ; therefore I
 Have given him the Devil for a companion,
 Who may provoke him to some sort of work,
 And must create for ever.—But ye, pure
 Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty ;—
 Let that which ever operates and lives
 Clasp you within the limits of its love ;
 And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
 The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

[Heaven closes ; the Archangels exeunt.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From time to time I visit the old fellow,
 And I take care to keep on good terms with him.
 Civil enough is this same God Almighty,
 To talk so freely with the Devil himself.

SCENE.

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would you not like a broomstick ? As for me
 I wish I had a good stout ram to ride ;
 For we are still far from th' appointed place.

FAUST.

This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
In the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see, how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid:
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favour us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature;
Our course, you know, is generally zig-zag.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha, ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff your flickering life out.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

Well,

I see you are the master of the house ;
 I will accommodate myself to you.
 Only consider that to-night this mountain
 Is all-enchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern
 Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
 You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and IGNIS-FATUUS *in alternate Chorus.*

The limits of the sphere of dream,
 The bounds of true and false, are past.
 Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
 Lead us onward, far and fast,
 To the wide, the desert waste.
 But see, how swift advance and shift
 Trees behind trees, row by row,—
 How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
 Their frowning foreheads as we go.
 The giant-snouted crags, ho ! ho !
 How they snort, and how they blow !

Through the mossy sods and stones,
 Stream and streamlet hurry down,
 A rushing throng ! A sound of song
 Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown !
 Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
 Of this bright day, sent down to say
 That Paradise on Earth is known,
 Resound around, beneath, above ;
 All we hope and all we love
 Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
 Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
 And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
 And which Echo, like the tale
 Of old times, repeats again.

To-who! to-who! near, nearer now
 The sound of song, the rushing throng!
 Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
 All awake as if 'twere day?
 See, with long legs and belly wide,
 A salamander in the brake!
 Every root is like a snake,
 And along the loose hill side,
 With strange contortions through the night,
 Curls, to seize or to affright;
 And animated, strong, and many,
 They dart forth polypus-antennæ,
 To blister with their poison spume
 The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
 The many-coloured mice that thread
 The dewy turf beneath our tread,
 In troops each other's motions cross,
 Through the heath and through the moss;
 And in legions intertangled,
 The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
 Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
 Shall we onward? Come along!
 Everything around is swept
 Forward, onward, far away!
 Trees and masses intercept
 The sight, and wisps on every side
 Are puffed up and multiplied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
 This pinnacle of isolated crag.
 One may observe with wonder from this point
 How Mammon glows among the mountains.

FAUST.

Ay—

And strangely through the solid depth below
 A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
 Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
 Of mountains, lighting hitherward; there, rise
 Pillars of smoke; here, clouds float gently by;
 Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
 Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
 And now it glides like tender colours spreading;
 And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
 And now it winds one torrent of broad light,
 Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
 And now once more within that narrow corner
 Masses itself into intensest splendour.
 And near us see sparks spring out of the ground,
 Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
 The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
 That hems us in are kindled.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rare, in faith!

Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
 His palace for this festival—it is
 A pleasure which you had not known before.
 I spy the boisterous guests already.

FAUST.

How

The children of the wind rage in the air!
 With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
 Beware! for if with them thou warrest

In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,
 Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
 Thy body to a grave in the abyss.

A cloud thickens the night.

Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!

The owls fly out in strange affright;

The columns of the evergreen palaces

Are split and shattered;

The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;

And, ruinously overthrown,

The trunks are crushed and shattered

By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.

Over each other crack and crash they all

In terrible and intertangled fall;

And through the ruins of the shaken mountain

The airs hiss and howl—

It is not the voice of the fountain,

Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.

Dost thou not hear?

Strange accents are ringing

Aloft, afar, anear;

The witches are singing!

The torrent of a raging wizard's song

Streams the whole mountain along.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,

Now to the Brocken the witches go;

The mighty multitude here may be seen

Gathering, wizard and witch, below.

Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air;

Hey over stock! and hey over stone!

'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done?

Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A VOICE.

Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

CHORUS.

Honour her to whom honour is due,
Old mother Baubo, honour to you!
An able sow with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night and outspeeding the wind—

A VOICE.

Which way comest thou?

A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein;
The owl was awake in the white moon-shine;
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad bright eyne.

VOICES.

And you may now as well take your course on to Hell,
Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

A VOICE.

She dropt poison upon me as I past.
Here are the wounds—

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come away! come along!
The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom.
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother is clapping her hands.—

SEMI-CHORUS OF WIZARDS I.

We glide in

Like snails when the women are all away ;
 And from a house once given over to sin
 Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

SEMI-CHORUS II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
 Where a man but a single spring will make.

VOICES ABOVE.

Come with us, come with us, from Felunsee.

VOICES BELOW.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky ;
 We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we !
 But our toil and our pain are for ever in vain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
 The melancholy moon is dead ;
 The magic notes, like spark on spark,
 Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
 Come away !

VOICES BELOW.

Stay, oh stay !

VOICES ABOVE.

Out of the crannies of the rocks
 Who calls ?

VOICES BELOW.

Oh, let me join your flocks !
 I, three hundred years have striven
 To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven,—
 And still in vain. Oh, might I be
 With company akin to me !

BOTH CHORUSES.

Some on a ram and some on a prong,
 On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along;
 Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

A HALF-WITCH BELOW.

I have been tripping this many an hour:
 Are the others already so far before?
 No quiet at home, and no peace abroad!
 And less methinks is found by the road.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come onward, away! aoint thee, aoint!
 A witch to be strong must aoint—aint—
 Then every trough will be boat enough;
 With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky,
 Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?

BOTH CHORUSES.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground;
 Witch-legions thicken around and around;
 Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over. [*They descend.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling!
 What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling!
 What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning!
 As Heaven and earth were overturning.
 There is a true witch element about us;
 Take hold on me, or we shall be divided:—
 Where are you?

FAUST (*from a distance*).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What!

I must exert my authority in the house.
 Place for young Voland ! Pray make way, good people.
 Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step
 Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd :
 They are too mad for people of my sort.
 Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—
 Something attracts me in those bushes.—Come
 This way ; we shall slip down there in a minute.

FAUST.

Spirit of Contradiction ! Well, lead on—
 'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out
 Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
 And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
 Disgusted with the humours of the time.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See yonder, round a many-coloured flame
 A merry-club is huddled all together :
 Even with such little people as sit there
 One would not be alone.

FAUST.

Would that I were
 Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke
 Where the blind million rush impetuously
 To meet the evil ones ; there might I solve
 Many a riddle that torments me !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet

Many a riddle there is tied anew
 Inextricably. Let the great world rage !
 We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
 'Tis an old custom. Men have ever built
 Their own small world in the great world of all.
 I see young witches naked there, and old ones

Wisely attired with greater decency.
 Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
 A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
 I hear them tune their instruments—one must
 Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll lead you
 Among them ; and what there you do and see,
 As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.

How say you now ? this space is wide enough—
 Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—
 A hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
 Who throng around them seem innumerable :
 Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
 And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
 What is there better in the world than this ?

FAUST.

In introducing us, do you assume
 The character of wizard or of devil ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth, I generally go about
 In strict incognito ; and yet one likes
 To wear one's orders upon gala days.
 I have no ribbon at my knee ; but here
 At home the cloven foot is honourable.
 See you that snail there ?—she comes creeping up,
 And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something :
 I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
 Come now we'll go about from fire to fire :
 I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

*[To some old Women, who are sitting round a heap of
 glimmering coals.]*

Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here ?
 You ought to be with the young rioters

Right in the thickest of the revelry—
But every one is best content at home.

GENERAL.

Who dare confide in right or a just claim ?
So much as I had done for them ! and now—
With women and the people 'tis the same,
Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go
To the dark grave unhonoured.

MINISTER.

Now-a-days
People assert their rights ; they go too far ;
But, as for me, the good old times I praise.
Then we were all in all ; 'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star ;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

PARVENU.*

We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not perhaps ; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

AUTHOR.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And ponderous volume ? 'Tis impertinence
To write what none will read, therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

MEPHISTOPHELES. (*Who at once appears to have grown very old.*)

I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain ;
And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.

* A sort of fundholder.

PEDLAR-WITCH.

Look here,

Gentlemen ; do not hurry on so fast,
 And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.
 I have a pack full of the choicest wares
 Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
 Is nothing like what may be found on earth ;
 Nothing that in a moment will make rich
 Men and the world with fine malicious mischief.—
 There is no dagger drunk with blood ; no bowl
 From which consuming poison may be drained
 By innocent and healthy lips ; no jewel,
 The price of an abandoned maiden's shame ;
 No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
 Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back ;
 No——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip, you know little of these times.
 What has been, has been ; what is done, is past.
 They shape themselves into the innovations
 They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
 The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us ;
 You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.

FAUST.

Who is that yonder ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well. It is

Lilith.

FAUST.

Who ?

MEPHISTOPHELES,

Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
 Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
 All women in the magic of her locks ;

And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.

FAUST.

There sit a girl and an old woman—they
Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no rest to-night for any one :
When one dance ends another is begun ;
Come, let us to it. We shall have rare fun.

[FAUST dances and sings with a Girl, and MEPHISTOPHELES
with an old Woman.

PROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

What is this cursed multitude about ?
Have we not long since proved to demonstration
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet !
But these are dancing just like men and women.

THE GIRL.

What does he want then at our ball ?

FAUST.

Oh ! he

Is far above us all in his conceit :
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment ;
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be considered as a step.
There are few things that scandalise him not ;
And, when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

PROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

Fly!

Vanish! Unheard-of impudence! What, still there!
 In this enlightened age too, since you have been
 Proved not to exist!—But this infernal brood
 Will hear no reason and endure no rule.
 Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted?
 How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
 Of superstition, and the world will not
 Come clean with all my pains!—it is a case
 Unheard of!

THE GIRL.

Then leave off teasing us so.

PROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

I tell you, spirits, to your faces now,
 That I should not regret this despotism
 Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
 To-night I shall make poor work of it,
 Yet I will take a round with you, and hope
 Before my last step in the living dance
 To beat the poet and the devil together.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last he will sit down in some foul puddle;
 That is his way of solacing himself;
 Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
 Cures him of spirits and the spirit together.

[*To FAUST, who has seceded from the dance.*]

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
 Who sang so sweetly to you in the dance?

FAUST.

A red mouse in the middle of her singing
 Sprang from her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That was all right, my friend :
 Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.
 Do not disturb your hour of happiness
 With close consideration of such trifles.

FAUST.

Then saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ?

FAUST.

Seest thou not a pale
 Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away ?
 She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
 And seems as if she moved with shackled feet :
 I cannot overcome the thought that she
 Is like poor Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let it be—pass on—
 No good can come of it—it is not well
 To meet it—it is an enchanted phantom,
 A lifeless idol ; with its numbing look,
 It freezes up the blood of man ; and they
 Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
 Like those who saw Medusa.

FAUST.

O, too true !
 Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
 Which no beloved hand has closed. Alas !
 That is the breast which Margaret yielded to me—
 Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is all magic, poor deluded fool !
 She looks to every one like his first love.

FAUST.

O what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion;
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion.—Gain this rising ground,
It is as airy here as in a []
And if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre.—What may this mean?

ATTENDANT.

Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 'tis
The custom now to represent that number.
'Tis written by a Dilettante, and
The actors who perform are Dilettanti;
Excuse me, gentlemen; but I must vanish.
I am a Dilettante curtain-lifter.

THE END.



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