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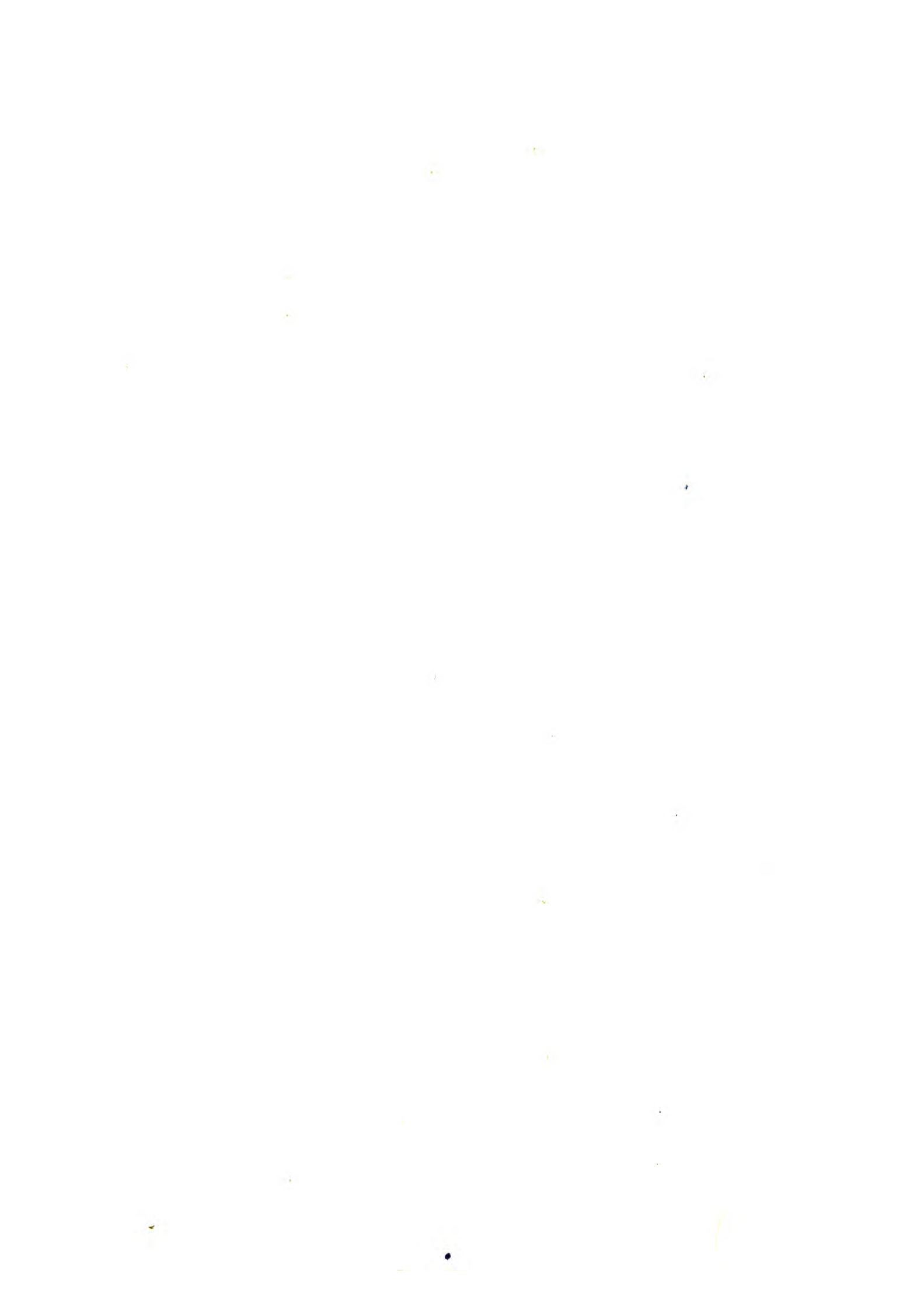
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# POEMS OF SHELLEY

AN ANTHOLOGY  
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE  
POET'S DEATH THE 8<sup>TH</sup> JULY

1822

RICHARD  
COBDEN-SANDERSON  
17 THAVIES INN

1922



**PREFATORY NOTE**



## I

THIS ANTHOLOGY, in commemoration of the death of SHELLEY, is arranged in FIVE PARTS. In PART I (LOVE AND LIFE) are developed in rhythmic sequence the emotions of Dejection, Love, Longing, Despair, and Death. In PART II (ALASTOR), PART I is resumed in the life of a poet, a dream of youth, and is closed again in Death. In PART III (ADONAI), the Painted Veil, which men miscall Life, is lifted and everywhere Life is seen to be immortal. In PART IV (THE EVERLASTING UNIVERSE) the Poet, 'holding an unremitting intercourse with the everlasting universe of things—now dark, now glittering, now reflecting gloom, now lending splendour—renders and receives fast influencings'; and at one time interprets Nature in terms of himself, his human mind, and at another himself in terms of Nature; and in all her music, 'from the moan of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird,' his voice is heard. In PART V (MAN EMANCIPATE) the Poet, insurgent, achieves for mankind the great vision, the Vision Sublime of MAN EMANCIPATE, in which

The Painted Veil, by those who were called Life,  
Which mimicked, as with colours idly spread,  
All men believed or hoped, is torn aside.  
The loathsome mask has fallen, the MAN remains;  
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but MAN;  
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,

Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king  
Over himself, just, gentle, wise, but MAN.

PASSIONLESS ? no, yet free from guilt or pain  
Which were, for his will made or suffered them ;  
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,  
From chance, and death, and mutability,  
The clogs of that which else might oversoar  
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,  
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

## II

This Arrangement might suffice as an Anthology of the essential Poems, 'folded in their own eternity'; but as the Editor would at the same time present a self-drawn image of the Poet, insatiate and aspiring, 'insatiate till to love and live be one, one immortality, one annihilation,' he has prefixed to the Poems, as PROLOGUE, THE HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY, and as EPILOGUE has built out beyond them, as it were into the infinite, EPIPSYCHIDION, in which 'the height of Love's rare Universe' approached the Poet's imagination reels and the Poet imagines himself to expire in an ecstasy of bliss.

L'Anima amante si slancia fuori del creato,  
e si crea nel infinito un Mondo  
tutto per essa.

### III

The Poet was born at Field Place in Sussex on the 14th of August 1792 : and from Leghorn on the 8th of July 1822 'put out to sea.' Wrecked, the Poet's body was burnt, in the presence of Lord Byron, Trelawny, and Leigh Hunt, on the shore of the Mediterranean near to Via Reggio. Taken thence to Rome, in that 'high Capital of kingly Death' the ashes, the grey ashes of the Poet, lie buried.

But he is gathered to the kings of thought  
Who waged contention with their time's decay  
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON

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# PROEM

ON a poet's lips I slept  
Dreaming like a love-adept  
In the sound his breathing kept ;  
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
But feeds on the aërial kisses  
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.  
He will watch from dawn to gloom  
The lake-reflected sun illumine  
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,  
Nor heed nor see, what things they be ;  
But from these create he can  
Forms more real than living man,  
Nurslings of immortality !

# PROLOGUE



## I

PRO-  
LOGUE

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats, though unseen, amongst us, visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain  
shower,  
It visits with inconstant glance  
Each human heart and countenance ;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
Like memory of music fled,  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

## II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?  
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?  
Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;  
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown ;  
Why fear and dream and death and birth  
Cast on the daylight of this earth  
Such gloom ; why man has such a scope  
For love and hate, despondency and hope.

### III

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
To sage or poet these responses given :  
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,  
Remain the records of their vain endeavour ;  
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to  
    sever,  
    From all we hear and all we see,  
    Doubt, chance, and mutability.  
Thy light alone, like mists o'er mountains driven,  
    Or music by the night wind sent  
    Through strings of some still instrument,  
    Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

### PRO- LOGUE

### IV

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart  
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.  
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,  
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.  
    Thou messenger of sympathies,  
    That wax and wane in lover's eyes ;  
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,  
    Like darkness to a dying flame !  
    Depart not as thy shadow came :  
    Depart not—lest the grave should be,  
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

V

PRO-LOGUE While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
Thro' many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,  
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is  
fed ;  
I was not heard, I saw them not :  
When, musing deeply on the lot  
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
All vital things that wake to bring  
News of birds and blossoming,  
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me ;  
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
To thee and thine : have I not kept the vow ?  
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
I call the phantoms of a thousand Hours  
Each from his voiceless grave : they have in visioned  
bowers  
Of studious zeal or love's delight  
Outwatched with me the envious night :  
They know that never joy illumed my brow  
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
This world from its dark slavery,  
That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,  
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

## VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
When noon is past : there is a harmony  
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
Which through the Summer is not heard or seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been !  
Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
Of Nature on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

## PRO- LOGUE



# POEMS

PART I. LOVE AND DEATH

I

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.

II

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.



PART I      THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
i              The waves are dancing fast and bright ;  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
                The purple noon's transparent might ;  
                The breath of the moist earth is light,  
Around its unexpanded buds ;  
                Like many a voice of one delight,  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
    With green and purple seaweeds strown ;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
    Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :  
    I sit upon the sands alone ;  
The lightning of the noontide ocean  
    Is flashing round me, and a tone  
    Arises from its measured motion,  
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
    Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that content surpassing wealth  
    The sage in meditation found,  
    And walked with inward glory crowned ;  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
    Others I see whom these surround ;  
    Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

PART I

i

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are ;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,  
As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
Insults with this untimely moan ;  
They might lament—for I am one  
Whom men love not,—and yet regret ;  
Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set,  
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

**PART I UNFATHOMABLE Sea, whose waves are years ;**

ii      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 ;  
    Traucherous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
    Who shall put forth on thee,  
    Unfathomable Sea ?

I

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 ?

PART I  
iii

II

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

III

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

PART I  
iv

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 ?

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 strain,

Deep caves and dreary main,

Wail, for the world's wrong !

PART I

v

**PART I**

vi

**THE** blasts of Autumn drive the wingèd seeds

Over the earth ; next come the snows, and rain,  
And frosts, and storms, which dreary Winter leads

Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train ;

Behold ! Spring sweeps over the world again,  
Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings ;

Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,  
And music on the waves and woods she flings,  
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

I

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,      PART I  
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,      vii  
    And the year  
On the earth her deathbed, 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.

II

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 gray ;  
    Let your light sisters play :  
    Ye, follow the bier  
    Of the dead cold Year,  
And make her grave green with tear on tear.



PART I  
viii

I

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.

II

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

III

As the wild air stirs and sways  
The tree-swing 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.

IV

January gray 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.

'T WAS at the season when the Earth upsprings . . . PART I  
From slumber ; as a spherèd angel's child, . . . ix  
Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,

Stands up before its mother bright and mild,  
Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems,  
So stood before the Sun, which shone and smiled

To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,  
The fresh and radiant Earth. The hoary grove  
Waxed green, and flowers burst forth like starry  
beams ;

The grass in the warm sun did start and move,  
And sea-buds burst beneath the waves serene :  
How many a one, though none be near to love,

Loves then the shade of his own soul, half seen  
In any mirror, or the Spring's young minions,  
The wingèd leaves amid the copses green ;

How many a spirit then puts on the pinions  
Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,  
And his own steps, and over wide dominions

Sweeps in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,  
More fleet than storms—the wide world shrinks below,  
When Winter and despondency are past.

**PART I** THOU art the wine whose drunkenness is all  
x We can desire, O Love ! and happy souls,  
Ere from thy vine the leaves of Autumn fall,

Catch thee, and feed from their o'er-flowing bowls  
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew ;  
Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls

Investeth it ; and when the heavens are blue  
Thou fillest them ; and when the earth is fair  
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue

Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear  
Beauty like some bright robe : thou ever soarest  
Among the towers of men, and as soft air

In Spring, which moves the unawakened forest,  
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,  
Thou floatest among men ; and aye implorest

That which from thee they should implore : the weak  
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts  
The strong have broken : yet where shall any seek

A garment whom thou clothest not ?

I

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 ?

PART I

xi

II

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 ?

PART I  
xii

I

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 !

II

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
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 !

III

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.

IV

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
Wouldst thou me ?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
Murmured like a noontide bee,  
Shall I nestle near thy side ?  
Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,  
No, not thee !

PART I

xii

V

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, belovèd Night,  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
Come soon, soon !

PART I  
xiii

I

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.

II

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 !

I

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,  
Swifter far than youth's delight,  
Swifter far than happy night,

Art thou come and gone :  
As the wood when leaves are shed,  
As the night when sleep is fled,  
As the heart when joy is dead,  
I am left lone, alone.

PART I

xiv

II

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.

III

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.



**PART I**

xv

**I**

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  
Hath led me—who knows how ?  
To thy chamber window, sweet !

**II**

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

**III**

Oh 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.

I

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.

PART I

xvi

II

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.

PART I  
xvii

I

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.

II

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 ?

I

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 !

PART I  
xviii

II

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.

III

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

PART I

xix

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 love that never 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 ;

PART I

xix

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,  
Oh 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,

PART I  
xix

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-voicèd 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 Jane alone.

PART I

xix



PART I

xx

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  
Harmonises heart to heart.  
¶ Radiant Sister of the Day,

Awake ! arise ! and come away !  
To the wild woods and the plains,  
And 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,  
Crown the pale Year weak and new ;  
When the night is left behind  
In the deep east, dun 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.

**PART I**

**xx**

PART. I  
xxi

I

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 to 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.

II

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.

III

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.

PART I  
xxi

IV

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 white 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.

## V

PART I  
xxi

We paused beside the pools that lie  
     Under the forest bough,  
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky  
     Gulphed 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 Shelley's mind,  
Than calm in waters seen.

**PART I**

**xxi**

PART I  
xxii

SHE left me at the silent time  
When the moon had ceased to climb  
The azure path of Heaven's steep,  
And, like an albatross asleep,  
Balanced on her wings of light,  
Hovered in the purple night,  
Ere she sought her ocean nest  
In the chambers of the West.  
She left me, and I stayed alone  
Thinking over every tone  
Which, though silent to the ear,  
The enchanted heart could hear,  
Like notes which die when born, but still  
Haunt the echoes of the hill ;  
And feeling ever—oh, too much !  
The soft vibration of her touch,  
As if her gentle hand, even now,  
Lightly trembled on my brow ;  
And thus, although she absent were,  
Memory gave me all of her  
That even Fancy dares to claim :  
Her presence had made weak and tame  
All passions, and I lived alone  
In the time which is our own ;  
The past and future were forgot,  
As they had been, and would be, not.  
But soon, the guardian angel gone,  
The dæmon reassumed his throne  
In my faint heart. I dare not speak

My thoughts ; but thus disturbed and weak  
I sat and saw the vessels glide  
Over the ocean bright and wide,  
Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent  
O'er some serenest element  
For ministrations strange and far ;  
As if to some Elysian star  
They sailed for drink to medicine  
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.  
And the wind that winged their flight  
From the land came fresh and light,  
And the scent of wingèd flowers,  
And the coolness of the hours  
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,  
Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay.  
And the fisher with his lamp  
And spear about the low rocks damp  
Crept, and struck the fish which came  
To worship the delusive flame.  
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought  
Extinguishes all sense and thought  
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,  
Destroying life alone, not peace !

PART I  
xxii



PART I  
xxiii

I

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.

II

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.

III

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.

IV

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.

## V

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.

PART I  
 xxiii

## VI

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.

## VII

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.

## VIII

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 ! Oh come,  
 Make once more my heart thy home.

PART I  
xxiv

I

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 !

II

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 !

I

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 notes are remembered not ;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

PART I

xxv

II

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 in a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III

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 ?

PART I

xxv

IV

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.

I

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

PART I

xxvi

II

Virtue, how frail it is !  
Friendship how 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.

III

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.

I

PART I I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
xxvii 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.

II

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets ;  
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets ;  
Faint oxlips ; tender bluebells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets—  
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—  
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,  
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

III

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
Green cowbind 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.

#### IV

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
    There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt 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.

PART I

xxvii

#### V

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 ?



PART I  
xxviii

I

WILT thou forget the happy hours  
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,  
Heaping over their corpses cold  
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould ?  
    Blossoms which were the joys that fell,  
    And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

II

Forget the dead, the past ? Oh yet  
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,  
Memories that make the heart a tomb,  
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,  
    And with ghastly whispers tell  
    That joy, once lost, is pain.

I

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead  
Is Time long past.

A tone which is now forever fled,  
A hope which is now forever past,  
A love so sweet it could not last,  
Was Time long past.

PART I.

xxix

II

There were sweet dreams in the night  
Of Time long past :  
And, was it sadness or delight,  
Each day a shadow onward cast  
Which made us wish it yet might last,  
That Time long past.

III

There is regret, almost remorse,  
For Time long past.  
'Tis like a child's beloved corse  
A father watches, till at last  
Beauty is like remembrance, cast  
From Time long past.

PART I  
xxx

I .

THAT time is dead for ever, child,  
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever !  
We look on the past  
And stare aghast  
At the spectres wailing, pale and ghastr,  
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled  
To death on life's dark river.

II

The stream we gazed on then, rolled by ;  
Its waves are unreturning ;  
But we yet stand  
In a lone land,  
Like tombs to mark the memory  
Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee  
In the light of life's dim morning.

I

THEY die—the dead return not. Misery  
Sits near an open grave and calls them over,  
A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye.

They are the names of kindred, friend, and lover,  
Which he so feebly calls : they all are gone !  
Fond wretch, all dead ! Those vacant names alone,  
This most familiar scene, my pain,  
These tombs, alone remain.

PART I  
xxxi

II

Misery, my sweetest friend—oh, weep no more !  
Thou wilt not be consoled : I wonder not !  
For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door  
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot  
Was even as bright and calm, but transitory ;  
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary ;  
This most familiar scene, my pain,  
These tombs, alone remain.

PART I THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere  
xxxii Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray ;  
And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair  
In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day :  
Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men,  
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards the departing day,  
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea ;  
Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,  
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.  
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass  
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aërial Pile ! whose pinnacles  
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,  
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,  
Clothing in hues of Heaven thy dim and distant spire,  
Around whose lessening and invisible height  
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres :  
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,  
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,  
Breathed from their wormy beds all living things  
around,  
And mingling with the still night and mute sky  
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnised and softened, death is mild  
And terrorless as this serenest night :  
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child  
Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human  
sight  
Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep  
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

PART I

xxxii



PART II. ALASTOR : OR THE SPIRIT  
OF SOLITUDE

Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quaerebam  
quid amarem, amans  
amare.



**PART II EARTH, Ocean, Air, beloved brotherhood!**

Alastor If our great Mother has imbued my soul  
With aught of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;  
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,  
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;  
If Autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,  
And Winter robing with pure snow and crowns  
Of starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs;  
If Spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes  
Her first sweet kisses have been dear to me;  
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still loved  
And cherished these my kindred: then forgive  
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw  
No portion of your wonted favour now!  
¶ Mother of this unfathomable world!  
Favour my solemn song, for I have loved  
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched  
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,  
And my heart ever gazes on the depth  
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed  
In charnels and on coffins, where black death  
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,  
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings  
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,  
Thy messenger, to render up the tale  
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,  
80

When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness, **PART II**

Like an inspired and desperate alchymist **Alastor**

Staking his very life on some dark hope,

Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks

With my most innocent love, until strange tears,

Uniting with those breathless kisses, made

Such magic as compels the charmed night,

To render up thy charge : and, though ne'er yet

Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary,

Enough from incommunicable dream,

And twilight phantasms, and deep noon-day thought,

Has shone within me, that serenely now

And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre

Suspended in the solitary dome

Of some mysterious and deserted fane,

I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain

May modulate with murmurs of the air,

And motions of the forests and the sea,

And voice of living beings, and woven hymns

Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.

**THERE** was a Poet whose untimely tomb

No human hands with pious reverence reared,

But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds

Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid

Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness :

A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked

With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,

The lone couch of his everlasting sleep :

PART II Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no lorn bard

Alastor Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh :

He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude.

Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,

And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined

And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.

The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,

And Silence, too enamoured of that voice,

Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

¶ By solemn vision, and bright silver dream,

His infancy was nurtured. Every sight

And sound from the vast earth and ambient air

Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.

The fountains of divine philosophy

Fled not his thirsting lips ; and all of great,

Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past

In truth or fable consecrates, he felt

And knew. When early youth had passed, he left

His cold fireside and alienated home

To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.

Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness

Has lured his fearless steps ; and he has bought

With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,

His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps

He, like her shadow, has pursued where'er

The red volcano overcanopies

Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice

With burning smoke ; or where bitumen lakes

On black bare pointed islets ever beat  
With sluggish surge ; or where the secret caves,  
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs  
Of fire and poison, inaccessible  
To avarice or pride, their starry domes  
Of diamond and of gold expand above  
Numberless and immeasurable halls,  
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines  
Of pearl, and stones radiant with chrysolite.  
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty  
Than gems of gold, the varying roof of heaven  
And the green earth, lost in his heart its claims  
To love and wonder ; he would linger long  
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,  
Until the doves and squirrels would partake  
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,  
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,  
And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er  
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend  
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form  
More graceful than her own. ¶ His wandering step,  
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited  
The awful ruins of the days of old :  
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste  
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers  
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,  
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange  
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,  
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx,

PART II  
Alastor

PART II Dark Ethiopia in her desert hills

Alastor Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,  
Stupendous columns, and wild images  
Of more than man, where marble demons watch  
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men  
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,  
He lingered, poring on memorials  
Of the world's youth, through the long burning day  
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon  
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades,  
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed  
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind  
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw  
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.  
¶ Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food,  
Her daily portion, from her father's tent,  
And spread her matting for his couch, and stole  
From duties and repose to tend his steps :  
Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe  
To speak her love :—and watched his nightly sleep,  
Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips  
Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath  
Of innocent dreams arose : then, when red morn  
Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home  
Wildered, and wan, and panting, she returned.  
¶ The Poet wandering on, through Arabie  
And Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,  
And o'er the aërial mountains which pour down  
Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,

PART II

Alastor

In joy and exultation held his way ;  
Till in the vale of Cashmire, far within  
Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants entwine  
Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,  
Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretched  
His languid limbs. A vision on his sleep  
There came, a dream of hopes that never yet  
Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a veiled maid  
Sate near him, talking in low solemn tones.  
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul  
Heard in the calm of thought ; its music long,  
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held  
His inmost sense suspended in its web  
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.  
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,  
And lofty hopes of divine liberty,  
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy,  
Himself a poet. Soon the solemn mood  
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame  
A permeating fire : wild numbers then  
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs  
Subdued by its own pathos : her fair hands  
Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp  
Strange symphony, and in their branching veins  
The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.  
The beating of her heart was heard to fill  
The pauses of her music, and her breath  
Tumultuously accorded with those fits  
Of intermitted song. Sudden she arose,

**PART II** As if her heart impatiently endured

**Alastor** Its bursting burthen : at the sound he turned,  
And saw by the warm light of their own life  
Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil  
Of woven wind, her outspread arms now bare,  
Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,  
Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips  
Outstretched, and pale, and quivering eagerly.  
His strong heart sank and sickened with excess  
Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs and quelled  
His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet  
Her panting bosom : she drew back awhile,  
Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,  
With frantic gesture and short breathless cry  
Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.  
Now blackness veiled his dizzy eyes, and night  
Involved and swallowed up the vision ; sleep  
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,  
Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain.  
¶ Roused by the shock he started from his trance.  
The cold white light of morning, the blue moon  
Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,  
The distinct valley and the vacant woods,  
Spread round him where he stood. Whither have fled  
The hues of Heaven that canopied his bower  
Of yesternight ? The sounds that soothed his sleep,  
The mystery and the majesty of Earth,  
The joy, the exultation ? His wan eyes  
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly

As ocean's moon looks on the moon in Heaven.  
The spirit of sweet human love has sent  
A vision to the sleep of him who spurned  
Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues  
Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting shade ;  
He overleaps the bounds. Alas ! alas !  
Were limbs, and breath, and being intertwined  
Thus treacherously ? Lost, lost, for ever lost,  
In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep,  
That beautiful shape ! Does the dark gate of death  
Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,  
O Sleep ? Does the bright arch of rainbow clouds,  
And pendent mountains seen in the calm lake,  
Lead only to a black and watery depth,  
While death's blue vault, with loathliest vapours hung,  
Where every shade which the foul grave exhales  
Hides its dead eye from the detested day,  
Conduct, O Sleep, to thy delighted realms ?  
This doubt with sudden tide flowed on his heart ;  
The insatiate hope which it awakened stung  
His brain even like despair. ¶ While daylight held  
The sky, the Poet kept mute conference  
With his still soul. At night the passion came,  
Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,  
And shook him from his rest, and led him forth  
Into the darkness. As an eagle, grasped  
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast  
Burn with the poison, and precipitates  
Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and cloud,

PART II  
Alastor



PART II Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight  
Alastor O'er the wide aëry wilderness ; thus driven  
By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,  
Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,  
Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,  
Startling with careless step the moonlight snake,  
He fled. Red morning dawned upon his flight,  
Shedding the mockery of its vital hues  
Upon his cheek of death. He wandered on  
Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep  
Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud ;  
Through Balk, and where the desolated tombs  
Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind  
Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered on,  
Day after day, a weary waste of hours,  
Bearing within his life the brooding care  
That ever fed on its decaying flame.  
And now his limbs were lean ; his scattered hair,  
Sered by the autumn of strange suffering,  
Sung dirges in the wind ; his listless hand  
Hung like dead bone within its withered skin ;  
Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone,  
As in a furnace burning secretly,  
From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,  
Who ministered with human charity  
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe  
Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,  
Encountering on some dizzy precipice  
That spectral form, deemed that the Spirit of Wind,

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PART II  
Alastor

With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet  
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused  
In its career ; the infant would conceal  
His troubled visage in his mother's robe  
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,  
To remember their strange light in many a dream  
Of after-times ; but youthful maidens, taught  
By nature, would interpret half the woe  
That wasted him, would call him with false names  
Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand  
At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path  
Of his departure from their father's door.  
¶ At length upon the lone Chorasman shore  
He paused, a wide and melancholy waste  
Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged  
His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,  
Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.  
It rose as he approached, and, with strong wings  
Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course  
High over the immeasurable main.  
His eyes pursued its flight. Thou hast a home,  
Beautiful bird ; thou voyagest to thine home,  
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.  
And what am I that I should linger here,  
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,  
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers

PART II In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and Heaven  
Alastor That echoes not my thoughts ? A gloomy smile  
Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.  
For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly  
Its precious charge, and silent death exposed,  
Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,  
With doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms.  
¶ Startled by his own thoughts he looked around.  
There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight  
Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.  
A little shallop floating near the shore  
Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze.  
It had been long abandoned, for its sides  
Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints  
Swayed with the undulations of the tide.  
A restless impulse urged him to embark  
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste ;  
For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves  
The slimy caverns of the populous deep.  
¶ The day was fair and sunny ; sea and sky  
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind  
Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves.  
Following his eager soul, the wanderer  
Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft  
On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,  
And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea  
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.  
¶ As one that in a silver vision floats  
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds

PART II  
Alastor

Upon resplendent clouds so rapidly  
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled  
The straining boat. A whirlwind swept it on,  
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,  
Through the white ridges of the chafèd sea.  
The waves arose. Higher and higher still  
Their fierce necks writhed beneath the Tempest's  
scourge  
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.  
Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war  
Of wave ruining on wave, and blast on blast  
Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven  
With dark obliterating course, he sate :  
As if their genii were the ministers  
Appointed to conduct him to the light  
Of those belovèd eyes, the Poet sate  
Holding the steady helm. Evening came on ;  
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues  
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray  
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep ;  
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,  
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks  
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day ;  
Night followed, clad with stars. On every side  
More horribly the multitudinous streams  
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war  
Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock  
The calm and spangled sky. The little boat  
Still fled before the storm ; still fled, like foam

**PART II** Down the steep cataract of a wintry river ;  
**Alastor** Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave ;  
Now leaving far behind the bursting mass  
That fell, convulsing ocean : safely fled,  
As if that frail and wasted human form  
Had been an elemental god. ¶ At midnight  
The moon arose : and lo ! the ethereal cliffs  
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
Among the stars like sunlight, and around  
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves,  
Bursting and eddying irresistibly,  
Rage and resound for ever. Who shall save ?  
The boat fled on, the boiling torrent drove,  
The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,  
The shattered mountain overhung the sea,  
And faster still, beyond all human speed,  
Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,  
The little boat was driven. A cavern there  
Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths  
Ingulphed the rushing sea. The boat fled on  
With unrelaxing speed. Vision and Love !  
The Poet cried aloud, I have beheld  
The path of thy departure. Sleep and death  
Shall not divide us long ! ¶ The boat pursued  
The windings of the cavern. Daylight shone  
At length upon that gloomy river's flow ;  
Now, where the fiercest war among the waves  
Is calm, on the unfathomable stream  
The boat moved slowly. Where the mountain, riven,  
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Exposed those black depths to the azure sky,  
Ere yet the flood's enormous volume fell  
Even to the base of Caucasus, with sound  
That shook the everlasting rocks, the mass  
Filled with one whirlpool all that ample chasm ;  
Stair above stair the eddying waters rose,  
Circling immeasurably fast, and laved  
With alternating dash the gnarlèd roots  
Of mighty trees, that stretched their giant arms  
In darkness over it. I' the midst was left,  
Reflecting, yet distorting, every cloud,  
A pool of treacherous and tremendous calm.  
Seized by the sway of the ascending stream,  
With dizzy swiftness, round, and round, and round,  
Ridge after ridge the straining boat arose,  
Till on the verge of the extremest curve,  
Where, through an opening of the rocky bank,  
The waters overflow, and a smooth spot  
Of glassy quiet mid those battling tides  
Is left, the boat paused shuddering. Shall it sink  
Down the abyss ? Shall the reverting stress  
Of that resistless gulf embosom it ?  
Now shall it fall ? A wandering stream of wind,  
Breathed from the west, has caught the expanded sail,  
And, lo ! with gentle motion, between banks  
Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,  
Beneath a woven grove it sails, and, hark !  
The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar  
With the breeze murmuring in the musical woods.

PART II  
Alastor

PART II Where the embowering trees recede, and leave  
Alastor A little space of green expanse, the cove  
Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow flowers  
For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,  
Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave  
Of the boat's motion marred their pensive task,  
Which nought but vagrant bird, or wanton wind,  
Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay  
Had e'er disturbed before. The Poet longed  
To deck with their bright hues his withered hair,  
But on his heart its solitude returned,  
And he forebore. Not the strong impulse hid  
In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and shadowy frame,  
Had yet performed its ministry : it hung  
Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud  
Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods  
Of night close over it. ¶ The noonday sun  
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass  
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence  
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,  
Scooped in the dark base of those aëry rocks,  
Mocking its moans respond and roar for ever.  
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves  
Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led  
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death,  
He sought, in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank,  
Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark  
And dark the shades accumulate. The oak,  
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,  
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PART II

Alastor

Embraces the light beech. The pyramids  
Of the tall cedar, overarching, frame  
Most solemn domes within, and far below,  
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
The ash and the acacia, floating, hang  
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed  
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
The gray trunks, and, as gamesome infants' eyes,  
With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles,  
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,  
Uniting their close union : the woven leaves  
Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,  
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable  
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns  
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,  
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms  
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen  
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jas-  
mine,  
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite  
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,  
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep  
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,  
Like vaporous shapes half seen ; beyond, a well,  
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,  
Images all the woven boughs above,  
And each depending leaf, and every speck



PART II Of azure sky, darting between their chasms ;  
Alastor Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves  
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star,  
Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,  
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,  
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,  
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings  
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.  
¶ Hither the Poet came. His eyes beheld  
Their own wan light through the reflected lines  
Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth  
Of that still fountain ; as the human heart,  
Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,  
Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard  
The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung  
Startled, and glanced and trembled even to feel  
An unaccustomed presence, and the sound  
Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs  
Of that dark fountain rose. A Spirit seemed  
To stand beside him, clothed in no bright robes  
Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,  
Borrowed from aught the visible world affords  
Of grace, or majesty, or mystery ;  
But, undulating woods, and silent well,  
And leaping rivulet, and evening gloom  
Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming,  
Held commune with him, as if he and it  
Were all that was : only, when his regard  
Was raised by intense pensiveness, two eyes,  
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PART II  
Alastor

Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,  
And seemed with their serene and azure smiles  
To beckon him. ¶ Obedient to the light  
That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing  
The windings of the dell. The rivulet,  
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine  
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell  
Among the moss with hollow harmony,  
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones  
It danced ; like childhood, laughing as it went :  
Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,  
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud  
That overhung its quietness. O stream !  
Whose source is inaccessibly profound,  
Whither do thy mysterious waters tend ?  
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,  
Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulphs,  
Thy searchless fountain, and invisible course,  
Have each their type in me ; and the wide sky  
And measureless ocean may declare as soon  
What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud  
Contains thy waters, as the universe  
Tell where these living thoughts reside, when stretched  
Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste  
I' the passing wind ! ¶ Beside the grassy shore  
Of the small stream he went ; he did impress  
On the green moss his tremulous step, that caught  
Strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one  
Roused by some joyous madness from the couch

PART II Of fever, he did move ; yet, not like him  
Alastor Forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame  
Of his frail exultation shall be spent,  
He must descend. With rapid steps he went  
Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow  
Of the wild babbling rivulet ; and now  
The forest's solemn canopies were changed  
For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.  
Grey rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemmed  
The struggling brook : tall spires of windlestrae  
Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,  
And nought but gnarlèd roots of ancient pines  
Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots  
The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,  
Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow away,  
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin  
And white, and where irradiate dewy eyes  
Had shone, gleam stony orbs : so from his steps  
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade  
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds  
And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued  
The stream, that with a larger volume now  
Rolled through the labyrinthine dell, and there  
Fretted a path through its descending curves  
With its wintry speed. On every side now rose  
Rocks, which, in unimagivable forms,  
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles  
In the light of evening, and its precipice,  
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,

Mid toppling stones, black gulfs and yawning caves,  
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues  
To the loud stream. Lo ! where the pass expands  
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,  
And seems, with its accumulated crags,  
To overhang the world : for wide expand  
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon  
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,  
Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom  
Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills,  
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge  
Of the remote horizon. The near scene,  
In naked and severe simplicity,  
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,  
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy  
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast  
Yielding one only response, at each pause,  
In most familiar cadence, with the howl  
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams  
Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,  
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,  
Fell into that immeasurable void,  
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.  
¶ Yet the grey precipice and solemn pine  
And torrent were not all ; one silent nook  
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,  
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,  
It overlooked in its serenity  
The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars.

PART II  
Alastor

PART II It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile  
Alastor Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped  
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,  
And did embower with leaves for ever green,  
And berries dark, the smooth and even space  
Of its inviolated floor ; and here  
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,  
In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose decay,  
Red, yellow, or aetherially pale,  
Rivals the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt  
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach  
The wilds to love tranquillity. One step,  
One human step alone, has ever broken  
The stillness of its solitude : one voice  
Alone inspired its echoes ; even that voice  
Which hither came, floating among the winds,  
And led the loveliest among human forms  
To make their wild haunts the depository  
Of all the grace and beauty that endued  
Its motions, render up its majesty,  
Scatter its music on the unfeeling storm,  
And to the damp leaves and blue cavern mould,  
Nurses of rainbow flowers and branching moss,  
Commit the colours of that varying cheek,  
That snowy breast, those dark and drooping eyes.  
¶ The dim and hornèd moon hung low, and poured  
A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge  
That overflowed its mountains. Yellow mist  
Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and drank  
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PART II  
Alastor

Wan moonlight even to fulness : not a star  
Shone, not a sound was heard ; the very winds,  
Danger's grim playmates, on that precipice  
Slept, clasped in his embrace. O storm of death !  
Whose sightless speed divides this sullen night :  
And thou, colossal Skeleton, that, still  
Guiding its irresistible career  
In thy devastating omnipotence,  
Art king of this frail world ; from the red field  
Of slaughter, from the reeking hospital,  
The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy bed  
Of innocence, the scaffold and the throne,  
A mighty voice invokes thee. Ruin calls  
His brother Death. A rare and regal prey  
He hath prepared, prowling around the world,  
Glutted with which thou mayst repose, and men  
Go to their graves like flowers or creeping worms,  
Nor ever more offer at thy dark shrine  
The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.  
¶ When on the threshold of the green recess  
The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew that death  
Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,  
Did he resign his high and holy soul  
To images of the majestic past,  
That paused within his passive being now,  
Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe  
Through some dim latticed chamber. He did place  
His pale lean hands upon the rugged trunk  
Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone

PART II Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,  
Alastor Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink  
Of that obscurest chasm ; and thus he lay,  
Surrendering to their final impulses  
The hovering powers of life. Hope and despair,  
The torturers, slept ; no mortal pain or fear  
Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,  
And his own being unalloyed by pain,  
Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed  
The stream of thought, till he lay breathing there  
At peace, and faintly smiling : his last sight  
Was the great moon, which o'er the western line  
Of the wide world her mighty horn suspended,  
With whose dun beams inwoven darkness seemed  
To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills  
It rests, and still, as the divided frame  
Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,  
That ever beat in mystic sympathy  
With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still :  
And, when two lessening points of light alone  
Gleamed through the darkness, the alternate gasp  
Of his faint respiration scarce did stir  
The stagnate night : till the minutest ray  
Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in his heart.  
It paused, it fluttered. But when Heaven remained  
Utterly black, the murky shades involved  
An image, silent, cold, and motionless,  
As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.  
Even as a vapour fed with golden beams

PART II  
Alastor

That ministered on sunlight, ere the west  
Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame,  
No sense, no motion, no divinity ;  
A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings  
The breath of Heaven did wander, a bright stream  
Once fed with many-voicèd waves, a dream  
Of youth, which night and time have quenched for  
ever,  
Still, dark and dry, and unremembered now.  
¶ Oh for Medea's wondrous alchemy,  
Which, wheresoe'er it fell, made the earth gleam  
With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale  
From vernal blooms fresh fragrance ! Oh that God,  
Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice  
Which but one living man has drained, who now,  
Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that feels  
No proud exemption in the blighting curse  
He bears, over the world wanders for ever,  
Lone as incarnate death ! Oh that the dream  
Of dark magician in his visioned cave,  
Raking the cinders of a crucible  
For life and power, even when his feeble hand  
Shakes in its last decay, were the true law  
Of this so lovely world ! But thou art fled  
Like some frail exhalation which the dawn  
Robes in its golden beams, ah ! thou hast fled !  
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,  
The child of grace and genius. Heartless things  
Are done and said i' the world, and many worms



PART II And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth,  
Alastor From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,  
In vesper low or joyous orison,  
Lifts still its solemn voice : but thou art fled ;  
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes  
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee  
Been purest ministers, who are, alas !  
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips  
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes  
That image sleep in death, upon that form  
Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear  
Be shed, not even in thought. Nor, when those hues  
Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,  
Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone  
In the frail pauses of this simple strain,  
Let not high verse, mourning the memory  
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe  
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery  
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,  
And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain  
To weep a loss that turns their lights to shade.  
It is a woe too deep for tears, when all  
Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit,  
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves  
Those who remain behind, not sobs or groans,  
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope ;  
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,  
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,  
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.

PART III. ADONAIIS: AN ELEGY ON  
THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS

*Ἄστηρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλάμπες ἐνὶ ζῳοῖσιν ἕως,  
Νῦν δὲ θανῶν, λαμπεῖς ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.*

**PART III I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead !**

Adonais 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 !

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.

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.

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 loathèd 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.

PART III  
Adonais

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.

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.

**PART III** To that high Capital, where kingly Death

Adonais 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.

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.

Oh weep for Adonais ! The quick Dreams,  
The passion-wingèd 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, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,      PART III  
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries ;      Adonais  
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.

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 wingèd reeds, as if to stem  
A greater loss with one which was more weak ;  
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

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 his 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.

PART III And others came, Desires and Adorations,  
Adonais Wingèd 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.

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

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 she pined away  
Into a shadow of all sounds : a drear  
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down **PART III**  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were, **Adonais**  
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,  
For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?  
To Phoebus 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.

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 !

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 reappear ;  
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.



**PART III** Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean

Adonais 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 renewèd might.

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.

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.

PART III  
Adonais

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 with 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.

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,  
Had 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.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,  
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,  
And human hearts, which, to her aëry tread  
Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell :  
And barbèd 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.

**PART III** In the death-chamber for a moment Death,  
Adonais 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.

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 !

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 mirrored 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.

PART III  
Adonais

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.

The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn ;  
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
Is gathered unto death without a dawn,  
And the immortal stars awake again ;  
So is it 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.

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.

PART III 'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,

Adonais 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,  
Actaeon-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.

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.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,  
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 noonday 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.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle band Adonais  
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 !

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?  
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?  
What form leans sadly o'er the white deathbed,  
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.

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.

**PART III** Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !

Adonais 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.

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.

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.

**PART III**  
Adonais

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.

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 mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
Even to the joyless stars which smile on its despair !

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.



PART III He is a portion of the loveliness

Adonais 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 Heaven's light.

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.

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.

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 wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng !

PART III  
Adonais



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  
Sate 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.

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 time's decay,  
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

PART III Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,

Adonais 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.

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.

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 ?

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.

PART III  
Adonais

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.

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.

**PART III** The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Adonais 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 spherèd 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.

## PART IV. THE EVERLASTING UNIVERSE

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,  
To the whisper of the Apennine,  
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,  
Or like the sea on a northern shore,  
Heard in its raging ebb and flow  
By the captives pent in the cave below.  
The Apennine in the light of day  
Is a mighty mountain dim and grey,  
Which between the earth and sky doth lay ;  
But when night comes, a chaos dread  
On the dim starlight then is spread,  
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

I

THE sleepless hours who watch me as I lie,  
Curtained with star-inwoven 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.

PART IV

i. i.

II

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.

III

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.

IV

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,  
With their aetherial 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.



V

PART IV I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,

i. 1. 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 ?

VI

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

I

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.

PART IV

i. 2

II

Liquid Penëus was flowing,  
And all dark Tempe lay  
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
The light of the dying day  
Speeded 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.

III

PART IV

i. 2

I sang of the dancing stars,  
I sang of the daedal 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 Maenalus  
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.

I

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.

PART IV

i. 3

II

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

PART IV

i. 3

And earthquake and thunder  
Did rend in sunder  
The bars of the springs below.  
And 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.

III

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 depths 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.

#### IV

Under the bowers  
Where the Ocean Powers  
Sit on their pearlèd thrones ;  
Through the coral woods  
Of the weltering floods,  
Over heaps of unvalued stones ;  
Through the dim beams  
Which amid the streams  
Weave a network 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.

#### PART IV

i. 3

#### V

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 ;

PART IV

i. 3

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.

I

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams ;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday 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.

PART IV

i. 4

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,



PART IV Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,

i. 4       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 orbèd 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.

**PART IV**

**i. 4**

**V**

I bind the sun's throne with a 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 nursling of the sky ;

PART IV I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
i. 4 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.

I

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.

PART IV

i. 5

II

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.

PART IV

ii. I

I

ECHOES we : listen !

We cannot stay :

As dew-stars glisten

Then fade away—

Child of Ocean !

II

Oh follow, follow,

As our voice recedeth

Thro' the caverns hollow,

Where the forest spreadeth ;

*(More distant)*

Oh follow, follow !

Thro' the caverns hollow,

As the song floats thou pursue,

Where the wild bee never flew,

Thro' the noontide darkness deep,

By the odour-breathing sleep

Of faint night flowers, and the waves

At the fountain-lighted caves,

While our music, wild and sweet,

Mocks thy gently-falling feet,

Child of Ocean !

III

In the world unknown

Sleeps a voice unspoken ;

By thy step alone

Can its rest be broken ;

Child of Ocean !

#### IV

Oh follow, follow !  
Thro' the caverns hollow,  
As the song floats thou pursue,  
By the woodland noontide dew ;  
By the forests, lakes, and fountains,  
Thro' the many-folded mountains ;  
To the rents, and gulphs, and chasms,  
Where the earth reposed from spasms,  
On the day when He and thou  
Parted, to commingle now ;  
Child of Ocean !

#### PART IV

ii. 1

---

I

PART IV

ii. 2

THE path thro' which that lovely twain  
Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,  
And each dark tree that ever grew,  
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue ;  
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,  
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,  
Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,  
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,  
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,  
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers  
Of the green laurel, blown anew ;  
And bends, and then fades silently,  
One frail and fair anemone :  
Or when some star of many a one  
That climbs and wanders thro' steep night,  
Has found the cleft thro' which alone  
Beams fall from high those depths upon  
Ere it is borne away, away,  
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay ;  
It scatters drops of golden light,  
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite :  
And the gloom divine is all around.  
And underneath is the mossy ground.

II

There the voluptuous nightingales,  
Are awake thro' all the broad noonday.  
When one with bliss or sadness fails,  
And thro' the windless ivy-boughs,

Sick with sweet love, droops dying away  
On its mate's music-panting bosom ;  
Another from the swinging blossom,  
    Watching to catch the languid close  
    Of the last strain, then lifts on high  
    The wings of the weak melody,  
'Till some new strain of feeling bear  
    The song, and all the woods are mute ;  
When there is heard thro' the dim air  
The rush of wings, and rising there  
    Like many a lake-surrounded flute,  
Sounds overflow the listener's brain  
So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

## PART IV

ii. 2

### III

There those enchanted eddies play  
    Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw,  
    By Demogorgon's mighty law,  
    With melting rapture, or sweet awe,  
All spirits on that secret way ;  
    As inland boats are driven to Ocean  
Down streams made strong with mountain-thaw :  
    And first there comes a gentle sound  
    To those in talk or slumber bound,  
    And wakes the destined : soft emotion  
Attracts, impels them : those who saw  
    Say from the breathing earth behind  
    There steams a plume-uplifting wind  
Which drives them on their path, while they



**PART IV**

**ii. 2**

Believe their own swift wings and feet  
The sweet desires within obey :  
And so they float upon their way,  
Until, still sweet, but loud and strong,  
The storm of sound is driven along,  
Sucked up and hurrying : as they fleet,  
Behind its gathering billows meet  
And to the fatal mountain bear  
Like clouds amid the yielding air.

TO the deep, to the deep,  
    Down, down !  
Through the shade of Sleep,  
Through the cloudy strife  
Of Death and of Life ;  
Through the veil and the bar  
Of things which seem and are,  
Even to the steps of the remotest throne,  
    Down, down !

PART IV

ii. 3

While the sound whirls around,  
    Down, down !  
As the fawn draws the hound,  
As the lightning the vapour,  
As a weak moth the taper ;  
Death, Despair ; Love, Sorrow ;  
Time both ; to-day, to-morrow ;  
As steel obeys the spirit of the stone,  
    Down, down !

Through the grey, void Abysm,  
    Down, down !  
Where the air is no prism,  
And the moon and stars are not,  
And the cavern crags wear not  
The radiance of Heaven,  
Nor the gloom to Earth given,  
Where there is One pervading, One alone,  
    Down, down !

PART IV

ii. 3

In the depth of the deep

Down, down !

Like veiled lightning asleep,

Like the spark nursed in embers,

The last look Love remembers,

Like a diamond which shines

On the dark wealth of mines,

A spell is treasured but for thee alone.

Down, down !

I

MY coursers are fed with the lightning,  
They drink of the whirlwind's stream,  
And when the red morning is bright'ning  
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam ;  
They have strength for their swiftness I deem ;  
Then ascend with me, Daughter of Ocean.

PART IV

ii. 4

II

I desire : and their speed makes night kindle ;  
I fear : they outstrip the Typhoon ;  
Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle  
We encircle the earth and the moon :  
We shall rest from long labours at noon :  
Then ascend with me, Daughter of Ocean.

III

On the brink of the night and the morning  
My coursers are wont to respire ;  
But the Earth has just whispered a warning  
That their flight must be swifter than fire :  
They shall drink the hot speed of desire !  
Then ascend with me, Daughter of Ocean.

PART IV

ii. 5

I

LIFE of Life ! thy lips enkindle

With their love the breath between them ;  
And thy smiles before they dwindle

Make the cold air fire, then screen them  
In those looks, where whoso gazes  
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

II

Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning

Thro' the vest which seems to hide them ;  
As the radiant lines of morning

Through the clouds ere they divide them ;  
And this atmosphere divinest  
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

III

Fair are others ; none beholds thee,

But thy voice sounds low and tender  
Like the fairest, for it folds thee

From the sight, that liquid splendour,  
And all feel, yet see thee never,  
As I feel now, lost for ever !

IV

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest

Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,  
And the souls of whom thou lovest

Walk upon the winds with lightness,  
Till they fail, as I am failing,  
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

## I

MY soul is an enchanted Boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;  
And thine doth like an angel sit  
Beside the helm conducting it,  
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.  
It seems to float ever, for ever,  
Upon that many-winding river,  
Between mountains, woods, abysses,  
A Paradise of wildernesses !  
Till, like one in slumber bound,  
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,  
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound :

## PART IV

ii. 6

## II

Meanwhile thy Spirit lifts its pinions  
In Music's most serene dominions ;  
Catching the winds that fan that happy Heaven.  
And we sail on, away, afar,  
Without a course, without a star,  
But by the instinct of sweet music driven ;  
Till through Elysian garden islets  
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,  
Where never mortal pinnace glided,  
The boat of my desire is guided :  
Realms where the air we breathe is Love,  
Which in the winds and on the waves doth move,  
Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

## I

### PART IV THE everlasting universe of things

iii. I Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,  
Now dark, now glittering, now reflecting gloom,  
Now lending splendour, where from secret springs  
The source of human thought its tribute brings  
Of waters, with a sound but half its own,  
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume  
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,  
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,  
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river  
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

## II

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve, dark, deep Ravine,  
Thou many-coloured, many-voicèd vale,  
Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail  
Fast cloud-shadows and sunbeams : awful scene,  
Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down  
From the ice gulfs that gird his secret throne,  
Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame  
Of lightning through the tempest ; thou dost lie,  
Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,  
Children of elder time, in whose devotion  
The chainless winds still come and ever came  
To drink their odours, and their mighty swinging  
To hear, an old and solemn harmony ;  
Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep  
Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil  
Robes some unsculptured image ; the strange sleep

150

Which when the voices of the desert fail  
Wraps all in its own deep eternity ;  
Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion,  
A loud, lone sound no other sound can tame ;  
Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,  
Thou art the path of that unresting sound,  
Dizzy Ravine ! and when I gaze on thee  
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange  
To muse on my own separate fantasy,  
My own, my human mind, which passively  
Now renders and receives fast influencings,  
Holding an unremitting interchange  
With the clear Universe of Things around ;  
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings  
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest  
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,  
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,  
Seeking among the shadows that pass by,  
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,  
Some phantom, some faint image ; till the breast  
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there !

## PART IV

### iii. I

### III

Some say that gleams of a remoter world  
Visit the soul in sleep, that death is slumber,  
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber  
Of those who wake and live. I look on high ;  
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled  
The veil of life and death ? or do I lie



PART IV In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep  
iii. 1 Spread far around and inaccessibly  
Its circles ? For the very spirit fails,  
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep  
That vanishes among the viewless gales !  
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,  
Mont Blanc appears, still, snowy, and serene.  
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms  
Pile around it, ice and rock ; broad vales between  
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,  
Blue as the overhanging Heaven, that spread  
And wind among the accumulated steeps ;  
A desert, peopled by the storms alone  
Save when the eagle brings some hunters' bone  
And the wolf tracks her there : how hideously  
Its shapes are heaped around ! rude, bare, and high,  
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven. Is this the scene  
Where the old Earthquake-daemon taught her young  
Ruin ? Were these their toys ? or did a sea  
Of fire envelope once this silent snow ?  
None can reply, all seems eternal now.  
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue  
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,  
So solemn, so serene, that man may be,  
In such a faith, with Nature reconciled.  
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal  
Large codes of fraud and woe ; not understood  
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good  
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

#### IV

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,  
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell  
Within the daedal earth ; lightning, and rain,  
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane ;  
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams  
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep  
Holds every future leaf and flower ; the bound  
With which from that detested trance they leap ;  
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,  
And that of him and all that his may be :  
All things that move and breathe with toil and sound  
Are born and die ; revolve, subside, and swell.  
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,  
Remote, serene, and inaccessible :  
And this, the naked countenance of earth,  
On which I gaze, even these primaeval mountains,  
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep,  
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far foun-  
tains,  
Slow rolling on ; there, many a precipice,  
Frost and the Sun, in scorn of mortal power,  
Have piled, dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,  
A city of death, distinct with many a tower  
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.  
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin  
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky  
Rolls its perpetual stream ; vast pines are strewing  
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil  
Branchless and shattered stand ; the rocks, drawn down

#### PART IV

#### iii. I

PART IV From yon remotest waste, have overthrown

iii. 1 The limits of the dead and living world,  
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place  
Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes its spoil ;  
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,  
So much of life and joy is lost. The race  
Of man flies far in dread ; his work and dwelling  
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,  
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves  
Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam,  
Which from their secret chasms in tumult welling  
Meet in the Vale ; and one majestic River,  
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever  
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,  
Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

V

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high : the Power is there,  
The still and solemn Power of many sights,  
And many sounds, and much of life and death.  
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,  
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend  
Upon that Mountain ; none beholds them there,  
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,  
Or the star-beams dart through them. Winds contend  
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath  
Rapid and strong, but silently. Its home  
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes  
Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods

Over the snow. The secret Strength of Things  
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome  
Of Heaven is as a law, inhabits thee.  
And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,  
If to the human mind's imaginings  
Silence and solitude were vacancy ?

PART IV

iii. 1

PART IV

iii. 2

I

MANY a green isle needs must be  
In the deep wide sea of Misery,  
Or the mariner, worn and wan,  
Never thus could voyage on  
Day and night, and night and day,  
Drifting on his dreary way,  
With the solid darkness black  
Closing round the vessel's track ;  
Whilst, the sunless sky,  
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,  
And behind, the tempest fleet  
Hurries on with lightning feet,  
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,  
Till the ship has almost drank  
Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;  
And sinks down, down, like that sleep  
When the dreamer seems to be  
Weltering through eternity ;  
And the dim low line, before,  
Of a dark and distant shore  
Still recedes, as ever still  
Longing with divided will,  
But no power to seek or shun,  
He is ever drifted on  
O'er the unreposing wave  
To the haven of the grave.

II

Ay, many flowering islands lie

In the waters of wide Agony :  
To such a one this morn was led  
My bark, by soft winds piloted :  
'Mid the mountains Euganean  
I stood listening to the paeon,  
With which the legioned rocks did hail  
The sun's uprise majestic ;  
Gathering round with wings all hoar,  
Thro' the dewy mist they soar  
Like grey shades, till the eastern Heaven  
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,  
Flecked with fire and azure, lie  
In the unfathomable sky,  
So their plumes of purple grain,  
Starred with drops of golden rain,  
Gleam above the sunlight woods,  
As in silent multitudes  
On the morning's fitful gale  
Thro' the broken mist they sail,  
And the vapours cloven and gleaming  
Follow, down the dark steep streaming,  
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,  
Round the solitary hill.  
¶ Beneath is spread like a green sea  
The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
Bounded by the vaporious air,  
Islanded by cities fair ;  
Underneath Day's azure eyes  
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,

PART IV

iii. 2

PART IV

iii. 2

Underneath, the leaves unsodden  
Where the infant frost has trodden  
With his morning-wingèd feet,  
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
And the red and golden vines,  
Piercing with their trellised lines  
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;  
The dun and bladed grass no less,  
Pointing from this hoary tower  
In the windless air ; the flower  
Glimmering at my feet ; the line  
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine  
In the south dimly islanded ;  
And the Alps, whose snows are spread  
High between the clouds and sun ;  
And of living things each one ;  
And my spirit which so long  
Darkened this swift stream of song,  
Interpenetrated lie  
By the glory of the sky :  
Be it love, light, harmony,  
Odour, or the soul of all  
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,  
Or the mind which feeds this verse  
Peopling the lone universe.

IV

Noon descends and after noon  
Autumn's evening meets me soon,

Leading the infantine moon,  
And that one star, which to her  
Almost seems to minister  
Half the crimson light she brings  
From the sunset's radiant springs :  
And the soft dreams of the morn  
(Which like wingèd winds had borne  
To that silent isle, which lies  
'Mid remembered agonies,  
The frail bark of this lone being)  
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,  
And its ancient pilot, Pain,  
Sits beside the helm again.

## PART IV

iii. 2

### V

Other flowering isles must be  
In the sea of Life and Agony :  
Other spirits float and flee  
O'er that gulph : even now, perhaps,  
On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
With folded wings they waiting sit  
For my bark, to pilot it  
To some calm and blooming cove,  
Where for me, and those I love,  
May a windless bower be built,  
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,  
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,  
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
And soft sunshine, and the sound



PART IV

iii. 2

Of old forests echoing round,  
And the light and smell divine  
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.  
We may live so happy there,  
That the Spirits of the Air,  
Envyng us, may even entice  
To our healing paradise  
The polluting multitude ;  
But their rage would be subdued  
By that clime divine and calm,  
And the winds whose wings rain balm  
On the uplifted soul, and leaves  
Under which the bright sea heaves ;  
While each breathless interval  
In their whisperings musical  
The inspirèd soul supplies  
With its own deep melodies ;  
And the love, which heals all strife,  
Circling, like the breath of life,  
All things in that sweet abode  
With its own mild brotherhood :  
They, not it would change ; and soon  
Every sprite beneath the moon  
Would repent its envy vain,  
And the earth grow young again.

PART IV

iii. 3

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.

Higher and still 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.

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.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight ;  
Like a star of Heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

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.

PART IV

iii. 3

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 over-  
flowed.

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 :

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 :

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 :

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 :

PART IV

iii. 3

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-wingèd  
    thieves.

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

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.

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.

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 ?

PART IV

iii. 3

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.

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 ?

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

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.

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!

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.

PART IV  
iii. 3

PART IV O WILD west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

iii. 4 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill :  
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;  
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, Oh hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like Earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
Of the dying Year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : Oh hear !

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a pumice-isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves : Oh hear !

PART IV  
iii. 4

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven  
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !  
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.



**PART IV** Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :

iii. 4    What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
          The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
          Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,  
          Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
          My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !  
          Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
          Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !  
          And, by the incantation of this verse,  
          Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
          Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
          Be through my lips to unawakened Earth  
          The trumpet of a prophecy ! O wind,  
          If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

**PART V. MAN EMANCIPATE**

TO suffer woes which hope thinks infinite ;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;  
    To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;  
To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;  
    Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ;  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

SO now my summer task is ended, Mary, PART V

And I return to thee, mine own heart's home ; i. I

As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faëry,

Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome ;

Nor thou disdain that, ere my fame become

A star among the stars of mortal night,

If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,

Its doubtful promise thus I would unite

With thy belovèd name, thou Child of love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour

Is ended—and the fruit is at thy feet !

No longer where the woods to frame a bower

With interlacèd branches mix and meet,

Or where, with sound like many voices sweet,

Waterfalls leap among wild islands green

Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat

Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen :

But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend,  
when first

The clouds which wrap this world from youth  
did pass.

I do remember well the hour which burst

My spirit's sleep : a fresh May-dawn it was,

When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,

And wept, I knew not why : until there rose

From the near schoolroom voices that, alas !

PART V      Were but one echo from a world of woes—

i. 1      The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands, and looked around,  
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,  
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground.  
So, without shame, I spake : I will be wise,  
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies  
Such power, for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise  
Without reproach or check. I then controlled  
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought  
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,  
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught  
I cared to learn, but from that secret store  
Wrought linkèd armour for my soul, before  
It might walk forth to war among mankind ;  
Thus power and hope were strengthened more  
and more  
Within me, till there came upon my mind  
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

Alas that love should be a blight and snare  
To those who seek all sympathies in one !  
Such once I sought in vain ; then black despair,  
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown  
Over the world in which I moved alone :

PART V

Yet never found I one not false to me,  
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone  
Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be  
Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee.

i, I

Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart  
Fell, like bright Spring upon some herbless plain,  
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert  
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain  
Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,  
And walked as free as light the clouds among,  
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain  
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung  
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long !

No more alone through the world's wilderness,  
Although I trod the paths of high intent,  
I journeyed now ; no more companionless,  
Where solitude is like despair, I went.  
There is the wisdom of a stern content  
When Poverty can blight the just and good,  
When Infamy dares mock the innocent,  
And cherished friends turn with the multitude  
To trample : this was ours, and we unshaken stood !

Now has descended a serener hour,  
And, with inconstant fortune, friends return ;  
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power  
Which says : Let scorn be not repaid with scorn.

PART V      And from thy side two gentle babes are born  
i. 1        To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we  
              Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn :  
              And these delights, and thou, have been to me  
The parents of the Song I consecrate to thee.

Is it that now my inexperienced fingers  
But strike the prelude of a loftier strain ?  
Or must the lyre on which my spirit lingers  
Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound again,  
Though it might shake the Anarch Custom's reign,  
And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sway,  
Holier than was Amphion's ? I would fain  
Reply in hope—but I am worn away,  
And Death and Love are yet contending for their prey.

And what art thou ? I know, but dare not speak :  
Time may interpret to his silent years.  
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,  
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,  
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,  
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy  
Is whispered, to subdue my fondest fears :  
And, through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see  
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,  
Of glorious parents, thou aspiring Child.  
I wonder not—for One then left this earth

Whose life was like a setting planet mild,  
 Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled  
 Of its departing glory ; still her fame  
 Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and wild  
 Which shake these latter days ; and thou canst claim  
 The shelter, from thy Sire, of an immortal name.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit  
 Which was the echo of three thousand years ;  
 And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,  
 As some lone man who in a desert hears  
 The music of his home : unwonted fears  
 Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,  
 And Faith and Custom and low-thoughted cares,  
 Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space  
 Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling-  
 place.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind !  
 If there must be no response to my cry,  
 If men must rise and stamp, with fury blind,  
 On his pure name who loves them, thou and I,  
 Sweet Friend ! can look from our tranquillity  
 Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,  
 Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by  
 Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's  
 sight,  
 That burn from year to year with unextinguished  
 light.



PART V    WHEN the last hope of trampled France had  
          i. 2                    failed

Like a brief dream of unremaing glory,  
From visions of despair I rose, and scaled  
The peak of an aëriel promontory,  
Whose caverned base with the vext surge was  
hoary ;  
And saw the golden dawn break forth, and waken  
Each cloud and every wave :—but transitory  
The calm : for sudden the firm earth was shaken,  
As if by the last wreck its frame were overtaken.

So as I stood, one blast of muttering thunder  
Burst in far peals along the waveless deep,  
When, gathering fast, around, above, and under,  
Long trails of tremulous mist began to creep,  
Until their complicating lines did steep  
The orient sun in shadow :—not a sound  
Was heard ; one horrible repose did keep  
The forests and the floods, and all around  
Darkness more dread than night was poured upon the  
ground.

Hark ! 'tis the rushing of a wind that sweeps  
Earth and the ocean. See ! the lightnings yawn  
Deluging Heaven with fire, and the lashed deeps  
Glitter and boil beneath : it rages on,  
One mighty stream, whirlwind and waves up-  
thrown,

Lightning and hail and darkness eddying by.

PART V

There is a pause—the sea-birds, that were gone  
Into their caves to shriek, come forth to spy,  
What calm has fallen on earth, what light is in the sky.

i. 2

For, where the irresistible storm had cloven  
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen  
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven  
Most delicately, and the ocean green,  
Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,  
Quivered like burning emerald : calm was spread  
On all below ; but far on high, between  
Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,  
Countless and swift as leaves on Autumn's tempest shed.

For ever, as the war became more fierce  
Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,  
That spot grew more serene ; blue light did pierce  
The woof of those white clouds, which seemed to  
lie  
Far, deep, and motionless ; while through the sky  
The pallid semicircle of the moon  
Passed on, in slow and moving majesty ;  
Its upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon  
But slowly fled, like dew beneath the beams of noon.

I could not choose but gaze ; a fascination  
Dwelt in that moon and sky and clouds, which  
drew

PART V My fancy thither, and in expectation

i. 2 Of what, I knew not, I remained : the hue  
Of the white moon, amid that Heaven so blue,  
Suddenly stained with shadow did appear ;  
A speck, a cloud, a shape, approaching grew,  
Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere  
Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear.

Even like a bark, which from a chasm of mountains,  
Dark, vast, and overhanging, on a river  
Which there collects the strength of all its fountains,  
Comes forth, whilst with the speed its frame doth  
quiver,  
Sails, oars, and stream, tending to one endeavour ;  
So, from that chasm of light a wingèd Form,  
On all the winds of Heaven approaching ever,  
Floated, dilating as it came : the storm  
Pursued it with fierce blasts, and lightnings swift and  
warm.

A course precipitous, of dizzy speed,  
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous sight!  
For in the air do I behold indeed  
An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight :  
And now, relaxing its impetuous flight  
Before the aërial rock on which I stood,  
The Eagle, hovering, wheeled to left and right,  
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,  
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,  
And every golden feather gleamed therein,  
Feather and scale inextricably blended.

PART V

i. 2

The Serpent's mailed and many-coloured skin  
Shone through the plumes its coils were twined  
within  
By many a swoln and knotted fold, and high  
And far the neck, receding lithe and thin,  
Sustained a crested head, which warily  
Shifted and glanced before the Eagle's steadfast eye.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling  
With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle  
sailed  
Incessantly—sometimes on high concealing  
Its lessening orbs, sometimes, as if it failed,  
Drooped through the air; and still it shrieked  
and wailed,  
And, casting back its eager head, with beak  
And talon unremittingly assailed  
The wreathèd Serpent, who did ever seek  
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

What life, what power, was kindled and arose  
Within the sphere of that appalling fray!  
For, from the encounter of those wondrous foes,  
A vapour like the sea's suspended spray  
Hung gathered: in the void air, far away,  
Floated the shattered plumes: bright scales did leap,

PART V      Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,  
i. 2      Like sparks into the darkness ;—as they sweep,  
Blood stains the snowy foam of the tumultuous deep.

Swift chances in that combat—many a check,  
And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil ;  
Sometimes the Snake around his enemy's neck  
Locked in stiff rings his adamantine coil,  
Until the Eagle, faint with pain and toil,  
Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea  
Languidly fluttered, hopeless so to foil  
His adversary, who then reared on high  
His red and burning crest, radiant with victory.

Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,  
Where they had sunk together, would the Snake  
Relax his suffocating grasp, and scourge  
The wind with his wild writhings ; for, to break  
That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake  
The strength of his unconquerable wings  
As in despair, and with his sinewy neck  
Dissolve in sudden shock those linkèd rings,  
Then soar—as swift as smoke from a volcano springs.

Wile baffled wile, and strength encountered strength,  
Thus long, but unprevailing :—the event  
Of that portentous fight appeared at length :  
Until the lamp of day was almost spent  
It had endured, when lifeless, stark, and rent,

Hung high that mighty Serpent, and at last  
Fell to the sea, while o'er the continent,  
With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle past,  
Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast.

**PART V**

**i. 2**

PART V

ii. 1

WORLDS on worlds are rolling ever  
From creation to decay,  
Like the bubbles on a river  
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.  
But they are still immortal  
Who, through birth's orient portal  
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,  
Clothe their unceasing flight  
In the brief dust and light  
Gathered around their chariots as they go ;  
New shapes they still may weave,  
New gods, new laws receive,  
Bright or dim are they as the robes they last  
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,  
A Promethean conqueror came ;  
Like a triumphal path he trod  
The thorns of death and shame.  
A mortal shape to him  
Was like the vapour dim  
Which the orient planet animates with light ;  
Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,  
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,  
Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight ;  
The moon of Mahomet  
Arose, and it shall set :  
While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon  
The cross leads generations on.

---

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep  
From one whose dreams are Paradise  
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,  
And day peers forth with her blank eyes ;  
So fleet, so faint, so fair,  
The Powers of earth and air  
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem :  
Apollo, Pan, and Love,  
And even Olympian Jove  
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them ;  
Our hills and seas and streams  
Dispeopled of their dreams,  
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,  
Wailed for the golden years.

PART V

ii. I



## I

**PART V** A GLORIOUS people vibrated again.

ii. 2     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 swiftmess ; 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 hurled  
Into the depths of Heaven. The daedal 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      PART V  
    Within them, raging without truce or terms :      ii. 2  
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

PART V Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles  
 ii. 2 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 Aegean  
 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-zonèd winds, each head  
 Within its cloudy wings with sunfire 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.

PART V  
ii. 2

## 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 wingèd 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 Cadmean Maenad,  
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest  
From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd ;  
And many a deed of terrible uprightness

PART V

ii. 2

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-wingèd 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 ?  
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? **PART V**

And then the shadow of thy coming fell **ii. 2**

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 ;

The 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 wand 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 sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd 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

**PART V** In songs whose music cannot pass away,  
**ii. 2**        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-illuminated 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,  
192

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 sceptred 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.

PART V

ii. 2

### XIII

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?  
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder  
Vesuvius wakens Aetna, and the cold  
Snow-crag by its reply are cloven in sunder :  
O'er the lit waves every Aeolian 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,



PART V      Till bit to dust by Virtue's keenest file.  
ii. 2        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

Oh that the free would stamp the impious name  
Of KING 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 !

**PART V**

**ii. 2**

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 armèd heel on this reluctant worm.

**XVI**

Oh 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 judgement-throne  
Of its own aweless soul, or of the Power unknown !  
Oh 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,

PART V      Were stript of their thin masks and various hue  
ii. 2      And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,  
            Till in the nakedness of false and true  
            They stood 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. Oh 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!  
    Oh what if Art, an ardent intercessor,  
    Driving 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  
    Newwants, 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,

PART V  
ii. 2

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 aërial 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.

I

**PART V** THE fiery mountains answer each other ;  
ii. 3 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.

II

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.

III

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.

IV

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.

I

THE world's great age begins anew,  
The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outworn :  
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

PART V

ii. 4

II

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
From waves serener far ;  
A new Peneus rolls his fountains  
Against the morning star.  
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

III

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
Fraught with a later prize ;  
Another Orpheus sings again,  
And loves, and weeps and dies.  
A new Ulysses leaves once more  
Calypso for his native shore.

IV

Oh write no more the tale of Troy,  
If earth Death's scroll must be !  
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
Which dawns upon the free :  
Although a subtler Sphinx renew  
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

PART V  
ii. 4

V

Another Athens shall arise  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
The splendour of its prime ;  
And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

VI

Saturn and Love their long repose  
Shall burst, more bright and good  
Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
Than many unsubdued :  
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

VII

Oh cease ! must hate and death return ?  
Cease ! must men kill and die ?  
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn  
Of bitter prophecy.  
The world is weary of the past,  
Oh might it die or rest at last !

THE pale stars are gone !  
For the Sun, their swift shepherd,  
To their folds them compelling,  
In the depths of the dawn,  
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee  
Beyond his blue dwelling,  
As fawns flee the leopard.  
But where are ye ?

PART V

iii. I



**PART V**  
**iii. 2**

**I**

**HERE, Oh here :**  
**We bear the bier**  
**Of the Father of many a cancelled year !**  
**Spectres we**  
**Of the dead Hours be,**  
**We bear Time to his tomb in Eternity.**

**Strew, Oh strew**  
**Hair, not yew !**  
**Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew !**  
**Be the faded flowers**  
**Of Death's bare bowers**  
**Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours !**

**II**

**Haste, Oh haste !**  
**As shades are chased,**  
**Trembling, by Day, from Heaven's blue waste,**  
**We melt away,**  
**Like dissolving spray,**  
**From the children of a diviner day,**  
**With the lullaby**  
**Of winds that die**  
**On the bosom of their own harmony !**

I

BRIGHT clouds float in Heaven,  
Dew-stars gleam on Earth,  
Waves assemble on Ocean,  
They are gathered and driven  
By the storm of delight, by the panic of glee !  
They shake with emotion,  
They dance in their mirth.  
But where are ye ?

PART V  
iii. 3

II

The pine-boughs are singing  
Old songs with new gladness,  
The billows and fountains  
Fresh music are flinging,  
Like the notes of a spirit, from land and from sea ;  
The storms mock the mountains  
With the thunder of gladness.  
But where are ye ?

PART V

iii. 4

*Semichorus I of Hours*

THE voice of the Spirits of Air and of Earth  
Have drawn back the figured curtain of sleep  
Which covered our being and darkened our birth  
In the deep.

*A Voice*

In the deep ?

*Semichorus II*

Oh, below the deep.

*Semichorus I*

An hundred ages we had been kept  
Cradled in visions of hate and care,  
And each one who waked as his brother slept,  
Found the truth —

*Semichorus II*

Worse than his visions were !

*Semichorus I*

We have heard the lute of Hope in sleep ;  
We have known the voice of Love in dreams,  
We have felt the wand of Power, and leap —

*Semichorus II*

As the billows leap in the morning beams !

*Chorus of Hours*

PART V

iii. 5

WEAVE the dance on the floor of the breeze,  
Pierce with song Heaven's silent light,  
Enchant the Day that too swiftly flees,  
To check its flight ere the cave of Night.

Once the hungry Hours were hounds  
Which chased the Day like a bleeding deer,  
And it limped and stumbled with many wounds  
Through the nightly dells of the desert year.

But now, oh weave the mystic measure  
Of music, and dance, and shapes of light,  
Let the Hours, and the Spirits of might and pleasure,  
Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite.

*A Voice*

Unite!

*Chorus of Spirits*

We join the throng  
Of the dance and the song,  
By the whirlwind of gladness borne along ;  
As the flying-fish leap  
From the Indian deep,  
And mix with the sea-birds, half-asleep.

**PART V**

*Chorus of Hours*

iii. 5    Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,  
For sandals of lightning are on your feet,  
And your wings are soft and swift as thought,  
And your eyes are as Love which is veiled not ?

*Chorus of Spirits*

We come from the mind  
Of human kind  
Which was late so dusk, and obscene, and blind,  
Now 'tis an Ocean  
Of clear emotion,  
A Heaven of serene and mighty motion

From that deep Abyss  
Of wonder and bliss,  
Whose caverns are crystal palaces ;  
From those skiey towers  
Where Thought's crowned Powers  
Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours !

From the dim recesses  
Of woven caresses,  
Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses ;  
From the azure isles,  
Where sweet Wisdom smiles,  
Delaying your ships with her syren wiles.

From the temples high  
Of Man's ear and eye,  
Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy ;  
From the murmurings  
Of the unsealed springs  
Where Science bedews his daedal wings.

PART V  
iii. 5

Years after years,  
Through blood, and tears,  
And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes, and fears ;  
We waded and flew,  
And the islets were few  
Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness grew.

Our feet now, every palm,  
Are sandalled with calm,  
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm ;  
And, beyond our eyes,  
The human love lies  
Which makes all it gazes on, Paradise.

*Chorus of Spirits and Hours*

Then weave the web of the mystic measure ;  
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,  
Come, swift Spirits of might and of pleasure,  
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,  
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by  
To an Ocean of splendour and harmony !

PART V

*Chorus of Spirits*

iii. 5

Our spoil is won,  
Our task is done,  
We are free to dive, or soar, or run ;  
Beyond and around,  
Or within the bound  
Which clips the world with darkness round.

We'll pass the eyes  
Of the starry skies  
Into the hoar deep to colonise :  
Death, Chaos, and Night,  
From the sound of our flight,  
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.

And Earth, Air, and Light,  
And the Spirit of Might,  
Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight ;  
And Love, Thought, and Breath,  
The powers that quell Death,  
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.

And our singing shall build  
In the void's loose field  
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield ;  
We will take our plan  
From the new world of man,  
And our work shall be called the Promethean.

*Chorus of Hours*

Break the dance, and scatter the song ;  
Let some depart, and some remain.

**PART V**

iii. 5

*Semichorus I*

We, beyond Heaven, are driven along :

*Semichorus II*

Us the enchantments of Earth retain :

*Semichorus I*

Ceaseless, and rapid, and fierce, and free,  
With the Spirits which build a new Earth and Sea,  
And a Heaven where yet Heaven could never be.

*Semichorus II*

Solemn, and slow, and serene, and bright,  
Leading the Day and outspeeding the Night,  
With the Powers of a world of perfect light.

*Semichorus I*

We whirl, singing loud, round the gathering sphere,  
Till the trees, and the beasts, and the clouds appear  
From its chaos made calm by love, not fear.



PART V

*Semichorus II*

- iii. 5 We encircle the ocean and mountains of earth,  
And the happy forms of its death and birth  
Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

*Chorus of Hours and Spirits*

Break the dance, and scatter the song,  
Let some depart and some remain,  
Wherever we fly we lead along  
In leashes, like starbeams, soft yet strong,  
The clouds that are heavy with Love's sweet rain.

*The Earth*

PART V

iii. 6

THE joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness !  
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,  
The vaporous exultation not to be confined !  
Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight  
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,  
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.

*The Moon*

Brother mine, calm wanderer,  
Happy globe of land and air,  
Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,  
Which penetrates my frozen frame,  
And passes with the warmth of flame,  
With love, and odour, and deep melody  
Through me, through me !

*The Earth*

Ha ! ha ! the caverns of my hollow mountains,  
My cloven fire-crags, sound-exulting fountains  
Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter.  
The oceans, and the deserts, and the abysses,  
And the deep air's unmeasured wildernesses,  
Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing after.

*The Moon*

The snow upon my lifeless mountains  
Is loosened into living fountains,

PART V  
iii. 6

My solid oceans flow, and sing, and shine :  
A spirit from my heart bursts forth,  
It clothes with unexpected birth  
My cold bare bosom : Oh ! it must be thine  
On mine, on mine !

Gazing on thee I feel, I know  
Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow,  
And living shapes upon my bosom move :  
Music is in the sea and air,  
Wingèd clouds soar here and there,  
Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of :  
'Tis Love, all Love !

The shadow of white Death has past  
From my path in Heaven at last,  
A clinging shroud of solid frost and sleep ;  
And through my newly-woven bowers,  
Wander happy paramours,  
Less mighty, but as mild as those who keep  
Thy vales more deep.

*The Earth*

As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold  
A half unfrozen dew-globe, green, and gold,  
And crystalline, till it becomes a wingèd mist,  
And wanders up the vault of the blue day,  
Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray  
Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst.

*The Moon*

- PART V  
iii. 6

Thou art folded, thou art lying  
In the light which is undying  
Of thine own joy, and Heaven's smile divine ;  
All suns and constellations shower  
On thee a light, a life, a power  
Which doth array thy sphere ; thou pourest thine  
On mine, on mine !

*The Earth*

I spin beneath my pyramid of night,  
Which points into the heavens, dreaming delight,  
Murmuring victorious joy in my enchanted sleep ;  
As a youth lulled in love-dreams faintly sighing,  
Under the shadow of his beauty lying,  
Which round his rest a watch of light and warmth doth  
keep.

*The Moon*

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,  
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,  
High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull ;  
So, when thy shadow falls on me,  
Then am I mute and still, by thee  
Covered ; of thy love, Orb most beautiful,  
Full, Oh, too full !

Thou art speeding round the sun  
Brightest world of many a one ;

PART V  
iii. 6

Green and azure sphere which shinest  
With a light which is divinest  
Among all the lamps of Heaven  
To whom life and light is given ;  
I, thy crystal paramour  
Borne beside thee by a power  
Like the polar Paradise,  
Magnet-like, of lovers' eyes ;  
I, a most enamoured maiden  
Whose weak brain is overladen  
With the pleasure of her love,  
Maniac-like around thee move  
Gazing, an insatiate bride,  
On thy form from every side  
Like a Mænad, round the cup  
Which Agave lifted up  
In the weird Cadmaean forest.

Brother, wheresoe'er thou soarest  
I must hurry, whirl and follow,  
Through the Heavens wide and hollow,  
Sheltered, by the warm embrace  
Of thy soul, from hungry space,  
Drinking, from thy sense and sight,  
Beauty, majesty, and might ;  
As a lover or chameleon  
Grows like what it looks upon,  
As a violet's gentle eye  
Gazes on the azure sky

Until its hue grows like what it beholds ;  
As a gray and watery mist  
Glow's like solid amethyst  
Athwart the western mountain it enfolds,  
When the sunset sleeps  
Upon its snow.

PART V  
iii. 6

*The Earth*

And the weak day weeps  
That it should be so.  
Oh, gentle Moon, the voice of thy delight  
Falls on me like thy clear and tender light  
Soothing the seaman, borne the summer night,  
Through isles for ever calm ;  
Oh, gentle Moon, thy crystal accents pierce  
The caverns of my pride's deep universe,  
Charming the tiger joy, whose trappings fierce  
Made wounds which need thy balm.

PART V

*Demogorgon*

iv. THOU, Earth, calm empire of a happy soul,  
Sphere of divinest shapes and harmonies,  
Beautiful orb ! gathering as thou dost roll  
The Love which paves thy path along the skies :

*The Earth*

I hear : I am as a drop of dew that dies.

*Demogorgon*

Thou, Moon, which gazest on the nightly Earth  
With wonder, as it gazes upon thee ;  
Whilst each to men, and beasts, and the swift birth  
Of birds, is beauty, love, calm, harmony :

*The Moon*

I hear : I am a leaf shaken by thee !

*Demogorgon*

Ye Kings of suns and stars, Daemons and Gods,  
Aetherial Dominations, who possess  
Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes  
Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness :

*A Voice from above*

Our great Republic hears, we are blest, and bless.

*Demogorgon*

PART V

iv.

Ye happy Dead, whom beams of brightest verse  
Are clouds to hide, not colours to portray,  
Whether your nature is that Universe  
Which once ye saw and suffered ——

*A Voice from beneath*

Or as they  
Whom we have left, we change and pass away.

*Demogorgon*

Ye elemental Genii, who have homes  
From man's high mind even to the central stone  
Of sullen lead ; from Heaven's star-fretted domes  
To the dull weed some sea-worm battens on :

*A confused Voice*

We hear : thy words waken Oblivion.

*Demogorgon*

Spirits, whose homes are flesh : ye beasts and birds,  
Ye worms, and fish ; ye living leaves and buds ;  
Lightning and wind ; and ye untameable herds,  
Meteors and mists, which throng air's solitudes :

*A Voice*

Thy voice to us is wind among still woods.



PART V

*Demogorgon*

iv.

Man, who wert once a despot and a slave ;  
A dupe and a deceiver ; a decay ;  
A traveller from the cradle to the grave  
Through the dim night of this immortal day :

*All*

Speak : thy strong words may never pass away.

*Demogorgon*

This is the Day, which down the void Abysm  
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,  
And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep :  
Love, from its awful throne of patient power  
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour  
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,  
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs  
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,  
These are the seals of that most firm assurance  
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength ;  
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,  
Mother of many acts and hours, should free  
The serpent that would clasp her with his length ;  
These are the spells by which to reassume  
An empire o'er the disentangled Doom.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite ;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night ;  
    To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;  
To love, and bear ; to hope till Hope creates  
From his own wreck the thing it contemplates ;  
    Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent ;  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

PART V  
iv.



## **EPILOGUE: EIPSYCHIDION**

EPI-  
LOGUE

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.

EPI-  
LOGUE

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-wingèd 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 !

EPI-  
LOGUE    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.

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¶ Sweet Lamp! my moth-like Muse has burnt its wings ;

EPI-  
LOGUE

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 belovèd 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 aetherially light : the brightness  
Of her divinest presence trembles through  
Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew



EPI- Embodied in the windless Heaven of June  
LOGUE Amid the splendour-wingèd 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 ;  
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EPI-  
LOGUE

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 of 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 ! Oh, too late  
Belovèd ! Oh, 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,

EPI- A shadow of that substance, from its birth ;  
LOGUE 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 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,  
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EPI-  
LOGUE

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

EPI- Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,  
LOGUE 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,  
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EPI-  
LOGUE

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 wingèd planet,  
Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftmess 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 control  
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,

EPI-  
LOGUE 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 venom'd melody  
Sate by a well, under blue nightshade 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.

EPI-  
LOGUE

When, like a noonday 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 sate 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,



EPI- The wandering hopes of one abandoned mother,  
LOGUE 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, immovable ;  
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

EPI-  
LOGUE

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 frore 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.

¶ Twin 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-wingèd 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,

EPI-  
LOGUE

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, wrecked 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.

EPI-  
LOGUE

¶ 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 it 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

EPI-  
LOGUE 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,  
Of 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 ;

EPI-  
LOGUE

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 eyelids 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 wingèd 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

EPI-  
LOGUE

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,  
An 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 learnèd 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

EPI-  
LOGUE

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



EPI-  
LOGUE 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.

EPI-  
LOGUE

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 wingèd words on which my soul would pierce

EPI-  
LOGUE

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.

EPI-  
LOGUE



ENVOI

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.



EXPLICIT

## TABLE OF YEARS



- 1815 A SUMMER EVENING  
ALASTOR
- 1816 HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY  
MONT BLANC
- 1817 THE REVOLT OF ISLAM  
PRINCE ATHANASE  
DEATH:  
That time is dead for ever, child  
THE DEAD
- 1818 PASSAGE OF THE APENNINE  
Listen, listen, Mary mine  
THE EUGANEAN HILLS  
STANZAS  
THE PAST
- 1819 PROMETHEUS UNBOUND  
ODE TO THE WEST WIND  
A SERENADE  
LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY
- 1820 THE CLOUD  
TO A SKYLARK  
ODE TO LIBERTY  
ARETHUSA

1820 (Continued)

SONG OF PROSERPINE

HYMN OF APOLLO

HYMN OF PAN

THE QUESTION

TO THE MOON

AUTUMN

DEATH :

First our pleasures die — and then

LIBERTY

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

TIME LONG PAST

1821 EPIPSYCHIDION

ADONAI

TO NIGHT

FROM THE ARABIC

TIME

MUTABILITY

SONG

ENVOI

A LAMENT :

O world ! O life ! O time !

A LAMENT :

Swifter far than summer's flight

1821 (Continued)

A BRIDAL SONG

TO JANE :

When passion's trance is overpast

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

TO JANE :

One word is too often profaned

HELLAS

1822 THE GIFT

THE INVITATION

THE RECOLLECTION

LINES

A DIRGE

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF  
LERICI

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