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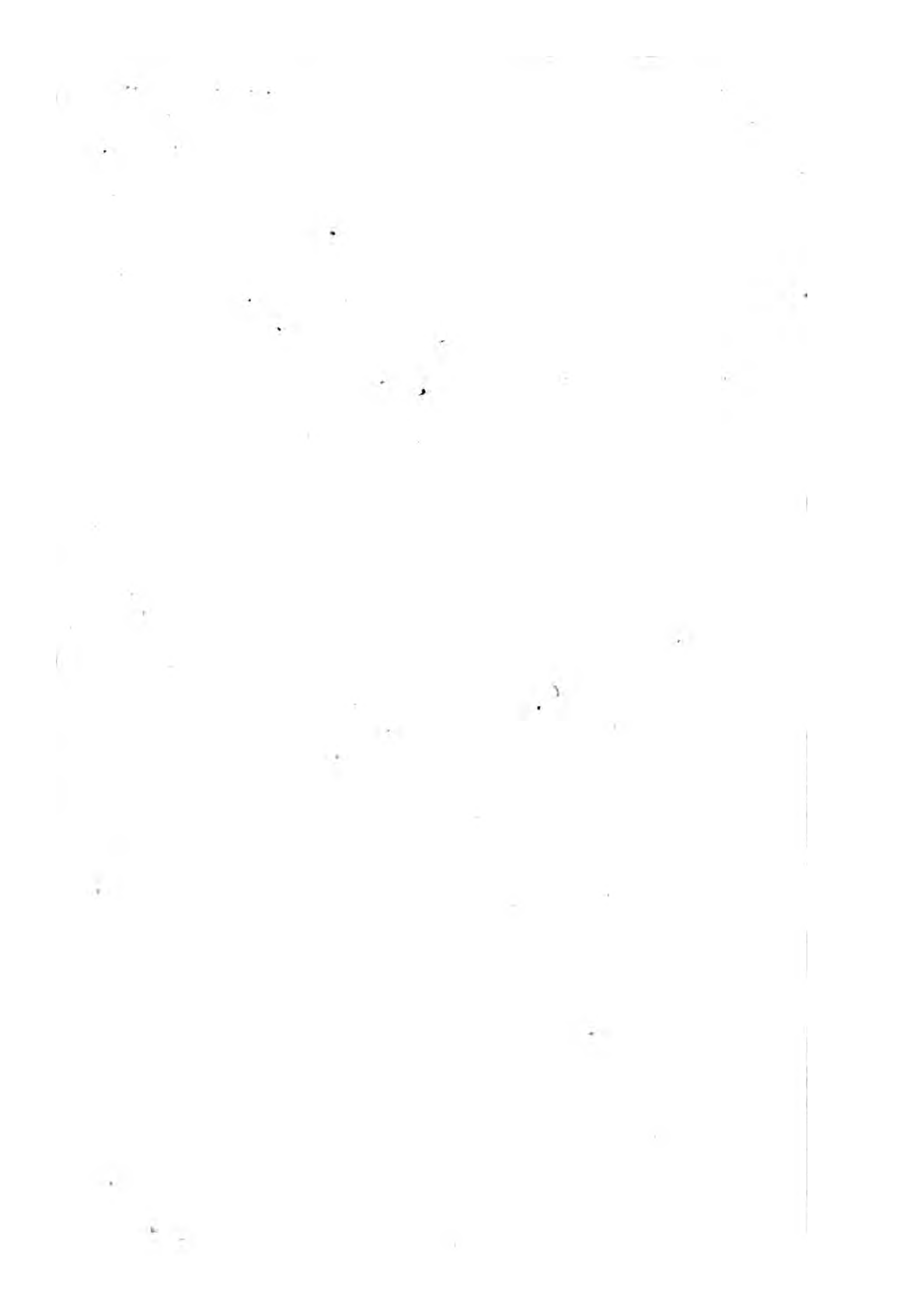
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THE
POEMS OF GOETHE,

CONSISTING OF HIS

BALLADS AND SONGS

AND

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

WILLIAM GIBSON,

COMMANDER U.S. NAVY,

AUTHOR OF

“A VISION OF FAIRY LAND, AND OTHER POEMS,” AND

“POEMS OF MANY YEARS AND MANY PLACES.”

LONDON :
SIMPKIN MARSHALL & CO., 4, STATIONERS' HALL COURT.
1883



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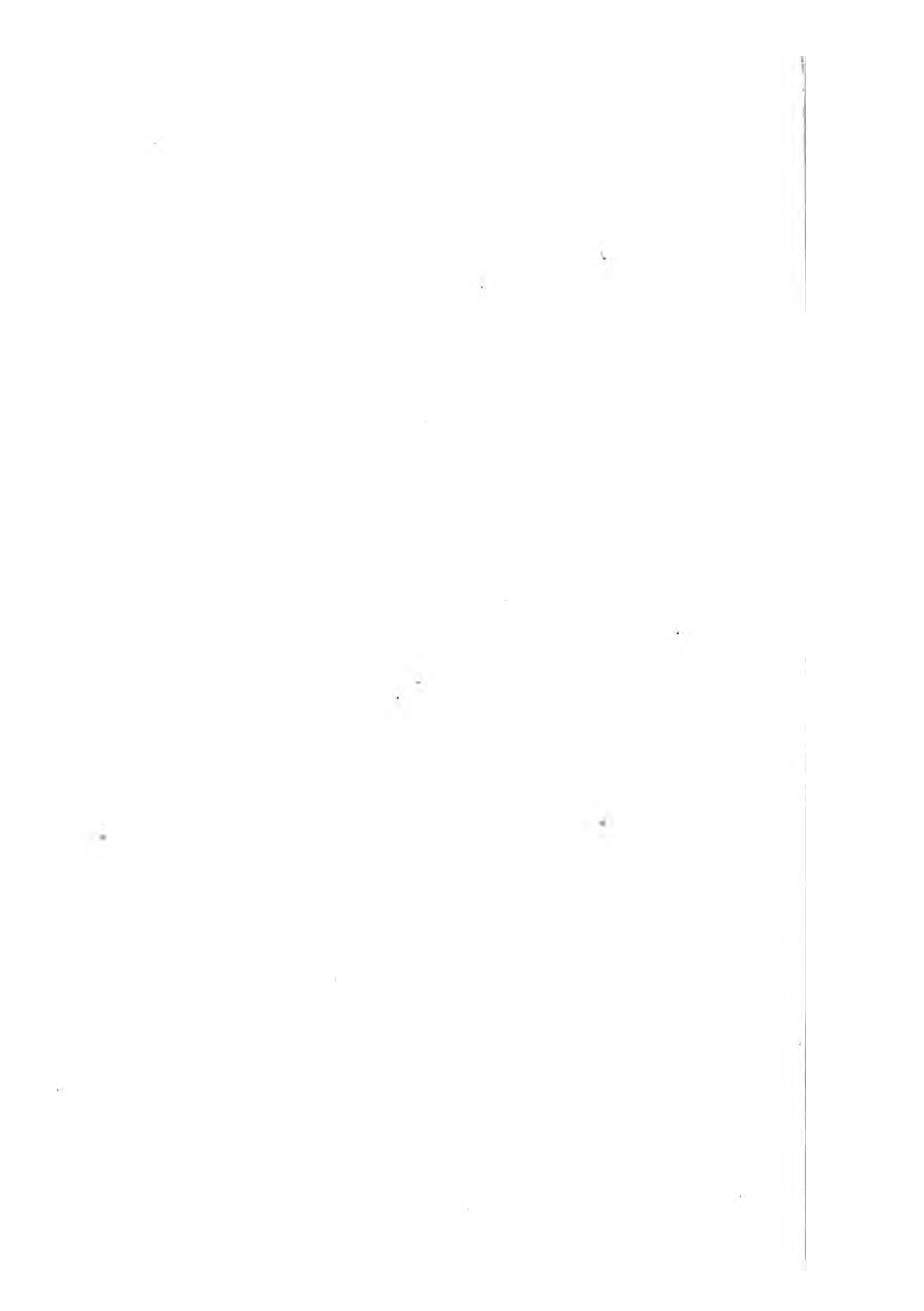
WILLIAM GIBSON,

U. S. NAVY ;

ALSO ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

To my Wife.

It is peculiarly fitting that I should inscribe this work to you, since it is, to a considerable extent, our joint effort. Not only have I to express to you a loving appreciation of the great labour of the first literal translation, but of many subsequent aids in penetrating to the very heart of Goethe's sometimes not too obvious meaning, and many happy suggestions as to that elusive best word and those subtle turns of phrase which make all the difference between a good translation and a bad one. Let me thus couple again the names of William and Mary, as they have been in high station, and once before and conspicuously in literature, in the persons of William and Mary Howitt.



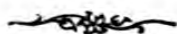
PREFACE.

A FEW words in regard to this my endeavour to render the lyrics of Goethe into idiomatic English verse. In poetry the original inspiration is so indissolubly wedded to the word that at the threshold of literary divorce one is met by something like the solemn injunction: "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!" Perfectly to echo a great poet in another tongue is of course impossible. Nevertheless poetry is something more than beautiful thought and its apt and pregnant expression. It is also a thing of sound and movement. So in every instance I have preserved the metrical form, feeling that where this is faithfully followed much is saved. And while this has often been made difficult by the poverty of our language in double or feminine rhymes (and without these what becomes of the haunting cadences that almost tell the story in "The Bride of Corinth" and "The God and the Bayadere"?) it has been facilitated throughout by the fact that the genius of German verse is very nearly akin to that of the English, and its measures are ours. Not, therefore, in cold blood, the foreign words may kindle with the native music they march to. One only exception is in the classic measures. With these I have done my best. But Longfellow alone, so far as I know, succeeded in giving flexibility and fluency to hexameters in anything so unsonorous as our sharp English accents.

Preface.

While lamenting the loss of a friend in the late Bayard Taylor, I have an additional regret, selfish though it be, that his sudden death prevented the fulfilment of an exceedingly amiable offer, which the mastery of German, rythmical skill, and genial poet's heart of the matchless translator of "Faust" rendered inexpressibly valuable. He was kind enough to show such liking for these translations that he volunteered to revise them line by line "as a labour of love." Quite a number of the most important pieces, under the different classifications, he had, however, already examined, and I am indebted to the departed poet if any of them should prove what he wished them to be, faultless. In conclusion, if these poems be as faithful to the original as the exactions of English rhyme and rhythm permit, I could wish from the reader and the critic no higher praise than that accorded by Mr. Taylor: "That they do not read like translations."

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NOTE OF EMENDATION.

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

Wishing that this wonderful ballad should be in all respects accurately translated, the following more nearly literal rendering of the penultimate stanza was thought of after the work had gone through the press :

Lovely youth ! thy life is nearly ended,
To the death thou sickenest now and here.
Lo ! upon thy neck my chain suspended !
And I take with me this ringlet dear.
See it well, I pray !
Morn will find thee gray,
Brown but in the Shades to reappear.

The difficulty was in the apparent weakness, when done into English, of the last line :

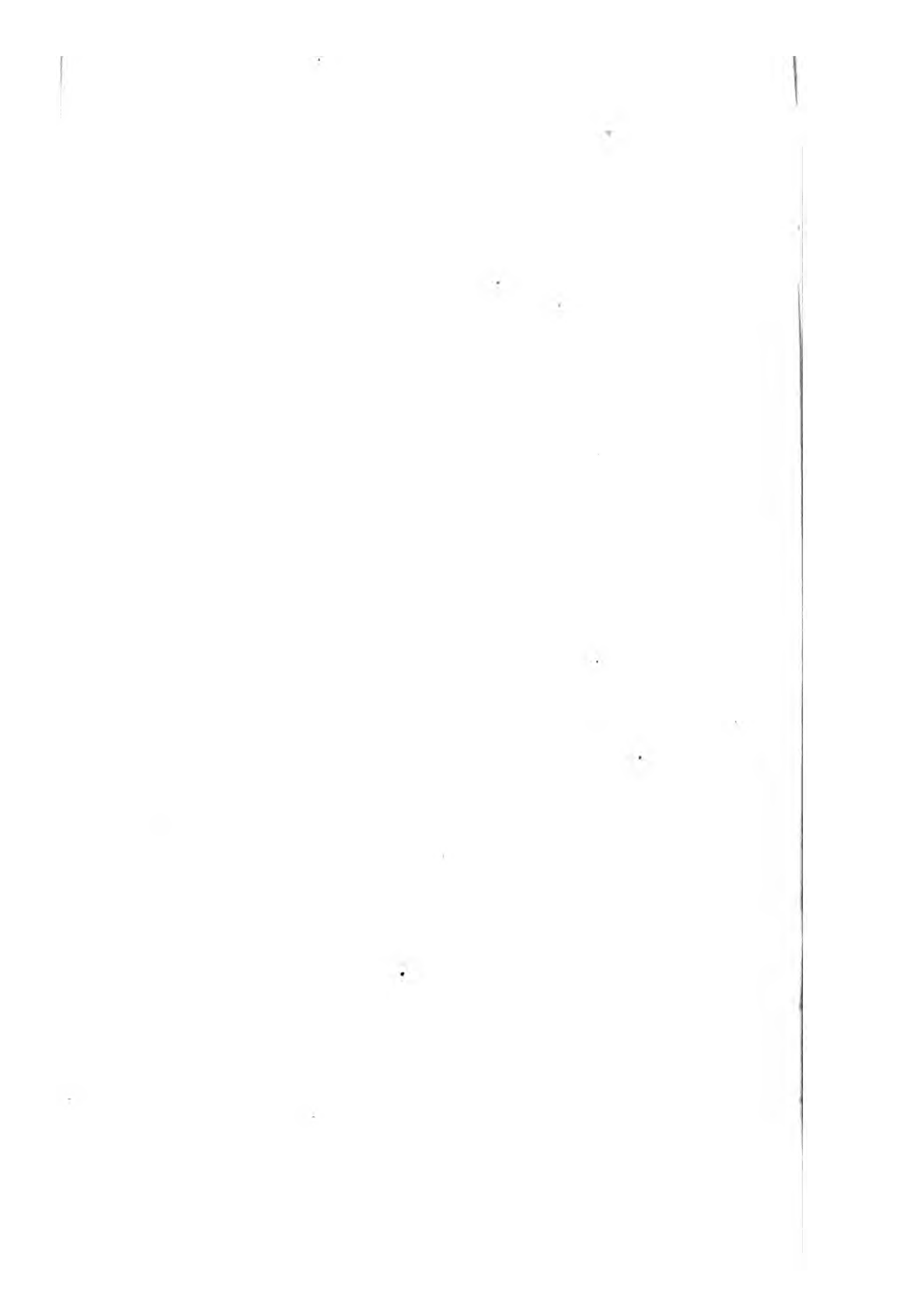
Und nur braun erscheinst du ^{ie} ~~w~~ieder dort.

On page 233 the last lines of "The Original" should read :

He, if I understand him quite,
Proclaims: I am a fool in my own Right.

On page 255 the last verse of "Ultimatum" would be better rendered thus :

You follow a false thought ;
Think not we sport.
Is Nature's kernel not
In man's own heart ?



INTRODUCTION.

The morning came, the gentle sleep dispelling
Whose soft embrace had been around me flung,
And I, awaked, out of my quiet dwelling
Up to the mountain, fresh of spirit, sprung ;
Joy in my heart at every step was swelling
For the new flower, whereon the dew-drop hung ;
The young day rose with rapture its soft cheek on,
And all became re-quickened, me to quicken.

And, as I mounted, from the river growing,
A mist in streaks drew softly o'er the mead,
It rose, it gathered, till, around me flowing
Still upwards, it grew winged above my head ;
The lovely scene no more was joy bestowing,
A dull veil over all the land was spread ;
Soon in the cloud I stood, as it were, moulded,
And all alone within its twilight folded.

Once shone the sun with glimpse of radiation,
And through the mist let in a clearer sight.
Here sank the vapours with a soft vibration,
And there divided, climbing wood and height.
How longed I for the first glad salutation,
How, after gloom, to hail him doubly bright !
Long was the airy conflict still unended,
A radiance rounded me, and I stood blinded.

Soon were mine eyes raised to that radiance glaring,
By secret impulse of the heart made bold,

A moment only thus, one quick look daring,
Then all appeared to glow like burning gold.
There, all along, upon the clouds up-bearing,
A woman, goddess-like, did I behold.
In all my life I ne'er saw picture fairer ;
She gazed upon me, lingering, floating nearer.

“ Know'st thou not me ? ”—and with the words thus spoken
All love and truth flowed in divine accord,—
“ Know'st thou not me, by many a healing token
Of the pure balsam into life's wounds poured ?
Thou know'st me well, by ties, for aye unbroken,
That closelier held thy heart the more it soared.
Have I not seen thee, with hot heart-tears thronging,
While yet a boy, for me with ardour longing ?

“ Yes ! ” I exclaimed, and sank to earth all flushing,
“ Long have I felt thee, long by thee been ruled ;
Thou gav'st me peace, when, through my young limbs
The restless passion rioted unschooled ; [rushing
Thou hast, with airs from heavenly pinions brushing,
In the hot day my forehead gently cooled ;
Of earth's best guerdons thou hast been the giver,
And in thee only is my hope for ever.

“ I name thee not. Thee have I heard them naming,
The many oft—each hailed thee for his own,
An every eye believed at thee 'twas aiming,
A pain to nearly all thy glory shone.
Ah ! there I erred—too many comrades claiming—
I know thee now, I am almost alone ;
My bliss enjoy I in mine own self purely,
Thy gracious light kept hid and locked securely.”

She smiled, she spake : " How prudent, thou perceivest,
It was to thee but little to reveal !
No surety even from gross cheats thou achievest,
Scarce master of thy former childish will,
Yet above fellow men thyself believest
While failing manly duties to fulfil !
To what extent differest thou from others ?
Know—know thyself—live kindly with thy brothers ! "

" Pardon ! " I cried, " I meant well, though mistaken.
Shall I in vain have eyelids open wide ?
A genial impulse in my heart doth waken ;
I know the worth of all thou hast supplied.
In me the gift grows but to be partaken,
I can and will no more the talent hide.
Why do I seek the way with such endeavour,
If to my brothers I shall show it never ? "

And as I spake the lofty being granted
A more indulgent and benign regard ;
In those revealing eyes I read undaunted
What I had rightly done and what had marred.
She smiled, and then was I at once enchanted,
To new joys climbed my spirit heavenward :
I could, by cordial confidence made bolder,
Approach her now, and face to face behold her.

She reached her hand out in the streaky cover
Of veiling clouds and vaporous atmosphere,
Which, in a moment, round her and above her,
Drew to her grasp, to shrink and disappear.

Mine eyes once more could rove the valley over,
I looked towards heaven, it was serene and clear.
Only the finest veil I saw her holding,
It flowed and swelled in myriad folds infolding.

“I know thee, all the weakness that makes weary,
I know what gleams of good may yet grow strong;”—
So spake she, and her speech for ever hear I—
“Accept what I have destined for thee long !
Unto the happy nothing lacks of cheery
Who takes with tranquil soul this gift of song :
Of morning incense woven and sunny splendour,
The veil of poesy Truth’s own hand doth tender.

“And when the sultriness of noon oppresses
Thee and thy friends, then cast it on the air !
At once the cool wind of the eve caresses,
Breathe round you flowery spice and perfumes rare.
It lulls the pangs of anxious earthlinesses,
It turns the grave to cloud-beds rosy fair,
Smoothed at its touch becomes life’s every billow,
The night is brighter and the day more mellow.”

Then, come, O friends ! whether life’s load of sorrow
Drags as you go a heavy, heavier weight,
Or blessings, still renewed, your pathway thorough
With flowers and golden fruits shall decorate,
United let us move on to the morrow !
So live we, so advance we, fortunate.
And then at last, if tears grandchildren give us,
To give them pleasure shall our love outlive us.

BALLADS.

Tales, that wonderful may be,
Poets make reality.

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

Unto Corinth, drawn by old affiance,
Came a young Athenian, though unknown,
Hoping to be grafted with her scions ;
For, as mutual guests in years long flown,
Had two sires with pride
Named as groom and bride
Little son and daughter, each his own.

But will he be welcome, thus from Athens,
If he pay not dearly to succeed ?
He and all his people still are heathens,
Hers are converts to the Christian creed.
Flowers in its unruth
New faith, Love and Truth
Oft will be uprooted like a weed.

All the household slumbered—father, daughters ;
But the mother's vigil still is bright ;
She receives him cordially, nor loiters
Leading to the guest-room, soon alight ;
Ere he needs them, shine
Garnished food and wine ;
So providing wishes she good night.

But the well-set board has not excited
Relish for the rare repast supplied ;
Meat and drink by weariness are slighted,
On the couch he lays him, heavy-eyed,
Drowsing, still undressed,
As a wondrous guest
Softly through the open door doth glide.

Then he sees, all still in lamplight streaming,
In the room a modest maiden stand,
With her white veil and apparel gleaming,
On her brow a black and golden band.
At the stranger's sight,
Lifts she in affright,
In astonishment, a snow white hand.

“ Here a guest,” she cries, “ and nothing told me ?
Have I in the house no more a claim ?
Ah ! 'tis thus that in my cell they hold me,
And now overwhelmed am I with shame.
Undisturbed recline
On that couch of thine,
And I vanish even as I came.”

“ Stay, O lovely maiden !” the boy, rushing
From the couch, exclaims in transport wild,
“ Here is Ceres, here is Bacchus gushing,
And thou bringest Amor, darling child !
Pale with terror yet !
Come, O love, and let,
Let these glad gods not in vain have smiled !”

“ Come not nigh to me, O youth forsaken !
Joy must ever dwell far, far from me.
Ah ! the irrevocable step was taken
Through my mother’s sickly fantasy,
Her recovering oath :
‘ Youth and Nature both
Henceforth unto Heaven must subject be.’

“ And the shrines of the old gods are lonely,
Emptied of their many-coloured throng.
One Unseen in Heaven is worshipped only,
And a Saviour nailed the Cross along ;
Sacrifice is here,
Neither lamb nor steer,
But pale victims to unheard of wrong.”

And upon the maiden’s speech he ponders,
Whereof every word his mind commands :

“ Can it be, in this still spot,” he wonders,
“ That the promised bride before me stands ?
Mine be, only mine !
Heaven has been benign,
Whom our sires invoked with blessing hands.”

“ Me—oh ! no, no, no ! thou gentle-hearted !
But my second sister grant they thee.
Pining in my cell, for ever parted,
Ah ! in her embraces think of me ;
Who for thee alone
Will make loving moan ;
Soon in earth I hide me silently.”

“Nay! by this propitious flame replighted,
Here is Hymen ready for our vows,
Nor to joy nor me art lost; united
Let us go, love, to my father’s house.
Darling one, draw near!
Celebrate we here
This surprise of wedding feast, my spouse!”

Then exchanged they true-love tokens; fastened
Was the golden chain she gave him there;
He a dainty cup to proffer hastened,
Silver-wrought, artistic, passing rare.
“This is not for me;
Yet, I beg of thee,
Give me but a lock of thy brown hair.”

Tolled the gloomy hour of ghosts unhallowed,
And now first her full life seemed to come,
Eagerly the blood-red wine she swallowed,
Till her pallid lips grew less benumb;
But of wheaten bread,
Kindly as he bade,
Shrinking she avoided even a crumb.

To the youth the brimming cup she handed,
And with feverish thirst like hers he drank;
Ah! his poor heart, sick for love, demanded
Warmer things than wine, and still she shrank;
The more ardent he
The more coy was she,
Until weeping on the bed he sank.

And she comes and clings to him appealing :

“ How unwillingly I see thy woe !

Do but touch the limbs beside thee, feeling

With a shudder what thou could'st not know.

Like the pure snow white,

But as chilling quite

Is thy chosen maid as ice or snow.”

Hard he clasps her in impetuous fashion,

Love and youthful masterfulness yearn :

“ Hope yet ! for my warmth would kindle passion,

Didst thou even from the grave return ! ”

Mutual breath and kiss !

Love's o'erflowing bliss !

“ Burn'st thou not, and feelest me to burn ? ”

Love yet closer shuts and interlinks them,

Tears with joy are mingling unrepressed,

Flames his breath fill, greedily she drinks them,

Each in each possessing is possessed.

He in fiery flood

Warms her torpid blood,

Yet there beats no heart within her breast !

Meanwhile, upon household cares belated,

Stole the mother by the door alone,

Heard, and paused ; and wondered as she waited

What might mean these voices, strange of tone,

As of bride and groom

In the stranger's room,

Frenzied rapture and impassioned moan.

At the door persists she in her station,
For assurance must she have of this,
And she hears love's lavish protestation,
Fond endearments, interrupted bliss—
“Hark! the cock wakes! light!
But to-morrow night
Thou'lt be here again!”—and kiss on kiss.

Unrestrained her wrath is now and shrilling,
Quickly the known lock she opes with ease:
“Are there wantons in the house so willing
That the stranger finds them prompt to please?”
So into the room:
By the lamp's pale loom,
Sees she—God! 'tis her own child she sees!

And the youth would fain the maiden cover
With her own gauze veil, in his affright,
Would the couch's drapery gather over,
But forth winds she into fuller sight,
As with ghostly strength,
Slowly in its length
Lifts the long form in the bed upright.

“Mother! mother!”—and her voice is hollow—
“So you grudge to me a night so fair!
From this warm place driving me, you follow;
Am I wakened only to despair?
Are you not content
That I shrouded went
To my young grave, and you brought me there?”

“ But from out the close walls that oppress me
 I am driven by a strange doom forth.
And the drivelling of your priests to bless me
 And their droning chants are nothing worth ;
 Salt nor water cool
 When youth's pulse is full ;
Ah ! nor quenches love the chilling earth.

“ Long since was this youth for me bespoken,
 While yet Venus saw her temple stand.
Mother ! that affiance you have broken
 For a false vow, a strange faith's demand !
 Yet there's no god hears
 When a mother swears,
Ruthless, to refuse her daughter's hand.

“ And from out the cold grave am I driven
 Still athirst to seek the missing good,
Still to love where early troth was given,
 Drink the glowing heart and drain its blood.
 That dread weird is done !
 More must yet atone,
'Neath my fury sink the young subdued.

“ Lovely youth ! thy life is nearly ended,
 On this spot beginneth thy decay.
Lo ! upon thy neck my chain suspended !
 This thy lock I take with me away.
 Ah ! regard it well !
 With to-morrow's knell,
Brown as are thy locks, wilt thou be gray.

“ Hear my last prayer, mother, heed my anguish :
 Let the funeral pile by you be dressed ;
 Open then the tomb wherein I languish,
 And the loving bring in flames to rest !
 When the spark shall grow,
 When the ashes glow,
 Soar we to the old gods repossessed ! ”



MIGNON.

Know'st thou the land where the rich citron blows,
 And in dark foliage the gold orange glows,
 Where the wind wafted from blue heaven is bland,
 Asleep the myrtle and the laurel grand ?
 Dost thou not know ?

O thither ! so

With thee, belovèd, thither might I go !

Know'st thou the house ? On columns rest its beams,
 There the hall glitters, there the chamber gleams,
 And marble statues stand and stare on me :
 What have they done, unhappy child, to thee ?
 Dost thou not know ?

O thither ! so

With thee, my guardian, thither might I go !

Know'st thou the mountain and its cloudy track ?
 The slow mule seeks his way in blinding rack ;
 In caverns dwells the dragon's ancient brood,
 Tumbles the rock, and over it the flood.
 Dost thou not know ?

O thither ! so

Our way lies. Father, father, let us go !

THE KING IN THULE.

There was a King in Thule
Was constant to the grave ;
Dying, the girl loved truly
A golden goblet gave.

He loved it for the giver,
Oft filled it to the brim,
His eyes o'erflowed whenever
That goblet flowed for him.

And now, when he was dying,
His cities summed he up,
Could yield to his heir unsighing,
But not that cherished cup.

To a royal feast he gathers
His knights so bold and free,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In the castle by the sea.

There stands the old lord of wassail,
He drinks life's latest glow,
And hurls the sacred vessel
Into the flood below.

He saw it fall, and, drinking
The wave, sink far from shore,
His eyes fell, sinking, sinking,
And he never a drop drank more.

THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE.

For the sixth time now descended
 Mahadéo, Lord of Earth,
 That, with us an equal blended,
 He might feel our moan and mirth ;
 Came, his god-like will deferring
 To what fortune might decree.
 Would he smite or spare the erring,
 He with men a man must be.
 Through the city contemplative wandered he slowly,
 He glanced on the high, he regarded the lowly,
 And he left it at evening yet further to see.

Out into the suburbs going
 Where the last lone huts are, smiled
 On the god, with red cheeks glowing,
 A lost, painted, pretty child.
 "Greet thee, maiden !" "Thanks, sir ! Tarry
 But a moment, and I come."
 "Who art thou ?" "A Bayadère !
 And of love behold the home !"
 To beat of the cymbals she danced from her station,
 She whirled to him, skilled in each soft undulation,
 She bent her and bowed her, with offerings of bloom.

Coaxing gaily, she invited,
 Drew him to the threshold near :
 " Handsome stranger, quickly lighted
 Shall my lamp be—enter here !

Art thou weary? I will tend thee ;
Foot-sore? I will soothe the smart ;
What thou wilt, that will I lend thee,
Rest, or joy's or frolic's part."

She busied herself with the ills he was feigning.
The Deity smiled ; he beheld, undisdaining,
Through deep degradation a womanly heart.

And he called for service menial,
And she only brighter grew,
And her early arts grew genial,
More and more to Nature true.
As the blossom soon and sooner
Ripens to the golden rind,
So, obedience the forerunner,
Love will not be far behind.

But, sharply and yet the more sharply to prove her,
The Knower of the high and the deep chose, moreover,
Keen rapture and terror and tortures refined.

And her coloured cheeks he kisses,
And on her the love-pang creeps,
And her self-control she misses,
And for the first time she weeps.
Droops she, not as pleasure's pupil,
Nor for gain nor sensual thrill—
Ah ! her limbs, so strong and supple,
Now refuse to serve her will !

And so, the love-rites of the couch overveiling,
Their beautiful web are the night-hours trailing,
Enwoven in darkness delicious and still.

Late to sleep in midst of pleasure,
 Early waked from briefest rest,
 Found she on her heart her treasure
 Dead, that fondly cherished guest.
 With a shriek she flung her o'er him,
 But she could not make him hear,
 And, with stiffened limbs, they bore him
 To the funeral pile austere.

She saw the death-concourse, she heard the priests
 chanting,
 She rose and she ran through them, pallid and panting:
 "Who art thou? Why pressest thou thus to the bier?"

But upon the bier she cast her,
 Pierced the clamour with her shriek:
 "Give me to my lord and master!
 In the grave his love I seek.
 Shall I see to ashes crumble
 Those god-glorious limbs of light?
 Mine he was, all mine!—the humble—
 Ah! for only one sweet night!"
 Aloud the priests chanted: "The elders we carry,
 Grown feebler and colder the longer they tarry,
 We carry the young ere they dream of a blight.

"Hear our laws, that may not vary:
 This could not thy husband be.
 Liv'st thou not as Bayadère?
 So art thou from duty free

As in death's still realms the shadow
Only doth the corpse pursue,
So unto her lord the widow ;
This is duty, glory too.
Sound, fury of gongs, to more fierce lamentation !
Oh ! take him, ye gods ! the bright day's decoration,
Oh ! take the fair youth from his burning to you !”

So the choir, that made more wretched
The poor child, unpitying sang,
And, with eager arms outstretchèd,
Into the hot death she sprang.
Then the god-youth, all-conferring,
Spurned the pyre, and rose to fly,
Bearing in his arms the erring
And belovèd to the sky.
The Deity joys in a sinner's contrition ;
Immortal ones lift the lost child from perdition
With fiery arms to the heaven on high.

THE MINSTREL.

“ What sounds are those without the gate,
Wherewith our ear is greeted ?
Before us bring the minstrel straight,
And be the song repeated !”
The king spake and the page obeyed ;
The boy returned, the monarch bade :
“ By us, old man, be seated !”

“ Salute ye, many a noble Sir !
Fair ladies, salutation !
Your names who knoweth ? Star near star
How rich a constellation !
In hall where such full splendour is,
Let eyes be shut ; no time is this
For staring admiration.”

The minstrel closed his eyes astound,
In full tones sang and played he ;
Each knight in hall looked boldly round,
And in her lap each lady.
The king, delighted with the bard,
In prompt and generous reward,
A golden chain had ready.

“ This golden chain if I decline,
O King, I pray thee pardon !
'Twould better grace these knights of thine,
For splintered lance the guerdon.
Or hang upon the chancellor's neck,
Whom golden chains of office deck,
Another golden burden.

“ I sing as the bird sings alone,
Upon the green spray swinging,
The song that swells the throat its own
Rich recompense is bringing.
Still, dare I utter one request,
Give me one cup of wine, the best
Of the pure gold's enringing.”

He raised the cup, he drained it dry :
“ O rapture, fine and frothing !
Blest is the house whose fortunes high
Count such a gift as nothing !
So as ye prosper, think of me,
And thank God, as I heartily
Thank you, my old age soothing !”



THE ERL KING.

Who rides so late through the night so wild ?
A father it is with his little child ;
He has the boy well in his clasping arm,
He folds him to him, he holds him warm.

“ My son, why hid'st thou thy face in fear ?”
“ See'st thou not, father, the Erl King near,
The Erl King sweeping with crown and train ?”
“ My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain.”

“ Thou darling child, come, go with me !
Right beautiful plays will I play with thee ;
Rich flowers in numbers are on the strand,
And my mother has golden dresses grand.”

“ My father, my father, dost thou not hear
The Erl King's promises whispered near ?”
“ Be quiet, rest thee in quiet, my child ;
In dry leaves is rustling the whirlwind wild.”

“Thou delicate boy, will thou go with me?
My daughters shall daintily tend on thee;
My daughters in measure shall nightly sweep,
And rock thee and dance thee and sing thee to sleep.”

“My father, my father, oh! seest thou not
The Erl King’s daughters in yon dark spot?”

“My son, my son, I can see them plain:
The old gray willows in driving rain.”

“I love thee, thy pretty form charms me so
That force I must use if thou wilt not go.”

“My father, my father, I feel his clutch,
The Erl King has hurt me so much, so much!”

The father shudders, he rides like wild,
He clasps in his arms the moaning child,
He reaches the castle with grief and dread,
And in his arms the child was dead.

THE FISHER.

The water rushed, the water swelled,
A fisher sat apart,
And tranquil eyed the line he held,
Cool to his very heart,
And as he sits and watches there,
The wave, deep-stirred, divides;
Out of the wave a woman fair,
All dripping, upward glides.

She sang to him, she spake to him ;
 “ Why snarest thou my brood,
With human craft, for human whim,
 To fiery death from flood?
Ah ! knew'st thou how the fishes fare
 In depths of stream and pool,
Thou would'st step down from burning air,
 And revel in the cool.

“ Doth not the sun rejoice to bathe,
 The sweet moon, in the meer?
Each face, the billowy flood to breathe,
 Turn doubly beauteous here?
Allure thee not the deep heavens pure
 With moist, resplendent blue?
Thine own face, doth it not allure,
 Here in perpetual dew? ”

The water rushed, the water swelled,
 And wet his naked foot,
His heart with longing ardour thrilled,
 As if to love's salute.
She spake to him, she sang to him,
 And thus it happened then,
Half drew she him, half sank he in,
 And ne'er was seen again.

THE FALSE LOVER.

THE VIOLET.

A violet in the meadow grew,
Shrunk in its own green leaves from view,
'Twas a deep-hearted violet.
A blithe young shepherdess came by,
With lightsome foot and lively eye,
That way, that way,
Singing along the lea.

Ah ! thought the violet, were but I
The loveliest flower beneath the sky,
Now but a tiny violet,
That me the loved one might caress,
Might pluck and to her bosom press,
Ah ! there—ah ! there
One little hour to be !

Alas ! alas ! the maiden's speed
Of the poor violet took no heed,
Down-trodden was the violet.
It drooped—it died—but death was sweet.
And do I die then? yet—ah ! yet
Through her, through her,
I die, and at her feet.

THE FALSE LOVER.

There was a lad, a saucy lad,
From France had erst come over,
Who oft a poor young maiden had
Held in his arms as lover,

Had coaxed and fondled her, and toyed,
And as a bridegroom had enjoyed,
And in the end he left her.

And thus betrayed, the nut-brown maid
Her wits lost, broken-hearted,
She laughed and wept, and swore and prayed,
And so her soul departed.
The hour she died, a dreadful scare
Fell on the lad, bristled his hair,
And he to horse was driven.

He gave the spurs, and everywhere,
Around, across, rode ever,
On this side, that side, here and there,
And peace obtained he never.
Rode seven days and seven nights ;
It lightens, thunders, storms and smites,
The flood tears madly over.

And rode in storm and lightning glare
Against a ruined portal,
He tied his horse for refuge there
From rains that fiercely hurtle.
And as he crept about and groped,
Sudden the earth beneath him oped,
He fell a hundred fathoms.

As he recovered from the fall
He saw three gliding tapers,
And scrambled on with grip and crawl
Towards those glimmering vapors.

THE PARIAH.

They led him on as in a maze,
 Step upon step, through narrow ways,
 To an old mouldering cellar.

At once he overlooks a hall,
 A hundred guests at least there,
 Hollow-eyed, grinning are they all,
 And signing him to feast there !
 He sees his paramour below,
 White in her winding sheet as snow ;
 She turns —————

THE PARIAH.

THE PARIAH'S PRAYER.

Brahma ! Lord ! Great source of Being !
 All thine equal eye examines !
 Thou art just as thou all-seeing !
 Art thou then alone of Brahmins,
 Rajahs, and the richer, greater,
 Of mankind, the Father solely ?
 Or of apes and Pariahs lowly
 Art thou not, too, the Creator ?

Noble are we not : the natal
 Evil which is ours to live in,
 Which to others would be fatal,
 That alone we grow and thrive in.

By mankind be this our measure,
Haughtily may they despise us ;
Thou, thou knowest how to prize us,
To rebuke them at thy pleasure.

Hearken, Lord, my supplication,
Bless thy child, me poor and lowly ;
Lift me from humiliation
To an union with the Holy !
Thou did'st bless the Bayadère,
As a goddess even up-raising ;
And we others hear, and, praising
Such a wonder, never weary.

LEGEND.

To fetch water goes the modest
Fair wife of the high-born Brahmin,—
Of his reverend class most faultless,
Most austere in justice he.
Daily from the sacred river
Fetches she the sweet refreshment ;—
But where are the pail and pitcher ?
Such as these, she needs them not.
To hearts blessed, to hands pious,
Roundeth of itself the billow
Grandly to a globe of crystal ;
This she carries, meekly joyous,
Irreproachable and gracious,
To her husband in the house.

This day comes she in the morning,
Praying to the flood of Ganges,
Bending o'er the limpid surface—
On a sudden and surprising,
Out of the high heaven's expansion
Rushing over her it mirrors
The all-lovely radiant form
Of a youth sublime, created
Of the godhead's prime idea
Out of the eternal bosom ;
This beholding, is she stricken
With a whirl of strange emotions,
Troubled to her inmost being
She persists in contemplation,
Waves it off, and back it floateth,
And she strives in her confusion
With unsure hand to draw water ;
Ah ! she draws it now no more !
For the water's sacred billow
Seems to flee, withdrawn and shrinking,
She beholds but hollow eddies
Whirling into awful depths.

Arms sink helpless, her feet stumble—
Is the road the right way homeward ?
Shall she linger ? shall she fly ?
Can she think, when thought refuses
Counsel, any aid at all ?—
So she comes before her husband :
He but looks, the look is sentence ;

Stern resolved, the sword he seizes,
To the hill of death he drags her,
Where the malefactors suffer.
Knows she how she may resist him?
Knows she what excuse to offer,
Guilty, conscious of no guilt?

And with bloody sword returned he,
Pondering, to his quiet dwelling ;
There he met his son, who questions :
“ Whose blood is it? Father ! Father ! ”
“ That of an adulteress.” “ Never !
On the sword it has not stiffened,
Like the black drops of the guilty ;
Fresh it flows as from the wound.
Mother ! mother ! come out hither !
Unjust never was my father,
Say, oh ! say, what hath he done ? ”
“ Silence ! it is hers ! be silent ! ”
“ Whose is it ? ” “ Oh ! silence ! silence ! ”
“ Can it be my mother’s blood !!!
What has happened? what offended?
Here the sword—lo ! now I grasp it ;
Thou thy wife may’st kill, thus ruthless,
But my mother thou shalt not !
Through the flames the wife that follows
Proves devotion to one wedded,
So to one beloved mother
With the sword shall the true son.”

“ Hold ! oh ! hold ! ” exclaimed the father,
“ Yet there’s time—oh ! haste thee haste thee ! ”

Fix the head upon the body,
Rest the sword upon it lightly,
And alive she'll follow thee."

Hastening, breathless he beholdeth
Two decapitated women
Over-crossed, their heads beside them—
What a horror ! what a choice !
Then his mother's head he raises,
Kisses not its lifeless pallor,
But to gaping trunk the nearest
Joins it quickly, and with sword-touch
Blesses he the pious work.
Lo ! a giant form uprises !
From the dear lips of his mother,
Goddess-like in changeless sweetness
Sounded then the dreadful words :
" Son ! O son ! what rash impatience !
For thy mother's corpse lies yonder,
And thereby the shameful head
Of a criminal, the victim
Of the justice of the realm !
Me thou hast to that vile body
For perpetual days united ;
Wise in will and wild in action,
I among the gods shall be.
Yes ! the heavenly boy's bright image
Still before mine eyes is floating ;
Sinks it deep into the bosom,
Stirring frantic, furious lust.

Ever will it pass before me,
Ever soaring, ever sinking,
Darkening now, and now enkindling,
So has mighty Brahma willed.
He commanded the gay pinions,
Slender limbs, and shining aspect,
The transcendent apparition
Of a god, to try me, tempt me ;
From above then comes temptation,
Whensoe'er the gods so please.
And so I, the chaste Brahmina,
With this head in heaven abiding,
Fill the downward drawing passions
Of a Pariah of this earth.

“ Son ! I send thee to thy father !
Comfort him ! Let not sad penance,
Dull inaction, nor proud merit,
In the wilderness seclude you ;
But throughout the wide world wander,
Wander through all time, announcing
To the meanest among mortals,
Him the lofty Brahma hears !

“ None by him are held the meanest,—
Whosoever's limbs are crippled,
Whosoever's mind is shattered,
Gloomy without help and issue,
Be he Brahmin, be he Pariah,
When his eyes to heaven are lifted,
He will feel it, he will find it :

THE PARIAH.

There a thousand eyes are glowing,
Ears a thousand lean to listen,
Nothing there remains concealed.

“ To his throne myself up-raising,
Views he me, the clinging Horror
He revived thus ghastly,
Evermore will he lament me,
Good will come to you in that.
And humanely will I warn him,
And to him will I speak madly,
As the loftier mind commands me,
As within me swells the bosom.
What I think, feel, soul and body—
That a mystery must remain.”

THE PARIAH'S THANKSGIVING.

Mighty Brahma ! now I name thee,
Lord of Man as Lord of Nature.
Even as my lord do I claim thee,
Thou hast use for every creature.

Of thy thousand ears of heeding,
None are to the last abated ;
Us, degraded, all things needing,
Us hast thou regenerated.

Lo ! a goddess is this woman
In her awful transformation !
One alone works, and with human
Eyes I wait His revelation.

THE LAMENT OF THE NOBLE WIFE OF ASAN AGA.

(From the "Morlach.")

What so white is yonder by the greenwood?
Is it really snow, or white swans resting?
Were it snow it had been sooner melted;
Were it swans, its flight the flock had taken.
Snow it is not, neither white swans is it,
'Tis the glimmering tents of Asan Aga.
Therein lies he wounded, ill with anguish;
There his mother and his sister seek him,
But his bashful wife delays, and comes not.

As the anguish of his wounds grew milder,
To his faithful wife he sent this message:
"At my court remain thou mine no longer,
Nor at court nor in my household tarry."

And his wife this cruel sentence hearing,
Stood the faithful one benumbed with sorrow;
She before the door heard horses stamping,
And, suspecting Asan come, her husband,
Springs to cast her headlong from the casement.
Terrified her two dear daughters follow,
And they call to her with bitter crying:
"These are not our father Asan's horses,
'Tis thy brother, Penterovich, cometh!"

To her brother turned the wife of Asan,
Twined her arms in lamentation round him:
"See the shame, O brother, to thy sister!
Me, their mother, forced from these five children!"

32 *THE LAMENT OF THE NOBLE WIFE.*

Silently the brother from his girdle
Draws, in silken wrappings of bright crimson,
Ready all, the letter that divorced her;
Back it sends her to her mother's dwelling,
Free, to give herself unto another.

When the lady saw the woeful missive,
Kissed she both her boys upon their foreheads,
Kissed the cheeks of both her little maidens,
But from the young infant in the cradle
Can she in her bitter grief not tear her!
Tears her from it the impetuous brother,
Lifts her on the prancing courser lightly,
And so hastens with the wretched woman
Onward to her father's noble dwelling.

Brief time was it, days yet less than seven,
Brief enough; when many noble suitors
Sought our lady, in her widow's mourning,
Our sad lady, eager to espouse her.

And the noblest was Imoski's cadı,
And the lady, weeping, prayed her brother:
"By thy life, O brother, I beseech thee,
Give me not for wife unto another,
That, to meet again my poor dear children,
This sad heart of mine may not be broken!"

But her speech affected not her brother,
Firm that she should wed Imoski's cadı.
Then the true one made her last entreaty:

‘ Send at least a little scroll, my brother,
With these words unto Imoski’s cadi :
‘ Friendly greeting from the sad young widow !
Comes to thee this scroll in supplication,
That, when coming hither with thy Swatians,
Thou a long veil wilt prepare and bring me,
That, thus shrouded passing Asan’s dwelling,
I may not see my beloved orphans.’ ”

Scarcely had the Cadi read the writing,
Than his Swatian escort he assembled,
And upon the way prepared and carried
The long veil the lady had entreated.

Merrily came they to the Princess’ dwelling,
Merrily went they thence in gay procession,
But in passing before Asan’s dwelling
From above the children saw their mother,
Cried : “ Come back unto thy hall, O mother !
Eat the evening meal now with thy children ! ”
Sadly heard their cries the spouse of Asan,
And she turned unto the Swatian leader :
Suffer that the Swatians and the horses
Halt before this well-loved door a little,
That some presents I may make my children.”

Then before the well-loved door they halted,
And to the poor children gave she presents,
Gave the boys rich sandals, gold-embroidered,
Gave the maidens long and rich apparel,
To the infant, helpless in the cradle,
Gave a pretty garment for the future.

34 *BALLAD OF THE BANISHED EARL.*

This apart saw father Asan Aga,
And he called in sadness to his children:
‘ Turn to me, ye poor dear little creatures !
For your mother’s breast is hard as iron,
It is fast shut, and can feel no pity.”

Hearing this, the faithful spouse of Asan
Down upon the floor fell, pale and trembling,
And the soul fled from the tortured bosom,
As she saw her children flee before her.



BALLAD OF THE BANISHED AND
RETURNED EARL.

“ Come enter, thou kindly old man, enter here !
With us in the hall thou hast nothing to fear,
The gate to be locked we have bidden.
Our mother she kneels in her chamber at prayer,
And father to wolf-chase has ridden.
Oh ! sing us a story, to brother and me
A story to music recited ;
We long for a minstrel’s song, learn it will we ”—
The children they listen delighted.

“ In horrors of battle, in terrors of night,
His house he abandons, his home on the height,
But first his rich treasure he buries.
But what in his arms hath the Earl in his flight,
As through the dark portal he hurries ?

What under his cloak hides in moment so wild?
What bears to the distance benighted?
His daughter it is, and sleeps sweetly the child"—
The children they listen delighted.

"Now brightens the morning, the world it is wide,
In coverts of valley and wood they abide,
The towns save the minstrel from hunger.
And years immemorial over him glide,
His beard it grows longer and longer;
As under the happiest stars grows the child,
As though cruel fate had not slighted,
His cloak is her shelter in wet and in wild"—
The children they listen delighted.

"And still the years lengthen, his cloak it is worn
Till faded and threadbare and tattered and torn,
No longer it serves for a cover.
The father his daughter views, blooming as morn!
His bosom with joy brimmeth over;
So lovely and noble, the brightest and best,
A blossom of beauty unblighted,
She makes the fond father so rich and so blest!"—
The children they listen delighted.

"One day rode a princely knight gaily along,
With stretched hand the girl prays a gift for the song,
But alms he refuses to give her.
He seizes the little hand, his it is strong:
'Tis mine,' he exclaimed, 'and for ever!'

36 *BALLAD OF THE BANISHED EARL.*

‘ Know’st thou,’ said the old man, ‘ how precious the prize?
Shall she as thy lady be plighted,
Where from the green square doth yon steeple arise ? ’ ”
The children they listen delighted.

“ The priest at the holy place blesses the bride,
With joy and with pain she has gone from his side,
Of father no daughter was fonder.
The old man he smothers his grief in his pride,
He wanders now here and now yonder.—
I’ve thought of my daughter, my grandson so bright,
In all the long years disunited;
I bless them by day, and I bless them by night ”—
The children they listen delighted.

He blesses the children; when lo ! at the gate
The father is blustering ! In fear they await,
The minstrel, they know, will displease him—
“ Dost cozen the children, base wretch, with thy prate ?
What ho there ! my mailed guards, seize him !
To deepest of dungeons the beggar, the fool ! ”
The mother she heard it affrighted,
She hastens with soft prayers his anger to cool—
The children they hear her delighted.

The guards leave the worthy one standing, the while
The mother and children would fain reconcile
Some moments the pride of his station
His fury suppressed, till stirred freshly his bile
At sight of that soft supplication.

‘ Ye villainous brood of a beggarly stock !
By heaven, I yet will be righted !
Ye bring degradation ! my princely stars mock ! ”—
The children hear, far from delighted.

The old man stood firm with magnificent glance,
The mailed guards dared not a step to advance,
More rages at this the proud bosom.
‘ My marriage I’ve long cursed, my wretched mischance,
‘ These now are the fruits of the blossom !
One ever disowned, yea, one rightly disowned,
Hath every nobility spited,
A beggarly small-fry a beggar hath spawned ”—
The children hear, far from delighted.

‘ And when thou, the husband, the father dost scorn,
A bond the most sacred asunder hast torn,
His ancestral right claims that father !
The beggar is able, so gray and forlorn,
To punish?—nay ! smooth thy way rather.
This castle is mine ! It was robbed by thy race,
When rude civil war was incited ;
What charming belief do I read in each face ! ”—
The children they listen delighted.

The king has returned to his own, in reward
To them that were loyal their lands are restored—
“ I loosen the seal of my treasure,”
Exclaims the old man with a friendly regard,
“ Benign are the laws and my pleasure.

Recover thyself, O my son! It is good,
A fortunate star hath requited,
The Lady is proof of the lordliest blood"—
The children they listen delighted.



THE FAIREST FLOWER;

OR, SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT.

Count.

A floweret wondrous fair I know,
And long for, late and early;
Gladly to seek it would I go,
But for this prison surly.
The pains I suffer are not light;
For in my days of freedom bright
That flower was ever near me.

From this steep castle all around
Mine eyes the scene devour,
Nor it can see, so near the ground,
So high this donjon tower.
Whoso to me that floweret gave,
Or were he knight, or were he knave,
Should be my friend for ever.

Rose.

I hear thee, and my charms disclose
Here underneath thy grating,
Thou surely meanest me, the Rose,
Poor knight, thy fate berating!

Thy loftiest thought I would not shame,
The queen of flowers in name and fame
Must in thy heart reign surely.

Count.

Thy purple glory passeth praise,
With the green leaves about it,
Dear to the maiden it arrays,
Nor gold nor jewels flout it.
A grace to heighten grace thy dress,
Only thou 'rt not, in loneliness,
The flower of my devotion.

Lily.

The Rosebud hath proud ministry,
And haughtily seeks higher ;
Yet in some darling's heart may vie
The Lily's lovely tiar.
The bosom true, whose purity
Is like what I am known to be,
Will hold me still the highest.

Count.

That I am chaste and true I'm sure,
And free from wicked failings ;
But me these prison stones immure
In solitary wailings.
Thou art to me the portraiture
Of many maidens soft and pure :
Yet know I what is dearer.

Carnation.

That may I, the Carnation, be,
Here in the garden-border,

THE FAIREST FLOWER.

Else would the old man give to me
Such care, the gray old warder?
In lovely round my leaves compress,
And life-long are the fragrances
Breathed from a thousand colors.

Count.

None will the rich Carnation slight,
The gardener loves and aids her,
Now lets her revel in the light,
And now from sun he shades her.
Yet what the Count would happy make
Would not be sought for splendour's sake
It is a modest flower.

Violet.

Bowed in concealing leaves I sit,
To speak reluctant ever;
Yet will I, seeing it is fit,
My lips of silence sever.
If, worthy man, thou meanest me,
How great my grief, that I to thee
Can waft not all my fragrance!

Count.

The Violet do I love indeed,
It is so shy and lowly,
And perfect sweet, yet more I need
To soothe my melancholy.
The truth I will to thee avow:
Here on this barren rocky brow
I do not find my darling.

THE KNIGHT CURT'S BRIDAL RIDE. 41

Still wanders by the stream beneath
The best wife earth possesses,
And softly many a sigh will breathe
For me till freedom blesses.
A little blue flower, there remote,
She plucks, and says : Forget me not !
I feel it in the distance.

Yes, in the distance feel the might
Of two hearts truly loving,
Then brightens all the prison's night,
And life in me is moving.
When seems my heart to break, my thought
Cries only this : Forget me not !
And I again am living.

THE KNIGHT CURT'S BRIDAL RIDE.

With a bridegroom's exultation
Swings Knight Curt upon his steed,
And to marriage celebration
With his high-born love doth speed ;
As a rocky waste he reaches,
Lo ! a threatening gang confronts,
And without a pause for speeches
Strides to vanquish him at once.

Wavers long the conflict's billow,
Until Curt doth victory claim,
But withdraws, as limp as willow,
Bruised and battered, all the same.

What—proceeding fast as may be—
Sees he in the thicket move?
In her arms a little baby,
Steals an old love through the grove.

And her eyes flashed on him lustrous :
“Whither, dear my lord, so wild?
Have you nothing for your mistress?
Have you nothing for your child?”
And he glowed with sweet emotion
That he cared not to let pass,
And the nurse in her devotion
Proved as charming as the lass.

But he hears his servants blowing
And recalls his high-born bride ;
And ere long his road is growing
Gay, a market-fair beside,
And he seeks among the booths there
Many a pledge of love to get ;
But alas ! there came the Jews there,
With a long-due bond of debt.

And they hold a court of justice
Now upon the nimble knight.
O infernal court of justice !
Life heroic in such plight !
“And to-day shall I have patience ?
The embarrassment is great.
Foemen, girls, debt, all vexations,
Ah ! no knight is free from fate.”

WEDDING SONG ;

OR, AN AUTUMN NIGHT'S DREAM.

We sing of the noble Count, glad that we may,
 Who here was the lord of the manor,
 Here, where his grandson was married to-day,
 And we have caroused in his honour.
 Now he in the Holy War, valiant of deed,
 To glory had strode o'er the infidel breed,
 And as, home returning, he sprang from his steed,
 His stronghold indeed was unshattered,
 But goods and retainers were scattered.

And now, noble Count, thou at home art again,
 At home never man was forlorn !
 Through casements dismantled the winds blew amain,
 And search every cranny and corner.
 " What's now to be done in the chill autumn night ?
 Yet oft I have been in more dolorous plight,
 And the morning has come and set all things aright
 So I'll in the moonlight unbuckle
 For bed, in the straw and the truckle."

And under the bed, as the Count thus lay,
 He hears a rustle and scratching ;
 The rats, they are lively so long as there may
 A crumb be had for the snatching.
 Yet see ! there stands a diminutive wight,
 A delicate dwarf with a lambent light !
 An orator born, he is eloquent quite,
 At foot of the tired Count keeping,
 Who slept, or he should have been sleeping.

“ Up here in this chamber we long have made free,
 Since you from your domicile wended,
And, because we believed you far over the sea,
 We deemed not our privilege ended. ;
And this very night, if we be not denied,
The dwarfs will hold feast here, with pleasure and pride,
To honour a dainty and opulent bride.”

 The dreaming Count made the concession :
“ Make use of the place at discretion.”

Then first rode three horsemen from under the bed,
 And even the steeds were atomic ;
And, singing and ringing, a choir they led
 Of figures so tiny and comic ;
Then waggon on waggon there followed, to bring
The furniture, vessels, in short, everything
That is fit for a feast in the halls of a king ;
 At last, in a golden state-carriage,
The bride and the guests to the marriage.

They galloped, they raced round the chamber, at top
 Of their speed, and then fell into places ;
Each elf led a lady to waltz and to hop,
 And did his devoir to the graces.
They fided and they fiddled, they clicked with their heels,
They rustled and ringed and entangled like eels,
They chirped and they buzzed and they crackled in reels ;
 The Count, looking on, fancied ever
 That 'twas but the dream of a fever.



With patter and clatter, headforemost and fast,
 They set out the chairs and the table,
So arranged that each elf at the festive repast
 To sit by his sweetheart is able.
They bring in the miniature sausage and ham,
The small fish and fowl, and the tiny roast lamb ;
The wine circles, brimming and breathing of balm ;
 They revel, caressingly clinging,
And vanish at last to sweet singing.

But what happened furthermore, now shall I sing ?
 All hushed is the loud elfin laughter ;
But graciousness, shown in so little a thing,
 Was blest in a greater thereafter.
With chariots and riders in bridal array,
And trumpets, they come and make courtesies gay,—
So went it that night and so goes it to-day.
 Again a glad people are singing,
 Again are the marriage-bells ringing.

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

Poor in purse, in spirit sickly,
Every day a heavy drag is,
Poverty the greatest plague is,
Riches are the greatest good.
And, to end my troubles quickly,
I went forth to dig for treasure :
“ Thou shalt have my soul at pleasure ! ”
And I signed the bond with blood.

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

Circle around circle drew I,
Lit a wondrous flame that trembled,
Herbs and charnel-bones assembled :
Conjuring thus a spell of might.
As the wizard taught me, knew I
Where to seek the ancient treasure,
Knew the spot by line and measure :
Black and stormy was the night.

And a star-like scintillation
I beheld, with swift persistence
Coming from the farthest distance,
Even as the clock struck twelve.
Vain was magic preparation ;
Lo ! a beauteous boy, with glowing
Splendour in a cup o'erflowing,
Where I paused in act to delve !

And his eyes my soul delighted,
'Neath a flower-wreath, soft and tender
With that cup of heavenly splendour
Stepped he in the magic ring.
Sweetly he to drink invited ;
And I thought : 'tis not in malice
That his beautiful bright chalice
Doth a child so lovely bring.

“ Drink of the pure life undaunted !
Here no more, in thine impatience,
Come with anxious conjurations !
Nothing good this place affords.

Dig no more for treasure vaunted !
Daily labour ! evening's leisure !
Hard work ! well earned social pleasure !
Be thy future magic words."

THE RAT-CATCHER OF HAMELN.

A minstrel I to all familiar,
Rat-catcher too by trade auxiliar,
And very needful to this town,
So famous, old, and tumble-down.
And were the rats ever so many,
And whether of weasles there were any,
Quickly I'd clear this ancient nest
Of all the vermin that infest.

The minstrel, primed with all good nature,
'Mong other things is a child-catcher ;
The wildest to his lure he brings,
When he the golden legend sings.
And were the boys ever so awkward,
And were the girls ever so backward,
I in my harp-strings catch them all,
And they must follow in my thrall.

And, versatile by art and nature,
The minstrel is a woman-catcher ;
There's not a town he wanders through
But that he has a world to do.
And were the maids ever so skittish,
And were the wives no less coquettish,
To soft anxieties I move
With magic strings and songs of love.

THE SPINNER.

Calm and tranquil as I span,
Pausing but as needful,
Near me stepped a fair young man,
Of my distaff heedful.
Praising flaxen hair of mine—
What harm was there in it?—
And the even thread so fine,
Praising every minute.

Tranquil did he not remain,
But more warmly courted ;
And the thread was rent in twain,
I had long supported.
Of the flax a goodly store
Gave yet goodly measure ;
But, alas ! I could no more
Boast of it with pleasure.

And I felt a something stir,
Going to the weaver,
And my poor heart's pulses were
Quick as in a fever.
Now the thread into the sun
Do I bring to bleach it,
At the near pool stooping down,
'Tis a pang to reach it.

That which in the little room,
Span I so demurely,
Comes—how can it else but come?—
Into sunlight surely.

BEFORE A COURT OF JUSTICE.

From whom I have it I tell not you,
My baby's unborn life.
“ Shame ! spit her out—the strumpet there ! ”
Yet am I an honest wife.

To whom I'm wedded I tell not you,
My precious one's good and dear,
He wears a golden chain at his neck,
And a straw hat doth he wear.

And is there scorn, and is there sneer,
I bear the sneer alone.
I know him well, he knows me well,
To God we both are known.

So, Mr. Magistrate, Mr. Priest,
I pray you, let me be !
My child it is, my child it remains,
And ye are nothing to me.



THE WALKING BELL.

There was a child would not obey
When he to church was bidden,
And every Sunday ran away,
And in the fields was hidden.

THE WALKING BELL.

His mother said : " The bell doth sound !
To church now quickly get you !
Or else 'twill travel o'er the ground,
And come itself to fetch you."

" The bell," the child thinks, " hangs too high
Above there in the steeple,"—
And runs as after school hours fly
Afield all little people.

Aloft the bell, bell, sounds no more ;
Her hands the mother's wringing.
Lo ! what a fright ! from out of door
The big church bell comes swinging.

'Tis past belief—along it swings—
The child, what terrors shake him !
As in a dream, he runs, it rings ;
The bell will overtake him.

It covers him with sudden hush,
And back its way retraces ;
Borne back through pasture, field, and bush,
The child in church it places.

All Sundays and feast-days as well
Of his alarm remind him ;
He leaves at first stroke of the bell,
Lest it should come to find him.

ECKART, THE TRUSTY.

“ Oh ! were we but further on ! were we at home !
 The night with its Horrors already has come ;
 They come, the Malevolent Sisters.
 They'll pass by us closely, they'll find us still here,
 And, fetched with such labour, they'll drink up the beer,
 And leave to us empty the pitchers.”

'Twas thus that the children, fast running on, cried,
 When lo ! an old wayfarer strode by their side :
 “ Be quiet, child ! children, be quiet !
 The Sisters from hunting their thirst would appease,
 And if you will let them drink, just as they please,
 The Ungracious to you will be gracious.”

As said so it happened ! the horrors have come,
 So gray and so shadowy out of the gloom,
 Yet sipped and cleaned after them neatly.
 The pitchers are empty all, vanished the beer ;
 Now roared it and raved it, the legion of fear,
 Afar in the hills and the valleys.

The children with bursting hearts hurried along,
 And them the old wayfarer still is among :
 “ My pretty ones, do not be mournful ! ”
 “ But scoldings await us, and blows till we bleed.”
 “ By no means ! for all will go well, but take heed
 That ye be as mum as the mice are.”
 “ And he who thus counsels you, he who commands,
 Is one who the littles ones best understands,
 Who plays with them, trusty old Eckart.

Of the fairy man oft little children are told,
But only to you is he given to behold,
And to take by the hand like a mortal."

They come to the house, and the pitchers set down
And shy enough are of their elders, the frown
Awaiting, the blow and the scolding.
And now one has tasted : "A glorious beer !"
And all as they drink the more thirsty appear,
And the pitchers are never exhausted.

The marvel it lasts till the breaking of day ;
Still saying whoever is able to say :
" Why, what to the pitchers has happened ?"
The mice are amused, and their mouths they keep fast ;
But stammer and stutter and prattle at last,
And the beer is dried up in the pitchers.

And now, O ye children, when truth from their hearts
A father, a teacher, an elder, imparts,
So hearken and follow as bidden.
And guard well his little tongue every child should
To blab out is hurtful and silence is good,
Then brimming with beer are the pitchers.

GOOD MAN AND GOOD WIFE.

To-morrow is Saint Martin's day,
The good wife loves her man ;
For him nice puddings kneaded she,
And baked them in the pan.

As both in bed are cuddled now,
The wind begins to roar,
The good man said to the good wife :
“ Get up, and bolt the door ! ”

“ I’m scarcely covered and half warmed,
And get up I will not ;
If slams the doors a hundred years,
I do not care a jot.”

Then softly they a wager laid,
A compromise therefor :
“ Whichever one the first word speaks
Shall rise and bolt the door.”

Two travellers about midnight came,
And knew not where they be :
The lamp is out, the fire-light too,
They nothing hear or see.

“ Is this,” they cried, “ a witch’s den ?
This tries our patience sore ! ”
Yet everything is still as death,
By reason of the door.

They the white pudding pounced upon
Then with the black made free,
The good wife muttered to herself,
But not a word spake she.

Then one unto the other spake :
“ How dried up is my throat !
This open cupboard hath a smell
That spirits may denote.

“ A bottle of good schnaps I seize,
That suits us to a T ;
I pour for you, you pour for me,
And soon refreshed are we.”

The good man threateningly sprang out
From bed, in eager haste :
“ Pay me in money good and true
For schnaps that thus you waste !”

The good wife also sprang from bed,
With three jumps on the floor :
“ My good man, thou hast spoken first,
So quickly bolt the door !”

THE NOBLE YOUTH AND THE MILLERESS.

Youth.

Whither away?
Pretty maiden, say?
Thy name, dear ?

Milleress.

Liese.

Youth.

Say, whither away,
With the rake in thy hand?

Milleress.

To my father's land,
To the meadows breezy.

Youth.

And goest thou alone?

Milleress.

The meadows are mown,
We make hay in fine weather.
In the garden thereby
Ripen the pears 'neath the sunny sky ;
Them will I gather.

Youth.

Therein does no bower to secrecy woo?

Milleress.

Oh, yes ! there are two,
On each side a bower.

Youth.

I'll come to thee there ;
From the heat and the glare
Will we hide ourselves in the noontide hour.
There in the green confidential place—

Milleress.

The gossips would comment.

Youth.

Still thou wilt rest in my embrace ?

Milleress.

Not a moment !
 They who an amiable Milleress kiss
 On the spot the exposure is.
 And that beautiful dark cloth
 I'd be loth
 So white to colour.
 Like to like ! so alone is it right !
 For me, I love the young Miller ;
 I'll live and die true to the troth plight ;
 And he wears naught to discolour.



THE YOUTH AND THE MILLSTREAM

Youth.

Say, whither wilt, clear brooklet there,
 So brightly ?
 Thou hastenest with such joyous air
 Down lightly.
 What seek'st thou in the vale hard by ?
 So hear then, and for once reply !

Brook.

I was a brooklet, youngster, free
 To wander,
 But in a trench they prisoned me,
 And yonder
 Rapidly to the mill I rush,
 And I am ever brisk and flush.

THE YOUTH AND THE MILLSTREAM. 57

Youth.

Thou to the mill in careless mood
Dost hurry,
Nor feel'st what keepeth my young blood
In flurry.
Doth e'er the lovely milleress
Look in thy face in friendliness?

Brook

She opes at early morning light
The shutter,
And out, to bathe her face so bright,
Doth flutter.
Her bosom is so full and white,
'Twill heat me soon to vapour quite.

Youth.

Can love of her in kindled flood
Run riot?
Then how can I, with flesh and blood,
Be quiet?
If only once she looks on one,
Ah! every thought must towards her run.

Brook.

Then on the great mill wheel I dash
And under,
And all the whirling paddles splash
In thunder.
For, fresh from the fair maiden's sight,
The water hath a greater might.

*THE TREACHEROUS MAID**Youth.*

Thou poor one, feelest thou no pain,
Grown fonder?
She laughs at thee in jesting vein;
“Now wander!”
Thee she might hold back, even thee,
With one sweet look cast lovingly.

Brook.

So heavily I flow, in beam
Or shadows,
So slowly do I curve my stream
Through meadows.
And, rested it with me alone,
The backward way would soon be done.

Youth.

The partner of my love's annoy
I pray be;
Thou murmurest of a time of joy,
It may be.
Go, say to her, and often say,
What the boy hopes and still would pray.



THE TREACHEROUS MAID
OF THE MILL.

Whence is my comrade swiftly flying,
While yet the east is scarcely gray?
Has he his soul been edifying
In forest chapel far away?

The air is cold, the stream benumbing ;
Why does he thus barefooted go ?
And why with curses is he coming,—
His morning prayers,—o'er heights of snow ?

Ah, well ! from a warm bed he hastens ;
Other than this he hoped last night ;
And now but for the cloak he fastens,
How ignominious were his plight !
Some treacherous villain has betrayed him,
Robbed, save that cloak, of garments all ;
Therein my poor friend has arrayed him,
Else bare as Adam ere the Fall.

Why was he tempted to exposure
By such twin apples as shone fair,
In sooth, within the mill enclosure
As if in paradise they were ?
A sport not like to be repeated !
Forth from the house he fiercely broke,
And in the morning, as he fled,
His bitter lamentation woke :

“ I read not in her glances lavished
One syllable of treachery ;
She seemed with me so fondly ravished,
And yet such black designs had she !
How could I in her arms be wary
If plottingly her bosom beat ?
She called the gracious love to tarry,
And he to us was more than sweet.

- “ O night of joy beyond the telling !
O what an end to such a night !
And first I heard her mother yelling,
At faintest peep of morning light.
And crowded in at least a dozen
Of kindred there, a human stream :
Peeping aunts, cousin after cousin,
A brother and an uncle, scream.
- “ And there was rage and there was bluster
Transformed to beasts they tumbled in.
‘ That virgin flower ! that virtuous lustre ! ’
Demanded they with dreadful din.
‘ Why crowd ye all as with one meaning
Upon the innocent youth you see ?
Of such a prize who has the winning
More dexterous than I must be.
- “ ‘ Knows Amor well his game so pretty,
And early to the sport he goes ;
Nor in the mill, forsooth, for pity
Would sixteen years neglect the rose. ’ —
Now of my clothes they shared the plunder
And of my cloak they sought to rob.
How could so small a house I wonder,
Have hidden such a cursed mob !
- “ Then forth I sprang, thus lightly laden,
Broke through them all to leave the mill ;
One glance I gave the treacherous maiden,
And ah ! she was enchanting still.

Before my rage the rabble sundered;
Their simulated wrath at me
With fiercest oaths my voice out-thundered,
And so at last I found me free.

From you, ye maidens of the village,
As from the town nymphs, fly we must.
Leave them, the wanton ones, to pillage
The foolish servants of their lust.
Yet should ye know no tender duty,
And fond of change, like them, should be
Yield lightly, if ye will, your beauty,
Let them betray, but do not ye."

Such was his tale, that winter morning,
With nothing else of green in sight;
I laughed, and said that 'twas a warning,
And thought that he deserved his plight.
So fare all insolent young gallants,
Who noble ladies court by day,
And nightly, with audacious balance,
To the false mill of Amor stray!

THE REPENTANT MAID OF THE MILL.

Youth.

Begone with thy brown face absurd!
Out of my clean house, witch! Dost hear me?
At once! a more emphatic word
To spare me!

What sing'st thou, in hypocrisy,
Of love and girl's fidelity?
Who wants to hear the story?

Gipsy.

I sing the girl's repentant ruth,
Her longing ardent and unsleeping ;
Frivolity is changed to truth
And weeping.
The mother's threats no more affright,
And even the brother's fist is light
To hate of the beloved one.

Youth.

Self-interest sing and treacheries black,
Of murder sing and midnight rievvers ;
Sing of false deeds, ye will not lack
Believers.
When shared are purse and garments too,—
Worse than you Gipsies ever do,—
That is the tale to tell me.

Gipsy.

Ah woe ! ah woe ! what have I done ?
What help have I, the listener blushing ?
I hear him from my chamber run,
Out-rushing.
Ah ! how my heart beat high ! I thought :
“ This night of love, oh ! had it not
Been told of to my mother ! ”

Youth.

Alas ! I went with no alarms,
Seduced into the stillness thrilling :
“ Ah, sweet ! to take me in thine arms
Be willing ! ”
Then soon arose a shriek and din,
Then ran the mad relations in—
Still boils the blood in my body.

Gipsy.

That hour comes back with all distress,
How still its pang doth overcome me !
My near, my only happiness
Went from me.
Poor maiden I, I was so young !
My brother, he it was who sprung
This trap upon the dear one.

The Poet.

So the dark woman went within
To where the court-yard fount was plashing,
And off the stain upon her skin
Quick washing,
With eyes and face so clear and fair,
The lovely Milleress stood there
Before the astonished youngster.

The Maiden.

I fear thy angry face, in truth,
My Sweet, my Fair one, my Lamented !

Yet dread no vengeance on my youth;
So, vented
Aloud, grief—love—cry out to thee;
And at thy feet the suppliant see,
Who means to live or die there.

Youth.

Affection, in the heart how deep
To hide, had'st thou thyself betaken?
What power doth thee from such a sleep
Awaken?
Ah, Love! immortal sure thou art!
Nor treachery nor malicious art
Can kill thy God-like spirit.

Maiden.

Lovest thou me as fervently
As when thy former vows were plighted
Then nothing's lost to thee and me,
Delighted.
Take back thy darling tenderly!
This young breast virgin save to thee!
'Tis all thine own for ever!

Both.

Now, Sun, go up! Now, Sun, go down!
Ye stars, enkindling shine or darkle!
A constellation all our own
Doth sparkle!
So long as fountains gush and flow,
So long in us one thought shall glow,
One heart in the other beating.

THE WANDERER AND THE FARM MAID.

He.

Country maiden, matchless as a fairy,
While the wanderer welcome rest may find in
The cool shadow of this spreading linden,
Hast thou no refreshment for the weary?

She.

Rest, refresh thee, wanderer solitary!
Curds and cream I have, ripe fruit in plenty,
Bread and all things simple and yet dainty;
These I offer—Welcome to the dairy!

He.

That I know thee I have a suspicion—
Unforgotten gem of gracious hours!
Chance resemblance often overpowers—
Miracle this, or work of a magician!

She.

Without miracle or magic, often
One encounters strange things in his rambles
Often the brunette the blonde resembles;
Each has power to charm, excite or soften.

He.

Truly this is not the first occasion
Hath this grace of soft refinement won me.
She, the sun of all suns, shone upon me,
'Mid the gay hall's festal decoration

66 *THE WANDERER AND FARM MAID.*

She.

Ah ! the tongue need not be very ready
To continue such a pleasant story :
From her hips there flowed a purple glory
Of rich silk, when first thou saw'st the lady.

He.

No invention this that thou hast stated !
Are there spirits that to thee disclosed it ?
If of pearls and jewels they have prosed it,
Them her lustrous glance annihilated.

She.

Yes ! and this confided, unsuspected :
That the lovely lady, bashful near thee,
In the hope again to see thee, hear thee,
Many a castle in the air erected.

He.

Drove me all winds to all quarters veering ;
Honour did I seek and wealth's profusion ;
Yet how blest am I, at the conclusion,
With the noble image thus appearing !

She.

Not an image, real is she, here dwelling,
The proud daughter of a line supplanted ;
On a farm of lost possessions rented,
With her brother happy now is Helen.

THE PAGE AND MAID OF HONOUR. 67

He.

Where is he, the owner? Can he shun them,
These fair lands in their rich summer vestures?
Fertile fields, and flowing meads and pastures,
And full springs, and sweet Heaven's smile upon them.

She.

In the wide world hides he, the discourteous!
We, the brother and the sister, having
Gained the wherewithal of wealth by saving,
When the good man dies have hope to purchase.

He.

Buy, my beautiful! For of the selling
From the owner I have heard conditions;
Still the price is more than a sufficiency,
And the last word named in it is—Helen!

She.

Happiness and rank were wide asunder,
Has Love taken this way, not the other?
Yonder he is coming, my brave brother;
When he hears, what can he think, I wonder?



THE PAGE AND THE MAID OF
HONOUR; OR, EFFECTS AT A DISTANCE.

The Queen is in hall, and the candles are bright
Around the game they are playing;
She says to the Page: "Thy foot is light,
Wilt thou fetch me my purse for paying?"

It lies to the hand
On my toilet-stand."

The boy he is fleet and zealous,
And is soon at the end of the palace.

Beside the Queen, as her sherbet sips
A beautiful Maid of Honour,
She brought the cup so hard to her lips
That some of it spilled upon her.

A cry of distress
For the exquisite dress !
And, with the fresh stains from the chalice,
She runs to the end of the palace.

Against the pretty one ran the boy
Returning, in corridor meeting ;
None knew of their love, but neither was coy
With opens arms of greeting.
Glance spoke to glance
Of the gracious chance ;
And, heart to heart, in the seclusion,
They kissed and they hugged with effusion.

They finally tore themselves apart,
The Maid to her chamber slipping ;
The Page returned with a beating heart,
Over swords and flounces tripping.
The Queen saw plain
On his vest a stain :
In such things she was no baby,
A Queen like the Queen of Sheba.

She called to the Court Mistress, highly elate
“ You argued, with strong insistence,
In a little discussion we had of late,
That the spirit acts not in the distance ;
That the presence we face
Can alone leave a trace ;
That the Far has no mystical forces,
Not even the stars in their courses.

“ Now see ! as spilled, at my very side,
The sweet and spirituous liquor,
On the vest of the boy that yonder hied
Appears the stain from the beaker.
Provide them anew !
I triumph o’er you,
And surely it would be hateful
If I to them were ungrateful.”



THE DANCE OF DEATH.

The warder looked down at the dead of night
On rows of graves in the pale light,—
The light of the moon that made all things bright,—
And the church-yard lay as in daylight.*
One grave and another to heave began,
Rose here a woman and there a man,
In grave-clothes white and heavy.

For a merry round the graves among,
They stretch their joints as from slumber,
The poor and the rich, and the old and the young ;
But the shrouds the dance encumber.
They feel no shame, not the most remote,
They shake themselves, and the shrouds they float
Away all over the hillocks.

Now raises a thigh-bone, now shakes a shank,
In odd exhibition of pleasure ;
On one another they clap and they clank,
As we beat on wood to measure.
The warder laughs at the ludicrous sight ;
Then whispers a tempter, a waggish sprite :
“Go ! fetch me one of the shrouds there !”

Done like thought ! and he flies in fear,
And the sanctified door regains he.
The moon as ever shines soft and clear
On that dance of horrible phrenzy.
But finally this after that betakes
Itself to its shroud, and its toilet makes,
And presto ! 'tis under the daisies.

One only remains ; peering, stumbling along,
It taps at the tombs, as demented ;
No comrade has done it so grievous a wrong,
And the sheet in the air it has scented.
It shakes the shut door which has power to repel,
For blessed and adorned !—for the warder 'tis well !—
It glistens with nailed iron crosses,

THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE. 71

The shirt must it have, or repose there is none,
And time is too short for reflection,
So, climbing the pinnacles one after one,
It seizes each Gothic projection.
Alas for the warder ! his doom it is nigh—
From volute to volute it clambers on high,
Most like to a long-legged spider.

The warder he trembles, the warder turns pale,
And gladly the shroud would surrender.
It clutches—his end has come, naught may avail !—
At tip-top an iron spike slender.
The moon is fast sinking, the moon it is gone,
The church-bell, it thunders a terrible one,
And down, down the skeleton crashes.



THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE.

Gone is my old wizard master,
Gone at last—a chance uncommon !
There can happen no disaster
If his spirits I should summon.
Of the words and motions
In his necromancy
I've the clearest notions—
I will please my fancy.

Boil and bubble !
Water sources !
Water courses !
Bubble-blowing
Imps ! fill high the streams ye trouble,
Till the bath be overflowing !

Come, old broom, be up and trudging !
Take this ragged old apparel !
All thy life thou hast been drudging,
And to serve me wilt not quarrel.
Head on two legs standing—
What a funny creature !
Go, at my commanding
With the water-pitcher !
Boil and bubble !
Water sources !
Water courses !
Bubble-blowing
Imps ! fill high the streams ye trouble,
Till the bath be overflowing !

See, towards the shore he rushes ;
He is there ! nor does he loiter ;
Back with lightning speed ! and gushes
O'er the pitcher's brim the water !
Here again the creature !
How the water's growing !
Every pail and pitcher
Filled to overflowing !

Hold, thou devil !
More than measure
For my pleasure
Thou hast brought in !
Ha ! the spell-word—Woe and evil !
Have I then the word forgotten ?

Oh ! the word wherewith my master
Lays the spirits he has done with !
Ugh ! he runs and brings the faster !
Would the broom I'd not begun with !
Still those mad endeavours,
Still fresh floods are pouring,
Till a hundred rivers
Seem around me roaring !
No ! no longer
I'll endure him ;
I'll secure him !
This is malice !
Woe ! ah woe ! my fears grow stronger.
What a face ! what features callous !

Wilt thou, misbegotten devil !
Drown the house with fiendish funning ?
For the water o'er the level
Of the sill in streams is running.
Just a broom-stick frantic,
That will hear me never !
Be a stick, thou antic !
Once more and for ever !

Is unending
This work dreary?
Art not weary?
Oh! remit it!
Ah! this hatchet stops the offending,
For the broom-stick, I will split it!

Here again, all dripping, dropping!
Let me catch thee, thou uncouthness!
Now, O Kobold, for thy stopping!
Crack and cleave, thou edge of smoothness!
Hit most excellently!
He in twain is really!
Now incontinently
Do I breathe more freely.
Growing evils!
Fearful wonder,
As I sunder!
For more showers
Rush in air *two* menial devils!
Help me! O ye heavenly Powers!

Down the stairs a cascade dashes,
In the hall the flood's appalling!
Look, how horribly it splashes!
Lord and master, hear me calling!
Ah! he comes! your revel
Ends now, Imps of water.
Lord, I raised the devil,
And I caught a Tartar!

“In the corner,
Broom ! broom ! quickly
As a stick lie !
Spirits all, you
Hear your wizard and your warner—
Never come until I call you !’



SONGS.

Late and early, all life long,
Joys and sorrows breathe in song.

APOLOGY.

How strange the stammerings of passion,
Thus written, to the reader seem !
From house to house I go, and scheme
The loose leaves all in one to fashion.

What distances of long life sunder,
How far apart these trifles stand,
That now are brought, one cover under,
To the good reader in the hand.

Yet blush not for the imperfection,
While glancing through the little book ;
A world of contradiction brook,
When all the world is contradiction.



TO THE GRACIOUS.

Poets ever want a hearing.
To the crowd confess unfearing,
Or it censure or approve.

Though reluctantly in prose, a
Confidence we oft *sub rosa*
Murmur in the muses' grove.

All of error, all of effort,
What I lived in, what I suffered,
To this motley group belong.
And, reflected in one mirror,
Age and youth, and truth and error,
All alike look well in song.



THE BROOK.

O streamlet ! silver-bright and clear,
Thou hastening by, I standing here,
I think and think, and fain would know,
Whence dost thou come ? and whither go ?

“ From out dark rocky springs I come,
O'er flowers and moss I flow therefrom,
And softly on my mirror lies
The friendly picture of blue skies.

“ So have I joyous child-like thought,
It drives me, whither I know not.
But He, I think, who summoned me
From the dark rock, my guide will be.”

THE MODERN AMADIS.

When I was a little lad,
Shut up by myself,
Many a brooding thought I had,
Lone as a winged elf
In its chrysalis.

Thou to me wert sweet playmate,
Golden fantasy !
And I grew a hero great;
Like the Prince Pipi
Wandered through the world.

Many a crystal palace built,
And destroyed it too;
With my falchion to the hilt
Thrust the dragon through—
Yes, I was a man !

Valiantly from spells I freed
Then the Princess Fish;
Me to table she did lead,
And, by cup and dish,
I was so gallant.

Bread ambrosial was her kiss,
Glowing as the wine.
Ah ! I almost died for bliss !
While with sunny shine
She enamelled was.

Ah ! who hath bereft me quite ?
Can no magic band
Hold her back from her quick flight ?
Say, where is her land ?
Whither is the way ?

“ **WHEN THE FOX DIES HIS SKIN
COUNTS.** ”

A GAME.

In the afternoon sat we
Young folk in the coolness ;
Love came—“ Died the Fox,” would he
Play to chase the dulness.

Joyously we sat about
In the twilight darkling ;
And Love blew the candle out :
“ Take it, while ’tis sparkling ! ”

As the sparks flew in the wick
With a dying flicker,
Each to other passed it quick,
Quick and ever quicker,

And to me did Dorilis,
While a laugh she raises ;
Scarcely in my fingers ’tis,
Phew ! how bright it blazes !

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

And it singed my eyes and face,
Set my heart on fire,—
O'er my head doth blaze in blaze
Battle and aspire.

And to quench that constant flame
Vainly am I striving;
Died no Fox (it spoiled the game)
But by me 'twas living.

*BLIND MAN'S BUFF.*

Therese ! Therese ! my fair one !
Thy bright blue eye's a rare one
For mischief, when 'tis free.
But now when fillets blind thee,
How canst thou quickly find me?
Why dost thou ever catch just me ?

So earnest is thy capture
That in thy lap with rapture
I sink, nor need excuse.
But scarce the bands are shifted
Than joy from me hath drifted,
Coldly thou let'st the blind one loose.

Hither and yon I stumble,
I grope and sprawl and grumble,
Of mockery the mark.
And wilt thou not love kindly,
Thus ever I go blindly,
As one blindfolded in the dark.



THE WILD ROSE.

Spied a boy a rose-bud rare,
Rose-bud on the heather,
'Twas so young and morning-fair
Fast he ran to see it near,
In the glad spring weather.
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud on the heather.

Spake the boy then : " Thee I seek,
Rose-bud on the heather !"
Spake the rose : " Though I am weak,
With my little thorns I'll prick,—
Me you shall not gather."
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud on the heather.

But the wild boy had no dread,
(Rose-bud on the heather)

CHRISTEL.

Rose-bud pricked till fingers bled,
All in vain—ah ! woe instead !
Plucked more rudely rather.
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose-bud red,
Rose-bud on the heather.

*CHRISTEL.*

I often have a gloomy thought,
Born of the sluggish blood,
But when my Christel I have sought,
How blithesome is my mood !
I see her here, I see her there,
And really do not know
The how and why, and when and where,
She doth delight me so.

With those black, roguish eyes of hers,
The black brows arched above,
If she but glance on me, she stirs
The very soul of love.
And she the dearest lips that thrill,
A dear round cheek displays,
Ah ! sometimes something rounder still,
That fascinates the gaze.

And when I dare to clasp her close,
In dance to Germans sweet,
Around that goes, so fast that goes,
I feel myself complete !

Giddy with waltz and flushed and warm,
I rock her on my breast,
And in the circle of mine arm
A kingdom is possessed !

When lovingly on me she looks,
And seems to share my bliss,
When she my gentle pressure brooks,
Yea, and my bolder kiss,
The marrow tingles all along
Down even to the toe !
I am so weak, I am so strong,
And all is weal and woe !

Then would I more and ever more,
Day is not long to me ;
If by her side I might adore,
Night would not anxious be.
In dreams I clasp her, and in thought
Desire is fully blest ;
And if my torment endeth not,
I'd die upon her breast !



THE COQUETTE.

In the pure spring morning lightly
Tripped a shepherdess and sang,
Young and beautiful and sprightly,
Till the dewy meadows rang,
So la, la, le ralla.

THE CONVERT.

For one little kiss would Thyrsis
Of his lambkins offer three,
But her mocking lips she purses,
Then laughs out right merrily,
So la, la, le ralla.

And another with a ribbon,
With his heart a third would bribe,
But she answered heart and ribbon,
Like the lambs, with jest and jibe,
Only la, la, le ralla.

*THE CONVERT.*

When the evening-red was glowing,
Through the woods I wandered mute,
Damon sat there, sweetly blowing,
Till the rocks rang, on his flute,
So la, la, le ralla.

And he drew me to him seated,
Kissed me sweetly, tenderly.
Play again ! I then entreated,
And the kind youth played for me,
So la, la, le ralla.

Now my peace is lost completely,
And my joy is turned to tears,
Ever since and ever sweetly.
Ring the old sounds in mine ears,
So la, la ! le ralla

DELIVERANCE.

My maiden was to me untrue,
 She made me hate all joy forever ;
 Then ran I to the flowing river,
The river ran, I ran thereto.

There stood I then, despairing, bound ;
 My head was as I had been drunken,
 Soon would I in the stream have sunken,
The world with me went round and round.

I heard a call, as if in sleep—
 I went back where the bank was firmer—
 The voice was an enchanting murmur :
“ Take care ! take care ! the stream is deep !”

A tingling ran through all my blood ;
 I look ; it is a maiden pretty ;
 I ask : “ What do they call thee ? ” “ Kitty ! ”
“ O lovely Kitty ! thou art good.

“ Thou call’st me back from death—ah, yes !
 I thank thee that I still am living ;
 But life alone seems little giving,
Be also my life’s happiness.”

I told my woes with piteous breath,
 Her eyes drooped tenderly and finely ;
 I kissed her, and she me divinely,
And—just then was no more of death.

THE SON OF THE MUSES.

Through field and forest straying,
 My little song goes playing,
 So on from place to place !
 And to the time and measure,
 And at my rhythmic pleasure,
 All moves with me apace.

I scarce can wait their showing,
 The garden's first flower blowing,
 The first bud on the tree.
 They greet my song—they vanish,
 When winter comes to banish
 All save the dream in me.

I sing it in the brightness
 Of boundless snowy whiteness—
 There bloom the winter's fields !
 This too is evanescent,
 And new joy efflorescent
 On the green upland builds.

When the young folk I find in
 The broad shade of the linden,
 Their hearts I move to glee.
 The dullest lad grows sprightly,
 The primmest maid trips lightly
 To my glad melody.

Ye wing the feet to sally,
Ye drive o'er hill and valley
 Your nursling far from home.
When shall I, Muses precious !
Again on bosoms gracious
 Rest nevermore to roam ?

FOUND.

Through the wood went I
 And nothing sought,
To walk there aimless—
 That was my thought.

In shade beheld I
 A floweret rise,
Like stars it glittered,
 Like lovely eyes.

I would have plucked it,
 When low it spake
“ My bloom to wither,
 Ah ! wherefore break ? ”

The sweet thing bore I,
 Its roots and all,
To garden-shades of
 My country hall.

DANCE AND LOVE.

There did I plant it
 In a still place ;
 There again grows it
 And blooms apace.



LIKE TO LIKE.

A little bell flower
 Had lifted up,
 In blush of the morning,
 Its beautiful cup ;
 A bee, humming thither,
 Did daintily feed :—
 They must live for each other,
 They must indeed !



DANCE AND LOVE.

The Indifferent Couple.

Come with me, pretty one, come to the dance, dear !
 Dance appertains to the festival day.
 Art thou my sweetheart not ? Now is a chance dear.
 Wilt thou be never ? Yet dance, dance away.
 Come with me, pretty one, come to the dance, dear !
 Dance glorifieth the festival day.

The Tender Couple.

What, love, without thee, ah ! what were the holiday ?
 What, sweet, without thee, ah ! what were the dance ?
 Wert thou my sweetheart not, dumb were the melody ;
 Be it, and naught can life's music enhance.
 What, love, without thee, ah ! what were the holiday ?
 What, sweet, without thee, ah ! what were the dance ?

The Indifferent Couple.

Let others love alone, let us dance cheerily !
 Languishing Love ever shunneth the dance.
 In the sweet maze of the waltz wind we merrily,
 They to the dark wood are stealing perchance.
 Let others love alone, let us dance cheerily !
 Languishing Love ever shunneth the dance.

The Tender Couple.

Ah ! let them whirl in waltz, let us two saunter !
 Thus, love, we tread a more heavenly dance.
 Amor is near, he will hear when they banter,
 He will avenge, when they mock at romance.
 Ah ! let them whirl in waltz, let us two saunter !
 Thus, love, we tread a more heavenly dance.



SELF DECEPTION.

The curtain flutters to and fro,
 My neighbour's o'er the way ;
 'Tis plain she's peeping there, to know
 If here at home I stay,

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

And if the jealous anger-fit
That I to day have nursed—
And never I'll cease to foster it!—
Is furious as at first.

Alas ! 'tis nothing of the kind
The lovely child betrays.
I see it is the evening wind
That with the curtain plays.

*THE DECLARATION OF WAR.*

If as lovely I were
As the girls country-bred !
They wear straw hats yellow
And ribbons rose-red.

To believe one is fair,
I thought was allowed,
When in town the young gallant
My beauty had vowed.

Now the Spring, alas ! comes,
And my joy it is done,
By the rural young lasses
His fancy is won.

I leave off my train,
And look pretty and pert,
My bodice is longer,
And round is my skirt ;

Wear a yellow straw hat
And a corset like snow,
And reap with the others
Where clover fields blow.

He spies mid the reapers
A something so nice :
At me the bold boy winks,
In doors to entice.

And shame-faced I go,
Though he knows me not yet,
He pinches my cheeks, and—
Our eyes they have met !

The townswoman threatens
You lasses with war,
And the charms for her triumph
Are twofold, and more.



THE GOLDSMITH'S NEIGHBOUR.

The house I greet across the street
Is Kattie's, darling Kattie's !
As early at my work I beat
I look towards her lattice ;

Beat into links the gold-wire then,
Or ring—how pretty that is !
Now and again I think of when
Shall such a ring be Kattie's.

She opes the little shop she keeps ;
The whole small town thereat is,
And bargains with bright money heaps
Across there at the lattice.

I file so well I file in two,
I beat till all too flat is.
The master makes a great ado—
He sees it is the lattice.

And now is hushed the traffic din,
Her wheel turns at the lattice.
I know well what the girl will spin,
What hopes are darling Kattie's.

Timed to her light foot on the wheel,
My heart so pit-a-pat is ;
Up to the garter thoughts will steal,
The one I gave, sweet Kattie's.

And to her lips she leads the thread,—
My sweetheart at the lattice.
Oh ! I were only in its stead,
To touch those lips of Kattie's !

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Fisher boy, I sang while sitting
 On the black rock in the sea,
 To my line the false gift fitting,
 And intent amidst my glee.
 Swung the hook like beckoning finger ;
 Soon a fishling grazed and snapped--
 Ah ! a sly rogue was the singer !—
 And the little fish was trapped.

Then to shore, through meadows shiny,
 To the grove all shadowy grown,
 Followed I a foot-print tiny,
 And the maiden was alone.
 Glances sink, and language fails me !
 Quick as pocket-knife is snapped,
 By the hair the maiden hales me,
 And the little rogue is trapped.

God knows with what shepherd fellow
 Now she walks in groves or dells !
 Cool me shall the girdling billow,
 As it blusters, as it swells.
 In my net the fish may flounder,
 Great and little ones in swarms,
 Yet how blest, with mine around her
 Were I netted in her arms !

ANSWERS IN A GAME OF QUESTIONS.

Lady.

What delights the heart of woman,
 In the great and little world?
 What is new, the joyful omen
 In the blossom just uncurled ;
 Truth is worthier, and will summon,
 Even in the time of fruit,
 Blossoms on its bough to shoot.

Young Gentleman.

With Ænone, never truant,
 Paris dwelt in wood and grot,
 Until Zeus, with snare pursuant,
 Three of the celestials brought ;
 Never was award less fluent,
 Old or new time never sent
 Choice of such embarrassment.

The Experienced.

Be with woman soft and specious,
 You will conquer, I declare ;
 And who rash is and audacious
 Will perhaps the better fare ;
 But who seems to be ungracious,
 Careless, never pines or pleads,
 He insults, but he succeeds.

VARIOUS SENSATIONS ON THE PLATZ. 95

The Contented.

Manifold man's aspirations
Are in their disquietude ;
But, requiting all vexations,
There is many a charming good ;
Best of all life's compensations,
And the richest gain may be,
Is a conscience light and free.

The Cynic.

He who watches human folly,
And will daily strive to school,
When the world is foolish wholly,
Is no better than a fool.
He a weight too heavy carries,
Like a burdened beast to mill,
Such a weight my bosom harries,
Verily ! against my will.



VARIOUS SENSATIONS ON THE
PLATZ.

I.

Maiden.

I see him advancing !
O fortunate chancing !
The day is more bright !
Now near he is pushing ;
I shrink back in blushing
Confusion from sight.

96 *VARIOUS SENSATIONS ON THE PLATZ.*

I am dazed, I am dreaming !
Ye rocks and trees teeming,
Conceal my sweet trouble,
Conceal my delight !

II.

Youth.

Now here must I find her !
She might have been kinder,
She fled like a sprite.
As near I was pushing,
She stepped back in blushing
Confusion from sight.
Is it hope, is it dreaming ?
Ye rocks and trees teeming,
Reveal my heart's darling,
Reveal my delight !

III.

The Languishing.

Here lonely withdrew I ;
To early morn dewy,
Lament I my plight.
For none comprehend me,
And all men offend me ;
I fly from their sight.
O sensitive soul ! let
The silence condole ! let
It hide thine affliction,
Or secret delight !

IV.

Hunter.

To-day fortune showers,
 With double purse dowers—
 I mark it with white !
 In yon servant's parcel
 My birds and my hares all
 Have laden him quite.
 In nets now, entrapped here,
 Still more birds I capture !
 So lives the glad hunter,
 So runs his delight !



MARCH.

The snow has fallen in showers,
 Then not yet is it time,
 When with the little flowers,
 When with the little flowers,
 We shall enjoy the prime.

The glimpse of sunlight leaves us,
 That late delusive shone,
 The swallow e'en deceives us,
 The swallow e'en deceives us —
 Why? For she comes alone.

CUPIDS FOR SALE.

Alone am I, in weather
Of spring-time drawing near?
Yet come we two together,
Yet come we two together,
Soon is the summer here.

CUPIDS FOR SALE.

Of all the wares so pretty
In markets of the city,
Will none give greater pleasure
Than these, to tempt your leisure,
We from strange countries bring you.
Oh ! hearken what we sing you,
And see our birds, our beauties !
For they are all for sale.

First look ye at the largest,
The wantonest, the archest !
He hops from branch to briar,
Capricious in desire.
Then up aloft ! Naught stays him.
Alas ! we cannot praise him.
See the gay bird so fickle !
For he is now for sale.

Now look ye at the smallest,
The slyest and the drollest !
For, wanton as the other,
His larger, gayer brother,

You'd think no mischief scheming
In so demure a seeming.
The little bird, so subtle,
See, he is here for sale !

See, fresh from groves of myrtle,
This tender female turtle !
Young maidens, neatly boddiced,
As wise withal as modest,
Who hope for bridal blossom,
Will take this bird to bosom.
The tender little ring-dove,
See, she is here for sale.

We will not praise them—buy one !
You'll know best if you try one.
They love the right of ranging ;
And on their faith unchanging
Nor bond nor seal we tender ;
They all have wings to wander.
How lovely are the birdlings !
How charming is the sale !



THE MISANTHROPE.

A little while he'll sit here,
From clouds his forehead free,
And then o'er every feature
An owl-like look—the creature—

TRUE ENJOYMENT.

Of earnestness hath he
Or love or ennui, which here?
Ah! it is both, you see!



TRUE ENJOYMENT.

In vain, to rule a heart at pleasure,
Thou fill'st the maiden's lap with gold;
Love-joys present her in full measure,
If thou her love would'st have and hold.
The voice of masses you may trade in,
No single heart gold gains for thee;
Yet, if thou seek'st to buy a maiden,
Go, give thyself entirely.

If thee no sacred bond should fetter,
Not less, O youth, thyself restrain!
One in true freedom lives the better
In that he wears a willing chain.
For one alone inflame thine ardor;
And, is her heart to thee inclined,
Let tenderness be faithful warder,
And bind, if duty should not bind.

First *feel*, O youth! then make selection
Of a fair maiden; be thy choice
In soul and body sweet perfection,
And thou, as I, wilt then rejoice,

I, who this art have made a duty,
A dear child from the gods have leased,
And wedlock's bliss and perfect beauty
Lacks but the blessing of the priest.

To give me pleasure all her pride is,
And lovely in her care is she,
Voluptuous only at my side is,
' And modest when the world may see ;
Time ne'er impairs our passion's savour,
No right from weakness yields she me,
Her favour ever is but favour,
And I must ever thankful be.

Easily pleased, to me are raptures :
When smiles she, fond and beautiful,
And, under table, when she captures
My feet to make her feet a stool,
When she to me the apple bitten
Gives, or the glass she sips, at meals,
And, with half-stolen kisses smitten,
The bosom, covered else, reveals.

When she, in a calm, social hour,
Reveals to me her loving thought,
Words only from the mouth's sweet flower
I wish, words only, kisses not.
What gifts of pure mind animate her !
Each charm a newer charm improves ;
Perfect she is ; if less I rate her,
'Tis but for this—that me she loves.

And reverence at her feet still flings me,
And warm desire upon her breast.
See, youth, what true enjoyment brings me,
Be wise, and be of this possessed.
Death leads thee one day from the maiden
Up where the angelic anthems peal,
Up to the joys of heavenly Eden,
And no transition thou shalt feel.



THE SHEPHERD.

An idle shepherd drowsing,
His seven sheep strayed off browsing;
Little recked he of sheep.

A girl, with rosy dimple,
Came near: the rustic simple
Lost appetite and sleep.

He took long walks unwonted,
By night the stars he counted,
And aye did pine and weep.

But now no more he mourneth,
And all she took returneth,
Thirst, appetite, and sleep.

THE PARTING.

Let mine eyes the farewell speak, love,
 For my lips they never can !
 Though my heavy heart may break, love,
 I must bear it as a man.

Sad becomes in such an hour
 Sweetest pledge and accents bland,
 Cold thy kiss, and feeble power
 In the pressure of thy hand.

Othertimes a kiss was rapture,
 If our lips a moment met,
 A rejoicing like the capture
 Of the rare March violet.

Now no more of garlands any,
 No more roses, give I thee.
 Spring it is, my darling Fanny,
 But sad autumn unto me !



THE LOVELY NIGHT.

From the cottage, small and lowly,
 Which is my beloved's home,
 Forth, with noiseless steps and slowly,
 Through the darksome wood I roam.

HAPPINESS AND DREAMS.

Luna breaks through oak and bramble,
Zephyr shows her path to me,
And the birches, as I ramble,
Bow, and scatter incense free.

How refreshes me the coolness
Of this lovely summer night !
Here how still, to feel the fulness
Of what forms the soul's delight !
Night of rapture, dark and tender !
And yet I, O Heaven, to thee
Would a thousand such surrender,
Gave my love but one to me.

*HAPPINESS AND DREAMS.*

Oft in dreams thou'st seen us kneeling
At the altar, promise sealing,
I as husband, thou as wife.
Oft, in waking hours unguarded,
With thy lips I've been rewarded,
With how many kisses rife !

Purest joy that thus was ours,
Many rich, voluptuous hours,
Fled, as Time flies, with their bliss,
What avail me all those blisses ?
Flee like dreams the warmest kisses }
And all raptures like a kiss.

THE BLISS OF ABSENCE.

Drink, O Youth ! a day long-pleasure
 From thy darling's eyes of azure ;
 Dream all night of the beloved.
 No enamoured one hath better ;
 But my bliss grows ever greater
 With the space I am removed.

Constant powers, Time and Distance,
 Secret as the stars' persistence,
 Rock this beating blood to rest.
 Ever softer grows my feeling ;
 Daily is my heart revealing
 Depths of a diviner zest.

Not one moment her forgetting,
 But still tranquil, never fretting,
 Is my soul serene and free ;
 Softly steals the infatuation,
 Which of love makes adoration,
 Of desire idolatry.

Drawn out in the sunny weather,
 In the rapture of the ether,
 Never cloudlet without stir
 Floated as my heart is floating,
 High o'er fear and envy, doting
 On the distant thought of her.

LIVING REMEMBRANCES.

The prettiest bow or ribbon stealing,
 Half angry will she be, half willing,
 To you 'tis much, but, this believing,

I envy not your fantasy ;
 A ring, a veil, a scarf, a garter,
 Are often not a trifling matter,
 But they are not enough for me.

A live part from the life I wanted,
 With coyness soft that more enchanted,
 The all adored to me has granted—

As nothing were a smaller grace.
 The frippery wares are my derision !
 She sends—an auriole to a vision—
 This lovely tress of loveliest face.

Not quite this heart its darling misses,
 When I have such a link as this is
 To fondle with warm eyes and kisses,

Like relics by a worshipper.
 This lock and I in fate are single :
 We both make love when near, and mingle
 In one regret when far from her.

Attached to her, one joy possessing,
 The soft, round, rosy cheek caressing,
 One longing for a greater blessing

Allured us to the bounteous breast.
 O rival free from grudge ! Enwind me,
 Thou treasure, in delight ! Remind me
 That we caressing were caressed !

TO LUNA.

Sister of the primal Light !
Type of tenderness in sorrow !
Silvery swimming mists, that borrow
Grace from thee, enchant the night.
Thy soft foot along the vales
Wakens from their dusk seclusion
Ghosts that shun the day's suffusion,
Me and the sweet nightingales.

Searchingly thy glances wide
Overlook a boundless distance.
Grant me thy divine assistance,
Raise the enthusiast to thy side !
And—in her voluptuous rest—
May the knight thou art enskying,
Through the open lattice prying,
See the lady he loves best.

Vision of such gracious chance
Soothes the heart so far-off beating ;
And thy rays, in focus meeting,
Do I sharpen for my glance.
And the uncovered limbs upon
Fall the moonbeams clear and clearer,
And she draws me near and nearer,
As once thee Endymion.

THE WATCHMAN.

In the far chamber's still seclusion
 Keeps love for thee true, trembling guard
 That by no trick, through guest's intrusion,
 May peace of bridal bed be marred.
 Before him mystic flames like amber
 Are glimmering, or like palest gold ;
 A breath of incense warms the chamber
 For all the rapture it shall hold.

How beats thy heart, when strikes the hour
 That noise of guests drives far away !
 How glow'st thou towards the mouth, whose power
 Of utterance cannot say thee nay !
 Thou hastenest to the sanctuary,
 With her to consummate its rite ;
 And in the Watchman's hands unwearied
 Burns, still and small, his lamp of night.

How quiver, in a rain of kisses,
 Her bosom and her blushing face !
 And, though she quakes at thy caresses,
 Now boldness is the part of grace.
 Love, aiding thee, the bride undresses,
 And he is not so swift as thou ;
 Then modestly and archly presses
 The blinding fillet to his brow.

MISCHIEVOUS JOY.

As a butterfly I rove,
Fluttering, when this life is over,
To the scenes of heavenly pleasure,
O'er the daisies and the clover,
By the fountain's flowing measure,
Round the hill and through the grove.

Now I see a loving pair.
Hovering o'er the flower-wreaths lavished
On the lovely maiden's tresses,
All that death from me had ravished
Once again in picture blesses
The bright butterfly in air.

Round him laughingly she clings,
And his lips enjoy the hour
That the kindly gods have sent him ;
Lured as I from flower to flower,
Lips nor throat nor hands content him,
And above I wave my wings.

And she sees me on the wing.
Trembling from her ardent lover,
Up she springs—away I wander.
“ Love, come hither ! see him hover !
Come, and catch him for me yonder,
Catch the many-coloured thing ! ”

INNOCENCE.

Youth of soul, that dost reveal a
 Fountain pure of tenderest air !
 More than Byron, than Pamela,
 The Ideal and the Rare !
 Other fires when kindled kill thee,
 Then thy tender light goes out ;
 He who knows thee cannot feel thee,
 He who feels thee knows thee not.

Thou wert as a luminous shadow,
 Goddess, in the Paradise ;
 Still thou float'st, o'er many a meadow,
 Of a morning ere sunrise.
 Only may the poet gentle
 See thee in the mist of dawn :
 Phœbus melts thy misty mantle,
 In the mist art thou withdrawn.



SEEMING DEAD.

Weep, maiden, by Love's grave ! Lament him here !
 A chance, a nothing, did of life deprive him.
 Is he dead really? Nay ! I cannot swear :
 The merest chance, a nothing, may revive him

NEARNESS.

How oft to me, O child ! O love !
 I know not why, so strange thou art !
 When we in crowds of many people move,
 All joy is lost, for they disguise thee,
 When all is still and dark, then, darling, heart to heart,
 Then by thy kisses do I recognize thee.



NOVEMBER SONG.

Now to the Archer, not the old
 To whom the sun flies fast,
 The while his distant face and cold
 With clouds is overcast ;

But votive be to him my song,
 The Boy of many darts,
 Who the young roses plays among,
 And aims at lovely hearts.

Through him to us has wintry night,
 Harsh otherwise and drear,
 Brought many a friend to our delight,
 And many a woman dear.

From henceforth shall his image stand
 In starry heavens ; above
 And under us, for ever bland
 And gracious, he shall move.

TO THE BETROTHED.

Hand in hand, and lip to lip, love,
 Dearest girl, be true to me !
 Fare thee well ! And now my ship, love,
 Many a danger braves at sea ;
 But when I have gained the haven,
 And the storms are left behind,
 May the gods chastise the craven,
 Who without thee joy can find.

Gaily dared is won already,
 Half my task is finished soon !
 Stars are as the sunlight steady,
 'Tis but night to the poltroon.
 Were I idle, lingering near thee,
 'Twere oppressive grief to me ;
 In this separation, cheer thee !
 For alone I work for thee.

I have found the lovely valley,
 Where one day we two shall be,
 And the streamlet musically
 Gliding in the eve I see.
 These tall poplars in the meadow !
 These broad beeches in the grove
 Ah ! behind them I foreshadow
 The sweet cottage for my love !

EARLY LOST.

Ah ! who bringeth back the hours,
 Golden hours of young love, first love?
 Not an hour gives any morrow
 Of that gracious golden time.

All alone I nurse my sorrow,
 That, with still renewing showers,
 Weeps for that long vanished prime.
 Ah ! who bringeth back the hours
 Of that gracious golden time?



REMEMBRANCE.

When the vine again is blowing,
 Is the wine in cask fermenting ;
 When the rose again is glowing,
 I am stirred from all repose.

Tears adown my cheeks are raining,
 Tears that flow from self-tormenting ;
 And one longing, vaguely paining,
 Only in my bosom glows.

I must talk myself to reason,
 Must recall, in vain lamenting,
 How for me, one lovely season,
 Doris glowed like any rose.

PRESENCE.

All things declare only thee !
Appears the magnificent sunrise,
Hope whispers, heralding thee.

Into the garden thou go'st,
Therein art thou Rose of the roses,
Lily of lilies art thou.

When thou dost move in the dance,
Behold, all the stars to the measure
With thee and round thee advance.

Night ! ah ! I would it were night !
For then thou outshinest in lustre
The lovely and charming young moon.

Charming and lovely art thou !
The flowers and moon and stars render
Homage, Sun, only to thee—

Sun ! be thou also to me
Of glorious days the creator ;
Now and when time is no more.



ABSENCE.

I think of thee, when on the lake the splendour
Of sunshine glows ;
I think of thee, when in the moonlight tender
The fountain flows.

I see thee, when upon the distant highway
The dust-cloud makes ;
In deep night, when upon the dizzy byway
The traveller quakes.

I hear thee, when with hollow murmur yonder
The billows sweep.
In the still grove to listen oft I wander,
When all things sleep.

I am with thee ; to me, in absence pining,
Still art thou near !
The sun sinks, soon will all the stars be shining—
Oh ! wert thou here !



TO THE FAR AWAY.

And have I lost thee really, truly?
My beautiful, and art thou flown?
Still in mine ear is ringing duly
Thine every word, thine every tone.

As when at morn the glance has striven
In vain to trace those mounting wings,
When, flown into the blue of heaven,
High overhead the skylark sings.

So anxiously my glance is prying
In grove, in thicket, and on lea ;
My song is but a love-lorn sighing ;
O come, my darling, back to me !

BY THE RIVER.

Flow on, O cherished songs, deliver
 Your tribute to oblivion's sea ;
 No more by the rapt youth forever
 Or radiant girl remembered be !

Ye sang of love, of me love-smitten,
 My idol scorns me when I pray ;
 Ye were but in the water written,
 So with the water flow away.



SADNESS.

Ye are fading, balmy roses,
 By my love ye were not worn ;
 Ah ! your beauty, but uncloses
 For the hopeless and forlorn !

Of those days I think with weeping,
 When my soul, love, on thee leant :
 For my garden's buds, first-peeping,
 At the dewy dawn I went ;

And all fruits of mine, all flowers,
 Still I carried to thy feet ;
 And before thy face for hours
 Sweet hope in my bosom beat.

Ye are fading, balmy roses,
By my love ye were not worn ;
Ah ! your beauty but uncloses
For the hopeless and forlorn



THE FAREWELL.

'Tis pleasant if one's word be broken,
'Tis hard one's duty to obey,
When anything of promise spoken
Unhappily our hearts gainsay.

Still the old magic songs thou singest,
Thou lurest him, who scarce was calm ;
Him in the whirl-boat of sweet folly swingest,
Till double is the danger's qualm.

Why hide thy heart from me, thy lover ?
Be open—candour do not lack !
Truth, soon or late, must I discover,
And here hast thou thy promise back.

What I was forced to do is over,
Through me to thee shall henceforth nought restrain ;
Lonely withdraws from thee and turns away the lover,
And to himself has come again.

TAKING HEART.

Ah ! for what is man contending ?
 Is it better, tranquil living ?
 Fast-established, self-depending ?
 Is it better to be striving ?

Build a covered dwelling must he ?
 Pitch a tent in open heaven ?
 Will he find the firm rocks trusty ?
 Solid rocks may tremble even.

Any one thing suiteth all not ;
 Lo ! the one man, driving, scheming ;
 Lo ! that other, that he fall not
 Let him heed, though firm in seeming.



ANOTHER.

Craven dejections,
 Anxious reflections,
 Womanly terrors,
 Tears for past errors,
 Turn no affliction,
 Make thee not free.

All powers are granted
 To souls undaunted ;

When self-reliant,
Firm and defiant,
Then shall the gods be
Helpful to thee.

CALM AT SEA.

Silence reigns upon the water,
Heaves not ocean in its sleep,
And the ruffled seaman round him
Sees no ripple on the deep.

Not an air from any quarter !
Death-hush frightful and profound !
And along the vast horizon
Not a billow breaks its round.

THE BREEZE.

The mist is dispersing,
The heavens beam brightly,
And Æolus loosens
His wearisome band.
The wind whistles rarely,
The sailors are stirring,—
Ho ! cheerly, men ! cheerly
The billows curl lightly,
The distance is nearing—
And, Land, ho ! the land

RESOLUTION.

Carelessly over the plain away,
 Where before thee thou seest no path
 By the boldest explorer made,
 Make for thyself a path !

Soothe, O darling, my heart !
 Cracks it, it will not break !
 Breaks it, breaks not with thee !



ADMONITION.

Wilt thou still be forward pressing ?
 Do not overlook the near !
 Learn to seize the present blessing—
 Then is bliss forever here.



WELCOME AND DEPARTURE.

To horse ! to horse !—no cares to cumber,
 Done quick as thought !—my heart was light ;
 Evening had cradled earth to slumber,
 And on the mountains hung the night ;
 In robes of mist the oak already
 Stood magnified, a giant weird,
 And darkness, out of thickets shady,
 As with a hundred black eyes peered.

The moon, from banks of cloud emerging,
 Looked through the mist a mournful sphere ;
The winds, on wings of swiftness surging,
 Awfully whistled in mine ear ;
The night a thousand monsters fashioned,
 But fresh and joyous was my mood :
In every glowing vein impassioned,
 What fire was beating in my blood !

I saw thee, and thy joy so tender
 Flowed in thy sweet glance on to me ;
My heart beside thee made surrender,
 And every breath I drew for thee.
The soft rose-colour of spring weather
 Was over all thy lovely face,
And tenderness—Ye gods ! I rather
 Had hoped for than deserved such grace !

Alas ! with morning's sun the unwilling
 Departure straitened all my heart :
In thy long kiss what rapture thrilling !
 And in thine eyes what pain to part !
I went—thine eyes, through lashes pendent,
 Looked after me with tearful gleam :
Yet to be loved, what bliss transcendent !
 To love, ye gods ! what bliss supreme !

HEART, MY HEART.

Heart, my heart, oh ! say what this is ?

What oppresses thee so sore ?

What new life of strange caprices ?

Heart, I know thee now no more.

Gone is all that thou didst care for,

Gone, and thou are grieving therefore,

Gone thy labour and thine ease—

Ah ! how fallest thou from these ?

Fetters thee this youthful blossom,

Fetters thee this lovely form,

This sweet glance, this truthful bosom,

With infinity of charm.

Speedily would I endeavour

To fly from her and forever,

In the twinkling of an eye

Back to her, ah me ! I fly.

Never, never to be parted,

Unto one enchanted thread

Holds the maid, herself free-hearted,

Me against my will to lead.

Ever in her magic circle

Must my being shine or darkle.

Ah ! the change how great in me !

Love ! love ! only set me free !

TO BELINDA.

Wherefore lure me, O resistless lady !
Unto halls of light ?
Was I not supremely blest already,
In the lonely night ?

When I, in my chamber locked securely,
In the moonlight lay,
Whose soft radiance flowed around me purely,
And I dreamed till day ;

Dreamed there of o'er-brimming hours that golden
Ecstasy impart,
Thy dear form, by spirit arms enfolden,
Deep-felt in my heart.

Now with thee, in all this blaze unwonted,
At this feverish game,
By insufferable looks confronted,
Am I still the same ?

Blossoms of the spring, to me how pleasant,
Are not now in field,
But where thou art, Angel, love is present,
And all bloom revealed.

MAY SONG.

How glorious Nature
Seemeth to me !
How glows the sunshine !
How laughs the lea !]

Now burst the blossoms
From every bough,
And songs a thousand
From thickets now,

And joy and rapture
From every breast.
O Earth ! O sunshine !
O bliss ! O zest !

O love ! O love-light !
As golden-bright,
As clouds of morning
On yonder height !

Thou blessest gladly
The field impearled
And in bloom-incense
The whole wide world

O maiden, maiden,
How love I thee !
Thine eye how beaming !
How lov'st thou me !

As loves the skylark
Sweet song and air
The flower of morning
Heaven's fragrance rare,

So do I love thee
With warmth of blood,
Youth, joy and courage
My spirit flood,

New songs I'm singing,
I dance for glee.
Be ever happy,
In loving me !



WITH AN EMBROIDERED RIBBON

Flowerets, leaflets of the valley,
Strew they with a dainty hand,
Kind young gods of spring that dally
With an airy silken band.

Zephyr, waft it without error,
Twine it round my darling's dress,
So she'll trip before the mirror
In her pretty sprightliness,

See the roses wreath her fitly,
When a budding rose is she.
One look, dearest life, give sweetly,
And my recompense 'twill be.

ON THE LAKE.

Feel thou what this heart is feeling,
Frankly give to me thy hand,
Let the tie around us stealing
Be no fragile rosy band !

WITH A GOLDEN NECKLACE.

To thee this letter I embolden
A necklace flexible to bring ;
With many little windings golden
It longs around thy neck to cling.

Grant to the foolish thing its fancies,
Quite innocent, not over-bold ;
By day an ornament it glances,
By night 'tis cast off in the cold.

But if some wight a chain should offer
That heavier lies, in earnest meant,
I blame thee not, Lisette, if therefore
Thou should'st less readily consent.

ON THE LAKE.

I drink fresh nourishment, new blood,
Where the free world unfolds ;
How Nature greets me, kind and good,
And to her bosom holds !

The wavelets rock our boat and dance
Behind us in our wake,
And heavenward clouded peaks advance
To meet us on the lake.

Eyes, my eyes, why sink ye yearning?
Golden dreams, are ye returning?
Hence, though golden ye appear!
Love and life are also here.

On the wavelets winking
Stars in myriads sparkle;
And, the soft mists drinking,
Towering distances circle;

The morn breeze it passes
By the shadowy cove,
Where the smooth lake glasses
Ripe fruit hanging above.



ON THE MOUNTAIN.

If I, dearest Lili, did not love thee,
In this glorious view what joy were had!
And yet, Lili, if I did not love thee,
Should I here, or anywhere, be glad?

THE FLOWER GREETING.

This wreath, for thee I dressed it,
 It greets thee a thousand times
 I've bent me and caressed it,
 Ah! truly a thousand times!
 And to my heart have pressed it
 A hundred thousand times!



MAY SONG.

Between wheatfield and corn,
 Between hedgerow and thorn,
 Between branches and lea,
 Whither, sweetheart?

Tell to me.

She, the gracious,
 Not at home,
 Must my precious
 Somewhere roam.

Buds and groweth
 Green the May;
 Sweetheart goeth
 Free and gay.

By the stream's rocky shore,
 Where she kissed me before—
 That first kiss on the lea,—
 I see something!

Is it she?

EARLY SPRING.

Come ye so soon now,
 Rapturous days?
 Floods the warm noon now
 Mountain and maze?

Rivulets brimming
 Everywhere swell.
 Is 't the meads swimming?
 Is it the dell?

Bluely delicious
 Heaven and height !
 Golden lake-fishes
 Swim in delight.

Many-hued plumage
 Stirs in the grove ;
 Heavenly homage
 Warbling to love.

Under the sunny
 Verdurous power,
 Bees sip the honey,
 Hum to the flower.

Soft animation
 Moves in the calm,
 Sweet agitation,
 Slumberous balm.

IN THE SUMMER.

Sudden and violent,
Cometh a breeze,
Soon it is silent,
Lost in the trees ;

Back to me looses
Surges of air.
Aid me, ye Muses,
Rapture to bear !

Say, since last even,
What joy drew near ?
Sisters of Heaven,
My darling is here !

*IN THE SUMMER.*

The fields how new
With glittering dew !
Heavy with beads
The plants and the weeds !
How the winds play
In fluttering spray !
How, to the sunrise in response,
Sweet birds are singing all at once !

Ah ! but there,
Where I saw my dear,
In the room I know
So little and low,

Closed round about,
And the sun shut out,
There was the landscape, far and wide,
Annulled in all its pomp and pride !



RESTLESS LOVE.

In snow, in shower,
'Gainst the wind's power,
Through rising mist, as
In damp abyss, 'tis
Ever on ! ever on !
And rest there is none.

Rather fierce anguish
I'd bear the stress of,
Than with excess of
Life's rapture languish :
All inclination
Heart to heart showeth,
Ah ! strange creation !
Into pain groweth.

How shall I fly then ?
To the woods hie then ?
Vain the endeavour !
Crown of life ever,
Joy with vexed brow,
Love, such art thou !

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

High up, upon yonder mountain,
I stand with my shepherd's crook,
As a thousand times I have stood there,
And into the valley look.

I follow the flocks at pasture,
My little dog watches by,
And down I have come to the valley,
And know not the reason why.

Of beautiful wilding flowers
The whole broad meadow is full;
I gather them, without knowing
For whom those flowers I pull.

And rain and storm and tempest
Pass by me under the tree,
But ever yon door stays fastened;
Still all is a dream to me.

Right over the house a rainbow,
Exulting where I despond!
But she from me has been taken,
And is far in the land beyond.

Beyond the hills and yet farther,
Perhaps she is over the sea.
Pass on, my sheep! and the shepherd,
Ah! woe-begone is he!

COMFORT IN TEARS.

How is it that thou art so sad,
When others are so gay?
Thine eyes, when all around are glad,
That thou hast wept betray.

“ In loneliness I weep, and know
Mine own peculiar grief,
Tears readily and sweetly flow,
And give the heart relief.”

Thy joyous friends all call to thee :
Come to our faithful side !
Whate'er thou'st lost, to sympathy
That grievous loss confide.

“ Your noise distracts, ye cannot guess
What me, poor me, doth pain,
No, not for loss is my distress,
But the despair to gain.”

Come, rouse thee from thy foolish fears,
Thy blood is warm and young,
And power is in thy youthful years
To make thy courage strong.

“ Ah no ! my prize I cannot gain,
It stands from me too far,
As high, as lovely in disdain,
As shines in heaven the star.”

THE SERENADE.

The stars we wish not to possess,
 We but enjoy their light,
 With rapture we look up to bless,
 On every shining night.

“ With rapture I look up even so,
 Through many a lovely day ;
 So let me waste my nights in woe,
 And weep while weep I may.”

THE SERENADE.

Let pillows soft inspire
 The dreams that I implore !
 To music of my lyre
 Sleep ! sleep ! what would'st thou more ?

With music of my lyre
 The starry host adore
 Love's sempiternal fire ;
 Sleep ! sleep ! what would'st thou more ?

Love's sempiternal fire
 Has raised me up and o'er
 Out of this earthly mire ;
 Sleep ! sleep ! what would'st thou more ?

Out of this earthly mire
 Too far thou mak'st me soar,
 Thy coldness mocks desire ;
 Sleep ! sleep ! what would'st thou more ?

Thy coldness mocks desire,
 But dreams may not ignore.
 On pillows soft respire !
 Sleep ! sleep ! what would'st thou more ?



LONGING.

What pulls at my heart so ?
 What forces to roam ?
 And wrings me and wrests me
 From chamber and home ?
 How yonder the cloudlets
 Around the crags lie !
 Oh ! there to be with them,
 Oh ! thither to fly !

Now soar the young ravens
 In sociable files,
 I mingle among them,
 And follow for miles.
 By mountain and bold bluff
 The still air we stir ;
 She tarries thereunder,
 I gaze upon her.

She walks in the woodland,
 I hasten from high,
 A singing bird perching
 Upon the branch nigh.

She lingers and listens,
And smiling is she :
“ It sings so divinely,
And sings but to me.”

The sun now is sinking,
It gilds but the height ;
The fair one so pensive
Has marked not his flight.
She strays by the streamlet
The meadow along,
And dark now and darker
The even shades throng.

And straightway appear I
A beautiful star.
“ What glitters above me,
So near yet so far ?”
And when thou with wonder
Hast seen me so bright,
I sink at thy feet, love,
And rest in delight.



BY MIGNON.

Over vale and river driven
Rolls the sun from morn to even.
Ah ! like that along its course
Doth it move, my constant sorrow,
Every morrow
Rising with renewèd force.

Scarcely will the night avail me,
For in slumber dreams assail me
Only in a sadder form.
And I feel my constant sorrow,
 All night thorough,
Gaining strength and growing warm.

Great ships, in the glad years flowing,
Sail beneath me, coming, going,
They arrive where they would be.
But alas ! my constant sorrow,
 Night or morrow,
Floats not forth on any sea.

I must dress like festive lady,
All my pretty robes are ready,
For to-day is holiday.
None could fancy such a sorrow
 E'er could borrow
A disguise so bright and gay.

Secret tears my brain are searing,
While with genial face appearing,
Even blooming rosy-red.
Ah ! wer't fatal, this sad sorrow,
 My heart thorough,
Long ago I had been dead.

THE MOUNTAIN CASTLE.

High up, upon yonder mountain,
There stands a castle old,
Erst behind door and portal,
Lurked knight and charger bold.

Now burned are door and portal,
And over all it is still ;
And through the battlements crumbling
I clamber at my will.

Here underneath was the cellar,
Once full of the precious wine ;
No drink-maid comes with her pitcher
For vintage of Main or Rhine.

No more the guests at the wassail
The beakers she sets before ;
She fills for the holy communion
The chaplain's flask no more.

No draught to the thirsty squire,
Doth she on the stairs accord,
No more for the flying favour
Receive the flying reward.

Burned were the roof and the rafters
In some unremembered tide,
And stair and passage and chapel
Are in rubbish and ruin allied.

Yet as with cittern and flagon,
Up to this rocky height,
I followed the steps of my darling,
All in the sunshine bright,

There crowded visions of pleasure
Out of the desolate hush ;
And all as it was in the old days
Again is in festive flush.

As for stateliest guests the chambers
Were furnished as in their prime,
As a youthful pair, long vanished,
Came out of that far-off time ;

As stood by the chapel-altar
The priest to receive and bless,
And asked : Would ye one another ?
We smiled in answer : Yes !

And songs from the depths of emotion
Our hearts and voices stirred,
And, instead of the crowd, responded
The echo's sounding word.

And, as over against the evening,
In the silence all forlorn,
The gleams of the glowing sunset
The desolate steep adorn,

And, far away, maid and squire
Glisten like lady and lord,—
She seizes the time for her favour,
And he for the prompt reward.

THE SPIRIT'S GREETING.

High on the old tower, proud and high,
The Hero's spirit stood,
And, as a gallant bark went by,
Sent greetings o'er the flood.

Lo ! once strong sinews were mine own,
This heart superbly glowed,
With knightly marrow in the bone,
And brimmed life's goblet flowed.

One half of life I stormèd forth,
One half in peace was passed.
O mortal bark, sail south or north,
Sail on, in breeze or blast !

TO A GOLDEN HEART, OF WHICH
WEAR THE HALF.

Of departed joy thou precious token,
Half whereof upon my heart is carried,
Dost thou still endure when the soul's bond is broken ?
Has in thee love's life ephemeral tarried ?

Lili, I fly from thee ! Yet still thy fetters golden,
In strange lands olden,
In distant valleys, are all-enthraling !
Ah ! Lili's heart, it so soon can not
From heart of mine be falling.

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG. 141

Thus a bird, that breaks its fastening knot,
To the woodlands thronged
Drags on of his prison the sad
Ignominy, the broken thread ;
He the old free-born bird that ranged the woods is not,
For he to some one has belonged.



THE BALM OF SORROW.

Let them flow, let them flow,
Tears of endless love in sorrow !
Ah ! to the eyes half-dried, to them only,
The world how desolate—dead—appears !
Let them flow, let them flow,
Tears of hapless love in sorrow !



THE WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

Thou that of the heavens art,
That all pain and sorrow stillest,
That the doubly troubled heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
Ah ! of unrest I am tired !
Wherefore all this joy and pain ?
Come, desired,
Come, sweet peace, to heart and brain !

EVENING.

Over all the great hills
 Is rest ;
 And the woodland reveals
 At its crest
 Not a breath to view ;
 The birds are all silent in bower.
 Wait ! Comes an hour
 Thou shalt rest too.



THE HUNTER'S EVENING SONG.

I hunt the fields with silent feet,
 My gun is forward flung ;
 And in my thought thine image sweet,
 Thine image dear is hung.

Thou rov'st, with still and tender breast,
 Through field and dale apart,
 And ah ! doth not mine image rest
 One moment in thy heart ?

The image of the man who moves
 Through all the world forlorn,
 Who east and west repining roves,
 From thy sweet presence torn.

To me it is, the thought of thee,
 Like looking on the moon ;
 I know not how, there comes to me
 Serenity so soon.

TO THE MOON.

Brake and vale thou flood'st anew
With thy shining mist,
And my soul thou dost subdue,
Powerless to resist ;

Sweep'st thou o'er my meadow-lea,
Softening thy glance,
Like a friend's eyes tenderly
O'er my countenance.

Every night-voice brings its mood,
Glad or sad, in train,
Vibrates in the solitude
Between joy and pain.

Flow, loved river, on from this !
Never glad I grow ;
So passed from me mirth and kiss,
Constancy even so.

I possessed it long ago,
All that precious is !
What remembrance to its woe
Evermore must miss !

Rush, O stream, the vale along,
• Without peace or pause,
Rush, and utter all my song,
To melodious laws !

Moan it in the winter night,
 When thy banks o'erflow !
Murmur it in vernal light,
 When young blossoms blow !
Blest is he who close can fold,
 Not in hate, his heart,
But to one dear friend can hold,
 And to him impart
Share in that, by men unguessed,
 Unconsidered quite,
Which, through labyrinths of the breast,
 Wanders in the night !



HOPE.

Daily work, my hands' employment,
To complete is pure enjoyment !
Let, oh ! let me never falter !
No ! there is no empty dreaming :
Lo ! these trees, but bare poles seeming,
 Yet will yield both fruit and shelter !



OWNERSHIP.

Nothing belongs to me, I know,
Save the thought that doth freely flow
 From out my soul in its leisure ;
And every moment that kindly fate
Gives for enjoyment, fortunate
 To every inch of its measure.

TO LINA.

Songs and tender lyrics these, love ;
When they come into thy hand,
Seat thee by the ivory keys, love,
Where thy lover used to stand ;

While the chords are briskly ringing,
On the book thine eyes incline—
Not to read ! Be ever singing !
And its every leaf is thine.

Ah ! how poor, though printed finely,
Seems that song in black and white,
Which from throat of thine divinely
Breathes despair or breathes delight.



SONGS FROM WILHELM MEISTER.

Also hearken in the throng,
To that guardian angel's song.

MIGNON

I.

Command me not to speak, then over
My secret shall rest duty's seal ;
I fain to thee would all my mind discover,
But fate wills not that I reveal.

At the fixed time the sun's diurnal round
Chases dark night, and brightens on the mountains ;
The hard rock's bosom opes, and under ground
The earth doth grudge not the deep-hidden fountains.

Earth in another's arms seeks sympathy,
There can the heart its lamentations shower ;
An oath alone bids my lips silent be,
Only a god to open them hath power.

II.

Save with such grief acquaint,
None know my yearning !
Alone I breathe my plaint,
No joy discerning,

And to the firmament
Forlorn am turning.

In severance and constraint,
My loved ones mourning,
Ah ! I am giddy, faint,
My bowels burning.
Save with such grief acquaint,
None know my yearning !

III.

So let me seem, till I become it ;
Strip from me not the pure white gown !
This lovely earth, I hasten from it,
To that safe house I hasten down.

There for a while in stillness staying,
Soon shall new vision open wide ;
I leave the snowy veil then, laying
The girdle and the wreath aside.

They ask if man or woman never,
The heavenly forms that there abide ;
No robes, no folds of drapery ever
Surround the body glorified.

Here free from common care and trouble
I've lived, yet pain my heart has wrung.
Grief aged me, till my years seem double ;
Let me rise up for ever young !

THE HARPER.

I.

Whom solitary fancy moves,
Ah ! he is soon alone,
And each one lives, and each one loves,
And leaves him to his moan.

Yes ! leave me to my pain !
If solitude I gain,
Once seen of none,
Then am I not alone.

As steals a lover, and listens he
To learn if his love is alone,
So, day and night, steals over me,
Me, lonely one, the moan,

Me, lonely one, the pain.
Ah ! in the lone grave lain,
In rest till then unknown,
'Twill leave me there alone !

II.

Modestly for alms beseeching,
At the open door I stand,
Alms a pious hand is reaching ;
Thus I wander through the land.
Each one is made happier by me,
When my form before him creeps,
And a tear may not deny me,
Though I know not if he weeps.

III.

Who ne'er his bread with salt tears ate,
Who ne'er through sorrowful night hours
Upon his bed-side weeping sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly Powers !
Ye lead us darkling into life,
Ye leave us to our guilty chances,
Then yield ye us to miseries rife :
Then guilt on earth itself avenges.

PHILINE'S SONG.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Of the loneliness of night ;
Gracious, not alone for slumbers,
'Tis the social heart's delight.

To the husband as the wife is,
For his lovelier half decreed,
So the night the half of life is,
And the lovelier half indeed.

Can ye love the day, its clatter,
Interrupting genial thought ?
With the joys day serves to scatter
Night, the beautiful, is fraught.

And when in the still hours' union
Mellowly the lamplight glows,
When from lip to lip communion
In light jest and love o'erflows ;

PHILINE'S SONG.

When the romping boy, whose riot
At another time runs wild,
By some little gift made quiet,
Is to gentler play beguiled ;

When a love-song to the enamoured
Seems the nightingale to sing,
Which to those whom grief hath glamoured
Will but melancholy ring :

With what lightness hearts are beating,
As ye listen to the clock,
Twelve deliberate strokes, repeating
Safety, peace, with pleasant shock !

Therefore, in the long days passing,
This, O gentle bosom, mark :
Every day hath cares harassing,
And joy cometh with the dark.



SOCIAL SONGS.

When in company we sing,
Heart to heart is answering.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

After these soft spring-showers,
That we so warm have won,
Dear wife, this field of ours
What blessing breathes upon !
Afar in the blue dulness
But lost are looks that roam ;
Here roundeth love to fulness,
And bliss is here at home.

Thou seest to sweetest harbour
That pair of white doves go,
Where by yon sunny arbour
The double violets blow.
Together there we fashioned
The first-of-all nosegay,
There first our flame impassioned
Flashed out into the day.

And when before the altar
Was said the all-gracious Yes,
And the old priest did falter
The words that bind and bless,

THE HAPPY PAIR.

Another sun in heaven,
Another moon there shone,
And, for our life-course given,
Then was the whole world won.

And seals of countless number
Confirmed our willing bond,
On hill-side, green or umber,
In meadow-brake beyond,
In caves, by great walls glooming,
Where lofty heights divide,—
And love bore, unconsuming,
His torch upon the tide.

We wandered, well contented
That only two were we,
Yet more kind fate consented
To bless—lo ! we were three !
And four, five, six, we counted,
For whom our table spreads,
Now almost all have mounted,
Those babes, above our heads.

A new-built mansion yonder
For us the landscape charms,
Where poplared streams meander,
And clasp in friendly arms.
Whose prosperous hand created ?
Who in its shelter sits ?
With one most sweetly mated,
Is't not our brave boy, Fritz ?

See where o'er pebbles rushing
The narrowed river comes,
And from its throat out-gushing
Upon the mill-wheel foams:
They speak of milleresses,
How beautiful they are ;
Yet every one confesses
Our child the fairest far.

Ah ! where the church-yard solemn
In closest verdure blooms,
And the lone pine-tree's column
Against the far sky glooms,
There rest our dead—bereaven
In spring-time of their days,
From the cold ground to Heaven
They led our yearning gaze.

In glittering arms and banners
The hill-side disappears,
The people shout hosannas
As our brave army nears,
Of blessed peace the donor.
But who doth proudly come
In the front rank of honor?
'Tis Carl—so Carl comes home !

Dearer than all ovation
The welcome of his bride,
At victory's celebration
The marriage knot is tied ;

TO THE NEW YEAR.

And, safe returned from war-lands,
The soldiers dance in glee ;
And thou adorn'st with garlands
Our youngest children three.

To flute and cornet sweetly
Renews itself the time,
When we have danced as featly,
A young pair, in our prime.
Already fond tears glisten !
Yes, ere a year be run,
We'll see the old priest christen
A grandchild and a son.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

'Twixt old and new, here
Happily gliding
By this dividing
Line in life's track,
Doth the Past bid us
Not to be cowards,
Bold to look forwards,
Bold to look back.

Hours of torment
Kill all assurance,
Faith from endurance,
Joy from love part ;

Better days, hope we,
Come re-uniting,
Songs more delighting
Strengthen the heart.

Pass pains and pleasures,
One like the others,
That they are brothers
Cheerfully think.
Oh ! of our fortune
Strange is the winding,
Old ties still binding,
And the new link !

Thank it, however,
Fluctuant bliss is ;
Thank fate's caprices,
Grant what she will ;
Welcome each change to
Brighter emotion,
Franker devotion,
Secreter thrill !

Sadly and shyly
Wrinkles that cover
The old face over
Others may view ;
But us truth lighteth
Graciously soothing ;
Sees that the new thing
Findeth us new.

SPRING'S ORACLE.

As, in the changes
 Of the dance parted,
 A pair fond-hearted
 Draw again near ;
 So inclination
 Leads us through phases
 Of life's mazes
 Into the year.



SPRING'S ORACLE.

Thee, prophetic bird, they woo,
 Songster of the spring, Cuckoo !
 A young pair, with ardent bosoms,
 In the lovely time of blossoms.
 Hear them, dearest birdling, do !
 Call to them, so fond and true,
 Thy cuckoo, thy cuckoo,
 Evermore cuckoo, cuckoo.

Hearken thou ! a loving pair
 To the altar fain would fare ;
 And their passion, fresh and youthful,
 Is as pure as it is truthful.
 Is it not yet time to mate ?
 Say, how long have they to wait ?
 Hark ! cuckoo ! hark ! cuckoo !
 All is silent. Naught thereto.

Faithful we, we will not fret !
 Only two years' patience yet !
 Then, the joys of union summing,
 Will Pap-pap-papas be coming ?
 Know that we, the more thy voice
 Prophecies, the more rejoice :
 One ! cuckoo ! two ! cuckoo !
 And still on, cuckoo ! cuckoo ! coo !

Have we counted right? Oh, sweet !
 The half-dozen's nigh complete.
 Wilt thou, if a good word win you,
 Tell how long this shall continue?
 We'll confess the truth to thee,
 We care not how long it be.
 Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo,
 Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo.

Life is a great festival,
 If we reckon not at all.
 So, while we remain together,
 Is love strong for any weather?
 Could it last, nor change nor cool,
 Nothing were more beautiful.
 Cuckoo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo,
 To be sung *ad infinitum*.

DURATION IN CHANGE.

Had it held but for an hour,
 Ah ! this early blessing flown !
 But a lavish blossom shower
 The warm west shakes softly down.
 Shall I in the young green gladden,
 In the shadow that it casts ?
 This the Autumn soon will sadden,
 Soon will strew it on the blasts.

Art thou for the sweet fruit eager ?
 Haste thy share thereof to seize !
 Some are ripening in full vigour,
 Some but blossom on the trees ;
 Thy soft vale is changing ever
 With each rain-gust of its clime—
 Ah ! and in the self-same river
 Swim'st thou not a second time.

Thou thyself now ! What impassive,
 Firm as rock appeared to rise,
 Walls and palaces so massive,
 Thou behold'st with changeful eyes.
 Vanished is the lip of sweetness,
 That delivered many a kiss,
 And that foot, whose chamois-fleetness
 Dared the height and the abyss.

And that hand, to move so ready,
 Gracious prompting to obey,
 That articulated body—
 All is different to-day.

SONG OF FELLOWSHIP.

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That which now thy station knoweth,
That which by thy name is meant,
Like a wave came, and so floweth
Onward to the Element.

Let the end and the beginning
Draw together, and so meet,
Faster than the world is spinning,
Faster than all objects fleet !
Thank the Muses, ever gracious,
That enduring thou shalt find
In thy heart the metal precious,
And the mould within thy mind.

SONG OF FELLOWSHIP.

In all convivial hours,
Heightened by love and wine,
This common song of ours
Will we to sing incline.
Our God shall hold in union
Whom He hath hither brought,
The flames of our communion
Are with His spirit fraught.

To-day each heart's a jewel
That glows with fire divine !
Drink friendship's glad renewal
In unadulterate wine !

Up ! in this gracious hour
 Touch glasses and kiss true,
While each new bond has power
 The older to renew !

Who lives in our free circle,
 And here is happy not?
Nor revels in the sparkle
 Of faithful brother-thought ?
Through all time thus congenial,
 Shall heart still turn to heart ;
And nothing small or venial
 Our bond shall tear apart.

And blest by the God-giver
 With large and liberal views,
So all that chances ever
 Our happiness renews.
No light caprices vex us,
 While mirth grows never dull ;
No mental masks perplex us,
 And hearts are free and full.

With each step growing lighter,
 Life widens all the time,
Grows brighter, ever brighter,
 The view as up we climb.
We halt not to consider
 That he who climbs may fall—
Long, long live, loftier, wider,
 Our Union, brethren all !

COLLEGE SONG.

Why goest thou, fair neighbour, why,
 Alone on flowery lea?
 When tendest thou the house and fields,
 Will I thy servant be.

To tease the pretty waiting maid
 My roguish brother slips ;
 She gives to him a foaming draught,
 And then her rosy lips.

My cousin is a prudent wight,
 Kind to the cook ; he turns
 The roasting spit around and round,
 And sweet love-wages earns.

We six, to taste of jolly cheer,
 Were now together all,
 And then a fourth pair singing came
 And danced into the hall.

Welcome ! and welcome, too, to you,
 The fifth, a gallant pair,
 That, full of anecdote and news,
 So entertaining were.

Room still remains for riddle, wit,
 And mind in subtle play :
 A sixth pair quickly came along—
 A treasure-trove were they.

EXPERIENCE.

Yet did we fail and sorely fail,
 Though trying all we could.
A fond pair closely nestled up,—
 That was it, now 'twas good !

Thus social we, and on and on,
 The festive hours employ,
The hallowed double number 'tis,
 And mutual is our joy.

EXPERIENCE.

I have loved ; but first rightly when I to one clave !
First was I a servant, now am I a slave.

 First was I the servant of many ;
Now this charming creature she keeps me in guard,
She has given me all of love, all of reward,
 Save her I've no pleasure in any.

I've believed ; for the first time I rightly believe !
And goes it perplexing, or goes it to grieve,
 Confiding I cleave to my order :
When gloomy 'tis often, and danger confronts,
In need and in darkness, the cloud all at once
 Shows light on its silvery border.

I have eaten ; now first do I relish the food !
With tranquillest mood and with joy in my blood
 At table the good things are eaten.
Youth merely devours, then whistles away ;
The table I love, it is social and gay,
 And flavoured is all that is eaten.

I have drunk ; for the first time drink rapture affords !
The wine elevates us and makes us like lords,
 And loosens the tongue from its traces.
Yes, only spare not the enlivening flask :
Then empties the oldest wine out of the cask,
 Which the new, growing mellow, replaces.

I have danced, and the dance I have ceased not to praise :
But not now in mad waltz I'd rush through the maze,
 So turn we a well-mannered measure.
And to him who has twined many flowers and retains
No one any more than another, remains
 The wreath of his own careless pleasure.

Then afresh to the new, unreflecting and gay !
For roses in bloom let him pluck by the way,
 And the thorns will but tickle the rover.
To-day just as yesterday glitters the star ;
So ever from hanging heads keep thee afar,
 And life enjoy over and over.



TWELFTH NIGHT GAME.

The holy three kings with the star before,
They eat and they drink, and they pay no score ;
To eat inclined, to drink inclined,
But to pay the score they are disinclined.

The holy three kings are three—no more—
There are only three, and there are not four ;
If to the three a fourth should appear,
Holier by one were the three kings here.

I, first, am the white, and the beautiful too,
By day my visage ye first should view !
Yet alas ! no more with all of spice
The maiden's day I imparadise.

I am but the brown, and I am the long,
Known well to women and known to song,
Instead of spices, 'tis gold I bring,
And ever my welcome is flattering.

I, last, am the black, and I am the short,
And I may for once right merrily sport.
To eat and to drink I am inclined,
I eat and I drink with a thankful mind.

The holy three kings are all of a mind
The mother and the child to find ;
Joseph the pious is sitting by,
And the ox and the ass in the stable lie.

We bring the myrrh, and we bring the gold,
To incense the ladies are never cold ;
Good wine with bad we never mix,
And to drink we three are as good as six.

There are handsome ladies and gentlemen here,
But the ox and the ass do not appear,
'Tis not the right place after all,
And further we go for another call.

COPTIC SONG.

Still let them wrangle, the luminous sages,
 Grave, circumspect, let the doctors all be !
 All the wise men of all countries and ages
 Whisper and wink, and with one voice agree :
 Foolish to wait for the curing of folly !
 Children of prudence, oh ! simply and solely
 Do but befool the fools, as it is fit.

Merlin the old, in his grave self-illuming,
 When as a youth with the wizard communing,
 Made me reply in the same words, to wit :
 Foolish to wait for the curing of folly, &c.

Found I in vaults of the ancient Egyptian,
 And upon Indian heights, this inscription,
 Yea, in the self-same words solemnly writ :
 Foolish to wait for the curing of folly, &c.



ERGO BIBAMUS.

Assembled are we, and for worthy behests,
 Then, brothers all ! Ergo Bibamus.
 The glasses they ring, conversation it rests,
 So heartily Ergo Bibamus.
 For us 'tis an apt and a time-honoured word :
 Let it pass from the first to the second and third
 And so on, 'till echo is festively heard—
 A glorious Ergo Bibamus.

My sweetheart I met—the dear girl loves me well—
And then I thought : Ergo Bibamus;
I fondly approached her; she chose to repel;
I helped myself, thinking : Bibamus.
And, reconciled, if she caress you and kiss,
And if you caresses and kisses should miss,
Till that which is better you know, stick to this
All-comforting Ergo Bibamus.

My destiny calls me from cherished friends ; so,
Ye honest ones ! Ergo Bibamus.
And, journeying hence, with light baggage I go ;
For that reason doubly : Bibamus.
And what to his belly the miser denies
Remains for the gay and ungrudging to prize,
While joy to the joyous the Joyous supplies;
Then, brothers all ! Ergo Bibamus.

Now what shall we say to this morning's young day?
I think only : Ergo Bibamus.
'Tis one in a thousand, a special display ;
And therefore still newly : Bibamus.
It opens to rapture its portal of gold,
There kindle the clouds, there the bloom doth unfold,
A picture, a vision divine, we behold ;
We clink and sing : Ergo Bibamus.

VANITAS ! VANITATUM VANITAS !

I trouble myself for nothing at all,

Hurrah !

And therefore nothing can me befall ;

Hurrah !

He is a comrade dear of mine,

Who touches his glass and a stave will join

Over these dregs of wine.

I troubled myself for gold and gear,

Hurrah !

Therein I lost both courage and cheer ;

O Pshaw !

The coin rolled hither and it rolled yon,

And if at one place pounced upon,

To the other it was gone.

I troubled myself with women next,

Hurrah !

Thence came discomfort and much that vex ;

O Pshaw !

The false for another shuffle sought,

The true grew tedious to my thought,

The best could not be bought.

I troubled myself on journeys grand,

Hurrah !

I left the ways of my Fatherland ;

O Pshaw !

168 *VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!*

And nothing anywhere seemed good,
The bed was bad, and strange the food—
I was not understood.

I troubled myself for honour and fame,
Hurrah!
And lo! another had higher name;
O Pshaw!
Myself still striving to advance,
The people looked at me askance,
I had not any chance.

I troubled myself in arms and war,
Hurrah!
The guns for many a victory roar;
Hurrah!
We enter the land of the enemy,—
In the friend's but little better to be,—
And I lost a leg, you see.

I trouble myself now not at all,
Hurrah!
And to me belongs this earthly ball,
Hurrah!
To an end come feast and song and shout
We will drain the heel-taps of the bout—
The very last drop must out!

GIPSY SONG.

In the drizzling mist, in the deep, deep snow,
 In the wild wood, in the winter night,
 I hear the hungry howl of the wolf,
 I hear the hoot of the owl:

Wille, wau, wau, wau!

Wille, wo, wo, wo!

Wito hu!

I shot once a cat at the briary hedge,
 The dear black cat of Anne the witch,
 There came in the night seven wehr-wolves to me,
 Seven village women they were.

Wille, wau, wau, wau! &c.

I knew them all, I knew them well,
 The Anne, the Ursel, the Kate,
 The Lisa, the Barbara, the Eva, the Bet;
 In a circle around me they howled.

Wille, wau, wau, wau! &c.

And then I called them aloud by name:
 What wilt thou, Anne? what wilt thou, Bet?
 They shook themselves, and they tossed themselves,
 And ran and howled away.

Wille, wau, wau, wau! &c

TABLE SONG.

I am rapt, I know not how
 Into heavenly pleasure;
 Will it bear me up, perchance,
 To the starry azure?
 Still I rather would remain,
 Frankly I confess here,
 Glass on table beating time
 To the choral measure.

Wonder not at me, O friends!
 'Tis my manner merely;
 Really earth is very sweet,
 And I love it dearly:
 Therefore swear I solemnly,
 Soberly, sincerely,
 That I would not leave you—nay,
 'Twould be wicked clearly.

While we here are all at once
 Social ties relinking,
 Glass should ring to rhythmic lines
 Was your poet's thinking.
 Friends go hence a hundred miles;
 In our places drinking,
 Therefore let us now make haste
 To set goblets clinking.

Here's to Him who maketh Life!
 Silent worship render.
 To the king now at the head
 All due honor tender.

Against in-and-outside foe
He is our defender,
And thinks, truly, to maintain,
More, to enlarge his splendour.

Now to her, the only one !
In a draught capacious.
Let each think upon his own
Gallantly tenacious.
And if any fair child marks
Whom I hold thus precious,
Let her nod to me: "To mine !
I, too, would be gracious !"

Health to friends—the two or three,—
Next to drink our choice is,
Whom the pleasure of this day
Quietly rejoices ;
Who the mists that sadden night
Scatter with soft voices :
Old or new, we drink to them !
Clink ! with merry noises !

Broadly flows the stream, the waves
Bound like steeds from tether,
Drink to honest comrades now,
In high tone and feather,—
Who with concentrated strength
Bravely stand together,
In the evil chance, and in
Happy sunny weather !

SWISS SONG.

Even as ours, the social tie
 Many a heart is binding :
 Prosper others then, as we
 Who such joys are finding !
 From the source unto the sea
 Many a mill is grinding,
 'Tis the whole world's weal whereof
 Mindful I'm reminding.

 ANOTHER COPTIC SONG.

Go ! and let my hint so spur thee
 That thy young days thou make worthy ;
 Prudent learn in time to be ;
 Scales of luck upon an even
 Balance rarely do we see ;
 Thou must drive or thou be driven,
 Soar or sink, 'tween earth and heaven,
 Rule and win all, serve and lose all,
 Either fate's at thy refusal—
 Anvil or the Hammer be !

 SWISS SONG.

I.

Up i' the mountain
 I was seated,
 And the birds saw
 East and west ;

All a-singing,
All a-springing,
And building
The nest.

II.

In a garden
I was standing,
And the bumble-
bees saw well ;
All a-fussing,
All a-buzzing,
And building
The cell.

III.

In the meadow
I was walking,
And the butter-
flies they shone ;
All a-trifling,
All a-rifling,
To the fairest
They'd flown.

IV.

And to me came
Darling Hansel,
And the pretties
As I show
Sipping honey,
He with sunny
Laugh did it
Just so.

GENERAL CONFESSION.

- “ In this honoured circle now,
 Let my warning guide you !
 To the earnest humour bow,
 Seldom 'tis supplied you.
 Good intentions ye've had many,
 Never executed any,
 And I here must chide you.
- “ Yet of penitence the sense
 Shall come sooner, later ;
 So confess in confidence
 Of your sins the greater !
 Gather ye from wide unreason,
 And the right way seek in season—
 Time is ne'er a waiter.”
- “ Yes, awake we 've often dreamed,
 Let out thoughts be roaming,
 Drank not off the goblet brimmed,
 When the wine was foaming,
 Many a shepherd's hour delicious,
 Flying kiss from lips propitious,
 Missed in our shortcoming.
- “ Still we've sat and held our tongues,
 While Phillistines prated,
 And their clack than godly songs
 More we've estimated :
 On account of happier moments,
 Worthy self-approving comments,
 Us the prigs berated.

“ If thy faith will without stint
 Give us absolution,
We will strive for, on thy hint,
 Worthier execution ;
From the half to wean us, duteous
To the Whole, the good, the beauteous,
 Is our resolution ;

“ Fingers merrily all to snap,
 When Phillistines chide us,
Not alone the bead to sip
 From the wine supplied us,
Not alone with eyes to trifle,
But our fill of rapture rifle
 From loved lips beside us.”

OPEN TABLE.

Many guests I wish to-day,
 At my open table !
I, with birds and game and fish,
 To provide am able.
I invited—all accept :
 The long list I’m summing.
Meanwhile, Hans, go look about !
 See if they are coming !

Pretty girls I hope for now,
 Who, not knowing evil,
Think that they may kiss a friend,
 And it is but civil.

I invited—all accept :
I the list am summing.
Hans, go quickly, look about !
See if they are coming !

Ladies also I expect,
To their lords devoted ;
They, when grumbled at the more,
All the more have doted.
I invited—they accept :
I the list am summing.
Hans, go quickly, look about !
See if they are coming !

I expect young gentlemen,
Not the least conceited,
Ever modest are they all,
With a purse repleted :
Them expressly have I bid,
Choicest in this summing.
Hans, go quickly, look about !
See if they are coming !

Men invite I with respect,
With their wives invite them,
The most beautiful besides
Never can delight them.
They the greeting have returned,
They adorn this summing.
Hans, go quickly, look about !
See if they are coming !

Poets also I invite,
To increase our pleasure,
They far rather a strange song
Hear than their own measure.
All of these have given consent,
They complete our summing.
Hans, go quickly, look about !
See if they are coming !

And yet hither no one runs,
None to my discerning.
Soup is made and boils away,
And the roast is burning.
We've exacted, I suspect,
Too much for this summing !
Hans, what thinkest thou indeed ?
Is there no one coming ?

Hanschen, run and tarry not,
Call me new guests hither !
Each one as he is—'twill be
Better altogether !
Now through all the town 'tis known,
As if Hans were drumming.
Hanschen, open wide the door !
See how they are coming !

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

In war there's naught so bad, I know,
As ne'er to get a wound,
Reckless from fight to fight we go,
Where dangers most abound ;
We pack our knapsacks and unpack,
And nothing doth befall,
But trudge with aching legs and back,
Then into blankets crawl.

Then we are billeted about—
A tax to peasants poor,
It puts the haughty noble out
And the rich burgher more.
Be courteous to the churls, then most
Thy needs they meanly treat ;
And tak'st thou justice of the host,
Then jail's bread thou shalt eat.

And when at last the cannon booms,
And small arms rattle away,
With trump and trot, and beat of drums,
Right merrily goes the day ;
And in the battle's change and chance,
We yield, regain the loss,
And now retire, and now advance—
And ever without a cross.

And whistles now the musket ball,
And hits, please God, the leg ;
Now ended are our sufferings all,
For courteously we beg
The comforts of the town, where erst
Infuriate we came ;
The women, frightened at the first,
Are amiably tame.

Then heart and cellar wide are thrown,
No rest may kitchen take,
On soft bed's downy lap may one
Himself most cosy make.
The little wingèd urchin skips,
The hostess naught doth stint ;
The very smock is torn to strips—
It is so nice for lint.

Has one fair She the hero nursed,
Till health he nigh regain,
Her lovely neighbour comes, immersed
In cares to entertain.
A third comes all assiduous,
And in the end fails none,
And he, in midst of them, has thus
A social circle won.

The king has heard from high report
That one was full of fight ;
Then cross and ribbon come from Court,
And coat and breast are dight.

Say, if a better thing has fate
For sons of Mars approved
And tearfully we separate,
Honoured as well as loved



ART POEMS.

Forms give, Artist! Mute vocation!
Be thy song but aspiration!

DROPS OF NECTAR.

As Minerva, her prime favourite,
Great Prometheus, to gladden,
A delicious cup of nectar
Brought bright-brimming from the heavens,
Therewithal to bless his creatures
And for Art the gracious impulse
To instil into their bosoms :
Hastened she with rapid feet, that
Jupiter might not espy her ;
And the golden chalice trembled,
And a few drops trickling from it
Fell on the green ground beneath her.

Busy were the bees about them,
Sucking with assiduous ardour ;
Then the butterflies came twinkling,
With a tiny drop contented ;
Even the unshapely spider
Crawled anear, and tasted strongly.

Fortunately have they tasted,
They and other simple creatures !
They with man divide the beauty,
The beatitude of Art.

THE ARTIST'S MORNING SONG.

A temple unto you is built,
Ye sovereign Muses all,
My heart, wherein ye are enshrined,
Is a celestial hall.

When morning wakes for me the sun,
Warm, glad, around I gaze,
Ye, ever-living, round me stand
In morning's sacred rays.

I pray, a simple song of praise
Expresses all my prayer,
Joy-ringing chords of tuneful strings
Accompany my prayer.

Before the altar reverently
I read, as may befit,
The noble lesson for the day
From Homer's Holy Writ.

And when war's turmoil shakes his verse,
When lion chiefs inform,
When sons of gods on chariots high
In glowing vengeance storm,

And steeds before the chariots rush,
And all confus'dly rolled
Are friends and foes in bloody death—
He scorched them there of old,

Patroclus, with his flaming brand,
 Ten thousand at a time,
Till he, too, in the end, subdued
 By a god's hand sublime,

Where he himself had heaped the slain,
 Falls from the glorious pile,
And foemen now the beauteous corse
 Dishonour and revile :

I grasp my pencil boldly—'tis
 The coal that kindles all,
And rolls the billowy battle-field
 Along my lofty wall.

On ! on ! it roars, and louder roars,
 The war's tumultuous sound,
Smites shield on shield, and sword on helm,
 With dead on dead around.

I crowd on, on, into the strife,
 They struggle round the corse,
The brave friends braver for their loss,
 Whom grief lends furious force.

Ah, rescue ! charge, and rescue him !
 Now bear him on the bier !
Pour balsam in his honoured wounds,
 And weep as ye revere !

THE ARTISTS MORNING SONG.

I find myself, love, back again,
And here thy welcome form,
My girl, in picture only mine,
And but in picture warm !

Ah ! how beside me thou did'st rest,
With love and languor stilled !
Thy glances through my heart and frame
Even to my pencil thrilled !

How fed I on those eyes and cheeks
And rosy lips of thine !
And in my bosom young and fresh
They were as things divine !

Oh ! turn and rest in my embrace
With all thy glowing charms,
And no, no clash of conflict more—
Thee only in my arms !

Thou shalt to me, love, be the Idea
Interpreting the Best,
Madonna be, a first-born Child
And holy on thy breast ;

And I will catch thee, Nymph, alone
In forest dense and drear—
Oh ! fly not from my shaggy breast,
And from my furry ear !

And I, as Mars, will lie with thee,
The Goddess free from frown,
Then draw the net about us both,
And call Olympus down ;

Who from the seat of gods descend
Shall envy, but be mute,
And there shall none to make grimace
Come near the couch's foot.



STUDIES.

The Beautiful—Truth
To Nature—
These did I follow in my youth ;
Each feature
To grow familiar with was fain,
And drank elixir.
But now maturer years I gain,
And there the Greeks are !



INSPIRATION.

Seizest thou the Muse but by the lappets,
Thou hast very little done ;
From the loftiest peak that Art inhabits
All men she emboldens on.

“GREAT IS DIANA OF THE
EPHESIANS.”

Acts xix., 28.

In Ephesus a goldsmith sate
At work-bench, filing, beating,
And elegantly, early and late,
He wrought towards completing.
As boy and young man, in the shrine,
He had adored the shape divine,
And he the girdle under the breasts,
Where many a nourished creature rests,
Had in his house with toil refined—
A task from father to son assigned—
And piously, with skilled endeavour,
The work of his life engrossed him ever.

Then in the streets, loud and more loud,
He heard the whirlwind cry of the crowd,
A cry that gave so a god in the brain
That there, behind the man's forehead plain
The Thought transcended the Being indeed,
In whom the breadth of the gods we read.

The old artist heard, he nothing saw,
His boy let go to the agora,
Files ever at stag and some sylvan thing
At his divinity's knees that cling,
And hopes that the bliss will be his one day
The face of his goddess to portray.

Should the outside world to a workman clamour,
He may hold his hand, or right on may hammer ;
Only he shall not the handiwork spoil,
Else will disgrace be the end of his toil.

THE WANDERER.

Wanderer.

Young Woman, may God bless thee,
Thee and the boy, the suckling
Upon thy breast !
May I by this rocky wall,
In the elm-tree's shadow,
Here unstrap my knapsack,
And beside thee rest ?

Woman.

Say, what business drives thee,
Through the day's hot hours,
Along the dusty road ?
Bring'st thou wares from out the town
To the country round ?
Smil'st thou, stranger,
At my questions ?

Wanderer.

No wares do I bring from out the town.
Cool now grows the evening ;
Show me the spring, I pray thee,
Wherefrom thou drinkest,
Fair young wife ?

Woman.

Up the rocky pathway here.
Go before ! Through the bushes
Climbs the path by the cottage
That I dwell in,
To the spring
That I drink from.

Wanderer.

Traces of man's ordering hand
In the undergrowth !
These stones surely hast thou never joined,
Nature, richly though thy works are strewn !

Woman.

Still farther up !

Wanderer.

Mantled with the moss, an architrave !
Thee I recognize, O forming spirit !
Thou thy seal hast stamped upon the stone.

Woman.

Higher, stranger !

Wanderer.

An inscription, upon which I tread !
Not to be deciphered !
Away vanished are ye,
Words once deeply graven,
That should now your master's reverence
Shew to thousands of descendants.

Woman.

Star'st thou, stranger,
On this stone?
There above are many stones
By my cottage.

Wanderer.

Up there?

Woman.

Through the thicket
To the left we turn.
Here!

Wanderer.

Ye Muses and ye Graces!

Woman.

This is my cottage.

Wanderer.

The ruins of a temple!

Woman.

Here, down by its side,
The spring gushes
Where I drink.

Wanderer.

Thou dost hover,
Glowing, o'er thy grave
O Genius! Upon thee

Is in ruins tumbled
Thy masterpiece,
O thou Immortal !

Woman.

Wait, and I will fetch a cup
For thee to drink from.

Wanderer.

Ivy has dressed your slender
Divine proportions newly.
How ye upward struggle
From the ruins,
Ye columns twain !
And thou lonely sister yonder,
Like them,
With the black moss on thy reverend head,
Look'st, majestically mournful, down
On the crumbled fragments
About thy feet,
That were thy sisters.
In the bramble-bushes' shade,
Earth and rubbish cover them
And above the rank grass waves along.
Thus, Nature, dost thou esteem
Thy masterpiece's masterpiece?
Unremorseful, destroyest thou
Thy sanctuary?
And sow'st the thistle therein?

Woman.

How the boy sleeps !
Wilt thou in my cottage rest,
Stranger? Or wilt thou here
Rather in open air remain?
It is cool. Take the boy,
Whilst I go to draw some water.
Sleep, my darling, sleep !

Wanderer.

Balmy is thy rest.
How in heavenly health he swims,
How quietly he is breathing !
Thou thus born above the relics
Of the hallowed olden time,
Rest its spirit on thee !
He o'er whom it hangs
Will with a god's consciousness
Every hour enjoy.
Fuller, O bud, bloom out !
Of glistening springtime
The richest gem,
And shine above all thy fellows !
And, when the blossom-veil falls off,
Shall rise from out thy bosom
The perfect fruit,
And ripen against the sun.

Woman.

God bless him ! Is he still asleep?
I've nothing with the fresh, cool draught,
Except a piece of bread, to offer thee.

Wanderer.

I thank thee !
How glorious all this verdure is
And bloom !

Woman.

My husband soon
Will from the fields
Come home. Oh ! tarry, tarry, man,
And eat with us the evening meal

Wanderer.

And you dwell here ?

Woman.

Yes ; here within these walls.
This cottage did my father build
Of tiles and stones from out the rubbish.
There do we dwell.
He gave me to a husbandman,
And in our arms he died.
Hast thou been sleeping, dearest heart ?
How wide awake he is, and full of play !
Thou rogue !

Wanderer.

Nature ! thou, ever-budding,
Adaptest every one to life's enjoyment,
All motherly hast thou thy children
Endowed with an inheritance, a home.

High in the cornice builds the swallow,
Insensible to the carven beauty
She pasteth over.
The caterpillar o'er the golden bough
Weaves for her brood the winter-house ;
And thou dost patch up 'midst antiquity's
Majestic ruins,
For thy necessities,
O man, a home,
Rejoicing over graves !
Farewell, thou happy wife !

Woman.

Thou wilt not tarry ?

Wanderer.

God preserve thee,
And bless thy boy !

Woman.

Good luck go with thee !

Wanderer.

Whither leads the path
Over the mountain ?

Woman.

To Cuma.

Wanderer.

How far is 't hence ?

Woman.

'Tis good three miles:

O

Wanderer.

Farewell !
O Nature, guide my feet !
The stranger's wandering feet,
That over graves
Of the hallowed olden time
Are treading.
Guide him to a lee,
Screened from the North,
And where a poplar grove
Wards off the mid-day beam,
And, when I seek
At eventide
My cottage home,
Gilt by the farewell glitter of the sun,
Mine the warm welcome be of such a wife,
My boy upon her arm !

LOVE A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

On a rocky peak once sat I early,
Gazing on the mist with eyes as vacant ;
Like a gray ground-cloth it spread before me,
All the breadth and all the height it covered.

There an urchin placed himself beside me,
Saying : " Dear Friend, how cans't thou content thee
Thus to stare upon the empty canvas ?
Hast thou in the painter and the picture
Lost for evermore the least enjoyment ? "

Looked I at the child, and thought in secret :
“ Will the little rogue then play the master ? ”

“ Wilt thou always be so sad and listless,”
Spake the boy, “ nor rational be ever ?
See, I will a little picture paint thee,
Paint a pretty picture to instruct thee.”

And he pointed then his small forefinger,
That so very ruddy like a rose was,
And upon the widespread misty canvas
With that finger he began to colour.

First on high a glorious sun he painted,
Which upon mine eyes shone powerfully,
And the borders of the clouds made golden,
Inter-penetrated with his splendour ;
Pencilled he the light crowns delicately
Of fresh-leafing trees, and ranged the mountains
One behind the other, outlined freely ;
Under, that the charm of water fail not,
Drew the flowing river so like nature
That in sunlight it appeared to glisten,
At the highest margin seemed to murmur.

Ah ! upon the river-bank stood flowers,
And there shone rich colours in the meadows,
Gold, enamel, purest green and purple,
All like emeralds and like carbuncles !

Clear and pure so tinted he the heavens,
And the dark-blue mountains, far and farther,
That I, newly born, enraptured wholly,
Now the painter, now the scene regarded.

“Have I not to thee,” he asked me, “proven
That this handicraft I am well skilled in?
Still the hardest task is unattempted.”

Thereupon he drew with pointed finger
And with greater care, where the young woodland
Gradually grew thin, and fervent sunshine
Once more on the open greensward glittered,
Drew the figure of a lovely maiden,
Trim of shape and trim in her apparel,
Fresh cheeks under brown hair softly glowing,
And the blooming cheeks were in their colour
Like the tiny finger that had drawn them.

“Oh! thou boy!” exclaimed I, “what a master
In his school unparalleled has taught thee,
That so quickly, naturally, wisely,
Has thy work grown to the perfect finish!

Even as I spake the air was stirring,
Stirred a little wind and shook the tree-tops,
Curled the wavelets of the sparkling river,
Waved the light veil of the welcome maiden,
And astonishment what more astonished,
I beheld the maiden’s foot in motion,
Forth she started, and approached the station
Where I sat, I and my impish teacher.

There now all things, all things were in motion,
Trees and stream and flowers, and vale enchanting,
And the delicate foot of the All Lovely,
And upon my rock then, do you fancy,
Like a rock immovable I rested ?

*A LANDSCAPE.*

The Morning smiles. Through open door
How shines the new-washed farm-house floor !
See the fresh dew on grass and tree,
The blue robe of the mountain see !
Yon little cloud how beautiful,
Swimming in ether pure and cool !
If one a Netherlander were,
How gladly he would quarter here,
And, simply painting what he sees,
A century hence the world would please !

To thee how does the Morning come ?
Gleams as through silvery gauze its bloom
There stands a lamp behind the view,
A lovely face is shining through.
With such a gracious lamp for sheen,
How sweetly would conform the scene,
That else, less fortunate in grace,
Were every-day and commonplace !
Should genius fail or skill in art,
Love will instruct thee through thy heart.

GOOD ADVICE.

Some days there are, some moody state,
 When self nor others we tolerate,
 When nothing seems to suit the heart ;
 Can it be otherwise in heart ?
 Avoid the unpropitious time !
 Breadth, power, are near to moments prime :
 Repose in hours of lassitude !
 Then will the good be doubly good.



FROM A LETTER.

* * * * *

Into Nature, as a living book,
 Not obscure, though understood not, look :
 Then thy heart has much and great desire
 For the joys of earth that never tire,—
 All of sunshine, and all trees and streams,
 All the vast of sea-shore, and all dreams,
 One upon another to collect,
 Till thy mind is rich in retrospect.
 And, as it must come, when thou canst feel
 In thyself complete, come woe, come weal,
 Such joy hast thou in thy *wife and hound*
 As none else has in Elysium found,
 Though therein with beauteous shades a rover,
 Touching golden god-shapes as they hover.

Not in Rome, nor Magna Græcia fair,
Is the rapture in thy heart from there !
Who with Mother Nature dwells, impearled
On the grass-blade contemplates a world.



THE ARTIST'S EVENING SONG.

Oh ! that Creation's inner power
Through all my mind might ring !
That Form, sap-full as is the flower,
Might from my fingers spring !

I tremble, with a faltering hand,
But Art constrains me ever ;
I feel thee, know thee, Nature, and
To seize thee must endeavour.

How many years, I now reflect,
My mind has been a-blowing,
How barren wastes of retrospect
With wells of joy are flowing ;

How, Nature, I feel near to thee,
In love and trust obeying !
A fountain flushed thou art to me,
From pipes a thousand playing.

ARTIST'S SONG.

Thou art mine energy to me,
 The exhilarating essence,
 And widenest to eternity
 This unexpanded Presence !

*ARTIST'S SONG.*

For invention, for completion,
 Artist, thou alone must be !
 But to taste thy work's fruition,
 Haste to the Society !
 In the whole, in others' labour,
 Thine own course of life appears,
 And in thee may from thy neighbour
 Spring the works of many years.

Thought, sketch, form, and their relation,
 Each, to finish from the rough,
 Is the other's inspiration,—
 At the end be it enough!
 Well conceived and planned discreetly,
 Grandly modelled, finely wrought,
 So from each hast thou completely,
 Artist, the artistic caught !

As in Nature forms so various
 One God to our minds impart,
 So doth Art's field multifarious
 One sense in eternal Art—

That of Truth ; who its essentials
In the Beautiful arrays,
And, assured of its credentials,
Forward looks to brightest days.

Boldly while the bard and speaker
Air themselves in rhyme and prose,
On the painter's table, meeker,
Fresh shall stand life's fairest rose,
Richly with its mates surrounded,
With the autumn's fruits around,
That from secret life unsounded
They may rouse the sense profound.

Thousandfold and fair is flowing
Form on form thy fingers through ;
In the human render, glowing,
What a God has turned him to.
Which, an instrument for solemn
Use, as brothers sets you there;
And the sacrificial column
Flames in song-wise into air.



FABLES.

What in fact doth but annoy,
One in fancy may enjoy.

INTERPRETATION OF AN ANTIQUE GEM.

A fig-tree young, diminutive,
Stands in a lovely garden;
Hard by a buck-goat care would give,
Self-constituted warden.

But, O Quirites, how one errs!
The tree is badly guarded;
For to its other side there whirrs
A beetle, newly sharded.

There flies the warrior with mailed breast,
And nibbles branch and bunches;
And the goat rises up with zest,
And comfortably munches.

See, friends, the dwarfling tree is bare,
Its branches stripped to rods now;
It stands quite pitifully there,
Appealing to the gods now!

Then hearken, ye of tender youth!
To admonition needful:
Of buck-goat's and of beetle's tooth
Be, when a sapling, heedful.

LEGEND.

In the wilderness once a holy man
 Met with surprise a servant of Pan,
 A shaggy, goat-footed Faun, that spoke :
 “ Lord, pray for me and for my race,
 That we in heaven be allowed a place :
 We thirst for those joys in these thickets of oak.”
 The holy man in answer spoke :
 “ With thy petition there goes great danger,
 And hardly ’twere granted to such a stranger,
 Thou com’st not with an angelic salute :
 Then, in fine, thou hast a goat’s foot.”
 Answered the wild man hereupon :
 What to you has my goat’s foot done ?
 I have seen full many, straight-limbed and fair,
 Their Asses’ heads to the heavens bear.”



AUTHORS.

Over the meadow and by the brook,
 Through his garden, going,
 Only the youngest flowers he took,
 His heart with expectance glowing.
 His maiden comes—O torture ! O joy !
 The buds for a smile, thou enamoured boy !

His neighbour’s gardener peeps stealthily
 Over the hedge : “ No such fool am I !
 Pleasure have I in my rare flowers tending,
 In fruits of mine from the birds defending ;

But when they are ripened : “ Gold ! good friend !
Shall I for naught my time be spending ? ”

Thus are authors, as they appear.
This one his bounties scatters free
To his friends, the public, generously ;
That other to profit is solely attending.

THE CRITIC.

I had a fellow for my guest,
He was not in my charge to feast :
I had my ordinary food,
And he devoured all he could
To the dessert, nor needed urging.
Scarce had the fellow finished gorging,
Than to a neighbour he doth repair,
And raise the devil about my fare :
“ The soup was poor—it wanted spice—
The roast too brown, the wine not nice.”
Curse the base soul analytic !
Strike him dead, the dog ! He is a critic.

DILETTANTE AND CRITIC.

A boy had a tender dove, in grace
And colour a lovely pet,—
Heartily dear to the whole boy-race,—
Out of his mouth it eat,

And he'd such delight in this dove, his own,
That he could not enjoy himself alone.

Not far away an old fox did live,
Experienced, learned, and quite talkative,
Who had to the boy every once in a while,
Told wonderful lies to amuse and beguile.

"I must to my fox there my dove display."
He ran and he found him stretched on the hay.
"See, Fox, my dear little dove, my pet!
Hast thou so sweet an one ever seen yet?"

"Show here!" The boy reached it. "'Tis pretty well,
But it wants a very great deal to excel.
The plumes are so short, for example, they spoil it."
He began to pick it, as one would to broil it.

The boy shrieks out.—"Thou must put them in stronger,
Else they play but poorly their part."
Stripped—"Monster!"—in rags—a dove no longer!
It broke the poor boy's heart.

Let him who sees himself in the boy
Be of the counsel of Foxes coy.

THE LIBELLE.

Flitting the fountain over,
 The changeful, wingèd rover,
 I, joyful, looking on,
 Now bright, now dark, discover ;
 Like a chameleon,
 Now red, now blue,
 Now blue, now green ;
 Oh ! that I might, more nearly,
 The colours see more clearly !

It flutters, hovers, resteth ne'er.
 Yet see ! this flower the trifler captures.
 There have I her ! there have I her !
 And contemplatively I view,
 And find her all a sad dark blue—



So fareest thou, analyser of thy raptures !



THE CHURCH WINDOW.

Poems are like painted window-panes,
 From the market-place there is nothing to see,
 All is gloomy, vacant of colour ;
 Sir Phillistine thinks nothing duller :
 He very well morose may be,
 Who outside all his life remains.

Come but within ! Greet, coloured bright,
 The holy chapel in its glory
 Of ornament and sacred story,
 Swift-flashing but untransitory,
 Significant of nobler light :
 Children of God ! fulfil your mission,
 Thus edify and charm the vision !

AMOR AND PSYCHE.

To the Nine Sisters fell the part
 To make young Psyche's mind poetic ;
 Prosaic and unsympathetic,
 The little soul defied their art.
 Not very well she played the lyre,
 E'en on the loveliest summer night ;
 But Cupid came with glance of fire,
 And the whole course was done outright.

POESIE.

His children in the rough to finish,
 Did God send law and order, knowledge, art ;
 Did all of heavenly grace to these impart,
 Earth's evil chances to diminish.
 Quite naked from the heaven they came,
 And were abashed lest men should flout them ;
 But Poesie had pity on their shame,
 And drew her glittering robes about them.

A SIMILE.

Lately I culled the meadow's bloom,
 And wove a wreath, and bore it home ;
 But from the warm hand's grasp it drooped,
 That crown of wild flowers nicely grouped.
 I placed it in a fresh full glass,
 And what a miracle it was !
 The heads upraised on leafy spray,
 Which was as flourishing as they,
 And all were, in that second birth,
 As though they stood in mother earth.

'Twas so with me, when, wonder-stirred,
 My song in a strange tongue I heard.

 THE WEDDING FEAST.

The village was with feasting gay,
 They said, it was a wedding day.
 I ventured into the tavern hall,
 There turned the couples, great and small,
 Each maiden in her swain's embrace ;
 And there was many an amorous face.
 Then asked I finally for the bride.
 One, staring me in the face, replied :
 " That may you from another hear !
 We but dance and enjoy the cheer ;

Three days and nights we have danced in this hall,
And no one has thought of her at all."

— — —
If everyone of himself were as candid,
The world in a bond of trust would be banded.

~~~~~  
THREATENING OMENS.

When walks in light right royally  
Queen Venus in the evening sky,  
And there a blood-red comet sweeps,  
A whole rod long, the starry deeps,  
Runs the Phillistine from out his door :  
"The comet stands my dwelling o'er !  
Woe ! 'tis to me a dreadful omen !"  
Then doth his cry his neighbour summon :  
"Ah ! what a sign now threatens me,  
That concerns us all, poor folk that be !  
My mother with cough is ill at ease,  
My child with colic and worse disease,  
The health of my wife is, I fear, imperilled,  
For full eight days she has never quarrelled :  
And other things from report I hear !  
The Day of Judgment has come, I fear."

The neighbour answered : "You are right,  
We are all just now in a sorry plight,  
But walk with me a street or two :  
See how the stars stand in the blue,

Point here as there, and fixed remain !  
Wisely let each his place maintain,  
And strive to do the best he can,  
And bear his burden like a man."



### THE BUYERS.

To the apple-vender's stall  
Came the children flying,  
Eager all for buying ;  
The traders small  
Snatch from the pile, in prying,  
Wild with expected pleasure,  
Closer into the red-cheeked treasure.  
The price they were told ;  
They ran away, one and all,  
As the fruit were red-hot to the hold.



With customers the sort that that is,  
One must his wares dispose of *gratis*.



### RAIN AND RAINBOW.

On storm and shower and thunder-throes  
Looked a Phillistine at the close,  
As, far off drawn, the terror broke,  
And thus unto his fellow spoke :  
" The thunders have been very dread,  
Our barns struck by the lightnings red,

And that was penalty for our sins !  
But, in exchange for that, one wins  
Prosperity, the rain recruits  
For the next harvest and the fruits.  
What comes now but the rainbow, on  
The dark gray wall of vapour drawn ?  
We'd do without it, I opine,  
The coloured cheat, the empty shine !”

But Iris answered, face to face:  
“ Dar'st thou speak thus to my disgrace ?  
In Nature here am I unfurled,  
As witness of a better world,  
To eyes, that from earth's round of sense  
Turn to the heavens in confidence,  
And in the net the vapours draw  
Can recognise God and His law.  
Therefore root thou, like other swine,  
Thy snout in soil that's fitly thine,  
Nor grudge the glorified regard,  
Raised to my splendour, its reward.”

---

## LEGEND OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

While yet on earth unrecognised  
Our Lord went, lowlily disguised,  
And many a youth on Him attended,  
But seldom His teaching comprehended,  
His court among the multitude  
To hold in streets to Him seemed good,  
Because, in face of Heaven to teach,  
One ever hath better and freer speech.

And highest things the humblest ear  
Out of His holy mouth did hear ;  
By parable and by example  
He made each market-place a temple.

Calmly one day He, journeying on  
With them towards a little town,  
Saw something shine, as thus they strode,  
A broken horse-shoe on the road,  
And to Saint Peter said thereat :  
“ That piece of horse-shoe, hand me that ! ”  
Saint Peter was not in a cheerful mood,  
For, all that walk, he did nothing but brood  
On dreams of power, of earthly rule,  
Such dreams as many an one befool :  
Then in his mind no bounds had they ;  
They were his dearest thoughts that day.  
Now was the thing there far too mean—  
If it had crown or sceptre been !—  
But how is he to bend his back  
To a half horse-shoe on the track ?  
And so he answered never a word,  
And did as if he had not heard.

Our patient Lord Himself did stoop,  
And the scorned horse-shoe lifted up,  
Nor notice took by look or speech.  
And now the little town they reach ;  
The shoe He took to the blacksmith's door,  
And the man gave Him threepence therefor.



And now into the market going,  
He sees some cherries ripe and glowing,  
And bought as little or as much  
As one for threepence gives of such.  
And, as was the fashion, quietly  
In His loose sleeve He laid them by.

Out at the other gate, and on  
Through meadows and fields where house was none,  
And the road of tree or bush was bare ;  
The heat was great in the sunny glare ;  
For a drink of water, so suffering,  
One would have given 'most anything.  
Our Lord then, walking before them all,  
Let unobserved a cherry fall.  
As quickly Saint Peter is up behind  
As if 'twere an apple of golden rind ;  
And melts on his palate that berry small.  
Our Lord, after an interval,  
Another cherry as secretly dropped,  
Whereupon Saint Peter as nimbly stooped  
Thus did the Lord let him bend his back  
Many times on that sultry track.  
This continued for quite a time.  
Then He, with serenity sublime :  
Had'st thou at the proper moment moved,  
More comfortable it would have proved.  
Who no regard of a mean thing takes,  
For himself a meaner trouble makes."



## AFTER THE ANTIQUE.

---

May in these each ample fold  
Flow majestic as the old !

---

### ANACREON'S TOMB.

Here, where bloometh the rose, where vines round the  
laurel are twining,  
Where the turtle-dove coos, where the cicada is shrill,  
Say what grave is here, that all the gods have with living  
Beauty sown and adorned? It is Anacreon's rest.  
Spring and Summer and Autumn the happy poet rejoiced  
in ;  
Here ere the Winter he came, evermore sheltered from  
cold.

---

### THE PLOUGHMAN.

Over the golden seed how lightly is levelled the furrow !  
Deeper shall earth, good man ! cover thy final repose.  
Blithesomely ploughed and sowed ! here germinates cheer  
for the living,  
And Hope never withdraws e'en from the cold grave itself.

---

### THE BROTHERS.

Slumber and Sleep, two brothers, ordained to serve the  
Immortals,  
Prayers of Prometheus won downward his race to console ;

But what was light to the gods to men proved too heavy  
a burden,  
Slumber for us became Sleep, Sleep now is deepened to  
death.

---

### THE HOUR GLASS.

Eros, how do I see thee? Each hand an hour-glass holding !  
How? O, frivolous god, wantest thou double the time?  
Slowly creeps out of the one glass the hours apart from  
the loved one;  
When she is present how fast runneth the second one  
down.

---

### WARNING.

Wise be, and waken not Love ! Still sleeps the beautiful  
urchin ;  
Go, accomplish thy work, that which the day to thee  
gives !  
Thus her time employs she, the prudent, provident  
mother,  
While her little one sleeps—wakens he only too soon.

---

### SWEET CARE.

Far away, Care, from me ! Yet ah ! the ways of a mortal  
Cannot be severed from care till he takes leave of his life.  
Is this fated to be : then come ye, cares of Love only,  
Drive your brethren away, take and keep hold of my  
heart !

## SOLITUDE.

Grant, O salubrious Nymphs, that inhabit the rocks and  
the woodlands,  
Willingly each one all he in the silence may wish !  
Grant to the sad consolation, to him that doubteth  
instruction,  
And to the loving grudge not all the delight that he seeks !  
Then to you do the gods give what they refused to us  
mortals,  
Comforting, helpful, to be to the confiding in you.

---

## MUNIFICENT FORTUNE.

What considerate Nature was wont to share among many,  
Gave she with liberal hand, all at once, all to one, her.  
And that distinguished endowment, by many so fervently  
worshipped,  
Gave a generous fate kindly to one only, me.

---

## DISTANCE.

Nature, they say, to kings, beyond all commoner natives,  
Gave a long arm's sweep for the wide seizure of sway.  
Yet, too, to me unimportant she lends the privilege  
princely,  
Thee to seize from afar, Lida, and hold to me fast.

---

## THE CHOSEN ROCK.

Here in the stillness he mused, the lover on his beloved ;  
Cheerily spake he to me : Be thou my witness, thou stone !

But be not over-exalted, thou hast full many companions ;  
Every rock of the field that I enraptured draw near,  
Every tree of the wood that I fold in my arms as I wander,  
Consecrate I and command : " Be my memorial of bliss !"  
Yet do I lend but to thee a voice, as out of the many  
Ever the muse doth elect lips she will lovingly kiss.



## PHILOMELA.

Thee hath Amor in sooth, O songstress melodious,  
nourished ;  
Child-like on tip of his dart did the god give thee the  
food.  
Thus penetrated with poison the throat so guilelessly  
breathing,  
Now with the fierceness of love hits Philomela the heart.



## HALLOWED GROUND.

When to the dance of the Nymphs, in sacred moonlight  
assembled,  
Came the Graces in secret from lofty Olympus to join  
them,  
Them the poet espies, and hears their beautiful singing,  
Silently watches the dances' harmonious and mystical  
motion.  
All that in heaven is glorious, and all that the earth in its  
gladness  
Ever of exquisite yields, appear to the open-eyed dreamer.

All he narrates to the Muses ; and, that the gods be not  
angry,  
“ Modestly speak thou of mysteries ! ” promptly the Muses  
remind him.

---

### THE PARK.

What a heavenly garden from waste and from wild has  
arisen,  
Grows and vividly gleams, lovely in luminous sweep !  
Well the Creator ye imitate, O ye gods of the green earth !  
Rock and thicket and lake, bird and wild beast and  
fish.  
Only your place can never be quite the pattern of Eden,  
Wanting is happiness here, wanting the Sabbath of peace.

---

### THE TEACHERS.

As Diogenes still preferred in his tub to be basking,  
And Calanus with joy mounted his fiery tomb,  
What most excellent teachers were they to the rash son of  
Philip,  
Were the lord of the world not for the lesson too great.

---

### TEMPTATION.

Once the pernicious fruit did mother Eve hand to her  
husband ;  
Ah ! from that foolish bite sickened the whole human  
race.

Now of the holy body the soul partakes and is healèd ;  
 Tastest thou, Lydia, fair, pious, and penitent child !  
 Therefore I hasten to send thee fruit of earthlier flavour,  
 Lest in absorption of Heaven thou to thy lover art lost.

---

### MARRIAGE UNEQUAL.

E'en a celestial pair in marriage found an unlikeness :  
 Psyche grew older and wise, Cupid is ever a child.

---

### THE HOLY FAMILY.

Oh ! the sweet, sweet child ! and oh ! the overjoyed mother !  
 She in Him, He in her, both how they are bathed in delight !  
 What a rapture it were, the sight of this glorious picture,  
 If like Joseph I stood, though not so holy, thereby !

---

### EXCULPATION.

Thou dost complain of a woman, she wavers from one to  
 another !  
 Censure her not ! for she seeks only for one constant man.

---

### SAKONTOLN.

Would'st thou the flowers of the early, the fruits of the late  
 year, together,  
 Would'st thou what charms and excites, would'st thou  
 what sates and sustains,



Would'st thou heaven and earth, with one name grasp  
 and encompass,  
 Name I, Sakontola, thee, all thou desirest is said.



### THE CHINAMAN IN ROME.

Saw I in Rome a Chinaman; he the whole of the buildings,  
 Ancient and modern alike, thought to be heavy and  
 dull.  
 "Ah!" he sighed, "the poor men! I hope it yet shall be  
 taught them  
 How slender columns of wood roofs of pavilions support,  
 How the lathes and the lacquer, the florid carving and  
 gilding,  
 Can the civilized eye's finer sense only delight."  
 "See," I reflected, "in this wise a weak enthusiast reasons,  
 Who his gossamer web with the Substantial compares  
 In Nature's tapestries lasting; the truly sound doth the  
 sick call,  
 For the sole reason that he therefore may call the  
 sick sound.



### PHYSIOGNOMY.

#### *Physiognomists.*

Can it be true what to us the crude itinerant teaches,  
 That the human form alone in visible matter  
 Lies to us, only it; that we, who the noble or simple,  
 Who the large or limited, seek in faces around us,  
 Are but idle fools, are fools that cheat and are cheated?

Ah! from the ever-obsured and intricate path of existence  
We are again frightened back, the glimmer of Night is  
o'ershadowed.

*Poet.*

Raise your dubious foreheads serenely up, ye beloved!  
Error like this incur not, and list not to this thing and  
that thing!

Have ye your Master forgotten? Up! turn your faces to  
Pindus,

Yonder question the Nine, the next of kin to the Graces!  
Only to them is it given, the noble, pure contemplation  
Calm to maintain. Surrender your hearts to holiest  
teaching,

Deferentially hearken. This to you I dare promise:  
Otherwise, say the Muses, and otherwise singeth the Poet.

---

### THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

Eager herself to adorn, the Muse did the fast-running  
streamlet

Early one morning pursue; she sought the quietest surface.  
Hastening, rushing the while, away was the movable  
image

Drawn by the wavering water; the goddess turned away  
angered;

Still the rivulet after her called and taunted her: "Plainly  
Thou wilt not look on the truth as purely as 'tis shewn in  
my mirror!"

Meanwhile far distant she stood, beside the lake's limpid  
corner,

Joyfully viewing her form, and aright set her beautiful  
chaplet.



## PHŒBUS AND HERMES.

Delos's ardent ruler, and Maia's son the quick-witted,  
 Eagerly had a dispute for a magnificent prize.  
 Hermes longed for the lyre, and longed for the lyre Apollo,  
 Yet was their hope unfulfilled, both those Olympian  
     hearts ;  
 For the grim Ares passed swiftly between, and, rudely  
     decisive,  
 Struck the golden toy fiercely in twain with his sword.  
 Hermes in malice and mirth laughed loudly and long ; but  
     to Phœbus  
 And to the Muses the pain penetrated the soul.

---

## THE NEW AMOR.

Amor, not the child, the youthful seducer of Psyche,  
 Gazed on Olympus around, insolent, victory-flushed ;  
 There a goddess beheld he, splendidly beautiful, peerless,  
 Venus Urania she, and his soul kindled for her.  
 Ah! the Holy One even withstood not suit so seductive,  
 And the Audacious one fast held her ensnared in his  
     arms.  
 Then arose from the twain a new and lovelier Amor,  
 And to the father his mind, grace to the mother he  
     owed.  
 Ever findest thou him in gracious circle of Muses,  
 And his soul-stirring dart kindles the worship of Art.

## THE NEW SYREN.

Have ye of Syrens heard? Melpomene's daughters,  
 displayed they  
 Hair in rich coil, and serene, rapturous faces beneath ;  
 Birds, however, adown from the waist, were those  
 dangerous charmers ;  
 From their kissable mouths flowed the beguiling of song.  
 Now a sister behold, to the zone of Grecian perfection,  
 Chaste to the very foot northern-like veils she the knee;  
 She also talks and sings to mariners eastern and western,  
 And from enchantment their minds Helen will never  
 release.



## THE WREATHS.

Klopstock from Pindus would sever us ; now no more to  
 the laurel  
 Shall we aspire, but let the native oak garland content us ;  
 And yet leads he along the more than epic crusade on  
 Golgotha's summit of awe, to honor divinities foreign !  
 Yet on whatever hill assembles he hosts of the angels,  
 Suffer that true hearts deserted the grave of the good  
 should weep over !  
 Where died a Hero and Holy One, where a great poet has  
 chanted,  
 Leaving in life and in death an example of absolute  
 courage

And of the loftiest manhood to us and to all men,  
are kneeling  
Rightly all people in raptures of pure devotion, revering  
Wreaths of the laurel and thorn, that were a glory and  
torture.

---

THE SWISS ALP.

Yesterday was thy head as brown as the locks of the  
loved one,  
Whose sweet image to me out of the distance invites ;  
Silver-gray in the morning, the snow is loftily gleaming  
Where, in the stormy night, over thy crown it was  
poured.  
Youth, alas ! is to age through life as nearly related  
As by a mutable dream yesterday's linked with to-day.

---

RURAL HAPPINESS.

O ye Spirits of the woods, and O ye Nymphs of the  
waters,  
Distant be present in thought, present be helpers to joy !  
There in your honour they hold a feast in the rural  
seclusion,  
We, the fresh-broken path following, come on the bliss.  
Love abideth with us; the heavenly boy maketh ever  
That which is near to you dear, that which is far away  
near.

## EPIGRAMS.

---

Be the worth of what is wrought  
The gay rendering of grave thought.

---

### THE WORLD'S WAY.

When I a jolly young fellow was,  
Jovial and genial ever,  
Too insignificant was my face  
For any artist's endeavour ;  
For all that many a beautiful child,  
At that sweet season, upon me smiled.

Now here at home the old master sits:  
I am called in the streets and lanes ; the seekers  
Can have me now, like grand old Fritz,  
On tobacco-bowls and beakers.  
But the beautiful children remain afar ;  
O dreams of my youth ! O golden star !

---

### A PROPOSAL.

*He.*

So well thou pleasest me, child so dear !  
That, lovingly as we two are here,  
I would be parted never,  
So were it well forever

Q

## REMEMBRANCE.

*She.*

And please I thee, so pleasest thou me,  
 Thou sayest it frankly, I say it to thee.  
 Now then, we two will just marry !  
 And that will the rest of it carry.

*He.*

To marry, my angel! sounds odd enough;  
 But now, I remember, I must be off.

*She.*

Is it to thee a grief so great?  
 So let it be—we separate !



## LIKE TO LIKE.

Where grows the vine the cask is,  
 Where flows the wine the flask is,  
 To dove the dove is billing,  
 To lock the screw is willing,  
 The cork the flask will fit in,  
 The flask the traveller's kit in,  
 Each thing where it behoveth,  
 And all harmonious moveth.

'Tis God's true gift, in time of sweets,  
 When the blossom with blossom meets ;  
 Young maids and bachelors, for that reason,  
 Be ye coupled in soft spring-season.



## REMEMBRANCE.

*He.*

Of hours need I remind thee,  
 When one the other sought?

*She.*

And when I did not find thee,  
The day was long, I thought.

*He.*

Then, gloriously in each other !  
As still doth memory chime.

*She.*

We erred with one another ;  
It was a lovely time.



CONFESSION.

*A.*

Thou mad-cap wight ! confess now frankly  
Of many a fault committed rankly.

*B.*

Yes ! but I made each right again.

*A.*

How so ?

*B.*

Committed another then.

*A.*

But how did that repair the first one ?

*B.*

Because 'twas new, the last and worst one ;  
It put the people in such a pother  
They forgot at once all about the other.

## PERFECTION.

“ Better I would like to be  
 Than I am ! Oh ! were I !  
 Better be than even thee :  
 How to be's my query.”

I would also better be  
 Than so many another !  
 Would'st thou better be than we,  
 Speed, my noble brother !



## CATECHISM.

*Teacher.*

Bethink thee, child ! who all these good gifts gave ?  
 Thou of thyself can'st nothing have.

*Child.*

Yes ! all I have is from Papa.

*Teacher.*

And he, whence had he all ?

*Child.*

From Grandpapa.

*Teacher.*

Once more ! How to your Grandpapa did these befall ?

*Child.*

He took them all.

## THE UGLY FACE.

If his likeness, for us to scan,  
 Some worthy pastor or alderman  
 On copper-plate leaves, and a verse absurd's  
 Written thereunder to murder words,  
 It signifies: See, with his head and ears,  
 A gentleman honoured above his peers!  
 Look on his forehead and his eyes;  
 But his intellectual faculties,  
 The merit that round the vulgar thing grows,  
 You never could read in him by the nose.

So, Lottie, is the significance here:  
 To thee I send my likeness, dear.  
 Thou mayest the earnest forehead see,  
 The eyes glow and the locks flow free;  
 It is, no doubt, an ugly face:  
 But my love therein thou canst never trace.

---

## DIFFERENT THREATS.

Into the forest deep'eno'  
 I went my girl to seek,  
 And fell upon her neck, when "Oh!"  
 She threatened, "I will shriek!"

Defiant was I: "Ha! I'll kill  
 Whoever dares come near!"—  
 "Be still!" she lisped, "O love, be still!  
 Or else some one will hear."



## MOTIVES.

If to a girl on us that smiles  
 Her mother preaches of men's wiles,  
 Of duty, virtue, chastity,  
 And, heeding not, our girl will fly  
 More eagerly, in fonder fashion,  
 To meet our warm embrace and kiss,  
 Then hath her wilfulness in this  
 As much share as the tender passion.

Yet when the mother thus reproves,  
 And gains her end, the good heart moves,  
 And, of her teaching proud, she sees  
 That us the girl demurely flees ;  
 The heart of youth she little knoweth :  
 For, shunning now the lover's kiss,  
 The girl her fickleness in this  
 More surely than her virtue showeth.



## SOLDIER'S CONSOLATION.

No—no stint ! To-day is glad :  
 Maidens brown and snow-white bread !  
 Somewhere else to-morrow go we :  
 Brown the bread and maidens snowy !

## IRRESISTIBLE.

I've a thousand times and over  
 Sworn the bottle not to trust,  
 But when I the Inn discover  
 Oaths are air—for in I must.  
 Purple wine is there to tempt ye,  
 Crystal glass on board and shelf.  
 Cask is drawn, and flask is empty  
 And I am no more myself.

I've a thousand times and over  
 Sworn *this* bottle not to trust,  
 But when I the Girl discover  
 Oaths are air—to her I must.  
 I may fare with the beguiler  
 As the strongest man did fare—  
 Yet, thou ravishing Delilah,  
 Come, thy scissors to my hair!



## SOCIETY.

A quiet person, wise and learned,  
 From a goodly company home returned.  
 “How were you pleased?” asked one with freedom.  
 “Were they books,” said he, “I could not read ’em.”

## THE NEW DIOGONES.

Unrestingly I roll and rub,  
 Like Saint Diogenes, my tub.  
 This serious and that jest, I dub ;  
 'Tis love or hate from cub to cub ;  
 This is an oak-tree, that a scrub ;  
 For something—nothing—all men grub ;  
 Unrestingly I roll and rub,  
 Like Saint Diogones, my tub.

---

## SAUCY AND GLAD.

Pangs of love my heart disdains,  
 Soft laments and sweetened pains ;  
 Only would I know its blisses,  
 Kindling ogles and close kisses.

Will a poor dog be content,  
 If with pleasure pain is blent?  
 Let thy fresh heart, girl, be fain  
 To give pleasure and no pain.

---

## PRIMITIVE SOURCE.

*A.*

Why to drink here art thou averse?

*B.*

I love to drink from the fresh source.

A.

But therefrom came the rivulet here !

B.

The difference is very clear.

And stranger and stranger the taste will be growing ;

Further away it is ever flowing.



### THE ORIGINAL.

A scribbler says : " Lo ! I am of no school !

No master lives who taught the rule ;

And I am just as far remote

From all that in the dead I note."

He, if I understand him quite,

Proclaims : I am a fool outright.



### THE BEST.

My thoughts to the dead would I devote,

Stood their merit not so remote ;

The noble living, new things creating,

May I rather rejoice in emulating.



### THE ART OF LIFE.

Over the humours of men and weather

Never knit your brows together ;

And with a pretty woman's caprices,

Must thou ever pretend that she pleases.

## HUMILITY.

The Master's works I look upon,  
And there I see what He has done ;  
My own things carefully I con,  
And there see what I should have done.

---

## ADVICE.

Destiny thou may'st oppose,  
But sometimes she gives thee blows ;  
From her course she will not stray,  
Thou thyself must yield the way.

---

## ANOTHER.

Ay ! resist not destiny,  
Neither from her should'st thou flee !  
Wilt thou but towards her go,  
Ever friendlier she will grow.

---

## WHAT BETTER ?

What better would ye have, young Sirs,  
When head and heart are merry ?  
Who no more loves, and no more errs,  
Him it is time to bury.

## BROAD AS LONG.

He who modest is fares badly,  
And the bold gains nothing gracious;  
Thou in fault art very sadly,  
Whether modest or audacious.



## LIFE'S RULES.

Would'st thou a proper life be squaring,  
For the past then grieve not, never be caring;  
Vex thyself as little as may be,  
Glad in the present day by day be;  
No man hate, by none be awed,  
And the future submit to God.



## THE YEARS.

To us are the dear Years ministering,  
Yesterday served they, to-day they bring,  
And so, while the springs of youth flow sweetly,  
The life Utopian we drain completely.  
And then at once they fall to decay,  
No more, as wonted, compliant they;  
Nothing more we are given or borrow,  
They take to-day, and they take to-morrow.

## THE EPITAPH.

As boy secretive and mulish,  
 As youth presumptuous, foolish,  
 As man of action ambitious,  
 As old man drivelling, capricious !—  
 On his grave-stone alone we read :  
 He was a pattern of man indeed !

---

## EXAMPLE.

Whene'er a thought impatient moves me,  
 The patience of the earth reproves me ;  
 Still she revolves, without repose,  
 And on the year's great circle goes.  
 Shall I be otherwise than she?  
 Dear Lady Mother ! I follow thee !

---

## LIE AND CHEAT.

May one be a deceiver?  
 I answer, No !  
 Would'st thou belie, however,  
 Then draw a good long bow.

## PRINCELY RULE.

If men ye would hinder from thinking and rhyming,  
 Why then for a merry life keep them in priming ;  
 But would ye make use of them, never neglect them,  
 As shepherd to sheep, you must shear and protect them.



## AS THOU TO ME, SO I TO THEE.

Man with pocket closed, abashed be,  
 If unloved thou would'st not live :  
 Hand by hand alone can washed be ;  
 If thou would'st receive, then give.



## STATEMENT AND CONTRADICTION.

Perplex me not by contradiction, Sirrah !  
 No matter what one says, it is an error.



## THE TRINITY.

The Eternal Father abides in rest,  
 The world was embodied at His behest.

The Son has a great work undertaken :  
 He came to redeem a world forsaken ;  
 He taught well, and He much endured,  
 A marvel to-day, in our lights obscured.



*NEAT AND NICE.*

But now there comes the Holy Ghost,  
Chiefly He worketh at Pentecost.  
Whence He comes and whither He goes,  
No one wonders and no one knows.  
He is given of grace but one short day,  
And yet He is Alpha and Omega.

Therefore faithfully one more  
The ancient creed will we restore :  
Openly, evermore ready are we  
To adore the Eternal Trinity.

---

*FUNDAMENTAL CONDITION.*

Art and Nature if thy theme,  
Have them ever both before thee ;  
How can any words be worthy  
Unless presence mould thy dream ?

Ere thou speak of love divine,  
See that in thy heart it liveth :  
One sweet face's lambent shine  
All the fire thou needest giveth.

---

*NEAT AND NICE.*

Hast thou the maiden seen  
Flitting across the green?  
Were she a bride on my breast !

Oh, yes ! the blonde, the fairy !  
She flew like the swallow, neat and airy,  
That builds her nest.

---

Thou art mine, so prim and pretty,  
Thou art mine, but what a pity  
That a something fails thee, sweet !  
Kispest thou with lips just tipping,  
Like a dove the water sipping—  
Thou for me art far too neat.

---

FOR HER.

“ To thy songs sweetly married  
Many a lovely name is ! ”  
The forms, indeed, are varied,  
But one the frame is.

“ But the Fair Ones, dearly  
In whom thy soul delighted ? ”  
Each the tone knows clearly  
That she excited.

---

ART AND ANTIQUITY.

Art and Antiquity we name :  
What are they, Eld and Art ?  
Enough, for portion one has fame,  
Grace is the other's part.

## PANACEA.

Speak ! how dost thou ever thy spirit renew ?  
 In that which is great rejoice, so canst thou too.  
 True greatness endures, fresh, warming, awaking,  
 And shivers the paltry in paltriness quaking.



## REMEMBRANCE.

In remembrance of the Good  
 We with courage are endued.

In remembrance of the Fair,  
 Breathe we a diviner air.

In remembrance of sweet Love,  
 Happy ! if it fadeless prove.

In remembrance of the One,  
 Greater joy there can be none.



## ALIKE ACHIEVED.

As side by side we go along,  
 Or one before another,  
 Let us be true and bold and strong,  
 And man to man be brother.  
 There a young soldier meets his fate,  
 In his first battle falling ;  
 That other in his old age late  
 To bivouac is crawling.

Still glory ardently he gains,  
Beneath his leader's banner ;  
His last possession then remains  
Surely—the bed of honour.

---

LIFE'S PURPOSE.

To live how best is't that one may ?  
“ Thou hast accomplished no good day ! ”  
A blessing comes at even-song,  
If I have worked the whole day long.

If hurried here and there I be,  
And naught to do I may,—  
Debarred alone, myself from me,—  
Then do I have no day.

Now comes the occasion that I need,  
The thing I can and may,  
I seize the chance, I work with speed,  
And then I have my day.

To no place do I seem confined,  
Time seems not time to me,  
An apt word from the open mind  
Works to eternity.

## TO-DAY AND FOR EVER.

The world from day to day 'twere vain to rally,  
 In that confusion in confusion mirrors,  
 That each regards himself exceptionally,  
 And curbs another's rather than his own errors.

Then are thy lips the better in abeyance,  
 While forward, forward, doth the soul endeavour.  
 To-day springs not from yesterday; yet the Æons  
 Shall changing sink, shall rise enthroned, for ever.

---

## POETIC CONCLUSION.

Tell, O Muse, inform the poet,  
 How his thought to shape and trim!  
 Judges, who pretend to know it,  
 Fill the world with many a whim.

Ever to a lofty level  
 Has my verse its aim designed,  
 Ever has it to the evil  
 Gloomy paths been disinclined.

What these gentlemen desired  
 Never was quite known to me,  
 If they knew what they admired  
 They could name it easily.

“ Thou shalt shape a verse with rigour,  
Show wherein of worth ye fail,  
What that also ye disfigure,  
When frivolities prevail.

“ Such a tenor of thy songs will  
Edify and please all ranks,  
Even the most dissolute throngs will  
For the better world give thanks.

“ True as to the pole the needle,  
Still the pure intention rules !  
And the rogues leave to the beadle,  
To their generation fools.”



*THE FOOL'S EPILOGUE.*

Many a good work have I done,  
Ye take the praise, that is all one ;  
I think that in the world 'tis plain  
All that's wrong will come right again.  
Am I praised when I do a folly,  
The heart in my body is right jolly ;  
Chided for doing something good,  
It no wise ruffles my pleasant mood.  
If a strong man my head has broke,  
I act as if it were all a joke,  
Yet if it 's one of my like,—I know  
Right well how to return the blow.

When luck is up, I am glad and crow,  
And sing *in dulci jubilo* ;  
When the wheel is down and crushes me flat,  
I think : it must rise again after that !  
I vex me not, in the summer time,  
That again is coming the wintry rime ;  
And when the white flakes thickly sprinkle,  
I love the sleigh and its merry tinkle.  
And place myself wherever I will,  
The sun for me will not stand still,  
And ever it goes the same old way,  
The dear life long, day after day ;  
Lackey and lord go in and out  
The house, their daily affairs about,  
May high or low their own measure take :  
They must eat and drink, and sleep and wake.  
I cry over nothing that may arise ;  
Do like the fool, and be merry and wise.



# GOD AND THE WORLD.

---

Wide world and broad life, in honest  
Effort of long years and earnest,  
Ever sounded, ever ground, —  
Never closed, and often round, —  
Of the old, Truth's conversation,  
Of the new, kind estimation,  
Mind and purpose above cavil !  
Now ! what distance do we travel !

---

## PROCEMION.

In His great name, Himself His own creation,  
From time unborn creative His vocation,  
In His name, who creates Faith's inward light,  
Assurance, Love, Activity, and Might ;  
In that Name, though proclaimed in every zone,  
Whose essence ever must remain unknown :  
Far as the ear doth reach, far as the eye,  
Thou findest but the known to judge him by ;  
Thy spirit's highest flight is fire-imbued  
By but the picture, the similitude ;  
It draws, constrains thee on to brighter bourns,  
And, where thou wanderest, way and place adorns.  
No more thou countest, time is naught to thee,  
And each step forward is immensity.  
What were a God, that but from outside thrust,  
The circling All at finger to adjust ?  
Nay ! from within it He the world is moulding,  
Nature in Him, Himself in Nature, folding,  
So that what in Him lives and moves and is  
At no time can His power or spirit miss.



The soul of man, too, is an Universe ;  
Therefore each nation laudably defers  
In reverence to what it knows of best,  
And God, yea, its God, then is so addressed.  
To Him submits it Earth and Heaven above,  
Him feareth, and where possible doth love.

---

### THE WORLD-SOUL.

Disperse ye through all regions—far out-flying  
From this high festival !  
Inspired, fling yourselves through zones next-lying  
In the All, pervading all !

Already soar ye in unmeasured distance  
In blessed dream divine,  
And, under stars, a social, new existence,  
In light-sown space ye shine.

Then, mighty comets, ye are headlong driving  
From sphere to farther sphere,  
The labyrinth of the sun and planets riving  
Clean through in your career.

Ye grasp at unformed worlds, in crude creation,  
And work with youthful might,  
And more and more they grow in animation  
Along your measured flight.

And in stirred airs ye circulate, conveying  
The ever-changing bloom,  
And bid the rock, in all its clefts obeying,  
The stable forms assume.

Now all in rivalry with undiscordant  
And god-like boldness strives ;  
The water will the sterile space make verdant,  
And every atom lives.

And so to love-full strife must now surrender  
The night of vapours moist ;  
Now glows the width of Paradise, in splendour  
Of many hues rejoiced.

Soon, rich in forms, doth life its troops replenish  
To breathe that vital air,  
And ye, in blessed grassy glades, astonish  
Now as the primal pair ;

Quenched in the blissful mutual glance doth soaring  
And boundless effort fall.  
So the most beautiful life ye win, adoring,  
Back from the All in All.

---

## THE PHILOSOPHERS AND THE PEOPLE.

*Epimenides.*

Come, brothers, come we to the grove :  
Thither in streams the people move,  
They come from all four quarters.  
To be instructed do they love,  
And they are sad extorters ;  
I pray you, that ye ready be  
The text to read them purely.

*The People.*

To us, Philosophers, shall ye  
Expound to-day explicitly,  
And not, as wont, obscurely.  
Is the world from eternity?

*Anaxagoras.*

I so believe ; could we conceive  
A time wherein it had not been,  
We'd think it a pity surely.

*The People.*

Yet if destruction there should be?

*Anaximenes.*

Probably. 'Tis no grief to me :  
God only in eternity  
Will then be all-sustaining.

*The People.*

But now what is infinity ?

*Parmenides.*

Why thus thy mind be straining ?  
Look inwardly ! art thou without  
Infinity in spirit and thought,  
There is for thee no helping !

*The People.*

But where think we, and how think we ?

*Diogenes.*

Just hear your foolish yelping !  
The thinker thinks from hat to shoe ;  
Him lightning-moments, flashing through,  
The What, the How, the Best, show.

*The People.*

Lodges, in fact, a soul in me ?

*Mimnermus.*

That answer may thy guest show.  
For, look thou, I confess to thee,  
The amiability that warms  
Itself even, and another charms,  
A Soul that call I ever.

*The People.*

Doth sleep by night on it, too, fall ?

*Periander.*

From thee it cannot sever.  
On thee, thou Body, it depends !  
If thou hast toiled to useful ends,  
Refreshingly it resteth.

*The People.*

What is the Spirit, that we so call ?

*Cleobulus.*

That which the Spirit 'tis usual  
To call, replies but asks not.

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*The People.*

And what is happiness withal?

*Crates.*

The ragged child, one tasks not ;  
With its one penny will it take  
Its careless way to get the cake,  
At the bake-shop it knoweth.

*The People.*

Speak ! who proves immortality ?

*Aristippus.*

True twine of life's thread floweth  
In him who liveth and lets live ;  
He spins, nor further thought will give,  
And the dear God will reel it.

*The People.*

Foolish or wise, is't best to be ?

*Democritus.*

That is as one may feel it.  
The fool is to himself complete,  
The sage he envies never.

*The People.*

Govern chance merely, and eye-cheat ?

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*Epicurus.*

I in my groove persèver.  
Chance often gains for thee success,  
The eye-cheat is a loveliness,  
In both thou'st use and pleasure.

*The People.*

Is our free will a fallacy?

*Zeno.*

Thence comes thy power to venture.  
The freedom of thy will hold fast,  
And, go'st thou to the ground at last,  
Thyself thou canst not censure.

*The People.*

And came I wicked into the world?

*Pelagius.*

One suffers, though it wearies,  
That thou from out thy mother's womb  
Brought'st an intolerable doom :  
A turn for awkward queries.

*The People.*

Is the instinct to improve innate?

*Plato.*

Thou would'st not ask, did not the world  
To be improved desire.  
Be with thyself acquainted well,  
If self-incomprehensible,  
Don't other people tire.

## UNITY—MUTABILITY.

*The People.*

Still reign self-interest and gold !

*Epictetes.*

Then leave the rich their treasure !  
 Leave them the counters of the world,  
 And envy not the pleasure.

*The People.*

Before we part, do not withhold  
 Some word that rightly pleases.

*The Sages.*

Our first law is, to shun i' the world,  
 The questioner that teases.



## UNITY—MUTABILITY.

Joyful was it, many a season,  
 While the earnest spirit strove  
 To explore, by sense and reason,  
 In the world how Nature throve.  
 One Eternal solves the riddle,  
 Manifoldly is He shown ;  
 Small the great, and great the little,  
 All are modelled as His own.  
 Changing all, Himself fast holding,  
 Near and far and far and near ;  
 Ever moulding and remoulding—  
 For a wonder I am here.

## THE CLOUDS.

*Stratus.*

When on the water's mirror, slumber-set,  
 A mist is forming the flat coverlet,  
 The moon, that on its undulation gleams,  
 As a white phantom, shaping phantoms, seems,  
 Then are we quickened, gladdened, we confess,  
 O Mother Nature, by thy loveliness !  
 Then up the mountain floats it, spreading wide  
 In streaks, as, darkly, spreads from side to side  
 The mid-height ; to both equally inclined,  
 To fall in rain-drops, or to climb the wind.

*Cumulus.*

And if, with capability endowed,  
 It higher soars, it stands, a lofty cloud,  
 At the most glorious conglobated height  
 Of manifest and overshadowing might,  
 And—what ye fear and indeed often find—  
 As it o'erthreatens, it is undermined.

*Cirrus.*

Still takes the noble throng a loftier flight !  
 Redemption is impulsion, heavenly light.  
 One great heap loosening like a flock behold,  
 Of lambs, combed lightly, tripping to the fold !  
 So what was formed light ever upward keeps,  
 And in the Father's lap and hand it sleeps.



*Nimbus.*

Now suffers it descent, through earthly power  
 Drawn downward, from its conglobated tower,  
 To walk in thunder-weather on the blast,  
 Hosts fast-enrolled and blown away as fast !—  
 The active suffering of earth's history !—  
 Still to the lofty picture lifts the eye :  
 Speech is drawn downward—earthly is its phrase—  
 The spirit upward, where it rests always.



## SHELL AND KERNEL.

## THE PHYSICIST.

“ *In Nature's inner core*”—  
 O thou Philistine !  
 “ *No powers creative dwell.*”  
 Let us not listen,  
 My brethren, to the phrase  
 Of such a sinner ;  
 We think this : Place for place,  
 Are we in the inner.  
 “ *Happy, who know no more*  
*Than of the outer shell !*”  
 That sixty years I've heard reiterated,  
 In secret I have reprobated ;  
 Have said full many and many a time :

Glad, bounteous, as she is and was,  
Nature no kernel has  
Nor shell.  
She is with all things at one time ;  
Examine thou thyself, to tell  
If thou a kernel art or shell.

---

*ULTIMATUM.*

And so say I for the last time :  
Nature no kernel has  
Nor shell ;  
Examine thou thyself to tell,  
If thou a kernel art or shell.

“ We know thee, and all such  
Quips, cranks of folly !  
Before our noses much  
Is locked up wholly.”

You follow a false thought ;  
Think not we jest !  
Is Nature's kernel not  
The heart in the breast?

## ONE AND ALL.

Vanish in the illimitable  
 The individual would, if able,  
 There lost is all satiety ;  
 Wild will, where was but aspiration,  
 The once exacting obligation  
 Surrendered, are felicity.

World-soul, come thou and penetrate us !  
 That no world-spirit dominate us,  
 Our powers' high calling is to strive !  
 Good spirits guide, participating,  
 The Master, Maker, still creating,  
 Will smoothly lead, the end contrive.

The World-soul working in Existence,  
 Lest it should stiffen in resistance,  
 Works ever live deeds manifest.  
 And what was not, 'tis now becoming,  
 To the pure sun, the green earth blooming,  
 And in no lure it dares to rest.

It shall move on, to action warming,  
 The world informing and transforming ;  
 And pausing but in seeming is't.  
 In all the Eternal forward presses ;  
 All can in nothing fall to pieces,  
 If it in Being will persist.

# IDYLS.

---

Fancies passionately strong  
Cling instinctively to song.

---

## ALEXIS AND DORA.

Not to be stayed, alas! the ship speeds on every  
moment  
Thro' the fresh-foaming flood farther and farther away!  
Long behind her is furrowed the track of her keel, where  
the dolphins  
Bound as they follow to catch food as it falls from her  
sides.  
All things are signs of a happy voyage; and calmly the  
seaman  
Moves, gently trimming the sail that as it fills toils for all;  
Forward the heart of each sailor presses like ensigns  
and streamers;  
One only looketh abaft, sad with his back to the mast,  
Sees the mountains already blue in the distance,  
departing,  
Sinking in ocean, and there sinks every joy that he knew.  
Also from thee disappeareth the ship that of thine  
Alexis,  
Thee, O Dora, of friend, ah! and betrothèd, has robbed.  
Thou too, look'st after me vainly. Yet are the fond  
hearts still beating  
For one another that beat on one another no more.  
One single moment I lived! and that single moment  
outweigheth  
All the long days that besides chill me in passing away.

Ah ! in that moment only, in the last moment, a new  
life

Rose up unlooked for in thee, as from the gods it had  
sprung.

Now in vain with thy splendour thou glorifiest the  
ether ;

Thine all-luminous day, Phœbus, is hateful to me.

Into myself I turn back ; and so in silent reflection

Strive to relumine the time she to me daily appeared.

Was it a possible thing that beauty to see and not  
feel it ?

Worked not the heavenly charm on the dull mould of  
my mind ?

Poor soul, accuse not thyself.—The poet so shapes an  
enigma,

Wrapt up in artfullest words, subtle to sense and to ear ;

Each one enjoys the exquisite combination of pictures,

But still faileth the word, that the significance gives.

When 'tis at last discovered, then all obscurities vanish,

And the thought in the work doubly delightful is found.

Wherefore so late, O Love, the bandage that blinded  
my vision,

That which thou tied'st round mine eyes, wherefore so  
late take away ?

Long with its freight on board the ship for a fair wind  
was waiting ;

Happily came it at last, blowing from shore to the sea.

Empty season of youth ! and empty dreams of the  
future !

Vanish ye all, and remains only the one hour to me.

Yes, it remains, there remains to me rapture ! Dora, I  
hold thee !

And hope draweth alone, Dora, thy picture for me.  
Eastward I look to the Temple, whither adorned thou  
wentest,  
Whither thy dear mother went solemnly with thee  
along.

Fleet-footed thou wert and gay, in bearing the ripe  
fruit to market,

And from the fountain the vase, boldly sustained on thy  
head,

Then before all things appeared thy throat and the fall  
of thy shoulders,

And before all was thy walk's rhythmical movement of  
grace.

Oft have I been apprehensive the vessel might tilt from  
its balance ;

Yet was it held all the while firm on the coils of the  
cloth.

Beautiful neighbour, in truth, so was I accustomed to  
see thee,

'Twas but as one sees the stars, as one the fair moon  
beholds,

He in their glory is gladdened, but yet in the depths of  
his bosom

Never a wish to possess ruffles its tranquil repose.

Years, so glided ye on ! But twenty steps were the  
houses

Standing apart, and yet I never the threshold had crossed.

Now divides us the terrible flood ! To Heaven thou  
liest,

Billow ! thy beautiful blue is the dull colour of night !

All now is bustle and movement; there comes a sailor  
boy running  
To my paternal home, calling me down to the strand:  
“Now the canvas is hoisted, it flaps in the wind,” so he  
shouted,  
“And the anchor’s aweigh, loosed from its hold on the  
sand;  
Come, Alexis, oh come!” Thus urges me now my  
brave father,  
Blessing me with grave hand laid on my young curly  
head;  
Carefully reaches my mother a bundle prepared that  
lay near her;  
“Happy return!” she exclaims, “happy, Alexis, and  
rich!”  
And so sprang I away then, under my arm was the  
bundle,  
Down by the wall as I went there thou wert waiting  
for me,  
At the door of thy garden. Thou smiled’st, saying:  
“Alexis  
Are the noisy ones there those that shall voyage with  
thee?  
Strange shores seekest thou now, and beautiful wares  
thou wilt purchase,  
Beautiful fabrics and gems for the rich dames of the  
town.  
But wilt thou bring to me also a light little chain? I will  
pay thee  
Thankfully, gratefully—oft have I the ornament  
wished.”



Standing there did I linger and asked, in the manner of  
merchants,  
Of thy commission, the exact form and dimensions and  
weight.  
Modestly then of the price thou considerest; I, in the  
meanwhile,  
Glanced on the neck, that would grace jewels and gems  
of a queen.

Louder now from the ship the clamour came; graciously  
said'st thou:  
“ Take from the garden, I pray, with thee the choicest  
of fruit !  
Take the ripest of oranges, whitest of figs; for the barren  
Ocean yields thee no fruit, nor every land brings it  
forth.”  
So stepped I into the garden. Plucking the fruit thou  
wert busy,  
Till all golden the load dragged at the apron it filled.  
Oftentimes cried I: “ ’Tis surely enough now ! ” Ever  
another  
Fairer and fragranter fell at the soft touch of thy hand.  
Came we at last to the arbor; and lay there a little  
basket,  
And the myrtle in bloom over us drooped as we came.  
Silently, daintily now the fruit to arrange thou  
begganest:  
First the orange, a ball golden in hue and in weight,  
Then the tender figs, that every pressure disfigures,  
And with myrtle in bloom dressed and adorned was the  
whole.



But I raised it not up; I moved not. We looked one  
another  
Full in the eyes, till at last all things before me grew  
dim.  
Then was thy bosom on mine! Thy neck my arm now  
embraces,  
And thy beautiful throat kissed I a thousand times o'er.  
Sank on my shoulder thy head; and now were  
deliciously knitted  
Arms of thine in a ring, round the enraptured one  
wound.  
Love's hands felt I; he pressed us vehemently together,  
And out of blue air serene thundered it three times;  
there flowed  
Tears in abundance from full hearts, I wept, and thou  
too wert weeping,  
And in that anguish and joy all the world lapsed from  
us then.  
Ever louder they called from the strand; but my feet  
were unwilling  
Thither to bear me, I cried: "Dora! and art thou not  
mine?"  
"Evermore!" saidest thou softly. Then shone the tears  
on our lashes,  
As thro' divinest of air from the eyes softly exhaled.  
Nearer they cried out: "Alexis!" Then thro' the door  
of the garden  
Entered the messenger boy. How on the basket he  
pounced!  
How he urged me! And how I clung to thy hand!  
Ah! I wonder

How I get to the ship? Drunken I seemed, I am  
sure.  
So did my shipmates regard me, indulgent to me as in  
sickness,  
And already the breeze hides in sad distance the town.  
“Evermore!” Dora, thou lispedst; and in my ear it  
resoundeth  
With the thunder of Zeus! Surely she stood by the  
throne,  
She, the Goddess of Love, his daughter ambrosial; the  
Graces  
Stood at her side—Heaven heard—Heaven confirmed  
is the bond!

Hasten thou, hasten, O ship, with all the breezes that  
favour!  
Onward, O powerful keel, cleave thou the foam-crested  
flood!  
Soon to the strange haven bring me, so shall the gold-  
smith the sooner  
There in his workshop with skill fashion the heavenly  
pledge.  
Truly! a chain of the soul shall prove that chainlet,  
O Dora!  
Nine times in glittering links, loosely encircling thy  
throat.  
Furthermore there will I purchase ornaments manifold;  
golden  
Rings that glitter with gems richly shall gleam on thy  
hand;

There shall rubies contend with emeralds, loveliest  
sapphires  
By the hyacinth shed emulous lustre, and gold  
All these precious stones shall embrace and fasten  
together.  
Oh ! how the bridegroom delights but in adorning the  
bride !  
Pearls see I think I of thee, and the sight of a ring to  
remembrance  
Brings thy tapering hands, exquisite, perfect in form.  
Barter will I and buy; and thou shalt have choice of the  
fairest ;  
Nay, I will gladly consign all the freight only to thee.  
Yet not jewels and ornaments solely thy lover pro-  
cureth :  
All a domestic young wife wishes, that brings he to  
thee:  
Finest of woollen coverlets, edged with purple ; for  
draping  
Richly the couch that shall us softly, familiarly greet.  
Costly pieces of linen. Thou sittest and sewest, and  
clothest  
Me and thyself, and perhaps one other also therein.

Picture of hope, the enchantress, delude my heart ! And  
oh ! temper,  
Gods, this violent flame raging my bosom all through !  
Yet do I long for it back, the delirious joy that was  
painful,  
Now when misery cold, horribly calm, draweth nigh.

Not the torch of the Furies, nor yet the barking of  
hell-dogs,

Frightens the criminal so in the dark fields of despair,  
As the calm spectre affrights me, to me the lovely one  
showing

Far away : Open the door stands of the garden I know !  
And Another comes in ! For him, too, falleth the orange !  
And the ripe fig imparts strengthening honey to him !  
Lures she him to the arbour also ? And follows he ?

Blind me,

O ye gods ! and make blank all of remembrance in me !  
Yes, she is but a girl ! and she who to one yields so  
quickly

Will to another, no doubt, just as readily turn.

Laugh not this time, Zeus, at vows with such insolence  
broken !

Thunder more terribly ! Strike !—Nay, the hot light-  
nings hold back !

Roll the quivering clouds towards me alone ! In the  
night-like

Gloom with the levin bolt smite this unfortunate mast !  
Strew these planks on the sea, and give to the boist-  
erous billows

All of this freight and let me fall to the dolphins a prey !

Now, O ye Muses, enough ! For vainly ye strive to  
depicture

How lamentation and joy change in an amorous  
breast.

Ye are unable to heal the sorrows of the love-stricken ;  
But ye alleviate still—comfort alone comes from you.

## SPRING; OR MANY.

I

Gaily, ye Distichs, up! Ye lively, sprightly boys,  
 rouse ye!  
 Rich is garden and field! Hither bring flowers for  
 the wreath!

2

Rich in flowers is the plain; yet some are to eye only  
 lovely,<sup>1</sup>  
 Others but so to the heart; choose, Reader, now for  
 thyself.

3

Rosebud, thou art to the blooming and blushing maiden  
 devoted,  
 Who, the most beautiful, shows as the most modest  
 withal.

4

Violets knitted together, at first sight the nosegay  
 appeareth  
 But one flower; and thou, maiden domestic, art  
 meant.

5

One I knew, she was like the slender Lily, her pride  
 was  
 Innocence; lovelier none had the King Solomon seen.

6

Beautiful rises the Columbine, and it hangeth its head  
down.  
Feeling or wantonness which is it? Ye cannot  
divine.

7

Many redolent bells, O Hyacinth, now thou art shaking;  
But the bells charm us less than does the fragrance  
they shed.

8

Thee, Night Violet, pass we by in the dazzle of daylight;  
Yet at the nightingale's song breath'st thou the soul  
of delight.

9

Tube-rose, upward thou shootest, and thou enjoyest thy  
freedom ;  
But remain thou removed far from my head and my  
heart.

10

Distant I see the Poppy ; it glows. Yet if I come  
nearer,  
Ah ! too soon do I see thou art but shamming the  
Rose.

11

Tulips, ye will be chosen by many a judge sentimental;  
But a gay mind would wish also in thee a gay leaf.

12

Pinks, how lovely I find you! Yet are ye so of a  
pattern  
I can distinguish you not, one from another, to  
choose.

13

Shine with the tints of Aurora, Ranunculus, Tulip, and  
Aster!  
Here is a dark-coloured leaf, shaming you all with its  
scent.

14

Nothing allures in you, Ranunculus, nothing I covet,  
But in the garden bed blent, one may behold you  
with joy.

15

Say! what fills the room with fragrance? The Mig-  
nonette, quiet,  
Colourless, without form, most unpretentious of  
plants.

16

Ornament wert thou of gardens; still, wheresoe'er thou  
appearest,  
Sayest thou: Ceres herself golden seed scattered  
for me.

17

Thy diminutive beauty, thy tender eyes of deep azure,  
Ever "Forget-me-not!" say—only, "Forget-me-not!"  
say.



18

If to the inward eye should vanish the phantoms of  
flowers,  
Thine image, Eleanore, would bring forth the heart's  
self in bloom.



*SUMMER; OR ONE.*

I

Cruelly comes love to me! Attune to the lyre, ye  
Muses,  
All the sad torments that he, playing, in the bosom  
excites!

2

Manuscripts do I possess, such as no sage nor yet  
king has;  
For my darling she writes verse that I wrote her,  
to me.

3

As the seed, that in winter germinates slowly, in  
summer  
Quickly is forced, ripens fast—so inclination in thee.

4

Ever to me were the field, the wood, the rocks, and the  
gardens,  
Only a space, and thou, dearest one, mak'st them a  
place.



5

Space and Time, I perceive, are naked frames of the  
prospect,  
Where the Real with thee, darling, eternal appears.

6

Care, it mounteth with thee to the saddle, it mounteth  
the ship's side;  
Much of importunate Love packs in a wallet for us.

7

Inclination to quell is difficult ; if bound to habit,  
Taking root by degress, it is invincible then.

8

What writing twice did I read, yea three times in rapid  
succession,  
It is the cordial page that the beloved to me wrote.

9

Me she enraptures, deludes me perhaps. O poet and  
singer !  
Imitate her ! Learn thou from the beloved one the  
art !

10

All the delight that the poet hath in creating a poem  
Doth the beautiful child, who had inspired it, feel.

11

Is an epigram short for me to say something  
impassioned?  
Shorter, O my beloved, is not the passionate kiss?

12

Know'st thou the glorious poison of unsatisfied passion?  
Scorch and refreshment it is, burns to the bone and  
renews.

13

Know'st thou the glorious result of finally satisfied  
passion?  
Beautifully it unites bodies, while mind it sets free.

14

That is true love which ever and ever changeless  
remaineth,  
When on it all is conferred, when to it all is denied.

15

All things I'd wish to possess, and all things I'd wish to  
share with her,  
And I would all things forego, were she, the only one,  
mine.

16

One loving bosom to grieve, and be obliged to be  
silent:  
Sharper the torments are not by Rhadamanthus  
devised.

17

Why am I made to fade, O Zeus? demanded young  
Beauty.  
Only the things that fade have I made fair, said the  
god.

18

Love, and the flowers, and the dew, and youth, disconsolate heard it,  
Weeping they went their way from before Jupiter's throne.

19

One must live and love ; and life and love have an ending.  
Atropos, cut'st thou as one both of the intertwined threads !



## THE NEW PAUSIAS AND HIS FLOWER MAIDEN.

*She.*

Heap the flowers all here, at my feet and thine ! How chaotic,  
In its entanglement sweet is the picture thou strew'st.

*He.*

Thou appearest as Love, to knit the elements ; groweth,  
As thou art binding them now, Life for the first time therefrom.

*She.*

Tenderly touch the Rose, it rests concealed in the basket ;  
Where'er I find thee, my friend, openly give I thee it.

*He.*

And I act as a stranger, and in friendly wise thank thee;  
But from the gift in return turneth the donor aside.

*She.*

Hand me the Hyacinth now, and now the scented Pink  
hand me,  
That the early and late near one another may be.

*He.*

Here, in the blooming circle, let me sit at thy feet now  
And with a redolent host I will replenish thy lap.

*She.*

Hand first the thread to me; then the garden kindred,  
that only  
View one another from far, now may united rejoice.

*He.*

What admire I first? What last? The glorious  
flowers?  
Or the fingering skill? Or the fine taste that selects?

*She.*

Give also leaves, the sheen of the dazzling flowers to  
soften ;  
Life, too, longs for green leaves, cool quiet leaves in its  
wreath.

*He.*

Say, why lingerest thou so long in choosing this  
nosegay?  
Surely it must be for one specially favoured by thee.

*She.*

Nosegays a hundred, and numberless wreaths distribute I daily;

But the most beautiful still bring I at evening to thee.

*He.*

Ah ! how happy were made the painter that painted this garland !

This blooming field ! and the fair goddess enthroned in it first !

*She.*

Still, it appears to me, that his is a moderate blessing,  
Whom, as before me he sits, give I a kiss and am glad.

*He.*

Ah ! my darling, another ! The envious air of the morning

Instantly off from my lips ravished the first one away.

*She.*

As the generous Spring her flowers to me gave, so give I  
Kisses sweet to my love ; here with a kiss is the wreath !

*He.'*

Had I the talent of Pausias, prompt to conceive and to render,

Picture to make of the wreath were the sole task of the day !

*She.*

Beautiful certainly is it. Look at it ! There the most  
lovely  
Of infant blossoms enringed blend in the many-hued  
dance.

*He.*

Oh ! that I might in these chalices sink, and exhaust the  
deep sweetness  
Nature enchantingly sheds over the odorous crown !

*She.*

And may I find in the evening unfaded the wreath I  
have twined thee,  
Greeting us, blooming and fresh, when to the table  
we come !

*He.*

Ah ! how poor and incompetent feel I myself ! With  
what ardour  
Wish I to hold fast the bliss, that has but blinded  
mine eyes !

*She.*

Thou unsatisfied man ! A Poet art thou, yet dost envy  
That other talent ? Use well that which thou hast of  
thine own !

*He.*

Well may the poet describe the enamel of gay-coloured  
flowers :  
But by thy form will his phrase only a shadow abide !

*She.*

But to express : "I love !" the art of the Painter has  
power.

Thee, my friend, love I alone ! and I exist but for  
thee !

*He.*

Ah ! but the Poet even lacks power to utter : "I  
love !" as

Thou, O heavenly child ! flatterest so sweetly mine  
ear.

*She.*

Much both are able to do ; and then there's the language  
of kisses,

And the language of looks, that the enamoured may  
use.

*He.*

Thou unitest them all : thou singest and paintest in  
flowers,

These blossom-children of thine colors and words are  
at once.

*She.*

Only ephemeral work is wove by the hand of the  
maiden

Every morn, and before evening the glory hath fled.

*He.*

So do the gods give gifts to us unenduring, alluring

With a new gift, still renewed, ever mortality on.

*She.*

Never for thee hath a nosegay or wreath of the day been  
omitted,  
Since the first that entwined thy heart and mine into  
one.

*He.*

Yes ! I have it at home, it hangs in my chamber, that  
first one,  
Which a feast for the heart, lovely, unchanging, thou  
gav'st.

*She.*

Then thy goblet I wreathed, and into the goblet the  
rose buds  
Fell ; thou did'st sicken, and cry : " Maiden ! there's  
poison in these ! "

*He.*

And thou did'st answer to that : they are full of honey,  
the flowers ;  
But the bees may alone find out the sweetness they  
hide.

*She.*

And the rough, rude Timanthus seized me, and said  
Do the drones then  
Search the most beautiful cups for their sweet  
mysteries indeed ?



*He.*

And thou did'st wind thyself from him, and fain would  
escape ; and there tumbled  
Down at the clumsy man's feet basket and flowers to  
the floor.

*She.*

And thou told'st him commanding : " The maiden let  
be ! for the nosegays,  
Like the fair maiden herself, are for a mind more  
refined."

*He.*

But the more firmly he held thee ; and there was  
grinning and laughter,  
And thy dress it was torn open from the neck down.

*She.*

And, incensed to more fiery indignation, the goblet  
Hurled'st thou, and on his skull, making a gash, did  
it sound.

*He.*

Dazzled I was with anger and wine ; yet I saw the neck's  
whiteness,  
And the beautiful breast, which in a twinkling thou  
hid'st.

*She.*

What a turmoil there grew and uproar ! Purple the  
blood ran,  
Mixed with the spillings of wine, dreadfully staining  
thy foe.

*He.*

Only on thee did I look, thee only, in agony kneeling ;  
With one beautiful hand holding thy torn garment up.

*She.*

Ah ! then a plate was thrown at thee ! I feared the  
noble young stranger  
Might by the metal be hit, all around brandished and  
thrown.

*He.*

Yet I beheld only thee, how quickly the other fair hand  
then  
Basket and flowers and wreath gathered from under  
the chair.

*She.*

Stood'st thou protecting before me, that nothing of  
chance throw should harm me,  
Nor yet the host, wroth because I the repast had  
destroyed.

*He.*

Yes ! I remember yet ; I took the cloth from the table  
On the left arm, as does one meeting the charge of  
the bull.

*She.*

Quiet at last was restored by the host and adroit friends ;  
and softly  
Slipped I away ; and to thee ever I turned a fond  
look.

*He.*

Ah ! Thou had'st vanished from me ! I sought thee in  
vain in all places,  
In all the houses around, in all the markets and streets.

*She.*

Bashful remained I concealed. The flower-girl modest  
and blameless,  
Loved of the people before, now was the talk of the  
day.

*He.*

Flowers I saw in abundance, everywhere nosegays and  
garlands,  
But thou wert lost unto me, but thou wert lost to the  
town.

*She.*

Secretly sat I at home. And there from the branch the  
blown roses  
Many a petal shed ; there withered the pinks where  
they grew.

*He.*

Many a youth in the market-place murmured : " There  
lie the flowers !  
But the lovely one's gone, who the fair garland would  
bind."

*She.*

Garlands meanwhile I bound at home, and left them to  
wither.  
Seest thou ? There hang they still, near to the  
chimney, for thee.

*He.*

And so withered the wreath, thy first gift ! It I forgot  
not  
In the turmoil, but safe hung it up near to my bed.

*She.*

Ever at evening I watched them withering, lonely and  
weeping,  
Till in the gloom of the night tint after tint died away.

*He.*

Still unsuccessful I sought thee, and asked at each  
habitation ;  
But information could none of the least value give me.

*She.*

No one had visited me, and none the remote little  
dwelling  
Knew ; the greatness of towns easily hideth the poor.

*He.*

Still unsuccessful I wandered, and prayed to the Sun,  
all-beholding :  
“ Show me in what secret nook, mighty god ! shin’st  
thou on her ! ”

*She.*

None of the great gods heard thy prayer ; yet Penia  
heard it.  
For the need of the trade ceased not to summon me  
forth.

*He.*

Did not one other god urge thee to seek the protector?  
Had not Amor exchanged arrow for arrow with us?

*She.*

In the full market I sought; eagerly spying, I found  
thee!

*He.*

And no hind'rance the crowd was to our greeting of  
love.

*She.*

Quickly the people divided, we came together, thou  
stood'st there,

*He.*

And before me thou stood'st, yea! and we two were  
alone,

*She.*

In the midst of the people! As bushes and trees only  
seemed they,

*He.*

And to me seemed their noise only the drizzling of  
springs.

*She.*

Ever alone are the loving in midst of the greatest  
assembly,

But are they two, in a trice makes his appearance the  
third.

*He.*

Amor ! yes ! he adorns himself with the beautiful  
garlands.

Shake the flowers now forth ! Out of thy lap with the  
whole !

*She.*

Now I shake them away, the beautiful ! In thine em-  
brace, love,

Only for me too, to-day, rises the glad sun again !



MEETING AGAIN.

*He.*

Sweet friend, one, but one, ah ! one little kiss only  
grant me

Ripe from those lips ! Why to-day stingy art thou and  
so coy ?

Blossoms the tree to-day as it yesterday did, when  
exchanged we

Thousands of kisses ; to bees swarming compar'dst  
thou them,

As to the flowers they approach, sip, hover, and nestling  
again sip,

And a murmurous tone, deep with enjoyment, resounds.  
They still practise the gracious occupation. Is spring-  
time

Flown from us, only us, ere yet a blossom is shed ?

*She.*

Dream, O charming my friend, dream ever ! Of yesterday tell me !

Willingly list I to thee, honestly press thee to heart.

Yesterday sayest thou? — Ah ! a yesterday was it delicious ;

Words responded to word, kisses supplanted the kiss.

Painful was it to part at evenfall, sad was the long night

From yester even till morn that separation enforced.

Still the morrow returns. But so long hath it been to me meanwhile,

Ten times, alas ! might the tree blossoms and fruit have brought forth.



## AMYNTAS.

Nikias, excellent man, of body and soul the physician !  
Sick am I, verily sick ; yet is thy remedy hard.

Ah ! to me are the energies lost, thy counsel to follow ;

Yes ! and to me has the friend as an opponent appeared.

Contradict thee I cannot ; I say to myself all thou saidest,

Say the harder word too, from which thou hast refrained.

But alas ! the water adown the precipice plunges

Fast, and the waves of the stream cease not their murmurous songs.

Rages not unretarded the storm ? and rolleth the sun not

From the high summit of day down to the depths of the sea ?



And all around speaks Nature to me ; "Thou also,  
Amyntas,  
Art under stress of the law of Omnipotence bent."  
Wrinkle thy forehead not deeper, my friend, and  
complacently listen  
What I was taught by a tree, yesterday, down by the  
brook.  
Few apples bears it for me that once was so heavily  
laden ;  
See, the ivy's to blame, round it so strongly entwined.  
And I seized the knife, the pruning knife, curved and  
keen edged ;  
Deeply cutting, I rent tendril on tendril away.  
But a shudder came o'er me, as deeply, mournfully  
sighing,  
Out of the top of the tree flowed lamentation to me :  
" Hurt not, oh ! hurt me not ! the faithful garden  
companion,  
To whom thou as a boy many a pleasure hast owed.  
Hurt not, oh ! hurt me not ! thou rendest with these  
clinging fibres,  
Which with thy knife thou destroy'st, cruelly the life out  
out of me.  
Have I not nourished them, gently led them around me  
and upwards ?  
Like mine own foliage to me are they not closely allied ?  
Shall I not love the plant, that, dependent, of me alone  
needy,  
Still with passionate force eagerly clings to my side ?  
Thousands of tendrils took root, with thousands and  
thousands of fibres,  
Sink they into me, fast into my very life sink.



Food from me do they take, the sustenance I need  
devour,

And so the marrow they suck, suck they the soul out of  
me.

Vainly to nourish myself I strive ; my powerful roots  
still

Send living sap, alas ! only one half the way up.

For the dangerous guest, most cherished, usurped very  
quickly,

As it ascended, the strength that the autumnal fruit  
needs.

Nothing arrives at the crown ; my tips extremest, my  
young sprays,

Wither, there withers the branch over the brook where  
it hangs.

Yes ! a traitress is she ! she flatters me out of well-being,  
Flatters the striving strength, flatters the hope, out of  
me.

Her do I feel, only her, the entwining, rejoice in my  
fetters,

In the adornment that kills, in the strange leaves that  
I bear.

Hold back the knife, then, O Nikias ! let be, nor doctor  
the poor one,

Who, voluntarily bound, in a dear dalliance consumes.  
Sweet's every prodigality ; ah ! the most beautiful leave  
me !

Who, in love's intimate ties, e'er held his life to  
advice ? "

## MISCELLANEOUS.

---

As so various is the trade,  
Patterns of all sorts parade.

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### THE GERMAN PARNASSUS.

'Neath these rippling  
Laurel shadows,  
On the meadows,  
By the mountain's  
Cataract dashing,  
Hath Apollo to the stripling  
That which makes life joyous given ;  
And so have, in  
Stillness splendid,  
Unto me, the god-befriended,  
Muses most sublime ascended,—  
From the flashing  
Silver fountains  
Of Parnassus risen, refreshing,  
And, with purest lips inviolate,  
Lips of mine divinely sealing.

And the nightingale, in the twilight,  
With those modest wings is wheeling.  
Here in bush and there in bower,  
Calls it to its kindred choir,  
And the heavenly songs inspire  
Dreams of love that overpower.

*THE GERMAN PARNASSUS.*

In the heart, with generous fulness,  
Is the genial instinct flooding,  
Friendship ripens, love is budding,  
And Apollo wakes the stillness  
Of his mountains and his valleys.  
Sweetly blowing a warm wind rallies.  
And, wherever his charm has acted,  
All are mightily attracted,  
One inspired another follows.

This light-hearted one is speeding,  
Frank and gay, a careless rover ;  
That one sterner purpose hallows ;  
And another, scarce succeeding,  
Strives the old power to recover ;  
For his marrow and life-blood quiver  
With the tender flame that killeth ;  
Newly of what Amor stealeth  
Only Apollo can be giver,  
Peace and joy and harmony ever,  
And a strong and pure endeavour.

Up ! O brothers !  
Songs shall win you  
Honour, like good deeds in others !  
Who can better than the minstrel  
To an erring friend give counsel ?  
Work well, that thy work continue  
Longer than the work of others.

Yes ! afar I hear them singing,  
Yes ! I hear their measures ringing ;  
With great god-strokes of the lyre  
Do they call to right and duty,  
And inspire  
By the song and words of beauty,  
To sublimest works that tower,  
To the shaping of all power.  
Gracious fantasies perfuming,  
Blooming,  
Cluster upon many branches,  
That, in an hour,  
As in some enchanted bower,  
Golden bend with rich fruit-bunches.

What we feel, and what we dream, in  
This rich land of highest pleasure,  
Soil and sun, in bounteous measure,  
Lure in likewise the best women.  
Muses' breath, as breeze the blossom,  
Wakes the maiden's tender bosom,  
Tunes her throat to song, and, flushing  
Till her cheek's one rose of blushing,  
Sings she songs that all admire,  
Seats her with her sisters' choir,  
And with emulous sweet singing  
All the lovely chain is ringing.

Yet doth one there  
Go alone there,  
By the beeches,  
Under the linden,

There beseeches,  
There to find in  
The still morning grove what Amor  
Roguishly is stealing from her:  
Her heart's unimpassioned coolness,  
And her bosom's first young fulness.  
And she carries in the greenwood  
Shady closes  
What men merit not yet win would,  
Feelings lovely as the roses ;  
Shunning not the noonday glowing,  
Heeding not cool twilight flowing,  
In the fields her way she loses.  
Do not ye of paths remind her !  
Muse, go quietly and find her !

Yet what hear I? What the brawl  
Overblares the waterfall?  
Through the grove what clamours break?  
What alarm and what a shriek?  
Can it be I rightly see?  
Crowds of an audacious race  
Penetrate the holy place.

Choral storms !  
Dithyrambs !  
Amorous flame,  
Vinous glow,  
Flush, till curls  
Bristle up !  
And the troop,

Men and girls—  
Tiger skin  
Making dim—  
Without shame  
Naked show.  
Cymbals bang,  
And the clang  
Cleaves the ear.  
All who hear  
Shake with fear.  
From the long  
Choral throng,  
All who see  
Turn and flee.

Torn, alas ! are brake and bush !  
Ah ! the pretty flowers they crush  
Brutal heels of this vile band.  
Who their fury may withstand ?

Brothers, let us show resistance !  
Red with wrath your pure cheeks glow.  
Phœbus sure will lend assistance,  
When our trouble he shall know ;  
He perceives us,  
Weapons gives us,  
Headlong from the mountain's summit  
As a plummet,  
Great stones sending,  
The grove rending.

Brothers, seize them with a shout !  
Hail in thunder  
Hurl against this brood hereunder,  
And these pleasant fields deliver,  
Heavenly pure that should be ever,  
From this strange, this savage rout !

Yet what see I?  
Can it be? I  
Thrill with horror,  
All on end my hair doth stand,  
And my hand  
Sinks unnerved. Am I in error?  
No ! not strangers !  
But no others  
Than our brothers  
Show the way to these wild rangers !  
With the frantic  
Clashing cymbals Corybantic—  
O the insolents !—they lead !  
Brothers, let us fly indeed !

Yet a word to the audacious !  
Yes ! one word on you shall flash, as  
Thunder loud and lightning hot.  
Words are poet's weapons : follow,  
When would right himself Apollo,  
On his wrath the arrows shot.

Of the dignity that becomes ye,  
A god's guerdon,

How regardless ! Is the clumsy  
Heavy Thrysus not a burden  
To the hand, but used to dally  
With the harp-strings musically ?  
Shall the cataracts of the mountains,  
And the delicate drizzling fountains,  
Only spring  
For Silenus, beastly thing ?  
There profanes he Aganippe  
Rudely with his coarse, thick lip ; he  
Stamps therein with awkward splatter,  
Until troubled flows the water.

Oh ! that this were but illusion !  
How it pains the ear averse !  
This intrusion  
On seclusion,  
Chaste and sacred, grows the worse.  
Laughing clatters !  
'Steal of love-sweet fancies poured !  
Woman-haters and beraters  
In triumphal song accord.  
Nightingales and tender turtles  
From the chaste warm nest are gone,  
And in fury 'neath the myrtles  
Is the Nymph clasped by the Faun.  
With torn robe, dishevelled tresses,  
On enjoyment treads disgust,  
And the god on such caresses  
Glares, indignant at the lust.



Yes ! I see the kindled fire,  
Steam and smoke, and cloudy train,  
Strung not only is the lyre,  
But the bow is strung amain.  
Shaken are souls of veneration,  
Even at the mighty approach,  
And the flames of devastation  
From afar his advent broach.  
Yet, oh ! yet, in words of warning,  
Harken to a brother's voice !  
Flee from the god's anger burning !  
Hence !—while yet ye have a choice !  
Lead away this savage legion,  
That our bounds once more be pure !  
Earth has many another region,  
And unholy enough, be sure.  
Here pure stars are o'er us shining,  
Noble are they that honour earn.

Yet if, in harsh distance pining,  
Ye to us would fain return,  
If there's nothing in the present  
Charms like that which ye deformed,  
If the sport no more seems pleasant  
Which the barriers over-stormed ;  
Come as pilgrims penitential,  
Once more up the mountain speed !  
Songs repentant, reverential,  
Prove our brothers back indeed,  
And a gay new garland windeth  
Round your temples, as ye tread.

When the strayed his error findeth,  
Then the gods themselves are glad.  
Faster then flows Lethe's river  
By the house of death profound,  
In the generous love-cup ever  
Is the fault's remembrance drowned.  
All of us are towards you pressing,  
Glorified ye near the throng,  
We implore for you a blessing ;  
Twice ours, ye to us belong !



SONG OF THE SPIRITS OVER THE  
WATERS.

The soul of man  
Is like the water :  
From heaven it cometh,  
To heaven it mounteth,  
And again under  
The earth it resteth,  
Ever changing.

Streams from the lofty  
Rocky wall  
The flashing crystal,  
Then dusts it, silvery,  
With waves of vapour  
The slippery cliff,

*SONG OF THE SPIRITS.*

And, received lightly,  
It boils up veiling,  
And showers back softly  
To the depth beneath.

Where jutting rocks  
Meet it in falling,  
Fretfully foams it,  
Ledge by ledge,  
To the abyss.

In gentle channel  
It steals the meadowy valley along,  
And in the unruffled lake  
All stars delighted  
Behold their faces.

Wind is the water's  
Ravishing wooer ;  
Wind stirs the waves up  
In foam from the deep.

Soul of man,  
How like to the water !  
Fortune of man,  
How like to the wind !

## THE SEA VOYAGE.

Long, long days and nights my ship lay freighted ;  
Waiting for the wind, I sat, with true friends  
Drinking to my patience and good courage,  
In the haven.

Doubly were those friends of mine impatient :  
“ Heartily wish we thee a speedy passage,  
Heartily wish a happy voyage ; good fortune  
Yonder in the distant world awaits thee,  
And awaits thee, to our arms returning,  
Love and laurels.”

And at early morning grows a clamour,  
As the sailors are aroused from slumber,  
All are crowding, all alive are, getting  
Underweigh with the first airs from landward,  
And the sails fill in the fair wind blowing,  
And with fiery love the sun allureth ;  
Draw the sails, draw the high clouds, careering,  
Friends upon the shore shout after, singing  
Songs of hope, in giddy joy believing  
All will, like the morning of departure,  
Like the first high starry nights, be glorious.

By wind-changes, sent of gods, now driven  
Sideways off from the course laid to steer by,  
Doth the brave ship, that to them seems yielding,  
All the while strive meekly to outwit them,  
True to purpose in oblique advances.

But from out the mirky, gray horizon,  
Fitful gusts announce the gathering tempest,  
Press the sea-birds down upon the waters,  
Press the swelling hearts down of the sailors,—  
And it comes. Before its strenuous fury  
Prudently the captain lowers his canvas,  
With the fear-filled hemisphere play havoc  
Gales and billows.

And on yonder shore afar are standing  
Friends and sweethearts, for the stout hull trembling :  
“ Wherefore, wherefore, tarried he not with us ?  
O the storm ! O fortune that deserts him !  
Shall the Good on the high seas thus founder ?  
Gods ! ye gods ! what if it should be, could be ? ”

Masterfully at the helm still stands he :  
With the ship play havoc gales and billows,  
Gales and billows play not with his spirit :  
O'er the raging deep he looks and lords it,  
Whether wrecked or landed safe, serenely  
His gods trusting.

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*EAGLE AND DOVE.*

An eagle's young bird stretched its pinions  
Forth for prey ;  
He met the hunter's arrow lo !  
The right wing's sinewy strength is cut.  
Down tumbled he into a myrtle grove,

Devoured his anguish three days long  
Therein, and writhed  
In torture three long, long nights long :  
At last his wound,  
With its all-potent balsam,  
All-healing Nature heals.  
Out of the bushes creeps he up,  
And spreads his wing—alas !  
His power of wing is crippled !—  
Scarce himself he raises  
From off the ground,  
And seeks with toil ignoble prey ;  
And rests lamenting  
On the low rocks by the stream ;  
Up to the oak he looks,  
Up to the heavens,  
And a tear gathers in his lofty eye

Come, consentaneous, through the myrtle-branches,  
With mellow coo, a pair of doves,  
Down to the ground they drop, and, winking,  
Walk to the stream o'er golden sands,  
And near each other draw ;  
Their pink eyes, making love, look round,  
The Inconsolable they spy.  
The male flies, sociably inquisitive,  
To the near bush, and looks  
At him with amiable self-conceit :  
“ Thou mourn'st,”—thus glibly he—  
“ Be of good courage, friend !

Hast thou for undisturbed felicity  
Not all things here ?  
Canst thou not enjoy the golden boughs,  
That shade thee from the noon-day heat ?  
And canst thou not in sunset's glow  
Against the soft moss by the stream  
Press thy throbbing breast ?  
Thou wanderest 'mid the flowers' fresh dew,  
And from abundance pluck'st  
In greenwood for thy need  
Inviting food, and slak'st  
Thy light thirst at the silver spring.  
O friend, true happiness  
Is the contented mind,  
And the contented mind  
Hath everywhere enough."  
" O wise one ! " spake the Eagle, and seriously  
Sinks he yet deeper in himself,  
" Wisdom ! thou speakest like a dove ! "

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*TIME A POSTILION.*

Rattle on, Kronos !  
Forward the resonant trot !  
Down-hill slides the way ;  
This disgusting giddiness  
Thy delaying prolongs.  
Brisk, fast is the trot,  
Over stock and stone with a rush  
Into the midst of life !

Now already again  
The slow breathing pace  
Up the difficult mountain !  
Off then, not lagging then,  
Striving and hoping still up !

Wide, high, splendid the view  
Round in the midst of life !  
O'er, from mountains to mountains,  
Hangs the Spirit Eternal,  
The eternal foreboding Life !

Now an over-roof's shadow woos thee  
To one side,  
And a look that refreshment promises,  
In the girl at the threshold there  
Here refresh thee !—Me, too, maiden !  
Mine be this foaming draught !  
Mine this beaming of rosy health !

Off then, rapidly down !  
See, the sun is low !  
Ere he sinks, ere me, an old man,  
The marsh's miasma seizes,  
Toothless jaws to rattle  
And the loose-hanging limb ;

Drunken with the last beam,  
Dash me,—a fiery sea  
Foaming before my glazing eye,—  
Blinded, giddily reeling in  
Through the night-like portal of hell !



*MY GODDESS.*

Sound, Postilion, the horn !  
Rattle the resonant trot !  
So that Orcus may hear we are coming,  
That, at portal awaiting,  
The host will kindly receive us !

*MY GODDESS.*

Which of Immortals  
Merits the highest prize ?  
With none dispute I,  
But to her give it,  
The eternally mutable,  
Ever youthful,  
Zeus's eccentric daughter,  
Beautiful pet-child,  
Phantasie.

To her has he  
All the humours,  
That to himself alone  
Once reserved he,  
Freely granted,  
And has his own pleasure  
In her folly.

She may, rosily wreathed,  
With a stem of the lily  
Float upon flowery valleys,

Soar with the butterflies,  
And light-nourishing dew  
With lips of bees may  
From blossoms gather ;

Or else she may  
With hair all flying  
And glances darkling  
In the winds whistle  
Round rocky ramparts,  
And many-coloured,  
Like morning and evening,  
Ever changing,  
Like moonlight glimpses,  
Appear to us mortals.

Let then all of us  
Praise the Father !  
The high, the ancient,  
Who such an enchanting  
Unwithering wife has  
To mortal men as  
Associate given.

To us alone  
Has He thus allied her  
With heaven's bond  
And has constrained her  
In joy and woe,  
As true consort,  
Not to desert us.

All the other  
Unhappy races  
Of the child-fruitful  
Quickening earth  
Wander and pasture  
In dark enjoyment  
And troubled suffering  
Of transitory  
And bounded existence,  
Chained to the yoke of  
Compelling needs.

Us only has he  
Given his versatile,  
Most indulged daughter,  
Rejoice you ! ungrudged.  
Go, graciously meet her,  
With warmth of a lover !  
Give her the dignity  
Of wife in the house !

And the old-fashioned  
Mother-in-law wisdom,  
The little soul delicate  
See it offends not !

Yet know I her sister,  
The elder, the graver,  
My tranquil friend :

Oh ! that she may  
With the light of life only  
From me be parted,  
The noble encourager,  
Comforter, Hope !



PROMETHEUS.

Enwrap thy heavens in darkness, Zeus,  
Of rolling clouds,  
And practise, as does the boy  
Who thistles lops,  
Thy strength on oaks and mountain-tops !  
Yet must thou, O tyrant,  
My earth let stand,  
And this my hut, which thou hast builded not,  
Yea, and my hearth,  
Whose cordial glow  
Thou can'st but envy.

I know of nothing poorer  
Under the sun than you, ye gods !  
Ye nourish painfully  
With sacrifices  
And breath of prayer  
Your majesty,  
And ye would starve,  
If children and beggars  
Were not confiding fools.

When I was yet a child,  
Bewildered in my ignorance,  
Up to the sun my wistful eyes  
I turned, as if above there were  
An ear to hear my lamentation,  
A heart, like mine,  
'To throb with pity for the oppressed.

Who sustained me  
Against the Titans in their arrogance?  
And who protected me from death,  
From slavery?  
Hast thou not all thyself accomplished,  
Sacred, glowing Heart?  
Glowed'st thou not, young and credulous,  
Cheated into thanks to him,  
The slumberer there above?

I honor thee ! for what?  
Hast thou ever the hearts disburdened  
Of the heavy-laden?  
Hast thou ever the tears extinguished  
Of the anguish-stricken?  
Was I not made the man I am  
By omnipotent Time  
And everlasting Fate,  
My lords, Zeus, and thine?

*MAHOMET'S SONG.*

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Was it thy thought, perchance,  
That I, in hatred of life,  
Should fly to deserts,  
Because not all  
My blossomed dreams had ripened?

Here sit I, forming men  
After my image,  
A race that like unto me are born  
To suffer, to weep,  
To enjoy and rejoice,  
And hold thee in disregard,  
As I !



*MAHOMET'S SONG.*

Lo ! the rocky spring,  
Clear and bright  
As a starry gleam !  
Above the clouds  
His glad youth was nourished  
By good spirits  
Between tall cliffs in the wild

In fresh youth  
From the cloud he dances  
On the marble rocks thereunder,  
And he shouteth  
Back to Heaven.

*MAHOMET'S SONG.*

Through the mountain-passes  
Chases he the coloured flints,  
And in early leadership  
Draweth he his brother streamlets  
Forth with him.

Through the valley as he goes  
In his footsteps spring the flowers,  
And the meadows  
Live upon his breath.

But no shady vale detains him,  
And no flowers  
That about his knees are twining,  
That with eyes of love caress him;  
To the plain he urges on,  
Serpent-winding.

Streams are curving  
Sociably together. Moves he  
To the lowlands silver-shining,  
And the lowlands shine with him,  
And the rivers of the lowlands,  
And the torrents of the mountains  
Shout to him and cry: O Brother!  
Brother, take us all with thee,  
With thee to thy hoary father,  
To the eternal Ocean,  
That with outspread arms of welcome,  
Waiteth for us,

That, alas ! in vain are opened  
To embrace his far-off children ;  
We're devoured by the desert's  
Hungry sands ; the sun in zenith  
Sucks our blood ; the rocky ridges  
Dam us to a pool. O Brother !  
Take thy brothers from the lowlands,  
Take thy brothers from the mountains,  
To thy father take us all.

One and all come !—  
And now swells he  
Grandlier ; a whole tribe of waters  
Rear their monarch high aloft !  
And in rolling triumph gives he  
Names to lands, and mighty cities  
Grow to greatness at his foot.

Checkless rushes he still onward,  
And far-flaming towers and splendid  
Marble piles, of his abundance  
A creation, leaves behind.

Cedar houses bears the Atlas  
On his giant shoulders : rustling  
O'er his head there float and flutter  
On the air a thousand streamers,  
Testimonials of his pomp,



*GANYMEDE.*

And so carries he his brothers,  
And his treasures and his children,  
Rushing to the expectant bosom  
Of their great progenitor.

*GANYMEDE.*

In glitter of morning  
Thou glowest around me,  
Spring, thou beloved !  
With thousand-fold of passionate raptures  
All my heart thrills  
To the touch divine  
Of thine ardour undying.  
Ambrosial Beauty !

Oh ! that I might enfold  
Thee in this arm !

Alas ! on thy bosom  
Rest I, and languish,  
And thy flowers and thy grass  
Are pressed to my heart.  
Thou coolest the burning  
Thirst of my bosom,  
Morning-wind exquisite !  
Softly the nightingale  
Calls to me out of the misty vale.  
I come ! I am coming !  
Whither ? Ah ! whither ?

Up! up the effort!  
The clouds they are floating  
Downwards, the white clouds  
Bow down to the longing of love,  
To me! Me!  
In your lap float me  
Aloft!  
Embraced and embracing!  
Aloft to thy bosom,  
All-loving Father!

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LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

When the primeval  
Heavenly Father,  
With hand indifferent  
Out of dark-rolling clouds  
Scatters hot lightnings  
Over the earth,  
Kiss I the lowest  
Hem of His garment,  
Kneeling before Him  
In child-like trust.

For with the gods may  
No mortal himself  
At any time measure.  
Should he be lifted  
Up, till he touches  
The stars with his forehead,

Nowhere to rest finds  
The insecure feet,  
And he is plaything  
Of clouds and of winds.

Stands he with strong-knit  
Marrowy bone  
On the deep-seated  
Enduring Earth,  
No further he reaches  
Than but with the oak  
Or the slenderer vine  
Himself to compare.

What doth distinguish  
Immortals from mortals ?  
In that many billows  
Before those roll ever,  
A stream flowing by :  
Upheaveth a billow,  
Collapses a billow,  
And we are no more.

A little ring  
Encloses our life,  
And numerous races  
Are strung through the cycles  
On to existence's  
Infinite chain.

## THE GOD-LIKE.

Let man be noble,  
Helpful and good !  
That, that alone  
Distinguishes him  
From all created  
Beings we know.

Hail the unknown  
Loftier nature  
Which man apprehendeth !  
That god-like example  
Teaches us faith.

For insensible  
Nature is ever ;  
The sun warms impartially  
Evil and good ;  
And on the felon  
As on the best shine  
The moon and the stars.

Wind and torrent,  
Thunder and hail,  
Sweep on their courses  
And take by storm,  
Hastening past us,  
One and another.

*THE GOD-LIKE.*

And fortune blindly  
Gropes in the multitude,  
Now her hand falls on  
The boy's curly innocence,  
Now on the bald crown  
Grown old in sin.

To great, adamantine,  
Eternal laws,  
Must we the circle  
Of our existence  
Round and perfect.

Man, and man only,  
Achieves the impossible ;  
He may distinguish,  
Elect and direct ;  
And he to the moment  
Duration can lend.

He alone dareth  
The good to reward,  
The evil to punish,  
To heal and to save,  
All erring and wavering  
In right paths to lead.

Nevertheless  
We revere the Immortals,  
They, were they men

Would do in their greatness  
What the best, in our smallness,  
Do or endeavour.

Man, thus noble,  
Be helpful and good !  
Unweariedly shaping  
The useful, the right,  
And be that Ideal  
We all apprehend !



LILI'S PARK.

There's no such a menagerie  
As is my Lili's ! All things vary,  
Creatures she has the most extraordinary,  
And how she got them knows not she.  
How they are jumping, running, falling,  
And how with clipt wings they are sprawling,  
Poor princes, each an animal,  
In never-quenched love-torments all !

How name the Fairy ? Lili ! Ask no more !  
Know nothing of her, and thank God therefor !

Oh ! what a rustle, what a shrieking,  
If in the door she takes her stand,  
The small food-basket holding in her hand !  
Oh ! what a cackle, what a squeaking !  
All the trees and all the bushes now are growing animated :

A host is precipitated  
At once before her ; and e'en the fish in the basin  
Splash in their impatience, with their noses bobbing out ;  
And then she strews the food about  
With a glance, divinities to enrapture,  
Let alone beasts. As she strews it they capture,  
Now a chopper, now a pecker ;  
All tumbling together neck over neck are,  
Pushing, affrighting each other are,  
Chasing and biting each other are,  
And all that for some crumbs of bread,  
Dry crumbs, that, by a hand so lovely strewed,  
Taste as they were ambrosia-tinctured food.  
But the look also ! The tone,  
When she calls : Pipi ! Pipi !  
Might draw the eagle of Jupiter from the throne ;  
Or Venus's doves twain,  
Yea, even the peacock vain,  
I swear, had descended,  
If to the tone from far they had attended.

And thus had she in the dark woods caught  
A bear, unlicked and uncultivated,  
And him to her will had subordinated,  
Hither to this tame company brought,  
And had tamed him like the others perforce,  
Until up to a certain point, of course !  
How fair, and ah ! how good  
She seems to be ! I would my blood  
Have given, if only flowers of hers to water !

I, did'st thou say? How? Why?"  
Well then, Sirs, in a word : The bear am I ;  
In a net-apron she has caught me,  
And to her feet with silken thread has brought me.  
Yet how it chanced is now no matter ;  
Another time will I relate ;  
To-day my anger is too great.

Then, ha ! I skulk and sulk in a corner,  
And hear from far their idle chatter,  
They that flutter, they that flatter,  
Then around I prowl  
And growl,  
And then run backwards to a distance,  
And round I scowl  
And growl,  
And run again a little distance,  
Ever returning on my prowl.

And then, my wrath no more supporting,  
Through the nose a mightier spirit is snorting,  
My nature it makes savage soon.  
What ! thou a fool, a base poltroon !  
Thou a Pipi ! A squirrel nuts to crack !  
I bristle up all my bristly back,  
To servitude unwont.  
Each little trimmed-up tree doth cast affront  
At me ! I flee the bowling-green ;  
From mown grass, smoothed with nice precision,  
The box-tree makes a face of derision ;  
I seek the darkest thicket's screen ;



Into enclosures to creep, I  
Over the fences to leap try !  
I fail in scramble and spring,  
A spell holds down endeavour,  
A spell is halting me ever,  
And I exhaust myself, and am a feeble thing ;  
Then, where the garden cascade's waters glisten,  
I cower and roll, and weep as I should die,  
And, ah ! to all my misery  
Only the porcelain Oreads listen.

All at once ! Ah ! there springs,  
And flows through all my limbs, a most ecstatic feeling !  
'Tis she, who yonder in her arbour sings !  
I hear the dear, dear voice again out-pealing,  
The whole air warms, is flower-full, and all ear.  
Ah ! doth she sing indeed, that I may hear ?  
I press near, roughly with the shrubberies dealing,  
The bushes fly, the trees make room for me,  
And so—the creature at her feet you see !

She looks at him : “ How droll ! and yet untrusty !  
He for a bear is too mild,  
And for a poodle too wild,  
So shaggy, clumsy, crusty ! ”  
Her little foot upon his back to pat it,  
He seems in paradise to be.  
How his seven senses tingle at it !  
And all the while composed is she.  
I lick the sole of her shoe, so humble,

As well behave as a bear may ;  
Slowly I raise myself, and stealthily I tumble  
Against her knee—on a gracious day,  
She suffers this, and likes my ears to tickle,  
And slaps me, half in petulance, half play ;  
I growl for joy at favours fickle ;  
On others, her sweet, vain scorn at me is shot :

“ *Allons tout doux ! eh la menotte !*

*Et faites serviteur,*

*Comme un joli seigneur !*

So she commands in sport and laughter !  
It gives him hope, that oft-fooled fool ;  
Yet, unsubservient he, the moment after,  
She snubs him short, as is her rule.

She has a vial of fiery-luscious balsam,  
A sweet, all honey of earth above,  
Wherefrom at one time she, softened by truth and love,  
My thirsty lips—O drop, delicious though unwhole-  
some !—

She touches with her finger-tip, and then  
She flies, and leaves me to myself again,  
And I, unbound and free to rove,  
Am still in bonds, if once I see her,  
I seek her, shudder, again flee her,—  
She lets her hapless victim wander far,  
And all his pleasure, all his pain, is still !  
Ha ! many a time for me she leaves her door ajar,  
And sidelong looks in scorn at the infirm of will.  
And I ?—Ye gods ! 'tis surely in your power  
To end this gloomy magic in an hour,

How would I thank you for my liberty !  
Yet do ye grant no aid to my complaining—  
But still not all in vain my limbs are straining :  
I feel it ! I swear it ! I will be free !

---

### THE MUSUGETES.

Often in deep nights of Winter  
Call I to the gracious Muses :  
In the east no morning-red breaks,  
And 'tis long before the daylight,  
But to hours as yet of darkness  
Bring the lamp's religious light, that,  
'Stead of Phœbus and Aurora,  
May my quiet work enliven !  
Yet they suffered me to lie, in  
Dull and unrefreshing slumber,  
And to tardy morning followed  
A day unemployed and wasted.

When the breath of Spring was stirring,  
To the nightingales I murmured :  
“ Nightingales, my darlings, warble  
Early, early, at my window,  
Wake me out of soundest slumbers,  
That so fast holds youth in fetters.”  
But the love-o'erflowing songsters  
All night long before my window  
Their melodious throats dilated,  
Held awake the clear mind list'ning,

And stirred tenderly new longings  
In the newly-troubled bosom.  
And in this wise went the night by,  
And Aurora found me sleeping,  
Yes, the sun could scarce awake me.

Now at last it was the Summer,  
And, with earliest morning-glimmer,  
A fly busily tormenting  
Roused me out of gracious slumber.  
Merciless again returned it,  
And when oft the half-awakened  
Brushed it off in his impatience,  
Summoned unabashed its sisters,  
And perforce from weary eye-lids  
Must the gracious slumber vanish.

From the bed I sprang with vigour,  
And I sought the cherished Muses,  
Found them in the beechen shadows,  
In a pleasant mood to greet me ;  
And for many a golden hour  
Must I thank the annoying insects.  
Still by me be, ye discomforts,  
Prized as ushers to the poet,  
Veritable Musagetes.

*THE MORNING LAMENT.*

Oh ! thou false, abominable maiden,  
Tell me wherewithal have I offended,  
That thou hast on bed of torture stretched me,  
That thou hast thy word of promise broken ?

But last evening, with such lingering pressure  
Of thy hand in mine, thou lispedst sweetly :  
“Yes ! I come, I come towards the morning,  
Dear my friend, quite early to thy chamber.”

Propped half open I my chamber-door left,  
And had well the hinges tried and proven,  
Glad to find there was not any creaking.

What a night was passed in expectation !  
Counted I the stroke of every quarter :  
If I dropped asleep one little moment,  
Still my heart remained awake and list'ning,  
Ever woke me from my softest slumber.

Yes ! in gratitude I blessed the darkness,  
That so tranquilly the world o'ercóvered,  
I rejoiced in universal silence,  
Listening, listening ever in the silence  
If with any sound it might be stirring.

“ Ah ! had she the thoughts that I am thinking,  
Ah ! had she the feelings I am feeling,  
She would not have waited for the morning,  
She would be with me this very hour.”

Jumped a cat across the floor ; I heard it,  
And a mouse that nibbled in the corner ;  
If within the house I know not what moved,  
Ever did I hope to hear thy footstep,  
Ever I believed I heard it coming.

And I lay so long and ever longer,  
That already grew the darkness grayer,  
And it murmured here and murmured yonder.

“Is it her door? Oh! that it were mine now!”  
Sitting upright in my bed I faltered,  
And I looked towards the door half-lighted,  
Till it moved to my excited fancy.  
Propped the door remained as I had left it,  
Quietly on its soft hinges resting.

And the day grew clear and ever clearer;  
And I heard my neighbour's front-door open,  
As to early daily work he hastened,  
In the street I heard the waggons rattle,  
Carrying wares or produce to the market,  
And full soon awoke the stir of traffic.

In the house is going now and coming,  
Up and down the stairs, hither and thither,  
All the doors are creaking and feet clatter;  
And as unto dear life I kept clinging  
To my cherished hope, and could not yield it.

Lastly, the whole odious sun uprisen  
On my window smote and on my ceiling,  
Forth I sprang and hastened to my garden,  
There the breath of burning hot desire  
With the calm, cool morning air to mingle,  
In the garden hoping I might meet thee,  
And now art thou neither in the arbour  
Nor along the lofty linden alley.



## THE VISIT.

I to-day would steal upon my darling  
In her dwelling, but I found the door locked  
Ah ! I have the key here in my pocket !  
Now the precious door I softly open.

In the salon found I not the maiden,  
Found I not the maiden in her parlour,  
Finally her chamber-door I open,  
And I find her gracefully reclining,  
Dressed and fallen asleep, upon the sofa.

At her work soft slumber had surprised her ;  
Quiet were the knitting and the needles  
In the delicate hands so lightly folded ;  
And I sat beside her, taking counsel  
Of my own heart if I should awake her.

There the lovely peace I contemplated,  
That reposed on her delicious eye-lids :  
On her lips was truth divinely tranquil,  
On her cheeks at home was perfect beauty,  
And a heart of innocence and goodness  
Moved the gentle bosom, rising, falling,  
And each easy limb lay indolently,  
As though balm Elysian had relaxed it.  
Joyous as I gazed, the contemplation  
Held in awe the wish of mine to wake her,  
Momentarily the more enchained me.

“ O, thou perfect sweet !” I thought, “ Can slumber,  
Of false line and lineament betrayer,  
Can it harm not thee, and naught discover  
That the lover’s fondest thought disturbeth ? ”

Tender lids thy tender eyes are veiling,  
Eyes that open only to bewitch me ;  
And thy pure lips have not any motion,  
Neither for sweet talk nor sweeter kisses ;  
Lying loosened are those magic fetters,  
Thy white arms, that other times enclose me,  
And the hand, the ravishing companion  
Of sweet flatteries, motionless is resting.  
Were it error that I thus adore thee,  
Were it self-delusion that I love thee,  
Now should I discover it, when Amor  
Standeth by me with his eyes unbandaged.

Long I sat so, heartily rejoicing  
In her worth to me and my devotion ;  
In her slumber she had so entranced me  
That I had not ventured to awake her.  
Then two oranges and two rich roses  
Softly laid I on the little table ;  
Softly, softly from the house I glided.

When her eyes she opens, my belovèd,  
Quickly will she see the brilliant colours,  
All astonished, as, with locked doors sleeping,  
Loving hands yet leave her loving presents.



Ah ! to-night again I'll see my angel ;  
How she will rejoice, and how reward me  
For these offerings of my tender passion !



## THE GOBLET.

Beautifully carved, a brimming goblet  
Grasping in both hands I held, desirous,  
In the sweet wine to the round rim mantling,  
To drink quite away all care and sorrow.

Love stepped forward and he found me seated,  
And he smiled demurely, archly, kindly,  
As in pity for the indiscretion.

“Friend, I know a far more lovely vessel,  
One to sink thy whole soul in it worthy ;  
Say what vow'st thou, if to thee I give it,  
And replenish it with rarer nectar ?”

Oh ! how kindly has he kept his promise !  
Filling thee with that soft inclination,  
Lida, that I long had sued for, pining.

When thy dear form in mine arms is folded,  
And from thine own true lips I am tasting  
Love long guarded in its balmy essence,  
Thus enraptured I address my spirit :

“No! so rare a vessel, save Love only,  
Never god hath wrought, no god possessed it!  
Such ambrosial forms shaped never Vulcan  
With the mind-endowed and cunning hammer!  
Though on leafy hill-sides may Lyæus,  
With his fauns, the oldest and the wisest,  
Tread the choicest grapes of all the vintage  
And direct the mystic fermentation,  
All his skill no draught like this can furnish.”

---

TO THE COY ONE.

Beholdest thou the orange,  
Upon the tree still hanging,  
When March has flown already,  
And new blooms are appearing?  
I step before the tree there,  
And say: O smiling orange,  
Thou ripe, thou golden orange,  
Thou sweet, delicious orange,  
I shake thee, feel, I shake thee!  
Oh! fall into my lap!

---

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

How I pity you, ye stars unhappy!  
That ye are so luminous and lovely,  
Ships distressed at sea so gladly lighting,  
Unrewarded or of gods or mortals:  
For ye love not, know not love, for ever!

Ye unhalting lead perpetual hours  
In your circles through the spacious heavens.  
What a distance now have ye accomplished !  
Since I, lingering in most dear embraces,  
Let you and the midnight pass unheeded.

---

TO LIDA.

The only one, Lida, whom thou can'st truly love,  
Thou claimest for all thine own, and with right.  
And he is only thine :  
For, parted now from thee,  
Appears life at its fastest  
Motion and commotion  
But an airy film, through which thy form I behold  
As in clouds for ever and ever :  
It beams on me loving and true,  
As through the rush of the Northern Lights' streamers  
Eternal stars are shining.

---

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

To one only belonging wholly,  
To revere one only, solely,  
So are joined the heart and brain !  
Lida ! Bliss of nearest nearness !  
Shakespeare ! Star of the height's rareness !  
For what I am, I thank you twain.  
Days and years they pass with fleetness,  
Still there rests, in rich completeness,  
On each hour my priceless gain.

## TO THE RISING FULL MOON.

Wilt thou then so quickly leave me ?  
 When but now thou wert so near !  
 Congregated clouds, to grieve me,  
 Darken round and hide thy sphere.

Now for grief thy glance reproves me,  
 Up thine edge gleams like a star !  
 Witnessing that stil she loves me,  
 Though the loved one be so far.

Up ! still up ! the heavens are thirsting  
 For the fuller flow of light :  
 Beats my heart as it were bursting,  
 And enraptured is the night.



## THE BETROTHAL.

At midnight while I slept, my full heart lighted  
 Its watch fire, and it was as it were day ;  
 When day appeared, to me it seemed benighted :  
 To me it seemed so, bring whate'er it may.

For she to me was wanting ; unabated  
 For her alone my toils were through the sway  
 Of the hot hours ; how life was renovated  
 In the cool evening ! richly to repay.

The sun sank, hand in hand in plighted duty  
 We greeted the last benediction-ray,  
 Eyes spake to eyes up-raised in solemn beauty:  
 "The East, hope only, brings the happy day!"

At midnight! and the starry splendour lured me  
 In sweet dreams to the threshold where she lay.  
 There to rest also, let it be assured me!  
 Oh! as life rests there it is good alway!

---

*AT MIDNIGHT.*

At midnight, when I crept, not very willing,  
 A small, small boy, through church-yard calm and cool  
 To father's house, the curate's; light was thrilling  
 In star on star till all was beautiful;  
At noon of night.

When, further, as life widened out before me,  
 Drawn to the one beloved, the war I viewed  
 Of Northern-lights and constellations o'er me,  
 I, coming, going, breathed beatitude;  
At noon of night.

And now, as beams of the full moon, with lustre  
 Lucid and lovely, throng the dark profound,  
 My thoughts spontaneous coruscate and cluster,  
 Around the past, around the future, wound;  
At noon of night.

## EVER AND EVERYWHERE.

Penetrate the mountain hollow,  
 High in air the light clouds follow,  
 And the Muse to stream and cover  
 Calls a thousand times and over.

---

With every cup that blooms, for song  
 There are compelling reasons ;  
 And when Time rushing flies along,  
 Return again the seasons.

---

## DORNBERG, SEPTEMBER, 1828.

Early over mount and valley  
 Mists their moisture are distilling,  
 And in field and garden-alley  
 Flower-cups, many-hued, are filling ;

When the lucent day is striving  
 With an atmosphere cloud-bearing,  
 And an east wind, keenly driving,  
 The blue sun-course is preparing ;

To the pure heart, great and gracious,  
 Thus revealed, art thou beholden,  
 While the red sun makes the spacious  
 Round of the horizon golden.

---

When by day from far-off longing  
The blue mountain draws me near,  
When by night the stars are thronging  
Overhead with splendour clear,

All day and all night I glory  
In man's lot : is he elate  
With the sense of right, his story  
Will be beautiful and great.

---

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

*He.*

I thought: "It is no pain to part!"  
Yet felt a sinking at my heart,  
A band upon my forehead strain,  
And dull blank in my inmost brain;  
Till tear on tear at last arose,  
And pent up feeling overflows.—  
Her farewell was with calmer brow,  
But now she weeps as well as thou.

*She.*

Yes! he is gone, it must be so!  
Ye loved ones, leave me to my woe  
Should I be strange in seeming,  
It is not that I doubt him:  
I cannot do without him,  
Therefore tears are streaming



*He.*

To sorrow I am not in tune,  
Yet joy in me no more is singing :  
Ripe fruits are to the branches clinging,  
Ah ! what avails to me the boon ?  
The day to me is weariness,  
Weary the night inflamed with thoughts pursuing ;  
But one enjoyment I possess,  
Thy tender image evermore renewing,  
And had'st thou inclination thus to greet me,  
Then might'st thou, my belovèd, half way meet me.

*She.*

Thou griev'st that I do not appear,  
Remote, thou'rt not all mine, I fear,  
Else were I in my image near.  
Is there no Iris in the blue ?  
Let rain, and there she is anew ;  
Thou weep'st ! already I am near.

*He.*

Yes ! Iris matches well thy wondrous beauty  
And sweet submissive duty ;  
Thou art as many-hued in harmony,  
As yielding, fair, and ever new as she.



## APRIL.

Eyes, O eyes, what are ye saying?  
For your speech is Beauty's wholly,  
Loveliest tones ye utter solely,  
And for something ye are praying.



*A MAY DREAM.*

And I fancy I discover  
That behind those eyes of crystal  
Rests a heart, as yet a vestal,  
Ripe to yield her to a lover.

It must please that heart so tender,  
Used to many a dull and blind one,  
Among looks at last to find one  
That can fondly comprehend her.

Whilst I sink my soul to dive for  
Meanings in these ciphers lavished,  
Be thy task the glances ravished  
From my bosom to decipher.

*A MAY DREAM.*

In the first warmed air aloft lie  
Silver cloudlets lightly wreathing,  
And, with mild beams spreading softly,  
Looks the sun through incense breathing ;  
Gently press the waves and bubble  
The luxuriant bank along ;  
As if washed, and waving double,  
Here and there the stream along,  
Mirrored is the verdure young.

Calm the sky, the breeze unmoving ;  
What is stirring branch and bower ?  
'Tis the sultriness of love in  
Fulness and oppressive power !  
Suddenly the view is clearer,  
See ! what roguish elves are there,  
Fluttering, veering swiftly nearer,  
As if born of morning air,  
Two-and-two, and pair on pair !

First to plait the roof they're stirring ;—  
Who hath need this house to enter ?  
Now they work at carpentering,  
Bench and table in the centre !  
And while still their pranks astonish,  
Sinks the sun, I scarcely heed,  
And a hundred more admonish  
They to me my darling lead—  
What a day-long dream indeed !



## JUNE.

Dwells behind yon mountain blue  
She that is both fond and true.  
How, O Mount, comes it to pass  
That to me thou art as glass,  
And I am not far therefrom?  
Lo ! I look, I see her come,  
Sad, for there I cannot be,  
Smiling, yes, she knows I see !

Flows between, secluded,  
A valley cool and lightly wooded,  
With meadows and streams, and many a thing,  
Mills and wheels, betokening  
Slopes with approach of the champaign gladdened,  
And with wide fields never saddened,—  
So does it ever, ever, come  
Here to my garden and home !

How then does it chance?  
All this pleases me not.  
Pleased was I with her countenance  
And her two eyes' glance,  
And her light steps pleased my thought—  
Ah! and I see her so  
From top to toe !  
I am here, she is there,  
I am away ! I am with her !

Up the steep hills she is bounding,  
Dances she the vale along,  
As of wings there is resounding,  
A vibration as of song.  
And for all that flush and splendour  
Of glad limbs and youthfulness,  
There awaits in silence tender  
One that she alone can bless.

Love sits lovely on her mien,  
Lovelier have I never seen !  
Out of her heart's sunny hours  
Bursts a galaxy of flowers.

Then I think: it shall be so!  
Marrow quickens, members glow ;  
And I muse, if she loves me,  
What is there can better be?

And still lovelier is the bride,  
When in me she will confide,  
Telling o'er and o'er again  
All her joy and all her pain,  
All she is and was, to me ;  
Then I know her utterly.  
Who may win into his life,  
Soul and body, such a wife?



PERENNIAL SPRING.

I.

Quickened to bursting,  
The loose soil swells !  
The snow-drop shaketh  
Its little bells ;  
The crocus unfoldeth  
A potent glow,  
And buds in emerald  
And blood-red blow.  
Primroses saucy  
Flaunt far and wide,  
And sedulous violets  
Cunningly hide ;

*ST. NEPOMUCK'S EVE.*

What more there may be  
 That stirs and weaves,  
 Enough that spring-time,  
 It works and lives.

## II.

Yet in the garden  
 One bloom I find  
 Richest—the lovely one's  
 Lovely mind.  
 On me she gloweth,  
 And I am stirred  
 To tender lyric  
 And lively word ;  
 One ever open,  
 A heart in bloom,  
 Sheds serious sweetness  
 And joy's perfume.  
 With rose and lily  
 If summer vies,  
 To match my darling  
 It vainly tries.

---

 SAINT NEPOMUCK'S EVE.

On the river lamps are lighted,  
 Children on the bridge are singing ;  
 With the pious charm united,  
 In the dome the chimes are ringing.

Vanish stars, and lights from river  
 Vanish ; so the waters darkened  
 Did our saint's pure soul deliver,  
 Who revealed not what he hearkened.

Swim, ye lights ! and play, ye children !  
 Children-chorus, sing, be singing !  
 Unrevealed is the bewild'ring  
 Tale that star to star is bringing.

---

### WHITSUNTIDE.

Under the white may, half-faded,  
 Lies my lover fast asleep ;  
 Happy should he be ! Unshaded  
 By a doubt, my trust I keep :  
 Rootless are these branches, drieth  
 The young blood that bloomed in dell ;  
 On Herr Thirty love relieth,  
 And his plants are nourished well.

---

### VIS-A-VIS.

What does she, my darling ?  
 With pretty foot-tap,  
 Across there, she rocks it,  
 It rests in her lap,

A bird in a cage there !—  
And now 'tis released,  
She tempts it with freedom,  
And how she is pleased !

It pecks at her finger,  
It pecks at her lips,  
It flies and it flutters,  
And near again trips.

So hasten then homeward !  
'Tis custom, I see ;  
And hast thou the damsel,  
So, too, she has thee.



## THE HERO THAT PLEASED ME.

Fly, ring-dove, fly ! He is not nigh,  
Who on one spring-morning slyly gliding  
Found thee in the wood, where thou wert hiding  
Fly, ring-dove, fly ! He is not nigh !  
Never rests the foot of evil spy.

Hark ! Flute-notes clear and love-songs dear  
To the loved one on the air are winding,  
Open doors in tender bosoms finding.  
Hark ! Flute-notes clear, and love-songs dear !  
Hark ! There grows of the sweet love a fear.

High is his stride and firm with pride,  
Off round forehead raven hair is flowing,  
On his cheek perpetual spring is glowing.  
High is his stride and firm with pride,  
Noble German feet maintain his stride !

Glad is his breast, its joy is chaste ;  
Black eyes, with a light frown on their splendour,  
Under curving brows, are darkly tender.  
Glad is his breast, its joy is chaste,  
At his glance all hearts to love him haste.

Red is his mouth, that me doth wound,  
On his lips is morning-fragrance lying,  
From his lips cool air is sweetly sighing.  
Red is his mouth, that me doth wound,  
One look from him and it makes me sound.

His heart is gold, his courage bold ;  
Safety dwells in him as a strong city,  
In his countenance is noble pity.  
His heart is gold, his courage bold,  
Blest is she whom his dear arms enfold.

---

*IMPATIENCE.*

Ever more and more a rover  
Over lands and over main,  
Fantasies on far shores hover,  
To and fro, a beckoning train !



New experience with new morrows !  
 Anxious hearts may terrors limn,  
 Youth is nourished by its sorrows,  
 Tears beget the blissful hymn.

---

### THE WANDER-YEARS.

The wander-years are entered upon stoutly,  
 And each step of the wanderer is uncertain.  
 He is not wont to chant or pray devoutly,  
 Yet turns he earnest looks,—when the mist-curtain  
 Obscures the critical path on which he moveth,—  
 Into his own heart and the heart he loveth.

---

And so raise I treasures olden  
 From this pit-fall wonderfully ;  
 If the glitter prove not golden,  
 It is henceforth metal truly.  
 One can melt, divide, or weigh it,  
 As a solid in possession ;  
 Ah ! may friend with friend assay it,  
 Stamp it with his own impression !

---

Scarcely can I say precisely  
 If unchanged myself I find ;  
 Questioned, I should answer wisely :  
 “ On the whole then, yes ! my mind !  
 Still the same in its inflections  
 Of distress or of delight,  
 It in thousands of directions  
 Again sets itself aright.”

## THE WANDERER'S SONG.

From the mountain peaks surrounding,  
Down the hills, the vale along,  
As of wings there is resounding,  
A vibration as of song ;  
And on impulse, free and roving,  
Follows joy, and counsel too ;  
Let thine effort be in loving,  
And thy life be but to do !

For the bonds are torn asunder,  
Shattered is the trust reposed ;  
I can know, and never wonder,  
I can say what chance exposed,  
And depart, to new hope beckoned,  
Like a widow in her woe,  
Who, the ONE lost, seeks a second,  
And still forward, forward go.

To the ground remain not rooted,  
Freshly face the fresh beyond !  
Head and arm will be recruited  
Everywhere, that ne'er despond ;  
Streams the sunshine of to-morrows,  
Cares melt on the golden marge ;  
That we may divert our sorrows  
Is the glorious earth so large.

## THE EMIGRANT'S SONG

All the same, to go or tarry,  
For the able be henceforth ;  
For where usefulness we carry  
Is the sphere of noblest worth.  
Easy 'tis for us to gain it ;  
Following thee we shall attain it ;  
Lo ! a fresh, firm Fatherland !  
Hail the Leader ! Hail the Band !

Thou dividest strength and burden,  
Nicely weighed ; thou giv'st the old  
Rest and honor in full guerdon,  
Wife and work to young and bold.  
Mutual trust will soon be rearing  
Cosiest cottage in the clearing,  
Garden hedge and smiling rood,  
And a kindly neighbourhood.

Where the tavern for our leisure  
Brims new cups of old-time beer,  
Where the stranger hath rich measure  
Of the unshorn lands to clear,  
One and then another settle,  
Hasten, hasten, men of mettle  
To the new, broad Fatherland !  
Hail the Leader ! Hail the Band !









