



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

POEMS
ORIGINAL & TRANSLATED.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY

The gift of

Miss Emma F. I. Dunston

Dunston B2/21c





P O E M S :
ORIGINAL & TRANSLATED.

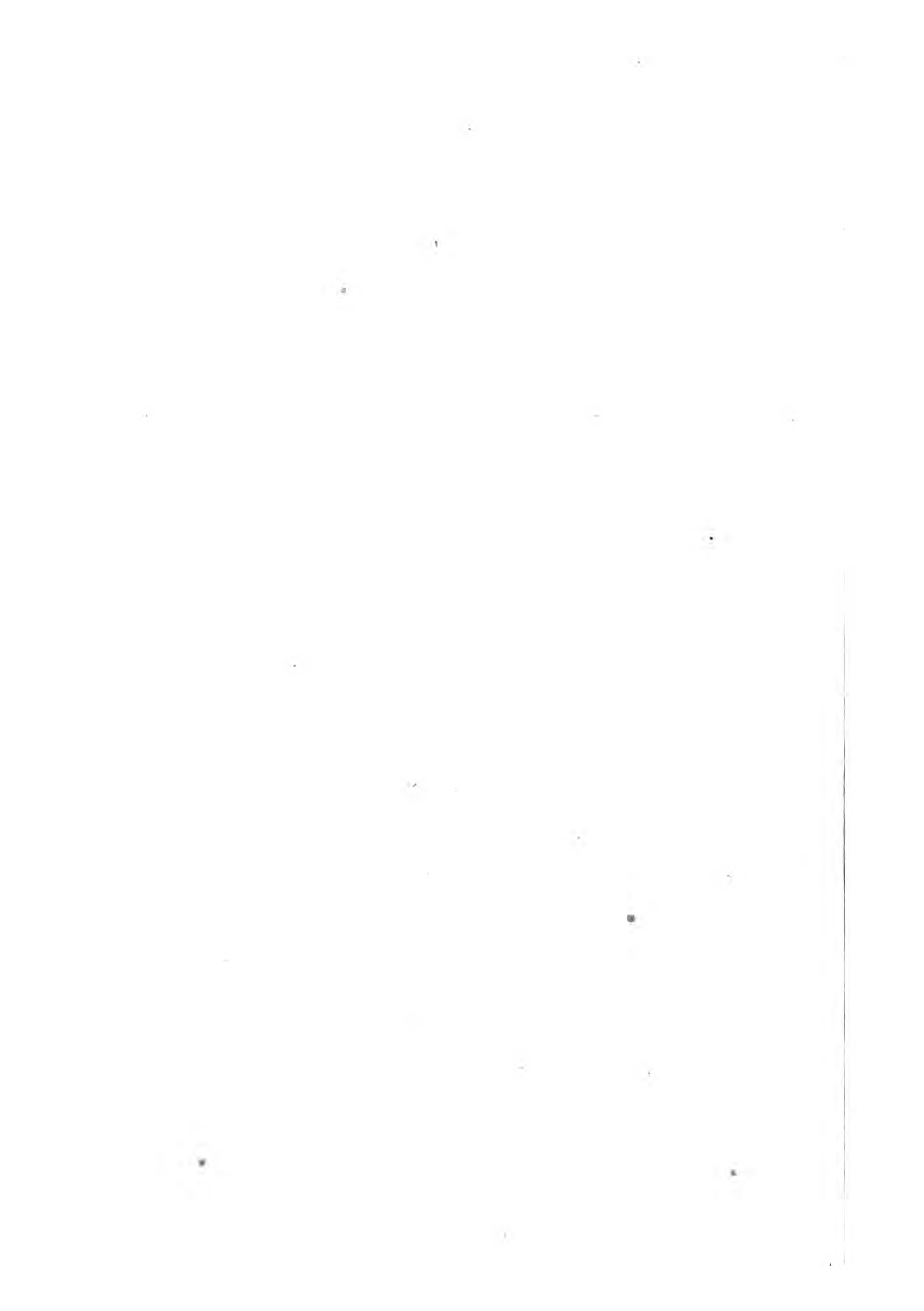
BY

S T . D U N S T A N .

London :

PRINTED BY W. SLATTER, 48, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, S.E.

—
1884.



P O E M S :
ORIGINAL & TRANSLATED.

BY

S T . D U N S T A N .

London :

PRINTED BY W. SLATTER, 48, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, S.E.

1884.



PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

From Goethe's Faust.

THE ARCHANGELS.

RAPHAEL.

THE Sun amid his brother spheres,
Sings as of old his rival song,
On his fore-written course he rolls
With rushing thunder-step along ;
His aspect gives the angels strength,
Though no one comprehend him may,
And all the high and glorious works,
Are "good" as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, with all ungrasplick speed
The pomp of earth whirls swiftly past,
Elysian brightness alternating,
With nights' deep terror-teeming vast ;
In mighty billows ocean foams
Around the steep cliffs' rocky base,
And cliffs and sea are borne along,
In the eternal spheres' swift race !

MICHAEL.

And storms in wild contention rage
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And weave an everlasting chain,
That girds the world eternally—
There flames a blinding flashing light,
Before the thunders rushing way ;
But we, thy servants, reverence Lord,
The gentle changes of thy day !

THE THREE.

Thine aspect gives the angels strength,
 Though no one comprehend Thee may ;
 And all Thy high and glorious works,
 Are "good" as at creation's day !

SPRING.

Winter's last wind, wandering
 Into the remotest spring,
 Found the leaves and buds at play
 Sporting in the sun's glad ray ;
 With a cold and cutting blast
 He withered them, as on he passed,
 Nought but blackened knobs were seen,
 Where all so late was fresh and green ;
 Like a life, that hope beguiling
 Decks with blossoms, bright and smiling,
 Till the world's cold breath comes o'er it,
 And the flowers fade before it.

SILENT LOVE.

From the German of Lenau.

In thy magic presence, fate
 Holds me mute enchanted ever ;
 'Neath thy glance, with joy elate,
 Dying fast away—I quiver.

As the lamp before the shrine,
 Of the heavenly Madonna,
 Gleaming on her face divine,
 Fainter ever grows, and waner.

THE POET OF NATURE.

'Mid the forests' stillness solemn
Soul entranced the poet lay,
Saw the sunshine o'er each column,
Of the greenwood giants' play.

Saw the oaks, their boughs entwining
As a shelter o'er his head ;
Saw the blue sky through them shining
With soft fleecy clouds o'erspread.

Saw the birds, with bright eyes glancing,
Hopping through the brushwood spray,
Saw the leveret bold, advancing
With wild springs to where he lay.

Saw the many coloured flowers,
Nodding o'er their mossy bed,
Saw the close enwoven bowers
Where the tenderest buds were fed.

Heard the green boughs interlacing
Whispering of a former day ;
Tell, how, since their first embracing,
Centuries had passed away.

Heard the stream with eager motion,
Gurgling o'er its pebbly bed,
Singing to the far off ocean,
As in joyous course it sped.

Heard the hum of myriad voices,
Rising through the tranquil air,

Heard, how nature all rejoices
And proclaims God's works are fair.

Felt, as with the God-head blending,
Felt his origin divine,
Felt his soul to heaven ascending,
On the winged thoughts of rhyme.

Lingered till the moonbeams gleaming,
Chequered all the hills with light;
And the earth lay still and dreaming,
In the soft embrace of night.

Lingered till the fire from heaven,
Touched the altar of his soul,
And the sacred power was given,
To sway, to conquer, to control.

Then the flood gates of his soul
Opened, and the stream of song,
Rushing forth beyond control
Rolled impetuously along.

Words of sweetness, words of thunder
From his lips resistless poured,
Filling all the world with wonder;
Men paused, they listened, they adored.

From earth's man created sorrow,
Far He lifted them on high,
Told them of a glad "To-morrow,"
Life that lives eternally.

IMPROMPTU ON HEARING THAT FOXHALL HAD
WON THE CESAREWITCH & CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Age upon age remorseless mars,
Each nation as it ripens,
America has all the stars,
And England gets the stripes.

THE CITY POET.

In his armchair, soft and easy,
Brain perplexed, the poet lolled,
Saw the crowd besmeared and greasy,
As adown the street it rolled.

Saw the ceiling hanging o'er him,
With voluptuous paintings, bright,
Saw upon the board before him
Page on page he must endite.

Saw for luxury or for pleasure,
Useless baubles round him spread,
Saw devices without measure,
By which each pampered sense was fed.

Saw the soda, and the brandy,
Close beside his elbow placed,
Saw, and finding them so handy,
Straight applied his lips to taste.

Heard the hubbub and the wrangling
Of the noisy crowd below,
Heard the bickering and the jangling,
Heard polluted words breathed low.

Heard the paper boys out-crying,
 News of things that ne'er occurred,
 Heard his own name swiftly flying,
 As a home familiar word.

Heard and knew the eager rabble,
 Shouted for his high-spiced fare,
 Heard the universal gabble,
 "Give us something new and rare."

Felt his nature low and sensual,
 Felt the impulse to destroy,
 Felt to make him influential,
 Squib and sneer he must employ.

Lingered till the brandy fuming,
 Permeated all his brain,
 Till dismembered thoughts assuming,
 Forms grotesque, he shaped with pain.

Lingered till the weed exhausted,
 Fell in ashes from his lips,
 Then, as in the fire he tossed it,
 Just imbibed a few more sips.

Took old sarcasms long discarded,
 Wrapped fresh tinsel round a few,
 'Fore the unthinking mass paraded,
 Vaunted them as something new.

Took loose fragments, unconnected,
 Mixed them in confusion dire;
 And the frauds he had detected
 Called the whole world to admire!

Roking 'mid a charnel's treasure,
 He had found but dust and bone,
 And in loud discordant measure,
 Proclaimed man made of such alone.

IMPROMPTU ON HEARING THE MURMURS AT THE
 EGYPTIAN EXPENSES OF 1882.

Gladstone was once the People's Will,
 By which they all would swear.
 He now is but the Nation's Bill,
 Dishonoured everywhere.

NIGHT WANDERING.

From the German of Lenau.

'Tis night, the tempest fierce and strong,
 Is howling through the forest drear ;
 I roam all desolate, along,
 Without one ray of comfort near,
 And all too sadly real ; alas !
 In angel mildness by my side,
 Doth ever onward with me pass
 The image of my lost dead bride.
 Her pallid face now begs of me,
 What once her sweet lips did implore,
 So tenderly and solemnly,
 In her last parting, dying hour.
 " Oh ! check the wish for death's cold rest,
 That in thy bosom swelleth now ;
 When they shall tear me from thy breast,
 And in the dark grave, lay me low."

To bright rich death the rapid stream,
 Inviting, roars my feet beneath ;
 The wild waves loudly calling seem,
 To cry " Oh, come and taste of death."

Those sounds, like sweetest music ring,
 To one who to the past is tied ;
 Yet holds me backward from the spring,
 The pleading voice of my dead Bride.

The darkening clouds are gathering wide,
 The storm sweeps through the forest's night,
 The thunder-peals in echoing pride,
 Roll on and on in gloomier night.

" Ye forkéd lightnings hear my prayer,
 Dart but one single ray on me,
 That I may quit this life of care,
 And blessed with her, again may be."

PASTORAL.

Over head the lindens, underhead the grass,
 By my side was Fanny, how it came to pass,
 I could never tell, but her fingers fair,
 From my brow were coyly putting back the hair,
 And she gently asked me why I was so sad,
 Said to make me happy would make her so,
 so glad !
 While her lips were murmuring mine were
 drawing nigh,
 Soon I stopped their music, Oh! so blissfully.

SONGS OF THE WANDERER.

German of Uhland.

Fare thee well, fare thee well, Oh, my love,
 Now alas I must leave thee for ever ;
 But one kiss, but one kiss, give me love,
 I must leave thee, to meet again—Never !

But one blossom, one blossom love break,
 From the tree in the garden for me,
 Not a fruit, not a fruit must I take,
 I dare not e'en ask it of thee.

THE STEAMBOAT.

Silently over the water's glode,
 The boat in the stillness of night,
 I alone restlessly trod,
 The deck 'neath the moon's pallid light ;
 Was she sleeping beneath me, at rest,
 Unheeding our parting, so near,
 Or throbbed wildly as mine did, her breast,
 At the anguish we so soon must bear ?

Three days of ecstatic delight
 On the waves we together had passed,
 They were gone and the hours in their flight
 Brought the moment of parting at last.
 We had met not so friendly before,
 Though for years we each other had known
 And the love which each heart in it bore,
 But in silence and tokens was shown.

Sad and weary with watching so long
 Crept I down in the morning's cold light,
 And silently stepped through the throng,
 All wrapped in the slumber of night ;
 For a moment, I paused at her door,
 She was weeping, I heard her soft moan,
 Like me did she vainly deplore,
 The hours of our happiness gone ?

SCENE FROM FAUST.

Marguerite at her Spinning Wheel.

My heart is all heavy,
 Peace seek I in vain,
 I shall find it never,
 Oh, never again.

Where he is not,
 Earth is a tomb,
 The great world now,
 Holds nought but gloom.

My brain is dizzy,
 And my mind,
 A moment's rest,
 No more can find,

My heart is all heavy,
 Peace seek I in vain,
 I shall find it never,
 Oh, never again.

I look from the casement,
 His form to behold,
 I steal from the threshold,
 His heart to enfold.

His lofty mien,
 His noble form,
 His smiling lips,
 His kisses warm.

His magic flow,
 Of words to hear,
 His hands' fond clasp,
 His kiss to bear.

My heart is all heavy,
 Peace seek I in vain,
 I shall find it, never,
 Oh, never again.

My heart goes forth,
 In constant strife,
 Seeking for him,
 Who is its life.

Oh could I fold him in these arms,
 And on his lips my kisses lay,
 On his responding kiss my soul,
 In rapture would dissolve away.

JOY.

I climb the rocky crag once more,
 I gaze upon the sea,
 And drink into my raptured ear
 Its changeful melody.

Sunshine and bliss alone are found,
 No cares of earth, no jarring sound,
 But God and heaven are all around!
 A spirit joy, intense, profound!

The winds of heaven are blowing free,
 Untainted by the City's breath,
 I seem to have gained eternity,
 And yet not passed the gates of death!

When this decaying frame no more
 Shall clog the soul, will it not soar
 In endless bliss, through endless space
 The Creator's mighty works to trace.
 And in ecstatic rapture raise
 A pœan of perpetual praise,
 All known, all proved, and all revealed
 The book of knowledge all unsealed,
 Adoring, wondering will proclaim
 Th' Almighty's works all good remain!

THE THREE STARS.

From the German of Theodore Koerner.

Three stars, there are friendlily twinkle,
 The darkness of life high above!
 These stars that so faithfully glisten
 We call them Wine, Music, and Love!

In the sweet voice of song oh there breatheth
 A heart sympathetic and true,
 In song—grief its bitterness loseth—
 And joy doth its rapture renew.

And wine with sweet music entwining
 Gives an impulse and vigour to song
 In its praise, how harmoniously flowing
 The strain rolls in gladness along.

But if gleaming in ravishing splendour
 The third star in heaven doth shine,
 It rings in the soul like sweet singing,
 It glows in the bosom like wine,
 Then ye heart-stirring planets still twinkle,
 Glow bright in our hearts from above,
 Be with us still, living, or dying,
 For ever, Wine, Song, and Love.
 Generous wine, and fond love and sweet
 singing
 The festival nights make all fair ;
 Then hail to whom kissing and loving,
 And bright wine and sweet song are dear.

SPRING.

Spring breathes through all the forest glades,
 Her pantings swift and strong,
 She stirs amid the tender blades,
 And wakes the woods to song.
 And crimson buds—like new-born hopes—
 That blush for very loveliness,
 Burst, opening on the sunny slopes,
 Or clothe with smiles the green recess.
 Sweet sights, soft tones and balmy air
 Are floating all above, around,
 Life, light and love breathe everywhere,
 From azure sea to teeming ground !
 Blent, mingling, breathing through the whole
 Is that inexplicable bliss,
 Which springs from none, but is the soul
 That lightens through all—fathomless.

Through all it weaves, in all has part,
It stirs, it lives, it speaks, in all,
But only on the human heart
Its sounds intelligibly fall.

They waken there, new thought, new power,
Its echoes to the tones resound,
And give God back in thankful hour
A love and gratitude profound.

All teems with vigour, life and force
Freshness, alacrity and strength,
As rivers from their mountain source
Roll with majestic swell their length.

One moment in my heart there woke
The throbbings wild and free,
That erewhile, when the springtide broke
Answered responsively.

One flash of light, then all again
Was closed in deepest night ;
One momentary pause from pain,
One glimpse of heaven's far light.

As fountain ripple to the ear
Of one, who faints in sandy plain
And drags his failing limbs more near
But only gains the brink in vain.

As cover to the wounded deer,
Who sees the longed-for forest rise
When prest by eager hounds too near,
She heaves her last, deep panting sighs.

As dew upon a flower, whose head
 Has drooped beneath the sun's fierce ray,
 Where cooling balm is vainly shed
 When its life's sap is parched away.
 So came that breath of spring to me,
 And mocked with semblance of delight,
 And joy, which it no more may see
 A heart whose day has closed in night.

FROM FAUST.

Margueret at the Virgin's Shrine.

Graciously oh thou rich in pain, incline
 To me in direst woe thy countenance divine!
 The sword has pierced thine inmost breast,
 And on thy dying son thy sad eyes rest,
 Up to the Father lookest thou, and sighs
 For his, and thy distress from thee to heaven
 arise.

How my heart is racked with woe,
 Thou, and thou alone cans't know;
 How it trembleth, how it yearneth,
 How with agony it burneth.

Whither so e'er I go,
 What woe! what woe! what woe!
 Still in my breast I bear!
 I scarcely seem alone—I weep—
 My heart is shattered by despair.

The flowers that in my window stood
 I watered with my tears like rain,
 When at the morning's earliest dawn,
 I culled these buds for thee with pain.

When brightly in my chamber,
 The rising sunbeams shone,
 Already sat I wakeful up,
 My sleep—my peace all gone.
 Help! save me from disgrace and death,
 In pity oh thou rich in pain, incline
 To me, in deepest woe, thy countenance divine!

SNOWFLAKES.

Silently, softly, quiveringly all
 In our feathery whiteness drest,
 Gleaming through air we fall,
 Till we cover the earth's 'dark breast
 With a glittering vest.

Through the night so murky and dark,
 Our radiance cold gleams out,
 With a ghastly ridge for a mark!
 The wanderer staggers about,
 As he tracks his fearful route.

Bewildered he sinks on the ground,
 All helpless, benumbed and chill;
 We spread our cold arms around,
 And hush him to slumbers still,
 On the side of the hill.

His wildly throbbing heart
 Struggles madly to break from our thrall,
 But well we enact our part,
 And thicker and thicker we fall,
 In a soft white pall.

Like a soft-lipped woman smiling,
 Breathing words of peace and rest,
 While the heart she is beguiling,
 Freezes on her ice-cold breast,
 Against it prest.

EXPECTATION.

From the German of Schiller.

Heard I not the wicket swinging,
 Did the bolt not backward fly?
 No! it was the soft wind singing
 Through the trembling aspens nigh.

Oh, greenleaved bower, thy sweetest aspect wear,
 Her beauty beaming presence to receive,
 Ye branches, weave a tapestry fair,
 And gentle night around her thickly wreath.
 Caressing Zephyrs homage to her bear,
 And round her damask cheeks disporting
 breathe,
 When to the home of Love, with lightest spring
 Her fairy foot its burthen light shall bring.

Hark, what through the thicket darted,
 Hurrying on with rapid tread;
 Ah, 'twas but a bird that started!
 Scared from out its nest and fled!

Oh, quench thy torch rude day, come forth again
 With thy deep stillness spiritual night,
 And spread thy purple mantle o'er the plain,
 Weave mystic branches round, shut out the
 light!

To fly the listeners ear, love's joys are fain,
 Far from obtrusive day he wings his flight,
 To secret Hesper only trusteth he
 Who silent gazing, keepeth watch on high.

Did a voice from distance stealing,
 Softly on the silence break?
 No, the swan in circles wheeling,
 Glided o'er the azure lake.

A flood of harmony floats on mine ear,
 The fountains play with a sweet murmuring
 sound,
 To winds soft kisses bend the flowerets fair,
 And bliss exhaling teem all things around,
 The red grapes beckon in their joy to share,
 The peach that in luxuriant leaves is bound,
 The gales that steeped in spicy odours blow,
 Drink from my burning cheek its feverish glow.

Heard I not light footsteps sounding,
 Rustling o'er the leaf-spread walk,
 No, the ripened fruit fell bounding,
 Dropping from the slender stalk.

The garish eye of day is closed at last,
 In quiet sleep and all his hues grow pale
 The flowers that shun his beams (their radiance
 past),
 Their beauties to the twilight soft, unveil
 The still moon beaming through the azure vast
 Chequers in peaceful masses hill and dale,
 The Zone is now unbound from all things fair,
 And every hidden beauty is laid bare.

Yonder, yonder, brightly beaming,
 Silken robes mine eye can mark ;
 No ; white columns spectral gleaming,
 Glitter through the yew trees dark.

O'erflow not thus in vain my longing breast,
 With sweet, but unsubstantial forms to sport ;
 The arm is void that should round her be prest,
 To fill my heart is bliss ideal, nought.
 Oh, come thou living form in beauty drest,

Let me but feel her touch with transport
 fraught,
 Oh let me but her garment's shadow see,
 And the bright dream will living rapture be.

Soft as if from heaven descending,
 Came the thrilling hour of bliss,
 She, unseen, unknown was bending,
 O'er me with a greeting kiss.

HEAVEN.

To know as we are known ; to see
 The hidden workings of the Deity,
 To trace th' Almighty mind throughout all space,
 To stand before the All-Creator's face !
 Age after age, to wander in amaze
 Through all His boundless universe, and trace
 The workings of His grace—the tender care,
 The wisdom and the love shown everywhere ;
 Perchance to minister in other spheres,
 And wipe from sorrowing earth-stained eyes
 the tears,
 To join the chorus of eternal praise,
 Which souls that view his glory ever raise,
 To feel that we are one, with those whom here
 Our hearts cannot all grasp, however dear,
 And, sweeter than all else—with them to fall
 Adoring before Him—the All in All,
 To kneel before Him all dissolved in love
 And syllable that name, all names above.

THY FORM.

From the German of Lenau.

The sun sinks down, the mountains' glow,
 And in the evening roses sweet
 Thy form beloved seems to blow,
 The distant one afar to greet!

When Hesper beams all mild and bright,
 In heaven's blue arch above,
 Thy form so fair, seems through the night,
 The starry vault to rove.

Amid the leaves that moonlit gleam,
 The evening breezes sigh,
 So fondly round thy form their stream,
 In crisping waves doth play.

The waves loud roar, o'er heaven doth dash,
 On thunder wings the storm,
 Yet in the lightnings fiercest flash,
 I trace, oh maid, thy form.

The intoxicated lightnings weave
 Around thy gleaming brow,
 As round this heart, where'er it lives,
 Bright memories will glow.

The chamois from the craggy height
 Leaps with the speed of wind
 So sprang from me the swift delight
 I never more may find.

I seem now onward to have prest,
 Into a chasm drear and wild,
 That in its stern and gloomy breast,
 Has never nursed the Sun's bright child.

But from it, as from depths of night,
 Thy form I gently beckoning see,
 Those lips, yet never gleamed so bright,
 Oh, turn thy glance dear love on me.

THE DYING SWAN.

O'er my spirit is rushing a flood
 Of rapture divine :
 Never before
 Did my heart's inmost core
 Pant with emotion so fine !
 Life subduing, it thrills through my blood.
 I could soar in ecstatic delight
 O'er earth in my pride,
 But the force is gone
 Of my pinions' strong
 Listless they droop by my side,
 Nor can they uphold me in flight.
 It is passionate, wild and intense,
 Resistless, and solemn, and deep !
 Yet soft as the gleam
 Of the moon's young beam,
 It seems lulling my being to sleep
 O'er its power I have no defence.
 Strange and mystic—the spell that is cast
 Around me so strong
 Ne'er till this hour
 My spirit had power
 To pour forth its joyance in song !
 Will this vision of Paradise last ?
 Fainting, dizzy and failing I reel !
 In confusion sweet
 Do all things fair
 Of earth and air
 Seem blending around me to meet,
 And my life-sands away from me steal !

THE THREE STUDENTS.

From the German of Uhland.

Home over the Rhine came three students so
 gay,
 'Twas towards a blythe hostess they wended
 their way.

“ Dame Hostess ! and hast thou good ale now,
 and wine,
 And where is that fair little daughter of
 thine ? ”

“ My ale and my wine, they are fresh sirs, and
 clear,
 My little girl lyeth upon her death bier ! ”

And when they had entered the chamber,
 behold,
 She lay in her coffin all shrouded and cold.

The first, from her features the gloomy veil
 took,
 And gazed on her long with a sorrowful look.

“ Thou fairest of maidens, ah ! didst thou yet
 live,
 To thee from this hour my whole heart would
 I give.”

The second, he covered her gently again,
 And turned him about, and wept sorely for
 pain.

“ Alas, and thou lyest upon thy death bier,
 I have loved thee, oh, maiden for many a year.”

The third again, tenderly lifted the veil,
 And kissed her upon the cold lips so pale.

“ Thee have I loved ever, still love thee to-day,
 And yet will I love thee for ever and aye.”

SONG.

On this Linden, long long years ago,
 Side by side we our names once had traced,
 As vainly, I sought for them now,
 I thought time had the record effaced,
 But as I was searching, my hand
 Brushed some moss and some old bark away,
 And beneath, there all freshly did stand,
 Thy name as it stood on that day.
 Mine was gone, I sought vainly around,
 Not a letter or trace could I see,
 The tree had recovered the wound
 So long ago given by me,
 I wept. Like the Linden, my heart
 Retained the bright image of thee,
 But soon from thy breast did depart,
 The love once there written by me.

AMALIA.

From the German of Schiller.

Fair as an angel in eternal bliss may be,
 Fairer than all earth's fairest youth's was he,
 Heavenly mild his aspect, as the Sun of May
 Reflected in the bosom of the sea.
 Elysian rapture from his kiss did flow,
 As two flames meet and mingle in one glow,
 As harp-tone doth with harp-tone blend and
 twine,
 Into one strain of melody divine.
 E'en so impetuously did spirit fly
 And into spirit melt tumultuously,
 Lips and cheeks did quiver in one warm bright
 glow,
 And in resistless ecstasy, soul into soul did
 flow.

In that absorbing and bewildering trance,
 Earth and Heaven seemed confusedly to dance,
 As if they through the universe dissolved,
 And all things into one blessed whole resolved
 And he is gone, in vain, ah me, in vain
 Flies after him the weary sigh of pain,
 Yes he is gone, and all the joy life gave,
 Fades with one quivering sigh into the grave.

SONG.

A beam of the sun to be,
 And ride slanting across the sea,
 Oh! that were a life of glee!
 To dive through the feathery foam,
 Down, down, where the sea-nymphs roam,
 To the caves where they make their home,
 Oh! that were the life for me!
 To glad with my warmth the earth,
 To call the sweet flowers to birth,
 And awaken the insects to mirth,
 Were to live right royally!
 To pierce the dark mountains and see,
 What treasures within them be,
 Oh! that were a life for me!

TOWARDS THE SOUTH.

From the German of Lenau.

Towards the south the rain is dashing,
 Winds are southward roaring stern,
 There, where lightning streaks are flashing,
 Towards the south my heart will turn.
 In far Hungary, secluded
 Stands a little hamlet fair,

By the forest close enwooded,
 Blest and tranquil stands it there.
 On the hamlet's border lowly,
 Is an humble cottage placed,
 In whose narrow limits holy
 All my hearts world is embraced.
 Sadly from the lattice bending,
 Lilla towards the forest looks,
 Tears of grief her cheeks descending,
 Towards the quivering trees she looks.
 And in silent thought she gazes,
 Till awful doth the stillness grow,
 Marks the streamlets flowing mazes,
 Sees the leaves borne to and fro.
 Louder, wilder, waves are gushing,
 Fierce winds battle through the woods,
 Time is audibly on-rushing,
 In the maiden's solitude.

SONG OF FLORETTA.

From the Opera of Henri Quatre.

Hopeless, helpless, faint with anguish,
 Sinks my heart in mortal pain,
 Throbbing 'neath its load to madness,
 Prayer and love alike are vain.
 Henry! Henry! thou hast left me,
 All the world has left me now,
 Who of all the world was precious,
 Sacred, dear to me, but thou.

Ah, 'twas not the prince, the hero,
'Twas the simple gardener boy,
That my simple heart adoring,
 Made its idol and its joy.
Thou wert youth, and light and beauty,
 I'd no being but in thee,
On whatever they were resting,
 Thee alone mine eyes could see.
And mine ears no sound could enter,
 But the music of thy voice,
Ever in my heart resounding.
 Bidding every pulse rejoice;
Ever to my lips were clinging,
 Kisses that had clung to thine,
Aye, my glowing breast was throbbing,
 As when it was prest to thine.
Distance could not take thee from me,
 From the true and loving heart,
That which is its very being,
 Time nor space have power to part.
I was with thee, I still felt thee,
 I still formed a part of thee,
Mingled with thee, and my spirit,
 Flowed through thine all glowingly.
Thou wilt grow a stately warrior,
 Round thee will a nation bow,
But no heart will ever love thee,
 As Floretta loves thee now.
And thyself,—ah! Henry, Henry,
 Never will thy bosom know,
Ought in its succeeding passions,
 Like thine earliest love's first glow.

Come, thou murderous arrow, come then,
 Let me kiss thee once again !
 Thou poor rosebud like me pierced through
 Died'st, and so forgot thy pain.
 I have promised, I will fail not !
 By the Garronnes well I'll be,
 Thou perchance may'st not observe me,
 Search its waters well—and see !

No ; I cannot live without thee,
 And thou lov'st me now no more ;
 But I go, the cold waves call me :
 Pardon, oh thou gracious Power !
 Pardon him too, all the torture
 That this bleeding heart hath known,
 All its inmost depths of anguish
 To thy pitying eyes are shown.

Darkness closes fast around me,
 And the moment once so dear,
 When I stole forth blessed to meet thee,
 Now again is drawing near.
 Trembling, fainting, half-unconscious,
 Longing only for some place
 Where my head may rest in silence
 Rush I death to thy embrace.

PARTING AND SHUNNING,

From the German of Uhland.

Must I no more caress thee
 Thou of my life, the bliss !
 Fast to my heart I press thee
 Thou giv'st the parting kiss !
 Is this to shun for ever,
 Thus to cling lip and hand,
 Oh is it thus—to sever,
 Thus close embraced to stand ?

TO THE SKYLARK.

Soar high, thou lark, soar high!
 My soul exultantly
 Follows thy flight through the broad blue
 expanse.
 Upward towards light and love,
 Earth's myriad cares above,
 Borne in a heav'n enthralled and joyous
 trance.
 Quaver thy praise on high!
 Sing to the Deity,
 Notes that on mortal ears half muffled fall;
 E'en so the soul ascending,
 Towards the Eternal wending,
 Raises her song in full and thrilling call.
 Thy song is ended down thou drop'st again
 To the hard earth, its wants, its cares, its pain,
 Yet thou hast brought from heaven sustaining
 joy
 To strengthen thee against the world's annoy.
 Ev'n so the spirit's wings too soon must close,
 And prone upon the earth—from whence it
 rose—
 For that brief point of rapture; must the soul
 Submit itself once more to earth's control,
 But with a freshened strength, a truer sight,
 A feeling that its darkness ends in light.

LOVE.

It stole so gently o'er his soul,
 Yet held him in such stern control!
 As one, who on some summer's even,
 Absorbed in glowing dreams of heaven,

Stands on a lonely seagirt rock,
 Nor marks the advancing waters' shock,
 But only notes with raptured eye
 How the blue waves smile lovingly ;
 And how the sunbeams glow and play
 As the foam shimmers in their ray,
 Whose ear but marks, how musical
 Is their alternate rise and fall,
 Till o'er his heart they coldly break
 And from his blissful dreams awake !
 Hopeless and helpless cast away,
 The sportive billows claim their prey ;
 So on a crag of life stood he,
 Surrounded by love's treacherous sea,
 So, gulphed him, all too hopelessly
 The charms of thy false witchery !

TO MY MOTHER.

Fragments from the German of Umland.

A grave, oh Mother, hath been dug for thee,
 Upon a quiet spot thou well didst love,
 There spreads its fostering shadow a broad
 tree,
 And many a flower blooms thy dust above.
 Thou dost unchanged within its shadows lie,
 With that soft look of mingled love and
 peace,
 'Tis not denied thee back to me to fly,
 And in my heart a tomb to thee I raise.

The holy song above the dead
 Has long since died away,
 But ever in this heart doth live
 An echoed tone of thee.

Since thou wert covered with the earth,
 A friend came to thy tomb,
 And placed bright roses—for thy worth—
 O'er thy still bed to bloom.

Two, softly blushing, at thy head,
 Two crimson at thy feet,
 And on thy heart its bloom to shed
 One ever white and sweet.

A leaflet falleth at my feet,
 Weary of winds and sun's fierce heat,
 When this frail leaf first greenly grew,
 I still had parents fond and true ;
 How soon a leaf doth fade and fall
 The Spring's bright child the Autumn's prey ;
 Yet this poor flutterer from the tree
 Hath outlived all most dear to me.

THE STORM.

It was gloomiest murkiest night
 Alone through the forest vast deep,
 Wild and trackless; unaided by light,
 I wandered with faint failing feet ;
 All I loved was far, far away,
 In the fatherland over the sea ;
 Ice-cold at my heart's core there lay
 The love unrequited by thee.

A silence oppressive and deep
 Seemed to weigh on each object around,
 An indistinct horror to creep
 O'er my senses, I longed for some sound ;

That silence, that horrible calm,
 Like the death of all nature, it seemed ;
 Awe stricken, I cowered in alarm,
 When loudly the night birds out-screamed.
 Fierce and bright flashed the lightnings on
 high,
 Spreading ruin and death in their track ;
 The forest was blazing ! The sky
 With a lurid glare answered it back ;
 Loud the thunders roared out in their mirth,
 Bolt on bolt hurtled swift through the sky ;
 Down the torrents came pouring to earth
 And sweeping resistlessly by !
 As I sank, on my spirit there rose,
 One vision of rapture and Thee !
 Mine eyes e'er they failing did close
 Seemed once more thy bright image to see.
 Morn—and strangers from off the wet
 ground
 Raised my pale woe-worn form for new pain!
 Oh, had they but let me sleep sound,
 And never awaken again !

SONNET.

She was a strange, but sweet and gentle child,
 Too sensitive, and of so vast a soul,
 She knew not how its workings to control,
 Or tame its fancies, delicate, but wild !
 She knew no guiding care. No mother smiled
 Upon her infant days and thus, she grew
 Wayward but loving, passionate, but true
 And with advancing years more maiden mild.

For her young spirit had been ever fed
 With holiest food—with whatsoever high,
 Or good, or great, or wise. Nature doth yield
 On what soe'er of majesty is shed
 From the bright harps of highest poesy,
 On all that God hath of Himself revealed !

BALLAD.

Like an incarnate joy, she past

Down the soft woodland glade ;

As glinting through the branches vast

The rising sunbeams played.

The turf sent up an incense sweet

Beneath her quick light tread !

Wild roses her approach to greet,

Hung garlands o'er her head.

Around her brow the soft wind played

And wooed each chesnut curl,

The dew her ancles fine arrayed

With many a votive pearl.

Her eyes like brightest sapphires shone ;

Her lips like coral glowed :

And ever as she bounded on

Her joy in song o'erflowed.

Like to the mounting larks, her voice

Trilled bright and clear and strong,

The waking birds it bade rejoice

And echo back her song.

She skimmed across the flower-spread
 mead :

She gained the river side ;

The river God with restless speed
 Rolled on his ceaseless tide.

She gazed and gazed till every ray
 Of joy had from her past;
 She stood all chilled, like Summer day
 By sudden blight o'ercast.

Wild horror gleamed within her eyes,
 Her lips seemed turned to stone;
 Death fears, 'gan in her heart to rise,
 Her strength, her will were gone!

But still her fearful eyes, their gaze
 On the swift waters kept,
 As from the wild deep's eddying maze
 The river God upleapt.

" Oh, come with me earth's fairest child,
 Come where the waters foam,
 Wild monarch of this kingdom wild,
 Share my eternal home."

She could not break the spell and fly,
 She could not lift her gaze to save;
 With one long loud despairing cry
 Sudden she plunged into the wave!

But not unheard that cry of pain,
 Before her struggling form could sink,
 Before the God his prey could gain
 A horseman gains the slippery brink.

Down from the foaming steed he sprang,
 His mantle cast aside,
 His voice in cheering accents rang,
 And echoed far and wide.

His hands are raised above his head,
 His heart goes up to heaven in prayer,
 The headlong plunge is boldly made,
 He grasps her by the floating hair !

The river god around his prey
 Seeks to enfold his writhing arms,
 But a soft breeze bears them away
 To the safe bank, secure from harms.

Her cold breast on his heart he laid,
 He chafed her temples and her hand,
 Till rapture all his care o'erpaid,
 And safe once more on earth she stands.

He placed her on the pawing steed,
 Before her vaulted, light and fast ;
 Upon his shoulder drooped her head,
 Her clinging arms were round him cast.

“ Oh, ever be it thus dear maid
 That thou through life should'st cling
 to me,
 And all my strength, and all my aid
 For ever more should shelter thee.”

ON WILSON BARRETT'S
 PERFORMANCE OF “ CHATTERTON.”

Mark, how his trembling fingers rend the scroll,
 Where ardent thought, would deathless fame
 enroll,
 So tears he the spectators' heart, that faints
 Beneath the quivering anguish that he paints ;
 It is not Chatterton alone, we see,
 But the great heart of man, in agony,
 Uttering aloud its fathomless despair
 In inarticulate groans that rend the air,
 When rises on it the soul-fainting cry,

" My God ! my God, thou hast forsaken me ! "

 Mark, that despair which turns the heart to

 stone,

 That sees relief in the grim death alone :

 Then, when the irrevocable step is ta'en—

 See how he clutches at lost life in vain !

 From his consuming agony, the soul

 Drinks in a knowledge, that may well control

 The fitful madness, though the eyes weep blood,

 The dread despair is melted by their flood.

 Light, gleams through darkness ! clinging to

 " the Son ! "

 Faintly it murmurs, " let Thy will be done ; "

 And the torn breast, in penitence confesses,

 In patience only, man his soul possesses.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A world of beauty, yon small drop of dew,

 Hangs in its glistening splendor on the tree,

 And through its texture fine doth every hue

 Of loveliest colour melt cominglingly ;

 Within this breast there hung a world as fair,

 Where sweetest fancies, rainbow coloured

 thought,

 Dreams veiled in a mist of golden air.

 Gentlest affections, longings high, were

 wrought

 Into one whole harmonious, blending there,

 As hues within yon orb so lustrous bright,

 And thou, with whom this world I longed to

 share,

 For whom, I trembled to unveil its light,

 Thou hast destroyed it ! Not in direful hate,

 Not in the pride of wanton power—elate,

 But in cold carelessness, as one might brush

 That dew-born sphere from the o'erhanging

 bush.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

Bright roses with their incense soft
 Make faint the summer air,
 And evening breezes bear aloft
 The sighs of jasmine fair ;
 So Rose and Blanche in hours of mirth,
 When life knew not a care,
 With blushing looks all turned to earth,
 Would whisper I was dear.

The nightingale his mate adores
 In leafy bowers of June ;
 The linnet, soft his love-song pours
 In sweet harmonious tune ;
 So Rose and Blanche in youth's bright
 day,
 When sitting by my side,
 Would sweetly raise the flattering lay,
 And pour the tuneful tide.

But rose and jasmine ceased to bloom,
 When summer hours were o'er ;
 Linnet and nightingale in gloom
 Both sought a brighter shore.
 So summer friends were Blanche and Rose
 When tears fell fast and free,
 The current of their warm love froze,
 And flowed no more towards me.

The dark Virginian creeper grows
 In Summer hours unblessed ;
 When Winter pours its blinding snows,
 And chills the earth's dark breast ;

Deep blushing with the love it bears
 It flings its arms around,
 And brightest forms of beauty wears
 Where all else drear is found.

The lark beneath December's sky
 His upward wing will raise
 And carol as he soars on high,
 His outpouring of praise
 So Jenny in my Winter's day,
 Still to my breast hath clung,
 And blushing as she on it lay
 Warbled her loving song.

RESIGNATION.

Even the cold dark grave,
 If such seem best to thee,
 Oh, make me not regret
 This world's bright pageantry.

Even unloved to die ;
 Unloved by all but thee ;
 Give me the strength to bear
 E'en this unflinchingly.

Even unloved to live ;
 Oh, lesson harder still ;
 Give me the heart to learn
 If it should be Thy will.

Even to bear mistrust,
 Resentment, scorn, or wrong,
 Where most I sought for good
 Make thou my spirit strong.

Save me from wild weak thoughts,
 Save from rebellious sin ;
 Father in pitying grace,
 Save from the Hell within !

Thou know'st what holy dreams
 There grew within my breast,
 And how, in, through them all
 Towards Thee my spirit prest.

That lovely world is crushed ;
 Sweep every trace away
 Beneath the ruined dome
 Let not my spirit stray.

Thou only cans't do this
 All powerless, weak, and rent ;
 My bleeding bosom lies,
 Its force and courage spent.

Mute, dizzy, stunned and wild,
 No prayer articulate
 My quivering lips can frame,
 Have mercy on my state !

Oh, weaker than the weakest thing,
 That on this earth may be ;
 The heart that human passions rend,
 Unless upheld by Thee.

Low at Thy feet I bow,
 Fold me in Thine embrace,
 Each thought of earthly bliss,
 Quick from my heart efface.

Thou only reign therein,
 Lift every thought above ;
 Teach me to bless the sword
 Thou smitest with in love.









