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Robert Herrick
with the Editors R.

Poems.

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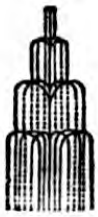

POEMS.

Elegiacs.

I.

Lowflowing breezes are roaming the broad valley dimmed in the gloaming:
Thoro' the blackstemmed pines only the far river shines.
Creeping through blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-blowing bushes,
Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and fall.
Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly; the grasshopper carolleth clearly;
Deeply the turtle coos; shrilly the owlet halloos;
Winds creep; dews fall chilly: in her first sleep Earth breathes stilly:
Over the pools in the burn watergnats murmur and mourn.
Sadly the far kine loweth: the glimmering water outfloweth:
Twin peaks shadowed with pine slope to the dark hyaline.

Lowthroned Hesper is stayèd between the two peaks;
but the Naiad
Throbbing in mild unrest holds him beneath in her
breast.
The antient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things
bringeth,
Smoothing the wearied mind: bring me my love,
Rosalind.
Thou comest morning and even; she cometh not
morning or even.
False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet
Rosalind?

The "How" and the "Why."

?

I am any man's suitor,
If any will be my tutor:
Some say this life is pleasant,
Some think it speedeth fast:
In time there is no present,
In eternity no future,
In eternity no past.
We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The bulrush nods unto its brother,
The wheatears whisper to each other:

What is it they say? What do they there?
Why two and two make four? Why round is not
square?
Why the rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows
sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you? Why I am I?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why?*

The world is somewhat; it goes on somehow;
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now?*
I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat; but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth—"why? why?"
In the summerwoods when the sun falls low
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face and shouts, "how? how?"
And the black owl scuds down the mellow twilight,
And chaunts, "how? how?" the whole of the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?
What the life is? where the soul may lie?
Why a church is with a steeple built;
And a house with a chimneypot?
Who will riddle me the how and the what?
Who will riddle me the what and the why?

Supposed Confessions

OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND NOT IN UNITY WITH ITSELF.

Oh God! my God! have mercy now.
I faint, I fall. Men say that thou
Did'st die for me, for such a *me*,
Patient of ill, and death, and scorn,
And that my sin was as a thorn
Among the thorns that girt thy brow,
Wounding thy soul.—That even now,
In this extremest misery
Of ignorance, I should require
A sign! and if a bolt of fire
Would rive the slumbrous summernoon
While I do pray to thee alone,
Think my belief would stronger grow!
Is not my human pride brought low?
The boastings of my spirit still?
The joy I had in my freewill
All cold, and dead, and corpselike grown?
And what is left to me, but thou,
And faith in thee? Men pass me by;
Christians with happy countenances—
And children all seem full of thee!
And women smile with saintlike glances
Like thine own mother's when she bowed
Above thee, on that happy morn
When angels spake to men aloud,
And thou and peace to earth were born.

Goodwill to me as well as all—
—I one of them: my brothers they:
Brothers in Christ—a world of peace
  And confidence, day after day;
And trust and hope till things should cease,
  And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith!
To hold a common scorn of death!
And at a burial to hear
  The creaking cords which wound and eat
Into my human heart, whene'er
Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,
  With hopeful grief, were passing sweet!
A grief not uninformed, and dull,
Hearted with hope, of hope as full
As is the blood with life, or night
And a dark cloud with rich moonlight.
To stand beside a grave, and see
The red small atoms wherewith we
Are built, and smile in calm, and say—
"These little motes and grains shall be
"Clothed on with immortality
"More glorious than the noon of day.
  "All that is pass'd into the flowers,
"And into beasts, and other men,
  "And all the Norland whirlwind showers
"From open vaults, and all the sea
"O'erwashes with sharp salts, again
"Shall fleet together all, and be
"Indued with immortality."

Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee!
Who lets his waxen fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.
They comfort him by night and day,
They light his little life alway;
He hath no thought of coming woes;
He hath no care of life or death,
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is;
And loveth so his innocent heart,
Her temple and her place of birth,
Where she would ever wish to dwell,
Life of the fountain there, beneath
Its salient springs, and far apart,
Hating to wander out on earth,
Or breathe into the hollow air,
Whose chillness would make visible
Her subtil, warm, and golden breath
Which mixing with the infant's blood
Fullfills him with beatitude.
Oh! sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt,
To arm in proof, and guard about
With triplemailèd trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.
Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows

Propped on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listened to thy vows,
For me outpoured in holiest prayer—
For me unworthy !—and beheld
Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining through.
Oh! wherefore do we grow awry
From roots which strike so deep? why dare
Paths in the desart? Could not I
Bow myself down, where thou hast knelt,
To th' earth—until the ice would melt
Here, and I feel as thou hast felt?
What Devil had the heart to scathe
Flowers thou had'st reared—to brush the dew
From thine own lily, when thy grave
Was deep, my mother, in the clay?
Myself? Is it thus? Myself? Had I
So little love for thee? but why
Prevailed not thy pure prayers? Why pray
To one who heeds not, who can save
But will not? Great in faith, and strong
Against the grief of circumstance
Wert thou, and yet unheard. What if
Thou pleadest still, and see'st me drive
Through utter dark a fullsailed skiff,
Unpiloted i'the echoing dance
Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low
Unto the death, not sunk! I know
At matins and at even song,

That thou, if thou wert yet alive,
In deep and daily prayers would'st strive
To reconcile me with thy God.
Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold
At heart, thou wouldest murmur still—
"Bring this lamb back into thy fold,
"My Lord, if so it be thy will."
Would'st tell me I must brook the rod,
And chastisement of human pride;
That pride, the sin of devils, stood
Betwixt me and the light of God!
That hitherto I had defied,
And had rejected God—that grace
Would drop from his o'erbrimming love,
As manna on my wilderness,
If I would pray—that God would move
And strike the hard hard rock, and thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence
Which would keep green hope's life. Alas!
I think that pride hath now no place
Nor sojourn in me. I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not yet
Anchor thy frailty there, where man
Hath moored and rested? Ask the sea
At midnight, when the crisp slope waves
After a tempest, rib and fret
The broadimbasèd beach, why he

Slumbers not like a mountain tarn?
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And [illegible] inland meer?
Wherefore he moaneth thus, [illegible]
Draw down into his vexèd pools
All that blue heaven which hues and paves
The other? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken: my own weakness fools
My judgment, and my spirit whirls,
Moved from beneath with doubt and fear.

"Yet," said I in my morn of youth,
The unsunned freshness of my strength,
When I went forth in quest of truth,
"It is man's privilege to doubt,
"If so be if from doubt at length,
"Truth may stand forth unmoved of change,
"An image with profulgent brows,
"And perfect limbs, as from the storm
"Of running fires and fluid range
"Of lawless airs, at last stood out
"This excellence and solid form
"Of constant beauty. For the Ox
"Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills
"The hornèd valleys all about,
"And hollows of the fringèd hills
"In summerheats, with placid lows
"Unfearing, till his own blood flows
"About his hoof. And in the flocks
"The lamb rejoiceth in the year,

"And raceth freely with his fere,
"And answers to his mother's calls,
"From the flowered furrow. In a [illegible]
"Of which [illegible] run short pains
"Through his warm heart; and then, from whence
"He knows not, on his light there falls
"A shadow; and his native slope,
"Where he was wont to leap and climb,
"Floats from his sick and filmèd eyes,
"And something in the darkness draws
"His forehead earthward, and he dies.
"Shall men live thus, in joy and hope
"As a young lamb, who cannot dream,
"Living, but that he shall live on?
"Shall we not look into the laws
"Of life and death, and things that seem,
"And things that be, and analyse
"Our double nature, and compare
"All creeds till we have found the one
"If one there be?" Ay me! I fear
All may not doubt, but everywhere
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God,
Whom call I Idol? let thy dove
Shadow me over, and my sins
Be unremembered, and thy love
Enlighten me. Oh teach me yet
Somewhat before the heavy clod
Weighs on me, and the busy fret
Of that sharpheaded worm begins
In the gross blackness underneath,

Oh weary life! Oh weary death!
Oh spirit and heart made desolate!
Oh damnèd vacillating state!

The Burial of Love.

His eyes in eclipse,
Palecold his lips,
The light of his hopes unfed,
Mute his tongue,
His bow unstrung
With the tears he hath shed,
Backward drooping his graceful head,
Love is dead:
His last arrow is sped;
He hath not another dart;
Go—carry him to his dark deathbed;
Bury him in the cold cold heart—
Love is dead.

Oh, truest love! art thou forlorn,
And unrevenged? thy pleasant wiles
Forgotten, and thine innocent joy?
Shall hollowhearted apathy,
The cruellest form of perfect scorn,
With languor of most hateful smiles,

For ever write
In the withered light
Of the tearless eye,
An epitaph that all may spy?
No! sooner she herself shall die.

For her the showers shall not fall,
Nor the round sun that shineth to all;
Her light shall into darkness change;
For her the green grass shall not spring,
Nor the rivers flow, nor the sweet birds sing,
Till Love have his full revenge.

To ———

Sainted Juliet! dearest name!
If to love be life alone,
Divinest Juliet,
I love thee, and live; and yet
Love unreturned is like the fragrant flame
Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice
Offered to gods upon an altarthrone;
My heart is lighted at thine eyes,
Changed into fire, and blown about with sighs.

Song.

I.

I' the glooming light
Of middle night
So cold and white,
Worn Sorrow sits by the moaning wave;
Beside her are laid
Her mattock and spade,
For she hath half delved her own deep grave.
Alone she is there:
The white clouds drizzle: her hair falls loose;
Her shoulders are bare;
Her tears are mixed with the beaded dews.

II.

Death standeth by;
She will not die;
With glazèd eye
She looks at her grave: she cannot sleep;
Ever alone
She maketh her moan:
She cannot speak; she can only weep,
For she will not hope.
The thick snow falls on her flake by flake,
The dull wave mourns down the slope,
The world will not change, and her heart will not break.

Song.

I.

The lintwhite and the throstlecock
  Have voices sweet and clear;
    All in the bloomèd May.
They from the blosmy brere
Call to the fleeting year,
If that he would them hear
      And stay.
Alas! that one so beautiful
Should have so dull an ear.

II.

Fair year, fair year, thy children call,
  But thou art deaf as death;
    All in the bloomèd May.
When thy light perisheth
That from thee issueth,
Our life evanisheth:
      Oh! stay.
Alas! that lips so cruel-dumb
Should have so sweet a breath!

III.

Fair year, with brows of royal love
  Thou comest, as a king.
    All in the bloomèd May.
Thy golden largess fling,
And longer hear us sing;

Though thou art fleet of wing,
Yet stay.
Alas! that eyes so full of light
Should be so wandering!

IV.

Thy locks are all of sunny sheen
In rings of gold yronne,*
All in the bloomèd May.
We pri'thee pass not on;
If thou dost leave the sun,
Delight is with the gone,
Oh! stay.
Thou art the fairest of thy feres,
We pri'thee pass not on.

Song.

I.

Every day hath its night:
Every night its morn:
Thorough dark and bright
Wingèd hours are borne;
Ah! welaway!

* "His crispè hair in ringis was yronne."—
Chaucer, Knight's Tale.

Seasons flower and fade;
Golden calm and storm
  Mingle day by day.
There is no bright form
Doth not cast a shade—
    Ah! welaway!

II.

When we laugh, and our mirth
  Apes the happy vein
We're so kin to earth,
  Pleasaunce fathers pain—
    Ah! welaway!
Madness laugheth loud:
Laughter bringeth tears:
  Eyes are worn away
Till the end of fears
Cometh in the shroud,
    Ah! welaway!

III.

All is change, woe or weal;
  Joy is Sorrow's brother;
Grief and gladness steal
  Symbols of each other;
    Ah! welaway!
Larks in heaven's cope
Sing: the culvers mourn
  All the livelong day.
Be not all forlorn;
Let us weep in hope—
    Ah! welaway!

The Poet's Mind.

I.

After line 7 are added these lines:

Clear as summer mountainstreams,
Bright as the inwoven beams,
Which beneath their crisping sapphire
In the mid-day, floating o'er
The golden sands, make evermore
To a blossomstarrèd shore.
Hence away, unhallowed laugher!

II.

Line 2 reads thus:—

The poet's mind is holy ground.

Nothing Will Die.

When will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the winds be aweary of fleeting?
When will the heart be aweary of beating?
And nature die?
Never, oh! never, nothing will die;
The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Through eternity.
'Tis the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago.
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring a new comer—
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Through and through,
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.

The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range;
For even and morn
Ever will be
Through eternity.
Nothing was born;
Nothing will die;
All things will change.

All Things Will Die.

Clearly the blue river chimes in its flowing
Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the South winds are blowing
Over the sky.
One after the other the white clouds are fleeting;
Every heart this Maymorning in joyaunce is beating
Full merrily;
Yet all things must die,
The stream will cease to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;
The clouds will cease to fleet;
The heart will cease to beat;
For all things must die.

All things must die.
Spring will come never more.
Oh! vanity!
Death waits at the door.
See! our friends are all forsaking
The wine and the merrymaking.
We are called—we must go.
Laid low, very low,
In the dark we must lie.
The merry glees are still;
The voice of the bird
Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind on the hill.
Oh! misery!

Hark! death is calling
While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing;
Ice with the warm blood mixing;
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell:
Ye merry souls farewell.

The old earth
Had a birth,
As all men know
Long ago.
And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat the shore;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Through eternity.
All things were born.
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

Hero to Leander.

Oh go not yet, my love,
The night is dark and vast;
The white moon is hid in her heaven above,
And the waves climb high and fast.
Oh! kiss me, kiss me, once again,
Lest thy kiss should be the last.
Oh kiss me ere we part;
Grow closer to my heart.
My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main.

O joy! O bliss of blisses!
My heart of hearts are thou,
Come bathe me with thy kisses,
My eyelids and my brow.
Hark how the wild rain hisses,
And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,
So gladly doth it stir;
Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.
I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh;
Thy locks are dripping balm;
Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,
I'll stay thee with my kisses.
To-night the roaring brine
Will rend thy golden tresses;
The ocean with the morrow light
Will be both blue and calm;
And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as soft
as mine.

No western odours wander
  On the black and moaning sea,
And when thou art dead, Leander,
  My soul must follow thee!
Oh go not yet, my love
  Thy voice is sweet and low;
The deep salt wave breaks in above
  Those marble steps below.
The turretstairs are wet
  That lead into the sea.
Leander! go not yet.
The pleasant stars have set.
Oh! go not, go not yet,
  Or I will follow thee.

The Mystic.

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones:
Ye knew him not: he was not one of ye,
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn:
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction: he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linkèd woes of many a fiery change
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.

Always there stood before him, night and day,
Of wayward varycoloured circumstance
The imperishable presences serene
Colossal, with form, or sense, or sound,
Dim shadows but unwaning presences
Fourfaced to four corners of the sky:
And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,
One forward, one respectant, three but one;
And yet again, again and evermore,
For the two first were not, but only seemed,
One shadow in the midst of a great light,
One reflex from eternity on time,
One mighty countenance of perfect calm,
Awful with most invariable eyes.
For him the silent congregated hours,
Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath
Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes
Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light
Of earliest youth pierced through and through with all
Keen knowledges of low-embowèd eld)
Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud
Which droops lowhung on either gate of life,
Both birth and death: he in the centre fixt,
Saw far on each side through the grated gates
Most pale and clear and lovely distances.
He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.

How could ye know him? Ye were yet within
The narrower circle; he had well-nigh reached
The last, with which a region of white flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of blackblue,
Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

The Grasshopper.

I.

Voice of the summerwind,
Joy of the summerplain,
Life of the summerhours,
Carol clearly, bound along.
No Tithon thou as poets feign
(Shame fall 'em they are deaf and blind)
But an insect lithe and strong,
Bowing the seeded summerflowers.
Prove their falsehood and thy quarrel,
  Vaulting on thine airy feet.
Clap thy shielded sides and carol,
  Carol clearly, chirrup sweet.
Thou art a mailèd warrior in youth and strength complete;
    Armed cap-a-pie,
    Full fair to see;
    Unknowing fear,
    Undreading loss,

A gallant cavalier
Sans peur et sans reproche,
In sunlight and in shadow,
The Bayard of the meadow.

II.

I would dwell with thee,
  Merry Grasshopper,
Thou art so glad and free,
  And as light as air;
Thou hast no sorrow or tears,
Thou hast no compt of years,
No withered immortality,
But a short youth sunny and free.
Carol clearly, bound along,
  Soon thy joy is over,
A summer of loud song,
  And slumbers in the clover.
What hast thou to do with evil
In thine hour of love and revel,
  In thy heat of summerpride,
  Pushing the thick roots aside
  Of the sinning flowerèd grasses,
  That brush thee with their silken tresses?
  What hast thou to do with evil,
  Shooting, singing, ever springing
    In and out the emerald glooms,
  Ever leaping, ever singing,
    Lighting on the golden blooms?

Love, Pride, and Forgetfulness.

Ere yet my heart was sweet Love's tomb,
Love laboured honey busily.
I was the hive and Love the bee,
My heart the honeycomb.
One very dark and chilly night
Pride came beneath and held a light.

The cruel vapours went through all,
Sweet Love was withered in his cell;
Pride took Love's sweets, and by a spell,
Did change them into gall;
And Memory tho' fed by Pride
Did wax so thin on gall,
Awhile she scarcely lived at all.
What marvel that she died?

Chorus.

IN AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA, WRITTEN VERY EARLY.

The varied earth, the moving heaven,
  The rapid waste of roving sea,
The fountainpregnant mountains riven
  To shapes of wildest anarchy,

By secret fire and midnight storms
  That wander round their windy cones,
The subtle life, the countless forms
  Of living things, the wondrous tones
    Of man and beast are full of strange
    Astonishment and boundless change.

The day, the diamonded night,
  The echo, feeble child of sound,
The heavy thunder's griding might,
  The herald lightning's starry bound,
The vocal spring of bursting bloom,
  The naked summer's glowing birth,
The troublous autumn's sallow gloom,
  The hoarhead winter paving earth
    With sheeny white, are full of strange
    Astonishment and boundless change.

Each sun which from the centre flings
  Grand music and redundant fire,
The burning belts, the mighty rings,
  The murmurous planets' rolling choir,
The globefilled arch that, cleaving air,
  Lost in its own effulgence sleeps,
The lawless comets as they glare,
  And thunder thro' the sapphire deeps
    In wayward strength, are full of strange
    Astonishment and boundless change.

Lost Hope.

You cast to ground the hope which once was mine:
But did the while your harsh decree deplore,
Embalming with sweet tears the vacant shrine,
My heart, where Hope had been and was no more.

So on an oaken sprout
A goodly acorn grew;
But winds from heaven shook the acorn out,
And filled the cup with dew.

The Tears of Heaven.

Heaven weeps above the earth all night till morn,
In darkness weeps, as all ashamed to weep,
Because the earth hath made her state forlorn
With selfwrought evils of unnumbered years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonour reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back her tears
Into her own blue eyes so clear and deep,
And showering down the glory of lightsome day,
Smiles on the earth's worn brow to win her if she may.

Love and Sorrow.

O maiden, fresher than the first green leaf
With which the fearful springtide flecks the lea,
Weep not, Almeida, that I said to thee
That thou hast half my heart, for bitter grief
Doth hold the other half in sovranty.
Thou art my heart's sun in love's crystalline:
Yet on both sides at once thou canst not shine:
Thine is the bright side of my heart, and thine
My heart's day, but the shadow of my heart,
Issue of its own substance, my heart's night
Thou can'st not lighten even with *thy* light,
All powerful in beauty as thou art.
Almeida, if my heart were substanceless,
Then might thy rays pass thro' to the other side,
So swiftly, nowhere they would abide,
But lose themselves in utter emptiness.
Half-light, half-shadow, let my spirit sleep;
They never learnt to love who never knew to weep.

To a Lady Sleeping.

O thou whose fringèd lids I gaze upon,
Thro' whose dim brain the winged dreams are borne,
Unroof the shrines of clearest vision,
In honour of the silverfleckèd morn:

Long hath the white wave of the virgin light
Driven back the billow of the dreamful dark.
Thou all unwittingly prolongest night,
Though long ago listening the poisèd lark,
With eyes dropt downward through the blue serene,
Over heaven's parapets the angels lean.

Sonnet.

Could I outwear my present state of woe
With one brief winter, and indue i'the spring
Hues of fresh youth, and mightily outgrow
The wan dark coil of faded suffering—
Forth in the pride of beauty issuing
A sheeny snake, the light of vernal bowers,
Moving his crest to all sweet plots of flowers
And watered vallies where the young birds sing;
Could I thus hope my lost delights renewing,
I straightly would commend the tears to creep
From my charged lids; but inwardly I weep:
Some vital heat as yet my heart is wooing:
This to itself hath drawn the frozen rain
From my cold eyes and melted it again.

Sonnet.

Though Night hath climbed her peak of highest noon,
And bitter blasts the screaming autumn whirl,
All night through archways of the bridged pearl,
And portals of pure silver walks the moon.
Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to agony,
Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to joy,
And dross to gold with glorious alchemy,
Basing thy throne above the world's annoy.
Reign thou above the storms of sorrow and ruth
That roar beneath; unshaken peace hath won thee;
So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms of truth;
So shall the blessing of the meek be on thee;
So in thine hour of dawn, the body's youth,
An honourable eld shall come upon thee.

Sonnet.

Shall the hag Evil die with child of Good,
Or propagate again her loathèd kind,
Thronging the cells of the diseased mind,
Hateful with hanging cheeks, a withered brood,
Though hourly pastured on the salient blood?
Oh! that the wind which bloweth cold or heat
Would shatter and o'erbear the brazen beat
Of their broad vans, and in the solitude
Of middle space confound them, and blow back
Their wild cries down their cavernthroats, and slake
With points of blastborne hail their heated eyne!
So their wan limbs no more might come between
The moon and the moon's reflex in the night,
Nor blot with floating shades the solar light.

Sonnet.

The pallid thunderstricken sigh for gain,
Down an ideal stream they ever float,
And sailing on Pactolus in a boat,
Drown soul and sense, while wistfully they strain
Weak eyes upon the glistering sands that robe
The understream. The wise, could he behold
Cathedralled caverns of thickribbèd gold
And branching silvers of the central globe,
Would marvel from so beautiful a sight
How scorn and ruin, pain and hate could flow:
But Hatred in a gold cave sits below;
Pleached with her hair, in mail of argent light
Shot into gold, a snake her forehead clips,
And skins the colour from her trembling lips.

Love.

I.

Thou, from the first, unborn, undying love,
Albeit we gaze not on thy glories near,
Before the face of God did'st breathe and move,
Though night and pain and ruin and death reign here.
Thou foldest, like a golden atmosphere,
The very throne of the eternal God:
Passing through thee the edicts of his fear
Are mellowed into music, borne abroad
By the loud winds, though they uprend the sea,
Even from his central deeps: thine empery

Is over all: thou wilt not brook eclipse;
Thou goest and returnest to His lips
Like lightning: thou dost ever brood above
The silence of all hearts, unutterable Love.

II.

To know thee is all wisdom, and old age
Is but to know thee: dimly we behold thee
Athwart the veils of evil which enfold thee.
We beat upon our aching hearts in rage;
We cry for thee; we deem the world thy tomb.
As dwellers in lone planets look upon
The mighty disk of their majestic sun,
Hollowed in awful chasms of wheeling gloom,
Making their day dim, so we gaze on thee.
Come, thou of many crowns, whiterobèd love,
Oh! rend the vail in twain: all men adore thee;
Heaven crieth after thee; earth waiteth for thee:
Breathe on thy wingèd throne, and it shall move
In music and in light o'er land and sea.

III.

And now—methinks I gaze upon thee now,
As on a serpent in his agonies
Awestricken Indians; what time laid low
And crushing the thick fragrant reeds he lies,
When the new year warmbreathèd on the earth,
Waiting to light him with his purple skies,
Calls to him by the fountain to uprise.
Already with the pangs of a new birth
Strain the hot spheres of his convulsèd eyes,
And in his writhings awful hues begin

To wander down his sable-sheeny sides,
Like light on troubled waters: from within
Anon he rusheth forth with merry din,
And in him light and joy and strength abides;
And from his brows a crown of living light
Looks through the thickstemmed woods by day and
night.

The Kraken.

Below the thunders of the upper deep;
Far far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His antient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep,
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides: above him swell
Huge sponges of millenial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumbered and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant fins the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages, and will lie
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by men and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

Circumstance.

The last line reads thus:—
Fill up the round of life from hour to hour.

English War Song.

Who fears to die? Who fears to die?
Is there any here who fears to die
He shall find what he fears; and none shall grieve
For the man who fears to die;
But the withering scorn of the many shall cleave
To the man who fears to die.

CHORUS.—Shout for England!
Ho! for England!
George for England!
Merry England!
England for aye!

The hollow at heart shall crouch forlorn,
He shall eat the bread of common scorn;
It shall be steeped in the salt, salt tear,
Shall be steeped in his own salt tear:
Far better, far better he never were born
Than to shame merry England here.

CHORUS.—Shout for England! &c.

There standeth our ancient enemy;
Hark! he shouteth—the ancient enemy!
On the ridge of the hill his banners rise;
They stream like fire in the skies;
Hold up the Lion of England on high
Till it dazzle and blind his eyes.

CHORUS.—Shout for England! &c.

Come along! we alone of the earth are free;
The child in our cradles is bolder than he;
For where is the heart and strength of slaves;
Oh! where is the strength of slaves?
He is weak! we are strong; he a slave, we are free;
Come along! we will dig their graves.
CHORUS.—Shout for England! &c.

There standeth our ancient enemy;
Will he dare to battle with the free?
Spur along! spur amain! charge to the fight;
Charge! charge to the fight!
Hold up the Lion of England on high!
Shout for God and our right!
CHORUS.—Shout for England! &c.

National Song.

There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be.
There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and bold as they be.

CHORUS.—For the French the Pope may shrive 'em,
For the devil a whit we heed 'em:
As for the French, God speed 'em
Unto their hearts' desire,
And the merry devil drive 'em
Through the water and the fire.

FULL CHORUS.—Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea;
We are the sons of freedom,
We are free.

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be.
There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no maids like English maids,
So beautiful as they be.

CHORUS.—For the French, &c.

Dualisms.

Two bees within a chrystal flowerbell rockèd
Hum a lovelay to the westwind at noontide.
Both alike, they buzz together,
Both alike, they hum together
Through and through the flowerèd heather.

Where in a creeping cove the wave unshockèd
Lays itself calm and wide,
Over a stream two birds of glancing feather
Do woo each other, carolling together.
Both alike, they glide together.
Side by side;
Both alike, they sing together,
Arching blueglossèd necks beneath the purple weather.

Two children lovelier than Love, adown the lea are singing,
As they gambol, lilygarlands ever stringing:
Both in bloomwhite silk are frockèd:
Like, unlike, they roam together
Under a summervault of golden weather;
Like, unlike, they sing together
Side by side,
MidMay's darling goldenlockèd,
Summer's tanling diamondeyed.

We are Free.

The winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the ridgèd sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'

The streams through many a lilied row
  Down-carolling to the crispèd sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
  Atween the blossoms, 'we are free.'

The Sea-Fairies.

Slow sailed the weary mariners, and saw
Between the green brink and the running foam
White limbs unrobéd in the chrystal air,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold: and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reached them on the middle sea.

SONG.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? Fly no more:
Whither away wi'the singing sail? whither away wi'the oar?
Whither away from the high green field and the happy blossoming shore?
  Weary mariners, hither away,
    One and all, one and all,
  Weary mariners come and play;
  We will sing to you all the day;
    Furl the sail and the foam will fall
    From the prow! One and all

Furl the sail! drop the oar!
Leap ashore!
Know danger and trouble and toil no more.
Whither away wi'the sail and the oar?

Drop the oar,
Leap ashore,
Fly no more!
Whither away wi'the sail? whither away wi'the oar?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea;
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the cloverhill swells
High over the fulltoned sea.
Merrily carol the revelling gales
Over the islands free:
From the green seabanks the rose downtrails
To the happy brimmèd sea.
Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words.
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten,
With pleasure and love and revelry;
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridgèd sea.
Ye will not find so happy a shore
Weary mariners! all the world o'er;
Oh! fly no more!

Harken ye, harken ye, sorrow shall darken ye,
Danger and trouble and toil no more;
Whither away?
Drop the oar
Hither away,
Leap ashore;
Oh fly no more—no more.
Whither away, whither away, whither away with
the sail and the oar?

δι ῥέουτες.

I.

All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change:
All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream:
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

II.

There is no rest, no calm, no pause,
Nor good nor ill, nor light nor shade,
Nor essence nor eternal laws:
For nothing is, but all is made.

But if I dream that all these are,
They are to me for that I dream;
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

ARGAL—*this very opinion is only true relatively to the flowing philosophers.*

The Poet.

This Poem has not been altered save in the twelfth stanza, which read thus originally :—

And in the bordure of her robe was writ
WISDOM, a name to shake
Hoar anarchies, as with a thunderfit.
And when she spake,

Claribel.

Line 17 *originally read thus :—*

The fledgling throstle lispeth,

Lilian.

Line 14 *originally read thus :—*

From beneath her purfled wimple,

Mariana.

VII.

Line 8 *originally read thus :—*

and the day
Downsloped was westering in his bower,

THE END.

MDCCCXXXIII.

POEMS.

Sonnet.

Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone,
With the selfsame impulse wherewith he was thrown
From his loud fount upon the echoing lea:—
Which with increasing might doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.
Mine be the Power which ever to it's sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow;
Even as the great gulfstream of Florida
Floats far away into the Northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico.

To ———

I.

All good things have not kept aloof,
  Nor wandered into other ways:
I have not lacked thy mild reproof,
  Nor golden largess of thy praise,
  But life is full of weary days.

II.

Shake hands, my friend, across the brink
  Of that deep grave to which I go.
Shake hands once more: I cannot sink
  So far—far down, but I shall know
  Thy voice, and answer from below.

III.

When, in the darkness over me,
  The fourhanded mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypresstree,
  Nor wreathe thy cap with doleful crape,
  But pledge me in the flowing grape.

IV.

And when the sappy field and wood
  Grow green beneath the showery gray,
And rugged barks begin to bud,
  And through damp holts, newflushed with May,
  Ring sudden laughters of the Jay;

V.

Then let wise Nature work her will
  And on my clay her darnels grow.
Come only, when the days are still,
  And at my headstone whisper low,
  And tell me if the woodbines blow,

VI.

If thou art blest, my mother's smile
  Undimmed, if bees are on the wing:
Then cease, my friend, a little while,
  That I may hear the throstle sing
  His bridal song, the boast of spring.

VII.

Sweet as the noise in parchèd plains
  Of bubbling wells that fret the stones,
(If any sense in me remains)
  Thy words will be; thy cheerful tones
  As welcome to my crumbling bones.

Buonaparte.

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman!—to chain with chains, and bind with bands
That island queen that sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
When from her wooden walls, lit by sure hands,
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
Rocking with shattered spars, with sudden fires
Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more
We taught him: late he learned humility
Perforce, like those whom Gideon schooled with briars

Sonnet.

I.

Oh Beauty, passing beauty! sweetest Sweet!
  How canst thou let me waste my youth in sighs?
I only ask to sit beside thy feet.
  Thou knowest I dare not look into thine eyes.
Might I but kiss thy hand! I dare not fold
  My arms about thee—scarcely dare to speak.
And nothing seems to me so wild and bold,
  As with one kiss to touch thy blessèd cheek.
Methinks if I should kiss thee, no control
  Within the thrilling brain could keep afloat
    The subtle spirit. Even while I spoke,
The bare word KISS hath made my inner soul
  To tremble like a lutestring, ere the note
    Hath melted in the silence that it broke.

II.

But were I loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear,—if I were loved by thee?
All the inner, all the outer world of pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert mine,
As I have heard that somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water-springs come up through bitter brine.
T'were joy, not fear, clasped hand-in-hand with thee,
To wait for death—mute—careless of all ills,
Apart upon a mountain, through the surge
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge
Below us, as far on as eye could see.

The Lady of Shalott.

PART THE FIRST.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold, and meet the sky.
And through the field the road runs by
To manytowered Camelot.
The yellowleavèd waterlily,
The greensheathed daffodily,
Tremble in the water chilly,
Round about Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens shiver,
The sunbeam-showers break and quiver
In the stream that runneth ever
By the island in the river,
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

Underneath the bearded barley,
The reaper, reaping late and early,
Hears her ever chanting cheerly,
Like an angel, singing clearly,
O'er the stream of Camelot.

Piling the sheaves in furrows airy,
Beneath the moon, the reaper weary
Listening whispers, "'tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

The little isle is all inrailed
With a rose-fence, and overtrailed,
With roses: by the marge unhailed:
The shallop flitteth silkensailed,
Skimming down to Camelot.
A pearlgarland winds her head:
She leaneth on a velvet bed,
Full royally apparellèd
The Lady of Shalott.

PART THE SECOND.

No time hath she to sport and play;
A charmèd web she weaves alway.
A curse is on her, if she stay
Her weaving, either night or day,
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be;
Therefore she weaveth steadily,
Therefore no other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

She lives with little joy or fear,
Over the water, running near,
The sheepbell tinkles in her ear.
Before her hangs a mirror clear,
Reflecting towered Camelot.

And as the mazy web she whirls,
She sees the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

[*The remainder of* "PART THE SECOND" *and the whole of* "PART THE THIRD" *corresponds to the text of the later editions.*]

PART THE FOURTH.

In the stormy eastwind straining
The pale-yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot.
Outside the isle a shallow boat
Beneath a willow lay afloat,
Below the carven stern she wrote,
THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

A cloudwhite crown of pearl she dight.
All raimented in snowy white
That loosely flew, (her zone in sight,
Clasped with one blinding diamond bright,)
Her wide eyes fixed on Camelot.
Though the squally eastwind keenly
Blew, with folded arms serenely
By the water stood the queenly
Lady of Shalott.

With a steady, stony glance—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Beholding all his own mischance,
Mute, with glassy countenance—
She looked down to Camelot.
It was the closing of the day,
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

As when to sailors while they roam,
By creeks and outfalls far from home,
Rising and dropping with the foam,
From dying swans wild warblings come,
Blown shoreward; so to Camelot
Still as the boathead wound along
The willowly hills and fields among,
They heard her chanting her deathsong,
The Lady of Shalott.

A longdrawn carol, mournful, holy,
She chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her eyes were darkened wholly,
And her smooth face sharpened slowly
Turned to towered Camelot;
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the waterside,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By gardenwall and gallery,
A pale, pale corpse she floated by,
Deadcold, between the houses high,
Dead into towered Camelot.
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
To the plankèd wharfage came:
Below the stern they read her name
"The Lady of Shalott."

They crossed themselves, their stars they blest,
Knight, minstrel, abbot, squire and guest.
There lay a parchment on her breast,
That puzzled more than all the rest,
The wellfed wits at Camelot.

"*The web was woven curiously,*
The charm is broken utterly,
Draw near and fear not—this is I,
The Lady of Shalott."

Mariana in the South.

Behind the barren hill upsprung
  With pointed rocks against the light,
The crag sharpshadowed overhung
  Each glaring creek and inlet bright.
Far, far, one lightblue ridge was seen,
  Looming like baseless fairyland;
  Eastward a slip of burning sand,
Dark-rimmed with sea, and bare of green.
Down in the dry salt-marshes stood
  That house darklatticed. Not a breath
  Swayed the sick vineyard underneath,
Or moved the dusty southernwood.
    "Madonna" with melodious moan
    Sang Mariana, night and morn,
    "Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
    Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

She, as her carol sadder grew,
  From her warm brow and bosom down
Through rosy taper fingers drew
  Her streaming curls of deepest brown
On either side, and made appear,
  Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
  Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
    "Madonna" with melodious moan
    Sang Mariana, night and morn,
    "Madonna! lo! I am all alone.
    Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

When the dawncrimson changed, and past
  Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
  Unto our Lady prayèd she.
She moved her lips, she prayed alone,
  She praying disarrayed and warm
  From slumber, deep her wavy form
In the darklustrous mirror shone.
    "Madonna" in a low clear tone
    Said Mariana, night and morn,
    Low she mourned, "I am all alone,
    Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

At noon she slumbered. All along
  The silvery field, the large leaves talked
With one another, as among
  The spikèd maize in dream she walked.
The lizard leapt: the sunlight played:
  She heard the callow nestling lisp,
  And brimful meadow-runnels crisp,
In the full-leavèd platan-shade.
    In sleep she breathed in a lower tone,
    Murmuring as at night and morn,
    "Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
    Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream
  Most false: *he* was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
  Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere and small.

The riverbed was dusty-white;
From the bald rock the blending light
Beat ever on the sunwhite wall.
She whispered, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
"Madonna, leave me not all alone,
To die forgotten and live forlorn."

One dry cicala's summersong
At night filled all the gallery,
Backward the latticeblind she flung,
And leaned upon the balcony.
Ever the low wave seemed to roll
Up to the coast: far on, alone
In the East, large Hesper overshone
The mourning gulf, and on her soul
Poured divine solace, or the rise
Of moonlight from the margin gleamed,
Volcano-like, afar, and streamed
On her white arm, and heavenward eyes.
Not all alone she made her moan,
Yet ever sang she, night and morn,
"Madonna! lo! I am all alone,
Love-forgotten and love-forlorn."

NOTE.—*The sixth and seventh stanzas of the later editions were first added in* 1842. *It will be observed that the others have been almost entirely re-written.*

Eleanore.

Stanza VII., line 2, *reads thus:—*

"Did roof noonday with doubt and fear,"

Farther down, in the same Stanza, these few lines have been suppressed:—

And luxury of contemplation:
As waves that from the outer deep
Roll into a quiet cove,
There fall away, and lying still
Having glorious dreams in sleep,
Shadow forth the banks at will;

In the next Stanza, line 14 *reads thus:*

Floweth; then I faint, I swoon.

The Miller's Daughter.

I.

I met in all the close green ways,
While walking with my line and rod,
The wealthy miller's mealy face,
Like the moon in an ivytod.
He looked so jolly and so good—
While fishing in the milldam-water
I laughed to see him as he stood,
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter,

II.

I see the wealthy miller yet—
  His double chin—his portly size;
And who that knew him could forget
  The busy wrinkles round his eyes,
The slow wise smile, that, round about
  His dusty forehead drily curled,
Seemed half-within, and half-without,
  And full of dealings with the world?

III.

In yonder chair I see him sit—
  Three fingers round the old silver cup:
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
  At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
  So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound and clear and whole,
  His memory scarce makes me sad.

IV.

Yet fill my glass,—give me one kiss;
  My darling Alice, we must die.
There's somewhat in this world amiss,
  Shall be unriddled by and by.
There's somewhat flows to us in life,
  But more is taken quite away.
Pray, Alice, pray, my own sweet wife,
  That we may die the selfsame day.

V.

My father's mansion, mounted high,
  Looked down upon the village-spire.
I was a long and listless boy,
  And son and heir unto the squire.
In these dear walls, where I and you
  Have lived and loved alone so long,
Each morn my sleep was broken thro'
  By some wild skylark's matin song.

VI.

I often heard the cooing dove
  In firry woodlands mourn alone,
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
  I had no motion of my own:
For scarce my life with fancy played,
  Before I dreamed that pleasant dream,
Still hither, thither, idly swayed,
  Like the long mosses in the stream.

VII.

Sometimes I whistled in the wind,
  Sometimes I angled, thought and deed
Torpid, as swallows left behind
  That winter 'neath the floating weed:
At will to wander everyway
  From brook to brook my sole delight,
As lithe eels over meadows gray
  Oft shift their glimmering pool by night.

VIII.

How dear to me in youth, my love,
  Was everything about the mill,
The black and silent pool above,
  The pool beneath that ne'er stood still,
The mealsacks on the whitened floor,
  The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
  Made misty with the floating meal!

IX.

I loved from off the bridge to hear
  The rushing sound the water made,
And see the fish that everywhere
  In the backcurrent glanced and played:
Low down the tall flagflower that sprung
  Beside the noisy steppingstones,
And the mossed chestnutboughs that hung
  Thickstudded over with white cones.

X.

Remember you that pleasant day
  When, after roving in the woods,
('Twas April then) I came and lay
  Beneath those gummy chestnutbuds
That glistened in the April blue.
  Upon the slope so smooth and cool,
I lay and never thought of *you*,
  But angled in the deep millpool.

XI.

A water-rat from off the bank
  Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Downlooking through the sedges rank,
  I saw your troubled image there.
Upon the dark and dimpled beck
  It wandered like a floating light,
A full fair form, a warm white neck,
  And two white arms—how rosy white!

XII.

If you remember, you had set
  Upon the narrow casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
  And you were leaning from the ledge.
I raised my eyes at once: above
  They met two eyes so blue and bright,
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
  That they have never lost their light.

XIII.

That slope beneath the chestnut tall
  Is wooed with choicest breaths of air:
Methinks that I could tell you all
  The cowslips and the kingcups there.
Each coltsfoot down the grassy bent,
  Whose round leaves hold the gathered shower,
Each quaintly-folded cuckoopint,
  And silver-paly cuckooflower.

XIV.

In rambling on the eastern wold,
  When thro' the showery April nights
Their hueless crescent glimmered cold,
  From all the other village-lights
I knew your taper far away.
  My heart was full of trembling hope.
Down from the wold I came and lay
  Upon the dewyswarded slope.

XV.

The white chalkquarry from the hill
  Upon the broken ripple gleamed,
I murmured lowly, sitting still
  While round my feet the eddy streamed:
"Oh! that I were the wreath she wreathes,
  The mirror where her sight she feeds,
The song she sings, the air she breathes,
  The letters of the book she reads."

XVI.

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin,
  And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within,
  Sometimes your shadow crossed the blind.
At last you rose, and moved the light,
  And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
  And all the casement darkened there.

XVII.

I loved, but when I dared to speak
  My love, the lanes were white with May,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
  Flushed like the coming of the day.
Rosecheekt, roselipt, half-sly, half-shy,
  You would, and would not, little one,
Although I pleaded tenderly,
  And you and I were all alone.

XVIII.

Remember you the clear moonlight,
  That whitened all the eastern ridge,
When o'er the water, dancing white,
  I stepped upon the old millbridge.
I heard you whisper from above
  A lute-toned whisper, "I am here;"
I murmured, "Speak again, my love,
  The stream is loud: I cannot hear."

XIX.

I heard, as I have seemed to hear,
  When all the under-air was still,
The low voice of the glad new year
  Call to the freshly-flowered hill.
I heard, as I have often heard
  The nightingale in leavy woods
Call to its mate, when nothing stirred
  To left or right but falling floods.

XX.

Come, Alice, sing to me the song
  I made you on our marriageday,
When arm in arm, we went along
  Half-tearfully, and you were gay
With brooch and ring: for I shall seem,
  The while you sing that song, to hear
The millwheel turning in the stream,
  And the green chestnut whisper near.

SONG.

I wish I were her earring,
  Ambushed in auburn ringlets sleek,
(So might my shadow tremble
  Over her downy cheek,)
    Hid in her hair, all day and night,
    Touching her neck so warm and white.

I wish I were the girdle
  Buckled about her dainty waist,
That her heart might beat against me,
  In sorrow and in rest.
    I should know well if it beat right,
    I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

I wish I were her necklace,
  So might I ever fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
  With her laughter, or her sighs.
    I would lie round so warm and light
    I would not be unclasped at night.

XXI.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells—
  True love interprets right alone;
For o'er each letter broods and dwells,
  (Like light from running waters thrown
On flowery swaths) the blissful flame
  Of his sweet eyes, that, day and night,
With pulses thrilling thro' his frame
  Do inly tremble, starrybright.

XXII.

How waste I language—yet in truth
  You must blame love, whose early rage
Made me a rhymster in my youth,
  And over-garrulous in age.
Sing me that other song I made,
  Half-angered with my happy lot,
When in the breezy limewood-shade,
  I found the blue forget-me-not.

SONG.

All yesternight you met me not.
My ladylove, forget me not.
When I am gone, regret me not,
But, here and there, forget me not.
With your arched eyebrow threat me not.
  And tremulous eyes, like April skies,
    That seem to say, 'forget me not.'
    I pray you, love, forget me not.

In idle sorrow set me not;
Regret me not: forget me not:
Oh! leave me not; oh, let me not
Wear quite away;—forget me not.
With roguish laughter fret me not
  From dewy eyes, like April skies,
    That ever *look*, 'forget me not,'
    Blue as the blue forget-me-not.

XXIII.

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
  Round my true heart thine arms entwine,
My other dearer life in life,
  Look through my very soul with thine.
Untouched with any shade of years,
  May those kind eyes for ever dwell,
They have not shed a many tears,
  Dear eyes! since first I knew them well.

XXIV.

I've half a mind to walk, my love,
  To the old mill across the wolds,
For look! the sunset from above
  Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires yon narrow casementglass,
  Touching the sullen pool below.
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
  Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

Fatima.

The Poem now so called was first published with the following motto for title, and without what is now STANZA II.

Φαίνεταί μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
Εμμεν ἀνὴρ.—SAPPHO.

Œnone.

There is a dale in Ida, lovlier
Than any in old Ionia, beautiful
With emerald slopes of sunny sward, that lean
Above the loud glenriver, which hath worn
A path thro' steepdown granite walls below
Mantled with flowering tendriltwine. In front
The cedarshadowy valleys open wide.
Far-seen, high over all the Godbuilt wall
And many a snowycolumned range divine,
Mounted with awful sculptures—men and Gods,
The work of Gods—bright on the dark blue sky
The windy citadel of Ilion
Shone, like the crown of Troas. Hither came
Mournful Œnone wandering forlorn
Of Paris once her playmate. Round her neck,
Her neck all marblewhite and marblecold,
Floated her hair, or seemed to float in rest.

She, leaning on a vine-entwinèd stone,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain shadow
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
The grasshopper is silent in the grass,
The lizard with shadow on the stone
Sleeps like a shadow, and the scarletwinged*
Cicala in the noonday leapeth not
Along the water-rounded granite-rock
The purple flower droops: the golden bee
Is lilycradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O Caves
That house the coldcrowned snake! O mountain brooks
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gathered shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

---

* In the Pyrenees, where part of this poem was written, I saw a very beautiful species of Cicala, which had scarlet wings spotted with black. Probably nothing of the kind exists in Mount Ida.

"O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewydark,
And dewydark aloft the mountain pine;
Beautiful Paris, evilhearted Paris,
Leading a jetblack goat whitehorned, whitehooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
I sate alone: the goldensandalled morn
Rosehued the scornful hills: I sate alone
With downdropt eyes: whitebreasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he came: a leopard skin
From his white shoulder drooped: his sunny hair
Clustered about his temples like a God's:
And his cheek brightened, as the foambow brightens
When the wind blows the foam; and I called out,
'Welcome Apollo, welcome home Apollo,
Apollo, my Apollo, loved Apollo.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He, mildly smiling, in his milkwhite palm
Close-held a golden apple, lightningbright
With changeful flashes, dropt with dew of Heaven
Ambrosially smelling. From his lip,
Curved crimson, the fullflowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.

"'My own Œnone,
Beautifulbrowed Œnone, mine own soul,

Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n
"For the most fair," in aftertime may breed
Deep evilwilledness of heaven and sore
Heartburning toward hallowed Ilion;
And all the colour of my afterlife
Will be the shadow of today. Today
Here and Pallas and the floating grace
Of laughterloving Aphrodite meet
In manyfolded Ida to receive
This meed of beauty, she to whom my hand
Award the palm. Within the green hillside,
Under yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Is an ingoing grotto, strewn with spar
And ivymatted at the mouth, wherein
Thou unbeholden may'st behold, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost its way between the piney hills.
They came—all three—the Olympian goddesses:
Naked they came to the smoothswarded bower,
Lustrous with lilyflower, violeteyed
Both white and blue, with lotetree-fruit thickset,
Shadowed with singing pine; and all the while,
Above, the overwandering ivy and vine
This way and that in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarlèd boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.
On the treetops a golden glorious cloud

Leaned slowly dropping down ambrosial dew,
How beautiful they were, too beautiful
To look upon! but Paris was to me
More lovelier than all the world beside.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
First spake the imperial Olympian
With archèd eyebrow smiling sovranly,
Fulleyèd Here. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestioned, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
And riversundered champaign clothed with corn,
Or upland glebe wealthy in oil and wine—
Honour and homage, tribute, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-thronged below her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

"Oh mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spoke of power
'Which in all action is the end of all.
Power fitted to the season, measured by
The height of the general feeling, wisdomborn
And throned of wisdom—from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance evermore.
Such boon from me Heaven's Queen to thee kingborn,
A shepherd all thy life and yet kingborn,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in this
Only are likest gods, who have attained

Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy;
The changeless calm of undisputed right,
The highest height and topmost strength of power.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
Flattered his heart: but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and barèd limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazenheaded spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snowcold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

" 'Selfreverence, selfknowledge, selfcontrol,
Are the three hinges of the gates of Life,
That open into power, every way
Without horizon, bound or shadow or cloud.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Will come uncalled-for) but to live by law
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence.
(Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.)
Not as men value gold because it tricks
And blazons outward life with ornament,
But rather as the miser, for itself.

Good for selfgood doth half destroy selfgood.
The means and end, like two coiled snakes, infect
Each other, bound in one with hateful love.
So both into the fountain and the stream
A drop of poison falls. Come hearken to me,
And look upon me and consider me,
So shalt thou find me fairest, so endurance,
Like to an athlete's arm, shall still become
Sinewed with motion, till thine active will
(As the dark body of the Sun robed round
With his own ever-emanating lights)
Be flooded o'er with her own effluences,
And thereby grow to freedom.'

"Here she ceased
And Paris pondered. I cried out. 'Oh Paris,
Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me not,
Or hearing, would not hear me, woe is me!

"O mother Ida, manyfountained Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite oceanborn,
Fresh as the foam, newbathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers upwards drew
From her warm brow and bosom her dark hair
Fragrant and thick, and on her head upbound
In a purple band: below her lucid neck
Shone ivorylike, and from the ground her foot
Gleamed rosywhite, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vinebunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whispered in his ear, 'I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
I only saw my Paris raise his arm:
I only saw great Here's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the eveningstar, with playful tail
Crouched fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain-shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close—close to thine in that quickfalling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn-rains
Flash in the pool of whirling Simois.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines—
My dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, or lower down
Filling green-gulphèd Ida, all between

The snowy peak and snowwhite cataract
Fostered the callow eaglet—from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, nevermore
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them—never see them overlaid
With narrow moonlit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

"Oh! mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Sealed it with kisses? watered it with tears!
Oh happy tears, and how unlike to these!
Oh happy Heaven, how can'st thou see my face?
Oh happy earth, how can'st thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou everfloating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids—let me die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hear me ere I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear

Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born. I will not die alone.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armèd men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, whereso'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire."

The Palace of Art.

(*The dedicatory lines have not been altered.*)

I.

I built my soul a lordly pleasurehouse,
  Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said "Oh, Soul, make merry and carouse,
  Dear Soul, for all is well."

II.

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished brass,
  I chose, whose rangèd ramparts bright
From great broad meadowbases of deep grass
  Suddenly scaled the light.

III.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
  The rock rose clear, or winding stair.
My soul would live alone unto herself
  In her high palace there.

IV.

"While the great world runs round and round," I said,
  "Reign thou apart, a quiet king;
Still, as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
  Sleeps on his luminous ring.

V.

"And richly feast within thy palacehall,
  Like to the dainty bird that sups,
Lodged in the lustrous crown-imperial,
  Draining the honeycups."

VI.

To which my soul made answer readily.
"Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion that is built for me
So royalrich and wide."

VII.

Full of long sounding corridors it was
That overvaulted grateful glooms,
Roofed with thick plates of green and orange glass
Ending in stately rooms.

VIII.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
All various, all beautiful,
Looking all ways, fitted to every mood
And change of my still soul.

IX.

For some were hung with arras green and blue
Showing a gaudy summer morn,
Where with puffed cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathèd buglehorn.

X.

One showed an English home—gray twilight poured
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored—
A haunt of ancient Peace.

XI.

Some were all dark and red, a glimmering land
  Lit with a low round moon,
Among brown rocks a man upon the sand
  Went weeping all alone.

XII.

One seemed a foreground black with stones and slags,
  Below sunsmitten icy spires
Rose striped with long white cloud the scornful crags,
  Deeptrenched with thunderfires.

XIII.

Some showed far-off thick woods mounted with towers,
  Nearer, a flood of mild sunshine
Poured on long walks and lawns and beds and bowers
  Trellised with bunchy vine.

XIV.

*Or the maidmother by a crucifix,
  In yellow pastures sunnywarm,
Beneath branchwork of costly sardonyx,
  Sat smiling, babe in arm.

---

* *When I first conceived the plan of the Palace of Art, I intended to have introduced both sculptures and paintings into it; but it is the most difficult of all things to devise a statue in verse. Judge whether I have succeeded in the statues of Elijah and Olympias:—*

One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
  As when he stood on Carmel-steeps,
With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked and said,
  "Come cry aloud—he sleeps."

XV.

Or Venus, in a snowy shell alone,
  Deepshadowed in the glassy brine,
Moonlike glowed double on the blue, and shone
  A naked shape divine.

XVI.

Or in a clearwalled city on the sea,
  Near gilded organ pipes (her hair
Wound with white roses) slept Saint Cecily;
  An angel looked at her.

XVII.

Or that deepwounded child of Pendragon
  Mid misty woods on sloping greens
Dozed in the valley of Avilion,
  Tended by crownèd queens.

Tall, eager, lean, and strong, his cloak windborne
  Behind, his forehead heavenly-bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
  Lit as with inner light.

One was Olympias: the floating snake
  Rolled round her ancles, round her waist
Knotted, and folded once about her neck,
  Her perfect lips to taste

Round by the shoulder moved: she seeming blythe
  Declined her head: on every side
The dragon's curves melted and mingled with
  The woman's youthful pride

Of rounded limbs,

XVIII.

Or blue-eyed Kriemhilt from a craggy hold,
  Athwart the lightgreen rows of vine.
Poured blazing hoards of Nibelungen gold,
  Down to the gulfy Rhine.

XIX.

Europa's scarf blew in an arch, unclasped,
  From her bare shoulder backward borne;
From one hand drooped a crocus: one hand grasped
  The mild bull's golden horn.

XX.

He through the streaming crystal swam, and rolled
  Ambrosial breaths that seemed to float
In lightwreathed curls. She from the ripple cold
  Updrew her sandalled foot.

XXI.

Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy thigh
  Half-buried in the eagle's down,
Sole, as a flying star, shot thro' the sky
  Over the pillared town.

XXII.

Not these alone: but many a legend fair,
  Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of nature for itself, was there
  Broidered in screen and blind.

XXIII.

So that my soul beholding in her pride
  All these, from room to room did pass;
And all things that she saw, she multiplied,
  A manyfacèd glass;

XXIV.

And, being both the sower and the seed,
  Remaining in herself, became
All that she saw, Madonna, Ganymede,
  Or the Asiatic dame—

XXV.

Still changing, as a lighthouse in the night
  Changeth athwart the gleaming main,
From red to yellow, yellow to pale white,
  Then back to red again.

XXVI.

"From change to change, four times within the womb
  The brain is moulded," she began,
"So through all phases of all thought, I come
  Into the perfect man.

XXVII.

"All nature widens upward: evermore
  The simpler essence lower lies.
More complex is more perfect, owning more
  Discourse, more widely wise.

XXVIII.

"I take possession of men's minds and deeds.
I live in all things great and small.
I dwell apart, holding no form of creeds,
But contemplating all."

XXIX.

Four ample courts there were, East, West, South, North,
In each a squarèd lawn wherefrom
A golden-gorgèd dragon spouted forth
The fountain's diamond foam.

XXX.

All round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branched like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain floods.

XXXI.

From those four jets four currents in one swell
Over the black rock streamed below
In steamy folds, that, floating as they fell,
Lit up a torrentbow;

XXXII.

And round the roofs ran gilded galleries
That gave large view to distant lands,
Tall towns and mounds, and close beneath the skies
Long lines of amber sands.

XXXIII.

Huge incense-urns along tbe balustrade,
  Hollowed of solid amethyst,
Each with a different odour fuming, made
  The air a silver mist.

XXXIV.

Far-off 'twas wonderful to look upon
  Those sumptuous towers between the gleam
Of that great foambow trembling in the sun,
  And the argent incense-stream;

XXXV.

And round the terraces and round the walls,
  When day sank lower or rose higher,
To see those rails with all their knobs and balls,
  Burn like a fringe of fire.

XXXVI.

Likewise the deepset windows, stained and traced,
  Burned, like slowflaming crimson fires,
From shadowed grots of arches interlaced,
  And topped with frostlike spires.

XXXVII.

Up in the towers I placed great bells that swung
  Moved of themselves with silver sound:
And with choice paintings of wise men I hung
  The royal daïs around.

XXXVIII.

There deephaired Milton like an angel tall
  Stood limnèd, Shakespeare bland and mild,
Grim Dante pressed his lips, and from the wall
  The bald blind Homer smiled.

XXXXIX.

And underneath freshcarved in cedarwood,
  Somewhat alike in form and face,
The Genii of every climate stood,
  All brothers of one race:

XL.

Angels who sway the seasons by their art,
  And mould all shapes in earth and sea;
And with great effort build the human heart
  From earliest infancy.

XLI.

And in the sunpierced Oriel's coloured flame
  Immortal Michael Angelo
Looked down, bold Luther, largebrowed Verulam,
  The king of those who know.*

XLII.

Cervantes, the bright face of Calderon,
  Robed David touching holy strings,
The Halicarnasseän, and alone,
  Alfred the flower of kings,

---

* Il maëstro di color chi sanno.
Dante Inf., iii.

XLIII.

Isaiah with fierce Ezekiel,
  Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,
Plato, Petrarca, Livy and Raphaël,
  And eastern Confutzee:

XLIV.

And many more, that in their lifetime were
  Fullwelling fountainheads of Change,
Between the stone shafts glimmered, blazoned fair
  In divers raiment strange.

XLV.

Through which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
  Flushed in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
  Rivers of melodies.

XLVI.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
  Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echoed song
  Throb thro' the ribbèd stone.

XLVII.

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth
  Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over nature, lord o' the visible earth,
  Lord of the senses five—

XLVIII.

As some rich tropic mountain, that iLfolds
All change, from flats of scattered palms
Sloping thro' five great zones of climate, holds
His head in snows and calms—

XLVIX.

Full of her own delight, and nothing else,
My vainglorious, gorgeous soul
Sat throned between the shining oriels,
In pomp beyond control;

L.

With piles of flavorous fruits, in basket-twine
Of gold, up-heapèd, crushing down
Muskscented blooms—all taste—grape, gourd or pine—
In bunch or singlegrown—

LI.

Our growths, and such as brooding Indian heats
Make out of crimson blossoms deep,
Ambrosial pulps and juices, sweets from sweets
Sunchanged, where seawinds sleep.

LII.

With graceful chalices of curious wine,
Wonders of art—and costly jars,
And bossèd salvers. Ere young night divine
Crowned dying day with stars,

LIII.

Making sweet close of his delicious toils,
  She lit white streams of dazzling gas,
And soft and fragrant flames of precious oils
  In moons of purple glass

LIV.

Ranged on the fretted woodwork to the ground.
  Thus her intense untold delight,
In deep or vivid colour, smell and sound,
  Was flattered day and night.*

---

* *If the Poem were not already too long, I should have inserted in the text the following stanzas, expressive of the joy wherewith the soul contemplated the results of astronomical experiment. In the centre of the four quadrangles rose an immense tower.*

Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
  Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
  Piereed thro' the mystic dome,

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
  Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
  Of suns, and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
  That marvellous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
  Whereof the one more bright

Is circled by the other, &c.

LV.

Sometimes the riddle of the painful earth
  Flashed thro' her as she sat alone,
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
  And intellectual throne

LVI.

Of fullsphered contemplation. So three years
  She throve, but on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
  Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

LVII.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
  God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
  Plagued her with sore despair.

LVIII.

When she would think, where'er she turned her sight
  The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote "Mene, mene," and divided quite
  The kingdom of her thought.

LIX.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
  Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
  Laughter at her selfscorn.

LX.

"Who hath drawn dry the fountains of delight,
That from my deep heart everywhere
Moved in my blood and dwelt, as power and might
Abode in Samson's hair?

LXI.

"What, is not this my place of strength," she said,
"My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundationstones were laid
Since my first memory?"

Note.—The remainder of the Poem stands unaltered in the later editions.

The Hesperides.

Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree.
COMUS.

The Northwind fall'n, in the newstarrèd night
Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond
The hoary promontory of Soloë
Past Thymiaterion, in calmèd bays,
Between the southern and the western Horn,
Heard neither warbling of the nightingale,

Nor melody o' the Lybian lotusflute
Blown seaward from the shore; but from a slope
That ran bloombright into the Atlantic blue,
Beneath a highland leaning down a weight
Of cliffs, and zoned below with cedarshade,
Came voices, like the voices in a dream,
Continuous, till he reached the outer sea.

SONG.

I.

The golden apple, the golden apple, the hallowed fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charmèd root.
Round about all is mute,
As the snowfield on the mountain-peaks,
As the sandfield at the mountain-foot.
Crocodiles in briny creeks
Sleep and stir not: all is mute.
If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,
We shall lose eternal pleasure,
Worth eternal want of rest.
Laugh not loudly: watch the treasure
Of the wisdom of the west.
In a corner wisdom whispers. Five and three
(Let it not be preached abroad) make an awful mystery.
For the blossom unto three-fold music bloweth;
Evermore it is born anew;

And the sap to threefold music floweth
From the root
Drawn in the dark,
Up to the fruit,
Creeping under the fragrant bark,
Liquid gold, honeysweet, thro' and thro'.
Keen-eyed Sisters, singing airily,
Looking warily
Every way,
Guard the apple night and day,
Lest one from the East come and take it away.

II.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch, watch, ever
and aye,
Looking under silver hair with a silver eye.
Father, twinkle not thy stedfast sight;
Kingdoms lapse, and climates change, and races die;
Honour comes with mystery;
Hoarded wisdom brings delight.
Number, tell them over and number
How many the mystic fruittree holds,
Lest the redcombed dragon slumber
Rolled together in purple folds.
Look to him, father, lest he wink, and the golden
apple be stol'n away,
For his ancient heart is drunk with overwatchings
night and day,
Round about the hallowed fruit tree curled—
Sing away, sing aloud evermore in the wind, without
stop,

Lest his sealèd eyelid drop,
For he is older than the world.
If he waken, we waken,
Rapidly levelling eager eyes.
If he sleep, we sleep,
Dropping the eyelid over the eyes.
If the golden apple be taken
The world will be overwise.
Five links, a golden chain, are we,
Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,
Bound about the golden tree.

III.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch, watch, night
and day,
Lest the old wound of the world be healèd,
The glory unsealèd,
The golden apple stol'n away,
And the ancient secret revealèd.
Look from west to east along:
Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus is bold and
strong.
Wandering waters unto wandering waters call;
Let them clash together, foam and fall.
Out of watchings, out of wiles,
Comes the bliss of secret smiles.
All things are not told to all.
Half-round the mantling night is drawn,
Purplefringèd with even and dawn.
Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening hateth morn.

IV.

Every flower and every fruit the redolent breath
Of this warm seawind ripeneth,
Arching the billow in his sleep;
But the landwind wandereth,
Broken by the highland-steep,
Two streams upon the violet deep:
For the western sun and the western star,
And the low west wind, breathing afar,
The end of day and beginning of night
Make the apple holy and bright;
Holy and bright, round and full, bright and blest,
Mellowed in a land of rest;
Watch it warily day and night;
All good things are in the west.
Till midnoon the cool east light
Is shut out by the round of the tall hillbrow;
But when the fullfaced sunset yellowly
Stays on the flowering arch of the bough,
The luscious fruitage clustereth mellowly,
Goldenkernelled, goldencored,
Sunset-ripened above on the tree.
The world is wasted with fire and sword,
But the apple of gold hangs over the sea.
Five links, a golden chain, are we,
Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,
Daughters three,
Bound about
All round about
The gnarlèd bole of the charmèd tree.

The golden apple, the golden apple, the hallowed fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Watch it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charmèd root.

The Lotos-Eaters.

This poem has been enlarged by what is now "vi." *of the* CHORIC SONG, *and the concluding part has been rewritten. These are the only alterations which have been made, save one in the* FIRST STANZA; *line* 7 *standing originally thus:—*

Above the valley burned the golden moon;

and one in the SECOND STANZA *of the poem; line* 7 *standing originally thus:—*

Three thundercloven thrones of oldest snow,

The following is the conclusion of the CHORIC SONG *in its original form.—*

CHORIC SONG.

VII.

The Lotos blooms below the flowery peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown.

We have had enough of motion,
Weariness and wild alarm,
Tossing on the tossing ocean,
Where the tuskèd seahorse walloweth
In a stripe of grassgreen calm,
At noon tide beneath the lee;
And the monstrous narwhale swalloweth
His foamfountains in the sea.
Long enough the winedark wave our weary bark
did carry.
This is lovelier and sweeter,
Men of Ithaca, this is meeter,
In the hollow rosy vale to tarry,
Like a dreamy Lotos-eater, a delirious Lotos-eater!
We will eat the Lotos, sweet
As the yellow honeycomb,
In the valley some, and some
On the ancient heights divine;
And no more roam,
On the loud hoar foam,
To the melancholy home
At the limit of the brine,
The little isle of Ithaca, beneath the day's decline.
We'll lift no more the shattered oar,
No more unfurl the straining sail;
With the blissful Lotus-eaters pale
We will abide in the golden vale
Of the Lotos-land, till the Lotos fail;
We will not wander more.
Hark! how sweet the horned ewes bleat

On the solitary steeps,
And the merry lizard leaps,
And the foamwhite waters pour;
And the dark pine weeps,
And the lithe vine creeps,
And the heavy melon sleeps
On the level of the shore:
Oh! islanders of Ithaca, we will not wander more.
Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the ocean, and rowing with the oar.
Oh! islanders of Ithaca, we will return no more.

Rosalind.

I.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My frolic falcon, with bright eyes,
Whose free delight, from any height of rapid flight,
Stoops at all game that wing the skies,
My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon, whither,
Careless both of wind and weather,
Whither fly ye, what game spy ye,
Up or down the streaming wind?

II.

The quick lark's closest-carolled strains,
The shadow rushing up the sea,
The lightningflash atween the rains,
The sunlight driving down the lea,
The leaping stream, the very wind,
That will not stay, upon his way,
To stoop the cowslip to the plains,
Is not so clear and bold and free
As you, my falcon Rosalind.
You care not for another's pains,
Because you are the soul of joy,
Bright metal all without alloy.
Life shoots and glances thro' your veins,
And flashes off a thousand ways,
Through lips and eyes in subtle rays.
Your hawkeyes are keen and bright,
Keen with triumph, watching still
To pierce me through with pointed light;
But oftentimes they flash and glitter
Like sunshine on a dancing rill,
And your words are seeming-bitter,
Sharp and few, but seeming bitter
From excess of swift delight.

III.

Come down, come home, my Rosalind,
My gay young hawk, my Rosalind:
Too long you keep the upper skies;
Too long you roam and wheel at will;

But we must hood your random eyes,
That care not whom they kill,
And your cheek, whose brilliant hue
Is so sparkling-fresh to view,
Some red heathflower in the dew,
Touched with sunrise. We must bind
And keep you fast, my Rosalind,
Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind,
And clip your wings, and make you love:
When we have lured you from above,
And that delight of frolic flight, by day or night,
From North to South;
We'll bind you fast in silken cords,
And kiss away the bitter words
From off your rosy mouth.*

---

* AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*Perhaps the following lines may be allowed to stand as a separate poem; originally they made part of the text, where they were manifestly superfluous:—*

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
Bold, subtle, careless Rosalind,
Is one of those who know no strife
Of inward woe or outward fear;
To whom the slope and stream of life,
The life before, the life behind,
In the ear, from far and near,
Chimeth musically clear.
My falconhearted Rosalind,
Fullsailed before a vigorous wind,
Is one of those who cannot weep
For others' woes, but overleap

A Dream of Fair Women.

These four stanzas have been suppressed; and the stanza with which the poem opens in the later editions was originally numbered "v."

I.

As when a man, that sails in a balloon,
  Downlooking sees the solid shining ground
Stream from beneath him in the broad blue noon—
  Tilth, hamlet, mead and mound:

All the petty shocks and fears
That trouble life in early years,
With a flash of frolic scorn
And keen delight, that never falls
Away from freshness, self-upborne
With such gladness as, whenever
The freshflushing springtime calls
To the flooding waters cool,
Young fishes, on an April morn,
Up and down a rapid river,
Leap the little waterfalls
That sing into the pebbled pool.
My happy falcon, Rosalind;
Hath daring fancies of her own,
Fresh as the dawn before the day,
Fresh as the early seasmell blown
Through vineyards from an inland bay.
My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
Because no shadow on you falls
Think you hearts are tennisballs,
To play with, wanton Rosalind?

II.

And takes his flags and waves them to the mob,
  That shout below, all faces turned to where
Glows rubylike the far-up crimson globe,
  Filled with a finer air:

III.

So, lifted high, the Poet at his will
  Lets the great world flit from him, seeing all,
Higher thro' secret splendours mounting still,
  Selfpoised, nor fears to fall,

IV.

Hearing apart the echoes of his fame.
  While I spoke thus, the seedsman, memory,
Sowed my deepfurrowed thought with many a name,
  Whose glory will not die.

These two stanzas have been suppressed. They followed that which is numbered "iv." *in the later editions:—*

IX.

In every land I thought that, more or less,
  The stronger sterner nature overbore
The softer, uncontrolled by gentleness
  And selfish evermore:

X.

And whether there were any means whereby,
  In some far aftertime, the gentler mind
Might reassume its just and full degree
  Of rule among mankind.

*The following is the original form of the stanza numbered "*xxix.*" in the later editions :—*

XXXV.

"The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,
  The temples and the people and the shore.
One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat
  Slowly,—and nothing more."

*The five following stanzas have been replaced by the four numbered "*xxxvi.*" to "*xxxix.*" in the later editions :—*

XLII.

"By him great Pompey dwarfs and suffers pain,
  A mortal man before immortal Mars;
The glories of great Julius lapse and wane,
  And shrink from suns to stars.

XLIII.

"That man, of all the men I ever knew,
  Most touched my fancy. Oh! what days and nights
We had in Egypt, ever reaping new
  Harvest of ripe delights,

XLIV.

"Realmdraining revels! Life was one long feast.
  What wit! what words! what sweet words, only made
Less sweet by the kiss that broke 'em, liking best
  To be so richly stayed!

XLV.

What dainty strifes, when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my gallant Antony,
My mailèd captain leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die!

XLVI.

"And in those arms he died: I heard my name
Sighed forth with life: then I shook off all fear:
Oh what a little snake stole Cæsar's fame!
What else was left? look here!"

In other respects the Poem stands unaltered.

Song.

Who can say
Why Today
Tomorrow will be yesterday?
Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

Kate.

I know her by her angry air,
Her brightblack eyes, her brightblack hair,
  Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
As laughter of the woodpecker
  From the bosom of a hill.
  'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will:
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
  Clear as the twanging of a harp.
    Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strung
  Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
    As edges of the scymetar.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate?
  For Kate no common love will feel;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
  As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith "the world is void of might."
  Kate saith "the men are gilded flies."
    Kate snaps her fingers at my vows;
  Kate will not hear of lover's sighs.
I would I were an armèd knight,
  Far famed for wellwon enterprise,
    And wearing on my swarthy brows
  The garland of new-wreathed emprise;
    For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,

And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
Oh! Kate loves well the bold and fierce;
But none are bold enough for Kate,
She cannot find a fitting mate.

Sonnet.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE OUTBREAK OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

Blow ye the trumpet, gather from afar
The hosts to battle: be not bought and sold.
Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the bold;
Break thro' your iron shackles—fling them far.
O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar
Grew to this strength among his deserts cold;
When even to Moscow's cupolas were rolled
The growing murmurs of the Polish war!
Now must your noble anger blaze out more
Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,
The Moslem myriads fell, and fled before—
Than when Zamoysky smote the Tatar Khan;
Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore
Boleslas drove the Pomeranian.

Sonnet.

ON THE RESULT OF THE LATE RUSSSIAN INVASION OF POLAND.

How long, O God, shall men be ridden down,
And trampled under by the last and least
Of men? The heart of Poland hath not ceased
To quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth drown
The fields; and out of every smouldering town
Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be increased,
Till that o'ergrown Barbarian of the East
Transgress his ample bound to some new crown:—
Cries to Thee, "Lord how long shall these things be?
How long shall the icyhearted Muscovite
Oppress the region?" Us, O Just and Good,
Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three;
Us, who stand *now*, when we should aid the right—
A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

Sonnet.

As when with down cast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in a confusèd dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, "All this hath been before,
All this *hath* been, I know not when or where."
So friend when first I looked upon your face,
Our thought gave answer, each to each, so true,
Opposèd mirrors each reflecting each—
Altho' I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And each had lived in the other's mind and speech.

O Darling Room.

I.

O darling room, my heart's delight,
Dear room, the apple of my sight,
With thy two couches soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite,
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.

II.

For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,
And Oberwinter's vineyards green,
Musical Lurlei; and between
The hills to Bingen have I been,
Bingen in Darmstadt, where the Rhene
Curves towards Mentz, a woody scene.

III.

Yet never did there meet my sight,
In any town, to left or right,
A little room so exquisite,
With two such couches, soft and white;
Not any room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.

To Christopher North.

You did late review my lays,*
  Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame with praise,
  Rusty Christopher.
When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
  Musty Christopher;
I could *not* forgive the praise,
  Fusty Christopher.

The Death of the Old Year.

This poem remains unaltered save in one line—

V.

line fifth reads thus originally:—

'Tis nearly one o'clock.

To J. S.

This poem remains unaltered save in one line—

VIII.

line third reads thus originally:—

A man more pure and mild and just.

THE END.

* See "Blackwood's Ed. Magazine," vol. xxxi., page 721.—No. cxciv., May 1832.