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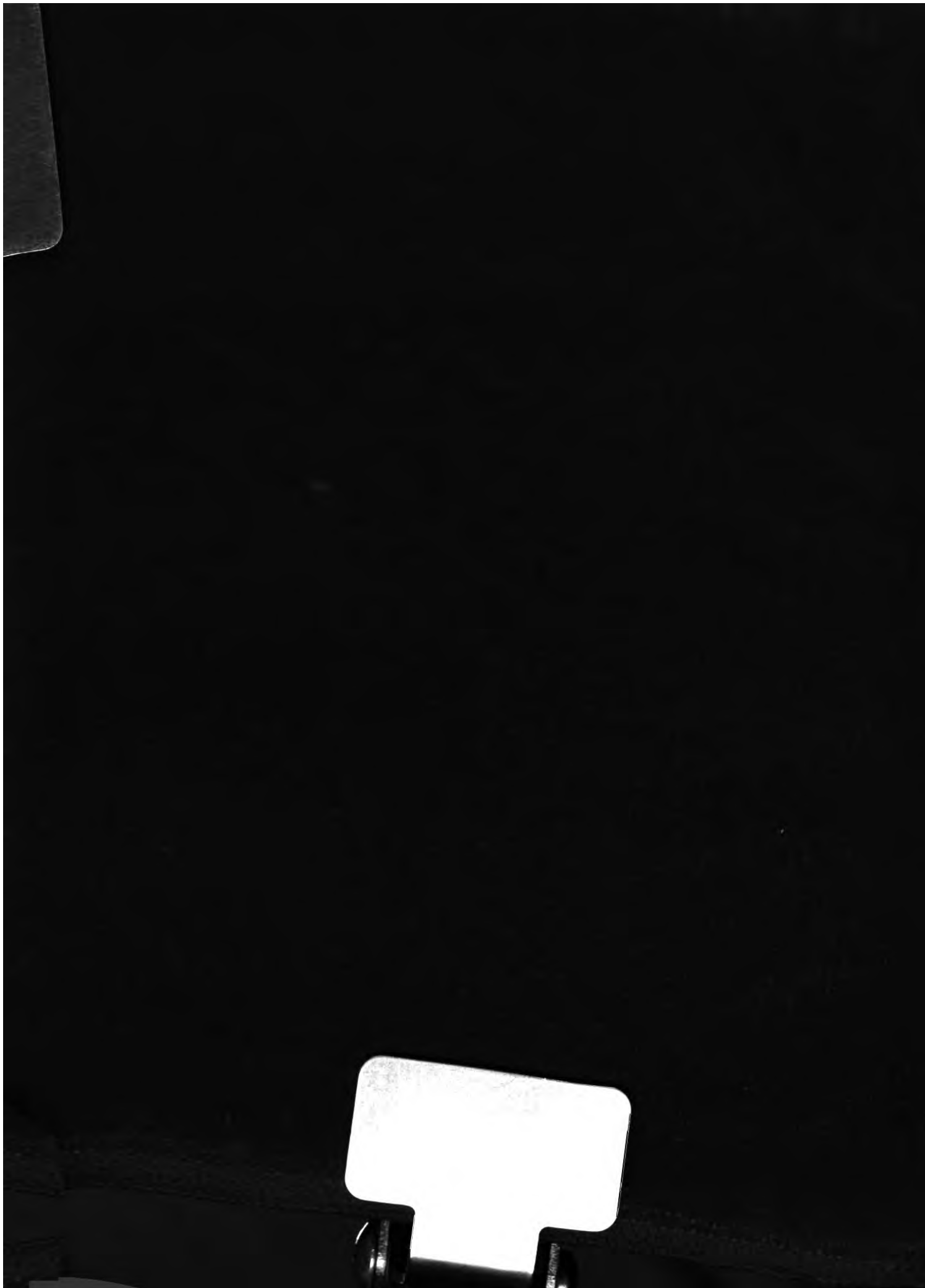
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LUDIBRIA VENTIS.





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To William Morris Esq

LUDIBRIA VENTIS.

with

The Author's Kind Regards

MANCHESTER :

JOHN HEYWOOD, EXCELSIOR BUILDINGS, RIDGEFIELD, JOHN DALTON STREET ;

AND 18, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON.



DEAR GEORGE YULE,

I INSCRIBE THIS LITTLE BOOK TO YOU IN MEMORY O' THE
DAYS O' AULD LANG SYNE. IT IS, IN ITS KIND, GOOD AS A
"PRENTICE HAN'" AT POETRY CAN MAKE IT—BUT IT
SHOULD BE BETTER FAR THAN IT IS—TO HAVE "A MAN'S A
MAN FOR A' THAT" LIKE YOURSELF—FOR ITS GODFATHER.
YOURS, WISHING YOU IN HEALTH AND WEALTH LONG TO
LIVE,

JOHN CAMERON.

Manchester, October 25th, 1878.

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 ADDENDA.

Page 66, line 19, for "Phalaris" read "Perillus."

Page 75, between lines 14 and 15, insert "As only microscopic can."

POEMS TO CHILDREN.

THE COMPETITORS.

To H. G. (Seven Years Old).

BIRDIES, ye that build in bushes,
Ye that build among the rushes,
Haunters of the stony shallow,
Lovers of the daisied fallow,
Ye that love suburban places,
And the sight of human faces—
Where's the Birdie would not carry
“Good New Year” to little Harry?

Comes the mellow-piping Thristle;
Blackbird with his gushing whistle;
With his fife the Lark—the Linnet
With his merry rustic spinet—
Hammering comes the Yellow-Hammer;
Starling with his chatter-stammer—
Fluttering come they all to carry
“Good New Year” to little Harry.

Comes the Birdie—she that trilleth
Where the tinkling rillet spilleth—
Dainty Liliputian Lady,
Haunter of the covert shady,
Where the green light glimmers dim;
Winsome wee thing, tight and trim,
Kitty Wren has come to carry
“Good New Year” to little Harry.

See, see Polly’s winking, winking!
Well I know what Polly’s thinking;
Though from tropic clime a comer—
Climate of perpetual summer:
“I will face the air that freezes,
I’ll outbrave the winter breezes,
Keenest North or East, to carry
‘Good New Year’ to little Harry!”

Fold thy fluttering wing, Canary,
Dear domesticated Fairy;
To the frosty clime a stranger,
I’ll not thy dear life endanger;
Stirs goodwill in every feather;
But the weather! oh, the weather!
Too, too cold for thee to carry
“Good New Year” to little Harry.

THE WINNER.

NOW the hearth is all aglow ;
Fagots shoot the blazing splinter ;
See ! hop, hopping o'er the snow,
Comes the welcome Sprite of Winter,
Birdie with the breast of scarlet,
Robin Redbreast—dark-eyed varlet ;
See ! he looks a “ Let me carry
' Good New Year ' to little Harry .”

It is, if sight not me deceives,
The Bird that covered o'er with leaves
The gentle little Babes so good,
Forsaken in the lonely wood,
Who wandered hand in hand, and cried
Till weary they lay down and died ;
Dear Bird, thou art the Bird to carry
“ Good New Year ” to little Harry .

I look again, again—Ah, no !
'Tis not the Bird of long ago ;
But that good Bird's transmitted grace
Has made the Robin Redbreast race
Dear to mankind—has built a nest
For every Robin in the breast
Of childhood—Come, I'll have thee carry
“ Good New Year ” to little Harry.

A famous Ancestor is thine,
The immortal Bird o' Auld Langsyne—
Thy Grandpapa's Great-Grandpapa,
Or Grandmamma's Great-Grandmamma ;
And if in thee the ancestral heart
Beat, Robin, thou the Birdie art
Of all the Birds the Bird to carry
“ Good New Year ” to little Harry.

THE LITTLE FISH.

To LIZZIE YULE (Five Years Old).

“ **A** HAPPY little Tot !”
Not half so happy, Lizzie, as you think ;
Thou seest my fins how fretfully they wink ;
Oh, my unhappy lot !

“ Thou naughty little Fish !”
Aye, aye, and Fishie must be naughty till
Dear little Lizzie its fond wish fulfil—
She knows that longing wish.

In this pellucid pool,
A lone forsaken thing, my fins I ply,
And leap and splash about to catch the eye
Of Lizzie, Lizzie Yule.

Thou seest me splash about !
Ah ! surely thou wilt some day understand
What ails me, Lizzie, and with gentle hand
Lift little Fishie out,

And kindly smile on me
Panting a moment on thy tender palm,
And call me "Little Pet"—for thine I am,
And thine would ever be.

Hear, Lizzie, hear my prayer ;
Oh, let it, Liz, thy gentle bosom probe ;
Put thy own Fishie in a crystal globe
Of water clear as air.

That lucent crystal sphere
Would little Fishie's dearest wishes bound ;
What joy, Dear Child, when swimming round and round,
To see thee—see and hear !

" But there would come a day
When, little Fishie, thou wouldst long to be
A roving Runaway in stream or sea,
Away—far, far away"—

Nay, hear me, Lizzie, hear !
Throbs in thy Fishie's heart but one fond wish—
I would thou wert thyself a little Fish
With me to swim the sphere.

To LIZZIE YULE (Five Years Old).

OH, Lizzie Yule—oh, Lizzie, Lizzie,
Come, come to me, dear Lizzie Yule!
Wi' love o' thee I'm doonricht dizzy;
My Freens—they ca' me an auld Fule!

What I ca' wisdom they ca' folly—
I care na for their word a flee!
Lizzie, I would be thy Dolly,
To be fondled, Love, by thee.

Ah! were I thy paper Kite, Love,
I would mount, and I would fly,
Delightedly for thy delight, Love,
Dance nid-noddin' in the sky.

Rising, sinking, sportive playing,
Like a Gannet on the wing;
This way, that way, gently swaying,
I would fondly tug the string.

Bonnie wee Thing—tricksy Fairy,
I would be thy Cockatoo,
Thrush, or Blackbird, or Canary,
Or thine Owl—tu-whit, tu-who!

Ah! I would, were I thy Parrot,
Bite thy finger nippingly,
No that ye might be the waur o't,
But to see thee scold a wee.

Thy poor Polly couldna swither
Looking in thy laughing eyes,
If thy scolding could be ither
Than love-making in disguise.

A thoosan' nuts, my bonnie Dawtie,
Wadna tempt to bite thee sair;
Na, I couldna be sae naughty
For a hundred thoosan' mair.

Ah! how fondly would I flutter
When I saw thee toddlin' by,
What my bill can never utter
Speaking wi' my glancing eye.

Sure the nut in my claw-bracket,
Sweetest nut though it should be,
Polly would forget to crack it,
A' for looking, Love, at thee.

A'thegither would forget it,
Looking at thee, let it fa',
Just to hae thee, Lizzie, set it
In poor Polly's tricksey claw.

Weel, I maun confess wi' shame, Love,
Fules though they be wha ca' me "Fule,"
They're no far wrang—but wha's to blame, Love?—
Wha but bonnie Lizzie Yule?

THE SKATER IN A MASQUE.

—
To W. J. (*Nine Years Old*).
—

WHAT do mine eyes behold? Oh, joy!
The gallant little Sailor Boy!
I thought that he was off to sea,
Away to China or Japan;
But yonder skater—that is he,
The too adventurous little man!
I cannot doubt my own two eyes,
The Sailor Boy in strange disguise!
Of many a masque *bizarre* the one
In which he's at the top of fun,
The top o' the style antique—yo ho!
In that triangular *chapeau*!
Right Reverend Bishop—nothing less,
Or learned Doctor—yes, oh, yes!
Wiser he could not look if he
Were at the least—an LL.D.

Nay, LL.D.'s that looked less wise
I have beheld with my own eyes,
Betraying gaunt poverty of thought
By looking wiser than they ought;
'That wig with dangling tail behind
Shows there is something in his mind ;
Omniscient Doctors may explain
The meaning lurking in that cane,
The symbol of mysterious skill
To play the game of "Cure or Kill."
With that *perruque* of horsehair friz
He might have been got up to quiz
A Legal Pate by simple folks
Mistaken for a Knowledge-box.

Holes in the ice ! Beware, beware !
Oh, cease too daringly to dare !
He is too venturesome by far,
A little fiery shooting star !
What time the channel's frozen over
He'll skate across the sea from Dover
With free and easy nonchalance,
And teach the Dancing Race to dance.

See, see him gliding swift explore
The windings of the willowed shore !
In vain, in vain the Masquer tries,
By feats of skating enterprise
In swallow-swift flight, to persuade
A gentle-hearted little maid,
His sister, o'er the ice to skim,
And wheel to right and left with him.
“ How easy 'tis to skate ! ” cries he—
“ How easy 'tis to skate, you see !
Come, sister, come and skate with me.”

“ To skate with thee it were so nice,
But for the smoothness of the ice ! ”
His curves and circles are so grand
She longs but fears to take his hand.
She reaches forth, as she with him
The glittering glassy field would skim,
Her right foot venturing to explore,
Her left fast rooted to the shore.

To right and left behold him wheel
In game to Gymnast Greek unknown ;
There's ne'er a Section of the Cone
He throws not from his armèd heel !

Two zig-zag spurs, and in a trice,
See the TRIANGLE cut in ice !
A touch ! he wheels full round, and see
The CIRCLE'S graceful symmetry !

Then off away, in motion fine
He skims along the ELLIPTIC LINE ;
Now see him in PARABOLA fly
As if to o'ershoot the bending sky ;
Away, away—Hip, hip, hurrah !
He's off in the HYPERBOLA !
Ah ! who can tell where lies the Goal
Of the too daring little Soul ?
Hillo ! Ho ! Stop him ! Stop who can
The Desperado little Man ;
For on that line—so say the Wise
Who know what's doing in the skies—
When Boys run off, or Comets burn,
They're lost—Ah ! never to return.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

—
To F. F. (Eight Years Old).
—

A LITTLE Squirrel bred and born,
What though I sometimes sigh?
Who loves can ne'er be all forlorn,
And so not I—not I.

Oft I skip lightly to and fro,
My heart with love astir;
Ah! if she felt it she would know
'Tis all for love of her.

Whene'er the Darling comes in sight,
From tree to tree I fly;
So airy light I beat in flight
The darting Dragon-fly.

I peep out here, I peep out there,
This way and that I leap;
She sees a squirrel everywhere,
But only sees Bopeep.

Three times I leapt—I saw her smile,
She counted one, two, three ;
The little Darling all the while
Was counting only me.

She looks at me—my Fay, my Cub—
Beneath my bough she stands ;
She smiles, she speaks to me —I rub,
Rub both my little hands !

Oh, what a flood of lovely hair !
That upturned face how bright !
I ne'er saw anything so fair
Since first I saw the light.

I chatter, chatter fervently,
From bough to bough I spring ;
She looks —“ What can the matter be
With that chattering little Thing ?”

“ What can the matter be ?”—ah, me !
My heart I cannot school :
Soon as the Darling's face I see
I'm just a little Fool.

Was ever such a plight as mine ?
Love whirls my little brain ;
I oft run down a towering pine
But to run up again.

And sometimes I the livelong day
Sit with my tail o'er head,
Still as a stone, till people say,
“ Poor Squirrel—he is dead ! ”

The Boys that ramble from the town
At me —poor me—let fly ;
I care not if they bring me down—
I know the reason why.

To F. J. (Eight Years Old.)

WITH thinking heart and listening ear
Through wood and field I walk,
The talk of little Birds to hear—
I understand their talk.

On Monday morning last my way
Lay through a shady wood,
And what the little Birds did say
I heard and understood.

And first I heard the Robin speak—
“ Say, Kitty, Kitty dear,
Didst thou not hear last night a shriek
That filled thy heart with fear ?

“ And sawest thou nothing in the night
To scare away thy wits ?
I saw, dear Kit, a fearful sight
That threw me into fits.

“ Between me and the moon it flew ;
My ear pursued its track ;
And by its stealthy flight I knew—
I felt it was a Hawk.”

“ Oh, Robin! I too saw it fly,
And, oh, how I did start !
I thought that moment I should die,
So throbbed my little heart.”

Then shrieked the Squirrel—“ Silence, fie !
Into your bunkers creep,
You’re telling both of you a lie ;
It was Bopeep, Bopeep !”

From ivy-smothered ruin gray
The Bat did shrilly squeak :
“ My friends, you each have said your say,
It is my turn to speak.

“ Last night at nine o’clock I woke,
And, fluttering forth to prowl,
I saw it staring in an oak—
It was an Owl—an Owl !

“ Its eyes were glowrin, greedy, grim ;
I saw them wink and wink ;
I shook in every joint and limb ;
I felt as I should sink.”

Then shrilled the Squirrel, “ Hear me, hear !
What witless Things ye be ;
Your coward eyes they saw through fear
The Owl and Hawk in me.

“ The next time that I take a leap
To stretch my limbs by night,
Sing out, ‘ There goes our Friend Bopeep,’
And I’ll sing out, ‘ All right.’

“ Sleep Bird and Bat, sleep soundly then,
Sleep on till dawning day
Calls Bat to bed, and Rob and Wren
To warble on the spray.”

To POLLY C. (Five Years Old).

COME, Galatea Polly, come !
Oh, wherefore do you fly me so ?
Sure I am not a Polypheme !
Then why that cruel "No, no, no" ?
Oh, do not, do not run away,
It is not going to school you are ;
Stay with me, Tricksy Creature stay,
Dear Polly the Peculiar.

There's Lucy, Annie, and the rest,
And Edith the endearing ;
But, Polly dear, I love thee best—
I wish I were thy ear-ring.
Thou fliest, fliest me—poor me !
And yet, were I a Jeweller,
I'd give my choicest pearl to thee,
Dear Polly the Peculiar.

One child, when naughty, I set down
 With an imperious "Hold, my dear!"
On one I scowl with gloomy frown,
 And "You are far too bold, my dear."
But oh, my pretty frolic Fay!
 What time you most unruly are,
I only say, "It is the way
 With Polly the Peculiar."

Too cruel Polly, hear me—hear!
 Oh, stay, my Sweet, and list to me!
Come, let me take thee by the ear—
 Don't brandish little fist at me!
My eyes with tender tears are dim
 While watching thee flit here and there;
My heart is full of love to the brim
 For Polly the Peculiar.

Stay, let me pat thy soft round cheek;
 Come, come, let me embrace thee, Love,
And play with thee at "hide and seek,"
 And round the garden chase thee, Love.
Stay with me, tricksy Fay, oh, stay!
 And I will play what few will dare—
The dancing, dancing Bear I'll play
 With Polly the Peculiar,

The time I'll beat with shaggy feet,
And thou shalt skip in satin shoe ;
We'll meet to fly, and fly to meet
Fay and Hairy Bugaboo.
Anon I'll tread slow time, and swim
In measured sweep a growling Bear,
And thou shalt round me flit and skim
As Polly the Peculiar.

And we in waltz will whirl about,
Thy waist within my clipsome paw ;
And at the fun the Lads will shout
“ Hurrah, hurrah. Hip, hip, hurrah !”
The Girls will sigh—oh, for a Beau !
A Bear Beau—though Bears cruel are ;
The Boys will long to “ toss the toe ”
With Polly the Peculiar.

IN MEMORIAM.

AND where is Polly now? In long-past years
An Angel came—Can I forget the day?
“Come to the Angel-children—come away;
Give me thy little hand and have no fears.”
She looked into his heavenly face and smiled,
And, smiling, stretched her wasted little hand;
He put his arms around the dying Child,
And bore the Darling to the better land.

To J. W. FORSTER (Nine Years Old).

NO Poet I—oh no, no, no ;
My thoughts in music do not flow ;
No Muse, howe'er invoked, will come
To brace my scare-crow rattle drum ;
Yet I a "rub-a-dub" will roll,
Though in my drum I burst a hole,
For 'tis the time—the time of times—
That hearts o'erflow in cooing rhymes ;
The day when Postmen tottering lag,
O'erburthened with the bursting bag ;
The day when Lads and Lasses pine,
And look through eyes that dance and shine,
Expectant of a Valentine.

I take occasion from the time,
With monitory rub-a-dub,
To save a Schoolboy little cub
From the prevailing plague of rhyme.

Hear, hear, Quintus Horatius Flaccus,
“*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*”
He is the Boy, my Boy, to back us—
Poet, Philosopher, and Wit ;
Proofs of the Horatian thesis,
Illustrations thought to quicken,
See in living exegesis,
In Duck, Duckling, Hen and Chicken.

Mother Hen—what time a litter
Of Ducklings bless the happy Sitter,
When she sees her broad-billed Waddlers,
Toddling in their downy yellows,
Awkward, splayfoot little fellows,
Launch away—how strange !—as Paddlers !
On the shore distracted pacing,
O'er the water wistful gazing,
She calls them back—bereaved, forlorn,
Unknowing they are swimmers born.

Deaf to her expostulation
They have found their fit vocation,
Happy wee things, in the enjoyment
Of their web-foot's right employment.
“The Disobedient—shame, for shame !”
Nay, thoughtless Mammy, cease to blame ;

No brood of Disobedients they,
Though little Rebels they in seeming ;
Thy Babies--bless them !—take to swimming,
For they were born to swim away.
Betimes she learns to fear no more
Whene'er they waddling seek the shore ;
A proud and happy Mother she
To watch them standing out to sea !
Paddling to right and left they ply
Their bills to snatch the floating fly,
Or throw in play, the dapper Dippers,
Heels o'er head their yellow slippers.
Whilst thus she watched her Babies playing
I overheard her proudly saying :
“ Oh, I could hold myself in scorn ;
My Darlings, they are Swimmers born ;
Despite a mother's blinding love
I in their walk did see a waddle,
But in the water how they paddle !
How gracefully the Darlings move !
Though Mothers have transforming eyes
I could not from myself disguise
That their deportment strange must strike
Beholders as unladylike ;

Ah! little, little did I dream
Their motion could be grace extreme ;
The Swan may boast her Cygnets fine—
Swim they more gracefully than mine ?”

Dear Boy, thou’rt sound asleep, I fear.
“ No, no ; go on, go on,—Hear, hear !”
Dear Boy, thou leav’st me no resource,
I must go on.—“ Of course, of course.”
Pictures rise within me thronging—
Surely ’tis to me a joy
To appease thy eager longing,
Good attentive little Boy.
Take, then, for thy delectation
Duck and Chicken illustration.

Ducks, they, too, have the fruition
Of the pangs of imposition !
Poor things, put upon to quicken
Eggs that give as Babe and Suckling
Not the webfoot waddling Duckling,
But the stilt-legged, claw-toed Chicken.
Soon as callow wee things, tripping
From the shell, come pipping, pipping,
Mother Webfoot, swimmer born,
Leaving little ones forlorn,

To the water hurries waddling,
For her soul is set on paddling.
She was born to swim and dive,
To excel in circumnavigation ;
They were born on stilts, to thrive
On pickings and perambulation ;
Stepping on, with pecking bill
They their nature's law fulfil ;—
Soon will they with raking claw,
Raking for the barleycorn,
Rake and toss the heapèd straw
As can only Rakers born.

Hen and Chicken, Duck and Duckling,
Mother Birds, and Babe and Suckling,
Prove by native mother wit
“ Poeta nascitur, non fit.”

FROM A GERMAN TRANSLATION

FROM HAFIZ.

—

STRIKE, Harper, strike no more
To that old strain thy lyre ;
Play me everlastingly
Joy-strains high and higher.

Play till, for evermore,
The Bird of fiercest feeding,
The heart-rending Vulture, fly
Bosoms torn and bleeding.

Play till from the face
Of truth that fears the showing
The torn-off veil be tossed in air
By every wind that's blowing.

Play till ancient Foes
Kiss in exultation,
Celebrating a world-wide
Reconciliation.

Play till the Beautiful,
Spurning golden Suers,
Embrace, all drunk with love,
Their penniless Wooers.

Play till the stars dance—
Till the trees go dancing—
Till the fishes leap in air,
From the water glancing.

Play so, thou Harper, play ;
All other strains are jarring ;
For these henceforth may no man give
Thee a single farthing.

“Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero.”

SOUND, my Timbrel, sound, sound gaily,
Yet my heart is far away.

Giddy thing, which thus I brandish,
Could'st thou know and feel my anguish,
Then thy every tone would languish,
'Plaining of my bitter smart.

Gaily dancing, bowing, wheeling,
I, my pain of heart concealing,
Wildly beat to hush the feeling
That reminds me of my smart.

In the gay dance lightly footing,
And my timbrel wildly beating,
Swells my song—it swells to shrieking—
For my heart is far away.

“ Wohl aus hartem Felsgestein
Sind geschaffen unsre Herzen.”

SURE of stone of hardest grain
Have been fashioned both our hearts ;
Mine, enduring thousand smarts—
Thine, indifferent to my pain.

If not flinty to the core
We long since had ceased to be ;
Thou, from pitying, pitying me ;
I, from longing torment sore.

Yet, undying in us twain,
Life lives on in both our hearts ;
Mine, enduring thousand smarts—
Thine, indifferent to my pain.

“ O wie lieblich ist das Mädchen,
Wie so schön und voll von Anmuth !”

OH, how winsome is the maiden !
How graceful, beautiful, is she !

Tell me, tell, thou dauntless Sailor,
Thou whose home is on the ocean,
If the Ship, and if her sails be—
If the Stars be fair as she ?

Tell me, tell, thou gallant Captain,
Riding gay in glittering harness,
If the Steed, and if his trappings—
If the fight be fair as she ?

Tell me, tell, thou Shepherd Laddie,
Thou who herd'st thy flock a-feeding,
If the Lammies, if the Meadows,
If the Hills be fair as she ?

THE AUCTION.

“Biet ich jetzt mein Herz zu Kauf;
Sagt, hat einer Lust darauf?”

LONG bestormed by passion's clamour,
Here's a plaguy thing, I cry ;
See, I bring my heart to the hammer—
Anyone a wish to buy ?

Shall I put a price upon it ?
For a crown 'tis thrown away ;
Never was it the wind's plaything—
Willing in the net to stay.
But as “Hard up” sorely presses,
“Here's a heart on sale,” I cry ;
Off it goes to highest Bidder—
Anyone a wish to buy ?

Every day it frets and vexes ;
It no longer joy bestows.
Now, who bids ? Say, who bids higher ?
Off, with all its whims, it goes.

Naughty these, I frankly tell you,
Yet, "Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" I cry.
Were it happy I would keep it—
Anyone a wish to buy?

Buy, buy! and there's naught to plague me;
Say, will no one bid a crown?
At *four* crowns it goes for nothing,
Yet at *one* I'll knock it down!
Once—once more, I poise the hammer—
"Here's a heart to sell," I cry.
Bidders threaten to skedaddle—
Anyone a wish to buy?

Going! Once—twice—going—going!
Three times—going—going—*gone!*
Sweet One, much good may it do Thee;
Take it, Thou, my Dearest One.
Brand it with the glowing iron—
Quickly the slave-mark apply—
Take it, take it, as a PRESENT,
Though thou hast no wish to buy!

SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS.

"Gieb heraus, was du genommen,
Liebster, Schnur und Lämmlein gieb!"

GIVE me, give what thou hast stolen,
Dearest, cord and Lammie give.
"Give me first my heart, my Darling ;
That is only fair, you know."

Tony, how can I have stolen,
Tony Dear, thy heart away ?
"With the charm of cheek so rosy,
And the look so graceful gay."

Give the crook that thou hast stolen,
And the Shepherd's wallet give.
"Give me first my heart, my Darling ;
That is only fair, you know."

Give the saucer thou hast stolen—
Strike-fire steel and kettle give.
"Give me first my heart, my Darling ;
That is only fair, you know."

" Murrelndes Lüftchen, Blütenwind."

MURMURING, balm-breathing wind,
That o'er the meadow fliest a-maying,
Sing a song in the leaves of the elm-tree ;
Lullaby my Little One.

To-day soft-breathing, balmy West
Lullaby in sweetest slumber
My Little One, to ease my cumber—
Sooth my sorrowing heart to rest.
Cradle her thou gentle breeze
That o'er the meadow fliest a-maying,
Sing a song in the leaves of the elm-tree ;
Lullaby my Little One.

Thou flutterest in the green leaves gay,
Murmuring of joy departed—
Fled for aye from me, sad-hearted ;
Sorrow sore is mine to-day.
Oh, thou soft, balm-breathing wind,
That o'er the world dost fly a-maying,
Sing a song in the leaves of the elm-tree ;
Lullaby my Little One.

“Komm, O Tod, in tiefster nacht.”

COME, oh Death, in deepest night ;
Let thy pace the stealthiest pace be,
Lest the longing to embrace thee
Call me back again to life.

Come thou as the lightning cometh
When it suddenly forth-flameth
Ere the thunder it proclaimeth,
And the crash redoubled boometh.

So come thou and still the strife
Of the yearning thoughts that chase me,
Lest the longing to embrace thee
Call me back again to life.

“ Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst.”

WHEN thou strayest among the flowers,
Cull to deck thee the completest—
Ah! or in thy garden bowers
Thou must cull thyself, my Sweetest.

The flowers all, they know, they see
Graceful thou, all grace outvying ;
And the flower that looks on thee,
Looking feels its beauty dying.
When thou strayest among the flowers,
Cull to deck thee the completest—
Ah! or in thy garden bowers
Thou must cull thyself, my Sweetest.

Sweeter far than roses bin
Kisses which thy sweet mouth spendeth ;
Where the charm of flowers endeth
There doth thy love-charm begin.
When thou strayest among the flowers,
Cull to deck thee the completest—
Ah! or in thy garden bowers
Thou must cull thyself, my Sweetest,

PINKS and Jasmine I entwine,
And my heart—it thinks of him.

Oh, ye Pinks—flame-red Carnations—
Which the morn on me bestows,
You I send as indications
Of the fire that in me glows.
Go, white blossoms, sweetly-breathing,
Greet him with your fragrance fine ;
Tell him that I'm pale for longing,
That in tears I wait his coming.

Pinks and Jasmine I entwine,
And my heart—it thinks of him.

A thousand flowers, dew-besprinkled—
Ah, how soon their freshness dies !—
To-morrow's sun shall see them wrinkled,
Though they first did ope their eyes
In the sun that shines to-day.
Say, oh say, thou fragrant Jasmine—
Ye flame-red Carnations say,
Can love as quickly fade away ?—
Ah, my heart—it thinks on him,

TRUE LOVE'S TORMENTS.

COME first of April it will be a year
Since heels o'er head I fell into the sea,
The shoreless sea abyssmal of true love
In which more men by millions have been drowned
Than in the sea that rolls around the world.
Not a Pacific Ocean that—Ah, no !
But than the rude Atlantic stormier far.
I was picked up a half-drowned mariner
Soaked to the marrow with the bitter brine,
And safe on deck I threw the sounding line
Trying to fathom it—but my line came short—
How could it other? Oh, too foolish me
To think that longest line could mete the depth
Of an abyssmal sea without a shore !

“ Bid me discourse ”—Dear Friends, I dare not say
“ I will enchant your ears ”—but sure I am
That I shall touch your sympathetic hearts,
And fill your eyes to overflow with tears.

Even now your sympathetic wonderment
Has fixed you in the listening attitude
Of curiosity intense—your eyes
Dart eager questions at me—not your tongues
Let loose could be more interrogative
Than is the wonder in your speaking eyes.

“The beautiful, the all-accomplished Girl
You love distractedly to drowning depths
Deeper than Cupid’s sounding line can sound,
Say, is she graceful as the bounding Fawn?
And how does her dear head behave itself
On the lithe column of her swanlike neck?
What is the colour of her eyes? light grey?
Or dark as night? or of cerulean blue,
Showing the heaven of an unclouded heart?
Her nose, say, is it of the Grecian mould?
The fine symmetric perpendicular?
The Hebrew Cut? or Roman Curvature?
Or does it, coming to a piquant point,
Turn up and look admiringly behind?
Her mouth is, doubtless, what a mouth must be
To be the happy Mean between Extremes
Of pouting Rosebud, and the Rose full blown?
How does her right foot overstep her left?

The left the right? With airy Barb-like prance?
Or free and easy Dromedary stride?
Or in the haughty Peacock's strutting style?
How carries she her questionable arms?
In the detestable a-kimbo fix?
A pair of dangling Drumsticks? or a pair
Of awkward jerkers that will jerk and jerk,
As if intent on making elbow room,
Tilting to right and left the Bearded Sex,
With an imperious 'Keep your distance, Sirs'?
Or a distracting fascinating pair
Of things of beauty, charmingly serene,
Awaking in the loyal heart the wish
To kiss their Queenly hands with homage due?"
These are the questions that your eyeballs ask—
These prove your heart-deep interest in my case—
And speaking from my heart I here declare
A disappointment plenary as mine
Deserves no less than plenary sympathy.
Your looks of sympathetic wonderment
Excuse your mob of questions—justify
The too superfluous interrogative.

Dear Marion's attributes are of the sort
That Men but seldom seek in Womankind!

Oh, she's a Rare One ! Who would fitly sing
Her attributes must be a Poet born,
And sing them in the rapt superlative ;
Comparative would do her nature wrong,
For Marion is a Maid beyond compare—
A transcendental sample of her sex.
Her step is high-demonstrative—her mouth
Speaks for itself—her large prophetic eyes
Dilate prospectively on things to come :
The glories of her coming Golden Age,
When Lady Eve shall be Creation's Lord,
And Adam—her " Go-fetch-and-carry Boy."

Cinders and slag and ashes were the Man
Who, knowing her, did not in soul resolve
To fan his " vital spark of heavenly flame"
Till it flamed forth in laudatory song
Singing the undeniable Nonpareille.
Ah ! should he ever, smitten to the core
By her far-beaming, arrow-darting eyes,
Declare his passion or in Prose or Rhyme,
Let him keep down the beatings of his heart
Lest his fine transport carry him away
Into irregular dithyrambic style,
Or beautiful audacities of phrase

That overleap tyrannic Grammar's law,
For she will hypercritically test
The Manifesto with hair-splitting eye,
Cruel and cold as the most searching wind
That bloweth from the bitterest point of East.
She is, Dear Girl, I know it to my cost,
More critical than is the microscope
Searching the texture of an insect's wing,
Or magnifying to mammoth bulk a mite,
Thrice tiny tenant of a mouldering cheese.

There came a day—would it had never come,
The heart-quake day when my volcanic heart
Must shattered be for ever, or erupt
The molten matter seething in its core ;
It came—that ne'er to be forgotten day,
The first of April—never mind the year—
Dates count for nothing in a case like mine.

After a night of tossing to and fro,
As restless as a Petrel in a storm,
Or Porpoise tossing in a tumbling sea,
Or Buoy at anchor o'er a sunken rock,
At dawn my agitation settled down
Into determination absolute
To seek a fate-deciding interview.

The crisis-hour had come—and as a man,
Who has o'erslept himself, jumps out of bed,
And huddles on his clothes, and rushes out
In breathless headlong haste to catch a Train,
And, panting, gets to the station just in time,
Unhappy Man ! to see it “ on the move ”—
Too late by half a minute—too, too late—
So I leapt up, and jumped into my clothes,
And, making in a straight line for the stream
That rolled between Dear Marion's home and mine
(In haste too hot to go round by the Bridge),
I sprang into the Ford, and hurrying on
I reached the Lawn to see her moving off—
That had been nothing had she been alone !—
But there was with her One whom I had seen,
On a Botanical Excursion, cull
With fussy fumbling hand Forget-me-nots ;
(Forget-me-nots that I can ne'er forget) !
Ah ! with my own two blasted eyes I saw,
Saw Marion take them from the Creature's hand,
And stick them in her girdle—Cruel Girl !—
As if to feel the beating of her heart.
I turned away, and with slow, tottering steps
I came round by the bridge—a Broken Man !
Older in heart by—say some twenty years

Than in the morning when, my soul on fire,
Wings at my shoulders playing, I ran, I flew,
From the full Cornucopiæ of my heart
To pour forth vows of everlasting love.

Oh, 'twas a disappointment hard to bear—
Harder, for sure, a hundred thousand times
Than his who, bent on business, misses train,
And, muttering, stands confounded—the hot steam
Of hurry-skurry steaming from his hair !

Who misses one train, he can take the next,
But he who misses the delightful Girl
Felt by divine affinities of soul
To be the appointed heart-appeasing One,
Run how he may will never catch the train
Whose Engine Driver's Cupid !—Stoker Love
Will nevermore for him get up the steam—
Oh, nevermore, oh, never, nevermore !

My Friends, they looked at me with anxious eye ;
No wonder ! for my visage had become
Apocalyptic of a state of heart
That made me day by day forget to wind
The Clock of business up—a fearful state
In which with knowledge of what should be done

I lacked the power to do it—Wretched Me !
The upbraiding Timepiece, staring in my face
With an imploring look, and stretching out
Its two dead silent hands reproachfully.

This could not last—but fearing I to stand
The perilous hazard of a second shock—
To find Dear Marion either “ not at home,”
Or “ on the move ” leaning on Twaddle’s arm,
Not without perturbation I resolved
To appeal emphatically to her heart
By Letter—can I e’er forget the day ?
That First of April—no, were I to live
To make Methuselah *not* the oldest man.

At length sick, sick at heart I set me down,
And seizing my goose quill I poured my soul
In fervent flood on foolscap—foolish me !
My love was up to—nay, I dare not tell
What the thermometer did indicate ;
A sceptical cold-blooded world would stare,
And in the literal verity find a myth !
As well talk of the Rainbow to the Blind,
Of Music to the Deaf—of the Rose’s breath
To him dead in the Organ that inhales
The fragrant life of flowers into the heart.

Said I to my tumultuous heart, said I,
“Is there no fond apocalyptic word
To show the fluctuation of the soul
Like a sea raging when the storms are out
Or heaving sulky as when storms subside!”

Like lightning winking on the horizon flashed
The yearned-for word upon me—word of power,
Or used in normal, or abnormal style.
“I have it!” cried I, starting to my feet,
And taking three great strides across the room;
“I have the word, the all-expressive word
That better can than trump, or drum, or fife
Arouse the spirit to its hardest mood;
And better can than harp, or lute, or flute
Subdue to melting tenderness the heart.
LOVE is a word has wrought more miracles
Than story knows or sacred or profane.
Love is a word to cleave the blackest clouds,
And show the heart the great blue heaven above.
Of giant strength even in its normal use
I’ll make it by abnormal doubly strong.
‘I love’ is good—‘I loves thee’ better far!
‘I love’ sees the loved One outside itself;
‘I loves’? ‘I loves’ has a diviner sight—

It sees the loved One seated in the soul,
Or rocked and dandled by the loving heart."

Dear sympathetic Beings, hear me, hear !
I do remember when as a small Boy—
(Shakespere, for shame ; to anticipate my Snail !)
With Satchel on my back I went to school ;
The verb *Amo Amavi* was the Flute
On which it aye delighted me to play.
For pity's sake give ear, and hear me all
As if you each expected me to pop—
To pop the question most important far
That can be asked or answered in the world ;
And, though my heart's on fire to tell my woes,
To set your hearts on fire I'll play it now.

I like at once and loathe the verb "to love ;"
"I love" 's a Bird that singeth in the heart,
A Thrush pipe piping in a blossomy tree ;
"I loved or did love" 's a bewildered Owl
Dolefully scritchng in a ruined wall ;
"I have loved" is a melancholy dirge
In a deserted desolated Nest—
A Nest where once the crowding little Loves
Did ope their bills and spread their little wings ;

“I had loved,” But—oh, that rebutting “But ”
That brings the heart to calculating pause !
That Scarecrow “But ” that many and many a time
Has frightened Cupid—sent him trotting home
Rubbing his eyes and blubbering all the way ;
“I shall or will love ” is a beauteous Bird—
A Bird of Paradise waving balmy wings
That fill the air with exquisite perfume ;
“I am loved ” is the ambrosial Nectarine,
The wine of life and rapture in its core ;
“I was loved ” is a glass in which we see
The light of eyes we ne’er shall see again ;
“To love,” oh, that divine Infinitive !
Oh, that transcendent Everlasting Mood,
There’s in it an Eternity of love !

The mountain torrent has its eddying pools,
Even so the flood of the impassioned heart
Will have its seething eddies—Love takes delight
In dallying with itself, in swimming round
Within the compass of some precious word,
To sink and rise, and wheel and splash about
Like the Gold Fish in its crystalline vase ;
Love loves to make an Ocean of a word,
And roll the Ground Swell of the loving soul
In foam and thunder on its clasping strand.

Love takes delight—the fond fantastic Thing,
Standing on Pegasus, the wingèd Steed,
To gallop round the Circus of a phrase,
To leap and light—and leap to light again,
To burst the blazing hoop—and gallop on
Clapping his little hands—and waving wide
His glittering unsinged wings triumphantly.

The First of April ! the preposterous day
That saw me make myself an April Fool—
Was now in the Past Tense a month or more,
And Merry May (no Merry May to me)
Had come bestrewing Earth's green lap with flowers ;
Some forty mornings I had come downstairs
With beating heart expectant of a note
From Marion, the Antiphonè to mine—
A Postscript added to apologise
For making off with Twaddle when she saw
Me in the distance hastening o'er the lawn !
Full forty disappointments were my fate
When—oh, the joy !—the long-expected came !
Soon as it touched my eager finger-tips,
Had you, my Friends, not been too far away,
You would have heard the beating of my heart !

Bursting the envelope with trembling hands
I found within it, Cruel Girl, I found
The expression quintessential of my heart,
My fond enthusiastic glowing note,
That Censer rich with exquisite perfume,
That Cup brimful of precious tender tears
That Cupid's self had clapped his wings for joy
To put into a Princess' lily hand
As demonstration of a Prince's love !

Mine eyes grew dim ; I staggered, swooned away,
And fell a dead man on my chamber floor !
An hour or more I lay in cold collapse,
Then gathering myself up I gazed and gazed
Some minutes' space on my love-breathing note,
As doubting whether it were hers or mine !
At length mine eyes were opened and I saw
It was, and no mistake, my precious note,
The cardiphonial utterance of my love,
Its one fond breach of grammar understroked !
" I loves—I loves thee, Marion" understroked,
And made a thing to stare at by three notes
Of high prerogative astonishment,
As it had been a treasonable deed—
High treason 'gainst the Majesty of Love !

What sank her heart down to the freezing point,
The horror of enamoured Devotees ?
I know, I know—I never will believe
That she had not a Prompter—that her note
Was the spontaneous utterance of her heart ;
Left to that organ she had played a tune
To make the heart within me jump for joy ;
No Prompter near, then had she breathed to me
The kindly, gracious breath of the sweet South,
And not that biting Blast from the Arctic clime
That shot an icy tremor through my frame,
And chilled me in the marrow of my bones,
And set my teeth a-chattering in my head !
Oh, how unlike thy gay deceivers—Tim !
The Hypocrites ! A most imposing Set
So fashioned by the Dentist's cunning hand
As to appear the growth of thy own gums,
And daze dear Marion's infatuate eyes !
Thou cruel man and false—false to the teeth—
The bitter biting Blast was blown by thee.

True, Marion, jealous of the Rights of Man,
And zealous for the so-called Woman's Rights,
When my unhappy letter "came to hand"
Was poised upon the giddy-making Stilts

Of social Speculation, looking down
With stormy visage on a world of wrong,
The topsy-turvy chaos of the time ;
Man, the usurping Tyrant, kicking heels
A-top the barrel, Woman shut inside
Whooping against her hooped environment !—
Now looking down, her strenuous arm outstretched
As she would clutch the thunder and let fly,
Anon with head uplift hailing afar
The coming Golden Age—the happy time
When the Usurper Man, subdued and cowed,
Shall in the House-Tub turned bottom up
Crouch shiveringly lest Woman overhead
Dancing triumphant kick the bottom out,
And set her naughty heel upon his neck
And birch her whilome Tyrant till he roar
“ The best of possible worlds has come at last.”

And can this be my Marion's golden age ?
How can she suffer her dear eyes to see
The Lord of the Creation on all fours
Crawling about, his shell upon his back,
Head timidly adventuring from the shell,
The apotheosis of the Tortoise Kind ?

Sure no excess of speculative heat
Can vindicate her conduct to the law
That gives most license to a Woman's moods.
She had a Prompter or she had ta'en thought,
Dear Marion, that mere grammatic laws
Must to fine spontaneities succumb,
And heart-expansions superseding law.
The heart has rights all indefeasible ;
The heart, the heart's the Court of Equity ;
The Court of last resort—the Court above
From whose decision there lies no Appeal !

More causes go than one to one effect ;
There's cause, and cause concurrent ; and oft-times
The cause in seeming that has least effect
Is both the final and efficient cause.
'Tis not in nature—no, it cannot be
That violation of grammatic law,
And by a heart that rose above the law,
Can be or final or efficient cause
For such a catastrophic case as mine
Were Grammar Marion's Gospel—No, no, no.

I know the cause—would I had never known !
Oh, Tim, Tim Twaddle, hadst thou ne'er been born
Marion would have delighted in my "loves"—

Ay—but for thee she had laid her lily hand
On her dear heart, and, casting up her eyes
To heaven, had breathed with sweetly parted lips,
“ Oh, in his ‘ loves ’ there is a world of love ! ”

Hear, Twaddle hear ! what time the sun has set
Keep within doors, I say—adventure not
Into the open—stick to thy door-step,
Be that thy Observatory—there suck thy pipe,
And, be the night or clear or cloudy, gaze
(Cloudy will suit *thee* quite as well as clear !)
The firmament to prate about the Stars,
The Bull, the Ram, the Scorpion, and the Crab,
The Archer-Boy—and (Bless them both !) the Twins,
The Water Bearer, and the *Pewter Pot* !
To listening Fools agape with wonderment !

Thou art the tap root of the Upas Tree
That blights my being ! Twaddle, but for thee
Her heart would have responded to my “ loves.”
She, in “ I loves thee ” would have seen true love
In fine extremity—triumphant proof,
Heart-touching proof that passion cannot spin—
As patience can—an equal thread—so swift
Is the rotation of her fiery wheel,

She had seen in "loves" the eddy play of love
Sinking in swirls down, down to depths divine,
Then surging up ebullient in its joy
To wheel about, and sink, and swell again,
Delighting in its own activity.
Oh! Twaddle, Twaddle, hadst thou ne'er been born
The world had seen a happy, happy Pair—
Quarreling sometimes, no doubt—the Makings-up
Compensating a hundred thousand fold.

Once on a time dear Marion gave me hope
The Rosebud Love would swell and blossom forth
Into the rich, romantic, full-blown Rose!
Then, she was glowing as the Tropic Clime
What time the Ecliptic Line confronts the Sun!
But, since Tim's Star on the horizon rose
(Tim's star, forsooth! What star would rise for Tim?
Since Tim turned up—Ay, that's the word for Tim!)
She has been colder than a stalactite
In the chill twilight of a sunless cave
Whose mouth dark opens on an icy Sea.

The Coward Tim—he flies me day by day,
And stealthily attacks me night by night
The hideous Nightmare of a cold-sweat dream—
A Horror indistinct of teeth and claws

Trying to strangle me till with a groan
I wake all in a tremble—just in time
To see the bat-winged Vampire haste away.
Forget, forgive I can as Christians use !
Yet, Twaddle, be advised ; what time thou seest
Me in the distance, huddle out of sight !
And, should a Bear confront thee, face the Bear—
'Twere safer to confront the Bear than me !
Despatch, despatch ! Cast not a look behind
Lest I o'ertake thee and attack thy rear
With catapultic foot and furious fists,
A pair of unrelenting battering rams.

You feel for me, my Christian Brethren all,
He were a Wretch who would not feel for me !
Your hearts are touched with sympathy—your eyes—
Methinks I see in them the gathering tear—
Are turned on me ; believe me they ne'er turned
On any disappointed mortal man
More needing consolation than myself.

The Portland Vase was broken into shreds,
And pieced together so that sharpest eyes
Can in the fractured vessel find no flaw ;
And 'tis well known that many a fractured skull
Has been restored its owner good as new ;

But 'tis a doctrine doubt can never shake,
A broken heart is broke beyond remede,
It breaks the more the more we try to mend ;
I speak from sad experience—twenty years
Have I despondingly been tinkering mine.

Patience, Forbearance, Christian Virtues these
For Christians who have nothing to endure ;
But these—what are they to a Christian Man
Spun round and round where two swift-whirling streams
In fierce contention suck each other down ?
Sucked to the centre of the swallowing Gulf,
No hope of rescue, what is there for him
But to throw up exclamatory hands,
Give one wild shriek, and sink for evermore !
What's Patience to the patientest of men
This way and that way over and over turned
In Jealousy's tormenting Frying-Pan ?
Like Philoctetes in the Lemnian Isle,
Or Phalaris in the hot-glowing Brazen Bull,
The roar and bellow is the speech for him.

A Christian man I am, and I am not !
I'm a Mulatto-Christian, half-and-half,
A Heathen-Christian of the Mongrel Brood,
One of the Mob who, when the Bell rings out,

Swarm forth to hear the Word, and set them down,
 With faces trimmed to solemn and devout,
 On Sunday morning in the House of Prayer ;
 I hear a hundred Sermons in a year,
 And in a year I sing three hundred Hymns.
 But I am not a Christian, no not I,
 Save of the swarm of the Unfittest Type,
 Ah, how unlike the Fittest ! (Type divine !)
 Unlike as flagrant, staring, Sign-Post Daubs
 To the Apostles from Da Vinci's hand.

“Survival of the Fittest !”—Darwin, hold !
 Keep, Doctor, keep that Dogma within bounds ;
 The Christian fittest, sure now, Doctor Dear,
 Was by the unfittest strangled long ago—
 Some eighteen centuries ere thou wast seen
 “Mewling and puking in thy Nurse's arms.”
 The Babe that when evolved to Man's Estate
 Would seize the subtle thread in Nature's hand,
 And through her labyrinthine windings chase
 Her printless footsteps—chase and overtake.
 “Survival of the Fittest !” Oh, no, no !
 Survival of the Unfittest is the rule !
 Where lives the Fittest ? Tell me, Doctor, tell
 And I will take the Morning's wings and fly
 To farthest Far to have a sight of him.

Were I a Christian of the Fittest Type
I would heap coals of fire upon the head
Of him, the man who did me utmost wrong,
To smelt him down into a Christian man,
Parting the pennyweight of steel in him—
Pure metal, from the hundredweight of slag ;
I'd wish him happy life, and many days,
Nor would I e'er forget him in my prayers.
But Twaddle—oh, my Christian Brethren all !
Ask me then to forgive him when yourselves
Have learned to bless who curse you—wait till then !
Giving to fallen nature its full swing,
As is the way with Christians of the type
To which I have the honour to belong,
My sentence is, that banishment for life
Will serve him right—the cruel, cruel, man !

I use no looking-glass—I have not seen
My face for ten long years, but I believe
What time I see it I shall see a face,
Not without commendations to commend
Its Owner to the admiring fond regard
Of an æsthetically cultured eye—
But Tim ! the Creature is a perfect Fright !
The sight of him is a catastrophe !

Globose and goggle-eyed---conspicuous ears,
A low-domed Cranium naked of the nap
And glittering like a kettle newly scoured—
Behind from lobe to lobe of either ear
A straggling scanty frill of tawdry hair,
And triple ruck of stirring fleshy rings ;
Behold, good Christian People all, behold
Dear Marion's Apollo Belvedere !

I think, not I, more highly of myself
Than a Professing Christian ought to think —
My Christian walk and conversation are
Devoutly plausible—as others wear
So I a saintly phylacterial face ;
But there exists no law in outward show
To check my doing justice to myself
By setting Tim in contrast with myself,
That he by force of contrast may stand out
The Beau-Ideal of an Octopus,
And I the undeniable Belvedere !

Give him her hand she may—but Marion's heart ?
It cannot be that it is hers to give ;
Who loves with depth and fervency like mine
Cannot believe the Lady of his love

Can love another—never—no, were he
The handsomest of Men of Woman born
A man who passing by a Lady might,
Even though engaged, or a new-married Bride
Stepping from Church, and leaning fondly on
The Bridegroom's arm, be pardoned turning round
And standing still to gaze afar at him
With wistful eyes, till o'er the horizon's brim
He sank clean out of sight for evermore.

Tim minus Tin—he can no Terror be
To any, the least comely man of men
Competing with him for a woman's heart !
But Tim has Tin, and should the Tin be thrown
Into his scale as makeweight—Ah ! what then ?
Will no one lend me fifty thousand pounds
To draw my scale, and send Tim flying up
And fix him at a catastrophic height
In terror of his life—a dangling Fool !

Dear Girls, Survivors of the Fittest Type
(If such there be in these degenerate days !)—
My case has touched you to the heart—I see
Your eyes all dewy rich with tender tears
Of sympathy—oh, what do you advise ?

“ I shall or will be loved ” ’s a prophecy
To make the heart within us jump for joy !
Is there among you no devoted One
Will that delightful prophecy fulfil ?
False Prophets are abroad—will no one make
One wretched mortal man a Prophet true ?
Is there not one among you—ah, not One
Will try to comfort me in my despair ?
The girl who looks on me with radiant eyes
To her my heart will open like the dawn,
And she shall be my bright, my Morning Star.
Ah, cruel ones ! you leave me to my fate ;
“ ’Tis sport to you—but oh, ’tis death to me ! ”
As the Frogs said when stoned by naughty Boys,
“ ’Tis sport to you—but oh, ’tis death to me ! ”
Shall I go hang ? or drown ? or from the top,
The towering top, of the New City Hall
Cast myself down headlong ? or shall I leap
Into the Irwell’s suffocating stream ?
Or drink myself to death ? or shall I take
The world-exploring wings of steam, and put
Between me and the land I love—the dear
Dear Native Land, the breadth of roaring seas,
And roam an exile among barbarous hordes
The few short years of an unhappy life ?
My Christian Sisters, what do you advise ?

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

NO Eagle I to soar and wheel
O'er summits whence the thunder-peal
Bellows, resounding wide and far ;
My thunder is the roaring war
Of surging seas—the hollow boom
Of billows bursting into foam ;
A waddling, paddling Penguin I
Oft gaze impatiently the sky,
For, nobly discontent, I long
A soaring Bird to spread the wing,
A singing bird to mount and sing,
And pour my spirit forth in song.

KATE.

Oh, be content to ply the paddle
Along the billow-beaten shore ;
Thy doom is fixed to dive and waddle,
Waddle, paddle evermore !

PAT.

Take no advantage, Kate, unfair
Of Paddy's enigmatic phrase,
Thy Pat's good-natured, but beware !
I'm awful when I'm in a blaze.
I tell thee, Kate, were thine the eye
That sees into the heart of things,
Where Nature's secret forces ply,
There thou wouldst see a pair of wings ;
I feel them stirring—Kate, draw near,
And lay on Pat's fond breast thine ear,
And if thy heart's with love astir
As mine is thou wilt hear them whirr
As they would momentarily expand
And feather into pinions grand ;
My wings are bound, Kate, to appear,
And in due time appear they will
To prove the diagnostic skill
Supreme of One to science dear ;
A Doctor, Kate, whose sure prognosis
Insures thy Pat's metamorphosis.

KATE.

What Doctor witched thee, Paddy, tell,
To credit the Incredible ?

PAT.

Why, he of vision subtly keen
The realm of mystery to explore,
To find what ne'er was found before,
To see what ne'er before was seen,
A Sight to bless ? a Fright to ban ?
A fact to topple churches over ?
The first in the Monkey to discover
The Great Great-Grandfather of Man ;
He spoke the word, and I am bold
To asseverate that my Paddles hold,
And ripe and ready too—the pinion
To uplift me, a world's wonder,
To the Region where the Thunder
And the Eagle hold dominion.
The affair is settled with the Seer ;
My faith fears no discomfiture ;
The Prophet's prophecy is clear—
The Doctor's Dictum standeth sure.

KATE.

And did he not let fall a word
To indicate the honoured Bird ?
Jackdaw, or clucking Barndoor Fowl,
Quack-Drake, Jock Bubble, or Flamingo,
Magpie or Raven—Rook or Owl ?
Name, name the Bird—you must, by Jingo !

PAT.

Oh, Kate, Mavourneen, this from thee !
I know not or to cry or laugh,
But sure, Dear Kate, 'tis only chaff,
Though chaff of killing cruelty ;
The Doctor, bless him ! did *not* say
In what Bird-Form I'd soar away ;
Smiling, and graciously inclining
Toward me till his beard o'erflowed
His breast, conferringly he bowed,
And, glowrin' at me with divining
Eyes—the inquisitorial pair,
Sharp to the splitting of a hair,
They searched me—these ransacking eyes—
They searched my possibilities.
Then spoke the apocalyptic Man
In an oracular voice and hollow
The apocalyptic words that follow :—
“ Know, thou, 'tis Mother Nature's pleasure
Aye to work by Rule and Measure ;
Yet she sometimes with a start
Casts forth from her teeming heart,
As if in sport, a Prodigy,
And thou shalt surely live to see
(What I foresee in Diagnosis)

Thyself in glorious transformation ;
To doubt, Sir, my vaticination
May hinder thy metamorphòsis.

“ Long years I gave the Old Lady chase,
Till I o’ertook and held her fast ;
Then shouting—‘ Caught, Love, caught at last ’—
I gazed in her mysterious face
As one who would not be denied,
Importunate and eager-eyed ;
Then put she in my hand the line
That leads through labyrinths divine.
’Twas thus I won the right to say
That she would give thy Pads fair play ;
The mighty, the mysterious change
Thyself will from thyself estrange ;
Thy teeming Paddles to the sun
Shall spread their plumes, and thou shalt run
Through changes to the Fittest One ;
And in the fittest show the power
Of Nature in her sallying hour—
Will burst the Penguin into Goose,
The Goose will hop to Halcyon
And hurrying Halcyon anon,
From Halcyon Bondage breaking loose,

Will into Phœnix swiftly turn ;
 The Phœnix suddenly will burn
 To ashes—from the ashes, Lo !
 Thou wilt step forth the Lyre in hand
 A Mercury poising on tip-toe,
 Playing a witching Saraband,
 And pouring from thy Poet-throat
 Love's deepest Diapason note,
 The note of soul-subduing power,
 In Fittest Fit a Troubadour !”

KATE.

And, Pat, the intoxicating cup
 Of Flattery, you drank it up ?

PAT.

Nay—getting of the Doctor shy
 And winking at him : “ Sor,” says I,
 “ I ax your pardon, but I fear
 You're telling me a —— Doctor, Dear,
 Telling me a”—— “ Hold,” cried he,
 “ I must at once let loose on thee
 My Classical Menagerie ;
 What time thou crow'st as Chanticleer
 Pan and the Nymphs will haste to hear ;

Swift as her sparkling mountain rills
Will haste the Oread from her hills,
The Naiad from the lucent pool,
The Dryad from the forest cool ;
Beating the clamorous Tympanum
The Bacchanals will bounding come,
Round and round their jovial King
Fantastically capering ;
The God, while slowly passing by,
His vine-wreathed staff will flourish high,
And soaked Silenus loose astride
The patient Beast he cannot ride
Will pull up, and with vague surprise
Gaze on thee with dreamy eyes."

KATE.

Dear Paddy, why let loose on me
The Doctor's strange Menagerie?
Outlandish creatures great and small,
Thyself outlandishest of all !
Oh ! Paddy, when thou soar'st the sky
The Mew from thee shall learn to sing,
The Stormy Petrel learn to fly—
The Wild Goose learn to spread the wing.
Thou in triumphant spoom wilt cross
The startled scythe-winged Albatross ;

The Whale to have a look at thee
Will heave his shoulders o'er the sea !
Advise me by a Post-Card, Dear,
When you're to crow as Chanticleer.

PAT.

My pricking quills resent thy scorn,
I feel as to new life reborn,
My swelling heart makes nature bold
To transformation, Kate—behold
My prisoned pinions how they sprout !
Hip, hip, hurrah ! they're out ! they're out !
I have no patience now to range
Impatiently through change on change ;
No time, no time to burn away
To ashes—cannot brook delay !
The Doctor's will at once be done !
I bound into the Fittest One !
This hour, dear Kate, this blessèd hour
I'm thy devoted Troubadour !
To thee, my Evening—Morning Star
I touch the ecstatic Light Guitar ;
Smile on me—and I'll chant the while
The light of thy dear eyes—thy smile,
Thy noble carriage, and thy state
On which the Loves and Graces wait !

Dear Girl, what time thou show'st the paces
Of Love's own Queen among the Graces,
The wingèd Boy, Mamma forgetting,
Will take with thee to pirouetting.

KATE.

For Light Guitar I tell thee, Lad,
I have no ear—I never had ;
Triangle, Bugle, Dulcimer,
Sackbut, Bassoon, and Trumpet-Horn,
And the famed “cock that crew in the morn,”
'Tis these the stony heart can stir
To tenderest feelings all forlorn ;
Pat, thou'rt three hundred years too late !
The Light Guitar went out of date
When Quixote made Romance a scorn.

PAT.

Oh, cruel ! Where's the Gentle Fair
Will listen to a Lover's prayer
With gracious ear, and heave the sigh
Of sympathy in soft reply ?
Oh ! would I were, Guitar in hand,
A Minstrel in the Happy Land,
The garden watered by the streams
I visit oft in happy dreams.

There, a romantic Rover bold
To see what Adam saw—behold,
Sweet Lady, Eva's gracious face,
The light of her celestial eyes,
Her stately step, her moving grace,
And walk with her in Paradise.
Oh, it had been a joy divine
To feel her lovely arm in mine ;
To take her hand at every stile,
And see her thank me with a smile !
And, arm in arm, to hear her say,
“ Dear Pat, these stiles your steps annoy,
But who's to blame? Not I, my Boy,
My Husband, Pat, *will* have his way !”

KATE.

Why, maundering Paddy, why intrude
On Lady Eva's solitude ?
Why fly, dear Pat, to climes afar ?
Let Ireland hear thy Light Guitar !
Some beating heart may listening own
The rapture of its amorous tone ;
Thou hast two eyes, a handsome pair ;
Oh, stay in Ireland, Paddy stay ;
Thou need'st not fly so far away
To see the Fairest of the Fair.

In Dear Old Ireland there is store
Of Ladies whom, had Adam seen,
Distracted which to choose, I ween
He had lived and died a Bachelor.

PAT.

The worse for him—Sweet Angel, I
Amid a thousand Beauties rare,
Had heaved to thee the enamoured sigh,
To thee as Fairest of the Fair,

KATE.

Angels have wings, but none have I !

PAT.

Wait, thou shalt yet have a supply !
Nay, doubt it not, for wind and weather
Permitting, if we call together
On the Good Doctor—that Divine
Will give thee wings outvying mine !
Will see in thee his searching eyes
Wings of a Bird of Paradise !

KATE.

There is a time for everything !

PAT.

A time for girls to spread the wing.
A time, dear Kate, whate'er the matter be——

KATE.

For everything except for Flattery !

PAT.

I flatter? Never! Defamation!
My superstructures of laudation
I build on surest sure foundation ;
It is the Bard's delightful duty
To found the Beautiful on Beauty !
'To look with fine exaggerating eye
On hill and valley, mountain, sea, and sky ;
To speak creatively the high behest
That makes the Good the Better, Better Best ;
To makes things of the Positive Degree
Leap into highest life and live.
In the poetical Superlative—
To make the good, the lovely Kate, Kate Kearney,
The best, the loveliest Girl in all Killarney.
Now hear me, Kate, it is the time of day
(Oh, would it were the witching time of night)
To put thy pinions in fine trim for flight
With Pat, thy Troubadour, to run away !

WITH THE GYPSIES.

A GYPSY Camp—nay, question not
How I came hither, Bus ? or Steam ?
Suppress the over curious thought
And read as in a pleasant dream.
Who reads to question and to scan
The truth, or be it new or old,
The Prig will end where he began
By leaving faith out in the cold.

A Gypsy Camp—a Boulder Stone
With moss and lichen overgrown,
A sparkling, rushing mountain rill,
A spreading oak—the Tawny Faces
Ken the sweetest shyest places
By stream and lake and wood and hill.

Far from the city's throttling scramble
Home where'er they choose to plant it,
Life an everlasting ramble,
Home, the pole-stretched smoky blanket !
See the turf-smoke floating blue

In the Oak's zig-zagging branches ;
See the tawny Gypsy Crew—
They're the folk who have the franchise !
They the Freemen, we the Slaves,
We who, in the city seething,
Dig by day and night our graves,
Dying momentarily in breathing.
We Town-Fools far gone in doting
Dream that Freedom lies in voting !
Free are they as the First Rover
When he left the happy Garden,
Led forth by the Angel-Warden
To ramble the wide world all over.

Flying choke-damp civilisation,
Competitive exasperation,
This First of May, Sweet First of May,
Escaped the galling chains that bind us,
Leaving choke-damp far behind us,
We to the mountains hied away.
Oh, the joy from town to sally !
As the wind that bloweth free
To roam o'er mountain, hill and valley—
Merry, merry men are we.

The top o' the morning to you all !
Men were born to love each other ;
Thou the Tallest of the Tall—
The King ! and yet a Man and Brother !
A Brother Man despite thy State—
Why ! there is hope for Mankind yet.

“ You guess aright, Sir, I am he,
The King of the Gypsies I—and ye ?”
We are Roamers hither, thither
Roaming, but we know not whither ;
They who know their whither-going
Know not what it is to roam ;
But who roam no “ whither ” knowing,
They are everywhere at home.

Life in Towns has grown alarming ;
Yes, 'tis now beyond endurance ;
We hold our lives there by insurance ;
Oh, the Gypsy life is charming !
Gypsies laugh at rates and taxes ;
They are never scared by spectres,
Gas-rate, Water-rate Collectors ;
Thus their days on smoothest axis
Roll away—I'll take to camping.

Would I had been born a Gypsy !
My heart, oh, King ! with joy is tipsy !
'Tis a day for romping, ramping.
Thy hand—thy Royal right hand, Man !
Ha ! what holds the Royal other ?
The Shepherd's Reed—the Pipe of Pan ;
Come play us a dance, my Royal Brother !
Play up, oh King, and mind, no stopping ;
Time for a dance was never riper ;
Keep us at it skipping, hopping—
We're the Boys to pay the Piper !
We're the best of jolly Fellows,
Let us have no breathing stages ;
Make thy mouth a pair of Bellows ;
Blow—blow on us all thy rages—
Blow as gales blow in Barbadoes,
Blow cyclones—blow, blow Tornados !

A grace no sooner asked than granted,
The grace for which our spirits panted ;
His Majesty his State unbending,
The Royal lips, how they did sally,
Blowing a revelling Reveillé—
Was never King so condescending !
The Queen, the stately dark-eyed Queen ,

She thundered on her Tambourine ;
The Daughters of the Royal House,
With condescension gracious,
Deigned each a Partner to accept,
And forward to the Dance they stept.
The Captain in bold escapade
Led off the Lady Adelaide ;
The Dean trod down Convention's Law
As it were Privy Council's " Say "—
A thing to kick—and tripped away,
And skipped with Lady Helena.
The Curate worked his supple knees
And, with devout upturnèd eyes
As they were gazing at the skies,
Waltzed with the beautiful Louise.
The dumpy Doctor, " Pearl of Price !"
(His Patients know the reason why !)
His eyes agog with " Who but I !"
Danced with the Princess Beatrice.
I made an offer of my—Paw
To Princess Alice—Ha, ha, ha !
Which that dear Princess laughingly
Accepting—Bless her ! hand in hand
We danced a witching Saraband,
The Queen had jumped for joy to see.

We were in auldest Auld Langsyne
When Dancing was an Art divine ;
Long ere the ages named " The Dark,"
And dim-seen centuries before
Skipped Miriam on the Red-Sea shore,
Or Noah stepped into the Ark ;
The days when Prediluvian Flirts,
Aglow with Prediluvian Fire,
To Jubal's Organ, Tubal's Lyre,
Whirled to balloons their flowing skirts ;
When old Methuselah—Oldest Loon
That ever skipped in Slipper-Shoon,
With century-agèd, gray-haired Spinsters
" Tossed the light fantastic toe,"
His cataract beard, white with the snow
Of a thousand ! thousand winters !

WITH THE GYPSIES.

SECOND PART.

THE GALA.

THE day that saw that merry scene,
It saw another merry sight,
Within a feathered arrow's flight,
A Gala on the Village Green ;
And Gypsy pipe and tambourine
Had done that day a double duty,
Sent many a blue-eyed village Beauty
Gay waltzing round the May-crowned Queen.
But the braw Lads and Lasses ripe
They better liked the " Diddle-diddle "
Of Tommy Swale's ecstatic fiddle
Than Gypsy tambourine and pipe ;
For oh, the heart of youth and maid
Had many a time leaped to the gizzard
Whene'er the Hunchback Wizard played—
And who could play to match the Wizard ?
Tricksiest he of tricky Fellows,
A storm of sound he blew on Sunday

From the Ecclesiastic Bellows.

Oh ! to hear him brag on Monday :

“ Not the ding-dong Tongue o’the Steeple,
Not the Pulpit-Cock loud crowing,
Crowds the House with Christian People,
'Tis Tommy Swale’s fine Bellows-blowing !”

A spree was only half a spree

When Tommy was an Absentee ;

Ever the fantastic Feather

In its Cap, whate’er the weather !

“ Run, run for Tommy Swale ” they cry ;
Cries Tommy, o’er a Gorse-bush keeking,

“ For Tom no need to go a-seeking,
Here, Lads and Lasses, here am I !
When dance and frolic’s in the wind,
And Lads and Lasses will be gay,
Tom’s ne’er a hundred miles away,
You need but turn the head to find.”

“ Ha ! fiddling Wizard—Tricksy Fox—
Still at the old trick o’ ‘ Jack-i’th’-Box,’
Thy favourite game of ‘ Hide and Seek !’
Thou lik’st o’er rock and bush to keek,
And overhear—sly Rogue—how sensible !
‘ Where’s Tommy ? Where the Indispensable ?’ ”

“ Chair, chair the Wizard ! Chair ! ” they cry—
Give Mannikin a Monkey’s flight ;
Heels overhead with him ! Ay, ay !
He’s certain to come down all right ! ”

Steps Jenkins out—a stalwart man,
The brawniest of the wrestling clan—
Too sure a hand to dread a hazard,
He lays his clutches on the Wizard,
And, swinging thrice to gain momentum,
He shot the Mannikin off and sent him
Whirling heels o’er head in air—
And where is Tumbling Tommy ? Where ?
Ay ! where’s the fiddling Wizard now ?
Aslant on the far-stretching bough
Of a broad oak alighted, he
Sits swaying, oh, how jauntily !
In free and easy exultation
Coaxing his fiddle to enrich
Its treble to the screaming pitch
Of exquisite exasperation !

The sward is light, the sky is bright,
There’s high jinks in the glorious weather ;
Some rustle bustle hither thither,
Some stoop to pull the bootlace tight ;

The lads in wide-awake and jacket—
(The King of costumes for a racket)
Some poise the hat to piquant point,
And put a killing smartness in't ;
The Lasses set their hats oblique
In poignantly coquettish peak—
Blue-eyed rural goddesses
In petticoats and bodices—
The buoyant petticoat light-floating
From busts that set the lads a-doting.

“ Hold, Tommy ! See from the encampment
The Royal Family hasten hither !
Keep, keep thy fiddle in a swither
Five minutes, Lad, then be it rampant ;

The King ! the Queen ! Hip, hip, hurrah !
Three cheers, my Lads, and one cheer more !
The Princesses !—another roar !
Open his throat each Johnnie Raw !
Welcome, Ladies, come away,
Opportunity how precious !
Dark-eyed Darlings, oh ! be gracious,
Grace again the Dance to-day,
And again we'll show our paces
Dancing with the Royal Graces !

Your Royal Father, Royal Mother,
They look consent each at the other.”
Stand the Princesses in a row
In Royal Gipsy dishabille,
On fire to flirt the gipsy toe
In Waltz, Mazurka, or Quadrille.

Triumphant glances Tommy's eye—
He looks above, around, below—
Then flourishing the fiddle-bow
He let the impatient weapon fly.
We start away as we had wings ;
To its fantastic skirmishings
We whirl about in leaps and springs,
Lightly skipping, dark-as-night Ones,
Bouncing, blooming, blue-eyed, bright Ones.
The gallant Captain hand in hand
With Adelaide danced a Saraband ;
In snowy cap and Sunday gown
The Landlady o'the “Gaping Goose”
Ran off with Doctor Play-the-Deuce
And danced him down—Down, derry, down !
The Vicar, hesitating thrice,
Stepped out and, with vicarious grace,
Took Doctor Play-the-Deuce's place
And tripped with Lady Beatrice.

The Curate rising from his knees,
Accepted by the Fair Louise,
The tear of rapture in his een,
A happier Lad was never seen !
His heart wild throbbing like a banjo,
Went off with her in a Fandango.
A jolly Tar with Merry Meg
To Starboard, Larboard cruised about :
“ Hoy, Messmates ! Hoy, ahoy, Look out !
My circle-sailing wooden leg !”

With charming Princess Alice I
Let my two legs ecstatic fly ;
Spontaneously they work away
And leave me free to say my “ Say,”
And pour into the Lady’s ear
A love-tale she was pleased to hear.

The Blonde, the Blonde’s the Waddling Widgeon,
The Gipsy is the Tumbler Pigeon !
Oh, my skipping Soul of Sprightly
How we foot it ! Oh, how lightly !
My legs, Dear Girl, do what I will,
I cannot, cannot keep them still.

“ Thou whirl’st me out of breath, Sir John,
Thou hast the Shoes of Swiftness on.”

“ Nay, Lady Lightfoot—that’s a slip !
In boots I’m buried to the hip !
My shanks are drumsticks thin as lath,
My boots would suit the Man of Gath !
But, spite my Bucket-boots, with thee
I am all elasticity !

Now whirring swift my Love and I
Zig-zagged like darting Dragon-fly ;
Anon, like Antelopes we bound
And touch, or seem to touch the ground ;
“ Bravo !” cried I—cried she, “ Here goes !”
And put forked lightning in her toes,
And flashing them aloft, she sent
Her slippers to the Firmament !
My boots, to right and left they flew
Like thunderbolts among the Crew ;
One kicked the Ecclesiastic Beau,
The other laid the Captain low ;

To rage his Reverence giving way,
“ Thou’lt catch it, Wretch, some day, some day,
If not in this wor’ld—Fee, fa, fum !
Then, surely, in the world to come ;
Wretch, there are twenty texts in proof,
Thou’lt catch it from Old Cloven Hoof ;

He will avenge me—he ! heighho !
With rasping claw and scorching toe !”

The Captain, rallying from the shock,
Fierce as a furious Turkey Cock,
With an alarming hubble-bubble
Came down upon me at the double,
Flourishing a pair of Mallet fists—
“ You must, Sir, meet me in the Lists !
Your Boot, Sir, kicked me on a part
That sent it deep into my heart ;
Mere damages are ‘ Devil’s Dust’—
My wounded honour ! Sir, I must
Have satisfaction—You or I
Must for my satisfaction die !
Meet me by moonlight all alone
By the big Desperado Stone ;
I’ll teach you there to dance, Sir Knight,
In hob-nailed Bluchers, fitting tight !”

That moment like a Flying Squirrel
Shot Wizard Tommy from the Bough,
Fiddle in hand—“ How now, how now !
Why, Gentlemen, you will not quarrel ?
Sir John, you never meant—I’ll swear it,
To kick the Captain or the Curate.

The Bucket-Boots must bear the blame !
 Their Onset *a posteriori*
 Touched not the Captain's martial glory,
 Untarnished is the Hero's fame ;
 The indomitable Man of War
 Is bound to laugh at wound and scar ;
 The Curate, though supremely vexed,
 Will comfort for his sore disaster
 Find in a comfortable Text,
 And to his wound apply the plaister."

Hold, Tommy, hold, enough, enough !
 You touch too closely on the rough ↓
 My soul is soaring on the wing,
 Play up, my lad, and I will sing!
 Sing, and pour as from a chalice
 Filled with richly-scented wine,
 A sea of love to Princess Alice,
 From this throbbing heart of mine.

THE SONG.

The heart is never out of danger !
 Who can tell where he may meet
 The Girl his being to complete —
 The heart-captivating stranger ?

Oft when Lads are sagely thinking
They are safe for evermore,
In a moment—just like winking !
They are smitten—smitten sore.

There be dark and fair Freebooters
Making manly hearts their game ;
There be eyes—oh, the Sharpshooters !
Of unerring deadly aim.

Doubt me not, or thou wilt grieve me,
I could leap across the sea
In my Bucket-Boots, believe me,
To alight, Love, near to thee.

In my time I've fancied many
A blue-eyed Girl with flaxen hair,
But my heart ne'er fixed on any—
Now 'tis settled thou know'st where.

Oh ! my Gypsy Princess, never
Can I have another care
Than to love and love for ever
Gypsy eyes and raven hair.

THE Storm is o'er—'tis Nature's hour of glee ;
The foaming torrent flashes to the sun ;
O'er hill and valley giant shadows run ;
Laughs to the jubilant sky the bright blue sea ;
The Lark mounts singing from the spangled lea ;
Far as the roaming eye its course can hold
The green blade glitters twinkling ; and, behold !
A glowing rainbow signals—" Look at me !"

A life-embreathing, joy-inspiring day,
Swelling the soul with aspirations pure ;
The still small voice of the heart—I hear it say :
" There is a peace that cannot pass away
In heavenly mansions fitted to endure
Where God and Goodness hold perpetual sway."

To JAMES ROBINSON, Esq.

CHOOSE for the Statue, Thou, its Pedestal,
And just proportion will not suffer wrong ;
On Bases fit will stand the Sons of Song ;
The Demigods of God Apollo's Hall !
Methinks I hear Thee say—" The tallest Tall,
The Seers supreme of world-surveying eye,
I cannot set on Pedestals too high—
The Giant Sons of Song can never fall.

"Shakespere, from Mont Blanc give the World thy hand ;
Stand, Homer, thou on the Parnassian Horns ;
On Shreckhorn's peak terrific, Dante, stand ;
Benlmond, tremble to the tramp of Burns ;
On Sinai's summit, Milton, scorning scorns,
Grasp thou the volleying thunders—godlike grand."



H O P E.
—

N EVER content, she turns from best of near
To fix the credulous eye on far away ;
To-day is ever a Mount-Pisgah-day
From which to look afar a longing Seer !
Through cloud on storm-cloud rolled she seeth clear
The glancing radiance of some Prophet-Star ;
The possibles of peradventure are
Authentic tidings to her credulous ear.

The fitful sunbeams of a stormy sky
She better loves than soul-serening light ;
A dawn tempestuous more than cloudless noon ;
The doubtful distant more than certain nigh ;
The dreamland vague of visionary sight
More than possession of the highest boon.

I WOULD not have the woods forever green ;
I would not have the skies forever bright ;
Sweet is the interchange of day with night ;
Of storm-cloud rolling dark with blue serene ;
Dear to my soul is summer's glittering sheen
On ocean heaving calm, and dear the shore
When storms are laid, and the big billows' roar
Stirs in the soul the sense of worlds unseen.

*

I live on Nature's sweet vicissitude ;
It keeps my heart alive the livelong day ;
Give me the changes of a fickle sky,
All possibilities of weather mood
To that in me which seeks the far away,
Filling my soul with aspirations high.

✓

WE daily fly in heart from what we are ;
No full content in things that round us lie,
Stirred by the promptings of endowments high
The soul uplifts her eyes, and looks afar ;
Her flight sky-cleaving summits cannot bar ;
Spreading the wing she soars from crest to crest ;
In the best of worlds a better than the best
She still would yearn for in another star.

Divinely discontent, blame not the mood ;
What has it not for mankind found or sought ?
See the Soul's grandeur in her discontent ;
Immortal longings are her proper food ;
Who blame the sallies of aspiring thought
Condemn the Sage, the Hero, and the Saint.

✓

FOR "where I am" give me another "where ;"
Beyond the Jordan of the Present lies
The Promised Land—the Yonder Paradise !
We hear the heart say—" Oh, how happy there !"
Life's life is exodus—its vital air,
The quickener of unthought-of energies ;
We sail in day-dream dim-discovered seas ;
O'er far-off lands as Pilgrims forth we fare.

We compass never a contenting whole :
The impatient spirit spreads the wing to fly,
And ever as her flight brings distant nigh
She lifts her eyelids on a farther goal ;
Fix us to fattest Goshen and we die—
Only a boundless march contents the soul.

AGES before the Flood this truth was known—
The enamoured Devotee—he needs but dip
 Into his heart for dear companionship ;
Be where he may he cannot be alone !
In all things fair he sees the worshipped One ;
 In sweetest faces sees a sweeter face ;
 In grace consummate more consummate grace ;
In tones the richest hears a richer tone.

Whate'er in Nature is of fairest fair
 He sees in her exalted to the height ;
 He feels in her the solemn hush of night,
The ethereal freshness of the morning air ;
 Through her he sees “ Whatever is is right ;”
A blest eternity he sees through her.

THE DEVOTEE.

I FALL in love a hundred times a day !
I am, alas ! susceptible to a sin !
I strive to hold my naughty nature in,
But nature keeps endeavour still at bay—
Passed me at morn a Milkmaid singing gay,
At noon a sheaf-crowned Lass with shearing hook,
At eve a Lady dreaming o'er a book—
To each in turn I gave my heart away.
But these are sudden momentary starts ;
Fantastic Geyser sallies shooting free ;
Spray on the abyssmal ocean of my love—
One and One only has my heart of hearts
Though wayward Fancy for a moment rove,
And this dear One is all the world to me.

SHE loves to stray beneath the kindling dawn,
To commune with the heart-awaking prime,
And dear to her is the heart-stilling time
When the Bat flutters o'er the dewy lawn,
The glimmering twilight hour—shy as the Fawn,
She skirts the wildwood—by the tinkling rill,
In the lone silent vale she standeth still,
Into the dreamland of the soul withdrawn.
Her heart is all her own; but they who love
Eve's glimmering light—the morning's purple eye,
Who raptured roam by meadow, hill, and grove,
Will seek life's life in the full sympathy
That floods the swelling soul with transport high—
The antepast on earth of heaven above.

A MINORITY OF ONE.

I'LL hear no more of Helen—her of Troy;
That naughty Girl for three thousand years
Has held infatuate mankind by the ears
Patient beyond endurance, of annoy !
The time has come the world should seek the joy
Of grace and beauty in another Sweet ;
I say the ancient Lady is effete
Despite old Homer, her great singing Boy.

All hail, my Moss Rose Helen, blooming pure !
Let the Homeric golden atmosphere
Cease with its glamour to deceive the eye,
And we the old worship will no more endure :
For the old Girl who will may wield the spear,
The young One's Champion, I the world defy.

✓
OUTSIDERS.

HOW rich the soul is only they can tell
Who brood on their own hearts, and commune hold
With thoughts that give them back the age of gold,
And childhood's soul for heavenly oracle ;
We draw our living water from the well
Of the five hungry senses—to the tide
Of life's loud roar we give reception wide
As some unsheltered bay to ocean's swell.

Slaves to the ear that stops the inward ear ;
Slaves to the eye that shuts the inward eye ;
Though deaf and blind we think we see and hear ;
Our daily food is transitory cry ;
Infatuate Exiles from the ennobling sphere
In which we feel our immortality.

RICH, YET POOR.

SEE Giant Science stretching wide and far
Her hundred hands into the vague unknown,
Groping to make the universe her own,
The total cosmos to its utmost star:
Great masters of exploratory war,
In never-ending still-beginning chase,
The secrets of the outward world we chase—
Too, too forgetful of the thing we are.

Great our material gains—but are we sure
'Tis to what's highest in us no offence?
Deaf to the still small voice of reason pure,
Sheer outcasts from our own intelligence,
How rich in informations of the sense!
In rational intuitions—oh, how poor!

SCIENCE.
—

“**N**E Sutor ultra crepidam,” I cry !
 Within the compass of thy proper sphere
Thou hast the seeing eye, the hearing ear ;
That sphere o’erleapt thou hast nor ear nor eye ;
Thy heart, it harbours no eternal sigh ;
Too short thy ladder by unknown degrees ;
Thou know’st not how to climb on bended knees ;
There is no Jacob’s ladder in thy sky,

Ascending and descending Angels none—
No immortality-assuring scroll,
No God to whom to say, “Thy will be done,”
No Providence to guide us to a goal,
No Trump to wake to life the “dead and gone,”
No Father Eternal of the human soul.

AN OLD, OLD TREE.

— — —

“**H**OW old am I ?”—A veteran to old Parr !
Heaven knows what centuries I have left behind ;
Counting my serried tell-tale rings I find
This dates me Orange, Freedom’s conquering star ;
This Canute’s conquest—this the Holy War ;
Ay, ages ere the Norman crossed the sea,
I brandished puissant arms—a Giant Tree,
King of the forest stretching wide and far.

Oh, masters, let my glistening forks be shorn
If Conqueror William lauded not my prime
When hunting here the Deer one summer morn !
My Father flourished in great Alfred’s time !
Before my Grandfather’s exalted horn
World-shaking Cæsar stood in thought sublime.

THE HAMADRYAD.

“HOW old am I?”—Forbear to ask I pray ;
Oh, wherefore so inquisitive ? My girth
Speaks of the old mythic centuries—but my birth
Dates in my heart’s annals from the happy day,
That ne’er to be forgotten first of May,
When passing near You stood and looked on me,
Saying, I heard You, “What a noble tree—
Grief ! that such beauty e’er should pass away.”

A life creating word !—then first I felt
I had a soul within me sensitive—
And with the glow of a new life alive ;
Then first I felt I had a heart to melt,
And tender feelings exquisite to hive,
And dreamy longings of the impassioned Celt.

THE HAMADRYAD.

AND now I never see thee passing by,
Tho' distant from my longing sight afar,
That I not feel thee—a heart-kindling star,
And toss my branches to attract thine eye !
What time they wrestle with the storm or sigh
To summer's breeze—oh! would that thou wert near
In their loud roar or murmur soft to hear
Heart protestations rich with import high.

Of happy they the happiest who can tell
In words their love-tale to a listening ear ;
So cannot I declare how dear thou art,
Yet, listen—listen—and in breeze or gale
Thou in my stirring boughs shalt surely hear
Devoted utterance of a loving heart.

THE SEA-SHELL.

A LOVELIER sea-shell sure was never seen
Washed by the wave! A thing of sweeter mould,
Of tints more exquisite—blue, green, and gold,
Purple and gleaming silver—Love's own Queen,
The sea-born Goddess, when in beauty's sheen
She from the deep emergèd like a star
In such a chariot seated swept afar—
Old trumpet-blowing Triton following keen.

I give it thee, thou Slyboots, Nonpareille
Of Erin's sprightly witty womanhood,
Be it thy Car, Mavourneen, naughty Nell,
That I may see in Fancy's glowing mood
Thee swept by exulting Dolphins o'er the flood,
Believing Aphroditè sways the shell.

THE START.

ANOTHER shell ! Now let fond fancy run ;
Another pearly chamber, spacious, light
As it would float in air, and gleaming bright
With tints the Rainbow borrows from the Sun !
I, my poor heart already all undone,
Did in the first the elder Sister seat ;
And now the Loves that on the Graces wait
They seat in this the lovely younger One.
Down, down ye too impatient Dolphins—peace ;
Both teams abreast—then splash off at a pace
To outstrip the swiftest steeds assembled Greece
Hailed loud applauding from the Olympian race !
I win ! a sheepskin to the Golden Fleece ;
Love,—love annihilates both time and space.

THE CHASE.

HOY, Ship ahoy ! Oh, Neptune lend an ear
Great Trident-bearing Sovereign of the Seas ;
And thou, Queen Consort by the Sea-God's knees
Seated—take pity on me—hear, oh hear !
I'm deeper far in love than was the dear
Dear youth who swam the Hellespont by night ;
Pull up the spankering steeds—I'm in—All right !
Hip hip, hurrah—Oh pardon ! I *must* cheer !
Hand *me* the reins—now horses splash away ;
Brandish thy Trident Neptune—Triton pour
Thy heart of hearts into thy wreathèd horn ;
A chase, a chase o'er ocean's glittering floor ;
Catch which I may, oh, happy happy day !
I'll be the happiest man of woman born.

ENFORCED SUBMISSION.

I give it up at last ! I'll pull no more !
Bear me where'er thou wilt, dark-rolling stream ;
Man's strength is weakness matched with Powers supreme,
They touch the tiller to defeat the oar ;
The track of their intent we must explore,
The rapid foaming fierce, the rolling surge,
And seething whirlpool—impotent to urge
The sweltering Pinnacle to the wished-for shore.

Come then what may, I tilt thee from the thwart
My baffled oar—and thou, my destined boat
Spin round and round for ever—sink or float ;
Gone is the glorious promise of the heart ;
The gods will have their way howe'er men dote ;
The helm and compass theirs, and theirs the chart.

SEVEN happy summer days have flown
Since I my fate did thus forecast,
"Love ne'er shall mark me for his own"—
But, Sophie, I am caught at last !
The Child who makes the heart a targe,
Why let him take his fatal rounds,
The dangerous Thing, and roam at large
In Grace-and-beauty-haunted grounds ?

Full many a time I set at naught
The subtle Bow-and-Quiver Child ;
His arrows aimed at me I caught,
And threw them back at him—and smiled !
I thought to miss for aye his aim,
But yesterday the fated dart,
His arrow, Sophie, thine the blame ;
His glowing arrow pierced my heart.

That look of thine in passing by ;
That glance through all my being ran ;
'Twas then he let his arrow fly ;
Oh, pity a sore-smitten man !
Sweet Sophie, be not cruel coy ;
Oh, Love, I live or die through thee ;
Clasp to thy Soul the wingèd Boy,
And clasping him—think, think of me.

TO EGERIA.

A LADY thou by nature art,
A woman of a thoughtful heart ;
Rich in a fund of common sense
Combined with playful innocence :
No heats, no fumes, no hateful strife
Of temper in thy daily life ;
No vixen Dame, all fret and fume,
Zigzagging loud from room to room,
But gliding soft with gentle pace,
The peace of Heaven upon thy face.

No inward dissonance—no outward feud ;
True to the dictate of a gracious will,
Thy gentle heart's oracular, " Peace, be still"—
Celestial calm that cannot be subdued.

TO ANNIE.

THE billow's crest is blown to spray,
The Boat is tossing at the pier ;
Haste, Annie, haste thee, come away ;
The winds and waves we need not fear.

Their life-belts let them take who prize ;
We need them not, we can't subside ;
Should sudden squall our skiff capsize
We'll lightly o'er the billows ride.

Let drossy, dreary Dullards fear
The rising gale, the wave's dark frown ;
But we—we need no swimming gear,
We are too buoyant far to drown !

Let the roused lake its billows heap
Tumultuous as a stormy sea,
To brave the strife our hearts shall leap ;
Thy life-belt, Annie, I shall be.

My left arm round thy waist so slim ;
My right the billows shall command ;
Like two fair Sea Birds we shall swim
Disporting to the surf-beat strand.

Along the shore we'll stretch away,
(A Wonder to the gazing Swain)
Now seen, now lost amid the spray
Till lost ne'er to be seen again.

For we, his senses to deceive,
Will like a pair of Dolphins dive,
And fathoms deep the waters cleave
Till far away—then " All alive "

Emerging on the lonely shore,
O'er hill and dale our way we'll take ;
And our dear Lake for evermore
Will be the spirit-haunted lake.

TO A. CAMERON.

THE "Coming Man" at last has come !
Come as a pretty Baby-Boy !
Blow, blow the Bagpipe—beat the Drum,
Let dance and song declare our joy—
Up, up, an' dance the Highland Fling ;
Dance ye who cannot with who can ;
Sing who cannot with who can sing—
Sing, sing the little Cameron Man.

Though born on softly flowing Trent,
He's o' the brave Lochaber Race ;
His Father is a canny Saint ;
His Mither is a sprightly Grace.
When he grows up to be a Lad
He'll be the Lad to lead the Clan,
A Gallant brave as gallant Dad—
O' Cameron Men the Cameron Man.

If he hae half the gifts o' baith
A Marvel o' a man he'll be—
A Man a Saint might tak an aith
He'd gang a thoosan' miles to see !
An' comin' back wi' upturned een,
Wide-open mouth an' lifted han,
He'd swear—" The Like was never seen !
Ye a' maun see the Cameron Man."

They wha hae seen, hae seen a Sprite
As children rich in promise be ;
Wha hae na seen—there is a sight,
To do them good, for them to see !
Some Babes are born to bless our Race,
And more than some are born to ban ;
But there is blessing on the face
O' the wee cradled Cameron Man.

Blessing and promise—wait a wee ;
Gie time for our young Plant to shoot,
They wha live lang eneuch will see
The Bud a Blossom—Blossom Fruit ;
He'll be a ready-handed Chiel
To do the maist that mortal can
To send to the richt about the Deil—
The Deil-defeating Cameron Man.

MAMMON, *versus* THE MUSES.

THE last strong word I spoke at parting ;
That word thou never must forget ;
And though for want of cash now smarting,
Thou shalt be rich as Dives yet :
Refuse to dreams thy waking eyes ;
Put, Lad, the Muses to the ban—
Deaf to their Lazarus-making lies
Resolve to be a Mammon's Man.

When I was an Apprentice Boy
The Muses took me for a Lout
They could by flattering words decoy—
I sent them to the right about—
Then Mammon came with conquering stride,
“ My Lad ” (cried he) “ You will enlist,”
Bravo !—my eyes I opened wide,
And found a shilling in my fist !

Frown on the Hussies till they fly,
Run when thou seest them drawing near ;
Let rhyming Fools attend their cry ;
Stick thou a thumb in either ear—
But oh, let Mammon's whisper be
A thunder-clap to make thee bold
To serve him heart and soul—for he
Can set thee in the age of gold.

Think of thy Leddy—of thy Laddie,
And all that cash for them can win ;
And be a money-grubbing Daddy—
There's nothing in the world like " tin."
Send to the right about the Muses
Who tempt thee to Parnassus Hill ;
Defy their Bankrupt-making ruses,
And think, oh, think of Jack and Gill !

They, scorning business, fled the town
From high Parnassian founts to draw ;
Then Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Gill had a tremendous fa' ;
Be warned thou, and fear to climb
From the Parnassian Fount to swill ;
Take Lad, oh, take a thought in time,
Or thou wilt follow Jack and Gill.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

O H, stay me not—I may not stay ;
No time to day for “ how ” and “ why ” ;
To the Flower Show I must away—
Good bye, my Friend, good bye, good bye.

Moments there are when we foresee,
As with a fine prophetic sense,
The thing that is about to be--
Inexplicable prescience !

O'er field and stile I reach the Grounds ;
The wicket opens, and I range
On winding walks by laurelled mounds,
My heart astir with tumult strange.

Among the flowers I restless move ;
They neither bloom nor breathe for me ;
For still the longing eye would rove,
And the heart work diviningly.

Into a Cedar's shade withdrawn—
Lo ! Dark and Fair in twos and threes
Slow-walking on the shaven Lawn,
Or mid the shadow-casting trees.

I looked as on a pictured wall
We look—till with a thrilling start
A soul-felt Presence told me all
Foretold by the prophetic heart.

She paused, she stept, her moving Grace
The Soul of Rest in motion fine !
She looked—and oh, her gracious face
Rayed beatific peace divine !

There, as she stept across the lawn,
Oh, heart of mine, how didst thou stir !
And by immortal longings drawn,
With boundless blessing follow her.

Thoughts rich with life that cannot die
Went with her in the winding maze
Till my enraptured dreaming eye
Lost her in sunset's golden rays.

THE DEVOTEE.

THE time is fled—blest time—when hither thither,
In winter's wildest as in summer weather,
In joy of soul I roamed by stream and sea
A Worshipper of Nature : now the thronging
Of sweet emotions fills my soul with longing ;
Roam where I may I see thee, only thee.

Love's Pilgrim I—the haunts of mankind flying
When in the West the weary day is dying,
And the lone valley sees the moon arise
Silvering the clouds—in her calm light heart-healing,
Flowing as from some fount of tender feeling,
I see the gracious moonlight of thine eyes.

Lone straying by the sea forlorn and grieving,
The billow in the moonlight softly heaving,
Fond memory sees thy gentle bosom heave
As when heart-filling song in aspiration
Rose—or in sympathetic lamentation
Sank—sorrow of its sorrow to bereave.

In gloaming gray's mysterious solemn glimmer
I see thee—in the stirring waters' shimmer
I see the glancing, heart-awaking play
In thy dear face of sweetest thought and feeling
In interfusion exquisite revealing
What, if thy sweet lips parted, they would say.

Ah ! not the lovely shows of Nature only
Speak to my soul of thee—when, wandering lonely
Amid the crowd the Beautiful I see,
The Graces statue-still or moving Graces—
Ethereal looks divine in heavenly faces,
Fond Fancy spreads the wing and flies to thee.

Love its sweet wound conceals—I ne'er have spoken ;
Thou sawest it in the involuntary token
Of shy confusion not to be concealed—
Seeing thee drawing near, how oft have I
Hidden away to see thee passing by,
The deepest founts of feeling all unsealed.

Then, rich in soul to infinite bestowing,
And peace, and love, and joy beyond the knowing,
I sought sequestered places seldom trod
To feel to tears how exquisite thou art,
And, through the tranced vision of my heart,
To soar as on seraphic wings to God.

TO G. Y.

NEAR Lunnon Town there lives a Lad
I'd gang a thoosan miles to see ;
His face wad mak a sair heart glad,
For he's the verra soul o' glee.
He sings a sang, as few can sing,
There's no his match for wit an fun ;
Even at the Saints he'll hae his fling,
An shoot them wi his witty Gun.

Him for a saint I ance mistook ;
It was a maist profane mistake ;
The name o' Saint he canna brook,
For he is unco wide awake ;
He runs sae weel the Christian race
The sae ca'd Saints should see him run
For *warks*, gude warks are joined wi grace
In Geordie o' the witty Gun.

When in the mood he cracks his joke
At worldly-holy Folk's expense;
Through clouds o' rich Havannah smoke
His gun gaes aff at a' Pretence !
Let nae sleek pawky Saint draw near,
Or wi' a word he'll be undone ;
But shame-faced Sinners needna fear
Our Geordie wi' his witty Gun.

Let nae fause Face o' second birth
Draw near wi' airs o' unco gude ;
Our Geordie, hating specious worth,
Cries, " Deil tak that *imposing* dud."
But let some uncloak'd sinner ca' ;
Some prodigal repentant son,
He'll get kind welcome at the Ha' ;
He needna fear the witty Gun.

Auld Scotland chose wi' brave intent
A Patron Saint in auld langsyne,
Saint Andrew wi' his cross—the Saint
That in the battle leads her line.
But noo-a-days she needs a Chiel
Than the auld Saint a fitter One,
A Lad to fisticuff the Deil,
And shoot him wi' the witty Gun.

TO G. Y.

OH, Geordie Yule, when ye were a boy,
And conned the Assembly's Carrachis,
When bannocks gied you muckle joy,
And ye kenned fu' weel what parritch is,
Then wizards wi' the second sicht,
Knowing the fortunes of folk to scan,
"He will be, said they, a gran' New Licht,
O' Preachers a' he will lead the van."

Oh, why did ye haste awa to the South,
Oh, why did ye ever cross the Tweed?
In the poopit ye should hae opened yer mouth,
In the poopit ye should hae wagged yer head.
Wag, wagged the head and brandished the fist
At the lang-faced sinners a' in a row,
Scaring the children o' the Mist
Wi' a sicht o' the gate they are like to go.

Thundering awa at Balmoràl

Ye wad hae been asked by the Queen to dine,
Wha invites the Auld Licht Falderalal,
Wad hae asked the gran' New Licht Divine ;
And ye wad hae preached sae loyally
Her Majesty wad hae been pleased to say
“ There's nae Licht like the New Licht for me,
It shines amaist as bricht as the day.”

Oh, had ye taen to the preachin' line
Wi' a wicked Warld it had been weel,
For ye wad hae been a gran' Divine
For dusting the jacket o' the Deil !
A blazing light to dazzle and blind him,
Ye wad hae scared him and a' his crew,
Sent him aff carrying his tail behind him,
Skipping awa' like a Kangaroo.

Ready to die the death o' a Martyr,
Forgetting yoursel in the hot pursuit,
Stretching to seize the swarthy Tartar,
Catching a kick o' the cloven hoof,
A backward spurn—for the flying coof,
The sicht o' your face he couldna bide,
He's aff an' awa'—his cloven hoof
Kick, kick, kicking his ain ——

TO ROSA.

A STREAM there is of far renown ;
Can I forget it ? Never ;
The stream that rolls through London Town,
The World's reception River.

And why so dear soft-flowing Thames ?
And why forget it never ?
'Tis that the Lady of my dreams
Lives by that far-famed River.

The giant streams that to the sea
Their sea-like floods deliver—
What are these giant streams to thee
My Rosa-haunted River ?

When in my skiff I ply the oar
A heartfelt touch I give her
To shoot her to the Kentish shore,
My Rosa's side the River.

To see her stately step along,
Like Dian with her quiver,
The Sailors all to larboard throng
When sailing up the River.

The Pilot, he, tho' bound to mind
What lies ahead, can never
Not cast a farewell look behind
When she walks by the river.

Undaunted I would brave the might
Of seas that timbers shiver
To get at last a sight—a sight
Of Rosa by the River.

TO THE POPE.

PAPA, God bless thee !
Let me caress thee ;
Come, let me kiss thee,
My Dear Old Boy !
Infallible Dad, Sir,
I'll be right glad, Sir,
By thy long Ladder
To reach the sky.

But, Holy Father,
I'm in a swither,
And I had rather,
Before I mount,
Get thy indenture,
And sure debenture,
That I may venture
To climb upon 't.

It is the throngest—
Is it the longest ?
Is it the strongest ?
 All safe and sound ?
No frightful spaces
Of stepless places
To check my paces
 To the highest round ?

Believe, believe me,
'T would sorely grieve me
Shouldst thou deceive me,
 But sure thou won't.
Say " verily, verily,"
And I, though warily,
Will yet right merrily
 Begin to mount.

Of many churches
The ladder lurches ;
Has thine sure purchase ?
 And steady poise ?
Thou at the foot o't,
And at the top o't,
St. Peter on the look out
 For Climbing Boys.

I see him stand there
With keys in hand there
And a Great Band there

Crème de la Crème.

The Ladder's crumbling,
The Boys are stumbling,
And headlong tumbling.

It was a Drame.

THE ROBIN.

—
To J. W. F.
—

ROBIN Redbreast, Robin, Robin,
On the Fir-spray nid nid noddin',
Welcome Birdie—but no more
Thou the "Angel Birdie" art
That flew into my little heart,
And trilled there in the days of yore ;
Ah, thou comest no more unsealing
Founts divine of sweetest feeling,
As thou camest long ago
Nid noddin' to the little Boy,
Filling with light and love and joy
His innocent heart to overflow,
Ere Time took by the hand the child,
With cruel ointment touched his eyes,
And sent him forth into the wild
Exiled from childhood's Paradise.

Dying, dying every day
Through many a death we die away ;
What once I heard no more I hear,
What once I saw no longer see,
But Robin Redbreast, Robin dear,
The change is all in me—poor me !
Now thou'rt a didactic Robin
On the Fir-spray nid nid noddin'—
Bold-eyed bouncing little Rogue
'Thou might'st have had for Pedagogue
Him who taught the world-restraining
Laws, the omnipresent Forces
Or impelling or restraining
Suns and Systems in their courses ;
The powers that summon Runaway
Comets from abyssmal spaces
To run their fiery-skirring races
Round and round the Font of Day.

Thou in stable oscillation
Art a Teacher better far
Than by wordy declamation
The loud Preacher popular !
On the Fir-spray briskly jinking
Free in stable equipoise,

A Monitor to little boys
And to men as boys unthinking ;
I see thee now with clenched claw
Grip the spray to keep the law—
Bound, but in thy bondage free !
Stable spontaneity.

Ye who carry on flirtation
With divinest legislation
Look, and look ye seeming meek Ones ;
Look ye sly Ones ; look ye sleek Ones ;
Ye of the wag-tongue profession
Look ye too and take a lesson !
Let the law-embodiment Teacher
Be the Preacher to the Preacher ;
When the life's unedifying
Sermons are but pulpit lying,
And the Pulpit-lie of Sunday
Is the Business-lie of Monday ;
Precept, sirs, without example
Is the salt on which men trample.

As in Robin the sustaining
Law of equable control
Rules, so rule me the restraining
Law that ought to sway the soul ;

Against the power that lurking lies
Within me watching to surprise,
The stealthy step, the sudden spring
Of temptation—may I cling
Resolutely to the right,
Poising to the central light.
As the obedient planet wheeling
Shows the law of gravitation,
May my life be the revealing
Of man-making Legislation.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

ALL things, *all* are full of change ;
The time is big with transformations ;
What ceaseless shaking of the nations !
What evolutions new and strange !
A day—it does the work of years,
The wheels of change roll fast and faster ;
Shall Old Effete or New be master ?
What warning voices to the Churches !
What whirlwind storms of smoke and chaff !
What “Yea” and “Nay !” What half and half !
What creeds not worth a ten years’ purchase !
Who shall lead us tottering, tumbling
In the ruts of roads o’ergrown
With tangling briar, with thistle sown,
And with many a stone of stumbling ?

A hundred thousand organs toil on Sunday
To keep us on the old ways—we bow the knee
Of formal use and wont—behold on Monday
The Christian people are at sea—at sea !

Doubt, denial, late and early,
Hurl their shafts at "verily, verily:"
Churches, chapels reel and totter,
Rent and shaken to the centre ;
Pulpits a starved "verily" mutter,
Next of kin to "peradventure !"
We climb our heaps of mounded sand,
And gaze with restless roaming eyes on
Dim clouds on the remote horizon,
As summits of the Better Land.

Who see the farthest see with doubting eye,
Who listen, list with a protesting ear—
At the Tribunal of **WHENCE? WHETHER? WHY?**
The "VERILIES" appear to disappear.

THE ANTI-SABBATARIAN.

WE are to character the Potter's wheel,
The Good, the Wise, they shape the Wisest, Best ;
The puny Spirit has a puny Christ
With purblind Pygmy following at his heel ;
The Christ of Shallow is Tradition's Ghost ;
The Christ of Grim is cold and hard as frost,
My Christ 's the heroic Heretic—Behold
Him send to the right-about the Pharisee
In triple steel of Dogma fiercely bold ;
He shook the soul from formal fetters free ;
He gave the Spirit, of its birthright shorn,
Its free spontaneous legislative play ;
Can I forget the immortal ears of corn
That burst the bondage of the Sabbath Day ?

Six days the bond slave of the clanking Loom,
The thundering Hammer, or the booming Mill,
I'll to the gorse-grown Common, climb the Hill,
I'll wander where the Bean-field breathes perfume ;

Enfranchised from the smothering sense of toil,
I'll breathe the life that lives on purple fells,
I'll seek the glens where mountain torrents boil,
Or roam where Ocean lisps on gleaming shells,
Or where he bellows on his bouldered shore,
Or sleepeth overshadowed in the core
Of loch-engirdling hills where Silence dwells.

Who shall deny me one enfranchised day
To taste the Seasons as they haste away?
Brown, bounteous Autumn with her flowing horn,
And ripe sheaf rich with golden-drooping ears ;
Flower-crownèd Summer with cerulean eyes
Sauntering through rustling fields of popped corn ;
Quick-hearted Spring, her wild eyes rich with tears
And stormy light, dear Child of sun and shower,
Of flying sunbeams and cloud-rolling skies ;
And her who sweeps in tempest from the Pole,
Dark Winter wild, awaking in the soul
The stormy sense of a congenial power.

Confront me with the man who dares to brand
As desecration of the Sacred Day
A Christian use that breaks the Hebrew yoke ;
On Christ's authority I take my stand ;

Wilt thou the Master's mighty word gainsay ?
I hurl at thee the Word the Master spoke
To smite thy watery vapid into spray ;
What is thy word to His, my little Man,
That thou dar'st make a prison of the day
Or put on me, for breaking it, thy bann ?

Words spoken from the heart, they please me well,
I love the summons of the Sabbath Bell,
It lifts my heart from earthly things away ;
But, ah, too oft it summons me, alas !
To hear the inane tinkling cymbal play,
Or the vague clamour of the sounding brass.
Know that the wind clear-whistling in the tree ;
Know that the billow thundering on the beach
Can better speak to me, and men like me
Than the Perfunctory mouth can ever preach.

✓ SPONTANEITY.
—

✓
*
TO-DAY the founts of life that deepest lie
Within me touched as by the hand of God,
The Smiter of the heart—they overflowed
My spirit as the sand-blown desert dry !
On that spontaneous inflow lifted high,
In soul I felt me throw my arms apart
As I would take all mankind to my heart ;
I for the world that hour had dared to die.

Life-giving streams, ye gushed to ebb away ;
But, God, I thank thee for the exalting dower ;
Gracious beyond belief thou often art ;
Oh, may I ne'er forget that blessèd day,
That touch of spirit-renovating power,
Expansion wide as heaven of soul and heart.

DEATH AND LIFE.

TELL me, Punctilious Brother, do they pray
Who pray by stroke o' the clock? who bow the knees
Of customary use? or do they freeze
Prayer to a dead, habitual "Say my say"?
My prayer-time is when, be I where I may,
Amid the crowd, or in the lonely place,
A beam as from the Eternal Father's face
Kindles my heart with love as light the day.

Then quickened to insuperable prayer
I cast myself in soul before the throne,
And in one heart-throb pray a litany
As One who cannot, if he would, forbear
To cry aloud—"Dear God, thy will be done,
"And be it mine to do it or to die."

A TREE IN THE GROUNDS OF C. B.,
SURREY.

A TREE of amplest shade ! The Father sees—
Joy at his heart—on lightly tripping feet
The children screened from ardent summer heat
Play in its twilight freshened by the breeze ;
Dear Tree, when years thy vital currents freeze,
And thy bleached forks white-glisten to the day,
Still may'st thou see dear little children play
Around thy moss-grown mound of gnarlèd knees.

Then, if the ancestral heart to Nature true
Live in thy Master's far-descended line,
What time the daisy drinks the evening dew,
Or summer morning suns serenely shine,
Or melt the heart autumnal moons divine,
Thou shalt behold His race their souls renew.

A SOLITARY CEDAR.

THE Tree, the garden-wall o'erlooking One
That leans towards thy window day and night,
I would I were that Cedar that I might
Live in the light of thy sweet eyes alone ;
There are who would be famed from zone to zone ;
Better obscurity contenteth me ;
Enough for me, Love, known to thee, to thee,
To all the world to live and die unknown.

I would I were that dear domestic Tree,
To live beside thee through the rolling year ;
Nearer to stretch my boughs, and still more near,
To see thee oft, and oft be seen by thee ;
Thy gentle heart-awaking voice to hear,
And at thy touch to tremble tenderly.

VOICELESS LOVE.

NOT more than I, Endymion loved the Moon !
I'm sentient as a poet to the might
Of her heart-healing, spirit-soothing light ;
I love to wander lone in pilgrim shoon,
To roam by ocean's sounding shore and croon
To my own heart its sweet vicissitude,
Responsive to its ever-varying mood
From thunder bass to gentlest ripple tune.

Sing my loves cannot I—the Poet's voice
Nature denied me, yet it hinders not
To have the Poet's heart with feeling fraught ;
With her in grief to grieve—with her rejoice ;
To be a silent Poet—better choice,
Till founts of song within me flow unsought.

TO MRS. J. W. D.

WHEN Spring to Winter pipes "Adieu, adieu,"
And violet and primrose throng the bowers,
Embreathe the fragrant spirit of the flowers,
Wildings of sweetest breath and loveliest hue ;
When radiant Summer comes with hyacinth blue
Empurpling the dim woods—when teded hay,
And meadow-sweet embalm the golden day,
Be, Lady, be to Nature-worship true.

And when the Winter, haggard and deform,
Holds in thy cottage thy reluctant feet,
While louder yet, and louder raves the storm,
And the pane shivers in the gusty sleet,
Thy Memory shall be a landscape warm,
Flushed with bright flowers, with fragrance teeming sweet.

THE CONSUMMATE EVOLUTION.

THERE lives in us a life that gives the lie
To desolating dogmas—we enfold
Wings subtler than the filmy green and gold
Light-quivered by the darting Dragon-fly ;
Untiringly the immortal pinions ply ;
Awake, asleep, I'm on the wing—I dart
From place to place ten thousand leagues apart
Like lightning winking in a summer sky.

The dying undying creature of a day,
Drawing a momentary life from air,
Deep in my soul I feel the stir and play
Of pinions weighing for the other where ;
Set up the scarecrow doctrine of despair—
One flap o' my wings—I flap the Fright away.

TO LYDIA.

TIME, and Time's shows appear to disappear ;
 Transient as bell-strokes are the flying hours ;
Swift are the days as sudden summer showers ;
The farthest of our far away—how near !
I'd have thee ever what thou art, my Dear,
But soon shall Time thee from thyself estrange,
Too soon the inevitable round of change
Touch leaf and blossom into rustling sere.

We live and die by metamorphosis ;
Be mine the eyes to see in Oldest Old
The Spirit gently fluttering to unfold
His prisoned pinions from the Chrysalis,
Subtly presentient of the promised bliss,
Even while encumbered with the mortal mould.

TO AN OLD LADY.

“ALL things are full of change”—thus spoke the Seer ;
The Present while we name it is the Past ;
The Baby born to-day, it ageth fast ;
Change hurrying onward change has brought thee near
The day of thy translation to the sphere
Where old are young for ever—I surprise
The young-eyed Angel in thine agèd eyes !
Yes, thou at once art old and young, my Dear.

Dying, undying One, give me thy hand—
Old as four-score—at once both young and old ;
Thou’rt a young Angel ready to unfold
Thy wings impatient for the better land
Where Sister-Angels wait—a glorious band—
Thee disencumbered from the mortal mould.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

A SOUL heroic of the ancient mould
The best of Greek or Roman fame—a man !
His was the heart to dare—the eye to scan—
A Knight to match with famousest of old ;
Dominion fitter none to have and hold—
In Peril's hour a Presence to announce
The battle won ere fought—a soul to pounce
A People's Tyrants in oppression bold.

When swept the battle down with tempest power
He stood a moment with assaulting eye ;
The next beheld his band of Heroes hurled
Against embattled hosts—and in one hour
Of fiercely clashing arms, and battle cry—
A kingdom rescued to the onward world.

MUSIC.
—

PLAY on, ye banded choristers !—I coast
Ideal worlds divine without annoy ;
I walk Elysian fields of solemn joy,
Peopled with blessèd souls, a shadowy host—
That sound of wail again ! Oh, vain the boast
Of stoic equipoise—through tearful eyes
I gaze on buried past : the dead arise ;
I hold heart-commune with the loved and lost.

No subtle self-adjustment can prevent
The heart-o'erthrowing mood—subdued I hear
That wailing sound of sorrow too severe ;
Oh, joy of sorrow ! through Time's cloudy tent
I see, as through a momentary rent,
Faith's everlasting Pole Star sparkling clear.

BLIND AND DEAF.

BEG pardon, Sir, thou look'st a world too wise ;
Declares thy solemnly omniscient look
Thou thinkest to the depth of deepest Book—
Thou seest the picture with decisive eyes ;
Great Seer, despite thy infallible surmise,
Thy ears they hear not, and thine eyes not see ;
Go eat the fruit of the self-knowledge tree,
And be the apple of the biggest size.

THAT “inwardly digested” thou may'st hear
The Thinker speaking from the spirit's shrine ;
Then may'st thou hear the Poet's soul of power
Far-sounding through the aisles of thought divine,
And see, with opened eyes in vision clear,
Delivered from thyself for half an hour.

A MAMMA'S INFATUATION.

“MY Boy’s a Poet” !—What ! the Lad who looks
On earth and sky—on mountain, stream, and sea,
Unmoved in soul and heart !—it cannot be ;
His name’s unwritten in the Muses’ Books ;
In budding glades and lonely forest nooks
It not delighteth him alone to lie ;
He heareth not the South in autumn sigh
Strewing with yellow leaves the tinkling brooks.

“ He’ll prove himself a Poet yet”—Aye, aye !
When in the realm of possible it lies
To show the lumbering Stubble-geese arise,
And, singing, soar on Eagle wings the sky ;
The thick-thatched Tortoise cast his shell and fly,
Or Pigmy stretch himself to Giant size !

FIRST VOICE.

COULDST thou forget the word, "Thy will be done,"
And silence in the soul the voice divine ;

SECOND VOICE.

Did not one Life starlike before thee shine,
Didst thou not hear the Father call the son ;

THIRD VOICE.

To the evils that are wrought beneath the sun,
Couldst thou shut up thy heart—and close thine eye ;

FOURTH VOICE.

Couldst thou the struggling social chaos fly
And basely stoop to live for self alone ;

ALL.

Here might thy days, thy years glide soft away
Untroubled as a calm cerulean sky ;
Still as a loch begirt by mountains high
Drawing its gentle life-pulse from the bay
That softly swelling heaves in sympathy
With the Main Ocean heaving far away.

THE TOO SUSCEPTIBLE.

I FALL in love at least three times a day.
I am, alas! susceptible to a sin—
I strive to hold my naughty nature in,
But Nature keeps endeavour still at bay—
Passed me at morn a Milkmaid singing gay,
At noon a sheaf-crown'd Lass with shearing hook,
And each in passing by gave me a look—
To each in turn I gave my heart away—

Spray on the abyssmal ocean of my love,
Involuntary meteoric starts,
Fantastic geyser sallies shooting free!
Tho' wayward Fancy for a moment rove,
One and one only has my heart of hearts!
And this Dear One is all the world to me.

THE WELCOME.

THE house was all alive, the Bird did sing,
Loud mewed the Cat, the Dog did bark for joy,
The excited Parrot screamed, "The Boy! The Boy!"
Tumbling upon his oscillating ring;
The Baby, dear incomparable thing,
Did change from cry to laugh, and laugh to cry;
The light of welcome beamed from every eye,
And Rob and Donald danced the Highland Fling.

The joy swift seized us all, and catching hands,
Around the Boy we whirled like Bacchanals
Around their Chieftain straddling on his Tun,
Or wild-haired Mænads, or Tornado Squalls,
That churn the seas to foam, or Eddying Sands,
Or Comets furious skirring round the Sun.

THE PICTURE.

—
To Maria.
—

BE safe for aye from Time and Chance ;
Here Art has reached her fine extreme !
Oh, what a soul-fraught countenance !
Those eyes, how full of light and dream !
Maria to the life !—yet I
Am calm as stillest waters be ;
But when I see herself, heaves high
My heart like the deep-heaving sea ;
As swells the Atlantic to the skies
When tropic moons full-orbèd shine,
So swells my soul when her dear eyes
Pour their full lunar light on mine.

A TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF MAN
(IN THE DUTCH STYLE).

OH hear me sing a little while
The circumnavigation
Of storm-blown Mona's misty Isle,
And sea-sick consternation.

At starting on our Voyage, we
Were bold as roaming Tatars,
But ere we were an hour at sea
We gaped like Alligators.

The Waves came at us with dark frown,
The Steamer all in a tremble
Rolled up, up, up, and down, down, down ;
We could no more dissemble.

Some struggled sore to look as they
Were veteran Navigators ;
They strode the deck, as they would say
“ We like the wildest waters ;

“We love the storm and billow, we,”
When look ! what are they doing ?
The shock of a tremendous sea—
And lo ! they all are spewing.

With sudden gape, and dreadful stare
We threw a hundred dishes
Of miscellaneous provender
To the exulting Fishes.

A Lawyer gave them toasted cheese ;
A Rector all in a flutter
Gave them a mess of ducks and peas ;
A Curate bread and butter ;

A Bankrupt Merchant claret poured—
The Rogue was forced to pump it ;
A Methodist Preacher (praise the Lord !)
Gave cocoa, crabs, and crumpet.

A popular preacher frae the North—
A rousing man of God he—
He oped his mouth, and spouted forth
A flood of whisky toddy.

And some gave coffee, some gave tea,
And one—a Douglas Dandy—
With boundless generosity
Gave rum, and gin, and brandy.

We gave whate'er we had away
With bounty overflowing ;
No pastor e'er did preach or pray
His flock to such bestowing.

Some feebly smiled, and some grew pale ;
Some feigned to hold their eyes on—
(As they were sea-proof Tars)—a sail
On the line o' the horizon.

Some, choking down the throttling flush,
Went swaggering, staggering starboard ;
Some bolted with a sudden rush,
And gaping jaws to larboard.

And there sate flirting Biddy Freak ;
Oh, how serene in seeming !
No Nun e'er wore a look more meek ;
She looked as she were dreaming !

“Well, Biddy, how d’ye like the sea?”

Said I, when—Botheration!
The lovely Being gaped at me
With wide-mouth’d commination!

Just then I saw a Puppy look
At me with scorn subduing—
That moment was the Creature shook
To his entire undoing.

He clutched the gunwale, and I heard
A glug-glug sound of trouble,
And ever and anon his beard
Did catch a swelling bubble.

At last it came with throttling roar,
A sandspout on Sahara;
A billow bursting on the shore;
A spooming Niagára.

A swab-deck Sailor’s hairy fist
Swift chucked him from the gunwale,
And flung the Rascal down to roast
And stew beside the funnel.

At last the harbour hove in sight,
The crowd grew thick and thicker,
The funnel smoked with all its might,
The wheels spun quick and quicker.

I thought it was a joy to rove ;
The sea grew smooth and smoother ;
I turned to speak a word of love
To Biddy Freak to soothe her ;

She shook her fist with high disdain,
And roared—"By this right han', Sir,
I vow I'll start by the first train
That leaves the Isle of Man, Sir!"

PADDY'S WOOING.

ON Saint Patrick's Day when a-roaming—By Jingo,
With the state of my body and soul quite content,
I spied two bright eyes looking down from a window,
And I stood staring at them to know what they meant !
I gazed and I gazed till a heart palpitation
Throbb'd high in my bosom again and again ;
Oh ! the days of my life have been all botheration
Since I saw those two bright eyes in Sweetbriar Lane.

I dropt on my knees overcome by emotion ;
Beseechingly laid I my hand on my heart ;
And the eyes—Bless the Pair ! how they watched my devotion !
For they saw that I could not be playing a part ;
The big tears of rapture—they rolled down my cheek
As after a storm runs the rain down the pane ;
I opened my mouth, but no word could I speak,
So I sighed to the Charmer of Sweetbriar Lane.

For a moment my spirits sank down below Zero—
Ay, below the Freezing Point fifty degrees ;
But she smiled, and my heart said, “ Now Pat, be a Hero,”
Yet all in a tremble, I dropt on my knees ;
“ Lovely Being,” I cried, “ sure you will not undo me,
Oh, you ne’er will return my true love with disdain !”
Then the eyes flashed a look that like lightning ran through me ;
Oh, I had such a heart-quake in Sweetbriar Lane !

At length overcome, I deliberately fainted—
Through my eyelashes peeping a couple of spies ;
And they saw—yes, they saw on the cheek of the sainted
The big tears drop dropping from both of her eyes ;
And when from the fit I recovered faint-gasping
They showered down upon me like Summer’s big rain,
Then I flung forth my arms, and I found them enclasping
The lovely young Helen of Sweetbriar Lane.

“ I have you,” I cried, my heart wildly swelling,
“ I have you, and ne’er will I let you depart
Till you promise, and seal with a kiss, Lovely Helen,
Your promise to give me, my Darling, your heart.”
Then she flung her arms round me, and there on my honour
She kissed me, the Kind One, again and again,
And this is the way that I wooed her and won her,
The lovely young Helen of Sweetbriar Lane.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

To R. H.

IN Fantasy's creative hour,
When dream usurps the sovereign power,
The sleep-sealed eye—the sleep-choked ear
Are more than wide-awake—how keen
To see what never will be seen,
What never will be heard to hear ;
To see what turns the night to day,
To see what turns the day to night,
A sight of joy—or some sad sight
We would, but cannot, put away.

I dreamt that underneath the star
I roamed where Tatars roam afar ;
And dreaming caught I with a start
My little Darling to my heart,
Crying, as one who sleeping cries,
Thibet's old Lama never dies ;
His soul, its ancient frame outworn,
Forsakes to be again reborn
In some fair Boy with looks divine,—
And oh, my heart ! why not in mine ?
For where in Tatory's spacious round
Can goodlier Lama-Child be found
In whom the Priest who never dies
Shall reappear to mortal eyes ?

I dreamt that on the line of sky
O'er the lone Steppe, far far away
Beneath the eyelids of the day
I saw a Tatar troop draw nigh—
Why draws it near ? Oh, thought of fear !
'Tis to bereave me of my dear—
To take from me my Little One
And leave a mother's heart undone ;
I feel my heart within me die ;
Ah ! whither, whither shall I fly ?

I hear them say " Behold ! Behold !
In this fair child the Lama old
Again reborn—behold it shine
In his fair eyes the light divine !
See in his gentle little face
Revealings of celestial grace—
The wisdom of the Wisest Old
Incarnate in this child behold !"
I see them stretch their hands to take
My Little One—I see him wake—
I hear him cry—oh, sound of fear !
That cry still in my dreaming ear
I wake—oh, joy ! safe from all harms
My Little One sleeps in my arms.

TO AN OLD LADY.

—

COME, Breaker and Healer of hearts, be “the making”
Of a heart that long years has been silently breaking;
Come, my smart Little Fellow—no Archer was ever
To match the winged Boy of the Bow and the Quiver;
Thou’rt the lad at a love-tale, but I, Bothenation!
What time I would speak, I, for heart palpitation,
Cannot open my mouth to declare that I’m dying,
And must die entirely of sobbing and sighing,
If *she* not soon adventures to pop me the question
That *I* cannot put safe in trembling suggestion!
Come Boy, with thy Bow and thy Quiver forth fare
And shoot me the Girl of the beautiful hair,
The beautiful, beautiful—beautiful, beautiful,
Beautiful, beautiful—beautiful hair.

Some like soft-flowing locks, and some like the crispy,
And some like the wavy, and some like the wispy,
Some like black, and some brown, and some like the flossy,
Some the silky and sandy, and some like the glossy,

But give me the locks that are shining so tender
On the brow of Teresa in silvery splendour ;
Some day the springtide of her feelings o'er flowing
May float the Dear Creature to the height of bestowing,
But wait cannot I, for there's really no rating
The distraction of heart's that's in waiting and waiting ;
Go, tell her, if she has enough and to spare,
She must send me a lock of her beautiful hair,
Her beautiful, beautiful—beautiful, beautiful—
Beautiful, beautiful—beautiful hair.

Should she give thee kind welcome, and kiss thee and pet thee,
And, folding thy wings, at her piano set thee,
Then toss back thy curls till thine eyes search the ceiling,
And pour forth my plaint in a voice rich with feeling,
And mingle, oh mingle thy singing with sighing,
And oh, touch the keys into tenor heart-trying,
And play, my Boy, play, and sing on till relenting
Her two swimming eyes show her truly repenting,
And when through her tears she gazes half blindly,
Protesting she never meant to use me unkindly,
Then a hop, step, and jump, Boy, and ere she's aware
Cut, cut me a lock of her beautiful hair,
Her beautiful, beautiful—beautiful, beautiful—
Beautiful, beautiful—beautiful hair.

In fancy I have it, a gift, oh how precious !
What fine tumult of soul—what enlargement, how spacious ;
It's no wonder at all that my heart will keep thumping,
For it's over the lock that for joy it is jumping !
I press it, I bless it, I kiss and caress it ;
Oh the joy of my spirit—where's the word can express it ?
Some day I shall give myself bliss without measure
In taking the sum, *hair by hair*, of my treasure,
With heart-eating cares let rich Fools count their money,
But my Treasure I'll count with thoughts sweeter than honey,
For my thoughts will be heart-beats, and blessing, and prayer,
For I'll count my beads on her beautiful hair.
Her beautiful, beautiful—beautiful, beautiful,
Beautiful, beautiful—beautiful hair.

THE OLD LADY AGAIN.

SURE the seals of his heart by *true* love was never broke
Who loves with less fervent devotion than mine !
My Friends looking at me alarmingly ever croak—
And the Doctor assures me I'm in a decline—
Bad luck to them both ! but there is no denying
That my heart is sore damaged, and will not repair ;
Not Jacob for Rachel went sobbing and sighing
As I for the Girl of the beautiful hair.

Once on a time my voice had a mellow tone ;
Now, for certain, there's something the matter with me !
Ah me ! sure the Looking-glass shows me a Skeleton,
And my voice sounds as hollow as wind in a tree ;
I dream of her sleeping, I think of her waking,
In the Bank of my heart now I have not a share ;
At home and abroad I keep shivering and shaking,
And all for the Girl of the beautiful hair.

Ah me ! Once a Solomon in wisdom and knowledge,
A Youth sure enough Sheba's Queen would adore ;
On the top of my shoulders I carried a College—
Now alas, if she came, she would find me a Bore,
A Dotard distracted by moping and doting,
Dead in heart as a turnip that's split by the share ;
The best of my words now are not worth the quoting—
Oh, shame on the Girl with the beautiful hair.

Oh cruel ! to turn my life's summer to winter !
To blast the fond hopes of my Youth in its prime !
Oh cruel ! when from her dark eye one bright splinter
Would have kindled my nature to daring sublime !
My spirits are fifty degrees below zero,
Yet in her eyebeams they had stood, I declare,
At ninety above—and I had been a Hero,
And a Heroine the Girl of the beautiful hair.

A WORD IN SEASON.

THY burden groweth year by year ;
 Bent earthward is thine eye ;
Look up—thy clouded vision clear,
 Look up and see the sky.

See, if thou canst, how Saint and Sage,
 And Hero won the goal ;
Go learn of them to tame the rage
 That devastates thy soul.

Some fifty years have fled away
 Since thou didst first begin
To slave for gold—now thou art gray,
 Thy cheek is gaunt and thin.

Thou for Death's sickle art ripe,
 Thy time is but a span ;
At seventy-five why grope and gripe ?
 Look up, and be a man.

A Lazarus in the higher life,
A Dives in the lower,
What boots this never-ending strife
For more and ever more.

Thy mansion is a sight to see,
Thy lawn is fair to scan ;
And it in truth were well with thee
If stomach were the man.

The Poor—they are the rich how oft !
The rich—how often poor !—
Whose heart is set on things aloft,
Whose faith in God is sure,

He is the rich—then cease thy strife
For more and ever more—
Be Dives in the higher life,
Be Lazarus in the lower.

NOT TOO LATE.

LORD, canst Thou thus against us shut the door?
 Is "Too Late" the last word that Love can say?
 Forgiving Thou—forgiveness we implore—
 From Thy dear presence cast us not away;
 Open to us, Open to us, Dear Lord.

What sin to love like Thine can be a sin
 To shut against the erring mercy's gate?
 Speak the forgiving word—oh, let us in—
 The latest hour for thee is not too late;
 Open to us, Open to us, Dear Lord.

They who deny for evermore—deny
 In tones that shatter hope—in words of hate:
 Thy voice wakes in the soul the contrite cry—
 Oh, speak the pardoning welcome, "Not too late;"
 Open to us, Open to us, Dear Lord.

Oh, look not on us with the unpitying frown
That whelms the trembling heart in hopeless gloom ;
Oh, speak not to us in the unfeeling tone
That utters an inexorable doom ;

Open to us, Open to us, Dear Lord.

Was not the lesson ofttest taught by Thee,
That none could strive too late the way to win ?
Was not Thy word that none too late could be
Who came imploring Thee to let them in ?

Open to us, Open to us, Dear Lord.

Unworthy we to hear the pardoning word,
Unworthy we to find the open gate—
Too late to meet Thee coming, but dear Lord,
Thou to the latest ne'er will say, " Too late ;"

Open to us, Open to us, Dear Lord.

TO REBECCA.

THOUGH far, too far away, my Dear,
Yet Thou art ever, ever near ;
I'm with Thee, Darling, day and night ;
Thou'rt ever within Fancy's flight ;
When lone I roam by mount or stream
Thou art the Spirit of my dream ;
I'm with Thee though I don't accost,
I hope Thou sometimes seest my Ghost.

Oh, had I met Thee when a Boy
My heart, Dear Girl, had jumped for joy,
And Thine ? Thy heart, Love, I opine
Had jumped in sympathy with mine,
And we had been, I dare aver,
A happier than the Happy Pair
Who loved some thousand years before
The days we call the Days of Yore.

The Parson tells me (what a fib !)
Thou wouldst have been a wayward Rib,
And led me to the Fatal Tree
To give the Poison-Fruit to me ;
No, Sweet One, Thou art good as fair,
And Thou art both beyond compare ;
I must believe my own two eyes
Thou hadst not cost me Paradise !

Ah ! hadst Thou stood by Adam's side
When he awoke to find a Bride
He would have made Thee, I believe,
The offer that he made to Eve,
But, doubt me not, had I been Adam,
And Thou a rib of mine, Dear Madam,
We had, and all for love, my Honey,
Been joined in Holy Matrimony.

THE ORATOR.

LOV'ST thou heart-quickenng speech, lend him thine ear;
Great-hearted thought flows from his lips, I ween,
In vesture of transparent phrase sincere,
As trembling stars through æther shining keen,
Or streams diaphanous, revealing clear
The speckled fishes in their depths serene ;
Thought striving with the word, till in the strife
They blend into indissoluble life.

Mark how he elevates the lowliest theme ;
Thought and emotion blent flow from his mouth
Like Nile in flood, a fertilising stream,
And genial as the rain-distilling south,
Rich as the music of a glorious dream ;
“ More, more !” we cry—too clamant in our drought,
Like the Sahara when it shouts aloud
For mercy to the rain-swoln thunder-cloud.

And as the stream pours gushing from the soul
Where he would have us be—'tis there we are—
A word can send us headlong to his goal :
Is he for war, our hearts are all for war !
Is he for peace on earth from pole to pole,
For universal brotherhood we are !
Genius triumphant by the conquering might
It has when standing firmly on the right !

Strong as a river in its hour of flood
How have we seen him sway the surging crowd,
The mighty master of its varying mood !
How have we seen his lightning blast the proud !
The insolent fierce-vociferating brood !
Then like a serene summer screening cloud
Calm set us in the gracious shadow cool,
And with a word put all our hearts to school.

How at his touch the compass of the heart
Did vibrate to the sympathetic pole !
“*Cogito ergo sum*”—No, no, Descartes !
That neither was his starting-post nor goal !
I feel therefore I am—this was the chart
He steered by deep into the general soul—
His faith did but on great emotion stand,
And thence it looked into the promised land.

THE MUSICIAN.

—
To H.
—

SECURE in power he forward leant
To touch the impatient Instrument ;
Obedient to the Master's art
It speaks the longings of thy heart,
Beethoven—or of thine, Mozart :
He sank me deep, he raised me high,
He gave me rapture without measure ;
From thunder-clouds he cleared my sky,
He bathed me in the boundless azure ;
He broke the yoke of space and time,
O'erflowed my soul with peace sublime ;
How swelled my heart exulting to the grand
Imperial stroke of his unerring hand—
How wakened to its touch so subtly fine
What in me slumbering lay of life divine.

TO SIMS REEVES.

WHAT wonders voice can work his can—
Oh, that rich Tenor softly flowing
Into my heart in full life-giving stream !
I feel how great the soul of man ;
How rich in powers beyond the knowing,
The Thinker's thought, the Poet's dream !
What glorious possibilities of good
Fulfil themselves to that exalted mood !
Oh, what a load is from my spirit hurled
The Atlas-burthen of a weary world !
Listening, I see the coming better day,
I feel at Nature's heart there is a might
Of harmony all discords to allay,
A shaping soul to round the wrong to right ;
No painful retrospect to days gone by,
No anxious looking forth to things before,
No heart-disturbance by Whence? How? or Why?
The antepast of peace for evermore.

O H, were thy heart as hard as quartz
I am the Lad to quarry it
Until I reached thy heart of hearts
To nestle there, my Harriet !

It fired my soul, one kindling look ;
Lives there the man could parry it ?
My Being to the centre shook ;
It was a Heart-quake—Harriet !

Through darkest, dreariest winter night
I would rejoice to tarry out
To catch with morning's dawning light
One glimpse—but one of Harriet !

There's ne'er a task I would not dare
For her dear sake to carry out ;
I would with joy outface Despair
To see the Face of Harriet !

Of men the happiest man were I
Could I have for a chariot
A great white cloud to sail the sky
With Harriet—Angel Harriet.

ELECTIVE AFFINITY.

SWEET Isabel, I may not tell
My thought, for it would grieve me
If thy "sweet sel', thy ain dear sel',"
Would only half believe me.

Didst think of me as I of thee
No need of declaration,
Thy heart would feel divinely
My tender tribulation.

Through the broad world pole feeleth pole,
They sway to one another,
The brother feels his sister-soul,
The sister-soul her brother.

So Isabel I will not tell
My love, for it would grieve me
If thy "sweet sel', thy ain dear sel',"
Would only half believe me.

SEEN ON DERWENT.

WHO pull the skiff along the placid lake?
Two fairest Creatures are they—fairer ne'er
To the rapt eye of Poet did appear
His deep thirst of the beautiful to slake;
Oh, let my heart susceptible awake
To their budding beauty, and be cleft in twain
As the deep bosom of the lonely main
Some beauteous Bird in its embrace to take.

A Poet's Daughters shewing in their May
How the Sire's virtues in the woman shine,
The household virtues, meek as day's decline,
In feminine sweetness fading soft away.
Oh, be the virtues of the Father mine;
Mine Daughters meek and dutiful as thine.

THE GATHERING.

— — —

FROM swarming suburb, stretching far away
To utmost Outlook Hill thick-crowding stood
A restlessly expectant multitude—
Horses and chariots in huge disarray !
From the red dawn of the momentous day
Trees were with Boys fruit-laden—windows glowed
A starry space of eyes—and every road
Was loud with throbbing drums, with banners gay ;

Nothing that raised an inch was thought too dear,
For expectation mastered every will,
And every ear was on the stretch to hear,
And every eye was fixed on Outlook Hill ;
And, as the Apocalyptic hour drew near
The restless Host stood all as Statues still.

THE ACROBAT.

AND there I saw two shoulders towering high,
Conspicuous far above the expectant crowd,
Saw a mouth open—heard it shout aloud,
“A stand for sixpence.” Poets cannot lie!—
Then shrilly screamed a Dumpy Darling, “I,—
Cost what it may, Tall Sir, I count it light
To have from thy o’ertopping Bulk a sight
Of far-famed Boanerges passing by.”

“Done” roared the Giant—chucked her up, and set
Firm on his far-seen shouldering Bulk her sweet
Delightful Liliputian little feet,
And there she stood a breathing statuette,
Embodied wide-eyed wonderment complete,
A sight who never saw can ne’er forget!

AWFULLY TRUE.

THE day has come to pour the bitter tear ;
Ah ! Puffery reigns Lord Paramount o'er man ;
The day has come to sit in sackcloth wan,
Singing the penitential psalms austere :
The very Sunflower of mankind, I hear,
Meek Quaker Yea and Nay, has learned to puff,
And sermons, it is said, are not the stuff
To inspire the Puffing saints with godly fear.

I saw when dreaming wide-awake last night
A puffing Brother vaulting to the sky !—
There clutching to his soul the red round moon
He leapt with her to earth—and screwed her tight
O'er his Shop Door—a sign uplifted high
To outface the Sun unblushingly at noon.

A WHALE'S TALL TALK.

OH, bliss supreme, when radiant summer's sheen
Shimmereth on ocean heaving drowsily,
To stretch at ease, and fondly gaze on thee
Darkly incumbent in the billows green !
Oh, joy, in the cool lapping waves serene,
When sinking, rising in the rolling brine,
To feel the rapture of love's trance divine,
By thy harpooning glances smitten keen !

In the ecstatic triumph of delight
There's nothing, " Missis," that I would not try
To prove my love—I'd churn the green sea white,
Or sink a fleet of Whalers, Love,—aye, aye,
And spouting at the drowning—" Served you right,"
Shoot my triumphant geysers to the sky.

COME hither, Child—Come to me, Love ;
See, take this note—and haste you, run—
Be to me what the Carrier Dove
Was to the old Greek, Anacreon ;
And mind, my little wingèd Friend,
Soon as you see Lucretia's eye
Lost in my letter—bend, oh bend
Your Bow—and shoot—Good bye, Good bye !

But stay, you tricky quivered Elf,
One warning word before you start ;
No wooing, mind you, for yourself—
Be sure you strictly watch your heart ;
No whispering, mind you, in her ear,
No soft insuperable sigh ;
You hear me, Boy—“ Yes, yes, I hear,”
Well, haste away—Good bye, Good bye.

Halloo ! you'll know her by her face ;
(It has, Dear Child, a look of thine)
And by her moving Goddess-grace,
Like your mamma's, my Dear, divine !
Hold, stay ! Give me the note, my Dear ;
You Rogue, you are by half too sly ;
I'll run with it—and stay you here ;
Good bye, my Boy, Good bye, Good bye.

RETROSPECTION.

THE days, the hours, in passing o'er,
Of death in life remind us,
And aye the less we look before,
And more and more behind us.

Back to life's earliest dawn we fly
For heart quiet in fruition
Of life's ethereal morning sky,
And heavenly intuition.

I seat me in the Child's Life-boat,
Would I could tell the story
Of what I was when first afloat
On childhood's sea of glory !

Far-shining sea behind, before,
And not a pulse of motion ;
Pacific Sea without a shore,
The child's eternal ocean.

A sight inspiring faith sublime,
A better world shall find us,
When sailing from the shore of time
We leave the world behind us.



