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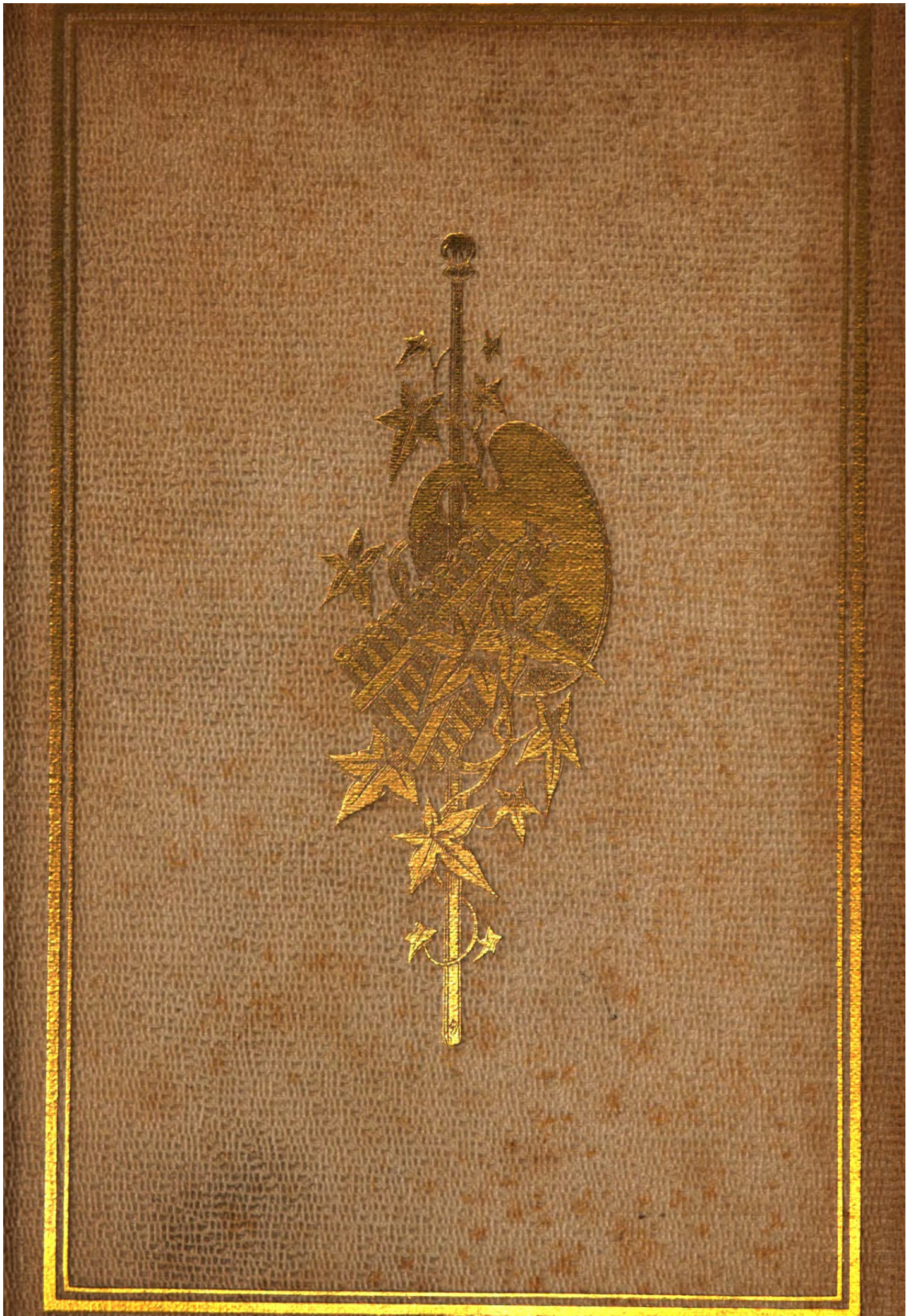
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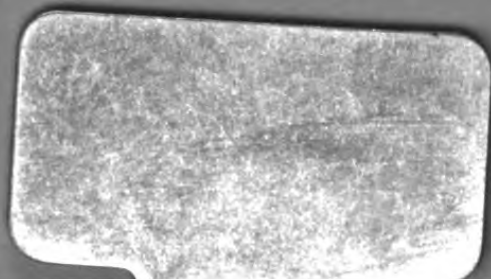


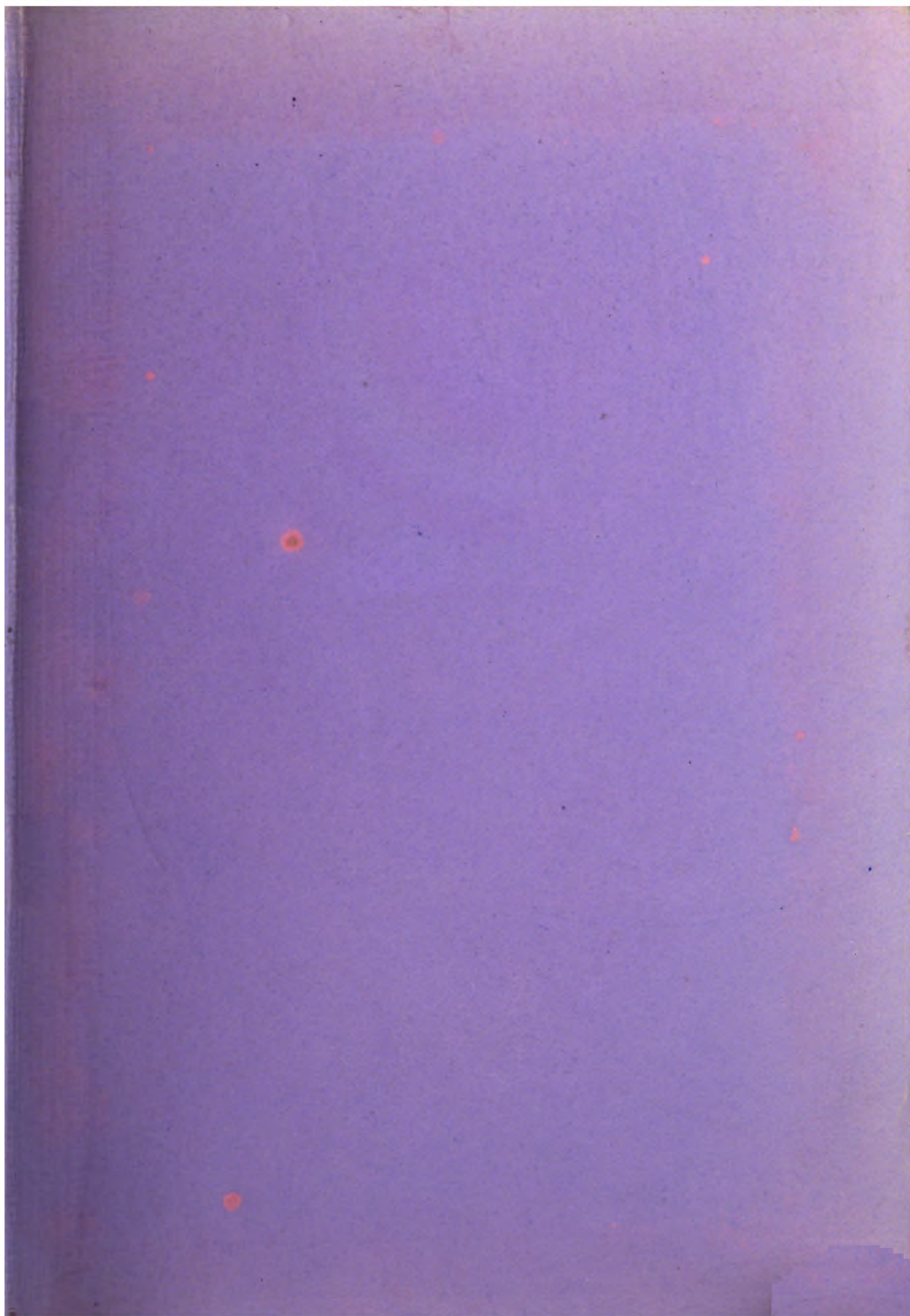






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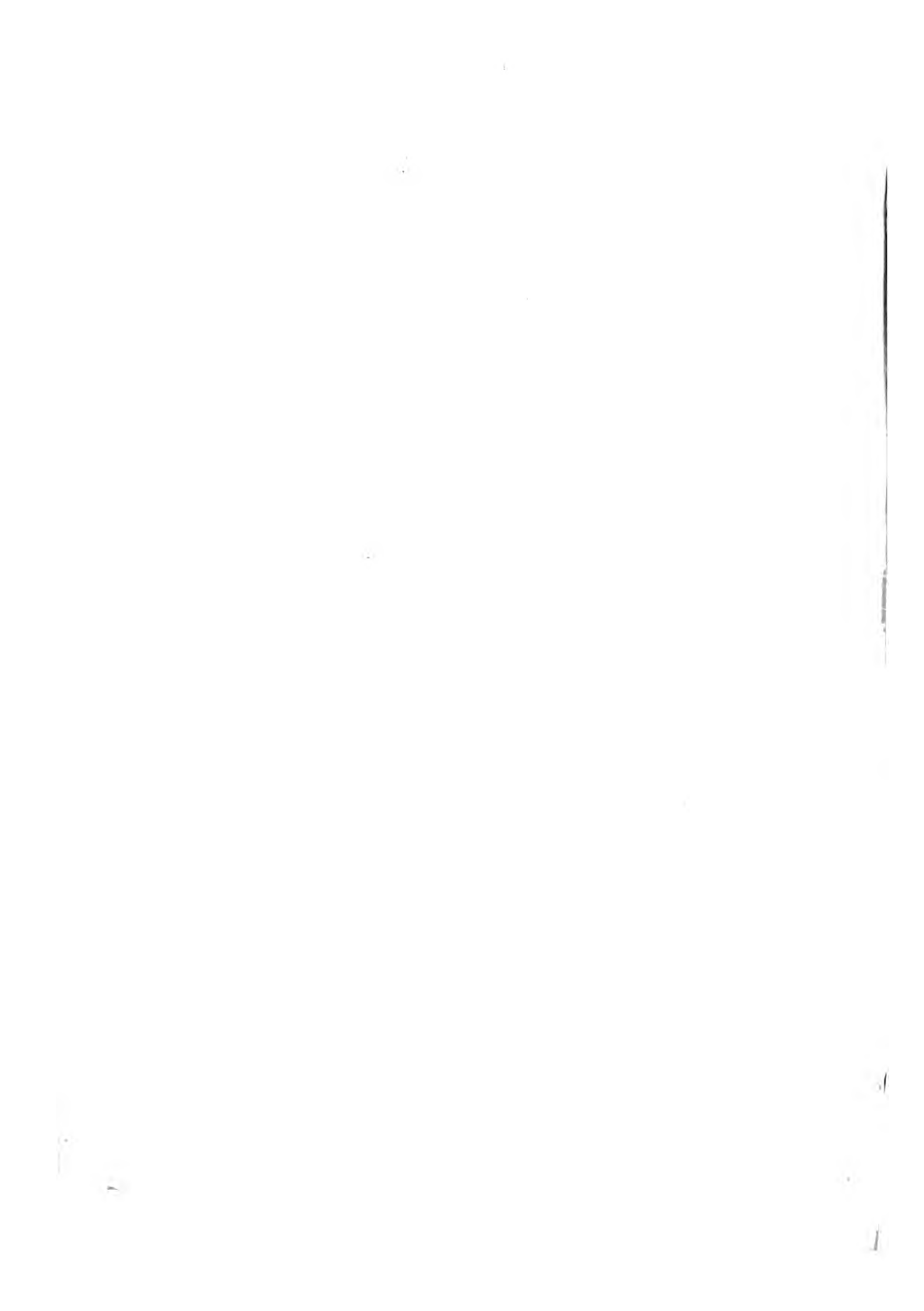


P O E M S

BY

A PAINTER





P O E M S

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“ Of muses, Hobbinoll, I conne no skill,  
For they bene daughters of the highest Iove,  
And helden scorn of homely shepheards' quill;  
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,  
Which him to much rebuke and daunger drove,  
I never list presume to Parnasse hill,  
But pyping low in shade of lowly grove,  
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.”

*The Shepheard's Calender.*

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MDCCCLXI

280. c. 151.



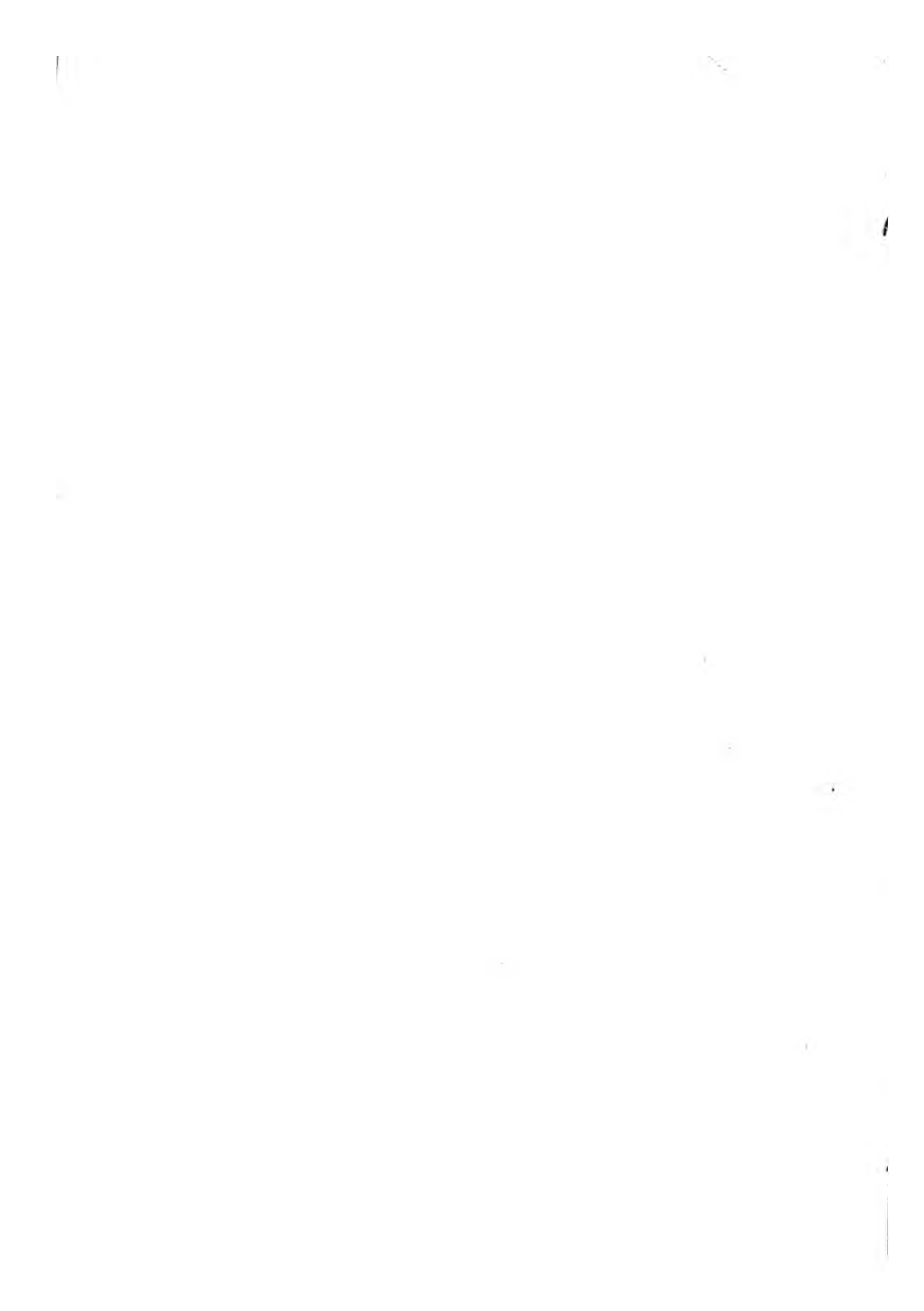


## PREFATORY NOTE

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To account for the somewhat discrepant modes of thought and expression observable in many of the poems in this Volume, the Author thinks it right to state that the period of their production has extended over many years,—the greater number of them, indeed, having been written in very early life, and without any view to publicity.





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## POEMS BY A PAINTER.

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### SYRINX.

SLOWLY the sunshine faded from the hill,  
And dewy twilight found him bending still,  
With hand on heart—as one who inly bleeds  
From a deep wound—beside the trembling reeds.  
Slowly love's star swam up, in bright unrest  
Far-throbbing o'er Lampeia's purple crest.  
Slowly, above the pine-wood's deepening shade,  
White Artemis arose, as half afraid  
To view the mighty sorrow she had made ;

Arose, and gazed upon him silently ;  
Then, sloping sadly down the western sky,  
Sank with a dreary murmur ; leaving him  
In darkness by the river's shadowy brim,  
Moveless and silent as an oak o'erthrown  
In some old forest ;—till a hollow groan  
Shuddered athwart the midnight. Syrx heard  
Her lover's voice, and half in sorrow stirred—  
And stirring sighed—and sighing sought to twine  
Her leaves about him, lying there supine  
In utter loneliness !

The ruthless sound,  
The tender motion, from his deathly swound  
Of anguish roused him. Starting up, he cried  
Aloud, “ Thou lov'st me ! They shall not divide—  
Those envious gods—the lover from his bride !  
Thou shalt be mine ! to dwell with me afar  
In leafy places, where nor moon nor star  
Can watch our joy : save by our own glad eyes,  
For ever unespied ! Yes ! thou art mine :



My sylvan queen ! I trowed thou couldst not know  
'Twas Pan that loved—and scorn him. But, ah, woe !  
Into the dark I stretch my arms in vain  
To clasp thee ; vacant they come back again !  
In vain I call thee ; to my yearning cry  
The rocks alone make faint and far reply,  
Or this hot life-blood surging audibly  
About my listening heart ! . . .

The stars look down,  
The old, familiar stars ! The solemn crown  
Of Erymanthus cleaves the purple gloom ;  
About my feet the beetles crisp and boom,  
And there the thymy grass is all a-gleam  
With glow-worms, as of old ! It is no dream !  
No dream !—Ai ! ai ! I shall behold no more  
Thy whiteness shame the lilies by the shore  
Of broad Alpheios, while his amorous wave  
Fawns at thy feet, alluring thee to lave  
In his green coolness. Never more behold—  
Couched in some root-woven antre mossy-old,

Deep in the cedarn forest's dim recesses—  
The sunset burn within thy golden tresses,  
Or flush with rosy fire from neck to heel  
All thy disrobèd beauty. Zeus ! I reel,  
Drunk with the maddening wine of love ! I die !  
Life ebbs, despite my immortality,  
From out my being !—ebbs, and leaves me dry  
As the hot desert, empty as the wind,  
And hungry as the sea ! Syrinx, be kind !  
Where hid'st thou, sweet ? It cannot, shall not be,  
These shivering reeds are all that lives of Thee !”

He ceased. There was a sighing in the air,  
A flowery perfume breathing everywhere,  
A stirring as of pinions, and the beat  
On the husht ether of aërial feet ;  
While from the region of the western star  
Came, softly falling, music lovelier far  
Than aught of earth : a weird, mysterious strain,  
That o'er his aching heart and burning brain

Stole with cool ravishment, like summer rain  
On the parched woodland, or the far-heard roar  
Of coming waves along a thirsty shore.  
Then softer, sweeter, in his tingling ears  
There was a honeyed whispering ; and great tears  
Burst forth benignant. Solemnly and slow  
He bowed his shaggy front, and his fierce woe  
Was lifted from him, as the music wound  
In widening gyres of interwoven sound  
Up through the thrilling darkness, till it died  
Among the stars ; and, wave on wave, the tide  
Of silence closed once more around him, fraught  
With gentlest soothing, and some new, sweet thought  
That on his haggard face, like sunshine, wrought  
A radiant transformation. Silently  
He raised his hands to heaven, and with a sigh  
Slow-bending down, took a keen-edgèd stone  
And tenderly the reed-stems, one by one,  
Severed in sequent lengths, and side by side  
Together placed, and with smooth rushes tied.

Then, breathless, hearkening for the muffled sound  
Of the brown wood-bee, working underground,  
Deftly a honey-weighted comb he found,—  
Close by a willow root, where the white bosses  
Of mushrooms glimmered, many-tinted mosses  
Swelled softly, silver-fretted lichens clung,  
And whirring night-moths in dim crannies hung  
Screened by dark ivy,—and the wax did knead  
In his hot palms, and stopt with cunning speed  
Flute after flute. And so his task of love  
At last was ended !

Meanwhile, far above,  
Lycaios' topmost crags had caught the light,  
That, like a fountain from the sacred height  
Of clear Cyllene welling silently,  
Told the dim valleys that the dawn was nigh.  
From far Stymphalos came the dreary cry  
Of wakening marsh-fowl, mingled with the fall  
Of torrent waters, faint and musical,  
In woody hollows. But by him unheard

Or fall of cataract, or wail of bird ;  
By him the silver presage of the morn  
Unseen ; far-wandering in a dream forlorn  
Of lost delights, of joys that might have been,  
Of wild regrets ! For, evermore, between  
His vision and the dead reeds lying there  
Within his listless hands, there came the hair—  
The odorous, golden hair—the warm, soft hair  
He grasped so vainly in that cruel chase ;  
And, evermore, that pale and piteous face  
Grew up before him, with its bright, young eyes,  
Through drowning tears of terror and surprise,  
Turned back imploring ; and its lips agape  
With that long shriek of anguish, when escape  
Grew hopeless.

“ ’Twas but yester eve ! The wood  
Rang to her ringing laughter, as she stood  
Half in the dancing sunshine, half in shade,  
Her locks down-showering from their huntress’ braid ;  
While round her feet the sylvan creatures played,



Lovely and fearless. Lovely and fearless she  
As Dian's self! And now! ah, woe is me!  
Arcadia knows her not. The mountain-side  
Is bare of beauty; valley and forest wide  
Vacant of joy for ever! And I—even I  
Who loved her—have destroyed her! I—even I,  
Who would have cast my old divinity  
Beneath her feet, to save one tiniest curl  
On her white neck, one little, dewy pearl  
Of her sweet mouth, from wrong!"

Once more he bowed  
His head above the reeds, and wept aloud.  
Not now for baffled passion was his plain;  
But wild remorse, contrition wild and vain  
For her so sad undoing.—Though a trace  
Of the old madness on his pallid face  
Yet lingered, and within his desolate breast  
Yet heaved the purple tide in sick unrest.  
Then—even as one with secret guilt beguiled,  
May touch the pure lips of a sinless child

Who loves him, all unweeting of his shame—  
Softly he breathed the vanished Oread's name  
Along the flutes. As in the caves of sleep  
Lost voices call us fondly, till we weep  
In that strange ecstasy where joy and woe,  
Merged in one aimless ache, together flow  
Down to the sea of rest, the Oread's low,  
Mellifluous wail of yearning tenderness  
Made liquid answer to his lips' caress,  
As from the shore of Lethe, or the bound  
Of far Elysium. At the wondrous sound,  
So faint with love, so tremulous with regret,  
Once more his cheeks with quiet tears were  
    wet,  
And his fierce heart was chastened ; for he knew  
Her soul was in the reeds, and gently drew  
The poison from his wound, until the pain,  
By sympathy transformed, through every vein  
Pulsed with a tender sadness that now seemed  
Sweeter than all the rapture he had dreamed.

A low wind rippling up the river came.  
He raised his head. The sky was all a-flame  
With rosy fire : young Eos was abroad  
Upon the mountains ! Cliff and corrie glowed,  
Far westward, with the palpitating blaze  
Of topaz isled in tenderest chrysoprase.  
And down the mighty gorges to the east—  
Wine-dark or flusht with lucent amethyst—  
Sloped the broad shafts of Phoibos. While the  
    mist,  
As from a thousand altars, upward curled  
From tarn and cataract, and ghost-like, whirled  
And flitted round the pines, and died away  
In the sweet radiance of the new-born day.  
Still all the narrow vales lay dewy-dark ;  
And not a bird was stirring, save one lark  
That high o'erhead, the blinding light up-winging,  
Woke the clear echoes with enchanted singing :  
A joyous descant, beautiful and strange,  
For ever changing—sweeter every change !

He rose. The joy and glory of the hour  
Were on his spirit. And the wondrous power,  
Unfelt till now, of Utterance—born of love  
And sorrow!—in his heart began to move.  
Breathing into the reeds impassioned breath,  
The conscious reeds made answer, and beneath,  
His glowing lips and fingers glowed. That day  
There was a new song in Arcadia!  
A new song and a marvel!

From the spurs  
Of old Lycaios, muffled in dark firs,  
It seemed to moan. Now from the sunward  
height  
It warbled, tremulous with its own delight.  
Now from some mossy dingle, with the sound  
Of rushing water blent, it floated round  
In liquid wailing. Now, far up the hill,  
About the breezy crags, like laughter shrill  
It rang, reverberant. Wide-wondering eyes  
Stared from lone places with a bright surprise,

And wept for very joy—if joy it were  
That thrilled the heart so strangely—as the air  
Throbbled with the music. Wonder sweet and new  
Fell on all woodland creatures, till they grew  
Gentle as by enchantment. In the blue  
The lark hung rapt in silence. Every noise  
Of wind or water, every living voice,  
Was softened, and an awful whisper ran  
Throughout the listening valleys : IT IS PAN !



## LOST LIFE.

## I.

TIME'S unreturning river  
Flows moaning down for ever,  
Through life and death towards that shadowy sea,  
Within whose tideless deeps  
The kraken-mystery sleeps :  
The tranced ocean of Eternity !  
I hear the fresh wind rippling in the leaves,  
The swallows twitter round the barley-sheaves,  
The homeward reapers in the setting sun  
Sing merrily, their fragrant labour done ;  
The bee, blue summer's joyous troubadour,  
Carols for kisses to each damsel-flower ;  
THY sweet voice fills this consecrated bower

With love's own music. But through all, through  
all,  
I hear the time-stream's desolating fall,  
The eternal ocean's melancholy roar :  
"The past returneth never, never more !"

## II.

My youth was spent in folly ;  
With vestal Melancholy  
I walked abroad throughout this beauteous earth  
Culling from all things fair  
The poison of despair,  
To murder in my breast the angel mirth ;  
Scorning, for cold abstractions of the mind,  
The gentle sympathies of human kind ;  
Gazing on vague Ideals, till the eye  
Grew blind to Nature ; ever wearily  
Seeking afar the beauty round me strewn :  
Till, in a world of joy, I stood alone,  
In impious isolation. And though now—

Thanks to thy ministry!—my heart can glow  
With late-found gladness, ghosts of buried woe  
Will rise to scare me, even in hours like this,  
And turn to gail the sweetness of thy kiss.

## THE UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

No. I.

SHADOW with the golden hair,  
Phantom with the eyes of blue,  
What wild thing of earth or air,  
What bright creature pure and fair,  
Shall my song compare with you ?  
Not the stately swan that gleams  
At sunrise down the vale of streams ;  
Not the timid mountain hind,  
Light of foot as summer wind ;  
Not the skylark, as she springs  
From her nest on dewy wings,  
And up the blue lift soaring sings ;

Not the butterfly that dances

All day long from flower to flower ;

Not the ephemeris that glances,

Fitful as a poet's fancies,

O'er the tarn beside my bower,

Would I dare to match with you,

Phantom with the eyes of blue !

Nor the sweet young crescent moon

In the gloaming-heaven of June ;

Nor her shadow on the sea,

When the wind's low minstrelsy

Stirs him in his tranced sleep ;

Nor the rainbow-bells that leap

Where the fairy-fountain falleth,

Softly chiming, ever falleth

In the hollow of the granite,—

Mab's unbraided locks would span it !

Nor a gem of odorous dew

In the bosom of a rose,



With the sunshine streaming through ;  
Nor that saintliest flower that blows,  
The virgin lily, as she bendeth  
O'er some lake ere night descendeth ;  
Nor the planet of the even,—  
Of all fairest things in heaven  
Or earth most spirit-like and fair—  
With your beauty may compare,  
Shadow with the golden hair !

All in vain my fancy strings  
Names of earth's divinest things,  
Fondly striving to express  
Something of your loveliness ;  
But that loveliness as far  
Theirs transcends as doth the star  
The dewdrop, or yon stainless round  
Of sapphire sky the smirched ground.  
For all things most pure and sweet  
That nature owneth, blended meet

In this angel form and face,  
Stealing unimagined grace  
And glory from the unsullied Soul,  
That dwells within and lights the whole.

## THE UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

No. II.

BROW like summer cloud for whiteness,  
Eye of heaven's serenest blue,  
Cheek of day-dawn's blushful brightness,  
Lip of sunset's rosiest hue,  
Glossy ringlets waving free  
Round a neck of ivory ;  
O'er the maiden breast descending,  
With its holy whiteness blending,  
Scarce its loveliness concealing,  
Shading half and half revealing !  
Surely ye are but a dream,  
So strangely beautiful ye seem !  
Or can it be ye shadow forth  
A creature who hath walked this earth,

Sent down from heaven a little while  
To show how angels look and smile !

And, even as one on household stairs  
Who meets an angel unawares,  
Might hold his breath ; in silent awe  
I stood when first this Shape I saw  
Look down with those blue, wondering eyes,  
Whose brightness seemed to realise  
My childhood's holiest reveries  
Of love and innocence divine !——

I know thee not ; but well my heart  
Interprets, darling, what thou art :  
Light of some old ancestral hall,  
Queen-gem of some proud coronal !  
For, certes, such a perfect grace,  
Such lustrous loveliness of face,  
Such artless majesty as thine  
Proclaims thee of no sordid line !——

And, while my waking dreams I weave  
Of all thy sweetness, *will* believe  
That somewhere ere its pulse is cold  
Thy living form I may behold ;  
May smooth those locks of rippling gold,  
See those down-drooping eyes divine  
Bend their calm summer-light on mine,  
Hear those moist lips,—that fain would  
    tremble  
Into smiles, and but dissemble  
Their quaint air of seriousness,—  
With music's tenderest tones caress  
My soul, or lady-laughter, sweet  
As music ! watch those silken feet  
Flit in the dance, as through the leaves  
The white moths flit on summer eves,  
Silent and swift—or, lovelier still,  
On some free, windy Norland hill,  
Tread the brown heath in virgin pride !  
Or, haply, by some brooklet side

Glance bare amongst the liliated green,  
Flushing the waves with rosy sheen !

Ah ! futile dream ! yet not in vain  
Thou flatterest this weary brain ;  
For gentle thoughts must come, I trow,  
Where such sweet visitants as thou  
Have lingered !—And, my gentle child,  
I bless thy beauty undefiled,  
That in an hour of sorrow stole  
Like sunshine on my darkened soul ;  
And pray that, wheresoe'er thou art,  
Young joy may nestle near thy heart,  
And sister angels guard thee still  
From every touch of earthly ill,  
Folding their stainless pinions round  
Thy path, to keep it holy ground ;  
While this, thy Shadow, unto me  
Shall guardian angel ever be !

## CULLODEN.

At last I stand upon thy fatal sod,  
Drumossie Moor!—and if my eyes are wet,  
'Tis not that here the star of Stuart set  
To rise no more. The righteous hand of God  
Was on the race, whom nor prosperity,  
Nor sorrow's holier discipline, could school  
To this first axiom of true royalty :  
Who knows to serve, alone deserves to rule.  
The world could not stand still, that they might play  
The fool with empire ; so they passed. My tears  
Are not for them, but for the outnumbered Brave  
Who bled beneath the hirelings' steel that day,  
And now sleep, rank on rank, in this wide grave,  
Swathed in the verdure of a hundred years.



## C A W N P O R E.

WHEN dawned the promised day-spring from on high,  
A voice was heard in Ramah : the wild cry  
Of Rachel weeping for her children slain.  
Once more the earth hath drunk the precious rain  
Of Innocent blood !—once more the agony  
Of desolated hearts assailed the sky !  
Avenge their cause, O Lord ! Yet, not the vain  
And barren vengeance of a Christless race  
We imprecate : When from before the face  
Of outraged heaven and shamed humanity  
The lightning-sword of JUSTICE shall have swept  
The Un-nameable—grant that the tears now wept,  
The martyr-blood now shed into Thy hand,  
May prove the Chrism of a redeemèd land.

DEC. 6, 1857.

## ROSLIN CHAPEL.

IN the husht summer noon I stood alone  
 In Roslin's sylvan fane. No sound was heard,  
 Save the far, fitful fluting of one bird,  
 And the low river-voices murmuring on  
 Amid the leaves their faint antiphonies.  
 And here, I said—as fancy backward ranged  
 Through all the dim, tumultuous centuries—  
 For ever through the changing years unchanged,  
 With silence for its guardian angel, stands  
 This wondrous temple, reared by mortal hands,  
 But deckt by hands immortal, as a shrine  
 Sacred to beauty and eternal thought,  
 Where every creed may worship. Touch it not,  
 O man, with impious hands ! The house is God's—  
 not thine !

MAY 5, 1861.

## "THROUGH THE WATERS."

## I.

LOWER and lower sinks the weary moon

Towards the vapoury bar.

HIGHER and higher soars the morning star

Through the flusht heaven of June.

The east grows pale—it will be morning soon !

Up through the gusty sound,

Each with his glimmering foam - wreath  
crowned,

The ocean waves come ramping,

Ramping and rolling with haughty roar,

Line after line, in the wan moonshine,

Like an army of heroes proudly tramping  
To death on a hostile shore.

And ever the salt winds sob and sigh,

And the sheeted spindrift whistles by,

Like the voice and the tears of agony.  
And cold as the breath  
Of slander or death  
The balmy midnight air has grown,  
As I drive fast and free,  
With the send of the sea,  
With the long, weary wash of the salt, singing sea—  
The moon in my white sail, the foam-fire a-lee,  
In the night of my sorrow—alone.

## II.

Whitherso'er I fly :  
'Mid the loud city's roar,  
Beside the wild sea-shore,  
Like mine own shadow still I feel her nigh.  
  
Between me and God's light  
In the blue noon she stands ;  
I feel the hot clasp of her clinging hands  
In the dead hours of night.

The stars of twilight burn

With the weird brightness of her eyes ;

To the sad cadence of her sighs

Across the moors the midnight breezes mourn ;

The innocent flowers of spring

That lift their dewy faces in the grass ;

Sun-gleams that o'er the summer woodlands pass ;

Brown autumn's fields in silence ripening ;

The low warm sighs that stir

The flowery queaches ere the night comes down ;

The sylvan odours from the woodland blown,

Cedar and beech and fir ;

The sea-vaults where, 'neath many a quaint festoon

Of immemorial moss, the Atlantic waves

Chant their wild dirges, as the storm-wind raves

Beneath the winter moon :

Whate'er of beautiful  
Earth holds, or wild, or sweet—  
The very dust beneath my restless feet!—  
Seems of HER BEING full;

As though the unuttered Thought  
Of her that burns within my tortured soul  
Had fired insensate matter, and the whole  
With passionate life were fraught;

Till common things, grown strange  
And startling, ever seem—  
As in a madman's dream—  
Quickening with portent of gorgonian change.

## III.

O, earth, that art so fair!  
With all thy leafy nooks,  
Valleys and mountain brooks,  
Hast thou no spot to shield me from despair?

O, sea ! majestic sea !

Hast thou no quiet cave,

Where grief might find a grave

Unhaunted by the vampire Memory ?

O, heaven, divine and calm !

Hast thou no gentle rain

To cool this feverous brain ?

To soothe this aching heart, no holy balm ?

O, spirit that dost glow

Within me ! Sacred spark

Of the Eternal Pharos ! through the dark,

Tempestuous night of error and of woe,

Hast thou no ray to guide

This shipwrecked life—with all its lofty aims,

Ennobling duties, humanising claims,

Its passion and its pride ?



There is no answer—but the gathering roar  
Of hungry night-winds from their viewless caves,  
And the remorseless thunder of the waves,  
Bursting in darkness on an unknown shore !

## IV.

As one who, tottering, on a mountain peak  
At midnight stands, and, gazing far below,  
Sees beckoning shapes of horror come and go,  
Hears luring voices from the abysses shriek ;

So stand I, dizzy, on the utmost verge  
Of reason, with bewildered brain,  
And eyes blind with the fiery rain  
Of anguish ; while a thousand phantoms urge

The headlong plunge into the yawning deep  
Of madness. And were madness death,  
And death oblivion, I would hold my breath  
And take the leap !

v.

A purple splendour swathes the mountain steeps ;  
Slowly night's cloudy cerements are withdrawn ;  
And, as a spirit from the charnel leaps,  
Leaps up the east the glory of the dawn !  
Eastward the strong wind bloweth,  
Eastward the great sea floweth,  
Eastward the wan haze traileth,  
Eastward the sea-bird saileth,  
Eastward the dark earth turneth,  
Eastward my lone heart yearneth,  
And eastward, eastward strain my yearning  
eyes  
To where, beyond the veil of mist,  
Stretched like a cloud of faintest amethyst,  
Headland and valley, crag and shadowy cove,  
Athwart the track of morn the island lies :  
The island that I love !  
And there, ah ! there—  
Peace, burning heart within thy crimson deeps ;

Thy reign at last is o'er!—  
Amid the halo of its golden hair  
The sweet face sleeps ;  
The pale, sweet face, that I shall see no more !

## VI.

But enough of idle gazing  
In the dead face of The Past !  
IT IS DEAD. Come, sexton Chronos,  
Let thy charnel-mould be cast

Over what was erst so lovely,  
Now a cold and ghastly clod.  
*Requiescat ! Requiescat !*  
Fill the grave and clap the sod.

For I hear Fate's pinions rushing  
Onward through the waning night,  
And the trumpets of the future  
Sounding from the sunward height,

And a sovereign voice that calleth  
Through the breezy morning air :  
Life is all too brief and precious  
To be wasted in despair !

Man hath other work than weeping !  
'Tis with sweat, and not with tears,  
He fulfils his being's purpose,  
Reaps the harvest of his years,

Builds from passion's burning chaos,  
With Heaven's order still at strife,  
Even from error, sin, and shame,  
The cosmos of Heroic Life.

Up, then, up ; be strong and earnest,  
Using life's diminished span  
To redeem thy youth's fair promise—  
Bravely, calmly,—even as one

Who hath known whate'er of joy  
Or sadness human heart may know,  
And cometh, purified for conflict,  
From the baptism of woe.

## BOY - LOVE.

THERE is a rose-embowered islet  
In the ocean of my dreams,  
Like some crimson cloud of twilight  
That through ether swims ;  
So bright, so still ! and dear to me,  
Is this halcyon isle of MEMORY.

Yet deem not that I love it so  
For groves of palm or myrtle bowers,  
Or limpid streams that ever flow  
In music through a land of flowers.  
No ! what were scene, however fair,  
If human love were wanting there !

But there the little brown-eyed maid  
I dare not meet by day,  
Flits like a bird from shade to shade,  
And bird-like sings alway,  
To guide me to the secret nest  
That nightly screens our linkèd rest.

So, ever when the day goes down  
Into the quiet deep,  
By hope's delicious breath I'm blown,  
In the silent bark of sleep,  
Away, away to this phantom isle,  
To bask in the light of her gentle smile.



## FAIRY MADRIGAL.

## I.

FEATLY, fairies, foot the dance,  
O'er moss and flower !  
Through the gloom the fire-flies glance,  
Like a golden shower ;  
And in their starry light,  
While the moon yet sleeps behind the hill,  
Weave we our reel to-night  
To the chiming of the rill ;  
Or the song the skylark weaves  
'Mongst the leaves,  
As he hymns the dawning gleams  
In his dreams.

## II.

What, ho ! The wisp-fire ! Through the dark  
Follow him fleet,  
Over the marsh that takes no mark  
Of our elfin feet.  
Yo-ho ! now hang him out  
On the foxglove spire for a lamp to be !  
While round and round about  
We quaff so merrily,  
From buttercup and harebell blue,  
Our nectar-dew,  
Nor lack from lips divine  
Sweeter wine !

## III.

Twist we, twist we, twirl and twine  
Along the green !  
But see ! those rosy streaks that shine  
The boles between !  
Mount we the westering wind !

Come, follow the track of the twilight grey !

We shall leave the morning far behind—

To Avalun away !

There may our charmèd sleep

Be as deep

As thine, blue waning moon,

In the noon !

## FIORDESPINA.

## I.

'Twas on a bright and breezy autumn morn,  
 When hill and vale reeled purple-flusht with wine,  
 By immemorial Tiber thou wert born,  
 A creature all divine !  
 Nurst on the breast of Poesy : the child  
 Of ever-young Romance—warm, beautiful, and wild.

## II.

No earthly sire was thine, mysterious maiden !  
 Thy dark-eyed mother thridding by the moon  
 Some antique wood with wonder-dreams o'erladen,  
 Lapt in a golden swoon,  
 Like vestal Rhea in the sacred grove,  
 Blest some immortal lover with a mortal's love.

## III.

And—when (the sweet moons past) the mellow year,  
Beloved of Pan, her honeyed fruits brought forth—  
Dying, amid the sunlight warm and clear,  
Left thee alone on earth :  
Alone on earth, a weird, supernal thing,  
Full of still, tranced joy and dreamy sorrowing :

## IV.

Alone on earth, in virgin majesty  
Throned where the torch of Eros fears to burn ;  
Like a lone sunbeam o'er a darksome sea,  
Where'er thy pure eyes turn,  
Shedding a halo of divinest light,  
Wherein thou movest veiled in rapture of delight ;

## V.

An all-embracing aureole of high thought :  
Shadows from out the past, and wandering gleams  
Of the evolving future, dimly caught  
In sleep from saintly dreams :

Far-beckoning sympathies with some bright sphere,  
For which thy spirit yearns with many an unshed  
tear.

## VI.

A sphere where Love and Innocence are one,  
Where Truth and star-eyed Reason walk assoyled  
From ban ; where Thought undazzled eyes the  
sun ;

Where Passion, undefiled  
By earth, becomes Religion ; where to Thee  
I might become what *here*, alas ! I cannot be.

## VII.

She hears me not ! but evermore doth speak  
With low, soft, eager voice ; her wide, black eyes  
Gleam to the stars ; her poor unconscious cheek  
Upon my bosom lies,  
Fevered and flusht amid the dewy air  
That laves along my lips the dark tide of her hair.

## VIII.

What hear'st thou in the rushing of the river,  
That thus with tranced ear thou listenest ?  
What seest thou in those filmy bars that quiver  
Low in the shadowing west ?  
The Beautiful of old yet live ! And thou  
Dost hold mysterious converse with them even now !

## IX.

They float around thee from the sylvan nooks,  
From out the wide domes of the twilight air ;  
All gentle demons with sweet, wondering looks  
And forms for ever fair :  
Phantasms who linger yet by many a shore,  
Though man's dull eyes behold their beauty now no  
more.

## X.

They float around thee, to thy soul serene,  
Primeval Truth, on earth forgotten long,  
Chanting in charmed numbers ; and between



The waves of solemn song  
Trip the rare ether to the silvery tone  
Of dithyrambic timbrels, heard by thee alone !

## XI.

They lure thee hence ! And shall we trace no more  
The leafy caverns of the summer wood !  
No more together by the midnight shore  
Hear voices of the flood  
Muttering to heaven the ancient mysteries  
Hid in the unresting bosom of the doomful seas !

## XII.

No more as now, together, in the soft,  
Still, odorous darkness of the summer even,  
Watch pale Silene wander forth aloft  
Through the wide wastes of heaven,  
Seeking and finding not—like thee ! like me !  
Like all who breathe the breath of sad mortality !

## XIII.

They lure thee hence ! Thou fadest from my view !

Even while I clasp thee, my belovèd one,  
Thou fadest from me !—as a tear of dew,  
Kissed by the wakening sun  
From off the argent eyelids of the morn,  
Seeks the blue-vaulted void—ah ! never to return !

## XIV.

Yes, thou must seek thy native land—to die !

And I once more tread life's rough track—alone !  
Nay ! to my spirit thou wilt still be nigh,  
Though from this bosom flown ;  
Still shine as heretofore, my pilot star,  
Sphered in the heaven of thought where the immortal  
are.

## XV.

The wandering odours of the vernal wood,

The mournful music of the winter sea,  
The city's roar, the hush of solitude,

Shall speak to me of thee !  
Death cannot part us. In the realm of dreams  
We yet shall meet and love, whate'er the wise world  
deems!

## XVI.

Then let me kiss the tremor from thy brow,  
And dry the tears from those wan eyelids starting.  
Nay, weep not !—why should earthly weakness throw  
Its shadow on *this* parting !—  
Kiss me ! Oh, closer, closer !—'tis the last.  
God keep thee ! Morning breaks : our dream of life  
is past.

## I D Y L.

To D. O. H.

WE tore along with snort and yell,  
Through barren wastes of mounded sand ;  
Till with a sudden sweep we came  
Upon the sunlit ocean strand.

Dark-blue beneath the dark-blue sky  
The windless main stretched far away,  
And here and there the white-sailed ships,  
Entranced, with long white shadows lay.

Still as a dream ! But, as the breast  
Of some sweet sleeper heaves and falls,  
One long, bright surge along the beach  
Upheaved and fell at intervals.

Such, said I, was the hour, the scene,  
When Zephyr to the Paphian shore,  
With Nereid song and winded shell  
The maiden Aphrodite bore;

While all the warm Idalian air  
Around her flusht with rosy flame,  
And marble crag and myrtle grove  
Burst into music as she came !

When, lo ! as if the whispered words  
Had realised my shadowy thought,  
My soul from Nature's bounteous breast  
Drank of the loveliness it sought :

For there, upon the glimmering marge,  
Between the sea and sea-worn rocks,  
Stood, mother-naked, in the sun,  
A little girl with golden locks.

Quickly, as if 'twixt shame and fear,  
Half round she turned with blushful grace,  
And with a piteous smile threw back  
The tresses from her glowing face.

Then, with a tremulous shriek, she tossed  
Her rosy, rounded arms in air,  
While, like a mænad's, backward streamed  
The lustrous tangle of her hair.

With shout on shout, with bound on bound,  
Aloft she clapt her dimpled hands,  
And, seaward, with reverted glance,  
Fled, gleaming, down the gleaming sands.

Her white foot touched the silvery foam—  
One wild, exultant leap she gave,  
Like the winged fish of Indian seas,  
And plunged into the coming wave.

I saw her glittering form emerge—  
I heard her breathless laughter ring,  
One moment ! Then once more away  
Rushed the steam-fiend on murky wing.

Once more away ! with snort and yell  
We fled the lone, enchanted spot—  
But richer—purer, for that draught  
Of beauty, ne'er to be forgot !—

So, let us thank kind Heaven, my friend,  
Who, if to us it hath refused  
The golden charm, by knave and fool  
Possessed so oft—so oft abused—

Yet, wielded by the wise and good,  
That works such blessings in the land—  
Hath given the clear, perceptive eye,  
The thoughtful brain to understand—

Despite the soul-distracting moil  
And clangour of this iron age—  
The runes by God's own finger writ  
On Nature's ever-open page :

The unshrinking reason, that dare track  
Faith's river to its fountain-springs,  
And read the lofty meanings hid  
In what the world calls Common things :

The heart to feel the beauty shed  
O'er all, through all, from Heaven above,  
And, like that Heaven, to comprehend  
Creation in one clasp of love.



## SIR LAUNCELOT.

“Had not Sir Launcelot been in his secret thoughts and in his mind set inwardly to the Queen, as he was in seeming outward unto God, there had no Knight passed him in the quest of the Sancgreall.”—*La Mort d'Arthur*.

PAST sleeping thorp and guarded tower,  
 By star-gleams and in moonlight pale,  
 By mount and mere, through shine and shower,  
 Flasht the wan lightning of his mail.

But loose the jewelled bridle hung,  
 And, backward, listless drooped the spear—  
 God's holy name was on his tongue,  
 Thine in his heart—Queen Guenivere.

Deep in a wood at dead of night  
 He felt the white wings winnowing by,

He saw the flood of mystic light,  
He heard the chanting clear and high.

“O, heal me, blood of Christ!” he said—  
A low voice murmured in his ear,  
And all the saintly vision fled—  
The voice was thine—Queen Guenivere.

Bravest of all the brave art thou—  
Of guileless heart—of stainless name ;  
But, traitor to thy sacred vow,  
Thou rid'st to ruin and to shame.

No joy on earth for evermore !  
No rest for thee but on thy bier !—  
Ah ! blessed Lord our sins who bore,  
Save him—and sinful Guenivere !

## PAN AND SYRINX.

LONG, long ago, as poets sing,  
When earth was in her jocund spring,  
And passion scarce was crime construed,  
Old Pan a river-maid pursued  
    Adown green Ladon's valley.

Like some flaked cloud that flies  
Aloft through breezy April skies,  
Or sun-gleam o'er the Ionian sea,  
With fluttering heart and trembling knee,  
    Down Ladon's leafy valley,

Fast she fled ! while on her track,  
Ever nearer, like a rack

Of lowering thunder-cloud, he strains,  
Or Ladon mad with mountain rains,  
    A down his echoing valley.

Now athwart the gliding river  
Their twin shadows flit and quiver—  
Now the pine wood's odorous night  
Shrouds awhile their headlong flight  
    Down green Ladon's valley.

Now the sunlit meadow-flowers  
Round their flying feet in showers  
Of gold and azure fall—and then,  
In the leaves they're lost again,  
    A down fair Ladon's valley.

Ah ! hadst thou been less grisly old,  
She, perdy, had proved less cold !  
But despite thy grisly oldness,

And despite her froward coldness,  
Deep in Ladon's valley

Thou hadst won thy wish ere long—  
And who will dare avow 'twas wrong?—  
Maiden lips have fooled, I trow,  
Stern moralists than thou,  
In many a dewy valley !

Ha ! he grasps her by the fair  
Tresses of her streaming hair !  
In vain she calls !—nor gods on high  
Nor men below will hear her cry,  
In Ladon's lonely valley !

Yes, huntress of the silver bow !  
Thou heard'st the virgin's shriek of woe !  
And vain was all his hungry speed—  
He clasped a maiden and kissed—a reed,  
In Ladon's silent valley !

## S O N N E T.

AND is it thus our feverous race we run  
 Through visible life,—that dream within a dream,  
 To death,—that WHAT ?—like bubbles on a stream,  
 Bright or obscure, as Fortune's venal sun  
 Flatters or flouts, with arbitrary gleam.  
 Like these, we *are* not, but do only *seem* :  
 Mere hollow semblants ! Catching, as a mirror,  
 Our hues from circumstance :—or truth, or error—  
 Or gloom, or gaiety. And though, awhile,  
 We may deceive, and win her specious smile,  
 With others, as ourselves, deceitful, vain ;  
 What boots it ? Will *that* medicate the pain  
 Of conscious insignificance ? and when  
 Life's paltry bubble bursts,—*ceases to seem*—what  
 then ?

## IN THE FOREST.

## FRAGMENT.

DEEP in the cedarn forest stands her bower,  
Where emerald glooms and golden lights for ever  
Weave a gay morrice-dance o'er grass and flower—  
As o'er the ripples of a wavy river  
The arrowy sun-stars whirl and shoot and shiver ;  
Where the young dryad, Odour, panting flees,  
Through glade and grove the long midsummer day,  
Her music-pinioned paramour, the Breeze,  
Till, faint with lovesome play,  
They sink asleep, together lapt and folden,  
Amid the sleeping lilies of a brook,  
Or couched on mosses, purple, green, and golden,  
In soome unfooted nook ;

Where sits the nightingale on hawthorn spray,  
Witching the dark with lovelorn roundelay,  
That echoes far the bosky vistas through,  
With sweet reverberations ever new ;  
Where floats the white moth, from her tremulous wings  
Thrilling pale radiance, and the small gnat sings  
A drowsy requiem, ere he sinks to die  
Under the harebell's drooping canopy ;  
Where, in his blazoned mail, the beetle glides,  
Thrums the gaunt grasshopper his brazen sides,  
Through the lush grass the elfin glow-worm gleams,  
And aye unseen the shrewmouse flits and screams ;  
While, like some bandit o'er his garnered heap,  
Hidden in mossy cavern, warm and deep,  
The weary wood-bee hums himself asleep,  
And overhead, throughout the silent night,  
The mouldering beech-root looms with weird phosphoric  
light.



## SONNET.

'Tis a wild night ! The mountain path is rude ;  
The pale stars reel and dance among the clouds  
That hurry o'er the sky in murky crowds,  
Like giant Nornir. From the wind-swept wood  
Owl shrieks to querulous owl. With eiry din  
Roars through the hollow dark the swollen lyn.  
The moon steals up above the tossing pines :  
Wan as a dying charnel-lamp it shines,  
Making the night more drear. But what to me  
Or storm or darkness ! Onward joyously  
I toil—as toils a lone bark tempest-driven  
For shore, or weary soul for rest in heaven :  
On through the gloom with fond eye fixed on thee,  
*My* happy haven ! *my* blest eternity !

## C I R C E.

LIKE some poor wretch in mortal fever,  
Fitfully with vague endeavour,  
Maniac shout and idiot weeping,  
Ossas on dim Pelions heaping,  
To storm—alas ! he knows not what  
Olympus of fantastic thought ;  
So, with blind rage and frantic wailing,  
Writhes in travail unavailing  
This Briarean world of ours,  
This maelstrom of contending powers,  
This seething mass of human will,  
Of love, of hate, of good, of ill,  
Of courage calm and headlong terror,  
Humble truth and haughty error,

Doubt and faith, and pride and shame,  
Kisses, curses, praise, and blame,  
Pale disease and rosy health,  
Pinched poverty and bloated wealth,  
Youth and dotage—one and all,  
Round this corpse-incrusted ball  
Pursuing some imagined Good,  
In a sweat of tears and blood :  
Pleasure—Fortune—Freedom—Fame—  
What is either but a name !  
Let them battle, let them rave,  
From the go-cart to the grave !  
What to Us is all the stir,  
Rosy-lipped philosopher !  
Thy keen-edged laughter—like the sword  
Of Macedon's impetuous lord—  
Hath cleft in twain the stubborn cord  
Heart-knotted round my high resolves,  
And all youth's daring dream dissolves !  
No more I yearn amid the throng

To work my will with sword or song :  
To shield the helpless—beard the strong,  
And, armed with right, to vanquish wrong.  
Still may weak laws degrade the poor,  
And *patriots* cozen them, secure  
From retribution. Still remain  
The poor deserving of their chain—  
Oh ! Slavery ! this thy foulest stain !—  
Still may their own hands fabricate  
Fresh fetters to perpetuate  
Their degradation. Let them toil,  
Despairing helots, on the soil  
Which is their birthright. Never more  
May comfort guard the poor man's door,  
When frost bites keen and chill winds roar—  
Nor joy sit smiling by his hearth—  
What right hath poverty to mirth ?  
Let vice and infidelity  
Still rot men's souls from sea to sea,  
While Mother Church with tranquil face

Sits throned aloof in pride of place,  
Intoning low with courtly ease  
Her stately platitudes ; nor sees,  
Nor hears where, struggling in the night  
Of ignorance, they cry for light,  
For food, for love,—but cry in vain :  
Her spotless lawn she must not stain  
By contact with the godless rout  
Who dare to hunger—and to doubt !  
Let selfishness, that monster-birth  
Of sin and fear, still rule the earth,  
As heretofore, with iron rod—  
Man's only universal god !  
Some stronger arm must strike the blow  
That lays sin's loathly hydra low ;  
Must take the sting from poverty,  
And, in the truth, make mankind free !  
Mine be a gentler task : afar  
From din of life's heart-sickening jar,  
Lost in the magic maze of love

Beneath thy whispering woods to rove,  
And dedicate my days to thee—  
Henceforth my sole divinity !  
No more ambition's " foolish fire,"  
That drags the great world through the mire—  
Smirching so many a robe of pride,  
Shall lure me, Circe, from thy side ;  
Her richest meed were lost on one  
Who lives but for thy smile alone !  
Still less shall vulgar lust of pelf  
Rob me of thee—and of myself,  
Pollute my spirit, freeze the springs  
Of joy, and clip young fancy's wings,—  
I'll leave *it* to earth's creeping things !  
Those human scarabs who would rake  
Gehenna's foulness for its sake ;  
Then, having found some golden grains,  
Wax straightway orgillous—like drains  
In thaw—strut forth with horn erect,  
And, blushless, claim the world's respect ;

As though, God help them ! they had done  
Some noble thing beneath the sun,  
And not—the sort of work designed  
For creatures of the scarab kind !  
Dearer this dimpled hand to fold  
Thus close in mine, than all the gold  
O'er which Pactolus ever rolled !  
Sweeter to hear Thee breathe my name  
Thus low, than all the blatant fame,  
For which mankind have ever given  
Their peace on earth, their hope of heaven !  
Nor would I for her proudest wreath  
Forego those locks, that in thy breath  
Wave odorous as they downward flow  
In sunshowers from thy shadowy brow,  
And weave a halo round my head  
More glorious far than fame could shed !

. . . . .

I have no life apart from thine ;  
No hope beyond Thee, witch divine !

The future now hath nought to give  
For which I would not scorn to live,  
Beyond thy love ! Thus lost in Thee,  
Even life itself hath ceased to be  
Aught but a solitary sense  
Of passion's crowned omnipotence !



## A G N E L L I N A.

COME hither, little brown-eyed maid,  
And lean upon my breast,  
And lay thy soft young cheek to mine,  
That my spirit may have rest.

For I am sick of woman's love,  
So fickle, froward, wild,  
And with strange yearning turn to thine,  
Thou blameless little child !

O, were it sooth the legend tells  
Of that mysterious tree,  
Which whoso tasteth straight returns  
To blissful infancy,

With pilgrim staff and sandal shoon  
I'd search the wide world round,  
Nor rest till, wheresoe'er it grew,  
The magic fruit were found.

Ah ! hopeless dream ! Yet while I feel  
Thy joyous bosom beat  
Against my weary heart, and drink  
Thy kisses calm and sweet,

The fiery worm of memory sleeps,  
My soul forgets her pain,  
And in the smile of heaven I walk  
With thee—a child again.

## E R E M E .

ROAMING about the woods at eventide,  
Singing as sang the birds i' the leafy bowers,  
Deep in a grove a flowerlike babe I 'spied  
Sleeping serenely on a couch of flowers.

Breathless, by turns each dewy-folded lid  
I kissed—his mouth, his cheeks, his forehead fair ;  
While round him, all a-blush, my arms I slid,  
And shook a shadow o'er him with my hair.

And then, as one, who in a lonely place  
Hath found a priceless gem he dreads to lose,  
Doth turn on every side his fearful face,  
And starting fleëth, although none pursues ;

So in my robe I wrapped my new-found treasure,  
    With many a stealthy glance and quick caress ;  
And bore him, trembling with the sweet, strange pleasure,  
    Into my chamber's warm and husht recess.

What joy it was, bending above him there,  
    To watch his honeyed breathing ebb and flow,  
To touch the rounding of his shoulders fair,  
    To smooth his pinions' rosy-tinctured snow !

And when he turned him in his sleep and smiled,  
    What blissful madness flooded all my brain !  
With fancies vague and beautiful and wild  
    Flattering my heart and flushing every vein ;

Till, with my hot cheek pillowed on his breast,  
    Ambrosial darkness of the summer night  
Lapped my faint spirit in enchanted rest,  
    Deeper than slumber, sweeter than delight.

Ai ! ai ! that in that transport I had died !

Or died ere yet that transport I had known !

For when the morning dawned my arms were void,

My love-warmed nest a-cold, my sweet bird flown !

And not a sign save only this remained,

To tell where in my bosom he had slept !—

Whereat the poor soul from her azure-veined

And milky side the peplos drew, and wept :

For lo ! where swells the bosom's balmy round,

Full-orbed above the clasping gold—Ah me !

A barbèd shaft had ript a teenful wound,

A bitter wound, that bled full cruelly.

And so, she said, I sit and nurse my pain,

Here, a lone, wounded dove, in forest shade,

Waiting, if haply he will come again :

For love alone can heal the wound that love hath  
made.

## MOONLIGHT:

## A FRAGMENT.

DAY sinks at last behind the purple hills,  
And silence wraps the land. Here, gentle friends,  
Let's nestle in the fresh-piled aftermath,  
And watch the quiet coming of the moon.  
Already from the zenith's dim abyss  
Her starry harbingers peer forth—then veil  
Their cressets. Hesperus alone, wide-eyed,  
Through fairy isles of amethyst and gold,  
Swims up the ebbing radiance of the west  
With blazing torch to meet her. And lo! she comes,  
Enchantress-queen of shadows, of pale dreams,  
Of passionate yearnings—madness and despair ;

Yet, see ! how tranquilly she smiles, adown  
The roseate summer dark ; her silvery veil  
Uplifting,—like the heaven-descended one  
Who stood revealed in virgin majesty  
To care-worn Dante by the mystic bourn,  
What time the quires angelic chanted, “Come,  
My Bride, from Lebanon,” and angelic hands  
Rained lilies gathered at the feet of God !

How beautiful, how beautiful thou art !  
O pilgrim orb !—with fond imploring face  
Turned ever as thou journeyest, Clytie-like,  
Towards the golden shrine thou ne'er canst win :  
Bright with the light of everlasting love,  
Wan with the shadow of eternal woe !

## DIRTY WEATHER.

MOANETH ever the weary wind,  
Pelteth ever the rain ;  
The grey sky lowereth,  
The sear wood roareth,  
The red river poureth  
Down to the main.  
O'er cornfield and fallow,  
O'er headland and shallow,  
The white mist is trailing,  
The sea-birds are sailing,  
And shrieking and wailing  
In pain.



With a bruise on her back,  
And slime in her track,  
Slowly and wearily over the road  
The weak worm is crawling ;  
And, heavily sprawling  
Through the wind-battered reeds,  
Through the rain-rotten weeds,  
Through the leprous and rich-  
Bubbling scum of the ditch,  
Croaketh and choketh the crapulous toad.

With shock upon shock,  
And a deep under-thunder,  
On the black, dripping rock,  
The black billows sunder,  
And churn their blind bulk into yeast,—  
As a beast,  
Blind with terror and rage,  
On the bars of his cage  
Dashes out his brute life with a wild howl of wonder.

With sigh upon sigh  
From a heart sick with sadness ;  
With tear-jaundiced eye,  
And a brain wrung to madness  
With care, and the strife  
Between higher and lower  
Within me ; while life,  
Flowing slower and slower,  
Seems to stagnate and rot,—  
Here I sit—a mere blot  
On the page of creation—  
No rare case, God wot !—  
With weak ululation  
Bewailing my lot ;  
While nation to nation,  
Of freedom and glory and knowledge and love  
Is chanting in thunder-loud chorus, above  
The wild clang of battle, where, trampled in blood,  
Roll crowns and tiaras ;—and on at the flood  
Sweeps the clear wave of Progress. On, on may it sweep

Till the Christ-ransomed millions of earth from the  
sleep

Of ignorance, vice, and oppression shall leap—  
From lazar and dungeon, full-armed in the might  
Of their God-moulded manhood—and hurl into night

The fetters that bound them,

The cerements that wound them,

Soul, body, and brain.

And abroad—to a strain

Of such music as rang

When the universe sprang

Into being—the bright flag of Freedom shall wave  
O'er a new world that knows neither bigot nor slave !

Hillo ! there's a collier got crippled !—I see :

'Tis her fore-tackle. Up she has swung, and a-lee

Goes heavily drifting right into the bay,

Her dirty rags flapping in fog-mist and spray ;

Her bandy-legged, cockle-eyed ' skip,' I should say,

'S in a bit of a mess ; for they don't seem to know

There's a sandbank out there—and the tide's getting  
low.

Well, no doubt it's a bore—but, of course, I must go  
And see if I can't lend the fellows a hand,  
Should they come—which is likely—as flotsam to land.

## A L O N E.

'Twas eve ; the level sunlight fell  
Athwart the distant ocean-swell,  
And like a wreath of glory lay  
Along the ripples of the bay,  
That, curling inwards to the greener strand,  
Died in a starry gush along the golden sand.

No thing of earthly mould was nigh,  
Save one lone skylark, trancedly  
Hymning up the cloudless sky,  
On the wings of his own wild melody.  
No other sound,—save when the breeze  
Sighed in the solemn chestnut trees,

Or stirred the spear-grass by my side,—  
Answered the whispers of the tide ;  
And over all, like guardian spirit, shone  
Eve's "bright particular star," all lovely and alone !

I gazed upon the glimmering bay,  
I gazed into the tranquil sky,  
I heard the skylark's roundelay,  
I saw the waves glide glittering by,  
I felt the low winds round me sigh,  
And to my weary spirit said :  
Why linger still beside the dead ?  
Look forth from out thy living grave,  
Nor longer—freeborn—be the slave  
Of misery. No longer pine  
For happiness—already thine,  
If thou but choose to look abroad  
Upon the workmanship of God !  
I seek the Beautiful, it sighed—  
It is around thee, I replied :

Look forth into this glorious eve,  
But once look forth, and thou wilt own  
No sentient thing hath room to grieve,  
Whate'er betide. With inward moan  
It answered—Am I not ALONE?

## ARIADNE :

FOUR SKETCHES FROM THE ANTIQUE.

## I.

HE left her weeping on the Naxian shore,  
And homeward with triumphant garlands bore.  
Through blinding tears she watched his lessening sail,  
And the sun burning on his brazen mail.  
Blent with the thunders of the hoary deep,  
Blent with the salt wind's wail, as if in sleep,  
She heard his voice grow fainter, as he trod  
The sounding deck victorious, like a god !  
She heard the rowers singing as they rowed ;  
She saw the fluttering sheen of Ægle's veil ;  
She heard her laughter on the freshening gale,



And shrieked. Well, Ariadne! may'st thou  
mourn :

The perjured ingrate never will return.

Another bosom,—ah ! less fair than thine !—

Shall pillow his proud head beyond the brine ;

Another brow the Athenian crown shall share,

And other arms his Attic children bear !—

But still she gazed, and still, with claspèd hands

Outstretched to Delos, knelt upon the sands,

Till daylight died among the Cyclades,

And darkness gathered o'er the desolate seas.

II.

Smiles over all an azure-vaulted clime,—

The wandering airs breathe odour of the rose,

Thick-fallen fir-cones, moss, and dewy thyme,

Blent with the cool wind from the sea that blows.

Scattering the stars, the Olympian charioteer

His beamy front upreareth ; silently

His cloud-borne coursers urge their steep career  
Up the rath purple of the eastern sky.

Through the long grass—o'er the awakening flowers—  
Up the grey boles of cedar, beech, and pine,  
His golden splendours slant in arrowy showers,  
Or, snake-like, leap and twine.

And hark ! from far the greenwood alleys ring  
With sistrum, cymbal, flute, and twangling string,  
With pipe and timbrel and Iacchic shout !  
Io ! evoè ! ho ! In motley rout  
Through the deep umbrage, forth into the gleam  
Of morn, the frolic feres of Evan stream !  
Here the lithe Indian, nursling of the sun,  
Wreathing bright snakes about his shoulders dun,  
Comes leaping. There, with smilax garlanded,  
The Mænad tosses her delirious head ;  
Now the brown Satyr thumps the rooty ground  
With horny heel to Syrinx' liquid sound ;

Now the young Oread's milky beauties shine  
'Neath emerald shadows of the liberal vine ;  
Now, by two sinewy Sylvans borne on high,  
Flushed with the god the Lesbian sage comes by,  
Chanting old ditties of Titanic wars,  
Thrumming his can, and winking at the stars  
That linger yet aloft—his joyous brow,  
Fresh twined with lustrous ivy, all a-glow !  
While high o'erhead blushes the grape divine,  
    Heavy with unborn wine !

## III.

Still as a stone, and pallid as a flower  
Reft by sharp Eurus from Aurora's bower,  
Under a marble cliff that guards the bay,  
Her dark locks heavy with the midnight spray,  
Alone the love-lorn Ariadne lay.  
She sleeps !—but still her burning cheeks are wet,  
For in her dreams she mourns her Theseus yet ;

Nor hears the blue-eyed daughters of the main  
Weave their wild songs to soothe her deathly pain.

## IV.

Who in his purple chariot, panther-drawn,  
Bursts through the revel, glorious as the dawn—  
His dancing hair with tender vine-leaves crowned,  
His rosy feet with golden sandals bound ?  
Athwart his ivory shoulders, backwards blown  
By his own speed, a pard's light spoils are thrown ;  
In his soft hand the wreathèd thyrsus gleams,  
And from his dark, bold eye the godhood beams !  
Io ! evoè ! ho !—'Tis he ! 'tis he !  
Bacchus, the white-armed son of Semele !

Wake, Ariadne ! On the billowy strand  
He bends above thee, and with gentlest hand  
Smooths thy dank hair and breathes o'er cheek  
and brow,

As breathes the spring o'er winter's waste of snow ;  
Breathes until once again the roses bud and blow !

Wake, Ariadne ! Night hath past away  
With all thy sorrow. See ! the joyous Day  
Comes dancing o'er the eastern foam. Arise,  
And shame him with the glory of thine eyes ;  
They were not made for tears, nor this white breast  
for sighs !

Wake, Ariadne ! by thy slumbering side  
Lyæus kneels, and woos thee for his bride ;  
With him to roam from sunny shore to shore,  
A proud and peerless queen the wide world o'er ;  
Wake, Ariadne, wake !—be loved ! and weep no more !

## M O N O D Y.

THE drifted rain is pelting,  
The sodden snow-wreaths melting ;  
Leafless boughs are creaking  
To the night-wind's doleful shrieking ;  
    The river runs below,  
    With stilly-gurgling flow,  
    Like the stifled breath of woe :  
    Well-a-day !

Wealth—honour—what are they ?  
Delusive lights that play  
Around the dead heart's grave !  
Better, methinks, to have  
    Children to climb our knees,

Love's cares and charities,  
Than hollow mocks like these :  
Well-a-day !

Affection—quiet—health,  
The wise man's truest wealth,  
And hast thou sold them all  
To buy—a Funeral !  
To gild a lonely bier  
That stranger hands must bear,  
Unhallowed by love's tear,  
To the clay !

## W I N T E R.

DEAD asleep the old earth lies,  
    Happed about with mounded snow ;  
The wan moon low to westward dies ;  
    The bitter night-winds shrilly blow.  
With muffled beat of horses' feet,  
    That echo songs of long ago,  
Through desert wold, through village street,  
    From dark to dark we onward go.

So toils my life from dark to dark,  
    Toils onward, wearily and slow ;  
No star above its course to mark,  
    Nor any haven of rest below.



As one may weep in frenzied sleep  
O'er his own form in death laid low,  
My heart doth tearful vigil keep  
By her own grave in tranced woe.

## D I R G E.

IN mine ear a death-bell ringeth,

And a sad voice ever singeth :

Time is speeding on his way ;

Night treads on the skirts of day ;

All things hasten to decay ;

Old years revive not ; glory cannot shed

Sunshine around the heart when golden youth is fled.

The Past is dead. The Present dies

In birth. The faithless Future flies

Us ever : as in dreams we see

Some bright-robed, beauteous phantom flee,

Yet court pursuit—till suddenly

In some lone spot she turns, and we unfold

A crumbling corpse obscene, or night-hag grisly old.

## WAR - SONG.

1854.

I.

HA ! once again  
 O'er land and main  
 Our battle-flag is flying !  
 Ha ! once again  
 Our freeborn men  
 In Freedom's cause are dying !  
 The grand old Lion's up once more,  
 True to his kingly nature ;  
 Come not between him and his prey,  
 Slave, coward, fool, or traitor !  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
 The Old Land's true as ever !  
 No despot's foot shall trample Us,  
 Or those who trust us—NEVER !

## II.

Have recreants said  
Our hearts are dead  
To justice and to glory?  
Cried "Stand aloof!"  
Though Russia's hoof  
In Europe's blood wax gory?  
*Theirs* be their country's hate and scorn  
Through all the coming ages!  
Well have they plied their trade of shame—  
'Tis right they have their wages!  
But, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
*Our* hearts are true as ever!  
No despot's foot shall tread on Us,  
Or those who trust us—NEVER!

## III.

But tears must fall,  
In hut and hall,  
For loved ones unreturning,—

High hearts and brave,  
Who bled to save  
The land from deeper mourning !  
They bled !—we weep !—But in our task  
Sublime, we dare not falter :  
To guard from shame the sacred flame  
On Freedom's glorious altar !  
No—No !—Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
The Old Land's true as ever !  
God's arm of might will shield the right !  
Then strike ! This hour—or NEVER !

## IV.

Yes, though we weep  
For those who sleep  
By Alma's doleful water,  
And those who died  
In that wild ride  
Of unavailing slaughter,  
Still we exult ; for in our veins

The same free blood is bounding !  
And east or north we'll pour it forth,  
Where'er the charge is sounding !  
Then, Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
The Old Land 's true as ever !  
No despot's foot shall trample Us,  
Or those who trust us—NEVER !

## THE TOMB IN THE CHANCEL.

TO W. H. P.

## I.

UP from the willowy Wharfe the white haze crept,  
The yellow leaves were falling one by one,  
When through the Priory nave we softly stept  
To where—his clangorous life-moil long since done—  
Sir Everard Raby in his hauberk slept,  
In the still chancel corner, all alone.  
Ah ! time had used him roughly ! Helm and shield  
All banged and battered, as in mortal field ;  
The knightly baldric brast, the brave sword gone  
That won his spurs at dusty Ascalon !  
But broken harness or dishonoured crest,  
Boots not to him so meekly slumbering there,

With stony feet crossed in eternal rest,  
And stony fingers locked in everlasting prayer.

## II.

The autumn sunlight touched his carven mail  
With ghostly radiance—cyclas, belt, and lace ;  
Scattered wan splendours all about the place,  
And with fantastic necromancy played  
Amongst the dust our quiet moving made ;  
While o'er his suppliant hands and heavenward face  
It hung a mournful glory, soft and pale,  
As if, through mist of half-remembered tears,  
It shone from far, the light of buried years !—  
We leaned in silence on the oaken rail,  
And, 'mid the hush, this thought swelled like a psalm  
In my heart's sanctuary : O that we, too, might bear  
Our cross through life's stern conflict, as to wear  
In death, like him, the crown of everlasting calm.



## S U M M E R   W I N D.

S O U L of blue summer ! cool-winged Psyche ! thou  
Who, stealing through the roses, on my brow  
    Printest an odorous kiss, and then art gone !  
Would that unbodied I might fly with thee  
Where'er thou fliest.   Then what ecstasy  
    Were mine, in forests wandering, green and lone ;  
    By woodland tarn ; by willowy, winding stream,  
    Where lotus-buds lie, tranced in shadowy dream,  
On their smooth fronds, the long voluptuous day ;  
    Or haply, where at eve the hoary sea  
Swims with broad bosom up some quiet bay,  
    Under the haunted crags of Sicily,  
What time the white-limbed Nereids, hand in hand,  
Dance to the Cyclops' piping o'er the dimpled  
    sand.

## A U T U M N    W I N D.

Blow thy wild clarion o'er the darkening wold,  
    Weird Autumn Wind, for thou art conqueror !  
And, like a conqueror, robed in purple and gold,  
    Dost ride triumphing. At thy tyrannous blare  
Pomona quakes, and to appease thy wrath  
Scatters her garnered glories in thy path.  
Queen Ceres bows with earthward trailing hair  
    Before thee. At the rattling of thy wheels  
Strong Faunus moans, and bends beneath them, bare  
    Of all his verdurous honours. Bromius reels,  
To do thee boisterous homage, from his car,  
Red from the laughing vintage. While from far  
Poseidon shouts to swell the brave uproar,  
And strews with votive wrecks the loud-resounding  
    shore.

## THE SONG OF SILENUS.

FIRST SKETCH FOR A PICTURE.

(VIRG. *Buc.* Ecl. vi.)

I.

SING, O Pierides ! how, on the ground,  
    These frolic children of Arcadian Pan  
Deep in a cave the quaint Silenus found,  
    Heavy with sleep, beside his well-worn can.  
The wreaths wherewith last night the Nymphs had  
    crowned  
    The fervid brows of the divine old man  
Lay strewn about ; with these they bound eftsoon,  
And bore him sleeping forth into the azure noon.

## II.

Upon a hillock, mossy-soft and green,  
They set him down to catch th' Ægean breeze,  
When forth with laughter from her sedgy screen  
Leapt Ægle, fairest of the Naiades,  
And, as the Lesbian ope'd his wildered een,  
Plucked, tiptoe-poised, a branch of mulberries,  
And, kneeling, daubed his brow and temples grey,  
While prone in leafy gyves he unresisting lay.

## III.

Pleased with the deed—more with the doer pleased—  
Lowly he laughed. Then to the Sylvans cried,  
“What means this bondage? Wherefore am I seized  
Thus impiously? Enough that ye have eyed  
A god asleep!”—“The song—and thou’rt released,”  
They answered, “promised oft and long denied!”  
“Unbind me, then!” ’Twas done; and from his can,  
Grape-filled anew by Ægle, quaffing, he began.

## IV.

“The song for *you*,” he said ; “for *her* I’ll find  
Another recompense !”—Then forth he threw  
His voice euphonious to the listening wind,  
That bore it far the echoing forest through,  
Till the broad oaks their stubborn heads inclined,  
And Satyrs, Oreads, Fauns—a motley crew—  
From rock and thicket, glade and grove, advance,  
Weaving around the spot their wildly-measured dance.

## V.

Not more rejoices the Castalian rock  
In Phœbus ; not old Rhodope the frore  
In him whose love-lorn numbers did unlock  
The gates of Dis, and from the Stygian shore  
Won back Eurydice—(ah, bitter mock !  
Twice lost—and lost at last for evermore,  
Through too much love)—than in his honeyed voice  
The listening woods and all the woodland feres rejoice !

## VI.

He sang the dawn of Nature—mystic theme!—

How, from the chaos of primeval night,

Robed in bright billows—beauteous as a dream—

The virgin earth leapt laughing into light,

And bared her genial bosom, all a-gleam

With flowers, as Helios in his joy and might,

From the vast caverns of the eternal void,

Sprang forth on burning plumes and clasped her as

his bride.

## VII.

He sang of gods and heroes : how the sire

Of Zeus had kinged it in the world's fair prime ;

Of haught Prometheus, by the Thunderer's ire

Stretched lone on Caucasus ; the impious crime

Of Atalante, and the sufferings dire

Of the young Heliads ; then the mournful rhyme

Of Tiresus chants and tongueless Philomel,

And gentle Scylla curst by Circe's cruel spell.

## VIII.

The loves of Zeus and Semele he sang :  
    How Dionysus of the wondrous birth,  
With Lydian flutings and the silvery clang  
    Of cymbals, rode a-conquering through the earth ;  
How, where he trode, the clustered vine up-sprang,  
    And haggard care danced hand in hand with mirth ;  
How peerless Ariadne won his love,  
And swart Agave raged in the Cadmean grove.

## IX.

Up from the Ægean swept the salt sea-breeze,  
    And shook the white locks round his glowing brow ;  
Then sang he how the blue-eyed boys of Greece  
    Launched the swift ship, and drove with ventur-  
        ous prow  
To realms of wonder, far o'er unknown seas,  
    And back, triumphing, from its sacred bough,  
By many a haunted isle and alien shore,  
The golden trophy home to dear-loved Helas bore.

## X.

Of fate, of love, of heaven-sent poesy

He sang, till Phoebus from his sloping car  
Leaned back to hear ; and through the boughs on high

The large-eyed Vesper gazed, all loth to bar  
The stream of song. But now the plaintive cry

Of flocks, from darkening wolds, proclaimed afar  
The folding hour. He ceased, and down a glade,  
Amid the deepening shadows, vanished like a shade.



## KING GOLDIMAR.

## I.

BETWEEN the setting of the sun  
And rising of the evening star,  
Deep in the greenwood glade alone  
She met King Goldimar.  
A milk-white steed he lightly strode,  
With jewelled falchion at his knee,  
With golden casque and golden spur,  
And graith of samite, fair to see :  
And thus he rode to win her love,  
From Avalun, the fays' countree.

## II.

He louted low from saddle bow,

He breathed into the maiden's ear ;

And in the silence of the wood

Her heart stood still to hear !

He swung her deftly up on steed ;

He gave her charmèd kisses three :

Says, " Golden crown for locks of gold,

Sweet Ladye, an thou wend with me ;"—

And forth into the night they rode

To Avalun, the fays' countree.

## NARCISSEUS :

## A FRAGMENT.

HE strode apart in youthful pride,  
His clustered locks on either side  
Danced down upon his shoulders wide—

The beautiful Narcissus.

His belted bosom full and fair  
Gleamed out beneath his gleaming hair,  
His lordly length of limb was bare—

The hunter-boy Narcissus.

Athwart his broad back, bow and quiver  
In the sunlight glance and shiver,

As, adown the forest river,  
    Passed the young Narcissus :  
By brattling swift and slumbering pool,  
Shadowed by alders green and cool,  
A form divinely beautiful—  
    The hunter-boy Narcissus.

For him the nut-brown Dryad grieves,  
Deep hidden in her bower of leaves,  
For him on musky summer eves—  
    The beautiful Narcissus—  
The Naiads quit their glaucous flocks  
To sing about the glimmering rocks,  
Or trip the sand with floating locks  
    For haughty-eyed Narcissus.

For him pale Echo weeps apart—  
Her cold hand on her burning heart—  
She cannot tell her cureless smart,  
    O hunter-boy Narcissus !

But when she hears his bugle-horn  
Far-winding in the dewy morn,  
She shrieks aloud—he laughs in scorn !  
The beautiful Narcissus.

## T H R E N O D Y.

THE spider in the jasmine leaves,  
Her fairy web of silver weaves ;  
All round the breezy cottage eaves

I hear the busy swallows :

The bee hums round his mossy door,  
The stream flows on with joyous roar,  
The starry ripples race ashore

Across the gleaming shallows.

Sheep are bleating, kine are lowing,  
Children shouting, barn-fowl crowing,  
Winds athwart the mountains blowing

Waves of shine and shadow :

To their lightsome labour bound  
The merry reapers, autumn-browned ;

And the dripping wheel goes round,  
By the mill-dams in the meadow.

Like living chords of one great lyre,  
Swept by a seraph's plumes of fire,  
Like voices of one mighty choir  
Blent in one psalm of gladness,  
All things rejoice ; my heart, alone  
Discordant, yields no joyous tone,  
But one dull, inarticulate moan,  
One weary wail of sadness.

Even as a blasted tree may stand,  
All leafless in a summer-land,  
In vain by genial breezes fanned,  
By shower and sunshine haunted ;  
So, sunned by all the warm delight  
Of this young day—so purely bright—  
I stand in darkness, by the might  
Of Memory enchanted.

I see the infinite loveliness  
Of God's fair universe—can bless  
His creatures in their blessedness,  
    Despite my own heart's aching :  
But never more my soul may know  
The thrill of sympathy, the glow  
Of love that stirred it long ago,  
    In youth's divine upwaking.



## "MY LADY."

## I.

'Twas a stately English maiden,  
Proud of step and calm of mien,  
With a red mouth like a rosebud,  
And the bosom of a queen,

## II.

That far down the summer woodland,  
Culling flowers, had lost her way  
When we met among the brackens  
At the closing of the day.

## III.

Never lovelier vision wandered,  
In the young world's age of gold,

Through green Tempe's bowers elysian,  
Or Hesperian gardens old.

IV.

Ne'er to lonely knight of later  
Ages, bound on perilous quest  
Through enchanted forest, sweeter  
Witch or woman stood confest.

V.

Ne'er through royal Shakespeare's pages,  
Or strong Chaucer's pulsing line,  
Or pure Spenser's crystal stanzas,  
Floated phantom so divine !

VI.

But, diviner than all phantoms  
Of the teeming poet-brain ;  
Youth, like a sweet breeze, about her ;  
Life a-glow in every vein !—

## VII.

Life, that through her very garments  
Seemed to palpitate and burn,  
Like a mystic flame that flushes  
Through an alabaster urn :

## VIII.

Till the very dust she trode on  
With her silent silken feet,  
And the air her quickened breathing  
Made so strangely, wildly sweet,

## IX.

Took a glory from her presence,  
As a wreath of vapour dun  
Turns to amethyst and beryl  
In the presence of the sun !

## X.

O ! those dark locks, ever darkening  
With the darkening of the even !

O ! those bright eyes, ever brightening  
As the stars grew bright in heaven !

XI.

O ! those whispers, like the night-wind—  
Through my brain they vibrate yet !  
Syllables of magic import,  
To the heart's deep music set !

XII.

O ! that purple July gloaming !  
O ! that husht and shadowy nook,  
Where, alone with that sweet sibyl,  
First I conned love's mystic book !—

XIII.

Where young passion's nectared vintage  
First allayed my soul's fierce drouth—  
Crushed from out the ruby wine-press  
Of that warm and loving mouth !

. . . . .

## XIV.

Lady, when the summer twilight  
Swoons to earth in violet gloom,  
When the warm winds panting round thee  
Wave their censers of perfume ;

## XV.

When the blackbird in the beeches  
Calls his mate with doubling note,  
And the young moon's shadow trembles  
Where the water-lilies float ;

## XVI.

When the far-off kine are lowing,  
And the village forge is mute,  
And the long, dim valley echoes  
To the lovelorn herdsman's flute ;

## XVII.

When the milkmaid's laugh replieth,  
From the quiles of new-mown hay,

And broad Hesper through the deepening  
Umbrage darts a fierier ray ;

XVIII.

When the summer's dreamy languor  
Creeps through every nerve and vein,  
Till its very sweetness thrills thee  
With a sense of mortal pain ;

XIX.

As that haughty bosom, aching,  
Owns the witchery of the hour,  
And thy heart throbs void and weary  
In thy lone palatial bower,

XX.

And the golden robe of honour,  
Seems to swathe thee like a pall,  
And like lead upon thy forehead  
Weighs the golden coronal :

## XXI.

Then, will yearning memory conjure  
    Back that night of joy and tears,  
When we gathered love's wild roses  
    In the spring-time of our years ?

## D E A D.

THE seasons weave their ancient dance,  
The restless ocean ebbs and flows,  
The world rolls on through day and dark,  
Regardless of our joys or woes !

Still up the breezy western slopes  
The reaper girls, like apples brown,  
Bend singing to their gleeful toil,  
And sweep the golden harvest down :

Still, where the slanting sunlight gilds  
The boles of cedar and of pine,  
Chants the lone blackbird from the brake  
With melancholy voice divine :



Still all about the mossy tracks

    Hums at his darg the wood-ward bee ;

Still fitfully the corn-crake's note

    Comes to me from the upland lea :

Still round the forest bower SHE loved,

    The woodbine trails its rich festoons ;

The slumbrous poppies burst and fall

    Beneath the silent autumn moons.

Still round her lattice, perched aloof,

    In sunny shade of thatchèd eaves,

The jasmine clings, with yearning pale,

    And withers in its shroud of leaves :

Still round the old familiar porch

    Her cherished roses blush and peer,

And fill the sunny air with balm,

    And strew their petals year by year.

Nor here within, one touch of change !

    The footstool—the embroidered chair—

The books—the arras on the wall—

    The harp—the music—all are there.

No touch of change ! I close my eyes—

    It cannot be SHE comes no more !

I hear the rustling of her dress ;

    I hear her footstep on the floor ;

I feel her breath upon my brow ;

    I feel her kiss upon my cheek :—

Down, phantoms of the buried past !

    Down, or my heavy heart must break.

## AN EXHORTATION.

KEEP thy spirit calm and pure,  
How fierce soe'er the storm may rise ;  
Stand thou in the truth secure  
'Mid surge of hate and spume of lies.

The darker night, the brighter day !—  
Though maniac curse and idiot sneer,  
The clouds will roll themselves away,  
And leave thy heaven serene and clear.

But, dark or clear, have thou no fear !  
Hold on thy course with trustful eye !  
Steer for the light in hell's despite,  
Nor doubt that HE thou serv'st is nigh !

## S O N G.

## I.

FAIR star that shinest  
On the front of even,  
With a light divinest  
Of the stars of heaven,  
Hesper! to thee this night of nights my orisons be  
given !  
To thee who bringest all things good,  
Who bring'st the rosy hour  
Warm-blushing up the western flood,  
That leads me to her bower.  
Over the billows my bonny boat merrily go !  
The white foam sings under our lee, in our white sail  
the wind murmurs low,

As we drive down the soft summer dark, like a sea-  
bird on pinions of snow.

## II.

Sea and sky were gleaming  
In the cloudless noon ;  
Fold on fold the hills lay dreaming  
In an azure swoon ;  
Wold and woodland throbbed with song, and breathed  
the balm of June !  
But my soul was weary of the splendour,  
Weary of bird and flower,  
And sighed for night, the dark and still and  
tender,  
To lead me to her bower.  
Over the billows my bonny boat gallop and go !  
She is waiting us under the rock in the shell-paven  
cove that we know,  
Where the ivy-trail stirs not a tendril, how rudely  
soever it blow.

## III.

From the pine-crowned mountain  
Forth into the night,  
Like a welling fountain  
Wells the glad moonlight,  
Flushing all the starry gulfs with new and strange  
delight !  
So the long gloom of lonely years  
Crowned love's majestic power  
Makes glorious, as the warm wind bears  
Me onward to her bower !  
Hush ! 'Tis her soft-falling foot on the shadowy shore,  
Like the lisp of a wavelet ! She comes, in the glow of  
her beauty, once more !—  
Rest thee, my bonny boat, rest thee till morning : our  
voyage is o'er !

## HYMN TO APHRODITE.

## I.

GODDESS of the golden hair,  
Blue-eyed Aphrodite ! Fair  
Daughter of the Idalian foam !  
Whether beneath the skyie dome  
Of old Olympus, or the shade  
Of Ida's many-whispering glade,  
Where upon thy milky breast  
Young Anchises—— Nay ! the rest,  
An thou blushest, shall remain  
Secret ;—or beside the main,  
Which around thy Paphian shore  
Pæans thee with joyous roar,

Thou dost wander, O ! supremely fair !  
Accept those votive wreaths, and hearken to my prayer !

## II.

I have crowned each altar-horn  
With young roses ; I have borne,  
From the marge of Hippocrene,  
Myrtle branches dewy-green ;  
I have heaped thy baskets o'er  
With Pomona's honeyed store ;  
I have brought thee pigeons, white  
As those sister-spheres of light,  
'Neath thy dimpled hand concealed  
In vain—by their own pride revealed ;  
By them, and by thy limbs of snow,  
By thy lip and cheek and brow,  
By thy upwreathed locks that scent the wind,  
O ! hear my prayer, and aid ; for Myrrha is  
unkind !



## III.

I have sung my love in strains  
That might have thawed the rocky veins  
Of Scylla—poor lost Scylla ! She  
Less cruel to Glaucus, than to me  
Dark-eyed Myrrha ! Every art  
Have I tried to win her heart :  
Now the distaff I have plied,  
Silken-seated by her side ;  
Now bestrode the panting steed ;  
Guided now the lightning speed  
Of the chariot ; round her brow  
Wreathed my hard-won olive bough ;  
Wept and prayed ;—but all, alas ! in vain ;  
Laughing, she flies me still. I die of her  
disdain !

## IV.

Night and morn she proudly sings,  
Smiling through the golden strings

Of her dædal-carven lyre,  
Till my soul is lapt in fire :  
“What is Venus, sparrow-borne ?  
Myrrha laughs her power to scorn !  
What is Eros ? What is he,  
His wild-eyed brother deity ?  
What their boasted torch and bow ?  
And what, fond Theon, what art thou ?  
What were life, and freedom gone ?  
Myrrha still shall be her own !”

By the last kiss thy lost Adonis gave,  
Hear, Cytheræa, hear ! avenge thy suppliant slave !

## v.


Love is wingèd. Mine hath flown,  
Leaving hate his vacant throne !  
Let the haughty beauty know  
Unrequited passion's woe !  
Let no gentle slumber bring  
Respite to her sorrowing !

Fill her frozen veins with flame,  
Drown in love her maiden shame !  
Bring, insulted deity !  
Bring her suppliant to thy knee.  
I shall laugh to see her come,  
Oh, how altered ! trembling, dumb.  
How I shall spurn her ! Sweet revenge !—Nay, nay !  
But clasp her to my heart, and kiss her soul away !

## N O N S E N S E.

SHEED not for me, love, the blood of the vine,  
No wreaths of her emerant ringlets twine ;  
Pull not the roses : let us believe  
A beautiful spirit unseen doth live  
In the odorous depths of every flower,  
That loveth, as we love, the sun and the shower !  
That loveth, as we love, the summer breeze,  
The song of birds and the hum of bees !  
Whose subtile veins may throb and glow  
With a fervour which only spirits know  
For spirits ;—or I, who have long been free  
Of the spirit-world, may feel for thee,  
Who hast only clay enough about  
Thy soul, to keep me still in doubt

If thou, indeed, be child of earth,  
Or creature of aërial birth :  
Descended, haply, even from him  
Who in the midnight, starry-dim,  
Like a rich moonbeam softly crept  
To where, in magic trance, she slept,  
The Dark-Ladye who Merlin bore  
In lone Dimatian tower of yore !—  
Then pull not the flowers ! let them bud and blow,  
Nod and beck and gaze their fill  
On their shadows mirrored in the still,  
    Clear water of the fountain pool  
        That, bright and cool,  
            Smiles below,  
With vague leaves paven and glimmering bells,  
And clustered round with asphodels.  
    But give me kisses !—a sweeter wine  
    Fills those red, grape-like lips of thine,  
    Than ever “ sparkled in Sansovine.”  
    Yet, while one drinks,  
    ’Tis meet, methinks—



As the Tean singeth—a wreath to wear ;  
Then a garland wreathe me, my dark-eyed queen !  
But not of the vine leaves, crimson or green !  
    Nor of flowers how fair  
    Or sweet soe'er,—  
But the scented locks of thy night-black hair  
    Around my temples twine !

    Nor touch ye the cithern string !  
Wake not the wild, sad spirits that dwell  
In the echoing vault of the ivory shell !  
    Let them sleep :  
    They wake but to weep  
And wander lorn on weary wing !  
Wailing ever with piteous breath,  
Like troubled souls for the calm of death.  
From silence they come, to silence go ;  
And all they yearn for, none may know.  
    But this we rede from their voice of woe :  
    They pray for peace. Then let them sleep  
    On their folded plumes. O, blest as deep,

In the echoing vault of the ivory shell,  
Must the slumber be that they love so well !  
But press to mine thy dusky cheek,  
And breathe "I love thee" in my ear :  
The only words thou car'st to speak,  
The only words I seek to hear,  
The only music that should break  
The charmèd silence here !

## UNDER THE WESTERN STAR.

UNDER the western star,  
Under the low gleams of the crescent moon  
I see his white sail gliding from afar,  
In the warm wind of June.

Blow, wind of summer, blow !  
Nor linger in the gardens of the west :  
Blow, blow ; thou bringest all too slow  
The loved one to my breast.

Too slow, my heart, too slow  
For thy fond pulses, that tumultuous beat  
As they would burst their bounds, and seaward  
    flow  
To clasp him ere we meet.— .



Fades the sweet evening light  
In purple splendours of the summer dark ;  
But starlike in the glow of my delight  
Glimmers his homeward bark.

He comes ! I hear his keel  
Gride on the silver shingle of the shore ;  
Peace, foolish heart ! nor all thy joy reveal  
At meeting him once more.

## S O N G.

WITH the sunshine and the swallows and the flowers,  
She is coming, my beloved, o'er the sea !  
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,  
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me ;  
And my heart will not be quiet,  
But, in a "purple riot,"  
Keeps ever madly beating  
At the thought of that sweet meeting,  
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea ;  
All the sweetness of the south  
On the roses of her mouth,  
All the fervour of its skies  
In her gentle northern eyes,  
As she cometh, my beloved, home to me !

No more, o' nights, the shivering north complains,  
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn ;  
No more the fairy frost-flowers fret the panes,  
But snowdrops gleam by garden-path and lawn ;  
And at times a white cloud wingeth  
From the southland up, and bringeth  
A warm wind, odour-laden  
From the bowers of that fair Aden,  
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian Sea ;  
And I turn my lips to meet  
Its kisses faint and sweet ;  
For I know from hers they've brought  
The message, rapture-fraught :  
" I am coming, love, with summer, home to thee !"

## THE STUDENT TO HIS WIFE.

LET them grovel o'er their gains,  
 Basely used, as basely got—  
 Narrow hearts and shallow brains !  
 Surely *such* we envy not.

A truer, nobler wealth is ours :  
 Wealth in immortal books that lies ;  
 In memories of exalting hours  
 Of converse with the good and wise ;

In wants and sympathies that draw  
 Our nature heavenward—as the flower,  
 Obedient to the eternal law,  
 Is sunward bent in shine and shower ;

In aims that through the darkest night  
Of sorrow burn with steadfast glow ;  
In hopes that, like the solar light,  
Change tears to rainbows as they flow ;

In faith that turns the carking care—  
The weakness, weariness, and pain  
Of common life—to praise and prayer,  
Till Eden blooms for us again !

And scarcely should we start to see  
An angel meet us in our walk,  
Or hear celestial melody  
Blend with our quiet evening talk.

Such are the riches, gentle wife,  
That, showered upon us from on high,  
Have shed a sweetness round our life  
Their barren millions could not buy,

And still will shed—whate'er betide—  
While unpolluted by the stain  
Of worldly avarice or pride  
The garments of our souls remain.

Then let us strive to keep them pure,  
And, hand in hand, with single heart—  
Rich in God's love, and only poor  
In what we scorn—so do our part,

That Here the good may call us friend—  
And, when the parting hour hath come,  
The spirits of the blest may bend  
From Heaven to give us welcome HOME !

## TO THE SUMMER WIND.

## I.

THOU wanderer of the summer air !  
Thou spirit wild and free !  
In what shadowy region far and fair  
May thy viewless dwelling be ?  
Beneath yon crispèd clouds that sleep  
On the verge of the western sea ?  
Beyond the clouds ? or beyond the deep,  
Unfathomed blue of immensity,  
Is it there thou makest thy halcyon home  
When the joyous day is done—  
Lapt in some bright, elysian dome

By thy sister genii spun,  
Of starry beams,  
Or the lingering gleams  
Of the purple-shrouded sun ?

## II.

I know not :—and thou singest ever  
An inarticulate song,  
Like the voice of a quiet river  
Gliding by moonlight along,  
With magic music, soft and deep,  
As echoes from the world of sleep !—  
But this I know, that thou art fair,  
For I have seen thee in my dreams,  
With parted lips and streaming hair,  
Gliding in beauty down the streams  
Of the azure noontide air ;  
Or underneath the harvest moon,  
To the mossy rills below,  
Singing a weird and wayward tune



While the foam-bells come and go,  
Glitteringly with endless motion,  
Like fairy ships on a fairy ocean !

## III.

Nor boots it where thy home may be :—  
Beyond the clouds, or beneath the sea ;  
Among the Sons of Power who guide  
The planets in their fleet career ;  
Or with the Naiades who glide,  
With blue eyes soft and clear,  
Through the glimmering flowers  
Of the ocean bowers :—  
*I feel that thou art here !*  
And, like a lover's when he knows  
The lady of his love is near,  
Swiftly my life-blood ebbs and flows  
With an inexplicable fear—  
A honeyed anguish, a delight  
That aches, a yearning infinite,—

Doubts, hopes, and wishes strangely blent  
In sweet, contenting discontent !

## IV.

I see thee not, I clasp thee not ;  
    Yet feel I thou art nigh,  
Shedding around this lonely spot  
    The dews of melody ;  
Shedding from thine aërial wings,  
    And from thy swift and viewless feet,  
A shower of dulcet murmurings,  
    And wandering odours faint and sweet,  
That steal about my soul, and lull  
To peace its wailings sorrowful  
With a delicious calm, a rest  
Which even to dream were to be blest :  
Although its very sweetness wrings  
    The heart with strange, mysterious pain—  
Moving upon the frozen springs  
    Of feeling, till their waters rain

In burning tear-drops from the eye,  
I feel not how—I know not why !  
Nor know I if 'tis joy or woe  
Impels them in their fiery flow.  
But this I wote : that sweeter far  
Than all delights of sense they are ;  
That rather would I dwell with thee  
    Alone in these green solitudes,  
Than share the loud world's thoughtless glee,  
    Thou minstrel of the summer woods !—  
Thou whisperer by the summer sea !  
    For thou in all my spirit's moods  
Hast still a spirit-sympathy,  
    Love-taught, I fondly will believe !  
Or never could thy transcèd voice  
    With such delicious sadness grieve ;  
With such wild mirth rejoice !

v.

Ha ! art thou fled ?—I felt but now

Thy faint lips kiss my wooing brow ;  
Felt thy far-floating locks with mine  
Their odorous tresses interwine  
With soothing freshness ; heard thy song  
    Amid the leaves, around, above—  
    Now like the stifled breath of love,  
    When eyes are dim, and fond lips press  
    The first sweet grape of tenderness—  
Low, tremulous and long !  
Now like the tinkling of a rill  
    That falls into a lake—  
Some tiny tarn upon a hill  
    That fairy Mab her bath might make,  
If she and her fantastic train  
Should ever roam the earth again !  
Now like the song of summer birds—  
    The mingling song of birds and bees ;  
Now like the long-forgotten words  
    Recalled by whispering twilight trees  
In July gloamings, when alone

We muse on loved ones changed or gone ;  
Now like the echoes of a flute

    Heard in some leafy dell,

Low-warbling till the birds are mute ;

    Now like a distant bell,

Whose saintly summons, silvery-clear,

Falls on the homeward boatman's ear,

    At twilight's holy hour,

From out the depths of the rosy air,

Calling his soul to silent prayer

    With still, small voice of power !

THE APOLLO OF THE VATICAN.

GOD of the golden locks and beamy brow !  
 Embodied splendour ! Phœbus-Apollo ! Thou,  
 Time-born, but heir of immortality !  
 Still stand'st thou radiant—like a mighty star,  
 Darting supernal effluence afar  
 O'er the slow stream of change, that, rolling by,  
 Hath swept from earth Religions, Peoples, Crowns—  
 Like vapour down into the silent sea  
 Of grey Oblivion—leaving uninjured Thee,  
 Its marble conqueror ! Still that proud lip frowns  
 In scornful triumph o'er thy prostrate foe,  
 The earth-spawned Python, Mutability !  
 Still from that stern, indomitable eye  
 The arrowy lightnings flash that laid the reptile low.

ROME, 1861.

## A CONFESSION.

No, Buonarroti, thou shalt not subdue  
 My mind with thy Thor-hammer ! All that play  
 Of ponderous science with Titanic thew  
 And spastic tendon—marvellous, 'tis true !—  
 Says nothing to my soul. Thy “terrible way”  
 Has led enow of worshippers astray ;  
 I will not walk therein ! Nor yet shalt thou,  
 Majestic Raphael,—though before thee bow  
 The nations, with their tribute of renown,—  
 Lead my heart captive. Great thou art, I own,—  
 Great—but a Pagan still. But Here—breathe low,  
 The place is hallowed—here, Angelico !  
 Heart, mind, and soul, with reverent love, confess  
 The Christian Painter ; sent to purify and bless !

## ST PETER'S:

A TYPE.

AND this is San Pietro ! This the shrine  
 Where, for so many centuries, have bowed  
 In abject awe the unreflecting crowd  
 Of votaries—even as to a thing divine !  
 But men begin to know thee now, and smile  
 At their past blindness : seeing thee most vile,  
 Despite thy braggart bulk and vulgar waste  
 Of precious things—faith, genius, energy—  
 Most precious they of all ; and most misplaced  
 Thus dedicate, prodigious Sham, to Thee !—  
 Within, without, o'erwritten with the name  
 Of the crowned Beast, and blazoned with the shame  
 Of his pollution ! Shall it long be so,  
 Just Heaven ?—My heart is sick and angry ; let us go !

ROME, *October* 1861.



## AT VERONA.

THE moon is full, as on that balmy night  
When love-lorn Juliet called her Romeo  
In maiden-treble, tremulous and low :  
Half sigh, half song ; and from the odorous gloom  
Of myrtle boughs and jasmine rich with bloom  
His voice made answer through the silvery light,  
In proud Verona, here, so long ago !—  
Now, other echoes fill thy outraged halls :  
The heavy tramp of Austrian sentinels ;  
The ceaseless drum-roll, and the signal's boom  
From fort to fort. The clanking of the chain  
That holds thee—but not long shall hold !—in thrall,  
Fair city ! Thy blind Despot strives in vain ;  
Freedom is on the march !—Dost hear her trumpet  
call ?

## AT FLORENCE.

FROM Bellos-guardo as the sun went down  
I gazed on queenly Florence where she lay  
Smiling among her olives, silvery grey ;  
Like topaz gleamed her many-towerèd crown ;  
And like some golden river of the blest,  
Swept Arno by her marble palaces,—  
Through plains more fair than musing Fancy sees  
In sunset heavens,—towards the golden west.  
But not her loveliness, nor that which claims  
A wider homage from a subject world—  
Her proud aureola of deathless names !  
Made my heart glow :—I saw a flag unfurled  
In the clear air : the Flag of Italy !  
That told of Tyrants crushed and a Great People Free!

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

