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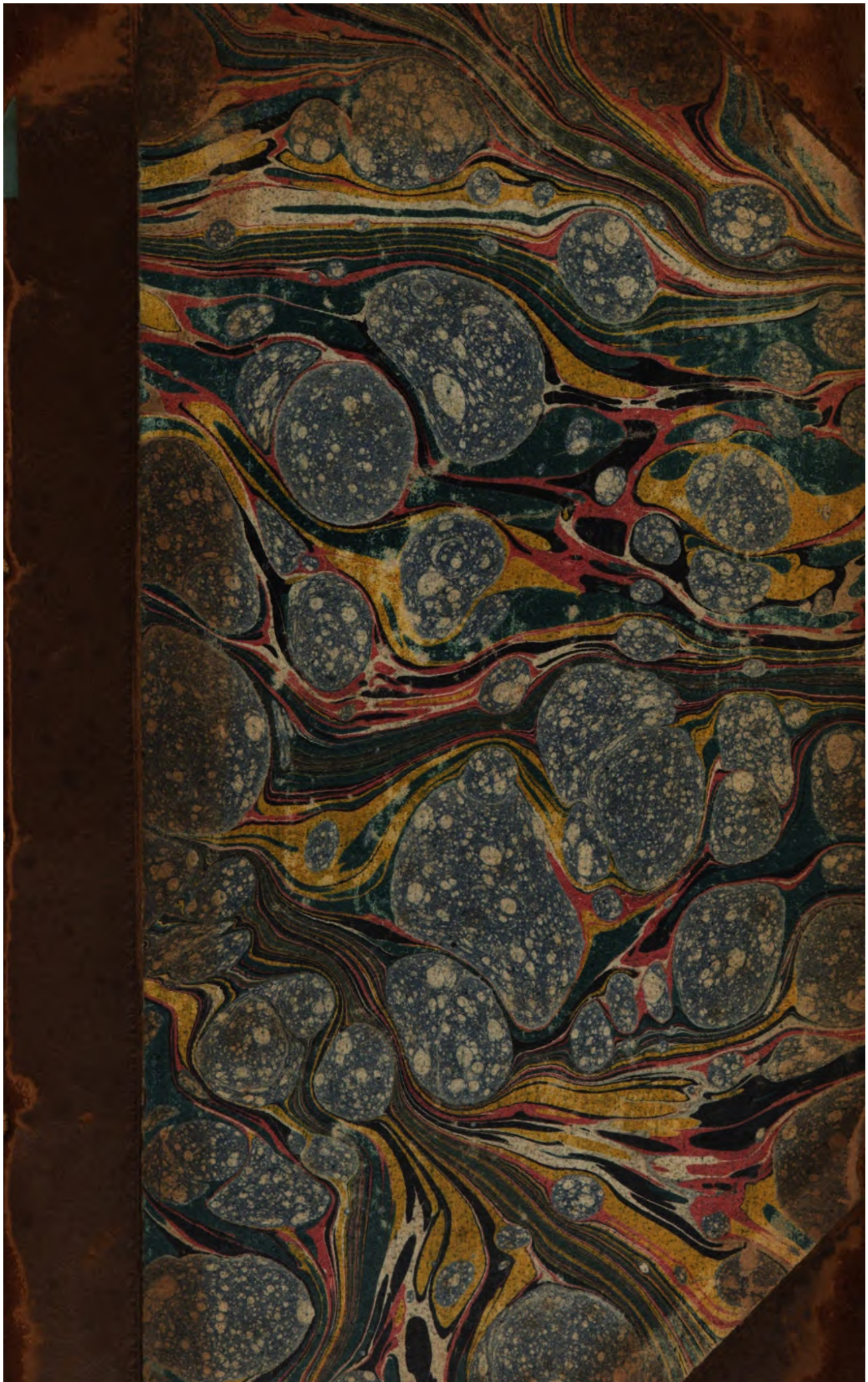
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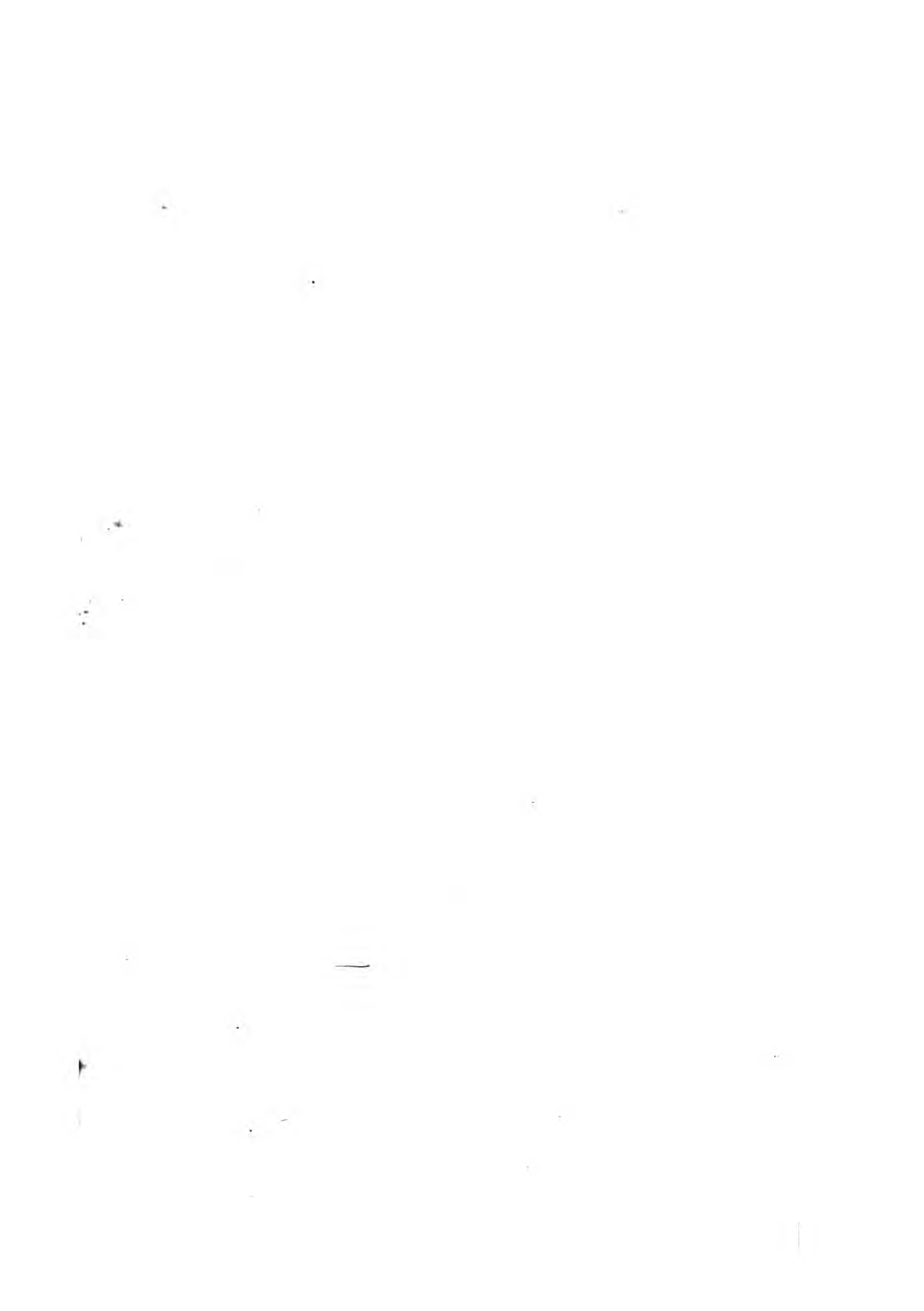


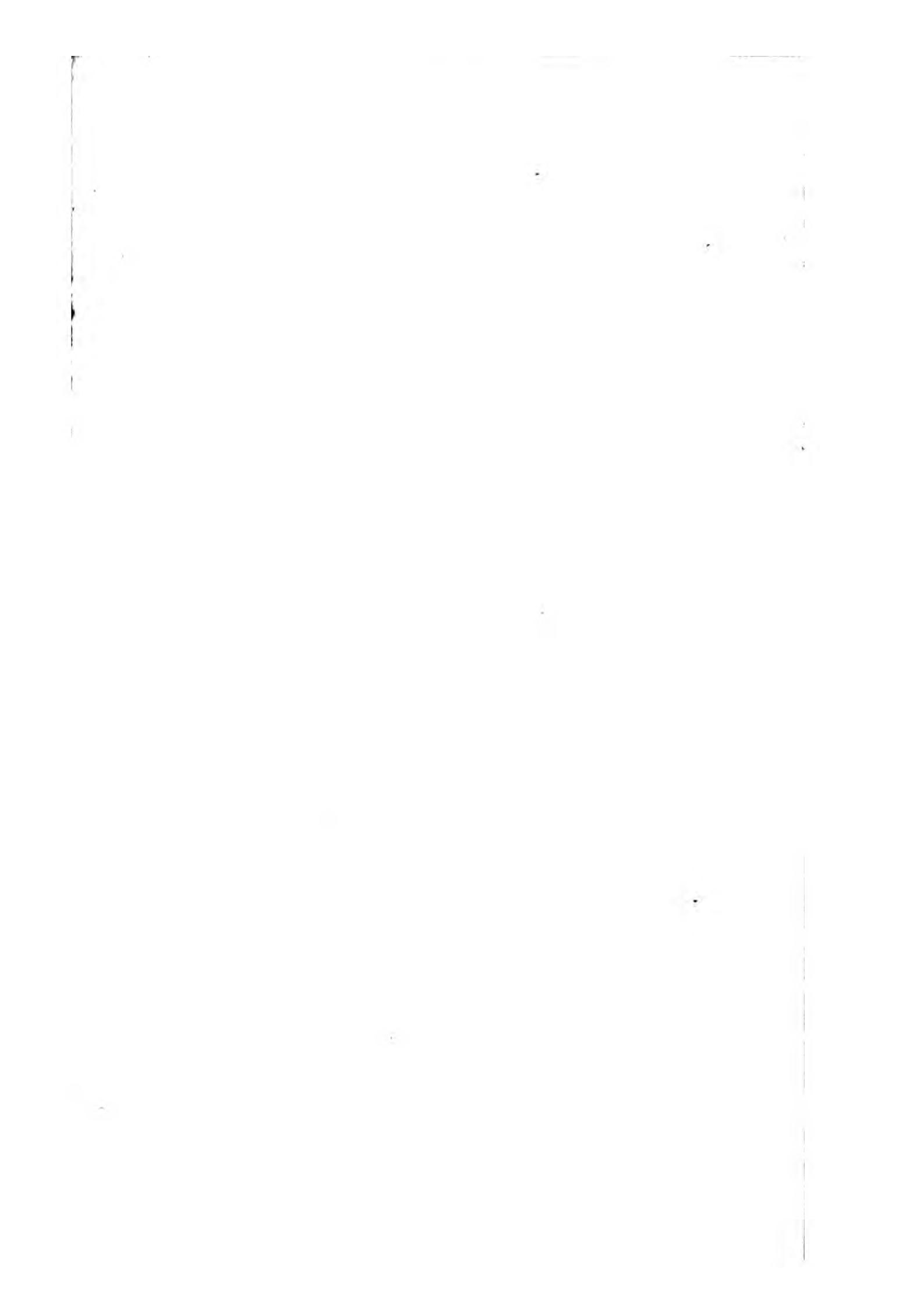
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POEMS

AND

POETICAL FRAGMENTS.



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ERRATA.

Page 67 line 5 dele comma after vacancy.
— 78 — 3 for choice, read choice.

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P O E M S.



L I N E S

WRITTEN JANUARY 1, 1832.



THE year is born to-day—methinks it hath
A chilly time of it ; for down the sky
The flaky frost-cloud stretches, and the sun
Lifted his large light from the Eastern plains,
With gloomy mist-enfolded countenance,
And garments rolled in blood. Under the haze
Along the face of the waters, gather fast
Sharp spikes of the fresh ice—as if the year
That died last night, had dropt down suddenly
In his full strength of genial government,
Prisoning the sharp breath of the Northern winds ;
Who now burst forth and revel unrestrained
Over the new king's months of infancy.

The bells rung merrily when the old year died ;
He past away in music ; his death-sleep
Closed on him like the slumber of a child
When a sweet hymn in a sweet voice above him
Takes up into its sound his gentle being.

And we will raise to him two monuments ;
One where he died, and one where he lies buried ;
One in the pealing of those midnight bells,
Their swell and fall, and varied interchange,
The tones that come again upon the spirit
In years far off, mid unshaped accidents ;—
And one in the deep quiet of the soul,
The mingled memories of a thousand moods
Of joy and sorrow ;—and his epitaph
Shall be upon him—“ Here lie the remains
Of one, who was less valued while he lived,
Than thought on, when he died.”

TO A

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE PORTRAIT.



Whereto shall I liken thee,
Thou with sunbright eyes divine?
Twilight never dimmeth thee,
Evermore thy sharp eyes shine;
Thou art like the morning star
On the forehead of the day,
Looking earthward from afar
When the night clouds float away;—

Thou art like the sparkling fly
Dancing on the Eastern night,
Through a trellised gallery,
Up and down all fiery bright;

Thou art like a starry flower
Hidden in a mist of green,
From beneath a woven bower
Here and there in glimpses seen.

All bright things are not so bright,
Not so deep as are thine eyes ;
Not the hollow blue at night,
Fading into other skies ;
Not the blue Forget-me-not,
Bright and deep although it be ;
Not the rays from chrystals shot,
Nor the twinkling summer sea.

Fix thy full deep eyes on me,
Let me lose my being there ;
Let me pass out into thee
From my house of sin and care :
Surely all thine inner soul
Whence such lights for ever shine,
Must with mild and sweet controul
Purify and brighten mine.

Or if this may never be,
 Fix them full upon me still ;
Let me borrow light from thee ;—
 Losing all my thought and will,
Quite absorbed, and emptied quite,—
 In their lustrous brightness lost,—
All my sunshine turned to night,—
 I'm contented with the cost.

SONNET

ON EASTER EVE.

I saw two women weeping by the tomb
Of one new buried, in a fair green place
Bowered with shrubs;—the eve retained no trace
Of aught that day performed,—but the faint gloom
Of dying day was spread upon the sky;—
The moon was broad and bright above the wood;—
The distance sounded of a multitude,
Music, and shout, and mingled revelry.
At length came gleaming through the thicket shade
Helmet and casque—and a steel-armed band
Watched round the sepulchre in solemn stand;
The night word past, from man to man conveyed;
And I could see those women rise and go
Under the dark trees, moving sad and slow.

SONNET.



Truth loveth not to lavish upon all
The clear downshining of her heavenly smile ;
She chooseth those on whom its light shall fall,
And shuts them from the earthly crowd the while:
But they whom she hath lightened, tread this earth
With step and mien of heavenly gentleness ;
Ye shall not see them drunk with over-mirth,
Or tangled in the world's thick wilderness ;
For there hath shone upon their path of life
Mild beamings from a hidden glory's ray ;
A calm hath past upon their spirit's strife,
The bounding of young hopes hath sunk away,
And certain bliss hath dawned, with still uprise,
Like the deep rest of joy in spirits' Paradise.

Evermore the night wave beateth on,
 Heavily dashing up the pebbled shore ;
Evermore the silent stars look on ;—
Evermore the spent wave draweth back
 Hoarsely chiding pebbles down the shore ;
Westward float the stars amid the rack :—
 Will the night wind never cease to rave
In the pauses of the tumbling sea ?
 Every moment falls the same dull wave
Heavily dashing down continually ;
 Floateth on in discontinuous mass
Weary vapour over the dim sea ;
 Stars look downward as the blue gulphs pass
With a pale fixt lustre silently.
 Time will go to sleep—
 And the first eternal laws
 Which the world in balance keep,
 Wreck us by a pause ;—
Rise, thou golden sun, from out the deep,—
Break the charm that lulls the universe to sleep.

EPICEDIA.

—

I.

Ye must not die—your cheek is red,
Ye have not lost your bloom;
We shall be loth when ye are dead
To lay ye in your tomb.

Ye must not die—your eyes are bright,
Your heart leaps merrily;
It's not for them that 'll die to night,
To look so brave to day.

Ye must not die—ye are not old,
Ye have never a hair that's gray;
Ye must not go into the dark and cold
In your best and shiniest day.

Ye must not die—the West wind 'll come,
For the winter's over and gone;
The swallows are flying back to their home,
And the spring is coming on.

II.

Refresh me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale faint-scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet :
Shed not one silly tear,
But when mine eyes are set
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier,
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet.

I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth,
My life hath been the shadow of a dream ;
The joyousness of birth
Did ever with me seem :
My spirit had no dearth,
But dwelt for ever by a full swift stream,
Lapt in a golden trance of never-failing mirth.

Touch me once more, my father, ere my hand
Have not an answer for thee ;—kiss my cheek
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak ;
Give me thy last command,
Before I lie all undisturbed and meek,
Wrapt in the snowy folds of funeral swathing-band.

III.

Slowly and softly let the music go,
As ye wind upwards to the gray church tower ;
Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe low—
Tread lightly on the pathside daisy flower.
For she ye carry was a gentle bud,
Loved by the unsunned drops of silver dew ;
Her voice was like the whisper of the wood
In prime of even, when the stars are few.
Lay her all gently in the flowerful mould,
Weep with her one brief hour ; then turn away,—
Go to hope's prison,—and from out the cold
And solitary gratings many a day
Look forth : 'tis said the world is growing old,—
And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play.

IV.

The cowslip standeth in the grass,
The primrose in the budding grove
Hath laid her fair pale breast
On the greensward to rest ;
The vapours that cease not to rove
Over the blue sky, fleet and pass,
And ever o'er the golden sun
Their shadows run.

She is not in the kingcup mead,
Stooping to whisper to the flowers ;
She is not in the wood
Nursing the primrose bud ;
She doth not mark the blooming hours,
The joy and May she doth not heed ;
Under the church wall in the shade
Her bed is made.

Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast :—

She heard the call, and rose with willing feet :

But thinking it not otherwise than meet

For such a bidding to put on her best,

She is gone from us for a few short hours

Into her bridal closet, there to wait

For the unfolding of the palace gate

That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.

We have not seen her yet ; though we have been

Full often to her chamber door, and oft

Have listened underneath the postern green,

And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft :

But she hath made no answer, and the day

From the clear West is fading fast away.

VI.

The turf is green above thee,
Thou'rt wedded to thy rest,
With the cold damp earth about thee,
And thine arms across thy breast :
The light hath waned around thee,
Wherein thy spirit breathed ;
And thou hast faded from the flowers
With which thy brow was wreathed.

Oh! thou wert mild and beautiful,
A sunbeam in life's showers ;
Thou wert too mild and beautiful
For this dull earth of ours :
So they have taken thee away—
Fair spirits like thine own,
And thou art gone to be with them
In sight of God's high throne.

VII.

Not the springing up of day,
Nor the bright hues of the May,
 Can give me joy now thou art gone ;
Not the singing of the bird
In the purple evening heard ;
 All bright things that seemed my own
 From thy light were shed,
 And with thee have fled.

When I had thee here with me,
Every thing was blest by thee,
 Thou hadst breathed on all around ;
But thou hast past away
From the night and day ;
 Thy voice doth never sound ;
 Thou hast taken of my heart
 Far the better part.

AUGUST 22, 1830.

Oh! when shall this frail tenement of clay
Be emptied by Death's peremptory call,
And its celestial guest be fetched away,
From mortal tenure and corporeal thrall,
A beam, to mingle with the flood of day,
A part to join unto the glorious All?—
When shall the kingly intellect have fled
From this his dull material servitude,
And Thought exalt her long-abasèd head,
With pomp of heavenly majesty endued?
And when shall the affection, here below
Broken by parting in its stream of light,
Dash off the earthly vestiture of woe,
And shine, with everlasting radiance bright?

OCTOBER 30, 1830.

All things are dying round us: days and hours
A multitudinous troop, are passing on:
Winter is fled, and Spring hath shed her flowers,
And Summer's sun was shining, and hath shone:
Autumn was with us, but his work is done:
They all have flitted by, as doth a dream;
And we are verging onward.—'Tis not so:
We name reality but as things seem,
And Truth is hidden from our eyes below.
We live but in the dimness of a sleep:—
Soon shall the veil be rent from certainty,
The spell of Time be loosed from us, and we
Pass out from this incurved and fretful stream
Into the bosom of the tranquil deep.

SONNET.

Out, palsied soul, that dost but tremble ever
In sight of the bright sunshine ;—mine be joy,
And the full heart, and the eye that faileth never
In the glad morning :—I am yet a boy ;—
I have not wandered from the chrystal river
That flowed by me in childhood : my employ
Hath been to take the gift, and praise the Giver :
To love the flowers thy heedless steps destroy.
I wonder if the bliss that flows to me
In youth, shall be exhaled and scorched up dry
By the noonday glare of life : I must not lie
For ever in the shade of childhood's tree :
But I must venture forth and make advance
Along the toiled path of human circumstance.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT A DISTANCE FROM HOME.

My own dear country—thy remembrance comes
Like softly-flowing music on my heart ;
With thy green sunny hills, and happy homes,
And cots rose-bowered, bosomed in dells apart ;
The merry pealings of our village bells
Gush ever and anon upon mine ear ;
And is there not a far-off sound that tells
Of many-voicèd laughter shrill and clear ?
Oh! were I now with thee—to sit and play
Under the hawthorn on the slope o' th' hill,
As I was wont to do ; or pluck all day
The cowslip and the flaunting daffodil,
Till shepherds whistled homeward, and the West
Folded the large sun in her crimson breast.

SONNET.



The sweetest flower that ever saw the light,
The smoothest stream that ever wandered by,
The fairest star upon the brow of night,
Joying and sparkling from his sphere on high,
The softest glances of the stockdove's eye,
The lily pure, the marybud gold-bright,
The gush of song that floodeth all the sky
From the dear flutterer mounted out of sight;—
Are not so pleasure-stirring to the thought,
Not to the wounded soul so full of balm,
As one frail glimpse, by painful straining caught
Along the past's deep mist-enfolded calm,
Of that sweet face, not visibly defined,
But rising clearly on the inner mind.

JULY 9, 1830.

We looked into the silent sky,
We gazed upon thee, lovely Moon :
And thou wert shining clear and bright
In night's unclouded noon.

And it was sweet to stand and think
Amidst the deep tranquillity,
How many eyes at that still hour
Were looking upon thee.

The exile on the foreign shore
Hath stood and turned his eye on thee :
And he hath thought upon his days
Of hope and infancy ;

And he hath said there may be those
Gazing upon thy beauty now,
Who stamped the last, the burning kiss
Upon his parting brow.

The captive in his grated cell
 Hath cast him in thy peering light ;
 And looked on thee, and almost blest
 The solitary night.

The infant slumbereth in his cot,
 And on him is thy liquid beam :
 And shapes of soft and faery light
 Have mingled in his dream.

The sick upon the sleepless bed
 Scared by the dream of wild unrest,
 The fond and mute companionship
 Of thy sweet ray hath blest.

The mourner in thy silver beam
 Hath laid his sad and wasted form :
 And felt that there is quiet there
 To calm his inward storm.

—I looked—and on the eyes I loved,
 A dewy tear was glistening ;
 And since that night, our hope of bliss
 Hath been a sacred thing.

TO A

DROP OF DEW.

Sun-begotten, ocean-born,
Sparkling in the summer morn
Underneath me as I pass
O'er the hill-top on the grass,
All among thy fellow drops
On the speary herbage tops
Round and bright and warm and still
Over all the Northern hill ;
Who may be so blest as thee
Of the sons of men that be ?
Evermore thou dost behold
All the sunset bathed in gold,
Then thou listenest all night long
To the leaves' faint undersong

From two tall dark elms, that rise
Up against the silent skies :
Evermore thou drink'st the stream
Of the chaste moon's purest beam ;
Evermore thou dost espy
Every star that twinkles by ;
Till thou hearest the cock crow
From the barton far below ;
Till thou seest the dawn-streak
From the Eastern night-clouds break ;
Till the mighty king of light
Lifts his unsoiled visage bright,
And his speckled flocks has driven
To batten in the fields of heaven ;
Then thou lightest up thy breast
With the lamp thou lovest best ;
Many rays of one thou makest,
Giving three for one thou takest ;
Love and constancy's best blue,
Sunny warmth of golden hue,
Glowing red, to speak thereby,
Thine affection's ardency :—

Thus rejoicing in his sight,
Made a creature of his light,
Thou art all content to be
Lost in his immensity ;
And the best that can be said
When they ask why thou art fled,
Is that thou art gone to share
With him the empire of the air.

ON SEEING THE FOLLOWING EPITAPH AT
SELWORTHY, WEST SOMERSET.

AUGUST 5, 1882.

This grave's a cradle where an infant lies,
Rockt fast asleepe with Death's sad lullabyes.

Sad lullabyes, dear child—in this sweet spot,
The chime of hourly clock,—the mountain stream
That ever sends up to thy resting place
Its gush of many voices—and the crow
Of matin cock, faint it may be but shrill,
From elm embosomed farms along the dells,—
These are thy lullabyes—who would not sleep
Thus husht and sung to with all sweetest sounds?

And I can stand beside thy cradle, child,
And see yon belt of clouds in silent pomp
Midway the mountain passing slowly on,

Whose beacons top peers over on the vale ;—
 And upward narrowing in thick-timbered dells
 Dark solemn coombs, with wooded buttresses
 Propping his mighty weight—each with its stream,
 Now leaping sportfully from crag to crag,
 Now smoothed in clear black pools—then in the
 vales

Through lanes of bowering foliage glittering on,
 By cots and farms and peaceful villages,
 And meadows brightest green. Who would not sleep
 Rockt in so fair a cradle ?

But that word—

That one word—‘death,’ comes over my sick brain
 Wrapping my vision in a sudden swoon ;
 Blotting the gorgeous pomp of sun and shade,
 Mountain, and wooded cliff, and sparkling stream,
 With a thick dazzling darkness.—Who art thou
 Under this hillock on the mountain side ?
 I love the like of thee with a deep love,
 And therefore called thee dear—thee who art now
 A handful of dull earth. No lullabies
 Hearest thou now, be they or sweet or sad ;

No revelry of streams, no pomp of clouds,
Not the blue top of mountain—nor the woods
Which clothe the steeps, have any joy for thee.

Go to then—tell me not of balmiest rest
In fairest cradle—for I never felt
One half so keenly as I feel it now,
That not the promise of the sweetest sleep
Can make me smile on Death. Yet I do smile,
Because we shall not sleep.

TO THE
STREAM IN WORTHY DELL, NEAR PORLOCK.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

I named thee once the silver thread,
When in the burning summer day
I stept across thy stony bed
Upon my homeward way.

For down an old rock's mossy steep
Thy thin bright stream, as I past by,
Into a calm pool clear and deep
Slid down most peacefully.

But now it is the Autumn eve,
Dark clouds are hurrying through the sky ;
Thy envious waters will not leave
One stone to cross thee by.

And all about that old steep rock
Thy foamy fall doth splash and roar,
Troubling with rude incessant shock
The pool so still before.

Thus happy childhood evermore
Beneath unclouded summer suns
On to its little lucid store
Of joy most calmly runs.

But riper age with restless toil
Ever for ampler pleasures frets;
And oft with infinite turmoil
Troubles the peace it gets.

SONNET.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1832.

This side the brow of yon sea-bounding hill
 There is an alley over-arched with green,
Where thick grown briers entwine themselves at will;
 There, twinkling through the under-flowers, is seen
The ever-shaking ocean far below ;
 And on the upper side, a rocky wall
Where deepest mosses and lithe ivies grow,
 And honeysuckle blooms in clusters fall.
There walked I when I last remembered thee ;
 And all too joyfully came o'er my mind
Moments of pleasure by the Southern sea,
 By our young lives two summers left behind ;
Ah sad-sweet memory—for that very day
The gloom came on which may not pass away.

SONNET.

Lady, I may not but indite to thee
One grateful tribute of my verse, to tell
How sweetly fared my spirit and how well
In the pure air of thy society,
How cheered and how refreshed she back returned
Into this world's thick weary atmosphere ;
And how she hath trimmed up and pointed clear
Her lamps of Faith and Hope that dimly burned.
Because thy talk hath been of Christ, and things
Hid in the bosom of eternal Love :
Because thy soul hath fixed her rest above,
And thither straining with unflagging wings
Pierceth in vision far beyond the ken
Of the proud multitude of reasoning men.

A REMEMBRANCE.

JANUARY 5, 1831.

Ἡμῖν ἡ μάθησις οὐκ ἄλλό τι ἢ ἀνάμνησις τυγχάνει
οὔσα, καὶ κατὰ τοῦτον ἀνάγκη που ἡμᾶς ἐν προτέρῳ τινι
χρόνῳ μεμαθηκέναι ἃ νῦν αναμνησκοῦμεθα.—

PLATO. *Phædo*, §. 47.

Methinks I can remember, when a shade
All soft and flowery was my couch, and I
A little naked child with fair white flesh
And wings all gold-bedropt: and o'er my head
Bright fruits were hanging, and tall balmy shrubs
Shed odorous gums around me; and I lay
Sleeping and waking in that wondrous air,
Which seemed infused with glory—and each breeze
Bore, as it wandered by, sweet melodies,

But whence I knew not:—one delight was there,
 Whether of feeling or of sight or touch
 I know not now—which is not on this earth,
 Something all glorious and all beautiful
 Of which our language speaketh not, and which
 Flies from the eager graspings of my thought,
 As doth the shade of a forgotten dream.
 All knowledge had I; but I cared not then
 To search into my soul and draw it thence:
 The blessed creatures that around me played
 I knew them all, and where their resting was,
 And all their hidden symmetries I knew,
 And how the form is linked unto the soul,
 I knew it all; but thought not on it then,
 I was so happy.

And upon a time

I saw an army of bright beamy shapes,
 Fair-faced and rosy-cinctured and gold-winged,
 Approach upon the air: they came to me;
 And from a chrysal chalice silver-brimmed
 Put sparkling potion to my lips, and stood
 All round me in the many-blooming shade,

Shedding into the centre where I lay
 A mingling of soft light; and then they sung
 Songs of the land they dwelt in: and the last
 Lingereth even till now upon mine ear.

Holy and blest
 Be the calm of thy rest,
 For thy chamber of sleep
 Shall be dark and deep;
 They will dig thee a tomb
 In the dark deep womb,
 In the warm dark womb.

Spread ye, spread the dewy mist around him,
 Spread ye, spread, till the thick dark night sur-
 round him,

Till the dark long night hath bound him,
 Which bindeth all before their birth
 Down upon the nether earth.

The first cloud is beamy and bright,
 The next cloud is mellowed in light,
 The third cloud is dim to the sight,
 And it stretcheth away into gloomy night:

Twine ye, twine the mystic threads around him,
 Twine ye, twine—till the fast firm fate surround him,
 Till the firm cold fate hath bound him,
 Which bindeth all before their birth
 Down upon the nether earth.
 The first thread is beamy and bright,
 The next thread is mellowed in light,
 The third thread is dim to the sight,
 And it stretcheth away into gloomy night:—

Sing ye, sing the spirit song around him,
 Sing ye, sing till the dull warm sleep surround him,
 Till the warm damp sleep hath bound him,
 Which bindeth all before their birth
 Down upon the nether earth.
 The first dream is beamy and bright,
 The next dream is mellowed in light,
 The third dream is dim to the sight,
 And it stretcheth away into gloomy night:—

Holy and blest
 Is the calm of thy rest,
 For thy chamber of sleep
 Is dark and deep ;

They have dug thee a tomb
In the dark deep womb,
The warm dark womb.

Then dimness past upon me: and that song
Was sounding o'er me when I woke again
To be a pilgrim on the nether earth.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE RECTORY OF VALEHEAD.

MAY 27, 1852.

There is a sweet well-spring of purity
In the holy heart, whereout unceasing flow
Its living waters, freshening as they go
The weary deserts of humanity :
There is a spirit in words, which doth express
Celestial converse and divine employ ;
A surface of unbroken gentleness
With an under-current of deep-running joy.
I closed thy holy book this sabbath morn ;
And it hath spread like billow-calming oil
Upon my spirit, in the loud turmoil
Of ever-striving passions tempest-worn ;—
Thy Master's peace be thine, even as thou hast
Over this soul a holy quiet cast.

DECEMBER 11, 1832.

We cannot weep, nor feel as we have felt
For aught in sorrow: thou art all too calm
And solemn-silent on thy bed of death ;—
And that white sunken face hath never a sign
To make of aught disquieted within.
'Tis a most awful thing, that face of thine
Seared with the traces which the soul hath left,—
The settlement from all the stir of life,
The fixed conclusion of all modes of thought,
The final impress of all joys and cares :—
We dare not whisper when we look on thee ;
We scarce can breathe our breath when thou art by ;
Dread image of the majesty of Man !



Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun :
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun :
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue ;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying,
At thine hour of rest :
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek ;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone :
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Shone on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

STANZAS TO THE SEA.

COMPOSED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF PORLOCK,

AUGUST, 1832.

Who shall declare the secret of thy birth,
Thou old companion of the circling earth?
And having reached with keen poetic sight
Ere beast or happy bird
Through the vast silence stirred,
Roll back the folded darkness of the primal night?

Corruption-like, thou teemedst in the graves
Of mouldering systems, with dark weltering waves
Troubling the peace of the first mother's womb;
Whose ancient awful form
With inly-tossing storm
Unquiet heavings kept—a birth-place and a tomb.

Till the life-giving Spirit moved above
 The face of the waters, with creative love
 Warming the hidden seeds of infant light :
 What time the mighty word
 Through thine abyss was heard,
 And swam from out thy deeps the young day hea-
 venly bright.

Thou and the earth, twin-sisters as they say,
 In the old prime were fashioned in one day ;
 And therefore thou delightest evermore
 With her to lie and play
 The summer hours away,
 Curling thy loving ripples up her quiet shore.

She is a married matron long ago
 With nations at her side ; her milk doth flow
 Each year ; but thee no husband dares to tame ;
 Thy wild will is thine own,
 Thy sole and virgin throne—
 Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee;—
 O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea
 Heaven's two great lights for ever set and rise;
 While the round vault above
 In vast and silent love
 Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
 Counting the weary minutes all alone:
 Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie
 Deep-blue, ere yet the sun
 His day-work hath begun,
 Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

The Spirit of the mountain looks on thee
 Over an hundred hills: quaint shadows flee
 Across thy marbled mirror: brooding lie
 Storm-mists of infant cloud
 With a sight-baffling shroud
 Mantling the grey-blue islands in the Western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
 Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
 Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast :
 Whose stiff breath whistling shrill
 Pierces with deadly chill
 The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

Foam-white along the border of the shore
 Thine onward-leaping billows plunge and roar ;
 While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
 Cloaked figures, dim and gray
 Through the thick mist of spray,
 Watchers for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

—Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
 Time's childhood, and Time's age thou hast beheld ;
 His arm is feeble, and his eye is dim :
 He tells old tales again—
 He wearies of long pain :—
 Thou art as at the first—thou journiedst not with him.

BALLAD.

—

The Baron is back from his hawking come,
At the close of the summer's day :
But the spots of red blood danced over his eyes
That he might not see the play—
And the heavy deep bells were tolling.

The Baron is back to his banquet come,
And hath sat him down to dine ;
But his thoughts they ran on the red red blood
That he might not taste the wine—
And the heavy deep bells were tolling.

Now where were ye, sister, when I rode by,
For ye were not in your bower :—
Oh I was chasing a bright butterfly
That flew from flower to flower—
Where the summer rose-buds were blowing.



And where were ye, sister, when I rode back,
 For ye were not in your hall :—
 Oh I was watching the large sun set
 From off the castle wall—
 When the yellow wall-flowers were closing.

But where were ye, sister, at mid of night,
 For ye were not laid asleep :—
 Oh I looked for love of the pale round moon
 In the moat so still and deep—
 When the loud night-birds were singing.

The Baron looked over the castle trees
 At the turning of the sun ;
 And that Lady wailed and tossed her hands
 As she would never have done—
 For her own true-love she's weeping.

The Baron looked over the dim church-yard
 As the moon was on the wane ;
 And that Lady lay by a new-turned grave,
 She may rise never again—
 With her own true-love she's sleeping.

—Now up, thou Baron of Taunton tower,
To the holy cloister flee ;
For thou hast slain the truest pair
In all the West countree.
And the heavy deep bells are tolling.

UNDER A PORTRAIT OF NELSON.

Thou falledst—but thou art not fled—
Thy spirit is but scattered,
And of thy mighty soul a part
Liveth in each true British heart ;
And when along the Ocean brine
The beacon-wisp of war shall shine,
Then British chiefs and British men
Shall rise and build thee up again.

A DOUBT.

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.—WORDSWORTH.

I know not how the right may be:—
But I give thanks whene'er I see
Down in the green slopes of the West
Old Glastonbury's towered crest.

I know not how the right may be:—
But I have oft had joy to see
By play of chance my road beside
The cross on which the Saviour died.

I know not how the right may be:—
But I loved once a tall elm tree
Because between its boughs on high
That cross was opened on the sky.

I know not how the right may be :—
But I have shed strange tears to see,
Passing an unknown town at night,
In some warm chamber full of light
A mother and two children fair
Kneeling with lifted hands at prayer.

I know not how it is—my boast
Of reason seems to dwindle down ;
And my mind seems down-argued most
By forced conclusions not her own.

I know not how it is—unless
Weakness and strength are near allied ;
And joys which most the spirit bless
Are furthest off from earthly pride.

SONNET.

Colonos ! can it be that thou hast still
Thy laurel and thine olive and thy vine ?
Do thy close-feathered nightingales yet trill
Their warbles of thick-sobbèd song divine ?
Does the gold-sheen o' the crocus o'er thee shine,
And the dew-fed clusters of the daffodil,
And round thy flowery knots Cephisus twine,
Aye oozing up with many a bubbling rill ?
O might I stand beside thy leafy knoll
In sight o' the far-off city towers, and see
The faithful-hearted pure Antigone
Toward the dread precinct leading sad and slow
That awful temple of a kingly soul
Lifted to heaven by unexampled woe.

FRAGMENTS FROM SAPPHO.

I.

Hesperus, thou bringest near
All that garish day
Scattered far away:
Thou bringest back the sheep,
Thou bringest back the goat,
Thou bringest back the children to their mother
dear.

II.

Sweet mother mine, I cannot weave my web,
For I am faint with deep desire
For thinking of the youth I love.

III.

Full-faced in the sky the moon was shining,
The maidens were standing round the altar.

IV.

All the stars that cluster around the moonlight
Back from sight their glittering faces cover,
Whensoever the earth at the full she lightens.

V.

Thou shalt lie in the grave: never of thee mention
or memory
Men shall hold in the long ages to come. Thou
hast inherited
No Pierian flowers: down in the dark house of
forgetfulness
Thou shalt go with the dim ghosts of the dead,
flitting and vanishing.

FRAGMENTS FROM ALCÆUS.



I.

The air-god raineth: through the sky
Comes down the tempest mightily ;
The streams are thick with solid ice :
* * * * *
Keep down the winter ;—pile up more
Upon the fire, and largely pour
The honey-mellowed wine ;
And round our temples let the soft wool twine.

II.

Dark-tressèd, chaste, and mildly-smiling Sappho.

THE
GREENLANDER TO HIS DEAD REINDEER;

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

CHRISTMAS, 1821. *

Nevermore on hills of snow
Shall we two together go,
 My Reindeer ;
Nevermore the snow thou'lt paw,
All in haste my sledge to draw,
 My Reindeer.

Nevermore along the bright
Snowy wildernesses white,
By the dazzling Northern light,
Shall we homeward go at night,
 My Reindeer.

* The two last stanzas have been added since.

Underneath the snow full deep
Long ago my children sleep ;—
I could not their mother keep ;—
When they went I did but weep,
My Reindeer ;

Then together thou and I
Slid along full merrily,
When the sun was in the sky,
When the lights were dancing high ;—
Now all stiff I see thee lie,
What have I to do but die,
My Reindeer.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

OCTOBER 30, 1830.

'Tis just the moment when Time hangs in doubt
Between the parting and the coming day :
The deep clock tolleth twelve—and its full tide
Of swelling sound pours out upon the wind :
The bright cold stars are glittering from the sky,
And one of large light, fairer than the rest,
Looks through yon screen of leaf-deserted limes.

Not undelightful are the trains of thought
That usher in my midnights. Thou art there
Whom my soul loveth ; in that calm still hour
Thy image floats before mine inward eye,
Placid as is the season, wrapt in sleep,
And heaving gently with unconscious breath

While thy bright guardian watches at thy head,
Unseen of mortal, through the nightly hours,
Active against intrusion on thy mind
Of aught unholy: careful to preserve
The sanctuary of thy spirit swept and pure
For early worship when thine eyelids wake.
Sleep softly, and wake softly!—may thy dreams
Be all of heaven, as mine are all of thee!

M A R I A N.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL RECORD.

The Spring is coming round—the buds have burst,
And on the coppice-path, and in the bower
The leaping spray of sunlight leaf-inwrought
Sports to the gentle bidding of the breeze:
And far away into the inner grove
Bright green, the mosses cluster on the stems,
Till where the thickest arbour doth embower
Sweet solitary flowers of meekest eye,
That dwell for ever with the silent dews.

No one is here, my sister—no one else
But thou and I—so I may tell my thoughts,
Now thou hast picked thy apron full of flowers,
For I have much to tell.

Along the East
The clear pale light o' the morn is brooding still ;

And down our favourite path, on either side,
 The little leaves are glittering in the sun ;
 So we will talk away the morning tide
 Under the soft bright April. Let us sit
 Together on that slope, where cluster thick
 The full-blown primroses, and playfully
 The tender-drooping wood-anemones
 Toss to the breeze in turn their silver bells.

'Tis long since we were free to while away
 So many hours in converse : and I feel
 Strange yearnings to pour out my inner soul,
 To open forth unto thee all the stores
 Whereby my spirit hath been furnishèd
 For the great war with evil.

Few have lived
 As we have lived, sweet sister : our young life
 Was but a summer's frolic : we have been
 Like two babes skipping hand in hand along
 A sunny bank on flowers. The busy world
 Goes on around us, and its multitudes
 Pass by me, and I look them in the face,

But cannot read such meaning, as I read
 In thine, dear Marian:—and thou too dost move
 Among them for a season, but returnest
 With a light step and smiles, to our old seats,
 Our quiet walks, our solitary bower.
 Some we love well—the early presences
 That were first round us,—and the silvery tones
 Of those most far away and dreamy voices
 That sounded all about us at the dawn
 Of our young life—these, as the world of things
 Sets in upon our being like a tide,
 Keep with us, and are ever uppermost.
 And some there are, tall, beautiful, and wise,
 Whose step is heavenward, and whose souls have past
 Out from the nether darkness, and been born
 Into a new and glorious universe,
 Who speak of things to come;—but there is that
 In thy soft eye and long-accustomed voice
 Would win me from them all.

For evermore

Our thoughts have grown together in one mould:—
 All through the seasons of our infancy

The same hills rose about us—the same trees,
 Now bare, now sprinkled with the tender leaf,
 Now thick with full dark foliage—the same church,
 Our own dear village church, has seen us pray,
 In the same seat, with hands claspt side by side,—
 And we have sung together ;—and have walked
 Full of one thought, along the homeward lane ;
 And so were we built upwards for the trial
 That on my walls hath fallen unsparingly,
 Shattering their frail foundations ; and which thou
 Hast yet to look for,—but hast found the help
 Which then I knew not—rest thee firmly there !

When first I issued forth into the world,
 Oh I remember well—that very morn
 When we rose long before the accustomed hour
 By the faint taper-light ;—and by that gate
 We just now swung behind us carelessly,
 I gave thee the last kiss :—I travelled on,
 Giving my mind up to the world without,
 Which poured in strange ideas of strange things,
 New towns, new churches, new inhabitants :—
 And ever and anon some happy child

Beneath a rose-trailed porch played as I past :
And then the thought of thee swept through my soul,
And made the hot drops stand in either eye.
And so I travelled—till between two hills,
Two turf-enamelled mounds of brightest green,
Stretched the blue limit of the distant sea,
Unknown to me before:—then with strange joy,
Forgetting all, I gazed upon that sea,
Till I could see the white waves leaping up,
And all my heart leapt with them:—so I past
Southward—and neared that wilderness of waves,
And stopt upon its brink ; and when the even
Spread out upon the sky unusual clouds,
I sat me down upon a wooded cliff
Watching the earth's last daylight fade away,
Till that the dim wave far beneath my feet
Did make low moanings to the infant moon,
And the lights twinkled out along the shore ;—
Then I looked upwards—and I saw the stars,
Sirius, Orion, and the Northern wain,
And the seven Sisters, and the beacon-flame
Of bright Arcturus—every one the same
As when I shewed them thee.—“ But yesternight,”

I said, "she gazed with me upon those stars;—
 Why did we not agree to look on them
 Both at one moment every starlight night,
 And think that the same star beheld us both?"

But I shall weary thee—that very night,
 As I past shorewards under the dark hills,
 I made a vow that I would live on love,
 Even the love of thee;—this all my faith,
 My only creed, my only refuge this.
 So day past after day: and every one
 Gave me a fainter image of thy face,
 Till thou wert vanished quite: nor could I then,
 No not with painful strain of memory,
 Bring back one glimpse of thy lost countenance.
 Then I would sit and try to hear thy voice,—
 And catch and lose its tones successively;
 Till that too left me; till the very words
 Which thou hadst written had no trace of thee,—
 But it was pain to see them. So my soul
 Self-bound and self-tormented, lingered on,
 Evermore vainly striving after love,
 Which evermore fled from her—till at last

She ceased to strive, and sunk a lifeless lump,
 No sense, no vigour, dead to all around,
 But most to thee—meanwhile the golden hours
 Of life flowed on apace—but weary seemed
 The universe of toil—w weary the day—
 I had no joy but sleep, rare visitant
 Of my lone couch.

What times of purest joy
 Were then my brief returns—what greetings then,
 What wanderings had we on our native slopes ;
 What pleasant mockings of the tearful past.—
 And I remember well, one summer's night,
 A clear soft silver moonlight, thou and I
 Sat a full hour together silently,
 Looking abroad into the pure pale heaven.—
 Perchance thou hast forgotten : but my arm
 Was on thy shoulder, and thy clustering locks
 Hung lightly on my hand, and thy dear eye
 Glistened beside my forehead :—and at length
 Thou saidst, “ ’Tis time we went to rest;” and then
 We rose and parted for the night : no words
 But those were spoken, and we never since

Have told each other of that moment. Oft
 Has it come o'er me,—and I oft have thought
 Of sharing it with thee : but my resolve
 Has been spread over with a thousand things
 Of various import—till this April morn—
 And we have shared it now.

But soon again

I left my home ;—there was no beauty now
 Of lands new seen—but the same dreary road
 Which bore me from thee first—I had no joy
 In looking on the ocean—and full sad,
 With inward frettings and unrest, I reached
 That steep-built village on the Southern shore.

Sometimes I wandered down the wooded dells
 That sloped into the sea ;—and sat me down
 On piles of rocks, in a most private place,
 Not without melody of ancient stream
 Down-dripping from steep sides of brightest moss,
 And tumbling onwards through the dark ravine ;
 While the lithe branches of the wizard elm
 Dangled athwart the deep blue crystalline.—

Marian, the memory comes o'er me now
 Like life upon a long entrancèd corpse ;—
 I knew not then aught of that inner soul
 That giveth life to Beauty—knew not then
 How moments of most painful vacancy,
 In Beauty's presence, print their footmarks deep
 On the soul's pathways—and how glory and light
 Shine from them at a distance ;—how we gather
 Our treasures in the shade, and know them not
 Till they steal lustre from the living sun,
 Flattering the new-born vision of our souls
 With richest stores of unprovided joy.

Sometimes I sat and strove to gather hope
 Out of the blank cold future : but the years
 Of onward life grew darker as I looked ;—
 I saw sad shapes mustered along the path
 Beckoning with silent finger : and young hopes
 That bloomed most delicately, stretched clay-cold
 And ghastly pale upon the earth : and then
 Hot tears burst from me : and my sinful soul
 Wept herself dry in utter solitude.

Tears may not wash away the spirit's stain :
 The soul that sitteth down in dreariness
 Telling her sorrow to herself alone
 Is not the purest ; for the very sting
 Of the heart's bitterness hath power to spread
 Most pestilent corruption ; and its wound
 Festereth within untended. Sin is a fire
 Self-hated, self-tormenting ; a wild pest
 Of rabid flame, that roareth to be quenched,
 And may not but in blood. Sin will have blood ;
 And if it find it not, will wrench abroad
 The very heart that holds it, and will dip
 Its hissing fangs deep in the purple stream,
 Tainting the very issues of all life
 With foul black drops of death ; and not so quenched
 Feed on the young supplies of vital joy,
 Scorching the inner fountains of the soul.

But, like the sunrise on the dark wild sea,
 There rose upon my spirit a great light :—
 I was like one fast fettered in a cave
 Before whose dull and night-accustomed eyes

Some naphtha-fire up-flaring from behind
 Marshalls strange shadows on the rifted vault ;*
 Till there came by one of mild countenance
 And beautiful apparel, at whose touch
 My chains fell round me, and I followed on
 Up rugged steeps into the outer day :
 But so sight-blasting was that lurid night,
 That the clear light was all too pure for me,
 The gentle moon too beautiful : but soon
 I shall look forth undazzled ; and ere long
 With purified and unclouded sight
 Gaze the broad sunshine in his place on high.

— ‘ She hath loved much, and therefore is
 forgiven : ’

Then love is first ; and in the sleep of sin
 Come sudden startlings of brief consciousness,
 And breaks in the dull slumber, as from sounds
 Of sweetest music, that give instant joy,
 But mix the after-dreams with strange regret.
 As one who wandering in the summer night
 Is ware of sudden light, and looking up

* Plato *Repub.* book vii. §. 1.

Betwixt Orion and the Pleiades

Sees pass along a trail of white star-fire

That fades upon the night and leaves no trace ;

One moment he rejoices, but the next

His soul is sad, because he is alone :—

Or (for we love to chase similitude

Into its close recesses, when we speak

Of things but shadowed forth and half-defined)

Like one who hath seen play across his path

A glimmer of faint lightning,—and stands still

Breathlessly waiting till the deep long moan

Of far-off thunder from a low-hung cloud

Hath died into the air : then sets he forth

By slopes of bright green larch, and hedge-rows sweet

With thickest roses, to the cottaged knoll

Where gleams against the blackness pinnacled

From out its elms his light tall village tower.

What can be purer than a soul forgiven ?

He who hath never fallen, may err perchance

In the admission of a vague desire :

But when the spirit hath come out from thrall

Into the upper air of liberty,
 She hath no backward longings, but looks on
 Up the steep pathways of unfolding light.
 Knowest thou not that it is sweetest far
 After the languid pulse and sunken eye
 To go abroad beneath the sunny heaven,
 Freely to breathe, and feel through all the frame
 The indifference of justly-balanced health ?

It may be that all evil teems with good ;—
 It may be that the sorrows of this state
 Are but the birth-pangs of a glorious life,—
 And all the hindrances of mortal flesh
 A grosser matter that shall polish off,
 Brightening the silver which it erst obscured.

But stay we here—for we may search no more :
 The heart is deeper than the power of words :
 And language many-voiced doth not suffice
 For all the combinations of pure thought ;—
 Even in the reasonings of the over-wise
 Speech hath a limit which she may not pass ;
 Then how much rather, when we talk of Love.

I have been somewhat cruel to thy flowers ;
For I have cheated them of a few days
Of modest pride—they might have lived perchance
Hung round our shady arbour, duly fed
From the evening water-pot;—or for quaint shew
Stuck deftly among leaves that knew them not,
Puzzled the after-thoughts of passers-by.
Their bloom is shed ; but I have fetched for thee
Flowers blooming in the inner grove of thought,
Sweet nurslings of a never-fading spring ;
The sunshine trophies of a victory
Fought for in frosts and darkness, and achieved
Only by light from heaven to see my foes.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

COMPOSED ON A WINTER MORNING OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY,

DECEMBER 26, 1832.

Methinks my spirit is too free
To come before thy presence high,
Obtruding on the earth and sky
Aught but their solemn joy at greeting thee ;
Methinks I should confess
Some awe, at standing in the way
Of this thy pomp at birth of day,
Troubling thy sole unrivalled kingliness.

Glorious Conqueror, unfolding
Over the purple distance
Thy might beyond resistance
Upon the charmèd earth: that waits beholding

The fulness of thy glory, ere she dare
 To tell thee she rejoices
 With all her myriad voices,
 Too modest-meek thy first-born joys to share.

As the mingled blazing
 Of a pomp of armèd bands,
 Over a strait into other lands,
 Gladdens the sea-boy from the cliff-side gazing ;
 Watching the dazzling triumph pass,
 Rolling onward deep and bright
 With shifting waves of light,
 From floating of crimson banners, and horns of
 wreathèd brass ;

As the beacon to that scout of old
 Searching the benighted sky
 With watch-wearied eye,
 Brought sudden gratulation manifold ;
 Bridging all the furrowed waves between
 Ida and Athos, and the Lemnian steep,
 And Ægiplanctus, and the deep
 Roll of the bay of Argos, with a track of sheen ;

So joyous on this Eastward-fronting lawn
 After the keen-starred night
 The lifting of thy light
 Fulfilleth all the promise of the dawn ;
 Like the bursting of a golden flood
 Now flowing onward fast
 Over the dewy slopes, now cast
 Among flushed stems on yonder bank of wood.

With such a pomp methinks thou didst arise
 When hand in hand divinely fair
 The fresh-awakened pair
 Stood gazing from thick-flowered Paradise :
 Uncertain whether thou wert still the same
 They saw sink down at night,
 Or some great new-created light,
 Or the glory of some Seraph as he downward came.

Thus didst thou rise that first unclouded morn
 Over the waters blank and still,
 When on the Assyrian hill
 Rested the ark, and the new world was born :

And when upon the strange unpeopled land,
 With hands outspread and lifted eyes
 Stood round the primal sacrifice,
Under a bright-green mount, the Patriarchal band.

With seven-fold glory thou shalt usher in
 The new and mighty birth
 Of the latter earth ;
With seven days' light that morning shall begin,
Waking new songs and many an Eden-flower ;
 While over the hills and plains shall rise
 Bright groups, and saintly companies,
And never a cloud shall blot thee—never a tempest
 hour.

SONNETS,

SUGGESTED IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND,

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1832.

I.INTRODUCTORY.

If thou would'st find what holiest men have sought,
Communion with the power of Poesy,
Empty thy mind of all unquiet thought,—
Lay bare thy spirit to the vaulting sky
And the glory of the sunshine : go and stand
Where nodding briers sport with the water-break,
Or by the plashings of a moonlight creek,—
Or breast the wind upon some jutting land :—
The most unheeded things have influences
That sink into the soul ; in after-hours

We oft are tempted suddenly to dress

The tombs of half-forgotten moods with flowers :
Our own choice mocks us ;—and the sweetest themes
Come to us without call, wayward as dreams.

II.

BURTON PYNSENT, SOMERSET,

JUNE 5, 1832.

How bare and bright thou sinkest to thy rest
Over the burnished line o' the Severn-sea!
While somewhat of thy power thou buriest
In ruddy mists, that we may look on thee:
And while we stand and wonder, we may see
Far mountain-tops in visible glory drest,
Where 'twixt yon purple hills the sight is free
To search the regions of the dim North-west.
But shadowy bars have crossed thee—suddenly
Thou'rt fallen among strange clouds;—yet not
the less
Thy presence know we by the radiancy
That doth thy shroud with golden fringes dress;
Even as hidden Love to the faithful eye
Brightens the edges of obscure distress.

III.

ON SEEING OUR FAMILY VAULT.

—

This lodging is well chosen ;—for 'tis near
The fitful sighing of those chesnut trees ;—
And every Sabbath morning it can hear
The swelling of the hymnèd melodies :
And the low booming of the funeral bell
Shall murmur through the dark and vaulted room,
Waking its solemn echoes but to tell
That one more soul is gathered to its home.
There we shall lie beneath the trodden stone :—
Oh none can tell how dreamless and how deep
Our peace will be—when the last earth is thrown,—
The last notes of the music fallen asleep,—
The mourners past away,—the tolling done,—
The last chink closed, and the long dark begun.

IV.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.



Could I for once be so in love with gloom
As to leave off with cold mortality—
To finish with the deep peace of the tomb,
And the sealed darkness of the withering eye?
And could I look on thee, thou calm retreat,
And never once think of the joyous morn,
Which bursting through the dark, our eyes shall greet
With heavenly sunshine on the instant born?
O glorious time, when we shall wake at length
After life's tempest under a clear sky,
And count our band, and find with keenest joy
None wanting—love preserved in all its strength;—
And with fresh beauty hand in hand shall rise,
A link in the bright chain of ransomed families.

V.

THE MENDIP HILLS OVER WELLS.

APRIL, 1831.



How grand beneath the feet that company
Of steep gray roofs and clustering pinnacles
Of the massy fane, brooding in majesty
Above the town that spreads among the dells!
Hark! the deep clock unrolls its voice of power;
And sweetly-mellowed sound of chiming bells
Calling to prayer from out the central tower
Over the thickly-timbered hollow dwells.
Meet worship-place for such a glorious stretch
Of sunny prospect—for these mighty hills,
And that dark solemn Tor, and all that reach
Of bright-green meadows, laced with silver rills,
Bounded by ranges of pale blue, that rise
To where white strips of sea are traced upon the skies.

VI.

GLASTONBURY.

APRIL, 1831.



On thy green marge, thou vale of Avalon,
Not for that thou art crowned with ancient towers
And shafts and clustered pillars many an one,
Love I to dream away the sunny hours ;
Not for that here in charmèd slumber lie
The holy reliques of that British king
Who was the flower of knightly chivalry,
Do I stand blest past power of uttering ;—
But for that on thy cowslip-sprinkled sod
Alit of old the olive-bearing bird,
Meek messenger of purchased peace with God ;
And the first hymns that Britain ever heard
Arose, the low preluding melodies
To the sweetest anthem that hath reached the skies.

VII.

RECOLLECTION OF WORDSWORTH'S "RUTH."



Here are the brows of Quantock, purple-clad
With lavish heath-bloom : there the banks of Tone :
Where is that woman love-forlorn and sad,
Piping her flute of hemlock all alone ?
I hear the Quantock woodmen whistling home—
The sunset flush is over Dunkery :—
I fear me much that she hath ceased to roam
Up the steep path, and lie beneath the tree.
I always fancied I should hear in sooth
That music—but it sounds not :—wayward tears
Are filling in mine eyes for thee, poor Ruth—
I had forgotten all the lapse of years
Since thy deep griefs were hallowed by the pen
Of that most pure of poesy-gifted men.

VIII.

CULBONE, SOMERSET.

AUGUST 17, 1832.

Half way upon the cliff I musing stood
O'er thy sea-fronting hollow, while the smoke
Curled from thy cottage-chimnies through the wood
And brooded on the steeps of glooming oak ;
Under a dark green buttress of the hill
Looked out thy lowly house of sabbath-prayer ;
The sea was calm below : only thy rill
Talked to itself upon the quiet air.
Yet in this quaint and sportive-seeming dell
Hath through the silent ages that are gone
A stream of human things been passing on,
Whose unrecorded story none may tell,
Nor count the troths in that low chancel given,
And souls from yonder cabin fled to heaven.

IX.

LINN CLEEVE, NEAR LINTON, DEVON.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1832.

This onward-deepening gloom—this hanging path
Over the Linn that soundeth mightily,
Foaming and tumbling on, as if in wrath
That aught should bar its passage to the sea,—
These sundered walls of rock, tier upon tier
Built darkly up into the very sky,
Hung with thick woods, the native haunt of deer
And sheep that browze the dizzy slopes on high,—
All half-unreal to my fancy seem,—
For opposite my crib, long years ago,
Were pictured just such rocks, just such a stream,
With just this height above, and depth below ;
Even this jutting crag I seem to know—
As when some sight calls back a half-forgotten dream.

X.

WATERS-MEET, NEAR LINTON.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1832.

RECOLLECTION OF HOMER.

Even thus, methinks, in some Ionian isle,
Yielding his soul to unrecorded joy,
Beside a fall like this lingered awhile
On briery banks that wondrous Minstrel-boy ;
Long hours there came upon his vacant ear
The rushing of the river, till strange dreams
Fell on him, and his youthful spirit clear
Was dwelt on by the Power of voiceful streams.
Thenceforth begun to grow upon his soul
The sound and force of waters ; and he fed
His joy at many an ancient river's head,
And echoing caves, and thunder, and the roll
Of the wakeful ocean,—till the day when he
Poured forth that stream divine of mighty Melody.

XI.

NEAR TAUNTON.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

How soothing is that sound of far-off wheels
Under the golden sheen o' th' harvest-moon :
In the shade-chequered road it half reveals
A homeward-wending group, with hearts in tune
To thankful merriment ;—father and boy,
And maiden with her gleanings on her head ;—
And the last waggon's rumble heard with joy
In the kitchen with the ending-supper spread.
But while I listening stand, the sound hath ceased ;
And hark! from many voices lustily
The harvest-home, the prelude to the feast,
In measured bursts is pealing loud and high ;—
Soon all is still again beneath the bright
Full moon, that guides me home this Autumn night.

SACRED PIECES.

**ON THE
SIGN OF THE CROSS IN BAPTISM.**

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain :

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high :

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own :
And may the brow that wears his Cross,
Hereafter share his crown.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and our strength
When trouble's hour is near :
A very present help is he,
Therefore we will not fear :

Although the pillars of the earth
Shall clean removèd be :
The very mountains carried forth
And cast into the sea :

Although the waters rage and swell
So that the earth shall shake ;
Yea, and the solid mountain roots
Shall with the tempest quake :

There is a river which makes glad
The city of our God ;
The tabernacle's holy place
Of the Most High's abode.

The Lord is in the midst of her,
Removed she shall not be,
Because the Lord our God himself
Shall help her speedily.

The heathen lands make much ado,
The kingdoms join the fray ;
But God hath shewèd forth his voice,
And the earth shall melt away.

The Lord of hosts our refuge is
When trouble's hour is near ;
The God of Jacob is with us,
Therefore we will not fear.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Babylon streams we sat us down and wept,
When we remembered Zion mournfully ;
As for our harps, we hanged them up
Upon the willow trees that grew thereby.

Then they that led us captive asked of us
A song, and melody in our dreary day ;
Come sing us one of Zion's songs—
How can we sing the Lord's song far away ?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her best employ ;
Let my tongue cleave unto my mouth,
If I prefer not thee to all my joy.

Remember, Lord, remember Edom's sons,
How they stood round and shouted in their mirth,
At the dark day of Jerusalem—
Down with it, down with it, even to the earth.

Daughter of Babylon, thy doom is sealed—

Yea, happy he who deals thee recompense ;

And dasheth down upon the stones

With ruthless hands thy helpless innocents.

AN ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

When the thing thou lovest is not one
That thou canst beg a blessing on ;
When the thing thou lovest puts a screen
Thy heart and thy heart's Christ between ;
When the love thou lovest makes thee spare
To open all thine heart in prayer ;
When the thing thou lovest draws thy love
To earth beneath from heaven above,
Love not the world.

When what thou fearest while abroad,
Thou didst not fear alone with God ;
When the fear thou fearest doth not seem
A portion of thy fear for Him ;
When what thou fearest makes thee shame
To glory in thy Saviour's name ;
When the fear thou fearest makes thee slow
Sin to rebuke in friend or foe,
Fear not the world.

When the love thou lovest doth but make
Part of thy debt for Jesus' sake ;
When the thing thou lovest helpeth thee
The glory of thy God to see ;
When what thou lovest feedeth thee
With holy sweet society ;
When what thou lovest here below
Shall with thee to thy Saviour go,
Then thou mayest love.

When what thou fearest audibly
God's spirit urges thee to flee ;
When the fear thou fearest doth appear
Courage to be rather than fear ;
When, while thou fearest, thou canst say,
' My weakness on God's strength I stay ;'
When though thou fearest thou canst be
God's soldier at God's victory,
Then thou mayest fear.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN AN INTERVAL OF MELANCHOLY FOREBODING

RESPECTING THE CHURCH.

Herbert and Crashaw, and that other name
 Now dear as those, of him beneath whose eye
 Arose* "the second Temple's" honoured frame
 After a carnal dark captivity,—
 These are remembrances of promise high,
 That set our smouldering energies on flame
 To dare for our Mother, and if need to die,
 Sooner than blot her reverend cheek with shame.
 Oh England, England! there hath twined among
 The woof of all thy gloomiest destinies
 A golden thread: a sound of sweetest song
 Hath cheered thee under sad and threatening skies;
 But thou hast revelled in the calm too long—
 And waxest all unmindful where thy safety lies.

* See the conclusion of "The Rectory of Valehead;" also, that of the Sermon "on the Fortunes of the Church" in "The Church of God, a series of Sermons."

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