

GOD'S



PARABLE

OF

SUSANNA

MASSEY

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GOD'S PARABLE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

SUSANNA MASSEY



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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SUSANNA MASSEY

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DEDICATION.

O SPIRIT-EYES kindle once more in love !
O spirit-fingers clasp mine close again,
Thou Presence, once my joy all joys above !
Be with me now, as then !

Mother ! to thee this book I dedicate,
And all of good which springs from life of mine,
Unto thy blessed Memory I consecrate ;
For all my best is thine !

And if for me such perfect bliss there be,
That one day heart to heart we twain shall stand,
May I thy pure eyes meet in purity,
And touch thy dear, dear hand !

PREFACE.

IF it be true that "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread," then we luckless rhymsters in these days should beware how we rush into print.

However, these verses, written from time to time in many a wandering by sea and land, are now offered simply as a tribute to the memory of one, to whose sweet influence is due whatever merit they may possess, and in the humble hope that, like her, they may bring some sunshine into sunless hearts.

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SUSANNA MASSEY.

PHILADELPHIA, *January, 1895.*

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Go, little book, like leaf upon the stream,
Thou needs must float on as the ripples run,
To where the ocean's far faint starry beam
Out-broadens to the sun.

Perchance, caught in some branch or tangled nook,
Thou ne'er shalt win that far-off shining main,
Yet if one heart hath found thee, little book,
Thou hast not lived in vain ;

If thou hast brought a smile to lips stern set,
Or whispered hope above the Grave of Grief,
Or dried the tears in eyes thro' vigils wet,
Or made long waiting, brief !

We that have loved thee, fain would wish thee well,
A peaceful journey, and of love some meed,
Yet how a Pilgrim fares—ah, who can tell ?
Go, little book—God speed !

GOD'S PARABLE.



GOD'S PARABLE.

PART FIRST.

ON Arno's breast the sun with glowing face
And robes of trailing splendor sinks. The reeds
Sway ripple-rocked, and all the balmy air
Is heavy with rich spicy odors, wrung
From drooping hand of day. Afar from whence
The faint pink peaks of mountains shyly blush,
Steal the soft-chiming sheep bells. Light winds play
Through oaten pipes invisible, as 't were
Some Dryad piped to Pan. Wave upon wave,
Clearer, longer, higher, until the last
Long, melting cadence through a casement stole,
Where sat an artist with his head bent low,
Lost in sad musings. By his side upreared,
A picture vast and of majestic theme,

Our Lord's last Supper with the Sorrowing Twelve,
The moment, that wherein the False one dipped
His sop within the dish, and with clear gaze,
And steadfast, asked Him "Master, is it I?"
Fair was the picture as is Art herself,
And fashioned by a cunning marvellous,
In tints that blent their subtlest essences
Feeding the sense thro' rapture of the soul.
Each gem of color finished was, save one,
Whose place the bare clean canvas kept apart
As sacred to the Christ face, centre Jewel,
And crown of this rich setting. Hitherto
By day and night, he strove to sketch that Face
In moments snatched from sleep and constant toil
(No soft silken courtier to Art was he
Squandering her wealth for pretty compliments)
But here his skilful hand had failed to trace
The Face limned on his heart and brain. He had
Flung himself down in fanes, upon whose walls
Were richest trophies of religious Art
Wrung from the heart and soul, nay life and death

Of the world-masters who had given all.
Yet even here, something he felt, there was
Lacking that Face divine? Something that he
Bore burning in his breast, and fain would show,
To men incredulous!

.

Again he plunged to foulest depths, where life
And death fought fiercely thro' the day and night,—
Hung over death-beds, counting each faint breath
That shook the heart and moved the quivering lid ;
Whilst the weak hand let drop the golden thread—
Oh ! then would not some majesty divine
Invest the spirit with a touch that blent
Suffering o'ercome, and love and peace and faith
Prophetic of fruition, a faint glimpse
Of what that Face should be? In vain, in vain !
Impatiently the artist sighed. He rose
And leaned far out the casement, drinking deep
Draughts of rich air that fired his pulse like wine.
He heard the river singing to the reeds,

And songs of bees that kissed the amorous lips
Of wind-blown buds to swooning ecstasy,
And clung and clung like lovers loath to part.
How beautiful the world—and God how good !
He would not let him fail—no ! no ! not now,
Now at the very last—He must not fail !
He flung himself upon his knees, his hand
Clenched tensely—and his straining eyes upturned
Unto the distant hills—“ Whence comes our help,”
He cried—“ O God—be kind—be pitiful !
And Thou whom I would fain find for the world,
Show me thy Face ! for vainly do I seek ! ”
He bows his head yet lower on his hands.
Hark ! what is that ? A presence at the door—
A stirring of the curtains ! with the sound
Leaps up a wild hope at his heart that Christ,
Compassionating his despair, had come
Once more to earth—to him unworthy shows
That Face as once its radiance filled the world !
Why not ? Such things had been before—e'en here—
Here in this city—had he read, how God

Had holped men sore bestead. Quickly he turned,
With lip sucked under by the quivering breath,
And yearning eyes that eager pierced the gloom.
Upon the threshold stood a little child—
No Christ-Face this—a beggar all in rags,
With tangled hair and grimy hands and face,
Down which the tears had cleaner channels washed.
“ Begone, I ’ve naught ! ” Franchini said. He spoke
More roughly than his wont, for that thus soon
He saw the fairy bubble of his hopes
Suffer such quick collapse. “ I do not come
“ For money, Signor,” said the boy, “ I come
“ To find the artist, Sor Franchini, he,
“ They told me in the streets, lived here.”—
He paused, and shrank more deeply in the folds
The curtains made about the door—his feet
Twining themselves together, and his eyes
Raised timidly, thro’ tears that still flowed fast.
“ Well, so he does, I ’m he,” Franchini said,
“ What is your message for me ! I ’m in haste,
“ And have much work to do. Come, boy, speak out.”

“ My father sent me, Signor,” sobbed the boy,
“ He said—go find Franchini—ask for him—
“ Cecco Franchini, grown an artist now,
“ And famous. Ask of all you meet where he
“ Lives now. O Signor ! I have come so far
“ I thought I never should find him—that one
“ My father wanted—and I am so tired.”

His childish voice died in a plaintive sob,
And to the curtains clung the little hands.
“ My poor child,” cried Franchini. Softly now
As mother with her babe, he laid the boy
Upon the rugs, and bade him rest, the while
He told his message. “ What ’s your name ?
“ And who your father is who sends for me ? ”
“ I ’m Luigi, Signor—Barto Stozzi’s son,
“ And he is ill ? so ill, Signor, we fear
“ He dies—O padre mio !—dies !—I pray
“ To all the saints, but they are dumb—for he
“ Grows weaker, and to-day he called to me
“ And said, ‘ Luigello mio ! thou art brave
“ And I can trust thee ! go and seek for one

“ Cecco Franchini—beg him for the sake
“ Of our old love, and for the sake of Art—
“ That Art we both once worshipped tenderly,
“ To come and close my eyes and take from me,
“ My love undying ! O Signor, come ! come !
“ Oh, thou wilt come ? My father said—‘ Come not
“ Without him.’ ” Franchini stood and heard not,
Memory’s waves had plucked his troubled soul
To depths agleam with long-forgotten gems,
And here his spirit wandered tranced, ensnared,
Whilst voices of the Past like Siren’s songs
Swelled in his ear, and by his side a shade
A Spirit like his own, went ceaselessly.
“ O Signor, come !—we lose time—come ! ” The boy
 crept,
Close to Franchini’s feet, and softly plucked
His nerveless hand. The waves receding, cast
His soul upon the strand ’mid living men—
He saw the weeping boy, the dark’ning room
And there piercing the dark like pointed flame
His *All*—his *child*, for which he toiled and slaved.

His child!—offspring of that high day, when he
And Art forevermore were wed. What! now
Leave it when but these fleeting hours were left
To mould the chiefest charm? No! no! 't was more
Than human heart could sacrifice. “Not now,
“I cannot come,” he cried, and pushed away
Luigi's hand. “Take this,” (he pressed some coins
Within his palm) “buy what thy father needs.
“Tell him that Cecco sends his love, and comes
“To-morrow surely. For to-night, a work—
“A work that shall enrich the world, must claim
“My every moment. Go! farewell! my love,
“My love goes with thee, and to-morrow I
“Will surely come.” He turned away, and sat
Before the picture, heeded not the sigh
That trembled on the air, nor yet the faint
Far echo of small, bare, reluctant feet
Down the stone stair; but lit each waxen light,
And curtains drew to shut out all the world—
And be alone with Art! That Face! that Face!—
Swiftly he seized the block and pencil—now,

Surely, success would come. But as he drew,
Naught grew beneath his touch but one young face,
Yes—Barto Stozzi's face as once it was
In the old days—and Barto stood himself
Before him—gay with hope untried, and fresh
With springtide confidence, as when they fared
One day together from their village home,
To wrest the prize from Fame. A dreamy face,
For Barto's soul was an Æolian harp,
Thrilled ever through by unwrit harmonies ;
To him, the chattering brook, the lispings leaves,
Soft summer airs, and winter's rudest roar,
The faintest cloud-fleck on the blue, the vast
Imperial storm-wrack, lightning-gemmed, and crowned
By brilliant flashes, all were but the stops
Whereon strange melodies did form themselves.
Yes ! Barto's face ! Whence came it now ? A frown
Darkened Franchini's brow, he dropped the block,
Took up a fresh one, and began anew.
Strange ! strange ! Do what he will, again that face !
Yet not the same—the dark eyes fiercer glow,

Sunk in their sockets, and the cheeks have lost
Their roundness, and the flexile lips their curve.
Still Barto's face as he had loved it, when
They two together lived beneath the stars
High in their little attic near the sky,
Lived beggarwise, yet feasted like to kings !
Oft went they supperless that they might see
Some opera newly-set, or concert hear, or stroll
Thro' exhibition of rare paintings. Oh !
Those mad, merry, careless, happy days !
When Barto was the maddest of them all,
His laugh the freshest, as he sat and played—
(O God ! he played the soul from out one's breast)—
Until the people paused to hear, and all
The little children in the streets sat still,
And silent from their play ! Franchini smiled,
And drew a long, soft breath. His absent eyes
Saw not the Present, as his fingers loosed
Their hold upon the block, that noisily
Fell to the floor. Aroused, he threw the chalk
Far from him, with a cry : " Am I bewitched ?

“Tush—that boy’s story—I am weak—that ’s all!
“It has unnerved me quite.” He rose and walked
Some paces through the room.

.

In calmer mind

At last he sat once more. Persistently
That face returned! but, oh, how changed it was!
Despair and Poverty, and Hope long dead—
Stared at him from those sad, reproachful eyes!
Those hollow cheeks, and haggard lips, whereon
Genius had set its bow of promise! All
Lost, shattered, broken, now! Defeat and Death,—
Defeat far worse than Death, was in that face!
Franchini sank back trembling, and a mist
Floated before him; yet it could not hide
That mournful face, and eyes that called to him—
Imploringly. As in a dream, he rose—
As in a dream, walked slowly to the door.
“Barto, I come,” he murmured low, and passed
Silently out, under the silent stars.

PART SECOND.

Was it for minutes, hours, days, weeks, years,
Or cycles vast? Franchini never knew
How long he wandered through the streets, nor how
He found the hole where Barto Stozzi crept
To lay his weary head, and die unknown.
But when the trance which held his senses broke,
He found himself in a low, squalid shed,
Kneeling beside a heap of straw, wherefrom
Gazed up at him the face his hand had traced
Unwilling on the block. The very same,—
The heavy eyes, and pale, thin, parted lips,
Stirred by the gasping breath; the tossing hair,
And sunken cheeks! Franchini could not speak,
A dull, dumb agony crushed down his heart,
But on that weak hand straying, laid his own.
“’T is thou,” the pale lips move, “’t is thou, I know;
Thy touch—oh, Cecco mio! But they said
‘He will not come’—only I knew he would,
For when did Cecco ever say me nay
Or hurt a friend? ’T is false, for thou art here!”

The voice died suddenly. Then woke at last
Franchini's perfect consciousness ; he flung
Himself above the silent form, and cried

"Forgive ! Forgive ! dear Barto !—they spake true !—

"I said I could not come—important work—

"Important work !—O God ! and thou, thus ! thus !

"In such great need of me ! O vain ! O Fool !

"But now that God hath led me—even me

"Wrapped up in my besotted selfishness,

"It is a sign that nevermore shall thou

"And I be parted ! Barto ! Brother ! speak !"

Far—far beyond reach of his voice, unchained,

Roved Barto's spirit—the fast dimming eyes

Flashed wide, and bright. Upon his cheeks there crept

A trixy flush of health, the quivering voice

Rolled fresh and strong. "How long thou 'st been to-

night

"My Cecco ! Here have I waited hours,

"To-night, too, of all others, when I have

"Such great news for thee ! Oh, how mad,

"How wild with joy I feel ! Throw up the blind,

“ More air ! O Cecco, now could I compose
“ A symphony should crash with all the spheres
“ In unison ! My pulses throb to music.
“ Thou dost stare !—dost think me mad indeed ?
“ Small wonder, for thou hast not seen her—felt
“ The influence of her beauty—never breathed
“ Scent of her hair, nor read in those sweet eyes
“ Where dwells her soul, like Naiad pure and white !
“ But thou shalt see her. Oft of thee we talk,
“ Beatta—is it not a pretty name ?
“ (But she is prettier than the prettiest name !)
“ She wants to be thy sister. We have planned
“ It all, and how thy chair—thine own, none else
“ Shall use it ever—on our hearth shall stand,
“ And our home shall be thine. Why dost thou stare
“ So strangely ? dearest friend, wilt thou not share
“ This greatest joy as thou hast shared aught else ?
“ No smile—no word—thou turn’st away !—
“ I—Cecco—hear me—for I swear that Art
“ Is still the mistress of my soul, as She
“ Is mistress of my heart, and Queen of both.

“Nay! hear me! Cecco!—what! thou wilt not see
“Her? Then by all the gods we part, I say
“Farewell! Thy hand—one word—not one, not one—
“And after all these years! O! God
“How cruel! How cruel!” “Hush—hush” Franchini
cried,

And put his hand upon those babbling lips
Whose hurt went deeper than sharp shafts, that draw
The life-blood after them. “Oh, I was mad
“Myself, with grief and rage! and jealous too.
“That now a woman should betwixt us come,
“Marring our close companionship, and thou
“Thou wast too proud to speak, and mad'st no sign,
“In all these weary years. But Barto now
“We will wipe out the page, and write our lives anew.”
Unheeding aught, that rich strong voice flows on,
Only in accents softer, dreamier. “Oh!
“We were happy then, my Beatta! Like two birds
“Building their nests within heaven's portals! Naught
“Of sorrow touched us save the bitter loss,
“Of him I loved,—but I had thee, and then

“ Luigi came. Want followed swift, and cares
“ And sickness. Often we knew not from whence,
“ Would come our food and raiment. Yet did Love
“ Feed our poor souls, and warm our shivering limbs.
“ Until that day of Chaos when thou too
“ Did'st leave me ! Oh, my heart ! my heart. Then
 snapped
“ My soul's chords utterly ! a broken thing
“ It floated on the stream, and cared not. Hark !
“ Listen !—Hush ! The music ! oh, what strains
“ Flood all my being ! ” Round his lips a smile
Grew, and his eyelids fell. One breath, and then,
The choir celestial took the fallen harp
And rounded all Life's broken harmonies.
Franchini bent, and kissed the lips, and closed
The eyes ; took in his arms the sobbing boy, and went
Homewards again beneath the silent stars.
Within the studio, the faint-burning lights
Threw weird dim shadows ; otherwise all was
As he had left it. With caressing hand
And gentle voice he soothed the frightened boy

To sleep on his small couch. And then
Turned towards the picture. Like a man he was
Moved by unseen, impelling force. He took
His block and pencil—on ! and on ! and on !
With feverish stroke and lips stern-set and eyes
That looked within. He paused not—on, and on !
Whilst night unwrapped her mantle from the earth,
And the gold-fleeced stars went—flock on flock,
Chased by their rosy shepherdess, unto
Their cloud-pent folds—till on the brink of heaven
Stood fresh-eyed Dawn, a finger on her lips,
Her feet poised lightly, eager to be gone,
Like dancing-girl, before the advancing Sun !
At last ! at last ! Amid the melting lights
Of Night and Day, it rose, it rose—that Face
Grew in majestic beauty 'neath his touch !
The Face which through these weary days, had lived
Within his mind and heart ! It rose, and cast
The influence of its Presence everywhere.
Reeling, Franchini staggered to his feet,
And groped his blind way to the casement, where

He last had cast himself despairingly,
And laid his head upon the sill, where poured
The light in streams of liquid fire. And here
They found him, when they came to learn wherefore
The master tarried. Came, but wondering stayed
To gaze upon that Face, whilst eyes ran tears,
And knees bent humbly. Came, until the stair,
Grew noisy with upclimbing feet, and all
The narrow room was filled with throbbing life.
Here still they found him, when they came to crown
Him Master of that Age ; and of all Time !
One hand upon the wondering Luigi's head !
Franchini raised his eyes unto the East,
No thanks he spake, for still his soul was wrapt
In that Great Parable God spake to him.

GROPING.

SILENT I sit and alone, about me bright bubbles of
laughter

Break into rills, and float away into soft silence after.

Wine glasses ring and jests like barbs from the courser
are flying,—

Everywhere sweet flowers hang—sweeter and fairer in
dying.

Song overflows on gay lips, like fountain to sunshine up-
springing ;

Well do I know the refrain, yet my voice will not join in
the singing !

Radiant lights hide the night and curtains shut out the
black spaces ;

Yet all within me is night, and blackness my being em-
braces.

What is this weight like a hand, that checks all the joy-
springs within me ?
Why cannot I, too, arise, and feel all the wild gladness
win me ?
Often before have I been the gayest, the maddest, among
them,
The words of this song, too, how oft in careless glee have
I sung them !
Now nothing seems to be real—yesterday, nor to-day,
nor to-morrow,
Only this blackness about me, and longing, and infinite
sorrow.
Is this the shadow of Death, on his wings sweeping down
to enfold me ;
Barring from me evermore, life, and the friends that be-
hold me,
Is it a warning that soon the illumined hand shall be
tracing,
Clear on my spirit's walls, a shame that is past all erasing ?
Is it a cry from the souls, that out in the darkness are
calling ;—

There where the curtain lies close, they fall, and we see
not their falling?

I know not, for knowledge no more has a place in my
brain's maddened reeling,

.

Silent I sit, and alone, and only this blackness is *Feeling!*

ACROSS THE DUNES.

ACROSS the dunes,
The white sand shifteth to and fro,—
The sun's fierce splendor burneth low

On summer afternoons :

And following close, the gentle moon's
Faint sickle hangs above the plain,
Studded with stars. A towering train
Of white clouds rearing sails of snow,
Like phantom ships, their shadows throw

Across the dunes.

Across the dunes,
The storm-sand swirls to and fro
Up to the sullen clouds, whose brow
Flings lowering shade upon the moon's
Pale opalescence. The surge croons

TWO OLD COURTIERS.

SPRING is come and oh, my heart,
How shall we greet her, you and I?
How make us meet for her laughing eye?
And like true courtiers play our part?

Youth have we not, with its quenchless flame,
Yet methinks thou and I may trace
Some afterglow in each other's face,
And in loyal love we are both the same.

Buds of promise we have a few,
Backward hanging like many such,
Gather them for the goddess, her touch
Shall spread their petals and strength renew.

Come, then, old comrade, bravely stand
Here in her Majesty's path. Perchance,
Though our feet cannot join the flying dance,
We may feel the clasp of her glowing hand.

EVEN SO!

So short a time 'twixt then and now
So short a time, that still I feel
My brain in anguish throb and reel—
The sweat-drops chill my brow.

So short a time 'twixt now and then ;
Death came and took all that I had !
And life can ne'er be sweet nor glad
Nor fair nor bright again !

So short a time 'twixt that and this ;
The blackness of the unknown sea
Hath hid away my love from me,—
And ended all our bliss !

So long a time 'twixt that and this !
The cup is empty,—what remains ?

I 'd barter all these barren gains,
To find that severed kiss !

How long a time 'twixt that and this ?

But Death shall come to me once more,
With cold, swift touch my lost restore ;
Oh, if that hour were this !

POURQUOI ?

CUPIDON fils dit un jour

A sa mère,

“ Ma vue dont-t'elle de malheur

“ Et de misère ?

“ Quand je vois circuler les gens

“ Dans la rue,

“ Et veux me mêler lâ-dedans,

“ On se tue ;

“ On me guette d'un œil sévère—

“ Pourquoi ma mère ? ”

“ Toi, Aveugle fait cette peur, ”

Dit Vénuse ;

“ De ton art d'habile chasseur

“ Tu t' abuse. ”

“ Et bien, je n'en tirerai plus ” ;

Rit le Dieu.

Bientôt des cris confus,

Remplissent les cieux !

“ Amour, reviens-â-nous ! ” “ Hélas, ma mère

“ Comme on aime sa propre misère—

“ Pourquoi ma mère ? ”

I SOUGHT FOR LOVE.

I SOUGHT for Love. "Surely with Pleasure he
Must dwell," I said. The perfumed halls among
I wandered mixing with the crowding throng
Of revellers gay. Unseen full patiently
I scanned their faces, some were bright and fair
And others 'neath their smile,—how sad to see!
Boldly I challenged them: "Great Love," I cry
"Dwells he with you?" Some deign not a reply,
Whilst others pause, and with a mocking laugh
Hold high the winecup for my lips to quaff
Crying, "Love? Love is here!" Regretfully
I turn once more, and sadly forth I fare,
Great Love 's not there!

"Seek ye for Love?" said Sorrow in mine ear
"Come ye with me." Soon 'mid the echoing halls

Vibrant with Misery's moan, and Grief's shrill call
We stood. And there close—close beside that seat of
Fear

Where Sorrow sat, crouched Love—a smile so sweet
About his lips and in his tender eyes,
That as he passed all stifled were the cries
Of Misery, and e'en Grief forgot the gall—
So sure a comfort did he bring them all !
Then down I fell—"Great mother !" loud I cried,
"Grant me that here I evermore abide ;
"Grant me the tear—the groan—yea ! the soul-stabbing
"spear,—
"Great Love is here !"

THE DIMPLE IN HER CHEEK.

OH, dimple, dimple in her cheek,
Thou first did'st stay my roving glance,
Out-leaping, like to drawn lance,
From that soft sheathe, her cheek.

Her face is gentle, soft, and meek,
But when thou peepest, wondrous sly!—
Thou giv'st new luster to her eye,
Tint richer to her cheek.

'T is strange, thou wee thing, nature's freak,
That thou can'st change my life's whole aim,
To one hot wish to join the game
Thou play'st at hide-and-seek.

To-night I'll see her,—I will speak!—
Then, dimple, we'll become fast friends;
And she and you shall make amends,
For all the woes you wreak!

“AND NOTHING IS, BUT WHAT IS NOT.”

Your looks are cold, dear friend,—is it so long
Since you and I together sat us down,
And held the Book of Life, and sang Love's song,
And wore his triple-crown ?

Is it so long? Oh, no, it cannot be,
For, as I gaze, it is but now, to-day,
That our two souls, upleaping joyously,
From earth soared far away !

Away ! Away ! Beyond our weak control,
In the swift impulse of that mad refrain,
Which seemed to tear the fibres of the soul,
And Joy create of Pain !

.
Yes—it was long ago ! The blinding, black,
Cold, surging wave of memory, rolls between :

It lifts me up, and bears me slowly back,
Unto those Isles serene.

Oh, bitter waters ! Sweet to me, and strong,
Engulf me utterly, a sad Elaine :—

Glad thus to lie, hearing mine own death-song,
Sweep in your wild refrain.

THE WAKE OF THE YEAR.

WHO dances to-night at the Wake of the Year?
Youths and maids in a circle flying!
What care they for death or dying?
For sorrow that wasteth, or cares that blight?
Madly the leaping torches flare,
Whilst from warm breast and tossing hair
Roses the dead Year's chaplet make,
Hiding his shroud
Amid laughter loud!

Wild is the Wake of the Year to-night!

Who weeps to-night at the Wake of the Year?
Men and women in anguish lying!
Well wot they of death and dying—
Of sorrow that wasteth, and cares that blight!—
Hopes gone out like the torches flare!
Loves withered soon, like the roses fair!

Scattering thickly the old Year's bier !
Over his shroud
With heads low bowed,
Keep they the Wake of the Year to-night !

Who watches to-night at the Wake of the Year ?
A world grown tired, weary and old,
A world young, eager, ardent, and bold,
Together they stand in the dimming light !
For one comes the dawning, strong and clear,
But the old World sinks on the old Year's bier !
Around his shroud
The mingling crowd,
Watches the Wake of the Year to-night.

ONE NIGHT.

ANGELS of Air, spread your wings !
Through the earth tremble and soar !
Let my soul mount as it sings,
“ He comes ! my love ”—and no more.
Angels of Air spread your wings !

Shed richest odors, O, night !
Thy purest perfumes distil,
Press to his lips, dewy light !
Kisses that linger and thrill !
Shed richest odors, O, night !

Shine, little stars, shine adown,
Soon lies his head on my breast,
Make of your brightest, a crown,
Meet on his forehead to rest.
Shine, little stars, shine adown !

Heart of my heart, he appears !
Teeming earth rest from thy strife !
Pause in your singing, ye spheres,
Whilst my soul leaps into life,
Heart of my heart, he appears !

A PHASE.

ABOVE us the starlight, about us the glow
Of lamps in the garden where, women and men
Sat drinking and jesting ;—a pause in the flow,
And the young artist rose with his frail violin,
In one hand,—the other, the uplifted bow
Poised lightly, awaiting the sign to begin.

Was it music he drew from those delicate strings ?
Or were those our life-chords he touched as he willed ?
Till they sobbed in thy voice, and my soul on its wings
Soared upward to greet thine with keen yearning
thrilled.

Still in the deep silence the violin sings
But my body unheeding sits soulless, and chilled.

Oh, didst thou not feel it—wherever thou art ?
No flash on thine eye like a faint falling beam ?

No throb making quicker the throb of thy heart?
No warmth on thy lips, like a breath in a dream?
Oh, love, in that instant, though far, far apart
Our souls met together across the wide stream!

THE WAY TO ARCADIE.

Oh, wouldst thou, Sweeting, fain take wing
 To Arcadie, to Arcadie ?
Whilst little birds do lilt and sing,
And breezes blow faint whispering,
Of posies' scent, and pipes that ring
 Far and away, in Arcadie !

Oh, wouldst thou truly thither rove,
 To Arcadie, to Arcadie !
The way lies not through bosky grove,
Where leafy arch springs high above :
None the hid pathway knows, save Love,
 To Arcadie, to Arcadie !

Let other seekers sigh, and start
 For Arcadie, for Arcadie !

Stay thou with me, I by Love's art,
The pathway thither may impart—
For here—straight lies it,—through my heart—
 To Arcadie, to Arcadie.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIR !

ONCE more within the dear old house I stand,
And gaze far up the worn and winding stair,
Adown which often, we, a merry band,
Have crept with childish care !

What echoes here imprisoned now awake,
Of weary feet, at rest these many days !
And stirring ones, that still their light marks make
In paths of worldly ways !

How often on these stairs our mother went
And came, and went again on errands sweet !
I hear her now, her voice of glad content,
And swift, untiring feet !

What sound, oh sister, now is in my ear ?
Of merry dancing, slippered feet, that frisk,

With heels like castanets sharp clickings clear,
And leaps of daring risk ?

Hark ! the faint tap ! tap ! of a slender crutch ;
It moves my heart afresh, that tender tune !
Oh ! helpless feet, we could not love too much !
Oh ! brother, lost too soon.

And now the measured, thickly muffled tread
Of grave-faced men ; a heavy form they bear !
It is my father's face ! In childish dread
I weep upon the stair !

.

Alone of all I stand ! Yet not alone,
Their welcome footsteps fill the chilly air !
Or are these but the echoes of mine own
Slow step, adown the stair ?

LOVE'S LULLABY.

A SONG.

GOOD-NIGHT ! good-night, 't is Love's delight
To guard thy door from wanton sprite,
To watch Time's creeping taper burn,
And through its slow length sigh and yearn !
In thoughts about thy bed to press,
Warming thy heart to joy's excess ;—
Thus Love and I outwatch the night—
Sleep thou in peace,—good-night, good-night !

Good-night ! good-night, 't is Love's delight
To welcome in the dawn's pure light,
When softly as a bird's white wing
The first faint ray comes quivering.

For soon shalt thou, more fair, arise
To gladden our o'erfamished eyes.
Proud heralds are we of the light
Which sleeps with thee—good-night—good-night !

THE TRUANT HAIRPIN.

HAIRPIN lying on the bridge,
Say whence comest thou ?
From some fleecy coy curl laid
On my lady's brow ?
Prithee answer, saucy midge,
Whither comest thou ?

Or perchance from locks more rude,
Hast thou slid unknown ?
Whisper me, (I am no prude)
Was she *quite* alone ?
Or did eyes by love subdued
Peep into her own ?

Were they Titian locks—or brown ?
Gold ? black ? silver ? gray ?

Whence agadding through the town,
Thou didst slip away—
What did they within them crown—
Good—or evil play ?

Still art mute ! Thou saucy thing !
I will save thee not,
Here caught in Life's ceaseless swing
Thou shalt die forgot !
Hadst thou sighed " Her Name," a king
Might have wished thy lot.

THE RISE OF THE RIVER.

On the far mountain height
Paused the nymph in affright,
 Whilst madly pursuing,
With rock-splitting laughter,
The Faun thunders after,
 In boisterous wooing.

Once backward she glances,
Yet still he advances,
 She feels his hot breath ;
Despairingly wailing,
Her fair hair out-trailing,
 She leaps to her death.

When lo ! each white arm,
And her balmy breasts warm,
 And her long hair sun-kissed,

Softly waver and fade,
Like a beam in the shade,
 Like a breath on the mist !

The Faun peeping over,
Her fate to discover,
 Low crouches afraid :
Naught he saw save a brook,
Which its laughing way took
 Through crevice and glade.

With glint and with gleam,
Ripples onward the stream,
 Delighted to wander ;
And in frolic wild,
Like unhidden child,
 Its spirits to squander.

Now under the grasses,
It merrily passes,
 Bedewing the flowers !

THE RISE OF THE RIVER.

Or leaping and tripping,
Its cool shallows slipping
 In fairy-like showers.

Allured by its ditty,
'Mid flowers, a city
 About it upgrows ;
Then swelled by just pride,
Deeper courses its tide,
 A river it flows !

Its white breast bears proudly
The jewels that loudly
 Its beauty proclaim,
Light bridges o'er-span it,
Soft, pure breezes fan it,
 And " Arno " its name !

Flow onward and ever,
Thou radiant river—
 Flow into each heart !

Lend sculpture thy gleaming,
Shine, in poet's dreaming.

 The bright star thou art !

Past sadness receding
New impetus speeding,
 Thy race to the sun,
'Mid rolling of Ages
And reding of Sages,
 Run, sweetest Nymph, run.

THE SEAT OF THE KING.

“ On this rude seat Philip Second loved to sit watching the building of the Escorial.”

How cool and sweet,—the air blows freshly here
After the darksome cloister. Brother, go—
This seat and I are grown companions dear,
And speak to each a tongue which each doth know,
Good-night—and pray—pray for this burdened soul
That standeth in such need of heaven’s dole !

My father’s sepulchre—and mine likewise,
Higher a span it stands since yesterday ;
A prouder front it marks against the skies,
Stone builds to stone as hour to hour the day !
Let me but live to see this finished, then
I too will say my “ Mitta est—Amen ! ”

Have I done well? thou knowest it, O Lord!

O Holy mother, thou, and all the saints!

My feet have in their bloody pathway trod,

And for Thy cause alone this weak heart faints.

To Thee and for Thee—in Thee Lord of Hosts

This soul hath burned, and counted not the costs.

Now shall the Cross uprear this princely Crown.

. . . How chill the air!—What shape affronts mine
eyes?

I killed thee not—down, hateful spectre, down!

Go seek thy murderer in hell—he lies

Who says I killed thee—if perchance I knew

(Shriven I am long since!) the hand that slew!

.

My peace is fled—a fire burns in mine ears—

The smoke of battle blinds my aching sight,

My feet sink down in blistering floods of tears

That seem to flow from hidden eyes of Night,

Ha !—shrieks and groans ! Where once those fair walls
stood

I see a land whose torn breasts give blood !

.

The heretics burn slowly in the flame,

Thou canst not chide Thy child—it was for Thee
For Thee and for their everlasting shame

Who mocked the power of Thy Holy See.

Grant me a sign, O God,—a sign—but one
That Thou shalt say to me at last “ Well done.”

.

What thing is this where clawing vultures scream ?

A blackened corpse . . . O God !—my face—my face !
Help ! brother—help ! So—so—I had a dream

A frightful dream— ’T is cold, come leave this place,
My heart is sick—go swift the Abbott call,
He will assure me—yet, if after all . . .

BURTON GRANGE.

Written on leaving, to my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. E.

THE wide-flung door whence springs the ruby flame
Of Hospitality's unquenched torch,
Your faces, smiling on me from the porch
Amid the ivy's tender twining frame.

The high-ceiled walls with dainty pictures set,
The glint of silver in the cornered gloom,
And everywhere the flowers clustered bloom,
And easy chairs that do fine sloth beget.

Jock's merry bark, and Patrick's tender eyes
Uplifted in the fire's quivering glow,
All this and more bides with me where I go,
Unchanging ever 'neath the changing skies !

Changes will come, but Friendship yet remains !

Though lands may part us and the rolling seas,

Love's wings can sweep o'er greater lengths than these,
No space enfolds the spirit, nor enchains.

Dear BURTON GRANGE ! bright burn thy hearth's
warm fire,

Which welcome gives with peace and kindly cheer,

And clearer burn through each succeeding year

The love that trembles o'er my faltering lyre.

THE ADRIAN APHRODITE.

DROOPING in languor, the land,
 Gleaming in sunset, the sea,
Glorious the West jewel-spanned—
 Meet for the birth soon to be !
Slowly the white wonder grew—
 Lapped and caressed by the sea.

Under her floated a shell
 Which lashing sea-dolphins drew.
Round her sang nymphs on the swell,
 Sportive, the winds blossoms threw—
Thus Aphrodite to men
 Came—for their blessing,—and rue !

Not so this latter Queen came,
 Queen of the Adrian Sea—
Born amid sorrow and flame,
 And smoke of the Sacrifice, she !
Stronger and purer for these,
 Nobler and greater to be.

Sardine and jasper her throne,
Sapphire and diamond flashed free.
Captive to love, overthrown,
Under her feet the strong sea.
Sharp was her kiss as the sting,
And sweet as the honey of bee.

Suitors she had at her knees,
Gave her the best of each heart,
Builded her temples of ease—
Heaped high her spoils in the mart—
Toiled for her, lived for her, died—
If but her smile winged the dart.

None would she grant of her love—
None save the Sea would she wed—
Fierce as her own heart above
Willing he bowed and was led :
Casting the gems of his kingdom
Into a crown for her head.

.

Lost and betrayed in an hour,
Bartered by lovers grown cold,
Only the Sea to thy power
Faithful remains as of old—
Hiding thy shame and thy losses
Under his mantle's bright fold.

Look up, O golden-haired daughter !
Where thy proud galleys down-bore,
Spurning the swift-churning water,
Unto the far-shining shore—
Comes a soft whisper commanding :
“ Rise, Aphrodite, once more !

“ Not in thy olden-timed glory,
“ Fierceness of power and lust,
“ Write thou in new sweeter story
“ Womanly pity and trust !
“ Loose the gemmed robe and the sandal—
“ Rise, white once more, from the dust !”

LIFE-COMRADES.

A HOODED figure walks and holds my hand—
I cannot see the face, but well I know
All joys of life do in its features glow,
A bright unbroken band.

I know the brow is pure, serene, and white,
The eyes clear, and the cheeks of rounded mould,
The curving lips a smile of rapture hold,
As crystal holds the light.

When Sorrow's mist breaks in a rain of tears,
I feel the glowing fingers press on mine ;
"Turn," breathes the figure, "ever am I thine.
"Why ask more of the years?"

Why ask, indeed? I turn,—my tears are dried
In sunshine once more, we two fare away,
Good Comrades ever unto that Last Day,
When heart and soul divide.

When that shall be, come once more, peaceful Shade!
To those that knew thee not, show now thy face.
“Was she unhappy—say ye? Look and trace
“What joys her portion made!”

BESIDE THE RUNNING STREAM.

I STAND beside the river as the evening sunlight falls,
And lowly skimming o'er the tide a plaintive sea-
mew calls,
Till the singing of the river and the crying of the bird
Thrill within my heart to rapture, and its lowest depths
are stirred,
As a strain of sweetest music never absent from the
brain,
Like the scent of flowers blowing thro' the drops of
beating rain.
Once more I rove beside thee in the happy summer
time,
As up the sloping woodland heights our lagging foot-
steps climb.
Again I stand within the wood—I see the water's gleam,
Once more I kiss thy little foot beside the running
stream.

How soft the moss to weary feet—how calm the air and still !

Silence, save where close by us sang the faint voice of the rill,

And thy light bubbling laughter, as springing from my side,

I see thee plunge thy swift-bared feet deep in the cooling tide !

I seize thy outstretched hand, I hear thy cries of shy delight,

As o'er the stones thy slipping feet splash tremblingly and light,

Thy clinging clutch upon my arm, when lizard darted by,

Thy upturned winsome face, with glint of mischief in the eye.

.

Then I am bending on one knee, like cavalier of old,

And in my hand one tiny foot all dripping wet I hold.

Rosy and white the dainty thing with blue veins traced within,

The dewy drops shine not more white upon the pearly
skin ;

I lift my glance to thine low-drooped—then lost in
feverish dream

I stoop and kiss thy little foot beside the running
stream.

.

I wake,—beside another stream, far in a glacial land,
Where cataracts chill torrents pour down-foaming to the
strand ;

Where forests rise majestic—not the woods of long ago,
For those wore crown of gracious oak, these ermine
cloak of snow.

The laughter of that summer day forevermore is still,
For thee the pleasant pasture-land,—for me the rugged
hill !

Sorrow we know and Joy, but ah ! both known and felt
apart—

Not as we were one instant—then, heart speaking unto
heart !

Yet whatsoe'er has come and gone between that time
and this,

I challenge thee to find us aught so perfect as the
bliss,—

So keenly stabbing as the pain, when in Love's hour
supreme,

I bent and kissed thy little foot beside the running
stream.

THE KING IS AT VERSAILLES.

“ON M'ECRIT QUE LE ROI S'AMUSE BEAUCOUP À VERSAILLES.”

THE King is at Versailles, leap ! fountains, leap !
And catch in flashing flight, the prised rays
Of dewy gem and rainbow robes ablaze ;
Richer than gold which broke lost Danaë's sleep.
Press closer, leafy boughs of the bocage,
That hearts in jousts of love may straight engage,
Where vulgar eyes can nowise pry nor peep,

.

The King is at Versailles !

The King is at Versailles ! what ho ! more light !
Set torch aswing : the Pictured Past of France
Smiles down the long line of the winding dance,

Let our fool speak—for folly rules to-night—
Low whispers float where outspread fans are swung,
And nations fall or rise on woman's tongue !
What need of statesmen in such merry plight !—

.

The King is at Versailles !

The King is at Versailles ! Close,—bar the gates !
Shut out the foolish rabble's cry and drone,
Let there be peace about the royal throne ;
Away with dull and weary-eyed debates ;
Hark ! how the jocund laughter of the Queen
Rings out and slips the lofty bars between,
To feed the hungry crowd that stares and waits—

.

The King is at Versailles !

The King is at Versailles ! Stand back there—ho !
Come look at Louis and his wife ! They're caught
As neatly as trapped birds that e'er were brought

Back to their cage.—They say they love us so—

They 're safest then with us—kind friends,—good-
night!

Madame may be consoled—the boy 's all right.—

Place the guards, Camarades—bon! so—off we go!

.

The King is at Versailles.

The King is at Versailles! No! no! no light,

'T is not allowed! Good citizens ye be,

Ye say—then bow to Public Law's decree;

Else I'll report ye both—aye, that to-night.

Oh, I distrust ye! Madame, please to spare

That piece of paper you are fingering there!

Or I will force it from you in despite!

.

The King is at Versailles!

.

The King is at Versailles! Fling down the door

Come drag him hence—he 's no such royal thing,

This Capet whom we used to call a King!

So grave then, Citoyenne ! you laughed before—
You laughed so much ! and, Mistress, that sweet cake
You offered us for bread—we 're here to take !
Tear down the pictures ! cake we 'll have—and more.

.
The King is at Versailles !

THE PHANTOM OF THE FJORD.

THE ridges of the dark brown narrow isles,
Our little boat slips noiselessly between ;
Soft, blushing clouds rise 'neath the water's sheen,
Like Nixie's changeful smiles.

Within this silvered tarn all colors lie,
Crimson and purple clouds and golden-gray,
And that faint changeling mist which seems to play
'Twixt twilight and clear sky.

Beyond the hills swings low the fiery sun—
Like burning ball about to fall and break
In glowing fragments, till upon our wake
Its molten fires run.

Slowly a black shape, curving crescent-wise,
Rises above the dimmest water's edge,
A ship's keel shoots out from the reedy sedge,
And tapers to the skies.

An ancient ship laid on with rusting targe,
And awning stretched of gold on glittering pole,
Above rich furs, whose ample folds unroll
Close to the water's marge.

Above the prow uptowered a giant form,
Clad in rich fur and helmet—winged in gold,
A face of courage, calm, with hair unrolled,
And arm to rule a storm.

Onward he swept, majestic and alone,
Until his ship rocked 'neath ours, side by side ;
Then spoke, in voice wherein a lofty pride
Fought with a sadder tone :

“Well met, O stranger from the distant land !
“Unkenned in famous days when I was young,
“No skald had seen it live—no Saga sung,
“Nor Viking trod its strand.

“We then were makers of the world and men !
“We moulded, fought, and conquered—built a Past,
“In which now lives your Present. From the Vast
“Of our own Ragnerök, ye spring again.

“Ha ! is the thought unsavory ? Stranger, yield
“Thy judgment here betwixt us, for I feel
“My heart swell big within me, as my keel
“Cuts deep this watery field.

“Ye boast the glories of your Western sun,
“That warms to Progress all beneath its smile,
“And breeds soft comforts and rich fruits, the while
“Your glowing hours run.

“You prize the zeal of your advancing mind,
“Which makes of Nature’s forces willing slaves
“For you their kings and princes, and thus saves
“The pulse-throb of mankind.

“Yet could ye be—if we had never been?
“If we had never toiled in field and flood?
“Mixed in your veins our stronger-beating blood.
“We sowed, where now ye glean!

“And shall your end be glorious as was ours?
“Unconquered were we—dying heroes all—
“Allfather’s maidens bore us to Wallhall,
“Where Odin’s Meethorn pours!

“Ye mock our ‘Savage life’—abjure the Gods!
“Yet vengeance comes! The Nörns do work and wait!
“The hour draws near, finished their web of Fate—
“Your own hand holds the rods!”

He ceased, and drew himself to fuller height.

Softly about him like a curtain, rolled

The mists of evening melting, fold on fold,
And drew him from my sight.

THE WHITE HORSES.

HIP ! up and away !
The white horses of spray
Down the mountain come galloping free !
From their mouths fly the foam
Of their snow-hidden home,
In their nostrils the breath of the sea.

In their neigh is the roar
Of the chill torrent's pour,
They are shod with the swift lightning's flash.
No rein on the back
Checks their far-coursing track,
Nor know they the spur of the lash.

No avalanche mars
Their wild speed, nor bars

Rough stones the wild leaps of their pace !
On and headlong they rush,
Over felled tree and bush,
Down, down, in an unending race !

Hip ! up and away !
The white horses of spray
Are gone—and we see them no more !
But the thunderous beat
Of their hoofs, still repeat
The mountains and rock-riven shore.

Oft again in a dream
Moves the white horses' gleam,
We feel the cool wave of their breath ;
And our heart shuddering high,
As they rush madly by,
Throbs and shakes to their hoof-beats beneath.

IN A CHURCH.

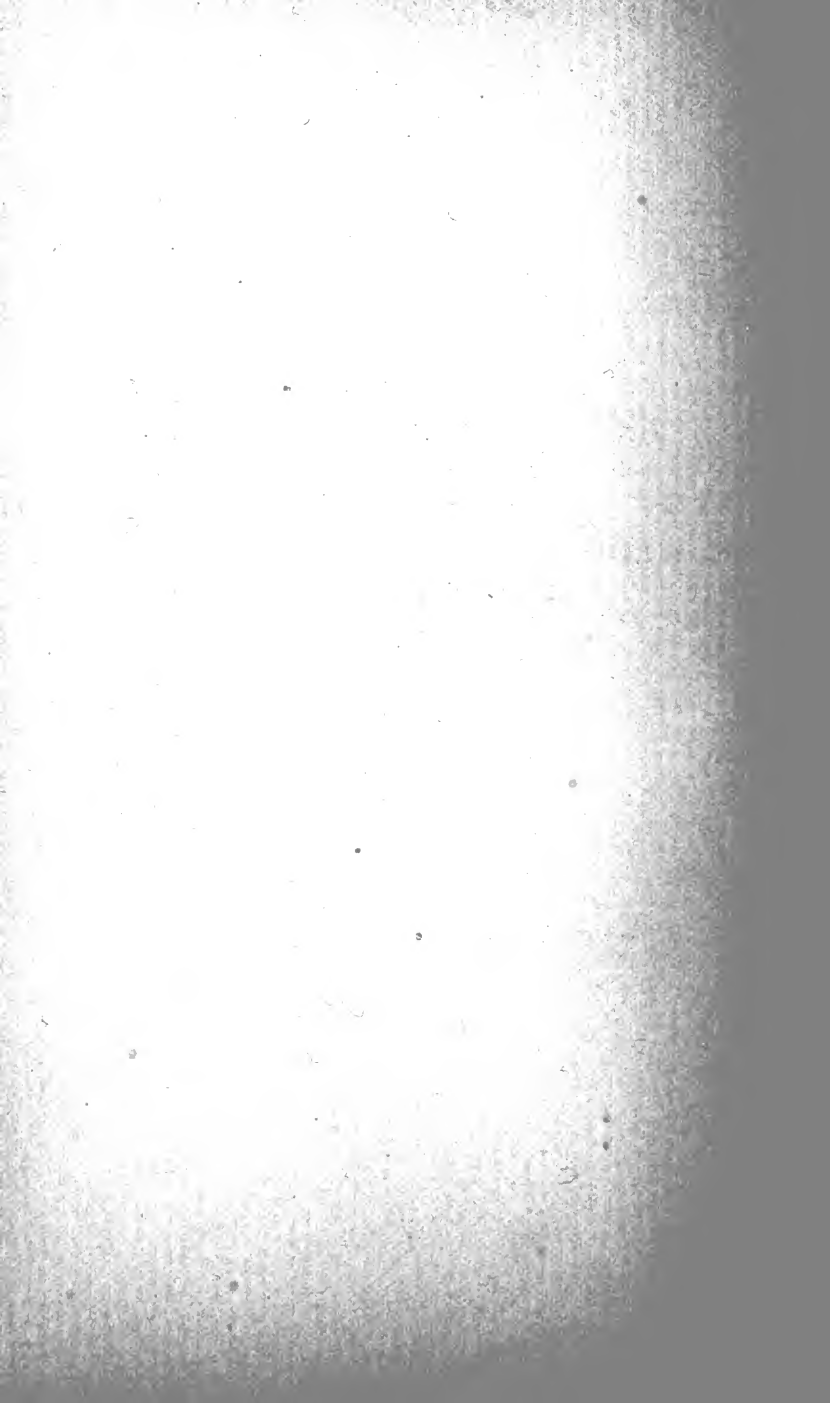
WHITE and fair
Lay her there,
Where she stood in her bridal dress ;
Clothed on now,
From foot to brow,
Only with her own loveliness.

Peal on peal
To make souls reel
Greeted her, bride, that other day.
The same bell
Swings her farewell,
And friends that smiled then bow to pray.

Wherefore weep !
In trancèd sleep,

Happiest she thus soon to lie,
Where no sorrow
Her bliss may borrow,
Nor she, grown weary, see Love die.

THE WEDDING OF THE BEAUTIFUL
SOPHIE.



THE WEDDING OF THE BEAUTIFUL SOPHIE.

A LYRIC DRAMA.

Translated from the *Chansons de Guzla*.

NOTE.—This curious Ballade—evidently of great antiquity—is given in the *Chansons* roughly in prose form, without any attempt at versification. In the present adaptation, the translator has endeavored to restore the swinging chant and other metrical peculiarities of the original verses as sung to the native Guzlas. The story is the old one of a rejected lover, who turns up rather *mal-a-propos* at the wedding of the false lady with a richer suitor. After cursing Sophie the rejected lover then kills himself, and thus gaining supernatural power, returns and carries off the weeping bride to his tomb.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SOPHIE, A MORLAC MAIDEN, BRIDE OF THE BEY.

BEY OF MOINA, BRIDEGROOM OF SOPHIE.

NECEPHORIS, REJECTED LOVER OF SOPHIE.

A HERMIT.

A HERALD.

CHORUS OF NOBLES OF VERACHINA.

CHORUS OF BRIDAL-WOMEN.

CHORUS OF THE TRIBE OF THE SVÂTI.

I.

CHORUS OF VERACHINIAN NOBLES.

BRING forth the rearing steeds, nobles of Verachina !

Strap with burnished buckles, the housings rich and
rare,

Fresh silken waist-bands bind ye to bear the jewelled
pistols :

The silver-hilted yatagan—oh, polish it with care !

Mount, nobles of Verachina—mount, and ride away !

Be ye the first to greet the bride, upon her wedding-day !

Sophie the Beautiful goes forth—to wed Great Moina's
Bey.

II.

NECEPHORIS.

Rise up ! rise up ! my mother ! RISE ! mother of Ne-
cephoris !

With streamers gay my charger deck, and braid his
flowing mane !

Set forth my black-fringed mantle,—the broideries rich
fling o'er it,

That I may be meet cavalier amid the bridal train.

Fill full my silken purse, to fling the Guzla men that
play

Before false, smiling Sophie, upon her wedding-day!—
The fickle-hearted Sophie who weds with Moina's Bey.

III.

CHORUS OF WEDDING GUESTS.

Come forth, come forth, O Sophie!—of Morlac maids
most beautiful!

Come warm our waiting hearts, as warms the drooping
earth, the sun!

But first wreath 'mid thy tresses, the bridal veil of
crimson,

That covering to thy beauty, no hand shall raise save
one.

Hark! to the pistol shots that cry: "This is thy wedding-
day!"

Hark ! to the " Song of Agatha " ¹ they on the Guzlas
play !
More beautiful than she, art thou, who weds great
Moina's Bey.

IV.

SOPHIE.

Haste to my side, my brothers ! Embrace me now, my
mother !

And thou my sister spring thou up beside my saddle's
croop !

Hail warriors ! Doff your helmets, and low your iron-
bound bosoms,

That never bent in battle, before MY charger stoop !

Ah !—who is yonder man in black, and face of ashen
gray ?

Necephoris 't is, who won my love, e'er I had met the
Bey !

An omen dire his presence here, upon my wedding-day !

¹ " Song of Agatha." An ancient ballade always played at a
Morlac wedding feast.

V.

NECEPHORIS.

Sound on the Guzlas her praises ! Sweeter than night-
ingale sound them ;

Wherefore droopeth the Bride ?—Why pales her face
with affright ?

Beauty melts before riches, like pearl in the wine-cup
descending ;—

Suffer thy despisèd serf to enjoy so gracious a sight !
Farewell ! My noble steed, to the valley of Shadows
away !

A pistol-shot shall end the woes of this accursed day ;—
But my soul shall rise to claim its own, e'er thou shalt
wed the Bey !

VI.

CHORUS OF BRIDAL-MAIDENS.

Hail, Sophie ! 'mid the Svâti, most blessed thou of
maidens !

Leap from thy milk-white charger,—uncover not thy
face !

Scatter ripe nuts, that hereafter, sons may rise around
thee ;—

Haste to the silken cushions, and thy fond lord's em-
brace.

The sinking sun unveils the moon—his warning sign
obey,

Haste to the tent, where waits for thee imperial Moina's
Bey ;—

We, to the dance and festival, that crown this joyous
day !

VII.

THE HERMIT.

My brothers, hark ! A pistol-shot rings clear in the
valley of Shadows !

Is it some impious hand would kill the gentle fawns
under my care ? ¹

¹ Hermits were supposed to tend the weaker animals—especially
deer.

Ah, no ! 'T is a handsome youth, under the dark palms
lying !

His charger roams free, and his black broidered robe
floats on the pitying air.

O woe ! O woe ! an omen dire for this auspicious day !
Necephoris 't is, who loved too well, the fair bride of the
Bey !

Go bury him deep, my brothers, with all the speed ye
may !

VIII.

SOPHIE.

And comest thou, my Lord, to meet thy handmaiden
most honored ?

(How cold his hand upon mine own—his fierce eyes
stab my breast !)

My Lord, my Lord, why drag me from thy tent's silken
cushions ?

(I shake with fear—my faltering limbs sink, but I find
no rest !)

O help, my brothers ! mother, help ! Ye saint's to whom
I pray !

Oh, succor bring ! Necephoris 't is who drags me far
away !

His soul hath come to claim its own upon my wedding-
day !

IX.

THE BEY.

Where tarriest thou, my belovèd. My shy young dove,
where tarriest ?

Too timid art thou to flutter within these waiting
arms ?

Go, slaves ! to the banquet hasten, search for my love
and bring her—

Too long do I sit in my lonely tent, feasting my
thoughts on her charms.

Come, my rose, from thy blushes the bride-veil strip
away.

Let all thy perfume fill the tent with sweet scents of the
May.

Come, my belovèd, to the arms and heart of Moina's
Bey !

X.

THE HERALD OF THE FEAST.

Let loose the bridled steeds, nobles of Verachina !

Come to the o'erflowing banquet—gather the nuts and
the gold.

Part not the tent's silken curtains—the Bey and his bride
are together.

Dance with the prettiest bridesmaid he who is hand-
some and bold !

Strike ye the Guzlas, musicians ! sing, and your loudest
play !

Scatter your flowers, ye maidens, to hail this joyous
day !—

Sophie the young and beautiful hath wed great Moina's
Bey !

XI.

SOPHIE.

Help ! my mother—my brothers ! ye saints to whom I am
calling !

(Heavy his hand on my heart as a stone, my senses
reel fast !

His eyes dart deathly flames into my bosom deep burn-
ing !—

His breath on my mouth strikes fierce, like fires from
the furnace cast !)

I sink—I fall—I die—O, wo ! my spirit dare not stay,—
Into the tomb with him I go to keep my wedding-day !
Farewell—farewell !—O life ! O love ! Farewell, un-
happy Bey !

“ADIEU ! CHER PAYS DE FRANCE.”

FAREWELL, sweet land of France, farewell, farewell !
Close were thine arms about my frozen heart,
Warming to quicker throb the pulses' start ;
And thine the voice, soft as a chiming bell,
Which bade me calmly view Life's crossed design,
And take therein the place which once was mine.

Farewell ! thy gentle skies as laughter bright,
Thy sparkling river running to the sun,
Where the green shores do seem to meet as one,
So clear the mirror on thy bosom bright.
Thy schools of learning and the keen delight
Of storied treasure and grand jewel set
Within the Louvre's high-flashing coronet.

Doubtless thy mask oft hides the falling tear,
Unshriven of some sins thou art, perchance,

Yet, ever prank't, as in some gay romance,
Thou did'st enkindle me to pleasant cheer,
And still did'st play the knight with quivering lance,
As was thy wont in panoply to blaze
E'er yet progression's sun rose on these later days.

Farewell ! the mist creeps up the moon-swept sea
And folds thee from my gaze ; yet swift between
Rises the thought of thee, calm and serene,
And ever through the wide void goes with me ;
No mist can hide, no parting intervene !
Clear burns thy presence on my spirit's sight,—
Good-night, dear land of France, good-night, good-
night !

THE DEATH OF A HEART.

FEET may dance, whilst hearts are breaking,
Eyes may flash, when Hope is dead !
Lips may smile, the dimples waking,
When mirth is ended, and joy is fled.

Cheeks may flush, whilst chilly fingers
Madly clutch each other to stead
The quivering lip where the smile still lingers,
The haughty poise of the aching head !

Laughter may come, clear, soft, and ringing, . . .
Only the shadows of pallid night
See the prone figure, whence upward winging,
The dying heart slowly takes its flight.

A MOONLIGHT THOUGHT.

I KNOW not when the hour shall be,
Nor in what time shall come,
For me the last lapse of the Sea—
The end of Earth's swift hum.

But should God say, "Ask now thy boon,"
This only would I crave,
That such a night as this and moon,
Should see my new-made grave.

And I be laid, girt round by trees
With gracious arms outspread,
Guarding from evil fantasies,
The deep sleep of the dead.

SULEIKA EL-BALBUL (late of Stamboul) TO
HASSAN-AL-RASCHID (late of Ispahan).

Oh, dost thou remember the Vale of Cashmere,
Where every breeze mingles the jasmin and rose?
Where fast-falling fountains flash crystalline clear,
And the purple-peaked mountain more distantly glows?
Oh, dost thou remember that soft night in June,
When in our slight scallop we drifted at ease,
Whilst the languorous strains of my zither's faint tune
Hung in clinging caress on the breast of the breeze?

Oh, dost thou remember the bulbul's clear note,
Which deep in the thicket rose rapturous and strong,
As she trilled nigh to bursting her delicate throat
In envious effort to rival my song?
And dost thou remember our walks o'er the meads
That rapidly run to the river's brink blue,

Where gay and unfettered like new-escaped steeds
Our hair tossed to windward together we flew ?

Oh, dost thou remember these ravished delights ?

Gone are they forever—the boat idly swings
At its moorings : and ever on still starry nights,
Alone without rival, the nightingale sings ?

But ah ! though our senses, thou Vale of Cashmere,
May no longer behold thee—thy joys still are ours !
Ever fresh in our hearts. They are here—they are here,
And to thee we still turn for our happiest hours !

THAT OTHER GIRL.

WHAT 's that? A rose? Oh, yes, long years ago

She tossed it to my hand—that other girl!

The sunshine laughed above us, and below

The water dashed its gleam of silver pearl

Where we two stood together, years ago,

I and that other girl!

Twelve years it was—we danced that summer through

And fished for hearts with words of merry jest

Never swam sun in such pure blaze of blue,

Never was earth so fair for pleasure's quest!

And that day when the dewy rose she threw,

Yes, of all days, that was the loveliest.

The winter found us still together, we

Drove, walked, and read—I and that other girl.

Dante and Tasso—Goethe ; who but she

 Could wing a thought, swift as a fan's unfurl ?

She was so clever—cleverer far—ah me !

 How like to humming-top my poor brains whirl !

And yet—and yet—naught but this rose remains,

 And she is still only "that other girl."

Go ! Join the Past, which dead, like thou, contains

 The shrunken beauty of thy petal's curl.

"Yes, dear, I'm coming" ; God ! how that voice pains !—

 To-day it ought to be that other girl !

SONG OF THE POCKET-BOOK.

WEAR me, I pray thee,
Close to thy heart.
Part from all others—
But ne'er from me part.
For though I be empty,
Yet that which I hold
Is brighter than silver,
More precious than gold!

Now read me this riddle,
Is 't not passing strange?
Though holding change ever,
Yet never I change.

SONG OF THE CUP.

A SONG in the cup—for the cup 's in my song!
The cup for your lips in the clear morning light,
When you rise with your nerves braced and keen for
the fight,
A cup for your lips then, a cup deep and strong.

The Song for your heart in the still twilight glow,
When all the gone years are but bubbles that gleam
An instant, then vanish adown the dark stream
This Song for your heart then,—its words we both
know.

SONG OF THE GUARD.

PERCHANCE a watch may need a guard
To keep the time in view,
But never need of watch nor ward
For tender hearts and true.

Nay, they in unison do beat
Still closely, each to each ;
Though parted our reluctant feet,
And vain the willing speech.

What shall I crave for birthday boon
For thee ? I scarcely know !
From earth up to the distant moon
My longing wishes go.

Seeking some rarest wish supreme,
Some good unknown to men,
Fairer than e'er was poet's dream,
Nobler than mind may ken !

Something like unto mixed spices strong
That should wrap thee forever and aye,
Making thy life one sweet glad song
Thy soul fresh as buds in May.

All this in the little guard I twine,
And a prayer that it may prove,
A link evermore 'twixt thy heart and mine
Where'er thy footsteps rove.

“IN THE SHADOW.”

THE nurse is gone, and I am left alone.

She thinks I sleep ! Ah, no, dear friends,—not yet

The sleep has come, which makes but merest fret
All other sleep ! So deep this is when won.

Ah, I am weary, sick, sick unto death ;

These smiles that poorly deck your pale-faced grief,

This pain that stays and finds not a relief,

This labored drawing of a wasting breath.

The sunshine flickers up and down my wall ;

Oh ! if it were a stream that in its tide

Might bear me out, away through portals wide,

No matter where—then would I chance it all.

Christians ! why weep for me, and be thus stirred,
That soon my soul up from this lump of clay
Shall mount exultingly, away ! away !
Eying for freedom like unprisoned bird ?

Why should ye weep ? If that your faith be true,
Which speaks this flight sure passage to a bliss
More deep, more raptured than aught else that is,
Then none should be more jubilant than you.

Ah, me ! The sunlight dies, the shadows creep
Chilly about me, clasp me till I sink
Into dark depths, where I no longer think,
Nor know—but only yearn to sleep—to sleep !

MY LADY WALKS IN PLEASANT WAYS.

My Lady walks in pleasant ways—
She is not fair—my Lady says—
 But, ah ! her smile is rare to see
 So delicate, and fine and free ;
 It decks in cheer the poorest place
 By virtue of its brightening grace,
My Lady walks in pleasant ways !

My Lady walks in pleasant ways,
And all about her meekly sways
 By gracious power of her mood,
 So sure is she to find the good,
 So swift to aid, uplift, and soothe,
 And make the roughest paths seem smooth,
My Lady walks in pleasant ways !

My Lady walks in pleasant ways ;
Before her clear and level gaze
 All evil things do shrink away
 As reptiles flee the wholesome day ;
 Love rises on his knee to greet her
 And children crowing, run to meet her.
“ I am not fair,” my Lady says,
Ah, sweet, most fair ! most fair always
Thou walkest in thy pleasant ways !

THE LEAF AND THE MAN.

(THE LEAF, LOQUITUR).

SIGH ! sigh ! Thou passer-by !
Thou shalt one day be as I,
Lowly lying, as I lie—
Sigh ! sigh !

Wail ! wail ! Thou winter gale !
Thou art strong and shalt prevail,
To thee, man and leaf are frail,
Wail ! wail !

Blow ! blow ! thou blinding snow !
Feed me to thy breasts' chill flow
Man and leaf shall both lie so—
Blow ! blow !

Fall ! fall ! ye frail ones fall !
This the end to one and all !
For me the earth, for you the pall,
Fall ! fall !

(THE MAN, LOQUITUR).

Rise ! rise ! rejoicing rise !
Soul set free from mortal ties,
Let the leaf die where it lies,
Rise ! rise !

FRIENDSHIP ; A TOAST.

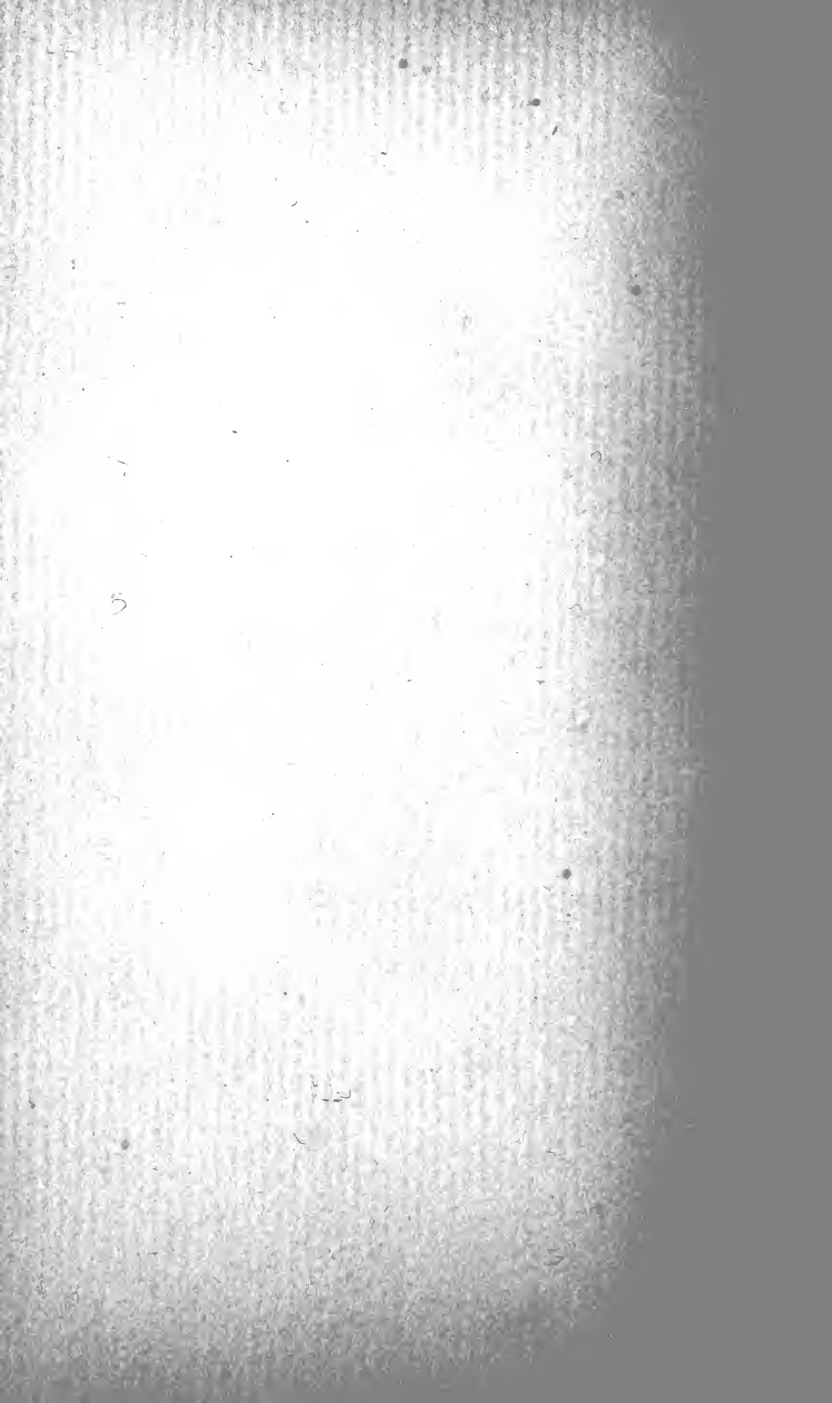
THE feast is spread, the wine flows free !
And laugh and jest do both keep pace.
We look beneath each other's face,
Soul calls to soul in jollity
A band of four in fealty.

For words in this fleeting show to trace
Something deeper, nobler ; space
To fling our nets in the unknown sea.
A toast, dear friends. Rise one and all.

“ May ever our hearts and souls be bound
“ Together in love. At the clarion call
“ Of Friendship be they forever found
“ Ready and eager to rise or fall.
“ But faithful still unto that sound
“ Which death may not silence, nor fear enthral.”



SONNETS.



WHITHER ?

I CRY—I cry ! I weary ask the sea,
And on the throbbing pulses of the land
Press eager fingers. Oh ! to understand
The meaning of this life-girt mystery
Which earth guards sphynx-wise from my soul and me !
In every cloud it lies, and fern soft-fanned,
In swelling throat of bird, and billow, spanned
By curving crest ! It sweeps in wind-rocked tree !
How touch the single thread, the slender clew
To lead into the Labyrinth where flies
The fateful shuttle passing through and through
These threaded purposes of life, crosswise.
Living shall this be mine ? or shall Death's dew
With healing power, unseal my blinded eyes ?

“ THEN—FACE TO FACE ! ”

DEATH came unto a Soul, which cold and bare
Low cowered shivering, being sore afraid.
Death waited patiently, one hand outstayed,
But yet the Soul ceased not from quivering there,
Lost to all feeling save a deep despair.

“ Come,” said the voice which is of all obeyed,
“ Delay no longer, nor be thus dismayed,
“ Yet if thou come not willingly—beware ! ”

Then rose the Soul, still wrapt in ghostly fear,
And weeping that of life this was the end ;
Slowly the awful messenger drew near,
Until the face did closer, closer bend ;
When lo ! down-shining through a radiance clear,
Smiled the fond eyes as of a dearest friend.

THE ROSE OF LOVE.

Love struck me lightly with his perfumed wing,
And I from dreaming woke. I could not see
The God for splendor of his majesty,
But fiery circles, flaming ring on ring
About me whirled, each last one narrowing
Unto a centre burning wondrously !
And in the blazing heart, swung carelessly
A crimson bud, its curved leaves quivering.
Fearless of flame, I dared Death for the rose,
I felt its dewy touch upon my hair,
And on my lips, and 'gainst my heart's fierce throes,
—So sweet it was, I fain would keep it there !
Alas ! unrest is now my sole repose,
And all my Joy, a thorn, that doth not spare !

THE UNKNOWN SEED.

THE angel walking in the narrow ways

'Twixt Heaven and Hell, looked on me where I stood

Alone within Life's Place,—my idle mood

Marked by the lapse of my more idle days.

“ See thou this seed,” the watcher softly says,

“ Within my hand ? I know not if it good

“ Or bitter be, I found it 'neath the Rood—

Wilt rear it—bearing both the blame and praise ?”

“ Yes,” said I slowly, whilst one hand upstole

Where the seed fell like pricking point of flame.

Idle no more my days—my shivering Soul

Watches 'mid throbbings torn of Joy and Shame—

Restless I cry, “ Ah, what shall be the dole ?

“ 'T is mine to bear, be it of praise or blame.”

“ WHERE LOVE HATH BEEN.”

DEATH stooped one day to Love, a little child,
And lifted him, and laid him 'gainst his breast,
Hoping to see the merry god oppressed,
By the grim aspect of a nurse so wild.
Naught said the boy, but still serenely smiled,
Whilst on the sable robe his head did rest,
As 't were the white down of his own smooth nest,
His eyes upturning ever, tranquil, mild.

“ Child,” cries Death hoarsely, “ art thou not afraid ?”
Love laughs aloud, “ Nay, thou should'st be,” he saith,
Then on the flaming eyes his hands are laid,
And warmed the chill lips by his glowing breath,
“ Lost are thy terrors now, thyself dismayed,
“ Where Love hath been, none fear to come, O Death.”

THE HEART'S DESIRE.

Who follows not some silver-threaded star
Which points a path unto the heart's desire ?
No other light we need, save its faint fire,
Which when we nearest seem, shines pale afar !
We fall, we rise,—we heed not tear nor scar,
Nor weary waste, nor depth of foulest mire :
Our purpose set to aims that never tire,
And fiery zeal, o'erleaping every bar.

Who gains the goal ? Who sees this fair star set
In splendor that on earth hath never been ?
Few that are living shall this joy beget,
Or see their heart's desire aglow therein.
Only the dead, who die whilst striving yet,
Oft touch in loss, the stake they fain would win.

VOICES FROM BEYOND.

I LAY upon the borderland 'twixt sleep
And drowsy thought, dim as a wavering dream,
All consciousness a far, faint, starry beam,
Like glint of torch within a cavern deep.
About me voices rose with windy sweep,
Till all the pulses of the air did seem
Aflame, and bubbling in a liquid stream,
Pouring upon me in one gathered leap.
They raised in me a power uncontrolled—
These mystic voices rushing madly by :—
My feet were set where wheeling planets rolled,
My head upreared within the flaming sky.
A god I was within my human mould,
To trample Death, and all his might defy.

THE FEET OF JOY.

SORROW marks many days in many lives

More deep than grave placed round by carven stone,
Whereby we note Time's pilgrimage alone,
And where—'mid all else ruined—Grief survives ;
Here hovers ever our faint heart, nor strives
To break away from contemplation, grown
A wanton luxury, which all unknown,
Like fungus-growth, upon our weakness thrives.

Joy's fluttering feet we mark not over much,
Though to our side steals on the laughing boy ;
So feather-light upon our brow his touch,
So deft his hand to mend each broken toy ;
Thankless, we stumble on in Sorrow's clutch,
Whilst softly trip unheard the feet of Joy.

IN MEMORIAM.

M. B.

“ I will be famous.”

—MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

FRAIL flower of the frozen Tartar clime,
Groping thy way through earth to purer space,
Where the Immortals sit—nor shroud the face
Though on them beats the Sun of Fame sublime !
Short was thy struggle through Life's cutting rime,
This fiercer strife marred all thy tender grace,
And broke the bud, e'er came its gracious prime.

But in that hour when thy white leaves were shed
Down at Death's feet, was won thy Soul's desire.
Fame's splendor kindles all thy whiteness red,
For thee peals proudly forth the Immortal's Choir :
Whilst on the earth, where thy great Sorrow bled,
The tear-sown seed bears fruit of living fire.

AN ASPIRATION.

PEAK piled on peak, like dim cathedral spires,
Prick the light lace-work of the amber sky.
On the green slopes weird, twisted shadows lie,
Cast, dark and writhing, from the sun's fierce fires.
Upward we strain our gaze, the soul aspires
Unto those heights ! Oh, but for wings to fly,
To mount and mount with zeal that never tires—
To burst Earth's clod and live, though we should die.

To reach the vast Beyond—ah, that Beyond,
Which only once was bared to mortal eyes
On Pisgah's mount ! To knit the unseen bond,
That 'twixt the Infinite and Finite lies !
The pent soul struggles, and the heart grows fond,
Whilst dimmer through our tears, the dim peaks rise.

THE CHOICE OF BUDDHA.

A HINDOO LEGEND.

ONCE our dear Lord in broodful silence strayed
Amid the flower-strewn gardens of the world.
The roses all their petals wide unfurled,
The lilies slender throats more proudly swayed ;
Eager each beauty strove to stand displayed.
The Master smiled, but turned where clearly purled
A little brook. There 'mid the grasses curled,
Beneath His foot, a patient violet stayed.

He stooped unto it, saying : " Fair those are,
" But with thy fairness theirs may not compete,
" And they are proud, yet thou art prouder far,
" Sweeter than all their odors, thou art sweet !
" Yea, brighter than the radiant morning star
" Shine patient lives, low hiding at my feet."

THE RIVAL OF THE ROSES.

ONCE in the wave-girt garden of the world,
All chastely white the clustering roses were,
Drooping embosomed on the amorous air.
When lo ! one morn, 'mid golden hair unfurled,
Stepped stately Eve upon the grass, which curled
Round her feet tenderly, her bosom bare,
Her limbs more white than all the roses there,—
Herself, God's opal from His depths empearled.

Then stirred the roses, all with envious shame,
To see their beauty mocked by this young queen,
These crimson glowed—those the consuming flame
Faded to paler tint of hopeless spleen,
And from that hour the roses bear the same
Badge of Eve's power, where'er her face is seen.

THE STATUE OF DIDERÔT.

So calm, and grave, and cold ! About his feet
Life's eddies swirl with endless throb and fret.
In hand of mighty mould, pen mightier yet,
Seems writing o'er our heads a message sweet.
High ! high above the noises of the street,
Like darkling point in heaven's dim spaces set.
To reach it were all earth aims to forget—
Only to live, and love, and learn, as it were meet.

Still pointest thou the way, thou mighty one,
Gazing austerely on us dwarfs below !
A nation's pride upreared thee to the sun,
A nation's caprice yet may overthrow,
What carest thou ? Finished what is begun,—
The arrow sped returns not to the bow !

MAINTENON.

A WOODED land, about which waters run,
Guarding in olden time my Lady's ways
From scrutiny of rude intruder's gaze,
When seeking rest from worldly noise and sun,
She hither came, to brood and muse alone,
Resting her high heart from the Court's poor plays,
The while her spirit yearned for nobler praise
Of that fine web her tireless brain had spun.

Broken the web—that glorious star is set,
Which she from yonder tower saw arise :
More purely now another star burns yet—
Across a finer web the shuttle flies.
Perchance her soul, freed from all earthly fret,
Smiles down approval from the smiling skies.

THE WORLD-ENCHANTRESS.

A PURE, clear radiance gilds the water's rim,
And spreads in broader bands close to our side,
Where on the ripples' curve we dip and slide.
Our hearts like cups, full quivering to the brim,
Dread to let spill one drop, and thus to skim
E'en by so small a loss, our Joy's deep tide.
All earthly things fall from us as we glide,
With starry dreams our drooping eyes are dim.

Oh, Venice—Lorelei—this thy charmèd hour !
Locked in thine arms, enchanted deep we lie,
Listing thy sweet voice thrill the golden shower
Falling upon thee from the purple sky !
Naught stirs us save the witchery of thy power—
In thee we live—or if thou will it—die !

“THUNDER OF WATERS.”

E 'ER we behold thee, thy roar strikes our ear,
In thundering accents of a Voice divine;
Clouds may obscure thee, or the sun may shine,
Yet art thou there ! We feel thee and we fear.
With hearts a-tremble, eyes that see not clear,
And feet that softly tread, as at some shrine,
Do we approach thee, lose our breath in thine,
Hang trembling in thy power, thou mighty seer.

Vast, wondrous Formulator of Infinity !
Upon thy breast, our minds leap out in space.
We see the One who was, is, and shall be,
Unveil amid thy mists His awful Face,
We hear Him speak, fit messenger in thee,
Who wert, e'er yet thy floods to worlds gave place.

SONGS.

WRITTEN TO BE SET TO MUSIC.



SONG OF THE SPANISH SAILOR.

BARCAROLE.

OHÈHO ! my fair love is the sea !
Blithe is she !
On her breast, do I rest, as we flee—
Ohèho ! Ohèho !
Sharp is her kiss as the string,
And sweet, as the honey of bee !
Ohèho as together we wing,
Ohèho, Ohèho.

Refrain.

In her breath lies dark death,
What care I ?
If together we die—
My fair love and I ?

Ohèho ! a song for my love !

As we rove !

Fairer queen ne'er was seen than my dove,

Ohèho, Ohèho.

Boundless the sweep of her throne,

Her crown is of bright stars above,

Yet her heart beats close to mine own

Ohèho ! Ohèho !

Refrain as before.

In her breath, etc.

TWILIGHT SONG.

SLEEP ! sleep ! good-night ! good-night !
Over the hill-tops, the little stars peep ;
Royally rises the moon, shaking free her trailing tresses,
Sleep on earth's eyelids presses
Like lover's soft caresses.

Sleep ! Sleep !

Low plaints the plover's cry,
Maidens to love-trysts hie ;
All Nature lies at ease—

Sleep ! Sleep !

Sleep ! sleep ! good-night ! good-night !
Fainter the light, in the woodlands deep ;
Slower the clear sluggish waters flow over their green
dewy cresses,

Sleep with its touch blesses—
Hearts that Day's pain oppresses—
 Sleep ! Sleep !
Low through the vine-strung trees
Sings the wind lullabies ;
All Nature lies at ease—
 Sleep ! Sleep !

“FAREWELL ! AH, WHO DID BREATHE THAT
WORD.”

FAREWELL ! ah, who did breathe that word ?

Not thy fond heart, nor was it mine ;
And yet 't was said ! Alone I pine,
As droops forsaken bird.

Farewell ! ah, fatal word unspoken,
By thy stern power our faith is broken,
Nor can we e'er the severed ring regain—
Though we may yearn again ! again !

Farewell ! the lute lies all unstrung,
Untouched of hands that once could wake
Such melodies as seraphs make

When they in raptured praise have sung.
Farewell ! ah, heart, Love's rose lies dead,
Its leaves upon the winds are shed,

Farewell ! for us this time no more
Lives here—but on another shore !

WHERE HANGS A ROSE.

PROVENÇAL SONG.

DAY after day, in the glare of the street,
Lonely I stand, weary I cry—
“Fresh roses, see!” all pass me by,
Weary, alone, in the cold, in the heat.
Only the freshness of the flowers
Soothes my heart, mine eyelids close.

.
A long white road I see—a shore
Lapped by crisp blue waves, o'er and o'er
And a cottage near, where hangs a rose,
Ah, God! the smell of that rose at the door.

I stretch my hand—the rose is gone
Lonely I lie in the silent street.

The wind blows cold, the raindrops beat—
The flowers are dying—one by one.

.

Strange, that to-night I feel no cold—
A warmth through my being gently flows—
My tired heart seems lulled to rest,
Floating on and on, in a dream ever blest,
Down the white road, where hangs the rose.
At last, it is here, on my lips, at my breast !

L'ÉCHO DU CŒUR !

LA lune sur les montagnes lève sa voile,
Et me vois à la porte de ma chaumière
Te cherchant de ma vie, l'étoile.

Viens a moi—viens a moi !

L'écho prends ta voix
Comme le souffle de ma joie.

Ah, viens a moi, viens ma lumière

Toi qui est le soutien de ce cœur brisé

Ah, viens a moi, toi qui est ma prière

L'écho porte ta voix, le vent ton baiser.

La lune derrière les montagnes se couche

Mais moi a ma porte je reste immobile—

Te cherchant toujours—rien me touche.

Tu ne viens pas—tu ne viens pas—

L'écho de mon cœur

Me fait grand peur !

Ah, tu ne viens pas ! Non, c'est inutile !

Sans toi, mon âme est comme enfant sans mère ;

Sans toi je suis comme lampe sans l'huile ;

L'écho du loin apporte une voix amère.

“PUT YOUR SWATE FOOT TO THE FORE.”

THAT big yaller daisy
Amost sets me craisy,
The breath of the Spring's at the dure ;
Come, Bridget, me darlin',
Lave workin an' quarlin—
And put your swate foot to the fore.

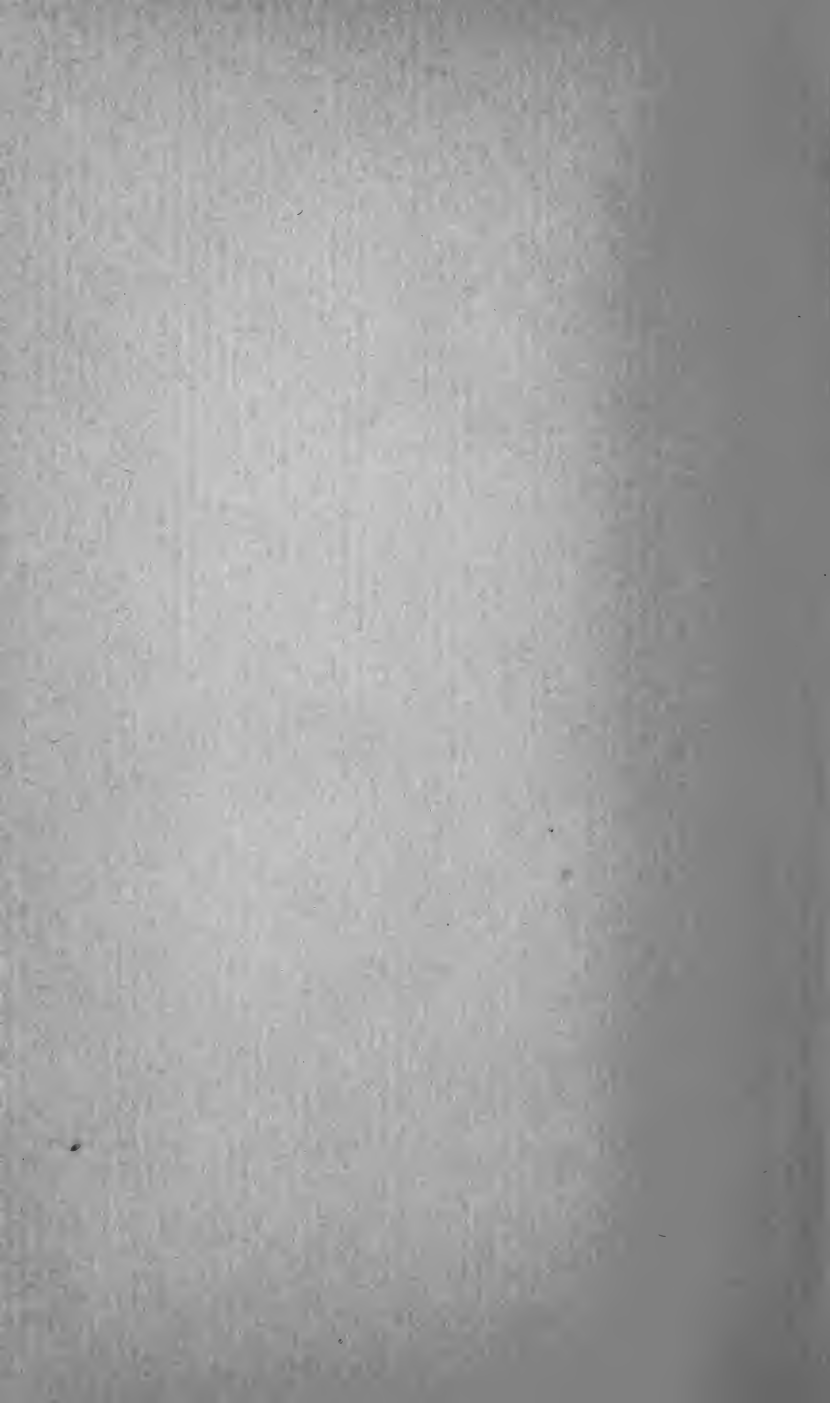
Awhist now, me colleen !
Me white-throated Baubeen !
Come, give me your bit uv a hand ;
For shure ! in your bonnet
Wid the big posies on it—
You 're the purtiest gurrl in the land !

Hark ! hear the burrds callin',
The stars, they are fallin',
Wid thryin' to peep through the dure ;

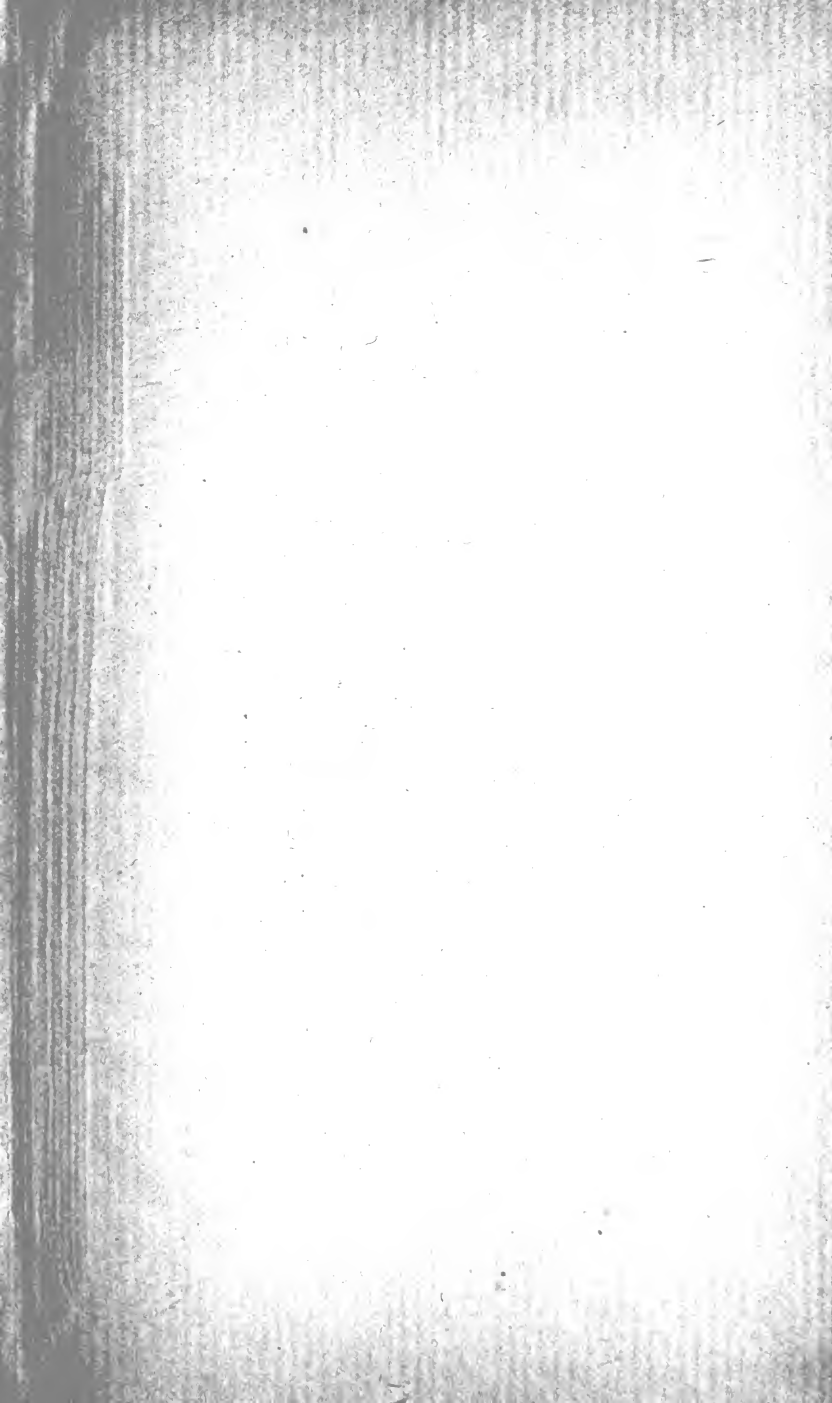
One—two—are you ready?
Then stiddy—girl—stiddy!
Come, put your swate foot to the fore.

CHORUS.

So ! aisy, me darlin' !
To keep ye from fallin',
Whist ! give me your hand now, asthore !
We 'll foot it together
Come fair or foul weather
Thin put your swate foot to the fore.







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