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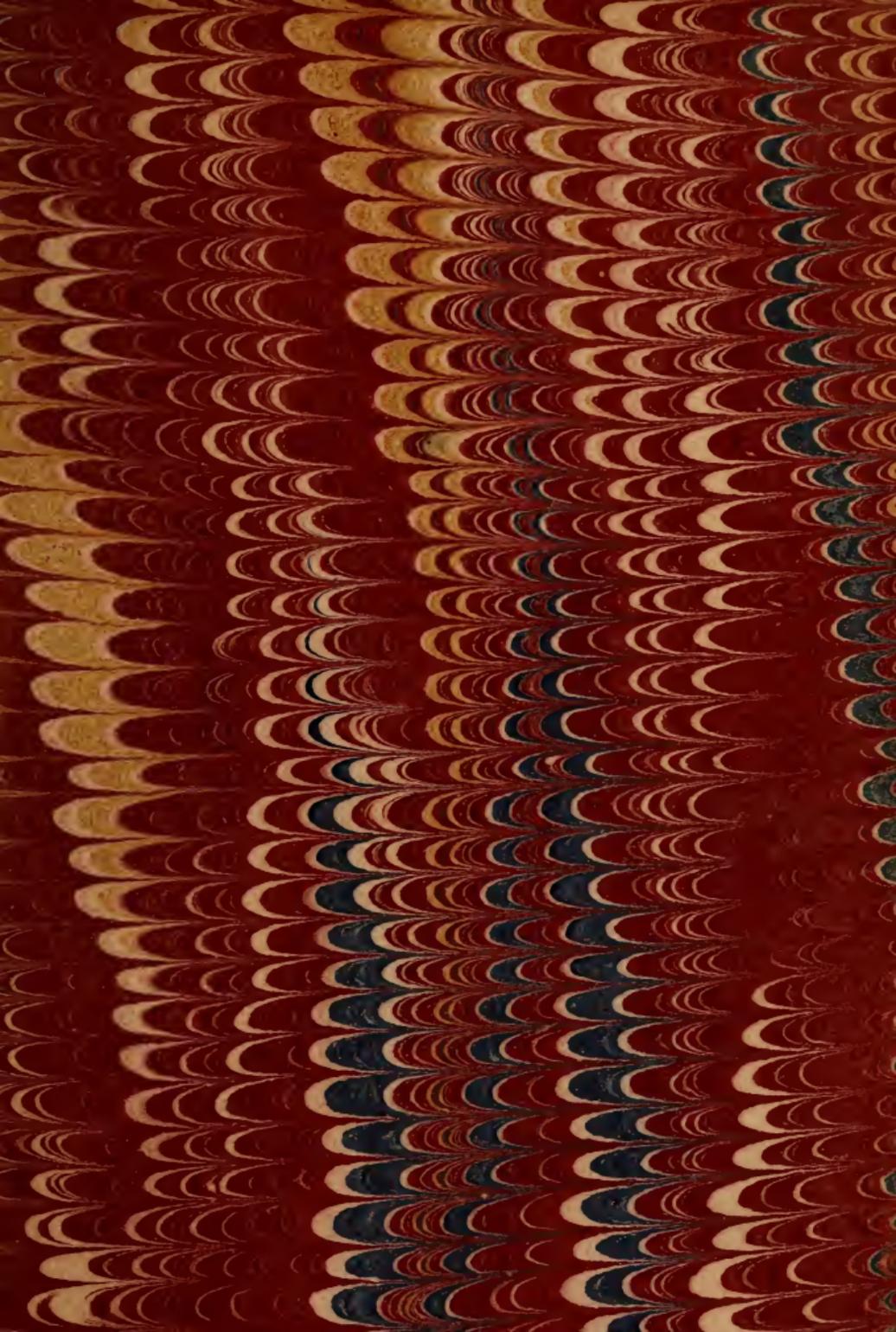
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POEMS.



# POEMS



BY

✓ ✓  
EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH,

CURATE OF BANNINGHAM, NORFOLK.

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TO  
MY BELOVED FATHER,  
WITHOUT WHOSE SANCTION AND PERMISSION  
THESE THOUGHTS WOULD NOT HAVE SO EARLY LEFT  
THE RETIREMENT OF KINDRED AND FRIENDLY CIRCLES,  
THIS VOLUME OF POEMS AND HYMNS,  
WRITTEN, MANY OF THEM,  
IN THE HAPPY HOME OF CHILDHOOD,  
**Is Dedicated,**  
WITH THE WARMEST LOVE AND ADMIRATION,  
BY  
HIS AFFECTIONATE SON.



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*CORRIGENDA.*

Page 48, line 10, *for* golden cloud, *read* golden cord.

„ 71, „ 10, *for* as like, *read* as likes.

„ 131, „ heading, *for* 1846, *read* 1845.

## P R E F A C E .

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THE following Poems have been written from time to time during the last five years. The earlier ones have been selected from many contemporary productions, which although at that time, I believe, the true expression of my young life, would claim but little interest from the public in these days, when the fountains of thought are stirred, and the field of conflict is the heart and soul.

One word of apology for having affixed to each Poem the date of its composition. Some friends into whose hands this book may fall will be aware that the writer of these pages has recently entered upon the higher and holier duties of ministerial work. And though he trusts that there will be nothing found in these pages inconsistent with that

blessed calling, he was yet unwilling that those friends should imagine that pieces of a lighter shade—whose heart was moral rather than spiritual, and whose region the fancy rather than the imagination—should have engrossed the hours of that dedicated life. Not that he would for a moment assert that religion—simple Gospel religion, and poetry—earnest poetry, are at variance. How were this possible, when poetry rests on truth, and is beautified and glorified by the sanction of the word of God? Whether Truth and Beauty be one, as the Germans claim, or not, this seems certain,—that if it were possible to divorce Beauty from Truth, she would be the falsest syren who ever sang the seafarer to destruction. And what field presents a thousandth part of such magnificent resources for poetry as the page of Bible truth?—the dim background of a past eternity, the antagonist powers of mighty evil and almighty good, the awful redemption of man, the centuries of conflict, the world-wide arena, the intermingling of celestial and earthly agents, the deep heavings of the present, the cloudless ages of the future; and, in all, human hearts beating and throbbing with human sympathies and affection.

But I have wandered far from my apology for

having appended dates to all the following Poems, that the lighter among them may not be assigned to a wrong period in my life. This remark especially applies to the longest Poem in the book, "Ceruleine," which was first written about the age of eighteen, and re-written about two years afterwards; and, though fully sensible of its many defects, the current of thought underflowing it being far more shallow than ought ever to enrich such phantasms of fancy, yet, if withdrawn now, I felt that it would be withdrawn for ever, and that it would be a memento, at least to myself, of faëry labyrinths now escaped and deserted.

The first Poem, "The Things that are," was originally intended to have been the introduction to a longer and far more laborious undertaking than I have yet found time or energy to pursue, — A Sketch of the Present and the Future. The piece here given was designed to delineate the true state of mind a man must possess ere he could truly and rightfully contemplate the course of time. The continuation of this, which forms the second poem in the book, was rather *compelled* by the awful interest of the events of the present year, than given as if it were any connected link in the work as sketched at first. But if it please God that time

and opportunity be given, I hope it may yet be permitted me to attempt anew this favourite and long-cherished subject, though almost demanding the recreation-hours of a lifetime.

The Prize Poems have been reprinted without alteration, except the closing stanzas of the first, which the kindly banterings of divers private critics have led me to prune and slightly change. Also some of the other Poems have been modified, and one or two re-written, previous to publication.

And now, with fervent prayers that this mean and unworthy contribution to the Christian literature of our country may yet be used by the great Head of our Church for the furtherance of His cause and truth, this book is committed to the kind perusal of readers.

*Banningham, Nov. 1848.*

## THE THINGS THAT ARE.

Ὁ ἴστιν ὄν ὄντως.

THE closing of a stormy night :—the wrecks  
Of many tempests stranded on the shore  
Of Time's mysterious sea :—and yet no break,  
No far blue vista in the storm-tost drifts  
Of clouds, that gather blackness ever and aye  
Close round the wild horizon. If a star  
With trembling light, and that the light of tears,  
Gleams for a moment through the vault of gloom,  
The swift clouds envying Hope's sweet messenger,  
Quick shifting dim its radiance, and the void  
Of darkness reigns supreme. Perchance, anon,  
A meteor with its dazzling train shoots by,  
And hurries into nothingness—a dream  
Of dying human glory—a bright torch

To light ambition to its starless tomb.—  
Once more the eye looks up, as if in fear  
Of that which shall be, for the lightnings now  
Are all abroad upon the winds of night,  
Writing, in vivid characters of flame,  
Truths words might never utter, truths intense,  
Of man's strange destiny and future worlds  
Prophetic:—brief their tale, as it is bright;  
And after them, dim thunder sounds far off,  
Like waters, or the wail of nations come,  
From the lone caverns of chill shadowy mountains,  
In fitful bursts upon the startled ear.  
All speak of woes and tempests past and coming. . . .

Is such the sky that stretches o'er the world?  
Fool, fool,—it cannot be—just close thine eye  
And open it anew, and o'er its sweep  
Will rise, in faëry pageantries of joy,  
Life-pictures diverse far: young pleasure's train,  
Dances, and revelries, and reckless smiles,  
All cluster'd there beneath a cloudless sky:—  
None know it is but painted o'er their heads,

And that the true dread heavens roll rife with storms.  
Tush, tush, bend down thine ear and list again :—  
I listen'd—and the dulcet voice of song  
And music manifold of various spells,  
And the yet sweeter tones of flattering hope,  
Whispering of peace and pleasures without fail,  
Smiled at my fears, and ask'd me tauntingly  
If I too smiled not—but a deeper voice  
Like that of thunder, utter'd answer—*Peace!*  
*There is no peace,* and echoed still—*no peace:*  
And all the after sounds of mirth that came  
Upon the moaning breezes, ever seem'd  
To sicken on my weary soul, like things  
Of little moment to a dying man.

Hast thou not often at lone hours of midnight,  
When the vain troublous world is still, and thou  
Art there amidst the universe alone,  
Alone with visions of the vast unseen,  
In the stern grandeur of eternal truth  
Looming around thee—turn'd thy spirit's eye  
Inward upon itself, and in a tone

Tremulous for fear of answer unforeseen,  
Ask'd thyself what thy being's being is?  
Aye, what that strange mysterious thing *self* is?  
And all things seem to fall from off thee, like  
The leaves of autumn, and the earth to sink,  
The stars to fade, and all things be as dreams—  
Oh! then the solitude of solitudes,  
The feeling of unutter'd weariness,  
Like shipwreck'd mariner cast far adrift  
Upon a desert ocean, with its void  
Crushes the heart—the spirit faints—till soon  
The stern conviction that thou canst not stay  
Heartless, and homeless, and companionless,  
That struggle unto death thou must for life,  
Floods all thy soul; and with a sudden spring  
Of blended fear, and hope, and confidence,  
Thou castest all that storm-tost thing, thyself,  
Upon the blessed certainty of God:  
And clingest unto Him, with energies  
Lent by despair—the only anchor left;  
If that could fail, all others were but straws—  
Yet clinging there a voice within thee tells

That cannot fail thee—'tis thy Father's hand,  
Poor child—He loves thee—love can never fail.  
And then all grows serene like light, and Peace  
Comes stealing o'er the waters, and aloft  
Faith rises, Phœnix-like, amid the wreck.

So when that mystic undertone, *no peace*,  
Like the dull clangour of a muffled bell  
Rousing the sleep of a beleaguer'd-town,  
First mingled with those revelries of song,  
Louder and louder pealing (whether they  
Wax'd fainter, or its tone the clearer grew),  
Until I seem'd to hear nor lyre nor dance,  
But only that prophetic wailing; then  
My spirit lost all consciousness of earth,  
And listlessly I counted as they fell  
The beatings of the heavy clock of Time.  
I saw and slept, and sleeping still I heard;—  
And in my sleep my lips re-echoed ever  
After that mighty pendulum of Fate  
Words that it utter'd palpably,—*now—then*:  
And *then* still followed *now*, and still the *now*

Preceded *then*, eternally the same.  
Save when at intervals of mystic length,  
The hours of those illimitable ages,  
I heard a hammer strike some viewless sphere,  
And straightway through the universe of worlds,  
In varying number but in tone the same,  
Peal'd forth the everlasting answer, '*gone.*'

And is there nothing then that fleets not thus?  
Unconsciously I murmured. At the words,  
Came crowding on my spirit's inward eye  
A thousand sunny visions—mine heart leapt  
To welcome them—for there were cloudless scenes  
Of childhood's happy rambles; there were thoughts  
That blended with the burning dreams of youth,  
And like the sunbeams to the sun flew back  
As to their early home, where gushes ever  
That fount within a fountain, human love—  
When music held her calm unruffled spell,  
Or trembled into sorrow, or did wail  
With deepest spirit storms, and these again  
Did soothe to rest in wondrous magic wise.

Childhood and youth rose thus, and thus laid out  
Their rosy landscapes at my feet—I look'd  
Once more,—once more,—a moment they were gone.  
I could have wept their sojourn was so brief—  
But ere the tear fell from my eye, behold  
New thoughts, new burning feelings, new desires  
Came rushing o'er me :—all the streams of love  
From that young crystal fountain, music-like,  
Flow'd a majestic river through the vale  
Of life, and I was wandering by its banks,  
And often paused my footstep, often gazed  
Into what seem'd a nether sky, where heaven  
With its unfathomable mysteries,  
In characters of soften'd loveliness,  
Was imaged in the watery mirror. Oh  
I could have linger'd by that stream, methought,  
For ever and for ever, but its flow  
Grew faint and fainter still, till all was air,  
And viewless winds, and unremaining dreams—  
Yes, I might tell for hours what there and then  
Arose and vanish'd, till my bosom ached  
And all my heart was pain'd within me :—friends

They were and brothers those light spirit-scenes  
For a few passing moments, but oh, when  
My heart was going out towards them, when  
Like bright homes nestling in a vale they seem'd,  
Where I long while might linger, as I mused  
Their cloud foundations sway'd before the wind,  
For they were built upon the mists and winds,  
And perishable were, and brief as they.

As one awaking from a glorious train  
Of dreams and phantasies at dead of night,  
Looks forth upon the darkness for awhile :  
Musing aghast ; as if he thought straightway  
Another image, beautiful as those  
That have pass'd by him in their loveliness,  
Would rise and fill the void of gasping thought :  
But when the listless moments steal away  
Unvision'd all and dreamless, doth start up  
And question of himself what forms they were ?  
And what he is, and where, and whence, and how ?  
So I, as panting to lay hold on that  
Which would not vanish at my touch like snow,

Struggled to cast myself from out myself  
In secret prayer and agony of soul ;  
And though in darkness, onward felt my way,  
If haply I might find a rock whereon  
To stay my weary foot ; for all that once  
I deem'd substantial, had proved light as air,  
And fragile as the foam on slippery waves—  
The fashions of this world, its feasts and songs,  
To my incredulous gaze seem'd planted now  
Upon the words—*no peace*. The course of Time—  
Its seeming endless cycles, its vast spans,  
Stretching like new horizons day by day  
Before a journeying traveller, reaching far  
Athwart the clouded Past and clouded Future,  
In countless maze of circles, as I gazed,—  
All rested on one shifting sliding point,  
Which men call Present, which was ever gone  
Though still renew'd like shower drops in a stream  
And when with sickening soul I turn'd away  
From all the unrealities of earth,  
And the brief phantoms of historic worlds,  
To what I deem'd were everlasting things,

And truths that borrow'd immortality  
Of deeper things than mortal hand might touch,  
And mortal foot explore ; lo, these likewise  
Had vanish'd—darkness wrapt my steps in gloom—  
Yet there are things that in the darkness live  
A life intense and vivid as in light.  
Prayer then can wrestle on victoriously,  
And Faith without suspicion lean her hand  
Upon a viewless anchor—there is One  
To whom the night translucent seems as day,  
And though unseen, I felt His presence filling  
The vast and vacant chambers of my soul.  
And one by one, as wrapt in silvery mist  
That caught their diamond brightness, like the stars  
Of twilight visiting a lonely vale,  
The words of promise beautifully brake forth  
And kindled into radiance. For awhile  
Wonder and rapture reft my soul of thought,  
And left me tranced as a child who first  
Stands on the shore of blue phosphoric waves  
At midnight : but ere long the dews of heaven  
Shed balm upon my fever'd spirit : all

Was peace : and the pure atmosphere of truth  
Around me, like an infant's holy dream,  
Diffused a light and beauty all its own.  
Ah! words can never tell my bliss, for I  
Had found what my soul long'd for ; I had found  
My spirit's home, my Father's presence, found  
Wherewith to sate my bosom's infinite—  
And He was smiling on me, and His peace  
Was in my heart of hearts, that peace divine  
Which passes understanding. I did weep,  
But they were tears of joy—I sigh'd, but 'twas  
The fulness of a heart that overflow'd,  
Nor otherwise could utter what within  
Was hidden—long my musing lasted—long  
I held intense communion with my God.

Oh, hast thou known the yearnings of delight  
It is to commune with a tender father,  
To cast the burden of a host of cares  
Upon his father-heart, to feel thyself  
His child, and in that blessed privilege  
To ask his sympathy, his care, his love,

And with a deep familiar earnestness  
Blend all thy thoughts with his, with filial fear  
Yet fearless in affection? If thou hast  
Thou knowest an emblem, faint indeed and dim,  
But yet the brightest, loveliest earth affords  
Of the joy fountains gushing in the heart  
Of one, who, from the world a fugitive,  
And from despair, and darkness, and thick doubt,  
Finds there is yet one bosom where to cast  
His sorrows, and a Father's heart that glows  
For him, and yearns to greet him as a child.  
Entranced, imparadised in joy, I knelt  
There at the footstool of my Father's throne,  
My Father's and my God's, and from His smile  
Drank life, drank beauty, drank intensest love,  
From love, and life, and beauty's fountain-head.  
I may not tell ye more—but when that dream  
Of glory (if ye reckon those things dreams  
That have a deep and vast reality  
Beyond all certainties of sight and sense,  
As reaching the unseen eternal world)  
Had pass'd me, like a golden sunset cloud,

•

My soul was as a sea of light, whereon  
No grief did cast a shadow ; such as oft  
Thou mayst have seen within a summer sky,  
Sleeping untroubled in calm mellow light,  
Above the spot where the sun's chariot wheels  
Sank slowly into ocean. Yes, it pass'd,  
But yet I felt it was my own for ever,  
A wealth, a rapture, an inheritance.  
And quickly I bethought me once again  
Of all those airy scenes of young delight,  
That whilome, as I gazed, had pass'd away,  
Or seem'd to pass, like phantom soulless things.  
And a voice spake within me, 'Thou hast found,  
By finding out thy spirit's home in God,  
A master key of truth that shall unlock  
The thousand wards of earthly mysteries ;  
And shew thee unto whom alone, the good,  
The true, the noble, pure, and beautiful,  
Whatever seems to mortals loveliest,  
Can have or claim an immortality  
Of goodness, truth, or beauty—'tis to those  
Whose hearts are right, whose beings one with God,

Who in Him find their all—to other men,  
The beauteous things that pass them by on earth,  
Oh, yes, they are immortal, but it is  
An immortality of deathless woe,  
That haunts them with the sting of lost delight.

And once again, retracing all my steps,  
I gazed upon those lovely scenes of life ;  
Those passion fountains of unfathom'd depth,  
Those springs of human love, those beautiful homes  
Of friendship and affection, which the dove  
Of Peace broods over evermore, and there  
Doth shelter underneath her sacred wing  
A father's heart, a mother's, or a child's—  
Those dearest types of heaven ; and lo, they rose  
In tenfold loveliness before me, rose  
More passionately beautiful than ever ;  
And oh, the blessed change !—they vanish'd not.  
At first my faithless heart grew chill with fear,  
And trembled as the moments swift flew by,  
And the far beatings of the clock of time  
Again struck dimly on mine ear, but soon

Faith whisper'd, "They are amaranthine now,  
Thou livest now 'mid everlasting things—  
Fear not: what once was of the present, soon  
Is number'd with the past: what once was *now*,  
Let one brief moment pass away, is *then* :  
And Time may count these hours and cycles, gone,  
But Faith hath vanquish'd Time: and she beholds  
The things that have been, being, and to be."

In peace, my spirit linger'd on the scenes  
Of her eternal Past:—in peace I mused  
On those delicious spots of earth, those fair  
Oases in the wilderness of life,  
Those isles too often few and far between,  
Emblems of home upon the homeless sea,  
Those Edens blooming in a ruin'd world,  
Those sunbeams 'mid the storm-clouds all astray,  
Those gushing springs within a thirsty land,  
Those stars that startle us like friends at night,  
Those blessed things so inexpressibly dear,  
There, there I mused—there wander'd like a child  
Through flowerets all his own; and when at length

The cycle was complete, and through the heavens  
Thrice peal'd the everlasting answer, Gone,  
I look'd upon those scenes of far delight,  
And there unfading and unchanged they lay  
In the clear cloudless region of the Past,  
Imperishably shrined in love and light.

1845.

## THE EARTHQUAKE.

Σίβας δ' ἄμαχον, ἀδάματον, ἀπόλεμον τὸ πρὶν  
Νῦν ἀφίσταται.—ÆSCH. *Choe*.

Two years have fled, and almost a third,  
Since thus the image of the Present (calm  
It seem'd, yet was not) interwove itself  
With my wild, wayward musings; till enlink'd  
To truths that change not, Time's tumultuous sea  
For once in the clear mirror of my soul  
Lay changeless. Fool! to dream that passionate waves  
Could, infant-like, forget their wrath so soon  
And lull themselves into eternal sleep.  
Fool! to forget that under-voice "no peace"  
Of storms prophetic amid calm. Once more  
It fell upon my spirit's slumbers—fell

Like sudden thunder on a mariner  
Who sleeps at midnight : look'd I forth once more  
With eager thought, yet tranquil, for my soul  
Was anchor'd now upon a rock that lay  
Fast rooted in the Eternity of truth,  
And deep as heaven's foundations. What, if still  
Cold dashing waters in the depths of ocean  
Sweep o'er it and about, far, far above  
My vessel rode securely o'er the waves,  
And in tranquillity and rest I look'd  
Forth on the untranquil, restless flood of the world.

In sooth, my spirit's peace was not of earth ;  
Or else the sudden shock of change and ruin  
That met mine eyes had shaken my whole frame  
As if with earthquake. Desolate and vast  
The homes of millions sigh'd : and sulphurous clouds  
Hung over them, from whence at intervals  
Sharp lightnings flooded heaven with gusts of flame ;  
The stars were struck with blindness ; and the sea  
Roar'd ; and the earth, as with volcanic fires,  
Labour'd, and moan'd, and shook exceedingly.

Woe for the sons of men! woe, when the earth,  
Whereon their hopes are builded as on rock,  
The eldest, firmest, solidest of things,  
Trembles as smitten with the curse of God.  
Woe, woe! for baseless as a fabric built  
Of clouds, and transient as they, are fears  
Less deep than hell, and hopes less high than heaven.  
Ay, for the earth may shudder, and the stars  
Fall, as a fig-tree, swept of mighty winds,  
Casts her untimely figs, and truth that rests  
Upon the word of God stand forth, alone  
Eternal amid perishable things.

The sharp shock of the earthquake ceased. Mine eye  
Fell where the thunder of its ruin and wreck  
Seem'd loudest, on the guilty land of France.  
And,—as a scene of sunset glory plays  
Delusively before us, though the sun  
Be sunk, and wintry darkness clouding heaven—  
A moment on my spirit's eye there flash'd  
A dream of bygone hours:—a monarch throned  
On arms and proud ambition, and the will

(Of fickle, frail foundations, frailest this)—  
A people's shifting will, who scoff'd to own  
The fountain of all kingly power in God.  
Poor man! yet seem'd he throned securely:—long  
His fate hung o'er him ere it fell, and long  
The earthquake slumber'd under ere it came.  
Long years he reign'd: his gilded sceptre sway'd  
Pale crowds of flattering menials, men who swore  
Allegiance, and innumerable throngs  
Of warriors, and a Godless multitude  
Whose god was Pleasure, and the lawless fires  
Of dastard men whom sin alone inspired  
With boldness, and a few heroic souls  
Who pray'd and wept o'er that they saw and heard  
In solitude, and many aching hearts.  
Long years he reign'd: the assassin's hand in vain;  
Was raised against him often times, but still  
God's mightier hand was o'er him: and the floods  
Of evil chafed and toss'd themselves in vain  
The hour of their unloosing was not come;  
And God reserved him for no common fall.  
Long years he reign'd: and with the liberal hand

Of kingly friendship woo'd alliances  
With distant courts, if only he might stay  
His throne with strength, and crown his children's brows.  
Nor lack'd he arms, or armies, or brave fleets,  
Nor bulwarks lack'd, nor any thing but God.  
But in the prime of glory, when his heart  
Spake peace unto itself and tranquil age,  
What time his kingly throne the kingliest shew'd,  
Then came the voice from heaven, "There is no peace;"  
And straightway a convulsive trembling shook  
The ground whereon his throne was planted—none  
Might save him then—earth shudder'd, and the heavens  
Frown'd: fearfulness besieged and storm'd  
His spirit, deem'd impregnable till now.  
A few wild, unavailing struggles—fool!  
As well go struggle to erect thy throne  
Upon the Alpine avalanche—and all  
Pass'd like a fugitive dream. They who had sworn  
To live and die beside him, where were they?  
Where were his courtly friends, his dastard troops,  
His statesmen, and his warriors, and his peers?  
Where were his loving subjects, where was France?

Was it they scoff'd a power that came of man,  
And not of God? was it a viewless Hand  
Withheld them? was it that they crouch'd with fear?  
None raised a hand; none moved a foot; none spake;—  
The earthquake palsied every arm and blanch'd  
All faces pale, and drain'd all hearts of blood.  
And like a fugitive dream it pass'd: his throne  
Lay shatter'd in the dust, his palaces  
Were ransack'd by a foul, infuriate crowd;  
His armies struck a strange and traitorous league  
With robbers and with murderers, and call'd  
Them brethren; and his darling capital  
Became a den of lawlessness and guilt  
And devils, under semblance of control;  
And trembled with dark memories of the past,  
Dark bodings of the future, wild despair,  
And wild, insensate hopes of golden bliss.

Oh, fallen monarch! on the verge of years,  
Strange retrospect must often now be thine  
Of thy long fateful Past:—a witness thou  
And sufferer in that former storm of wrath,

Whereof the wrecks the angry waves cast up  
Still crumble on the shores of Time ; then days  
Of seeming smoothness, until thou thyself  
Snatch'd from the pilot's hands the unruly helm,  
And yielding to the passionate gusts awhile,  
Drave right before the tempest, till the winds  
Were somewhat lull'd ; and all men praised thy skill.  
And long thy vessel rode through billowy seas,  
And many blasts of winter : not a fear was there  
Of shipwreck, while thy hand might hold  
The rudder. Proudly o'er the seas thy bark  
Rode forth ; but on a sudden, in full noon  
Of glory, every sailyard bent with wind,  
Struck on a sunken rock : then might you hear  
The crash of bulwarks amid cries for help  
And howlings of the pitiless storm. The masts  
Fell ruinous and the waves rush'd in amain,  
And thou thyself, disrobed of glory, borne  
By some chance solitary plank, wast cast  
Upon our rugged shores. Strange retrospect,  
Oh fallen, shipwreck'd monarch, must be thine : —  
Behind thee lies thy track of wild adventure,

Bright with fleet gleams and overcast with storms :  
And still upon the far horizon's skirts  
Thy vessel struggles with the sullen waves,  
In desperate hope : and ever and anon  
One and another takes the broken helm,—  
In vain : for still they cry not unto God,  
Whose are the heavens, and earth, and winds, and seas.

Meanwhile the twilight shades of life, O king !  
Are closing fast around thee, and full soon  
That life will fleet before thy dying eyes  
As the vain pageant of a moment ;— earth  
Dissolve as into viewless air, and time  
Grow pale before a close eternity.

Oh, if a voice from heaven could reach thee, king,  
Would it not cry aloud—“ Awake ! awake !  
From the wild fever of thy life-long dream,  
With its vain nightmare tossings and brief lulls  
Of slumber, for an everlasting morn  
Of stern reality draws on apace,  
And death's alarum soon, O king, will strike ?  
Oh, take thine eyes from off that batter'd crown,

Clutch not that broken sceptre :— thou art weary,  
Weary of all, but mostly of thyself ;  
'Tis not too late to tear away the garb  
Of faithless superstition : fling thyself  
At foot of Jesus' cross, and, like a child,  
Cast upon Him thy sick, sin-laden soul,  
Till on the blood-stain'd Mount of Calvary  
His smile speak reconcilement to thine heart,  
And overflow with holy tears thine eyes,  
Thy soul with peace and pardon. None may speak  
That blessedness, and as the ebbing sands  
Of life run smoothly, peacefully away,  
Thy high enduring future would stand forth  
Against the false delusions of thy past  
In brighter, clearer vividness of truth,—  
A victor's palm, a golden harp of praise,  
A crown of pure, imperishable glory,  
A brotherhood of angels, life, light, love,  
The cloudless and eternal smile of God."

My thoughts were thus at random wandering far,

When, lo! another and severer shock  
Of earthquake smote the lawless, foodless, Godless land  
Of France with desolation. To and fro  
She reel'd in anguish and despair: her streets  
Were lit up with the fires of hell, and groan'd  
With dying groans and stream'd with streams of blood.  
Vaunting of late unto the world she spake,  
And bade the nations look on her, and see  
How holy was the cause of freedom, what  
Serene and awful majesty there lies  
In a great people's will: how in the hour  
Of conquest they were conquerors of themselves;  
And how their tearless, bloodless triumph fill'd  
In the world's records one unstain'd page.  
Their vauntings echo'd through all lands, and woke  
Unholy thoughts and cravings in the minds  
Of wicked men: and with an idiot's mirth  
They scorn'd the freedom of their fathers, scorn'd  
The faith their fathers loved, and thought that they,  
Like that same holy, happy, heavenly France,  
Might trample on the laws of God and man

And fling their fetters in the face of heaven,  
And yet be patriots, citizens, and men.

But while these thoughts were brooding in their hearts  
Nor yet had found free utterance, that land  
Of light and liberty—the foremost far  
In the great march of reason—glorious France,  
Even in the midst of her rejoicings, grew  
Upon a sudden deadly pale, her heart  
Was choked with blood, and ceased awhile to beat.  
Awhile—then grappling with the energy  
Of men in a death-struggle, at her cry  
Of direst need, the iron ranks of war  
Did grapple with these sons of liberty,  
That monstrous brood of madness and foul crime,  
And reckless of their choicest blood, did wrest  
Their murderous arms from fathers, brothers, sons,  
And trample out the hideous torch of hell.

Oh Freedom! heaven-born Freedom! wert thou not,  
Like Light thy sister, never to be stain'd  
By aught of sin, though in a sinful world,

Surely they had polluted thy fair name  
By breathing it through their polluted lips  
And screening, more like lying fiends than men,  
Such hellish deeds behind thy heavenly shield!  
But thou, as free as is the fetterless wind,  
Thy chariot, visitest all lands, all seas,  
Thou lightest on the lonely mountain-top  
And on the clear blue glaciers and white snows,  
And minglest with the flowing clouds; the stars  
Smile on thee; and the ocean billows bend  
Beneath thy printless footstep and the flow  
Of thy ærial robes: the forests wave,  
The rivers glide before thee and the rills.  
Hail, Freedom! dear ambassadress of heaven!  
Thou hauntest not the golden palaces  
Of tyrants, nor the despot's dreamy couch,  
Nor dwellest in the Bacchanalian vaults  
Of fouler lawlessness — but on the throne  
Of holy monarchs and anointed kings,  
And in the reverend senate and the halls  
Of high ancestral rank, and in the streets  
Of frank and honourable merchandise,

And where the peasant's rose-twined cottage smiles  
Its welcome home ; and wheresoever beats  
With Christian liberty a faithful heart.

Once more a lull upon the nations—strange  
As was the former tempest, and my thoughts,  
Weary with their long watching, rock'd themselves  
To rest with murmur of the ebbing waves.

1848.

ON THE QUICK MOVEMENT OF MOZART'S  
SYMPHONY IN E FLAT.

'Twas the twilight dawn at break of day,  
And the mists swept over the mountains grey.  
Away, away, on thin blue wings,  
They flitted across like living things,  
                    Reckless wanderers they.  
Is there a path on those towers of air?—  
'Mid ice and cloud a pathway there?  
Wild are the rocks and interwoven,  
But betwixt them a path is dimly cloven.  
Ha! see'st thou aught?—'tis a waving plume,  
And a spear that glances like light through gloom.  
'Tis a dashing steed of taintless white:  
'Tis a rider's cry—an armèd knight.  
Now high on the crag—now deep in the mist—  
That at fits the plume of his helmet kiss'd:

As when a light-winged bark doth ride  
At random o'er the foaming tide :  
Now perch'd on the top of the mountain wave,  
    Daring the stars for very glee ;  
Now hid half-way in the arching cave  
    Of the glad, exultant sea.  
Like to the waves are the wild crags strown,  
Like to the bark doth the knight ride on.

Is he in chase of the tumbling rills ?  
What seeketh he on the far-off hills ?—  
There are waves of a rivulet there that stray  
    At morning o'er the mountains blue ;  
But when the sun rides high, men say,  
    It melts like the veriest morning-dew.  
Perchance he hath come by that stream to ride—  
He reins his steed by a glacier's side :—  
Was it music ? was it a spell ?  
What on the horse and his rider fell ?  
For, lo ! by the side of a silver rill  
The rider and his horse stood still.

'Tis nought but the sound of gushing waves  
Like crystal music in hidden caves,  
Tinkling so soft and so clear around,  
An angel's whisper, a spirit sound :  
Yet it woke the dreams of bygone years,  
And won from out his eyes the tears :  
For in fitful beauty all unabiding  
Were the scenes of his childhood before him gliding.

The spell is broken—he starts away,  
The wilder now for the brief delay :  
Swift hurries the steed, as one might list,  
Yet he lashes him on through storm and mist—  
And away! away! with might and main—  
A playmate of the clouds again.

He curb'd his steed, for he thought he spied  
A maiden's robe at his right side.  
Is it a maiden beside him lying,  
On the far lone mountains in silence dying?  
Ah, no, sir knight—'tis the trembling rill,  
That having loved thee, loves thee still,

And follows thee ever through wind and cloud  
 With whispers loving but not loud.

List! rein thy steed—oh! listen well,  
 For strange is the music of that soft spell.

“Whither away, dear knight, so fast?

My tale is not told, my dream is not pass'd:

I melt not away till nigh mid-day—

Gentle knight, whither away?”

And a shrouded form of silvery mist

Seem'd to float and blend with the waves she kiss'd,

That whether it were a maiden's dress

Or the flow of the streamlet, none might guess.

And the knight stood still.

But a stormy sound

Echo'd from forth the caverns round—

'Twas the spirit of the mists who spake.

“No moonlight dreams, Sir Knight, awake!

Away to the reckless chase with me!

I came not in vain from the fetterless sea.

With the blast, as my courser, I'm rushing on high

To join in the sport of the stormy sky.”

And the knight forgot the lovely stream,  
Her music and half-finish'd dream,  
And while clatter'd the hoofs like a brazen drum  
He shouted afar, " I come ! I come ! "

To him the streamlet spake not on,  
Her harp strings quiver'd — their tones were gone.  
But to the little waves turn'd she,  
And thus spake on right cheerily.  
" What can tame the spirit proud  
Of the knight, who revels in storm and cloud ?  
Nothing but tears — and smiles through tears,  
And music too sweet for mortal ears.  
But I will smile, and I will weep,  
And my silver lyre shall wake from sleep.  
Flow, sisters, flow in our tuneful stream,  
My tale must be told, and finish'd my dream.  
Flow merrily, sisters : and track him well.  
He hears, he knows, he feels my spell. "

The waves flow'd on with their tuneful sound ;  
They cross'd the knight in his maddest bound ;

And, like one who sees a spirit form,  
He check'd his course through the cloudy storm :  
And bow'd his head, and listens still,  
Tranced with the music of the rill. —  
And long together side by side  
The waves did flow, the knight did ride ;  
Till the spirit of the streamlet stole  
The heart from out his inmost soul.

Oh ! stay the hours : the sun rides high —  
The tale is told, and the stream must die :  
The last few notes, the sweetest far,  
Like a trembling voice from a nightly star,  
Rich as the tones of a dying swan,  
The last few silvery notes are gone.

ON THE SLOW MOVEMENT OF THE SAME.

I.

Oh hush! my soul, be silent,  
For the chords sweep on again;  
Though it take thy heart from out thee,  
Still listen to the strain.

II.

It flows along, like waters,  
To a tuneful "dying fall,"  
And tells of griefs and tears, and love  
That smiles amid them all.

## III.

In deep waves of affection  
Flows on the mournful river,  
Persuasively, persuasively,  
For ever and for ever.

## IV.

Methinks a sad beloved one  
Is by her lover kneeling,  
And blent with their own echoes still  
Her tender strains are stealing.

## V.

With her soft blue eye she asketh  
The secret of his woe,  
For a burning grief hath seal'd his heart  
And his tears will not flow.

## VI.

She asketh with the music  
That tells of things that were ;  
She asks to grieve, for grief with him  
Were a solace unto her.

## VII.

Like clouds a bright star circling,  
Like soft winds round a rose,  
Like waters round a lily's brim,  
That wondrous music flows.

## VIII.

Ah, woe for that sweet singer !  
Woe for that loving heart !  
Her pulse beats quick, her words fall fast—  
But he turns unmoved to part.

## IX.

One lingering note recalls him,  
Thus, thus, he cannot sever,—  
And on and on persuasively  
The music flows for ever.

## X.

Persuasively, persuasively,  
She ever seems to plead,  
That he would pour his grief to her  
The saddest, grief could need.

## XI.

Her soft blue eye is filling  
With tears for his and him,  
And her low sad strain swept on again,  
Until his own were dim.

## XII.

Enough, enough—he weepeth,  
His heart no more is cold,  
And tears can tell a passionate world  
That in language is untold.

## XIII.

Refreshingly as breezes  
Blow o'er the sultry sands,  
Refreshingly as gushing showers  
Rain life on thirsty lands ;

## XIV.

Delicious as when sunshine  
Streams o'er a wintry sky,  
Delicious as the soft air's breath  
When the thunder hath passed by ;

## XV.

In trustful calm affection,  
Like some smooth southern river,  
Persuasively, resistlessly,  
The music flows for ever.

## XVI.

But it takes the heart from out me,  
That deep confiding strain,  
And I must beguile a little while  
Till it come back again.

## THE FAVOURITISMS OF HEAVEN.

In the evening we can longest tarry by the twilight shore,  
For at even dreams float on for ever and for evermore :  
In the evening, stars that glimmer one by one from out the  
sky  
Tell in tones that touch us nearly how in silence time fleets  
by :  
And a voice like none beside them have the winds of falling  
night,  
Hurrying on our spirits with them up to Memory's cloudy  
height.  
In the evening, too, ariseth Hope, with all her faëry train,  
Turning from the roseate Past to tell us such shall come again.  
And at chiming of the vespers, as it chanced, my thoughts I  
cast,  
Half awake and half in dreamings, over my far-crowded Past.

And is't mine then?—Some one answers, “How or what is it  
to thee?”

Nothing but a train of memories like a silver mist at sea :  
Here and there a glory scatter'd from the starlight or the moon,  
Rising like all things of time,—enthusiast! vanishing as soon.  
Thine the present is—go, grasp it; thine the future may be  
said;

But the Past is nothing, nothing but the shadow of a shade.”

Ceased the voice, and much I wonder'd, but I scarcely dared  
to doubt.

When another spirit answer'd from the silence speaking out,—  
“Brother, nay—the Past seems vanish'd save to Memory's  
listless eye :

No—no—no—the Past is deathless and its record is on high.”

And they ceased, and on my spirit fell a silence and a gloom—  
Such a silence falls and darkness ere the burst of heavenly  
bloom,

When the spirit of a loved one to her lover comes at night,  
When his dreams flash into radiance, and his faith is changed  
for sight,—

When the same soft eye of beauty, into which he loved to gaze,  
Shines with more than mortal fondness, only with immortal  
rays,—

Yet more brightly—yet more fondly—blushing holy Innocence,  
Theirs a spirit high communion, beautiful, serene, intense :  
Blessed, just as if no morrow should behold the rising sun.  
Just as if they must not sever, one to earth, to glory one. . .  
But I wander, and such music little fits my heedless hand,  
Echo of the warblings thrilling thro' affection's father-land—  
Yes ! I wander—I was sadly musing over what has been,  
And it seem'd a crystal mirror wherein what shall be was seen.  
So at chiming of the vespers, as it chanced, afar I cast,  
Half awake and half in dreamings, thoughts upon my crowded  
Past.

List ! it rose a heaving landscape, scarce defined yet wondrous  
strange,  
Gloom and glory like a moon-trance flitting o'er in ceaseless  
change.

There were springs of crystal rapture, rivulets of sorrow too,  
Passion with her storm-tost surges, Peace a lake of softest  
blue.

Long my musings like a wanderer wandering o'er the haunts  
of youth,

Slow retraced each bygone feeling in their lucid depths of truth,  
Till upon love's fount they centred, purest of all waves that flow,  
Fed itself of heaven, yet feeding all the myriad flowers below.

Lean thy heart on mine, beloved,—listen—I have heard men  
say

That the fondnesses of earth will pass with earthly things  
away ;

That the silent eloquence of clasped hands and falling tears,  
Or the musical low whispers like the music of the spheres,  
All the thrilling strange entrancement fluttering over cheek  
and eye,

Like the purple lightning playing with the stars in yon blue  
sky ;—

Things we love, because they tell us of the loving heart within,  
Feelings of the inmost fountain far beyond the touch of sin—  
These, they say, are human frailties, frailties born of sense and  
time,

But will be no more remember'd when we reach our native  
clime.

There, they say, we all are one, and none can love thee least  
or best,

But as brethren all are equal thro' the myriads of the blest.

It may be an idle question—be my wayward heart forgiven—  
How earth's love shall wear the gorgeous bright apparelling  
of heaven.

It may be we are too venturous, for the light is faint and dim,  
And but little knows the pilgrim of the life of seraphim.

Yet I love to think, mine own one, I shall love thee there as  
here,

Best of all created beings, best of all that angel sphere.

Read we not of earth the seed-time for the glorious world to  
come?—

Faith receiving there her guerdon, sin her saddest—dreariest  
—doom?

Have not all the things of life-time issues infinite above?—  
And shall love reap there no harvest of the scatter'd seeds of love?  
What if now we steep affection oft in weeping, oft in sighs,—  
They who sow in tears, beloved, reap the rapture of the skies.

True that we can tell but little how the full flood-tide of love  
Swells from out a thousand rivulets in a thousand hearts above;

True we know not now the rapture, nor a thousandth thousandth part,

Seeing Him we loved unseen, and face to face and heart to heart,

Not a cloud to dim that sunshine, there no sorrow, no alarms,  
But around thee and beneath thee spread the Everlasting arms—

There untravell'd worlds of beauty slow unfolding on our sight,  
Spann'd by heaven's eternal rainbow, interwoven love and light.  
But those glories none may utter—how should I then tell it thee?

For how faint and far the glimmerings of the waves of heaven's Light-sea!

Yet, mine own one, tell me truly, think'st thou we shall love the less?

Will that ocean whelm the fountains of thine own true-heartedness?

Hark, thy beating heart makes answer in its old familiar tone,  
“All thine own on earth, beloved, and in glory all thine own.”

TO MY SISTER, ON THE EVE OF HER  
MARRIAGE.

I.

THOU art leaving the home of thy childhood,  
Sweet sister mine :  
Is the song of the bird of the wild wood  
Faint and far as thine ?  
Listless stray thy fingers through the chords,  
Thy voice falters in the old familiar words ;  
What wilt thou for the young glad voices  
Wherewith our earliest home rejoices ?  
A father's smile benign,  
A mother's love divine,  
Sweet sister mine ?

## II.

Lay thy hand upon thy mouth, brother,  
     Lay thy hand upon thy mouth;  
 One word thou hast spoken,—but another  
     Were perhaps too much for truth.  
 Home is left—oh! yes, if leaving  
     Be when home is in our heart:  
 Grieving—yes, 'tis grief, if grieving  
     Be for those who cannot part.  
 We are one, brother, we are one,—  
 Since first the golden cloud was spun:  
 It may lengthen, but it cannot sever,  
 For, brother, it was twined—and twined for ever.

## III.

Sister, touch again thy passionate lute—  
     Chide no more—chide no more:  
 Sooner far that my voice were ever mute,  
     Than to whisper our fond love were o'er.  
     But I grieve for hours gone by,  
     Of heart to heart, and eye to eye;  
     Oh, we cannot have the joy of meeting  
     Day by day thy sunny, smiling greeting!

Nor canst thou a brother's fond caress,

Or a sister's searching tenderness ;

Grieve I too for summer flowers,

In calm weather<sup>1</sup>

Cull'd together,

And the merriment of fireside hours.

Something whispers, though our heartstrings cannot sever,

These are gone, sister,—gone for ever !

And for these I must repine,—

Sweet sister mine !

IV.

And my tears shall flow with thine, brother,

At the sound of those quick chimes ;

And the thought of home—my father and my mother—

Overfloods my heart at times ;

And my grief will have its way—

And though to-morrow

Joy chaseth sorrow,

Sorrow chaseth joy to-day.

<sup>1</sup> "In a season of calm weather."

Tell me, wherefore should I lull myself asleep?  
 Let me weep, brother,—let me weep.

## v.

Nay, I will not, cannot, sister, see them flow—  
     Weep no more—weep no more!  
 There is solace from the deepest of our woe,  
     That our partings will ere long be o'er.  
 We are one in joys undying,  
     In the family of Heaven,  
 And we mourn not, like the Pleiads ever sighing,  
     “ We have lost our sister—we were seven.”  
 Still, however wide our pilgrim footsteps roam,  
     Bright and glorious  
     Lie before us  
 Mansions in an everlasting home.  
 Trust me, sister; wherefore dost thou weep so sore?  
 Weep no more, sister,—weep no more!  
 For my spirit catches all the bloom of thine,  
 Nor can I in thy prime of bliss repine,  
     Sweet sister mine.

## DER AUSRUF.

TRANSLATED FROM KÖRNER.

### I.

HORROR-BODING, wild and ruddy,  
Looms the morning, strange as night,  
And the sunbeams, cold and bloody,  
Track our bloody path with light :  
In the coming hour's bosom  
Clasp'd the fates of nations lie,  
And the lot already trembles,  
And there falls the iron die !

There 's a claim on thee, brother, of holiest power,  
And a pledge to redeem in this dawning hour ;  
True in life, true in death, when life has pass'd by.

## II.

In the gloom of night behind us  
 Lie the haunts our foemen spoke,  
 And the wrecks that still remind us  
 Strangers cleft Germania's oak :  
 Spurn'd is the tongue we lisp'd in childhood,  
 Ruin'd lie our shrines and low,  
 But our faith is pledged, brethren,  
 Haste — redeem that pledge of woe.  
 There are flames in our land, — up, brethren ! and slay,  
 That the vengeance of Heaven may turn away —  
 The Palladium lost redeem from the foe.

## III.

Blissful visions lie before us, —  
 Lie the future's golden years, —  
 Stretch blue heavens their curtains o'er us,  
 Freedom smiles amid her tears ;  
 German art and German music,  
 Beauty, love's entrancing chain, —  
 All that's noble, all that's lovely,  
 Float in prospect back again.

But a death-bearing venture is yet to be pass'd,  
On the chance must our life and our life-blood be cast,  
And Joy only blooms o'er the victim slain.

## IV.

Death—now with our God we'll dare it,  
Hand in hand our fate defy,  
And our frail heart, sternly bear it  
To the altar, there to die.  
Fatherland! at thy great bidding  
Here we yield our life for thee,  
That our loved ones may inherit  
What our blood bequeaths them free.  
May thy free oaks, my fatherland, proudly wave  
O'er thy children's corse and their silent grave,  
And hear thou the oath, and the covenant see.

## V.

Give ye yet one blessed token  
Of a glance towards beauty's bowers,  
Though the poisonous South hath broken  
All the bliss of spring-tide flowers ;

Let your eyes be dim with teardrops,  
Teardrops cannot bring you shame ;  
Throw ye one last kiss towards them,  
Then to God breathe low their name.  
The lips that pray for us at night and at morn,  
The hearts that have loved us, the hearts we have torn,  
For them, O our Father, thy solace we claim.

## VI.

On ! now to the battle gory !  
Eye and heart towards yonder light !  
Earth is done with, and heaven's glory  
Rises dimly, grandly bright.  
Cheer ye, German brethren ! cheer ye,—  
Every nerve in conflict swell ;  
True hearts shall be reunited,  
Only for this world farewell.  
Hark ! the thunders are rolling, the battle is warm,—  
On, brethren, on to the lightning storm !  
Till we meet in a happier world, farewell.

## WIEGENLIED.

TRANSLATED FROM KÖRNER.

OH, slumber softly — on thy mother sleeping  
Thou feelest not life's anguish and unrest ;  
Thy light dreams know not grief, and fear not weeping,  
And thy whole world is now thy mother's breast.

For, ah ! how sweetly in early hours one dreameth  
When in a mother's love life's dews distil,  
Tho' the dim memory unabiding seemeth  
But a far hope that trembles through me still.

Thrice may this glow pass o'er us sweetly shining ;  
Thrice to the happy spirit is it given,  
Awhile in Love's celestial arms reclining,  
On earth to picture life's ideal heaven.

For it is she who first the nurseling blesses,  
When in bright joys he takes his infant part,  
All to his young glance seem tō shower caresses,  
Love holds him to his mother's beating heart.

And when the clear blue heavens are clouded over,  
And now his pathway lies through strange alarms,  
When first his soul is trembling as a lover,  
A second time Love clasps him in her arms.

Ah, still in storms the floweret's stem is broken,  
And breaks the fluttering heart by tempests riven ;  
Then Love ariseth with her choicest token,  
And as Death's angel bears him home to heaven.

IN IMITATION OF KÖRNER'S  
"DAS WARST DU."

I.

FOR long o'er life's calm waves I wended,  
Beloved, far from thee alone ;  
And many stars my path attended,  
And each their tale of music ended  
With warblings of their own.

II.

Strange were the dreams that round me floated,  
And beautiful their various tone,  
But like a child on each I doted,  
To each my frail heart seem'd devoted,  
For all were then mine own.

## III.

And, like a young unpractised singer,  
     Who hath nor tears nor sorrow known,  
 Stray'd through the strings my heedless finger,  
 If only passing dreams would linger,  
     A moment for mine own.

## IV.

Then, as a nymph of fabling story,  
     Or spirit seen in dreams alone,  
 Thou passedst by me—a far glory,  
 Glancing through dim clouds transitory,  
     In beauty all thine own.

## V.

An hour, and all was still around me :  
     But, oh ! that vision's magic zone,  
 It left me not as erst it found me,  
 But like a strange wild witchery bound me,  
     A witchery of its own.

## VI.

At last I went, my sail unfurling,  
 On life's first billowy waves alone,  
 Light breezes were the waters curling;  
 And sunlight every drop empearling,  
 With radiance like its own.

## VII.

Oh, still that form my spirit haunted,  
 Though its deep semblance scarce was known,  
 Thy steps were on the light clouds planted,  
 And what of sweetness music chanted  
 Seem'd borrow'd from thine own.

## VIII.

Beloved, that was blest, but sadness  
 Broods always o'er the heart's unknown :  
 Now dreams have pass'd, and springs of gladness,  
 But I may not tell—to tell were madness—  
 What joy-springs are mine own.

## IX.

Ah! life's rough billows swell for ever,  
    And years will fly as years have flown,  
And youth fleets on,—yet never, never,  
Can time or distance thee dissever,  
    Beloved, from thine own.

## X.

And still thy form in light arises,  
    Like trancing music round me thrown,  
And though the voice thyself surprises,  
Thy fond love breaks through all disguises,  
    And whispers "All thine own."

ON SEEING A LEAF FALL BY MOONLIGHT.

I.

Oh, bright was the hour when thou wast born,  
And the winds sang peace to the blushing morn,  
Who stepp'd o'er the clouds at their matin call :  
But ne'er may the memory of days gone by  
Save the victim of death when his hour is nigh ;  
And vain was the warmth of thy natal sky ;  
The moonlight saw thee fall.

II.

Thy youth it was spent in dance and glee,  
With thy leaflet brothers embowering thee,

Happiness trembling o'er one and all :  
But the loveliest dreams must fade away,  
And our comrades, ah, tell me, where are they ?  
Links are broken to-morrow, though twined to-day ;  
The moonlight saw thee fall.

## III.

Thou hast stood the cloud and the dashing rain,  
Over thee the chill blast hath swept in vain,  
And the night vainly spread her funeral pall :  
But a word may crush when the heart doth ache,  
And it needs not then a storm ere it break ;  
Thou hast stood the tempest, when strong hearts quake,  
But the moonlight saw thee fall.

September 1844.

TO A FOREIGNER HEARING  
"HERZ MEIN HERZ" SUNG TO THE HARP.

WAKES it a chord of thy native land,  
That wild and plaintive strain?  
Why follow thine eyes with tears the hand  
As it touches the harp again?

It seems like a gush of the mountain breeze,  
Or sweeter, from Swerga bowers,  
To wanderers wandering o'er wilderness seas  
In summer's weariest hours.

Speaks it to thee of mountains blue,  
And the free-born torrent's foam?  
Or of thoughts more deep than these and true,  
And feelings closer home?

Play on, play on, let the music flow  
 Mine heart, mine heart, o'er thee ;  
 Oh cease not, for I cannot go,  
 Those tones keep whispering me.

They whisper of deep-blue starry skies,  
 My native hills above ;  
 And the stars methinks are a thousand eyes,  
 And all are bright with love.

They speak of torrents far away,  
 Of affection's gushing springs ;  
 But how can language speak, I pray,  
 The heart's unutter'd things ?

Oh ere those lovely things have pass'd,  
 Lady, play on, play on ;  
 Sweet was the dream, too sweet to last.  
 Dear Lady — it is gone.

## PLATO.

AFTER READING MACAULAY'S COMPARISON OF PLATO AND BACON.

*Macaulay's Essays*—"Lord Bacon," vol. ii, pp. 373-396.

### I.

A PILGRIM wanderer, Wisdom's favourite child,  
Struggling to gain a distant fair countree,  
By some lost track across a trackless wild :  
A wave-toss'd mariner, whose home must be  
In some far port, or on the homeless sea ;  
But yet no chart, no compass for thy guide,  
The skies and waters strange alike to thee ;  
And thine through wind and tempest forth to ride,  
By light of dubious stars athwart the billowy tide.

## II.

Such wert thou, Plato ! such the task sublime  
That urged thee on, still present to thy soul.  
Thy heart was pining for thy native clime,  
Though surging oceans, wrapp'd in storms, might roll  
'Twixt it and thee : and thou wilt reach the goal,  
Or perish in the waters ; for heaven's light  
On thee hath dimly dawn'd, and earth's control  
Bars not thy pathway to a land where night  
Is known not, chased away by glories heavenly bright.

## III.

Perchance it was a momentary gleam,  
Heaven's smiles on earth are seldom aught beside.  
Which lit up thy great soul with that far dream  
Prophetic ; 'twas enough, thou hadst espied  
A beacon that to every doubt replied :  
And oft a voice, sweet, silvery clear, and low,  
Fell on thy spirit's trancèd ear, and cried,  
Home, brother, home ! and homeward thou wouldst go.  
Though bearing with thee on the exile's heart of woe.

## IV.

Yet who can tell the struggles that were thine,  
Ere, brother, thou couldst pierce the mists of earth,  
The gather'd mass of ages, and divine,  
Mid wrecks and ruin, griefs and idiot mirth,  
The spirit's immortality and birth?  
Seem'd it a rough and mountain wilderness,  
A path of lifeless rock and barren dearth?  
Yet wouldst thou battle on, and not the less  
Though weary and wayworn still upward, onward press.

## V.

Even as one whose heart is fix'd to scale,  
Ere break of day, some wild aërial height  
Though darkness block his pathway, thence to hail  
The sun's first lordly glance with shafts of light  
Strike through the clouds and fugitive mists of night.  
So, under guidance of some heavenly star,  
Vouchsafed in mercy to thy earnest sight,  
Rapt heavenward by no prophet's fiery car,  
Fearlessly didst thou win that heavenly height afar.

## VI.

Yes, thou hast scaled the mountain-tops, great sage,  
     'Mid everlasting things aloft, alone ;  
 But never on thine earthly pilgrimage  
     The sun arose, nor over time's unknown  
     Was God's unclouded truth in glory thrown ;  
 Never until thy mortal shackles fell  
     Like wither'd withs from off thee. Many a one  
     May scoff, and deem thy labour spared as well  
 In climbing long lone hours that lofty pinnacle.

## VII.

They little know the rapturous search for truth ;  
     Faint streaks of light are in the eastern sky,  
 Whereof the far reflexion were in sooth  
     Full recompense to thine adventurous eye.  
     The clouds and mists apace are drifting by ;  
 Space, time, worlds, are beneath thee. What if gloom  
     Still mantle earth with twilight's canopy ?  
 The morn shall break, and with its roseate bloom  
 Cast beauty over death and glory on the tomb.

## VIII.

But some there are whose mean and earth-bound soul,  
 Impatient of the pure ethereal flame  
 Of heavenly wisdom, would with taunts control  
 Her and her children, bringing still the same  
 False tedious charge. Go, let them brand his name,  
 And scorn the man, the enthusiast, if they will,  
 Who treads to heaven an upland path of fame.  
 His eye intent on that eternal hill,  
 His food, philosophy; philosophy, his rill.

## IX.

“And is he richer,” lo! they cry, “forsooth?  
 Where are his fruits? his profits? where his gain?  
 And hath he found in his long search for truth  
 Wherewith to chase our woes and ease our pain,  
 And smoothing every roughness from the plain,  
 The thorny plain of life, lit on a path  
 Where we in infantine repose again  
 May live, and dream, and slumber? If he hath,  
 Come, follow him; if not, eschew his lying faith.”

## X.

But the high search for moral rectitude,  
     The laws immutable of men and things,  
 To trace the true, the beautiful, the good,  
     And how from hidden and eternal springs  
     Flow forth the spirit's high imaginings :  
 What of the pure and heavenly is inwrought  
     With nature's outward sphere, and round it clings  
 In magic unison of sense and thought :  
 Oh, that they reck'd not of, and counted it for nought.

## XI.

" Fruit, solid fruit," they cry ; " enrich mankind  
     With happy life, and ease, and plenteous store."  
 Blind seers, in their clearsightedness so blind !  
     Seers ! yes, perchance if ever on this shore  
     Of time we toss'd the pebbles o'er and o'er ;  
 But if 'tis ours athwart a boundless sea  
     To steer for ever and for evermore,  
 Sure 'twere as wise, immortal sage, with thee  
 To freight the undying soul for heaven's eternity.

## XII.

And modest Truth, thus hearing them deride,  
 Ever distrustful of herself, the while  
 Lean'd her fair head in thoughtfulness aside,  
 And probed her bosom's depths to see if guile  
 Might linger unawares in secret wile ;  
 But finding none to heaven she raised her brow,  
 And reading there a bright approving smile,  
 In fearless confidence gazed upwards now,  
 Such as to her accuser said, " so couldst not thou."

## XIII.

Let them dream on as like them—let no sound  
 Or warning whisper jar that luscious spell  
 Of slumber ; let them lie as if death-bound,  
 Or muttering, at the chime of every bell,  
 " Our body breathes and waxes—it is well."  
 Thy soul, great prophet, was with thought a-fire,  
 And knit for life, for action. Who can tell  
 That native strength of thine that would not tire,  
 Those burning hopes of glory, that to heaven aspire ?

## XIV.

As when the rosy-finger'd morn is flushing  
 The ocean-mists that her bright couch enclose,  
 When every dewdrop, virgin-like, is blushing  
 With kisses from the sun on every rose,  
 The lark,\* far spurning earth and its repose,  
 Leaps buoyant on its flight, and, zephyr-driven,  
 Carols at will to every cloud that flows  
 On that aërial sea ; her guerdon given,  
 Her sole, her rich reward to drink the airs of heaven.

## XV.

So thou exultingly didst soar aloft,  
 Perchance thy wing was venturously free,  
 Thy fancy wild and beautiful, and oft  
 Thy glowing hopes exuberant in glee ;  
 Yet wisdom owns her favourite child in thee,  
 Who, battling through the mists of sense and time,  
 Didst borrow strength of immortality,  
 And won by warblings from a heavenly clime  
 Reach that eternal land, of light and love the clime.

\* *Vide* The Story without an End. "The Lark."

## XVI.

Hail, happy spirit! when at last the sky  
Broke glorious on thy gaze, all must have worn  
The smile of morning-land unto thine eye,  
For thou the weariness of night hadst borne ;  
And in the glory of that cloudless morn,  
Heaven must have bloom'd with all its golden beams,  
Unearthly beautiful. Let others scorn ;  
Be mine the fruitlessness, if such it seems,  
Of thy high tasks — be thine the brightest of thy dreams.

1843.

## FRAGMENTS.

FOR though the skirts of the far tempest oft  
Have fallen on my path, though I have proved,  
At times, the bitterness of grief,—yet, when  
The heart is all alone in suffering,  
We scarce can say that we have suffer'd ;—all  
Seems centred so within us, and the waves  
Swell in so narrow and so small a world,  
That what hath moved us scarce can ask the name  
Of suffering.

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Sunny hath been my home of childhood—strong  
The links of love that bind our happy circle,—  
No jarring note hath broken the sweet stream  
Of music that hath linger'd, like the dove  
Of peace, among us :—father, mother, children—  
“Hearts of each other sure,” souls knit as one—

All wending in glad fellowship towards Heaven.  
Heaven is our bourne, and its far hope hath lighted  
Upon our ocean-pathway, beacon-like,  
And caught the summits of the smallest waves  
That rise and sink around us, telling still  
Each bears us onward on its tremulous breast  
To the still haven of eternal love.

Sometimes the distant clouds have threaten'd woe,  
Their shadow fallen near us, but when we  
Were striving to win over our sad hearts,  
Unmurmuring to resign what Heaven had given,  
Perchance some floweret from our wreath of love,  
Some emerald dew-drop from a cup o'erflowing,—  
Then hath our God, our Father, with a smile  
That told how He rejoiced in all our joy,  
Return'd it to us lovelier—more beloved—  
Because for one sad, voiceless moment, fear  
Had chill'd our hearts lest it should fade or fall.

LINES ON A SUFFERING SISTER.

I.

“IF NEEDS BE.”

I.

SUFFERING for thee, sweet sister—and sharp pain—  
For thee, the gentlest of earth's gentle ones?  
Does the cloud gather o'er thy heart and brain  
So darkly, and yet no repining tones?  
Oh, hush! my own sad heart, thy faithless fears,  
And quell or dry thy quick, rebellious tears.

II.

She, as a babe upon a mother's breast,  
A child within a father's sheltering arms,  
Unconsciously is lying;—the unrest,  
Brother, is thine—thine all those rude alarms.  
Still thy heart's beatings where she hers hath still'd,  
Believing all is best that He hath will'd.

## III.

Yet was our home so bright, so passing fair,  
Some faint, dim semblance of a home above ;  
And she the tenderest, loveliest angel there,  
Around whom cluster'd all our dreams of love :  
We thought that grief might never shadow long  
What seem'd the fittest haunt for praise and song.

## IV.

And was it but a dream? and has the cloud  
Once and again pass'd by us, threatening woe  
And shedding tears? and has its darkness bow'd  
Our hearts once more in struggling sorrow low?  
And has the sunshine of affection's mirth  
Pass'd ever, sleep-like, from this beautiful earth?

## V.

Nay, check your tears, sad sisters, pause and linger,  
And check, sad brother, thy wild wayward words ;  
Grief takes thy lyret from thee, and her finger  
Sweeps somewhat rudely o'er the trembling chords.  
Ye must not, when beneath the cloud, forget  
That He, whose love is sunshine, loves ye yet.

## VI.

Methinks I hear His voice of pity saying,—  
“Ye clung too closely to your lovely home;  
Your sister’s spirit, dear children, is delaying,  
To teach ye of a better rest to come:  
Where grief is not nor sighing, pain nor tears,  
But life, light, love, for everlasting years.”

1846.

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## II.

“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

## I.

Oh, tread lightly—she is weary,  
She hath suffer’d all day through,  
And the night is somewhat dreary  
If she wake and suffer too:  
Silently the stars are keeping  
Their sweet vigils o’er her,  
And she dreams not in her sleeping  
That to-morrow is before her.

## II.

Break it not, that spell of slumber,  
Waveless, beautiful as heaven,  
'Mid the sharp gusts without number,  
And the clouds, of tempests driven.  
Weep not, sister—sister, cheer thee,  
Yet she will not hear thee weep :  
She is weary, very weary,  
Only let her sleep.

## III.

I could fancy, gazing on her,  
She had pass'd her night of sighs ;  
And that heaven's own light upon her,  
Waits to greet her opening eyes.  
Silence on each word of sorrow,  
On a thought that would repine,  
For there shall be such a morrow,  
And for thee, sweet sister mine.

## IV.

Ah! I know it, that reposing—  
'Tis her Father bade it come—

Emblem, when life's day is closing  
Of the deep repose of home ;  
Storms the joy of calm redoubling  
In the mansions of the blest ;  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

1847.

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### III.

“ AND SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THE HAVEN WHERE THEY  
WOULD BE.”

Yes, billow after billow—see they come  
Faster and rougher, as her little boat  
Nears evermore the haven. Oftentimes  
It seems to sink and fall adown the wave,  
As if borne backward by the struggling tide :  
Yet mounting billow after billow, wave  
On wave o'er-riding, tempest-tost and shatter'd,  
Still, still it nears the haven evermore.

“Poor mariner! art thou not sadly weary?”  
Dear brother, rest is sweeter after toil.  
“Grows not thine eye confused and dim with sight  
“Of nothing but the wintry waters?” True,  
But then my pole-star, constant and serene,  
Above the changing waters changes not.  
“But what if clouds, as often, veil the sky?”  
Oh, then, an unseen hand hath ever ta'en  
The rudder from my feeble hands the while—  
And I cling to it. “Answer me once more,  
“Mariner, what think'st thou when the waters bear  
“Thy frail boat backward from the long'd-for harbour?”  
Oh, brother, though innumerable waves  
Still seem to rise betwixt me and my home—  
Still billow after billow, wave on wave—  
I know that they are number'd: not one less  
Should bear me homeward if I had my will;  
For One who knows what tempests are to weather,  
O'er whom there broke the wildest billows once,  
He bids these waters swell. In His good time  
The last rough wave shall bear me on its bosom  
Into the haven of eternal peace.

No billows after — they *are* number'd, brother.

“ Oh, gentle mariner, steer on, steer on :

“ My tears still flow for thee, but they are tears

“ In which faith strives with grief, and overcomes.”

1847.

LAMENTATIONS, ch. i. v. 1-7.

How lies the city solitary, lone,

Once with the throngs of countless numbers teeming!

How sits she as a widow, woe-begone,

She of great nations once the greatest seeming,

The diadem upon her queenly brow, —

Ah woe! a tributary captive now!

She weepeth sore at night;

Her tears are on her cheeks;

For many lovers loved her fame's delight —

Alas! of all there is not one who speaks

To her of comfort: all her many friends

For their past love with hatred make amends.

Far off, far off, a captive in distress,

Trailing her chain for very weariness,

Judah into captivity hath gone!

Among the heathen dwelling, pale and wan,

She findeth there no rest,  
Unpitied, unbefriended, and unblest.

Ah, woe for Salem ! in the straits of ruin  
Her fierce pursuers fiercest then pursuing.

The ways of Zion mourn,  
For none attend her solemn festivals ;  
Her gates in desolation lie forlorn ;  
Her priests heave sighs in answer when she calls ;  
Her virgins grieve, and grieve without control ;  
And she lies low in bitterness of soul.

In proud pre-eminence she sees  
Her scoffing, taunting enemies ;  
For her transgressions great and grievous were,  
And therefore hath the Lord afflicted her. —

And now, the crowning woe of all her woes,  
Her tender little ones,  
Her maidens and her sons,  
Are driven into captivity before her foes.

Oh, weep for Sion's daughter ! broken-hearted,  
Her beauty and her bloom hath all departed.

Her princes have become like stricken deer,  
Who seek for pastures in the wilderness —  
And as the fell pursuer draweth near,  
Still start and flee exhausted, spiritless.  
Jerusalem, she weepeth sore,  
For now her sorrow and her anguish brings  
Back to her mind those bright and pleasant things  
That once were hers ; but can be hers no more —  
Her foes have triumph'd, she hath fallen low ;  
Of all her friends that were,  
Not one hath holpen her,  
A widow weeping tears of irrepressible woe.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

Εἶδουσα γὰρ φρὴν ὄμμασιν λαμπρύνεται.

ÆSCH. *Eum.*

ARE the embers smouldering, brother? Think not to revive  
their light.

Brother, I've a tale to tell thee I can better tell at night:  
And their faint dun glow will glimmer till, perchance, my  
tale is done.

List!—that dull and heavy sound—it is the church-bell pealing  
'one.'

Strangely through the sere elm forests come the fitful gusts  
of wind,

Strangely on the casement beats the hollow drifting rain  
behind;

Night broods round, a wall of darkness, such as moonbeams  
cannot scale,

And the blessed stars are blunted like a shaft from coat of  
mail.

Thirteen summers have waved round us, thirteen winters  
shower'd their snows,

Thirteen springs danced by, and thirteen autumns pass'd like  
music's close,

Since I witness'd gloom like this, wherein the stoutest heart  
would melt :

Thick, close darkness on our eyelids weighing—darkness that  
is felt.

Oh, the memory of *that* midnight, spectre-like, within me sleeps ;  
If I only gaze, it rises dimly from my spirit's deeps—

Rises with the sere elm forests struck by fitful gusts of wind,  
And the hollow, drifting raindrops on the casement close  
behind :

Every wind-moan finds an echo in my moaning heart within,  
And the rain is not as dewdrops to a soul once scarr'd with sin.

Brother, thou wert ever to me as a young and golden mist  
Floating through blue liquid heavens, with the morning sun-  
light kiss'd ;

Which the eye looks up and blesses, lingering on its track  
above,

With an old familiar fondness and an earnestness of love.

Brother, I to thee was ever as a storm-cloud on the hills,  
Lowering o'er the rocks and caverns and the laughter of the  
rills :

Yet I've thought at times, my brother, from the sunshine of  
thy life,

Passing rainbow gleams have fallen on my spirit-world of strife :  
For when every fount was wormwood, every star had ceased to  
shine,

It was bliss in dreams to ponder how unlike thy lot to mine.

Yet, in childhood, I remember how our sainted mother said—  
Often on bright Sabbath eves, and thrice upon her dying bed—

• That far scenes would crowd upon her, when she look'd on me  
and thee,

In the distance, dream-like dawning, from the glorious dream-  
countrie.

She was kneeling, as she told us, at her Saviour's blessed  
feet—

Leaning on her harp, which warbled (as she knelt) heaven's  
music sweet—

But the thrill of that communion, and the smiles that on her  
fell,

And the melody of worship, words, she said, might never tell.

Still the dream grew clear and clearer, softer still that music's  
tone,

And she saw she was not kneeling in that glorious light alone :  
For beside her were two spirits, (well she knew them) I and  
thou ;

Life and light and love, all blended, like soft rainbows, on our  
brow.

And like us in blest communion kneeling, singing as we sung,  
On the hand of each of us a gentler, lovelier angel hung.

Often since I've mused, my brother, when my heart was rent,  
if this

Were a heaven-sent dream, prophetic of a far-off home of bliss,  
Or a beautiful life-picture by affection's fingers drawn,  
But which, like my earthly joys, should fade, fade, fade away  
at dawn.

Weep not, brother ! *thou* hast found that angel of the far-off  
land,

Whom our mother saw there kneeling, gently clinging to thy  
hand.

*I*, too, have a tale to tell thee, (would that it may end in light)  
Though a tale of sin and sorrow, I can better tell at night.

Who could speak of sad hearts broken by himself, of tear-  
drown'd eyes,  
And of wither'd hopes and feelings, underneath blue laughing  
skies?  
Sorrow clings to sorrow's raiment—grief *must* have her twi-  
light wan—  
Moan, ye winds and woods and waves, and let the embers  
smoulder on.

Gaze with me a moment down the billowy ocean of our life,  
Which with tears and fitful radiance seems mysteriously rife:  
In the distance, like the earliest flush of morning o'er the  
hills,  
Even here, through cloud and gloom, a dewy mellow light  
distils.  
Still it grows upon my sight intensely beautiful and grand,  
From the land of childhood streaming, childhood's golden  
faery-land:  
When Time went on sunshine wheels, on wings of breezy joy-  
aunce by,  
Every feeling, like the sky-lark, *from* the earth and *to* the  
sky.

Then, perchance, no human seer that look'd upon our reckless  
brow,

Could have prophesied the diverse pathway we are travelling  
now.

But the first black cloud that shadow'd childhood's blue pellu-  
cid years,

Gloom'd, rose, cover'd, broke upon us with a sudden dash of  
tears—

Gloom'd upon the morn, the tidings of our father's victory  
came,

Earn'd with precious drops of blood—the dew, an if ye will,  
of fame;

Broke—the next sad post a letter, edged with black, too  
surely told

That his heart was still for ever, and his lips for ever cold.

Then our mother—day by day she struggled with her choking  
grief—

Oh, she could not—but beside us wither'd, like a dying leaf:  
And, when leaves should die, in autumn, her the first of all  
the year,

We did lay, with sighs and weeping, on her cold sepulchral  
bier;

And with faltering listless footsteps slowly sought, when all  
was o'er,

Hand in hand our desolate home ; though desolate, ours, alas,  
no more.

We were parted — each alone, 'mid stranger hearts and faces  
strange :

Dreary seem'd the waste of lifetime, like a barren shore to  
range.

But a gentle eye fell on thee — seem'd it but a sister's love ?  
Pity's tears, that wept thy sorrows, from one tenderer than  
the dove ?

Oh, ye grew for five brief summers there together, side by  
side,

Till she stood in beauty by thee, thine own loving, lovely  
bride ;

Blushing, trembling, till the vow to love thee — then her face  
grew bright,

And intense affection o'er her threw a beauty like the light.

Ah ! how beautiful life's ocean seem'd that gentle cloudless  
noon,

Like a moonlight sea that slumbers underneath the summer  
moon,

When the stars steal hearts responsive to their own wild elo-  
quence,

And a strange sweet music o'er us comes, we know not, heed  
not, whence, —

From the skies, or from the falling of melodious drops of foam,  
Or from deeper spirit-fountains welling in our spirit-home.

Few, methinks, are such blest havens on the shores of time  
and earth ;

Seldom broods there peace so tranquil over life's exuberant  
mirth.

But I must not linger, brother, on the brightness of thy track,  
When dark spectres round mine own with spells are whisper-  
ing me back.

List ! I do not wish that others should partake my sinful load,  
Yet I sometimes think the streamlet from that bitter fountain  
flow'd :

For when harsh unkindness pruned and stunted all affection's  
shoots,

Then perhaps the canker enter'd, festering at my being's roots :  
For with sickening heart I turn'd from human faces, as from  
blight,

Since they never lit with love, and never read my feelings  
right,

To the world of thought and fancy -- that, my country -- books,  
my friends ;

Fool, fool ! deeming heartless things for gushing hearts would  
make amends.

Yet at first how strangely lovely seem'd that icy crystal air,  
To a lonely nestless bird upon its first wild entrance there.

Day by day the spirit finding eagle strength within its  
wings,

Proudly tracking truth and beauty there 'mid everlasting  
things ;

Never pausing, resting never on its flight intensely keen,  
Deeming it would touch the boundary of that dark-blue vault  
serene.

If I gazed below, the mists were wrapping all in vaporous  
fold,

Mists of selfishness and meanness, chilling blight, and sordid  
gold :

All along whose cloudy skirts base ignis-fatuus lights would  
flame,

Luxury, and ease, and riches, and perhaps some petty fame.

“ Let them flame and flare,” I shouted, “ round those spirits’  
 prison bars,

“ Mine are the free boundless heavens, mine the lightnings,  
 mine the stars : ”

And aloft I clapp’d my pinions, soaring on for days and weeks,  
 After some fresh burning hope still kindling o’er fresh moun-  
 tain-peaks.

Ah, I knew not that, though earthborn lamps might never  
 mount so high,

There are meteors that deceive, and stars<sup>1</sup> that wander in  
 the sky.

Ah, I saw not that the pole-star, Faith, was waning fast and  
 dim,

And of God—fool, fool!—I thought not in my madden’d  
 heart of Him,

But from far I heard a whisper of the fontal light divine,  
 Reason, human earthly Reason ! sheds within the spirit’s shrine.  
 Syren-like that music falling, like a gush of holy tears  
 On deep waves, flow’d on and whisper’d ’twas the music of  
 the spheres,

<sup>1</sup> ἀστέρες πλανῆται.—Jude 13.

Bidding me come up and follow to its own dear home on high,  
Maddening while it tranced my soul, and blinding while it

lured mine eye;

By the lamp of mortal reason glimmering in the breast of  
youth,

I would judge and pass my verdict on the blessed page of  
truth—

Till I rear'd my adoration higher than God's eternal throne,  
Reason was the God I worshipp'd—trusting, clinging there  
alone.

And I follow'd—poor fond climber—leaving faith and  
trust above

To low grovelling minds of earth, or fond enthusiasts' frantic  
love,

Till I stood in naked horror on the sceptic's precipice,  
All my darling visions staring on me there, like things of ice.  
Oh, the solitude that crush'd me! oh, that dreary word  
'alone'!

Not a kindred heart to lean on, not an anchor for mine own—  
Without truth and love and beauty, human love or love of  
God—

Not a gleam to point the pathway of return the way I trode:—

But the meteors, I had follow'd, sicken'd one by one and died,  
And the dark<sup>2</sup> of darkness o'er them closed for ever far and  
wide,

Woe was me! for in that midnight I did neither pray nor  
weep—

Had I pray'd an Ear was open, and an Eye that could not  
sleep.

But when all without was desert, and wild desert all within,  
I did plunge, with headlong madness, down the treacherous  
gulph of sin.

Whilome I had often sneer'd at others from the height of  
fame,

Finding what they deem'd enjoyment in the haunts of sin and  
shame ;—

Now—but no—I will not drag thee to the gloomy dens of  
guilt—

List! their spectral voices curse me—go and ask them if  
thou wilt :

Broken hearts and gentle bosoms, once serene and pure as  
thine—

<sup>2</sup> οἷς ὁ ζόφος τοῦ σκότους εἰς αἰῶνα τηρήσεται.—Jude 13.

Woe, woe! broken now and withering soon to fall and die  
like mine—

But I reck'd not, for my spirit seem'd alternate fire and night,  
Like a cloud-robed sky at midnight riven and kindled into light.

Hush! speak low: how shall I tell thee after this of innocence?  
Thou wilt mock me—brother, brother—I can never tell  
thee—hence!

See! the embers all have smoulder'd—see their faint light  
dying wanes:

Brother, look, a star is trembling through the tearful window-  
panes.

I can tell thee now,—for blessed are to me the thoughts that  
rise

With those silent pilgrims yonder wending through the silent  
skies.

Even thus amid the darkness, and the winds, the waves, the  
storm,

Of my sin-sick soul, I pass'd one evening by an angel form,  
She had seen me sadly smile upon some children sporting by,  
And her heart was touch'd with pity—and a tear came in her  
eye:

And she look'd upon me — spell-bound, I did stay and look on  
her,

And a gleam of light fell glancing down the mists of things  
that were.

Surely ne'er o'er human bosom came love in such tempest-kind ;  
All my spirit's dark foundations heaved like waves beneath the  
wind.

Often did I wrench the thought from out my bosom's core and  
cry,

Never should my cloud-tost being cross that blue transparent  
sky.

But again she pass'd, and sighing — *Jesus*, it was all she said.  
Yet down, down into her heart-depths through bewildering  
tears I read —

“ Thou art weary, way-worn, storm-tost — darker spots are on  
thy soul :

“ Jesus died — fear not, dear wanderer — storms must bend to  
His control.”

Oh, that word ! I scarce had heard it since in music erst it fell  
From our sainted mother's lips, who breathed it as her last  
farewell.

The dark thunder-clouds that long had risen with every rising  
day,

Heard it, and were troubled — heard it, and began to break  
away.

Bitter was the shame, and bitter were the first tears that I  
wept; —

Frequent still wild night-mare visions broke upon the sleep I  
slept: —

But at length the spring was heal'd, and gentle tears began  
to flow,

And One whisper'd, “ I have suffer'd — I have borne thy load  
of woe ! ”

All the fabled lights of Reason seem'd like torch-flames tost  
and driven —

All its music was as discord to the melody of heaven.

Days and weeks I stood and gazed (counting Reason's light  
for dross)

On the one lone star that glimmered o'er my Saviour's silent  
cross.

Brother, brother, canst thou wonder that, when peace began  
to brood

Over those wild troubled waters of my spirit's solitude,

I should turn and bless the angel who had shewn that light  
divine?

Blessing, see her—seeing, love her—win and bind her heart  
to mine?

Shall I tell thee of the beauty of her sylph-like form and face,  
Such as sculptor's hands, entranced all the while, might love  
to trace?

Of her soft dark tresses shading the swift blushes of her cheek?  
Of her clear and thoughtful forehead, sunlit like a cloudland  
peak?

Of her gentle heaving bosom, heaving o'er her passionate heart?  
Of her soft blue eye that bound thee without thinking, without  
art—

But within whose cool deep fountain slept a thousand sunny  
rays?—

Tush! the world saw that, and often spoke thereof in heartless  
praise.

No, I will not tell thee, brother, if I could for grief and tears—  
Love is silent as the stars that love us in their voiceless  
spheres.

Thus far only—she was ever, as she wander'd by my side,  
Like a rill of spirit-music flowing with ethereal tide  
Through my heart of hearts, and chasing all the discords  
    lingering yet

On the ruffled waves of life that could not in an hour forget.  
For, oh! dream not that a spirit which has mingled once with  
    shame

Can regain the crystal sunshine of pure hearts and spotless  
    fame :

Ye who deem that after waters wash away the stains of  
    sin—

No—no—no—the heart must suffer, aye for life-time, deep  
    within.

Often on my holiest moments burst detested thoughts and  
    vile,

Till she saw the cloud and chased it with the magic of her  
    smile,

Soon we parted—but that radiance pass'd not into mist or  
    dreams,

Haunting still deep mystic caverns with the light of moonlight  
    streams :

Yes, we parted — but that music did not die upon mine ears,  
For its cycle hath no boundary, and its<sup>3</sup> lordliness no peers.  
Thrice we met and thrice were sever'd, this the last sad fare-  
well sound  
Ere earth's links should bind, we whisper'd, those Heaven had  
already bound.

'T was a night of clouds and tempests sweeping through the  
void of black,  
Every sad blast through the forest given in sadder echoes back,  
Till they died among the cloisters with a melancholy cry  
As of restless moaning waters or dark spectres hurrying by.  
And drear thoughts would rise within me with their weeping  
train of woes,  
But I shut my heart upon them, chased them ever as they  
rose,  
Rambled on through fancy labyrinths, dreaming o'er my Ade-  
line,  
Threw me on my couch, and sleeping still dreamt on that  
dream divine.

<sup>3</sup> " Listening the lordly music flowing on  
The illimitable years."—TENNYSON'S *Ode to Memory*.

And I thought she look'd upon me with her own untroubled  
gaze,

Blushing while my silent rapture praised as language could  
not praise :

But beneath my eye her beauty grew to deepness more intense,  
All that could be earthly melting into heavenlier innocence.

Brother, — *Sleep hath eyes* — and silence hears strange sounds  
at midnight hours,

Wonder then unbars the caverns of her phantom-haunted  
towers,

And we see prophetic visions — but, oh ! never till that time  
Saw I with my earnest eyes the secrets of night's lonely chime.

At her beauty I was troubled, so unearthly bright, and deep,  
And I felt a cold misgiving stealing through my feverish  
sleep.

Brother, list ! my dreams were startled ; in my couch I sate  
upright ;

And I wildly gazed around me — not a star was in the night,  
But a mild and chasten'd radiance softly streaming fill'd my  
room,

Centr'ing round her angel figure — even in death my light in  
gloom.

Yes, she stood there — from her eye the tears fell silently and  
fast ;

If ye will, fond human frailty still victorious to the last :

Tears — aye well she knew the iron soon would rive this  
quivering heart :

Tears — her home was far away, and I an exile, we must  
part.

But methinks I could have borne far easier bosom-rending  
groans

Than that mournful boding silence, and I cried in passionate  
tones,

“ Am I dreaming? oh, beloved, gaze I on thee there awake?

“ Wherefore weepest thou? speak — speak, for soon this burst-  
ing heart will break!

“ Hast thou left me then for ever, here upon this desolate  
shore?

“ Thou my only fellow-pilgrim — speak, speak, art thou mine  
no more?”

And she spoke — her voice was music, music over waters  
heard,

The deep waters of that grief that in her bosom's depths was  
stirr'd.

“ Yes, mine own one, we are parted, such as time and space  
can part—

“ But for ever and for ever we are one in soul and heart !

“ This shall seal me thine ” — and speaking nearer to my side  
she press'd,

And unclosed the bright apparel flowing o'er her angel breast  
Words may never tell my rapture, blent with awe serenely  
proud,

As I felt her presence bending o'er me like a golden cloud ;  
And a moment on my fluttering bosom she did lay her own,  
Press'd her lips to mine — and in a moment I was there —  
alone.

Nothing saw I but the midnight's funeral blackness in my  
room,

Nothing heard I but the wind and raindrops driving through  
the gloom :

All my being, that had lately bloom'd with flowers and teem'd  
with springs,

Seem'd one dreary vast 'alone,' a barren wilderness of things  
Aye alone — the spell of sunshine that had fallen on my track.  
Now was far beyond the clouds, its native sky had call'd it  
back :

I was left o'er moor and mountain still to wander wearily,  
And the dead leaves round me telling, Autumn had come soon  
for me.

Never have I yet remember'd how that night did pass away,  
And the morning dawn'd, though morning, still to me a mid-  
night day.

She was dead, I knew more surely than if I had seen her  
die,

But grief clings to fragile anchors when the storms are hurt-  
ling by.

So at morning set I forth my heartless, hopeless way to wend,  
Sorrow clinging round my journey, sorrow brooding at the  
end.

But one met me, and he wept — I knew his tale ere he begun —  
She had died at yester-midnight, dying as the bell peal'd 'one'!  
Heavy-hearted I returned — I could not bear her corse to see  
Whom I just had seen apparell'd like one of the far countree.  
Yes, I felt my heart was broken! though for years it did not  
die,

But it must be with its treasure up in yon eternal sky,

God, my Father, He was there—my blessed Saviour, 'twas  
His home,

Adeline, and she who bore me harbour'd there, no more to  
roam.

And my earthly path was clouded, all its lingering gleams had  
fled,

Save the memories of communion with the living and the  
dead.

Oh, they sicken'd not, nor faded into fond imaginings,

For true joys, if only true, immortal are 'mid mortal things :

Whilome they were golden lamps that o'er our pilgrim  
pathway shone,

Whose dear light we fondly bless'd, and wended unrepining  
on :

And when number'd with the past they sank not in the misty  
sea

With the foul and base-born glimmer of the world's false-  
hearted glee,

But, a light-apotheosis, rose majestically bright,

Till they clomb the dark blue heavens, stars for ever 'mid  
the night :

And thence shining on our pathway from their glorious home  
afar,

Tell us of the things that have been, that they shall be, and  
they are.

Brother, I have told thee all my gloomy tale of fear and sin ;  
Ah, forgive me, for I could not die and keep it pent within—  
Since she went, this heart's beloved, thirteen dreary years  
have pass'd,

Something tells me in my bosom, this—joy, joy!—shall be  
my last.

Brother, I have lived and roam'd in tracking those I once  
beguiled,

To essay with me sin's fearful dark interminable wild ;  
Days and nights of supplication I have agonised for them,  
Till to all, 'mid storm and shipwreck, beam'd the Star of  
Bethlehem.

Nothing now remains for lifetime—take my last, my fond  
farewell ;

If a heart like mine can bless, Heaven bless thee more than  
heart can tell !

Grant that all my dark experience may be imaged back in  
light,

When reflected from the sunny waters of thy spirit bright :  
Till thy race on earth is finish'd, and ye hasten to complete  
Those our mother's vision saw, a blessed band at Jesus' feet.  
And when I am dead, dear brother, lay me by the sacred yew  
That o'ershades this heart's beloved. Fare thee well—adieu  
—adieu.

1845.

## A NIGHT AT SANDGATE.

It was a strange and fearful night that same :  
We had been talking of the troublous days  
That seem'd to lie before us, and the clouds  
Of gloom and tempest that were brooding round  
The militant church of God : wherein we thought  
Not one there gather'd would pass on unscathed.  
And yet all hearts beat high, and glistening eyes  
Burnt brightly as with coming triumph :— none  
Hung back, none trembled : none were sore afraid.  
He, whom unknown we knew, unseen we loved,  
Was Pilot of our vessel, and He held  
At beck the whirlwinds and the storms and clouds ;  
And He seem'd with us, saying ;—“ Fear ye not,  
Lo ! I am with you alway : in the world  
Ye shall have tribulation ; let your hearts

Be of good cheer, O ye of little faith!  
For I, your Lord, have overcome the world."  
So into one another's eyes we look'd,  
And found there —sorrow and dismay; nay found  
Such high enthusiast hopes as burn, like stars  
'Mid drifting clouds, the brighter at near view  
Of sufferings to be suffer'd and for Him,  
Of high deeds to be ventured and for Him,  
Of peril clasping our affection closer.  
Amid that company were two who long  
Had held bright standards in the warrior host  
Of God —brave hearts —and as we heard them tell  
Of conflicts deepening ever on the skirts  
Of Christendom's blood-sprinkled battle-field,  
The fire and light of love spontaneous rush'd  
From heart to heart, and lit their altar flame.

The evening wore away: and one by one  
At length we parted lingering and loth,  
For golden are such hours and brief and few:  
But drawn, as I divine, by kindred thoughts,  
I and one other with me loiter'd yet

By a lone staircase window, that o'erlook'd  
The deep blue billows of the midnight sea,  
And the swift moonlight on those waters swift ;  
And overhead the everlasting stars.  
But chief three planets look'd into our souls  
With their large spirit eyes. Long while we gazed  
In silent rapture on that world of night,  
And ponder'd silently, and to the winds  
And roar of distant waters listen'd long.  
It seem'd a picture of the dread 'to be.'  
There were the waters in their ceaseless changes  
And wild eternal heavings, white with spray,  
Wave chasing wave ; but over them the moon  
Rode in her silver sphere serene, and chid  
Their wildness, and the glancing stars aloft  
Fell on them with their sudden tears of light.  
A strange and dream-like scene. Yes, soon we spake ;  
The same thought rush'd upon us—let the world  
Change like those changing waters evermore,  
And spend itself in moans or reckless smiles,—  
Let us be cast upon its fretful waves ;  
Still stretches o'er us the blue sky, and thence

Lightens the piercing glory of the stars,  
The silver beauty of true heart affection.

And like clear village bells at eventide  
Each young heart echo'd to the other back,  
And ere we parted were there many thoughts  
That only could find utterance in prayer.

1845.

ON AN AIR OF NOVELLO'S—AVE VERUM.

COMES it to thee with a sound of joy,

Glad-hearted sister mine?

Like the reckless bound of the mountain boy,

Or his mirthsome eye divine?

Oh, list again — it has sorrowful deeps,

Thou hast not fathom'd yet;

'Tis a loving, passionate heart that weeps

Tears, none who shed forget.

It speaketh of life,—of beautiful life,

A tissue strange and fair,

Yet enwoven with threads of tenderest grief,

And dark shades here and there.

It leads the soul to the twilight sky,  
And the stars peep forth in turn,  
But a weeping train of clouds is by  
To dim them as they burn.

Speaks it of hope? yes, hope in tears,  
From some far distant shore;  
Music that steals from the nightly spheres,  
Yet sounding, sounds no more.

ODE ON THE THIRD CENTENARY OF THE  
ANNUAL COMMEMORATION IN  
TRINITY COLLEGE.

How sweep they by so fast  
Those chariot-wheels of Time!—

On, onward, swifter than the wintry blast

Athwart a wintry clime :

On, on—another hundred years

Pass'd, like a dream o' the night.

There is no space for mirth, no time for tears,

The swift hours sleep not in their flight,

The rivers pause not, and the nightly spheres

Still track their course of everlasting light.

Yet touch thy harp-strings, minstrel : let the throng

Sweep heedlessly along :

Pause, and with thoughtful spirits cast thine eye  
Across the mighty regions left behind,  
For spots lie there eternally enshrined,  
And hours that will not die.

Another hundred years,  
From yonder sacred pile ;  
The chime this day hath fallen on our ears  
To bid us gather in that holy aisle,  
Where once our fathers gather'd : they have gone  
To their long home : and we, a little while,  
Forth issuing from the cloud, speed on  
Across the narrow twilight bridge, that lies  
Betwixt two vast eternities,  
Then hasten underneath  
The second cloud of death,  
That skirts the confines where our fathers are ;  
A land that is so nigh, and seems so far.  
They must not pass without a tear away,  
We must not live without deep thoughts of them ;  
The mists are transient as the summer day,  
But stars live on in Heaven's great diadem

Thrice have a hundred years pass'd by  
 These sacred walls, deepens the echoing cry.

And countless visions sweep  
 O'er fancy's startled sleep,  
 Of fields of glory, wreaths of fame,  
 And victories won on stormy seas,  
 And many a warrior's spotless name—  
 Ay, nobler deeds than these.

Heroes, who fought, but for no earthly crown :

Who fell, but ask'd of mortals no renown ;

Who dared to combat for their country's God,

And for their God and country dared to die :

Their blood sank deep into the country's sod,

Who weeps too late their martyr'd memory.—

And still is seen the holy mien

Of England's great free-hearted Queen ;

And still is heard the waves' exuberant roar

Casting the Armada's wrecks in sport upon the shore.

How sweep they by so fast

Those chariot-wheels of Time !—

The echoés of the centuries are pass'd,  
Like a faint vesper chime.

Yet stormful was the cry,  
And loud the thunder as they grated by :  
The crash of arms, the battle's groan ;  
And shatter'd fell the sacred monarch's throne ;  
And from her limbs imprison'd Freedom tore  
Her fetters with a maniac's rage and roar :  
Till listening to the voice of truth  
She taught her proud heart gentler ruth :  
Till o'er a freeborn race of faithful kings  
Heaven waved triumphantly its guardian wings.

The scene is changed once more :  
Beneath a midnight lamp a student sits,<sup>1</sup>  
And muses oft long while, or reads by fits  
Pages of human lore :  
Then turns his ardent, reverent look  
To Nature's greater, nobler book,  
Where from their deep blue homes on high

<sup>1</sup> Sir Isaac Newton.

The stars greet meekly his meek eye,  
 Interpreting the lines  
 Of those mysterious signs,  
 All dimly traced upon the awful sky.

New visions still crowd on, and memory tells  
 Of glorious deeds of old,  
 And many a patriot's name,  
 But bound by mightier spells  
 We see them glide beneath the vaporous fold  
 Of the great past, nor linger o'er their fame :  
 Though oft, in evening's twilight dews,  
 We fondly love to muse,  
 That whilome those high sages' feet  
 Here humbly trode this still retreat,  
 And learnt to bend a childlike ear  
 To the low voice of heavenly wisdom here.

How sweep they by so fast  
 Those chariot-wheels of Time!—  
 Leaving so brief a track of glories past,  
 And hurrying on to crime.

Have orphan'd children cried?—<sup>1</sup>  
Have captive daughters pined?—  
Have groans, ere now, been cast aside  
Unto the pitiless wind?  
Have dark clouds pass'd on the stormy blast?—  
Darker are behind.  
They gather'd long, they lower'd low;—  
All men trembling stood:  
They shed a few first drops of woe,  
At length they burst in blood!  
On smiling France at first  
On guilty France they burst,  
Her sainted monarch fell, her princes fled,  
Her noblest, best, were number'd with the dead.  
In dungeon gloom her maidens' bloom  
Was counted cheap as dust;  
And the innocent child there only smiled  
In its young unguarded trust.  
Wealth, beauty, talent died,  
And the rivers ran with gore;

<sup>1</sup> The Revolution of 1789.

Thou hast drunk the blood of thy choicest pride,

Proud France!—and wilt have more?

The tempest hath not pass'd: the clouds of wrath

Sweep on enfolding in their awful gloom

All lands, Despair before their path;

Behind, the silence of the tomb.

I see them form,—I see them rise;

Fainter grows the light;

Till they enshroud the glorious skies,

And liken day to night.

And beneath are the dusty plains of war,

The steed, and the warrior's brazen car,

The lightning sword, and the cannon's shock,

And the rifle's rattle on rifted rock.

And ever and anon

A lull in the storm steals on:

We listen—it is gone.

See yonder man with the eagle eye,

And the soul that dares to do or die!

And his armies sweep from sea to sea,

And he tramples the proud, and enchains the free,

Till the earth at his fury stood aghast,

And the nations shook at his tread as he pass'd.

Desolate — desolate — the wild flood  
Hath torn from the forest branch and leaf :  
And Europe is weeping tears of blood : —  
He sheds no tear of grief.

But there is love in heaven : and angels weep  
If men forbear o'er human sufferings :  
And freedom's cry, awaking from her sleep,  
In the proud conqueror's ear a death-knell rings.  
He fell : and, moated by the chafing waves,  
For whom all earth had seem'd too small a throne,  
For whom unnumber'd myriads had sunk down  
Into untimely graves,  
Slept in his narrow bed full tranquilly  
Long silent years beneath the willow-tree.

Touch, minstrel, touch thy lyre again  
To livelier music, for thy lay  
Hath been in somewhat mournful, solemn strain  
For a bright festal day.

What if the world's arena hath been rife  
With sounds of discord, and fell deeds of strife ? —  
Here they have been as echoes faint and far ;  
Here glide unruffled on the silent hours ;

Peace dwells with Wisdom ; and the evening star  
 Shines ever cloudless o'er these sacred towers.  
 What, though the tempest often sweep  
 Recklessly o'er the billowy deep,  
 This quiet crystal fountain hath flow'd on,  
 Shelter'd from every storm that raves anon,  
 And sent its copious floods  
 To gladden and renew on every hand  
 The valleys, and the wild banks, and the woods  
 Of our great Fatherland.

And might I twine one parting wreath for thee,  
 Dear college home, by thousand memories dear,  
 Ere I forsake thy tranquil shores, and steer  
 To the bleak pathways of the trackless sea,  
 'Twere only adding to the debt I owe  
 Of thanks, and gratitude, and filial love ;  
 And faint my strains, and feeble were, and low,  
 To tell thy worth, all praise of mine above.  
 Nay, rather, grateful prayers shall rise, that He,  
 Beneath whose favouring smile  
 Thou art the glory of our native isle,  
 May ever shield, and guard, and prosper thee.

Ours only be the joy to know,  
When in the world tost to and fro,  
We once were shelter'd underneath thy walls,  
Oh fairest, noblest, best of Granta's glorious halls !

*December 1846.*

## ALONE UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

ALONE upon the mountains ! and at night —

A night of fitful clouds and shadowy gleams.

The tremulous mists that creep from height to height,

Their skirts are round my footsteps : and the  
streams,

Whose moan so oft hath haunted me in dreams,

At length I roam their rugged tracks along :

The caves that I have pictured, and the beams

Of moonlight flickering the dark peaks among,

No more are as a lovely but far distant song.

Alone upon the mountains ! with the voice

Of torrent floods around me, and the sound

Of rushing winds, as playmates of my choice.

Ye vales, with roses and with myrtle crown'd,

Ye quiet springs, Enchantment's trancing ground,

I once was yours, but can be yours no more.  
Alone, by rock and ocean girdled round :  
Sweep, ye wild wintry blasts, the waters o'er,  
And roll, thou billowy deep, all darkly as of yore.

Far, far upon the mountain-peaks to be,  
Lone gazing, as in visionary trance,  
Down on the white foam of the midnight sea,  
Whose billows gleam with meteor light, and dance  
Like revellers of night beneath the glance  
Of the pale moonbeams, or the lightning's glare :  
A fluttering sail athwart the waves' expanse  
Sweeps yonder, like a spirit of despair  
Driven o'er the gulph of death, it knows not, heeds not  
where.

'T is past—and I am girt with clouds once more,  
Clouds that would mock the piercing eaglet's eye,  
Impenetrable darkness, and the roar  
Of all the battling armies of the sky  
Above me and around, and far and nigh.

Felt though unseen : this is the place for me ;

Here can the spirit's wing unfetter'd fly,

And track with flight as rapid and as free

The lightning in its pathway o'er the glorious sea.

1843.

## SONNET.

THERE'S music on the winds — and far aloft  
It sinks and rises as they rise and sink.  
And evermore, like waters from the brink  
Of over-joyful springs, in tones most soft  
And most melodious, came quick bursts of song,  
Like harpers harping on their harps : and oft  
They fill'd my soul with worship ; till among  
The caverns of the clouds they seem'd to lose  
The magic of their music — none might choose  
But hear — the fount was rapture, and to drink,  
A joy past utterance : and the morning dews  
Chased mist-like the blue ocean waves along,  
Till clouds, winds, waters, music-built did seem,  
The shadows of an everlasting dream.

## THE LAST HOUR OF 1846.

MOANS the night wind so wildly? sad and chill  
Come distant rain drops falling? wherefore so?  
Hath not the old year pass'd like light, and still  
Blooms not the future in unclouded glow?—  
And scatter'd on its blue waves see ye not,  
Sisters, full many a love-enamell'd spot?

### II.

Then wherefore moans the wind, and wherefore comes  
Sad thro' the night the weeping of the rain?  
Oh, sisters, deem not that earth's many homes  
Have all like yours been without cloud or stain:—  
There are who weep upon their couch the light  
Of fond hopes, last year glowing, dead to-night.

## III.

There are who mourn for dear ones reft and riven  
 From out the inmost shrine of loving hearts ;  
 Now shining far perchance like stars of heaven,  
 But yet the tie, though parted, ever parts :  
 There are who sorrows weep more drear than this :  
 Oh hush, that depth unknown, unsounded is.

## IV.

Then blame ye not the wind that sounds so wild,  
 Blame not the passing hour's quick mournful tears :  
<sup>1</sup> But listen to its lesson like a child  
 And catch its troubled music—so our years  
 Will all ere long like winds have fled by  
 And tears alone make answer to their sigh.

<sup>1</sup> " But listen to its murmur as it flows,  
 Break not the dying year's serene repose."

A. S.

*December 31, 1846.*

## CERULINE.

Φεῦ, φεῦ, τί ποτ' αὖ κινάθισμα κλύω  
πίλας οἰωνῶν; αἰθέρ' δ' ἰλαφραῖς  
πτειρύγων ῥίπαῖς ὑποσυρίζει.—ÆSCH. *Prom.*

### PART I.

THE mirth was loud in the banquet hall,  
For a hundred knights were feasting there,  
And countless lamps upon the wall  
Flash'd o'er the wine and the goblets' glare;  
And the cold gales of heaven were lost in perfume,  
And the darkness no more was fear and gloom:—  
There merrily glances  
In swift-footed dances  
The chorus of maidens by;  
Their harps are all strung,  
Sweet is every tongue,  
And glowing is every eye.  
The dance never fail'd, the strains never ceased—  
Right well have those warriors earn'd their feast!

And the maidens were wreathing the laurel boughs  
In garlands bright round the victors' brows;—  
All shone with joyousness, hope, and bliss. . . .  
Is there room for grief in a scene like this?

Where goeth that lady? what to see?  
Sad Ceruline, where goeth she?  
And hath she left the warriors' hall,  
And the choir of maidens one and all?  
She hath left the banquet's light  
To wander alone through the lonely night.<sup>1</sup>  
What charm hath music or dance on her  
Whose soul is knit to the things that were?  
Peerless in beauty, sylph-like in form,  
Love beat in her heart, and true, and warm,  
But it was love for unearthly things,  
For the rush of spirit wings,  
For the light that gleam'd through eyes  
Wont to pierce beyond the skies,  
For the tales that mortal ear  
Dreams not of, though floating near.

<sup>1</sup> "What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle-gate?"—COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

The moon is up, the forests thrill  
With the hush'd silence of the rill ;  
    The clear cold shadows, one by one,  
And the moonlight clearer, colder still,  
    The spells of midnight felt by none  
    Save forest travellers wending on,—  
All seem to warn that maiden thence  
With her spotless innocence.  
Yet her foot is firm, her eye is bright,  
She trembles not in the lonely night,  
But onward wendeth fearlessly  
For the love of the things of a far countree.

The moon is up, but clouds are stealing  
O'er the heaven's blue vaulted ceiling ;  
Though borne on the reckless gales of night  
They cross not Cynthia's path of light,  
But when they enter the magic sphere,  
Where the beams of her light are crystal-clear,  
She smiles on them with angel smile,  
Their gloomy wildness to beguile,  
And touches them with light, and they  
Tremble with radiance, and float away.

Athwart the moon-shadows on the grass  
Fearless Ceruline doth pass :  
Swift through the light, swift through the shade,  
Her feet have travell'd many a glade :  
See! she hath cast the veil aside

That droop'd above her eye serene,  
And bared her snow-white breast of pride

To that marble clear moon-sheen. —  
The banquet hall is far behind,  
And it comes like a friend, that forest wind. —  
Is there nought else thou seekest there  
Up in heaven's pure untroubled air?  
Why roams thine eye from star to star?  
Is thy heart absent yet more far?  
Whence comes that holy light serene  
Writ on thy brow, fair Ceruline?  
. . . . In silence swiftly wendeth she  
For the love of the things of a far countree.

Now she hath pass'd the tangled wood ;  
Light of foot is she !  
And silent stands where once there stood  
The one she came to see.

There the clear cold waters flow  
Deep from their unseen spring below,  
And gushing with their saddest tone  
Flow circling round a mossy stone ;  
In them no sparkling laughter shines,  
But as they spring from the rocky mines  
One moan they give, one sigh anon,  
And then in silence hurry on :—  
Like captives from a dungeon mist  
Cast forth to wander where they list,  
Who cannot bear the blaze of day,  
But to some hidden haunt steal swiftly away.

Fair was the spot, and passing fair  
She who came a pilgrim there :—  
She look'd up with her sad dark eye  
To the silvery moon that rode on high,  
But soon she turn'd aside unheeded,  
For she found not there the friend she needed ;—  
She look'd up where bright Jupiter,  
Smiling in glory, smiled on her,  
But she was too sad to hold converse proud  
With his lordly eye, without mist or cloud ;—

Again look'd up that lady young,  
Where the pearl-like lamp of Venus hung,  
And dewy tears of radiance gave  
Unto the rippling deep-blue wave :  
On the lady's eye it softly shone,  
But further still, and further on  
To the inmost soul, I ween,  
Of the sad lovely Ceruline.  
For, as it had been a friend most dear,  
She shed with it a kindred tear,  
And gazing up with wishful eye,  
Bless'd her pale sister in the sky :  
And she took her lute, beside her slung,  
And thus that fair sad lady sung —

“ If in yon cerulean sphere  
Thou hast a heart and a soul for me,  
Spirit of my Hoel, hear,  
Ceruline is whispering thee.  
The banquet's light may glitter bright,  
It hath for me no charms,  
The voiceless lonesomeness of night  
For me hath no alarms.

Gaze on me from the dark-blue skies  
With thy dark-blue spirit eyes ;  
And the banquet's light may sparkle bright  
    And spread its witching charms,  
And the voiceless lonesomeness of night  
    Grow pale with cold alarms—  
Only wave thy wings of light,  
    And clasp me to thine arms."

And the echo nymphs, dwelling in caverns around,  
    O softly, "thy wings of light, wings of light," cried ;  
And others caught up the clear silvery sound,  
    And sang "to thine arms," and in singing they died.

And who then was that spirit, she  
Was calling now from a far countree ?

Oh! he was once an orphan child,  
A wayward youth, a minstrel wild ;—  
Yes, once an orphan child was he,  
Now drown'd in tears, now bright with glee ;—

Who with his wild harp's trancing tone,  
And his wild visions all his own,  
Sang at her noble father's call  
To the princely guests of Sir Manfred's hall.  
With her his young years came and went,—

    Oh happy years for ever past!  
She could remember when they bent  
Their footsteps (prattlers innocent)  
Together over hill and dale,  
When he his wild enwoven tale

    Would fling to the fitful mountain blast.  
For from a child he loved to play  
    With that his harp, and she the while  
Would watch his boyish fingers stray,  
    And repay him well with her own sunny smile.

That thrilling harp! his playmate wild—

    'Twas the only thing beside him lying,  
When he was found, an orphan child,  
    By the castle wall alone and dying.

In peace the happy infant years  
Of Hoel flew, unmix'd with tears ;

But when thirteen summers—brief were they!—  
Of his young life had glided away,  
Young Ceruline with her sire cross'd o'er  
The ocean blue for a distant shore ;  
And for five slow years,—oh ! long were they—  
Still chased returning by delay.  
Often he sate the weary while  
From morn to even on the rampart pile,  
And gazed on the waves intensely long,—  
And wove a wild and mournful song,  
And scarcely knowing his fingers moved  
Sang her he scarcely knew he loved.

One night he was watching the soft moon pour  
Her silvery light the blue wavelets o'er,  
When he saw a distant speck of white,  
Gleaming beneath the swift moonlight :  
Up straight-way leapt that orphan boy,  
And held his breath for very joy—  
But a speck of white, and dark below—  
    Yet Hoel told full true, I ween,  
And shouted—“ A sail — that sail I know—  
    'Tis she !— 'tis she !— 'tis Ceruline !”

And the clarions rang, and the trumpets clang,  
And Hoel, he leapt, and wept, and sang,  
While crowded to the castle wall  
The castle's inmates one and all.  
Nearer the stately vessel comes,  
Louder beat the castle drums,  
Her flags and banners streaming were,  
Dear hands were waved to welcome her ;  
But the first that greeted to his land  
    Sir Manfred, was the minstrel boy,  
The first to clasp the trembling hand  
    Of Ceruline, who wept for joy.

But when the first flush of bliss had fled,  
His heart within him sank like lead ;  
He felt, he knew, that now no more  
They could roam as heretofore.  
'Tis true, she wept, when he played again  
With quivering hand her favourite strain ;  
Yet she sate not now beside his lyre,  
But far from him by her noble sire :—  
And he knew, he felt, that now no more  
They should be one as heretofore.

She was her father's proudest joy  
And he a homeless orphan boy.  
And again he sate the weary while  
From morn to eve on the rampart pile,  
And gazed on her turret intensely long,  
And wove the same most plaintive song,  
And scarcely knowing his fingers moved  
Sang her he deeply felt he loved.

And she, although he knew it not,  
Listen'd the while in some unknown spot ;  
For he sang a strain all wild and free  
Of the fadeless joys of the far countree ;  
Where those who love are never parted,  
But all are one and all true-hearted :—  
And still there came in every scene  
The spirit of young Ceruline.  
Anon his fancy soar'd on high  
On its own free wings to its own free sky,  
And revell'd 'mid dreams of clouds and night,  
Riven by troubled gleams of light,  
Where faery steeds with faery cars  
Wander'd away through the chime of stars ;—

But ever in storm or light serene  
He was there and Ceruline.

She listen'd saying, none could chide —  
He knew not, she was close beside.  
And oh! he was the only one  
With whom her heart found sympathy,  
Ever warm and ever free;  
In whom her spirit's every tone  
Was echoed truer than her own.  
The strains he loved, the legends wild  
That he would sing of from a child,  
His tones of minstrelsy and song,  
These, too, were her delight erelong:  
And dreams that strange to others were  
Seem'd like familiar things to her.  
Could wealth, could power, could princely friends  
For a kindred spirit make amends?  
Yet all were sorrow, sin, distress,  
Without her father's fond caress.

That very eve she wander'd late  
Lonely and sad the walls along

And Hoel o'er the castle gate  
Still sang a wild and mournful song :  
And seeing her lonely wandering there,  
His heart beat quick,—his music died :—  
One moment saw him on the stair,  
Another by the lady's side.  
And never till that hour had he  
Whisper'd his heart-thoughts in her ear,—  
Never till that moment she  
Deem'd she had loved him, loved so dear.  
But soon she woke to consciousness,—  
The spell had left her soul, I guess.  
A trembling strange, a shuddering came  
Over her slight and lovely frame,  
And she cried, "What, Hoel, thine for ever?  
"My father! never, Hoel, never."  
Her voice low-falter'd, and as she cried  
"Never," she fainted by his side.  
Young Hoel raised her in his arms,  
His love it was the best of charms!

For soon the lady sat upright,  
And open'd her eye to the soft moonlight ;  
And hasted then, and round her drew  
Her thin light-floating robe of blue —  
But the smile had left her faded cheek,  
And with hollow voice she scarce could speak,  
“ My father ! flee, oh ! haste thee, flee —  
My Hoel, I have murder'd thee ! ”  
“ Oh, cheer thee,” said that minstrel wild,  
Oh, cheer thee — thou art Manfred's child.  
*Thy Hoel*,—death is welcome so.”  
She only whisper'd, “ Woe ! woe ! woe ! ”  
And passing from his startled view,  
To her chamber swift withdrew ;  
And Hoel again on the rampart strong  
Kept singing a wild, yet hopeful song.

Play, minstrel, play, for never more  
Will thy fingers sweep those harpstrings o'er ;  
Sing, minstrel, sing, for never again  
Will the wild air echo thy wayward strain.

The haughty baron's ear hath heard  
Thy love's scarce felt, scarce whisper'd word.  
The baron's haughty eye hath seen  
His minstrel with his Ceruline.

The lady sleeps, but restlessly;  
She hath counted the chimes—one—two—and three.  
The moon has sunk, and the clouds on high  
Have blinded each star with its dewy eye.  
She started up,—her hand she press'd  
On the heart that ached in an aching breast,  
And she hath laid her down again  
All listlessly, as if in pain.  
The zephyrs, last eve like a mermaid's song,  
Now moan with their fitful blast along.  
The lady sprang up from the bed,  
And thrice she whisper'd, "Dead! dead! dead!"  
Hush, Ceruline! 'twas but the blast  
That moaning round thy casement pass'd.  
"Dead!" she cried; "'twas his dying shriek!"  
Nor, horror-stricken, more durst speak.

Hush, Ceruline ! 'twas but the roar  
Of the ocean surges on the shore.  
Oh ! calm thee, fearful Ceruline,  
'Twas the ocean roar I surely ween.  
She listens with intensest thought,  
Her ear each painful echo caught,  
And she heard through the castle hall below  
Her father's footsteps swiftly go,  
(For never need twice be heard or told  
The lofty step of Sir Manfred bold,)  
And she heard him to another say,—  
“ Away !—a horrid task—away !”

The lady sank down on the bed,  
And swoon'd away as she was dead ;  
And in the morning there she lay,  
Alive or not 'twere hard to say.  
And her maidens, one and all, were moved  
To see the lady that they loved ;  
Her casement open, her straggling hair,  
Dank with the dew on her bosom fair,  
And her chill lips open, as in prayer.

But she rose up and coldly smiled  
As they tended her with thought and care,  
And nerved her soul as one beguiled ;  
And went down at her father's call  
To the princely guests of Sir Manfred's hall.

That morning (Heaven shield us from sin !)  
At the foot of the castle wall within,  
Was found with his harp—his only joy—  
The mangled corpse of the minstrel boy.  
Of his harp (oh deep and wondrous token !)  
Not one frail string was found unbroken ;  
Its master spirit had flown away,  
And why should its tones of music stay ?  
One thrill of horror ran through all,—  
One groan of anguish fill'd the hall,—  
When the body of Hoel, cold and torn,  
Into the hall was slowly borne ;  
Yet still the same high, speaking brow,  
Though stain'd with blood and pallid now.  
They groan'd—but to gaze they could not bear ;  
And Sir Manfred's groan was the loudest there.

And many cover'd their throbbing eyes,  
And wept in silence o'er his bier,—  
A mournful band in mournful wise,—  
Nor was there wanting Sir Manfred's tear.

But Ceruline nor groan'd, nor wept ;  
She seem'd like one who saw and slept.  
Cold was her dark and sunken eye,

Her bosom heaved not, throb'd not now ;  
Her hands alone in agony  
Were clasp'd across her fever'd brow.

But one there was — the seneschal —  
Who, as he wept young Hoel's fall,  
Read in her cold, regardless mien,  
The bleeding heart of Ceruline ;—  
Saw in her unimpassion'd air  
The hidden anguish burning there.

And when the evening sun was sinking,  
And the sinless flowers their night-dews drinking.  
He went alone to her chamber door  
With the minstrel's mantle — and no more.  
Enough, enough ! he need not tell  
The mournful task she knew too well ;

And the seneschal was kind and true —  
Words should not rend her bosom too.  
She knew the token, and straightway  
Follow'd to where the minstrel lay.  
The old man wrapp'd his mantle round,—  
Sad winding-sheet—and from the ground  
Sweet Ceruline,—though she trembled much—  
Took up the lyre he loved to touch.  
The old man led the way, and she  
Stole after, weeping silently.  
With hurried step, those wanderers late  
Came to the castle's outer gate.  
It open'd to the seneschal,  
And they pass'd out beyond the wall :  
But when they had won the skirts o' the wood,  
As if in doubt, the old man stood,  
And, weeping, Ceruline anon  
Took the lead, and hurried on.

Through lonesome paths which none frequent  
That mournful pair in silence went ;  
The crescent moon, with flickering ray,  
Glimmer'd faint on their weary way ;

Loud gush'd the rills, the forests moan'd,  
Their deep lament the night-winds groan'd,  
And now and then the sky would shed  
A few brief tear-drops on their head.  
The old man's heart was desolate,—  
    And dread to grief is near akin,—  
And Hoel's corse—a lifeless weight—  
    Hung on his arms like a load of sin.  
And still through paths which none frequent  
His weeping guide before him went.

At length sad Ceruline stood still  
Beside a dark and gushing rill ;  
She trembled once, she gave one moan,  
As she pointed to a mossy stone ;  
And the old man, by the gushing wave,  
At once began to scoop the grave.  
Sad, maiden, sad is thy hard lot !  
This is the stone, and this the spot,  
And this the very night, I ween,—  
Though five long years have come between,—  
Where he sang his parting song to thee,  
Ere thou didst cross the envious sea.

The old man now hath scoop'd the grave  
Hard beside the gushing wave,  
Again hath wrapp'd the mantle round  
Young Hoel's form ; and from the ground  
Lifted the body up with care. . . .  
Hark ! what sound—what strain is there ?  
The minstrel's harp-strings, one and all,  
Were broken in the minstrel's fall ;  
But, like a spirit sound, there came  
Sad music from that broken frame,  
And moan'd a requiem for the dead—  
A requiem o'er his lonely bed.  
Sweet Ceruline ! her eye grew bright  
Beneath the flickering moonbeam's light,  
And she cried, ere ceased the music's swell,  
“ Bury it too—he loved it well.”

Soon their task—too soon—was done ;  
Then from her breast a cross she took,  
And set it on the mossy stone  
Beside the sadly-moaning brook.  
That magic sound ! that wondrous strain !  
The lady's eye was bright again !

And she press'd her hand upon her brow,  
Then softly whisper'd "homeward now;"  
And through lonesome paths, which none frequent,  
Those wanderers back in silence went.

Many a night and many a day  
Came she there to weep and pray;  
Her eye was bright, her footstep free,—  
She hath heard the strain of a far countree!  
But a troubled shade of anguish now  
Sate on her pale and sorrowful brow,  
Whenever she enter'd the princely dome  
Of her sire, Sir Manfred's home.  
She saw, she mark'd, and only she,  
The anguish hid in a murderer's glee.  
He said he had strange dreams,—strange they were;  
Wild was his woe, his laughter wild;  
He laugh'd, he smiled, but even on her,—  
Not like Sir Manfred on his child.  
Her heart was broken, I surmise,  
Yet, till its throbbing pulse grew cold,  
With sad but unreprouchful eyes  
She watch'd him meekly as of old.

Many a night and many a day  
Came she there to weep and pray.  
Mid the autumn's dying leaves,  
And the snow of wintry eves,  
And the tears and the smiles of the reckless spring,  
And the summer's golden welcoming,  
In secret pilgrimage alone  
She hath pray'd at that mossy stone.  
And now twelve dreary months have pass'd  
Since she on Hoel look'd her last ;  
And the banquet's light may glitter bright,  
She will not be away to-night.  
What charm hath music or dance on her,  
Whose soul is knit to the things that were ?  
Still upward roams her bright, dark eye,  
If once to see him ere she die.  
And this was the blessed spirit she  
Was calling now from the far countree.

## PART II.

Like those who enter unaware  
At night upon a lampless shrine,  
When silent the voice of nightly prayer,  
And silent the chant of praise divine,  
Yet they entranced stand the while,  
For wondrous organ-tones are stealing  
Like spirits through each shadowy aisle,  
And dying away on the vaulted ceiling.  
So tranced was Ceruline, when she  
First heard again strange melody  
Steal round her, as from a far countree.  
She could not dream,—it came again,—  
She heard the same wild magic strain.  
She heard?—she saw at her right hand  
A spirit, her own minstrel, stand.  
She could not dream,—he smiled on her,  
And love, oh love! can never err!

'Twas his own smile, 'twas his own eye,  
 But bright like theirs beyond the sky ;  
 And he held a lyret in his hand,  
 One of the lyres of that distant land ;  
 And even the trembling, earthly blast,  
 Won thence heaven's music as it pass'd.  
 Dreams scarce could tell, no tongue declare  
 The raptures of that meeting there ;  
 The thrill of his voice was spirit-love,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sweet echo, sure, of theirs above,  
 As he whisper'd he would have come ere now,  
 But could not break his heavenly vow,  
 Till she for a weary year had come  
 Unwearied to his lonely tomb.  
 And drawing closer to her side  
 Thus that spirit-minstrel cried :—

“ My home is in the far countree,  
 This sorrowful earth imprisons thee :

<sup>2</sup> “ But he spoke.

How shall I tell thee of the startling thrill  
 In that low voice, whose breezy tones could fill  
 My bosom's infinite ?”—*The Spirit's Return*. MRS. HEMANS.

Grief shadows thine, joy blooms o'er mine,  
But oh! my own sweet Ceruline,  
The bridge of death lies yet between;  
Say, wilt thou cross to the blessed sky?—  
Oh ponder well, for thou must die.”  
She ponder'd not, on his neck she fell,  
Crying, “ I will come with thee,  
Thy home it is mine in the far countree;—  
My father, take my last farewell!”

Straightway the minstrel touch'd the wire  
Of his wild and charmèd lyre;  
Straightway heavenly music stole,  
Thrilling the ear and trancing the soul . . . .  
There was a light cloud floating high,  
Just beneath pale Cynthia's eye,  
Meet to be an airy car  
To glide away from star to star;  
For when that music began to flow,  
At once it floated down below,  
Hung like a mist for a moment o'er them,  
Then lay in the bed of the rill before them.

He kiss'd her once, that minstrel wild,<sup>3</sup>  
And she blush'd for joy, and for joy she smiled ;  
He kiss'd her twice,—her colour went,  
    And came again, and died, and came,—  
She felt a thrill of rapture sent

    Like lightning through her trembling frame ;  
He kiss'd her thrice,—and the beautiful soul  
Rose from its earthly bond's control :  
The same in beauty, form, and height,  
But all transfused as it were to light.  
“ Now,” Hoel cried, “ all one with me ;”  
She whisper'd, “ One—yes, one with thee !”

    And hand in hand they lightly flew  
To that car of silver hue.  
A car—nay, rather a heavenly skiff,  
Meet to steer for a heavenly cliff.  
A skiff—there are no sailyards there,  
And no sails to catch the wingèd air

<sup>3</sup> “ She cross'd him once, she cross'd him twice . . . .

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold ;

He rose beneath her hand.”—*Lady of the Lake*.

A car—a skiff—oh cease, be still ;  
It is of a wild and far countree,  
And nothing on earth can like it be,—  
It lieth now in the bed of the rill,  
Waiting, Ceruline, for thee.  
Till, as a wave bears up the wind,  
They in a moment there reclined.  
The blue heavens stretch'd their curtains bright  
O'er many happy hearts that night,  
But not on happier, as I ween,  
Than Hoel and young Ceruline.

O wondrous is the union link'd  
'Twixt music and all other things !  
At once the car, as with thought instinct,  
Began to wave its under wings,  
When it heard the music flow  
From Hoel's harp-strings faint and slow.  
Faint and slow was the music's tone,  
And slowly did the car move on.  
Over the forests, over the hills,  
It floated like a dewy mist

Which the sun sometimes distils,  
When he looks down from the snowy hills,  
    Right on the sea, which his beams have kiss'd.  
Over the forests, over the glades,  
Just above the woodland shades,  
And lo ! in sight of the castle now,  
It hovers o'er the hill-top brow.  
The music's murmur was faint and low,  
And the car it floated soft and slow.  
Over the little vale it pass'd,  
    And over the lady's secret bower,  
And the fatal wall,—is it the blast  
    That groans from out Sir Manfred's tower ?  
The music's echo was well-nigh gone,  
And the car it scarcely floated on.  
“ Oh touch thy lyret, Hoel, dear ! ”  
Cried Ceruline, as if in fear.  
But Hoel heard not,—perchance he slept,  
Or a vision round his spirit swept.  
A second groan, more loud and deep,  
Broke from that tower where none may sleep.

“ Haste, Hoel, haste ! ” cried Ceruline.  
He surely could not have heard, I ween :  
When a third long and deep-drawn groan  
Pierced the heart with its chilling tone.  
“ ’Tis my father ! Yes, I know that shriek !  
Haste, Hoel, haste ! ” He did not speak ;  
But yet he sigh’d, though he answer’d not.  
The car was charm’d o’er the fatal spot !

That moment (Heaven be praised well !)  
Began the chime of the castle bell,  
And as its silvery tones arose  
More heavenly music with it flows.  
’Twas the midnight chant the virgins young  
Ever and aye at that night-hour sung ;  
And at the first tones of that music faint  
The car was free from the charm’s restraint !  
And Hoel touch’d the silvery wire  
Of his silvery warbling lyre.  
“ Now thank thee, thank thee, Hoel dear ! ”  
Cried Ceruline, no more in fear.

Happy, thrice happy wanderers they,  
Slow soaring on their heavenward way!  
Nothing their wingèd course to check,—  
All blue above, around them blue!  
Her arms about young Hoel's neck  
Glad Ceruline in raptures threw,  
And ask'd, with trembling tones, and wild,  
“What strange spell there our car beguiled?”  
Nor waited she, but in a tone  
More trembling still did thus speak on,—  
“Oh! tell me of that fearful night:  
I left thee 'mid the soft moonlight,  
And thou upon the tempest strong  
Wert weaving a strangely joyous song.  
Soon faded the soft moonlight away,  
And soon, too, died thy wild harp's lay.  
That night a frightful dream I dream'd,—  
I thought we stood on a fearful height,  
All beneath wild darkness seem'd,  
Tossing waves and gulfs of night,—  
When there came from forth the bright blue skies  
A beautiful maiden with bright blue eyes;

And she floated o'er us soft along,  
And winningly ask'd for a minstrel's song.  
And thou didst sing,—for bright was she—  
And I was leaning over thee—  
Bright was she, and thou didst sing  
Sweet even for thy lyret's string,  
When swiftly, swifter than the wind,  
All unawares she stole behind,  
And thrust—blue was her eye and bright,  
Soft was her hand and snowy white—  
Curse on her eye so bright and blue,  
Curse on that hand so white of hue—  
She thrust us, ere we could pray or speak,  
Down from that mountain's dizzy peak.  
Wild looming darkness round our feet,  
Our arms the empty air did beat,—  
Like shipwreck'd men, who cannot die,  
    Though fain amid the storm to drown,  
With a whirling brain, and a giddy eye,  
    Down we sank, we flutter'd down . . . .  
And with the fright I sat upright,  
And gazed out on the alter'd night.

And I listen'd. Oh, the dream I had dream'd  
Most hard to feel and frightful seem'd ;  
But more frightful still and dread to see  
Coldly flash'd the truth on me.

That maiden was fair, and most untrue,

Yet she cast us together in our fall :

Now thou wert gone, and who, oh who

Can the woe of her that was left recall ?”

Her tears away the minstrel kiss'd,

But some of his own fell on her wrist

As he cried, with softest voice serene,

“ O hush thee ! hush thee ! Ceruline !

Mercy draws, with her first caress,

A mantle of forgetfulness

O'er every scene of wrong and woe

We may have suffer'd there below.

Blest be that pierceless veil between !

Oh ! lift it not, dear Ceruline !

I did but guide our wingèd car

Under the spells of the evening star.

That while it floated o'er the towers,

Where Sir Manfred moans the midnight hours,

I might breathe beneath that sacred fire  
One prayer for him, thine own dear sire ;  
And know that, before to-morrow flee,  
Thy father at thy side shall be."

"Twere sweet, I wis, to see how bright  
Grew the eye of Ceruline ;  
Her heart was full of love and light,  
And the eye, it spake of the depths within.  
Oh beautiful as light was she !  
Never may mortal such beauty see.  
The tresses wild of her flowing hair  
Wanton'd with the playful air ;  
And like the hues with the soft waves blent  
Her sudden blushes came and went.  
How gently heaved her breast of snow !  
How fondly round Hoel her arms did cling !  
And round about her feet did flow  
Her heavenly-wrought apparelling !  
But oh ! had ye been there, I ween,  
Ye would not her tresses wild have seen,  
Ye would not have mark'd her raiment's flow,  
Her blushes swift, her breast of snow ;

One spell, like a dewdrop 'mid clusters of flowers,  
Would have fixed your gaze with its trancing powers,  
The soul that lay in her dark bright eye,  
The glance of immortality.

As one who hath an exile been,  
An exile from his infant years,  
Returning to the woodlands green,  
Where first he shed his sunny tears,  
Straineth his eye the waters o'er,  
And buildeth many a phantom shore ;  
His bosom beating quick the while,  
His face lit up with a restless smile,—  
As one who hath an exile been,  
Such is the lovely Ceruline !

Oft looks she up, as if to see  
The confines soon of the far countree.  
The music had been faint and low,  
And the car was moving soft and slow,

But when Hoel saw her wishful eye  
Searching the depths of the deep-blue sky,  
Over the chords his fingers swept,  
And awaking up as one who slept,  
The car exultingly anon  
Waved its wings, and glided on.

The strain was wild, the strain was free ;  
'Tis a free wild path to that far countree.  
The crescent moon no longer show'd<sup>4</sup>  
Her silver torchlight on their road ;  
But they are gliding in the light  
Of another empress of the night,  
Hers who gave her sweet caress  
To Ceruline in her distress.  
A pearl-like lamp it glitter'd then  
Down to the haunts of mortal men,  
Now brighter far than the brightest star,  
Larger it grew as on they flew,  
And its light was the sun in the morning dew.

<sup>4</sup> " Some shone like suns, and as the chariot pass'd  
Eclipsed all other light."—*Queen Mab*.

'Tis a free wild path to that far countree,  
And wild was the strain, the strain was free !  
And the maiden's hair stream'd to the air,  
And the minstrel's mantle flutter'd there.  
Oh swiftly they glide to the smooth, swift song,  
And they will be there, I ween, ere long.

Like a meteor's track in the blue midnight,  
See how their road is mark'd with light,—  
Here and there a gleam in the air,  
A flash of brilliance here and there !  
'Tis the lightning cast from steeds who have pass'd<sup>5</sup>  
Borne on the wingèd whirlwind blast,  
Cast from the hoofs of heavenly steeds  
That know no bridle, whom no man leads !  
Away—away—the chords are ringing !  
Away—the car is onward springing !  
More thickly strewn are those sparks of light,—  
Sure many steeds have pass'd this night.

<sup>5</sup> “ From the celestial hoofs

The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew.”—*Queen Mab*.

They flash'd along the midnight sky,  
 They flash'd up in the lady's eye,  
 Till, as the chariot glided higher,  
 They paved the road with gleaming fire !  
 O ! wilder than the strain so free  
 Is the free wild path to that far countree.

His strain was wild — hush ! listen well.  
 Comes there not o'er thee a softer spell ?  
 Far off, far off is music stealing,  
     Softly it rose, and soft it fell,  
 Like the bells of the long-lost minster pealing.<sup>6</sup>  
 Well Hoel knew those tones serene,—  
     None but sphere-music stealeth thus ;  
 And his bright eye spake to Ceruline,  
     “ They come, they come to welcome us ! ”

<sup>6</sup> The allusion here is to the beautiful German legend that the bells of  
 “ the lost church ” are heard by forest wanderers.

“ And there in tones, how sweetly grand,  
     The bell its solemn chimes is keeping ;  
 Unmoved the rope by mortal hand,  
     A heavenly blast is o'er it sweeping !

*Translated from the German by T. R. B.*

With lyrets and dances, with garlands and glee,  
And hearts quite as happy as happy could be,  
Came forth from the skirts of that blessed countree  
A beautiful band, Ceruline, to thee.  
All clad they were in robes of blue,  
Like the sky when it is fairest of hue ;  
And unsandall'd they trod on that radiant road,  
And behind them their mantles right joyously flow'd.  
Like morning glaciers sunlight-gilt,  
Their path was of clouds and glory built,—  
Meet road, I ween, for those spirits bright,  
Whose song may be heard in the lone midnight.  
But lo ! at the base of that cloudland hill,  
At length the wondrous car stood still ;  
And Hoel and his beauteous fere  
    Sprang on those peaks of light and snow,  
'Mid music of the upper sphere,  
    And harpings, whose echo stole down below.  
And the magic car, like a meteor flame,  
Floated back on the way it came ;  
Over the cloud, and over the road,  
Where the track of the radiant chargers glow'd ;

Through the long, long pathway, wild and free,  
That leadeth to the far countree.

And it hangeth there beneath the moon,—  
A little grey cloud, that will stoop as soon  
As it hears the music flow,  
That it, and it alone, can know.

But when they join'd that spirit band  
The clouds rose up on either hand,  
And seem'd to fold on their radiant track  
Like waves that receive their treasures back.  
And nought is seen in the vault of night,  
Save straggling gleams and streams of light.  
Cease, minstrel, cease ; thy thoughts would flee  
To climes too beautiful for thee.  
Cease, minstrel, cease ; why doth thy finger  
Still on that fragile harp-string linger ?  
Its happiest tones can never tell  
The happiness it loves so well.  
Enough ! the lovely Ceruline  
Hath reach'd her home, its shores hath seen.

Enough! the minstrel boy hath won  
The angel spirit he doated on.  
Theirs is to dwell for deathless years  
Where pain is not known, nor grief, nor tears;  
And thine to claim as thy sister, sorrow,  
And to weep to-day for the bright to-morrow.

Yes! thou must turn from the pathway bright  
That leadeth up to a land of light,  
More strange and fair than the fabled isles,—  
A sunny land of hopes and smiles,  
Down to this gloomy earth below,  
Where sobs will break forth, tears will flow.

Oh! murmur not, nor yet refuse,  
Heaven sheds alike its smiles and dews,  
And tears must flow when comrades go.

Now the seneschal was kind and true,  
And he rose ere the sun smiled on the dew,  
For his dreams had been troubled the live-long night—  
He had heard strange sounds, he had seen strange light

And sad thoughts stole across his mind,  
For the seneschal was true and kind.  
So he went to Sir Manfred's turret lone :  
He heard no sigh, nor whisper'd moan,—  
And silence now was strange, I ween,  
As groans in happier days had been.  
So he cried, for he knew not what to tell,—  
“ Surely Sir Manfred sleepeth well.”  
But, ere his voice the echo woke,  
His heart belied the words he spoke.  
So trembling at the door he stands,  
And with one hand, and with both hands,  
He gently knocks, he gently cries,—  
“ 'Tis the morning watch; Sir Manfred, rise.”  
He heard no answer, he heard no moan,  
And he pray'd in a whisper's lowest tone,—  
“ Now Heaven defend this house from sin.”  
And the old man shudder'd, and went in.

There he saw on the ruffled bed  
Sir Manfred lying, cold and dead.

But oh ! upon his alter'd mien  
Was writ a smile that had not been  
For twice six weary months before,—  
Like one of Sir Manfred's in days of yore.  
Sure, Hope had there her vigils kept,  
And kiss'd him while in death he slept :  
Sure, Heaven itself on him had smiled,—  
On him, its late repentant child.  
Oh ! had you mark'd Sir Manfred right,—  
His groans and shudderings yesternight,—  
Ye would have cried, I guess, with me,  
That, whatever that radiant smile might be,  
No mortal spell, no mortal care,  
Could have won such hope from such despair.

The seneschal fell on his knees,  
His thin locks flutter'd to the breeze,—  
And he cried, “ Oh, faithless heart of mine.  
No murderer's brow, Sir Knight, is thine.  
Now Heaven be praised,” he cried anew,  
“ For what I feared, it is not true.”

So let him dream, and dreaming die,  
For sure not seldom Mercy weaves  
A veil that hides from every eye  
The penitent whom she receives,  
Lest others, gazing thoughtlessly,  
The ghastly face of guilt should see ;  
And heeding not the burning tears,  
That might move their hearts, vanquish'd hers,  
Crush with their taunts a bruised heart,  
Just healing through her heavenly art.  
Why wring that old man's bosom, why ?  
So let him dream, and dreaming die.

Through the lady's secret bower,  
Through every hall, o'er every tower,  
The old man sought the hidden spot  
Where she might weep, yet found her not.  
He bethought himself ; he spoke to none,  
But with tottering steps he hurried on  
(For the seneschal was worn with care,  
And years had silver'd his thin grey hair) ;

And through lonesome paths, which none frequent,  
In silent wretchedness he went,  
Until he came to the lonely grave  
That lay by that dark and gushing wave ;  
And he saw, yet scarcely saw, for tears  
Dimm'd now his eye, even more than years,  
(Oh, the sight will break his heart, I ween,)  
He saw the corse of Ceruline !

The kind old man—his head he bow'd,  
And long he wept and wept aloud ;  
And when the sun sank in the sea,  
And the moonlight fell on the dark oak-tree,  
He buried her there by Hoel's grave,

Watering the sods with his tears the while ;  
O'er them the dark oak-branches wave,  
Their couch sad moaning waters lave,  
And falleth there the moon's wan smile.

Enough, enough ; turn back thine eye  
From a bleeding heart thou canst not heal ;

There is a tearless home on high,  
    There are in heaven who pity feel.  
Partings and griefs dwell here below,  
And tears must flow when comrades go.  
Here we are toss'd from wave to wave,  
Pilgrims of hope to the shadowy grave.  
Yet, traveller, on ; be thou content,  
A few short years of banishment,  
And there shall dawn o'er this billowy sea  
The haven of the far countree.

1843.

## THE CHURCH—A FRAGMENT.

REV. XXI.

A VIRGIN bright, a spotless bride  
From heaven descending,  
Angelic armies by her side,  
Her pathway tending ;  
And her robes, more pure than printless snow,  
Light beneath her footstep flow.  
Wash'd in the streams of Jesus' blood,  
Not a spot, not a stain, though view'd in the light  
And sunshine of heaven's own crystal flood,  
Not a spot, not a stain, but of dazzling white !  
Who could deem that this is she  
Who walk'd on earth so droopingly?—  
Her head bow'd down on her beating heart,  
Her eyes in tears that still would start,

And her tread like that of one where pain  
Is in every step of a thorny plain.  
Walk'd she on earth so droopingly,—  
Who could deem that this is she?

1843.

## THE IRISH PROTESTANT CONVERTS.

“ BROTHER, they suffer, and they die! — Oh, plead for them, I  
pray!

They are our brethren, and in need; and more no man can  
say.”

It pass'd—that brief, sad tale of woe, like wailing of the  
wind—

It pass'd, but, passing, woke the strings of sorrow's harp  
behind;

And after, as I mused thereon, came vision-scenes of those  
Who, clinging to the cross, had found a shelter in their woes.  
Their weary souls had gotten rest, their bodies pined in want—  
In nakedness and famine pined—with suffering tired and faint.  
I saw the mother's silent tears, the father's anguish'd eye,  
I heard the sob of breaking hearts and the children's hunger  
cry;

Though, 'mid that sea of grief, the Rock that they had lately  
found

Was still to them a resting-place, 'mid dreary waters round ;  
And words were whisper'd, " In the world ye shall have pain  
and grief,

But brief is here your sojourning—your woes, too, shall be  
brief ;

Your home lies in your father-land, and on that tranquil shore  
Pain is not known, nor grief, and there they never hunger  
more."

The scene was changed : life's fleeting years had faded as a  
dream,

And earthly things seem'd light as air that now eternal seem ;  
The veil of time was rent away, pass'd were the shades of  
night,

And we before our Saviour's throne stood spirits clad in light.  
Methought I saw, amid the throng of ransom'd children there,  
Some I had seen in pilgrim-days, though scarcely wist I where ;  
For suffering then had dimm'd each eye and clouded every  
brow,

And not a trace of grief remain'd or thought of sorrow now.

But list! the words, from Jesus' lips, of gracious blessing fell.  
"Come in, ye blessed! let your songs the choirs of glory swell.  
I thirsted, and ye gave Me drink; hunger'd, ye gave Me food:  
And visited in tender love My tears and solitude."

"When saw we Thee a stranger, Lord?—in want when succour'd Thee?"

"In pitying the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

That scene of glory pass'd away—it might not linger long—  
But still far echoes fill'd my soul as of angelic song,  
And strangely, sweetly seem'd to blend with that sad earthly  
lay,—

"Brother, they suffer, and they die!—Oh, plead for them, I  
pray!"

*April, 1847.*

## THE PROTESTANT.

Ho! light the beacons, stand to arms,  
The hour is come at last;  
Spread eastward, westward, death alarms,  
And sound a trumpet-blast!  
Ho! light the beacons—hear ye not  
The roll of battle-cars?  
Let the flames glare skyward high and hot,  
And blind the midnight stars.  
From rock to rock, from glen to glen,  
The thrilling words be told,  
'Mid flashing eyes of patriot men,  
Heart-kindlings of the bold.  
Go forth, go forth, from south to north,  
Our country lies at stake;  
Draw ye the brand, for our father-land,  
And our wives' and children's sake!

Long while we've slept, too long, too long.

As smit by a deadly charm ;

The foe, with his wiles and treacherous smiles,

Hath palsied many an arm.

But now they come with the beat of drum,

And banners floating high,

With fancied triumph on their brow,

And slaughter in their eye.

Up ! draw the brand for thy father-land —

Draw, Briton, for thy home !

Better the grave than be a slave

In the hated chains of Rome !

They boast our island-rock once more

Her dungeon-house shall be ;

Chains, Britons, for your native shore,

And fetters for the free !

Swear by your love of home and hearth,

And freedom's holy sod,

Swear by the dearest things of earth,

Swear by your trust in God,—

It shall not be while hearts remain—  
    To breathe a prayer to heaven,  
It shall not be while ye can drain  
    The life-drops God hath given!  
While living truths to you are dear  
    From God's untainted word—  
Oh, while their sound is in your ear,  
    Be now your spirits stirr'd!  
Best warriors of the cross I ween,  
    True patriots only ye;  
Oh, for your country and your Queen,  
    Swear, swear it shall not be!

1847.

## THE DEATH-BED.

A COLD and wild autumnal sky—the sun was sinking fast,  
And bleakly blew o'er wood and wold the wintry northern  
blast ;

The chill rain fell in sudden gusts, still drifting on and on,  
The day had pass'd in storms, and night would now be here  
anon.

Around the far horizon's skirts despairing roved the eye,  
When, lo ! a rainbow-fragment stamp'd upon that stormy sky.  
Broken and quivering it lay, one little fragment given  
From some few flickering beams of light far in the western  
heaven :

The trembling colours came and went, and fainter, brighter  
grew

Amid that wild, untender sky, so tender and so true.

I just had left the dying bed of one who once had been  
A wanderer from the Saviour's fold in the gloomy paths of  
sin—

A wreck of sweetness and of grace, a shade of beauty now,  
Though Death had set its awful seal too plainly on her brow.  
Oh, surely life to her had been a life of guilt and tears—  
Of blighted hopes, and shatter'd dreams, and storms of guilty  
fears!

But, on a sudden, in the midst of youth and pleasure's prime,  
The icy blast of death blew keen athwart that summer clime.  
The world's allurements shrivell'd then, like leaves in wind  
and frost,

And all its lying blandishments their sometime glory lost.  
Earth trembled, and the sky was gloom, and all within was  
wild,

And Death full quickly now would claim its own unhappy  
child.

Stay, list!—a sudden ray from heaven gleam'd in upon her  
cell:—

“The Saviour—” eagerly she caught the accents as they  
fell—

· The Saviour came to save the lost—Jesus for sinners died.”

“ For sinners?—Oh, the worst am I of sinners,” she replied.

“ Then cast on Him thy load of guilt—He bids thee come  
and live.”

“ I cannot, yet I would,” she cried; “ Lord, hear me, Lord,  
forgive!”

It was not peace, it was not light, nor was it all despair,

And pointing her to Jesus still, I left her after prayer.

It was not sunshine, nor the joy of heaven’s own glorious bow,

Yet surely one true little gleam of mercy amid woe,—

One fragmentary rainbow-spot that might grow brighter yet,

And faintly promised better things before the sun was set.

HYMNS ON THE JUBILEE YEAR OF THE  
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

I.

REV. V. 13.

LORD JESUS, unto whom is given  
All power on earth, all power in heaven —  
O Lord, to Thine eternal praise  
Our song of Jubilee we raise !

Thy hand has o'er our fallen world  
The banner of Thy love unfurl'd ;  
To us reproach and shame belongs —  
To Thee alone these rapturous songs.

Thanksgivings, with our prayers, arise,  
And reach Thy throne beyond the skies ;  
To Thee our praise for victories past,  
In Thee our trust to win at last.

Dark storms are louring far and near,  
 Men's hearts are failing them for fear ;  
 Our songs shall pierce the stormy sky,  
 For our redemption draweth nigh.

Then blessing, glory, power, and fame,  
 Be unto God and to the Lamb,  
 Till in full presence of our King  
 Our next great Jubilee we sing !

## II.

## PSALM CXV. 1.

CHRISTIANS, dear brethren, lift your voice !  
 Rejoice !—in Jesu's name rejoice !  
 Thee, Lord, we praise, and only Thee.  
 At this our Gospel Jubilee.

Ten thousand thousand ransom'd tongues  
 Proclaim with us these holy songs,  
 And swell, from every land and sea,  
 The choir of our great Jubilee.

Dear brethren, now in Jesus one,  
From Greenland's snows to India's sun,  
To Him whose blood hath made us free  
Sing one triumphant Jubilee.

Thine, Lord, the praise and triumph high—  
Ours be the humbled, tearful eye ;  
For suppliant sinners bend the knee  
At this our solemn Jubilee.

Sing we, to Christ be glory given !  
Our song is echoed back from heaven,  
And they who labour'd once as we  
Hymn with us our high Jubilee.

Soon shall we join those bands of love  
Who throng Thy glorious courts above,  
And sing, on golden harps, to Thee  
Eternal strains of Jubilee !

## III.

“The battle is not yours, but God’s.”—2 Chron. xx. 15.

Oh, brothers ! lift your voices,  
Triumphant songs to raise,  
Till heaven on high rejoices,  
And earth is fill’d with praise !  
For thousand hearts are bounding  
With holy hopes, and free  
The Gospel trump is sounding  
The trump of Jubilee.

Oh, Christian brothers ! glorious  
Shall be the conflict’s close :  
The cross hath been victorious,  
And shall be, o’er its foes.  
Faith is our battle-token—  
Our Leader all controls ;  
Our trophies, fetters broken—  
Our captives, ransom’d souls.

Not unto us, Lord Jesus,  
To Thee all praise be due ;  
Whose mercy only frees us,  
Has freed our brethren too.  
“ Not unto us ”—in glory  
The angels catch the strain,  
And cast their crowns before Thee  
Exultingly again.

Great God of our salvation,  
Thee, Jesus, we adore !  
Praise, glory, adoration,  
Be Thine for evermore !  
Still on in conflict pressing,  
Dear brothers, let us sing  
All honour, power, and blessing,  
To our triumphant King !

## IV.

REV. XIV.

On the hill of Zion standing,  
Lo ! the Lamb of God appears :—  
Scenes of glory far expanding,  
Far above this vale of tears ;—  
Songs of rapture falling sweet on mortal ears.

Piercing heaven's blue dome asunder,  
Swells that song of joy untold,  
Deepening on and on like thunder,  
Never learnt or sung of old :—  
Blissful harpers ! harping on their harps of gold.

Lo ! again in heaven appearing,  
Yonder angel wings his flight,  
Glad eternal tidings bearing  
To the lands of heathen night :  
O'er the nations breaks the flood of gospel light.

Ask ye, why this long delaying,  
Pilgrims of distress and woe?

Hark! another angel saying,  
“ Babylon is fallen low.”

Shout, ye martyrs! fallen is your bitterest foe.

See at last the heavens unfolding,

Jesus comes, He comes to reign!

Crown'd, enthroned, ye saints behold Him,

Once for you baptized in pain.

Come, Lord Jesus! Even so. Amen—Amen.

THE THREE FOLLOWING POEMS

OBTAINED

THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL

AT THE CAMBRIDGE COMMENCEMENT,  
IN THE YEARS 1844, 1845, 1846.



## THE TOWER OF LONDON.

*ἀλλινον, ἀλλινον εἰπέ, τὸ δ' εἶ νικάτω.*

### I.

I STOOD beside the waters—and at night—

The voice of thousands now at last was still ;

Silent the streets, and the wan moon's pale light

Fell silently upon the waters chill.

Ah ! silence there — strange visions seem to fill

My desolate spirit—for I stood the last,

I, the lone lingerer by the lonely hill :

The stars wept night-dews, and the fitful blast,

Whispering of other years, beside me moan'd and pass'd.

## II.

I leant and mused. Beneath the midnight sky,  
Stretch'd in dim outline, rose those turrets grey :  
Like wave-worn monuments, where passers by  
Linger, and dream of ages pass'd away,  
They stood in silence : — strangely wild were they —  
For Silence hath unto herself a spell ;  
She hath a syren voice ; and like the play  
Of winds on crystal waters, she can tell  
Of regions all her own, where dream-like fancies dwell.

## III.

And led by her I dreamt, and saw, methought,  
The time when yonder waters roll'd between  
No walls and granite turrets, but, untaught,  
Through the oak-forest and the woodland green  
Flow'd, kissing every floweret. Wild the scene —  
For Britons roam'd along the tangled shore  
With happy hearts, and bold unfearing mien ;  
Their war-songs sang they the blue waters o'er —  
In all things Freedom's children — her's erelong no more.

## IV.

Heard ye the eagle swooping? Nursed in pride,  
Rome's blood-stain'd armies sought these shores, and flung  
Her tyrant banners o'er the reckless tide :

The waves dash'd on, but bitter chains were hung  
Round freemen's necks ;—a nation's heart was wrung !

Few, few, and weary, see them wending slow,

Fair girls and hoary warriors, old and young,  
To brave an exile's lot, an exile's woe,

Far from their native hearths on Cambria's wilds of snow.

## V.

Then rose, as legends tell, yon turrets, piled

By the proud victor to enchain the free ;

Swiftly they rose,—but oh! when morning smiled

First on those towers from out the golden sea,

Where Rome's proud eagle, Britain, mock'd at thee,

Who could have guess'd the dark and wondrous story

Of things that have been there and yet shall be?

Written too oft in letters deeply gory—

A captive's tale of tears, yet bright with deeds of glory.

## VI.

Like one who bending o'er the waves that sleep  
    'Mid Tyre's old fabled battlements descries  
Their faint dim outline in the silent deep,<sup>1</sup>  
    Till in the shadowy light before his eyes  
    Dome after dome begins ere long to rise;—  
Thus the far landscape of the past we scan,  
    And wondrous seem and dark its mysteries,  
Till truth hath lit Time's strangely-pictured plan,  
And ah ! yet stranger still, the passionate heart of man.

## VII.

And when I stood beside that hoary pile  
    Its legends rose like phantoms of the tomb :  
Spell-bound I linger'd there, and mused a while  
    On every tower and spirit-haunted room ;  
    Mused o'er the cells of Hope's untimely doom,

<sup>1</sup> The ruins of Tyre are said to be seen under the waves.

And the yet drearier vaulted caves below,

Where heaven's pure light ne'er trembled through the  
gloom ;

Some with their tale of wonder, some of woe —

Here where the heart might throb, and there where tears  
might flow.

## VIII.

Methought I saw two happy children lying,

Lock'd in each other's arms, at dead of night,

Peace smiled beside, but Love stood o'er them sighing :—

And I heard stealthy footsteps treading light—

List!—steps of murderers?—never! for that sight

Must break a heart of marble : yet 'tis done,—

Low smother'd groans too truly told aright

As one they lived and loved, they died as one—

None there to save them? weeping Echo answers, “None.”

## IX.

Yet childhood is a sunny dream, and we

Can scarcely mourn when it doth pass away

Unclouded to heaven's sunshine ; and to me  
 Those towers where wingèd spirits day by day  
 Have lived un murmuring on to life's decay  
 Seem yet more strangely sad :—and such was thine,  
 O thou whose far keen eyesight won its way  
 O'er Time's drear ages, till there seem'd to shine  
 Across the starless gulf Truth's glorious arch divine.<sup>2</sup>

## X.

Man scales the mountain-tops, but o'er the mist  
 The eagle hovering seeks its native sky,  
 And the free clouds still wander where they list,  
 And still the waves are tameless. Thus on high  
 Thy thoughts at pleasure could take wing and fly,  
 Though fetter'd were thy limbs, and thus didst thou  
 Visit each clime and age with wandering eye,  
 And win a fadeless garland for thy brow,  
 And free with wisdom's freedom, deign to her to bow.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh, who during his long imprisonment wrote his immortal  
 "History of the World."

## XI.

A sadder turret, minstrel, bids thee linger,  
 And weave a sadder strain for her that's gone ;<sup>3</sup>  
 O gently touch thy chords with sorrow's finger,  
 Nor let thy music without tears flow on.  
 Low from that tower she lean'd, while yet there shone  
 The rosy blush of evening in her cell ;  
 Her eye was raised to heaven, her look was wan,  
 And on her bosom tears full quickly fell,—  
 Sad tribute to her land, its dying child's farewell.

## XII.

“ Oh ! other were the dreams,” she weeping cried,  
 “ That rose and smiled upon mine infant years !  
 Bright were they in their freshness—all have died—  
 My fancied garlands were but gemm'd with tears,  
 My starry guide a meteor, and mine ears  
 Caught but false syren strains—yet, frail and young.  
 I deem'd that star a light of other spheres,  
 Snatch'd at the wreath, drank in th' illusive song,  
 And now, to-morrow . . . hush ! my throbs will cease ere long,

<sup>3</sup> Lady Jane Grey.

## XIII.

" To-morrow — 'tis a strange and fearful call —  
 To-morrow's eve and I shall be no more.  
 Yet why so fearful unto me ? We all  
 Are voyaging towards a distant shore,  
 Toss'd on life's fitful billows, whose wild roar  
 Drowns the far music of our heavenly home —  
 A few more surging waves to traverse o'er,  
 Some little stormy wind, some billowy foam,  
 And I have gain'd my bourn — oh ! ne'er again to roam."

## XIV.

That morrow came ; the young and lovely one  
 Was led where soon her mangled corse should lie :  
 There, breaking hearts and stifled sighs — and none  
 Look'd without tears on her blue tearless eye —  
 Yet seem'd she all too beautiful to die,  
 Ere love and gladness from her cheek had flown :—  
 Fond dreamer ! knowest thou not the happy sky  
 Claims first the loveliest flowerets for its own ?  
 Heaven's nurslings, lent to earth as exiled plants alone.

## XV.

I mused in sadness, for methought there fell  
Her smile on me, her loveliest, her last.  
But hark! the watchword of the sentinel.  
Changed were my dreams—yon nightly turrets cast  
Upon my soul the image of the past;  
And many were the thoughts, and wild and wide,  
Echoing of thee, my country, 'mid the blast:—  
There have thy monarchs fought, thy chieftains died,  
And queenly hearts for thee throb'd high with hero pride.

## XVI.

Time-honour'd Towers! whence ever floated free  
Old England's banners over hearts as bold!  
Within whose walls the sceptre of the sea  
Lies by the sword of mercy—where is told  
The thrilling tale o'er many a trophy old,  
Where diadems rest, and helm and spear are piled,  
And standards in a thousand fights unroll'd,  
Oh there the heart must lose itself, and wild  
Will be its wandering song—of vision'd dreams the child.

## XVII.

I look'd upon thy walls when day was closing,  
Mighty and vast they rose upon the sight,  
In massive grandeur silently reposing:—  
List! 'tis the hush of evening—dimly bright  
The moon just glimmer'd, and the listless night  
Was brooding over wave and tower sublime,  
When suddenly there gleam'd a fitful light  
Amid those frowning ramparts—'twas the time  
When all things slumber on, and nigh the midnight chime.

## XVIII.

But hark! the crash of timbers—then the hush  
Of breathless whispering rose, and the red glow  
Grew momentarily more vivid, and the rush  
Of hurrying footsteps echoed to and fro—  
And like a dream it pass'd of flames and woe.  
I look'd upon thy walls when morn was riding  
In sunshine o'er the rosy hills, and lo!  
Amid the wreck, like spectres unabiding,  
Glory and Desolation hand in hand were gliding.

## XIX.

The heart must catch at omens, and must weave  
From passing meteors dreams of hope or fear!  
And some, my country, speak a mournful eve  
Of thy long day of glory. Far and near  
The storm-clouds, brooding round thy skirts appear;  
And wailings, as of winds through woods, are heard:  
And hangs, like death, the heavy atmosphere:  
And smitten as with some prophetic word  
The strong foundations of the earth are moved and stirr'd.

## XX.

The nations are disquieted,—the heart  
Of princes ill at ease: the fearful bow  
Their heads and tremble: with hush'd voice apart  
The mighty stand, with pale though dauntless brow,  
Asking of every hour—"What bringest thou?"  
And if a murmur whisper through the sky  
They hush their breath, and cry, "It cometh now."  
What cometh? Stay—it heeds thee not to fly,  
Unknown, though on its way—unseen, yet surely nigh.

## XXI.

But who shall dare, though storms are round thy way,  
To write upon thy banners, Ichabod ?<sup>4</sup>  
Thy strength is not in ramparts built of clay,  
Nor in thy fearless children, who have trod  
The waves as proudly as their native sod ;  
But heavenly watchers aye have guarded thee —  
God is thy refuge, and thy rampart God.  
Here lies thy might, His arm thy trust shall be  
Amid the wildest storms of Time's untravell'd sea.

*Trinity College, 1844.*

<sup>4</sup> " The glory is departed."

## CAUBUL.

. . . . ἐπεὶ οὐτι μοι αἴτιοί εἰσιν'  
οὐ γὰρ πάποτ' ἐμὰς βοῦς ἤλασαν, οὐδὲ μὲν ἴππους,  
οὐδέ ποτ' ἐν Φθίῃ ἐριβώλακι, βωτιανείρῃ,  
καρπὸν ἔδηλήσαντ'. ἐπειὴ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ  
οὔρεά τε σκίοεντα θάλασσά τε ἠχήμεσσα.—*Iliad*, I. 153.

### I.

“ SWEEP o'er thy strings, and hymn the gorgeous East,  
Clime of the sun, and of the roseate morning.”

Dim voices whisper'd thus my soul, and ceased.

And straightway at the echo of their warning

Came visions many a one in bright adorning,

Clustering like clouds instinct with light around me :

And music, as of winds and waters, scorning

The slumber of the twilight hills, spell-bound me,

Till where the stars had left the dew-bright sunshine found me.

## II.

Oh land of dreams and legendary song,  
Strange are the wonders they of fabling story  
Tell of thy haunted scenery! Far along  
The maze of thousand years through gloom and glory,  
Like some wild landscape wrapt in vapours hoary,  
The eye must wander, ere it reach the time,  
Ye Eastern shores, when mystery hung not o'er ye:  
Dim forms sweep looming through the mists of crime,  
Or stand in light apparell'd on those hills sublime.

## III.

And ever as I ponder'd, empires vast  
Rose on my view, and vanish'd as they came;  
And heroes meteor-like before me pass'd,  
Their pathway dimm'd with blood and track'd by flame:  
Yet fell they all in darkness. Haply Fame  
Shed transient tears for them; but soon there shone  
Another star far flashing—and the same  
Brief tale was told—and ever and anon  
Though gleaming high as heaven, I look'd, and they were gone.

## IV.

But one<sup>1</sup> there was, whose dazzling train of fire  
 Startled the sleeping night in her repose ;  
 The blue heavens kindled as he pass'd—the choir  
 Of stars was troubled. From afar he rose,  
 Where in the evening light there faintly glows  
 Mild radiance o'er the hills of Macedon ;  
 And rushing forth, despite a nation's throes,  
 Through blood and breaking hearts and sorrows wan,  
 To Persia's confines drove his stormy chariot on.

## V.

<sup>2</sup>Thy rugged passes, Caubul, saw that host,  
 As with glad banners to the breezes flung,  
 Slow winding, o'er thy mountain-range it cross'd :  
 And thy wild air heard victor pæans sung,  
 And strange sweet accents of entrancing tongue.

<sup>1</sup> Alexander the Great.

<sup>2</sup> " From this point (Herât), starting in the end of October, Alexander marched to the Kabool valley, through a country occupied by Indians, and bordering on Arachotia."—PRINSEP'S *Affghanistan*.

He linger'd not : the far-off fabulous sea

He saw, and smiled : but Fate above him hung :—

He fetter'd all the earth, yet was not free,—

All nations bow'd to him—he bow'd, O Death, to thee !

VI.

And ages pass'd away like dreams—till soon

A victor footstep trod those hills once more :

'Twas night—and lit up by the silver moon,

As streams a torrent from the hills, stream'd o'er

Wild children of the barren Scythian shore.

Ah ! woe for those who on the vine-clad plain

Sleep on unconscious as they slept of yore !

Death wakes ; and echoing to the skies amain

Is heard the shout of nations—“ Hail, great Tamerlane !”

VII.

Yes ! such have been the tempests that have pass'd,

Ye Affghan heights, across your crests of snow,

Or like the rushing of the nightly blast

Swept by in wildness and in wrath below ;

Yet there unchanged amid the troubled flow  
 Of time's wild waters, silently ye rise,  
 And reckless of the whirlwind march of woe,  
 With that strange spirit-voice that in ye lies  
 Hold mystic communings with yonder starry skies.

## VIII.

<sup>3</sup>Perchance ye are whispering how in Caubul's vale,  
 Erst bloom'd the flowers of Eden pure and wild,  
 How waters gush'd from springs that could not fail,  
 And earth, in one bright infant dream beguiled,  
 Beneath the smile of heaven look'd up and smiled.

Oh, why o'er time's drear ocean rise to view

The monuments in crime and bloodshed piled?

Why seem the waters with oblivious dew

Too oft to hide from sight the beautiful and true?

<sup>3</sup> "Hindoo and Persian traditions go so far as to state that the progenitors of mankind lived in that mountainous tract which extends from Balkh and Affghanistan to the Ganges. . . . And the river Pison of Scripture is said to compass the whole country of Havilah, and Havilah is supposed to be Caubul."—ATKINSON'S *Preface*.

## IX.

The curtains of the past are round me closing ;  
 I may not lift them more—all silently  
 Behind its vaporous folds, in death reposing,  
 The bygone ages slumber. But for me  
 An island, loveliest of the deep-blue sea,  
 In beauty smiles far o'er the ocean foam :  
 Mine heart goes out towards that fair countree,  
 Thoughts o'er a thousand long-loved landscapes roam,  
 A thousand spots are dear . . . . it is my island-home.

## X.

And can it be her wondrous destinies  
 With yours, ye Eastern regions, are inwove ?  
 Lo ! cradled in the storms, and under skies  
 Cloud-robed and starless ever forced to rove,  
 Her infant empire with the tempests strove :—  
 Heaven had not will'd its shipwreck—for the shroud  
 Of Superstition o'er that land above  
 Hung shadowing ; so the East in silence bow'd,  
 And Britain's banners waved triumphant through the cloud.

## XI.

‡ Chill sweeps the night-blast o'er the Affghan hills :

No eye that sleeps in Caubul's walls to-night !

None talk'd of home : a strange foreboding fills

The hearts of all, and many an anxious sight

Looks forth upon the darkness, where the bright

Far-flickering watch-fires blazed ; some trembling lay

All night within around the camp-fire's light,

Some on the rampart wait in dark dismay

The morrow's blood-stain'd march—the awful break of day.

## XII.

The mother look'd upon her babe, and sobb'd ;

The husband clasp'd his wife, his breast was torn

With anguish, and with grief past utterance throbb'd,—

He knew what horrors *she* must pass at morn ;

Youth wept there, with her sister Beauty, born

‡ The night before the British troops left Caubul on their retreat has been selected.

Like her for sunshine, now like her in gloom ;  
 And innocent childhood, as in playful scorn,  
 Smiled on them both, but all its rosy bloom  
 Chased not from heavy hearts the morrow and the tomb !

## XIII.

Slowly morn flush'd the mountains. Hurriedly  
 The mingled host of women, children, men,  
 Those ramparts left, and left them but to die—  
 Oh ! bear the gentle gently. Hark ! again  
 The war-cry of the treacherous foe—and then  
 Death in its countless forms beset their road,  
 Till corpses throng'd each deep and rocky glen ;  
 And where the wilds of snow with slaughter glow'd,  
 All crimson'd on its path the icy torrent flow'd.

## XIV.

'Twas scenery, too, where Horror sat sublime—  
 The bleak hills rose precipitous to heaven ;  
 And up their snow-clad sides the mists did climb,  
 Sole wanderers there, and by the wild winds driven

Hover'd like spectres ; through the rocks were riven  
 Dark chasms, that echo'd to the torrent's voice,  
 Where never pierced the stars of morn or even ;  
 No life, no light the wanderer to rejoice,  
 But gloom, and doubt, and death, the region of their choice.

## XV.

And through these gorges, that in darkness frown'd  
 When o'er them stretch'd the deep-blue summer-sky,  
 'Mid snows and wintry storms their pathway wound.  
 The dying and the dead—and none pass'd by  
 To fold their mantle or to close their eye.  
 Foes lurk'd by every secret cleft and cave,  
 And to their fire the sharp rocks made reply—  
 One short stern death-knell o'er the fallen brave  
 There in that awful pass, their battle-field and grave !

## XVI.

And deeds were done of pure and high devotion,  
 Deeds of heroic fame—but where are they  
 To tell their story?—like the gloomy ocean  
 Strewn with the wrecks of nations, far away

On stranger hills their mouldering corses lay ;  
 One only struggled through, exhausted, pale,  
 The sole survivor of that proud array,  
 And death and fear, at his most ghastly tale,  
 Cast slowly over all their shadowy silent veil.

## XVII.

Chains for the brave, and solitude and sorrow !  
 Aye, prison-hours for gentler beings too !  
 Oh ! they were faint for freedom, and the morrow  
 Never seem'd dawning on their night of woe :  
 Young hearts were there, and tears would sometimes flow,  
 When faëry home-scenes crowded on their view,  
 Clad in unearthly beauty, for the glow  
 Of love still seem'd to light up all anew,  
 And faith that leant on God in suffering proved most true.

## XVIII.

Love<sup>5</sup> is a lamp on tossing billows cast,  
 Yet many waters cannot quench its flame ;

<sup>5</sup> " Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."—*Solomon's Song*, viii. 7.

Love is a bark adrift before the blast,  
 Which still rides struggling on through taunts or fame,  
 Amid the floods unchanging and the same ;  
 For love hath music, music of its own,  
 (Though none have whisper'd whence those harpings came,)  
 Which vibrates with a strange mysterious tone  
 Upon the ear of him who weepeth all alone.

## XIX.

On, brothers, to the rescue ! See, they come  
 With floating pennons and undaunted pride,  
 And victor-shouts and roll of martial drum !  
 Alas ! within those defiles scatter'd wide  
 Their brethren's whitening bones are now their guide :  
 Woe for the sod beneath their chargers' feet !  
 For Spring with trembling hand hath drawn aside  
 (Wont to disclose a thousand flowerets sweet)  
 The fearful veil of death ! a shroud ! a winding-sheet !

## XX.

Their camp-fires, in the dark of night's repose,  
 Far glimmering in the pass below did gleam

Like the stars burning o'er them, till to those  
 Lone watchers on the mountains war might seem  
 But the dim splendours of a phantom dream.  
 On, brothers, on! nor pause, nor rest, nor sleep  
 By cavern, pine, or rock, or torrent-stream,  
 Nor linger o'er your comrades' bones and weep,  
 Till victors yet once more through Caubul's gates ye sweep!

## XXI.

And what of those who pined in gloom the while?  
 No victor armies their deliverers were;  
 But God, who heard from their far native isle  
 The mourner's sobbings, and the sabbath prayer<sup>6</sup>  
 Flow for the captive and the prisoner,  
 Threw open wide their prison-gates;<sup>7</sup> and she  
 Who, angel-like, stood weeping by them there,

<sup>6</sup> *The Sabbath prayer*: "That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water . . . . and to shew Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives."—*The Litany*.

<sup>7</sup> "Fortunately discontent prevailed among the soldiers of our guard, and their commandant began to intrigue with Major Pottinger for our release. A large reward was held out to him, and he swallowed the bait. The Huzarah chiefs were gained over, and we commenced our return towards Cabul."—EYBE, p. 316.

Immortal Love, sprang o'er the billowy sea,  
 And stolè into our homes, and whisper'd, " They are free."

## XXII.

What if dim visions of the future throng  
 Around my soul, and voices from afar  
 Tell that those blood-stain'd mountains shall ere long  
 See England's armies, Russia's brazen car,<sup>8</sup>  
 Roll o'er them for a sterner, deadlier war?—  
 The dark night lowering darkest, ere the sky  
 Catch the strange beauty of the Morning-star?—  
 The lion and the eagle's struggling cry,  
 Wrapt in the mountain-storm, while lightnings hurtle by?—

## XXIII.

Enough, enough—for now the fitful roar  
 Of strife grows fainter, till its echo dies  
 Within me, and my heart is sad no more.  
 See! landscapes brighter yet than Eastern skies

<sup>8</sup> " The two great powers which have now in an indelible manner imprinted their image upon the human species, England and Russia, are there (speaking of the East) slowly but inevitably coming into collision."—ALISON'S *French Revol.* vol. viii. chap. 64.

Dawn in far prospect on my tearful eyes,  
And from on high come trembling through my soul  
Waves of sphere-music, dream-like melodies,  
Chasing life's myriad discords—earth's control  
Is passing from me now—celestial scenes unrol.

## XXIV.

Yes! o'er those wilds shall flow pure crystal fountains—  
Fountains of life divine, and love and light:  
How beautiful upon thy morning mountains  
Stand messengers of peace! The shades of night  
Are passing, and disclose on every height  
The standard of the Cross; for God hath spoken,  
And gleaming through the storm-clouds softly bright,  
Far o'er the hills, in beauty all unbroken  
The Gospel rainbow writes its own transparent token.

*Trinity College, 1845.*

## CÆSAR'S INVASION OF BRITAIN.

“ His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono :  
Imperium sine fine dedi.”

HAIL, solitary Rome : amid the tombs  
Of ages, and the monuments that lie  
Strewn far o'er the wild howling waste of time,  
Thyself by cloud and tempest not unscathed.  
Thou risest proudly eminent : of gods  
And godlike heroes thou the haunt and home :  
Nurse thou of kingliest spirits : who vouchsafed  
Few words but deathless deeds ; who scoff'd to write  
Their records on the perishable scrolls  
Of man, fast fading, likest to the beams  
The sun imprints upon the transient clouds  
Of evening ; but with conquest's iron pen,  
The world their tablet, carved that history out

On Eastern coasts and Western, South and North,  
On trackless seas, and lands long lost in night,  
On wrecks of empires and on hearts of men.  
Strange, awful characters! which dark decay  
Hath not as yet effaced, nor chance, nor change,  
Nor storm, nor ruin, nor the tide of years,  
Though ever chafing o'er them. Ne'er before  
Saw earth such gloomy strength, nor ever since  
Its like hath witness'd:—the last awful form  
<sup>1</sup>Of human might, in dimmest lineaments  
By God foreshadow'd: warriors they, who reck'd  
Of nothing, or of God or man, save strength.  
And they were strong, strong-hearted, strong in arms.  
Earth stood astonied at the sight. No lapse,  
No break, no faltering in the dreadful march  
Of those stern iron conquerors. On they strode,  
Like men of fate, trampling beneath their feet  
All other names, all other destinies,

<sup>1</sup> “After this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it.”—Daniel, vii. 7.

Like dust before them. Throned on her seven hills  
Rome, inaccessible herself, beheld  
Her sons go forth to battle, and her glory  
Quenching all meaner lights, and scattering far  
The darkness of unnumber'd years : as when  
The sun, at his Almighty Maker's word,  
First in the everlasting vault of heaven  
Hung pendulous, and from before him drove  
The waves of Chaos, and tempestuous night,  
Rolling in billowy surges ever back,  
Back to their own abysmal, shoreless void  
From his celestial presence. Time roll'd on,  
And still with time thy glory brighten'd, still  
Thine empire grew with time. The nations saw,  
And trembled ; and the silence of thy might  
Seem'd to their ears oppressive eloquence  
That none might interrupt : when thou didst speak,  
Thy voice of thunder shook the startled world,  
With lightning gleams of steel accompanied,  
And flashes of swift vengeance. Awfully  
Peace brooded once more over weary lands,  
And weary hearts too smiled. But round thy skirts,

Clinging like night, dark masses of dark clouds  
Hung yet, and mantled in their giant folds  
The vast Unknown beyond, though voices thence  
Came sometime, dimly muttering wars and woe.

Such was the gloom that hung around thy shores,  
Albion, and shrouded from the spoiler's eye  
Thy forests, and far mountains, and green vales,  
And rocky fells, and rivers fleet and free : —  
They knew thee not how beautiful : when known,  
Dark desolation, like a haggard dream,  
Stole o'er the sunshine of thy countenance,  
And scared thy smiles, and left thee pale and wan,  
A widow and a captive. Ah, not thus  
Whilom thy children chased their forest prey,  
Or roam'd the morning hills, by streams that spake  
Of light and freedom, to the fetterless winds  
Responsive : or at eventide not thus  
Were wont to linger on thy cliffs, where last  
The golden sunshine slumber'd, till the stars  
Came forth, upon their vigils dawning ; bright  
They seem'd as spirit-eyes and pure, wherewith

Thy Druid bards enlink'd all earthly things  
Aforetime, by wild legendary lore :  
Not thus the reckless warrior grasp'd his spear,  
Or freeman spake to freeman. But when thou  
Didst tremble, it was not beneath the eye  
Of tyrant man ; but at those awful powers,  
Who ever, as thy fabling prophets sung,  
Dwelt, mystery-clad, in mountain, vale, or cloud,  
Or ocean pathway, tabernacling there  
As in meet home, whose voices might be heard,  
Whose foot-prints traced by wrecks o'er sea and land,  
What time the thunders roll'd, or lightnings gleam'd.

Those mystic days were number'd. There was one  
Who long had trodden on the earth, as treads  
The eagle on the gory plain it spurns,  
Whose kingly heart was gasping for great deeds,  
Deeds that his right hand taught him, and whose eye  
Drank from the nightly stars heroic thoughts,  
And dreams of high achievement. Warrior king!  
Thy mother city knew thee when a child,  
And proudly knew thee, nursing up thy soul

For glory : the snow-crested Apennines,  
The Alps far mingling with the clouds and skies,  
With their clear glaciers gleaming to the moon,  
Knew thee : Germania's forests knew thee : Gaul,  
Vine-clad, and water'd by a thousand streams,  
Maugre her fierce defenders, knew thee well,  
Great Cæsar, weeping that she could not find  
Thy peer : and now upon her vanquish'd shores  
Deep musing, having march'd with lion springs  
From conquest on to conquest, thou dost cast  
Long glances o'er the twilight ocean waves  
Upon that land of mystery, that lies  
Far in the blue horizon dimly-seen.

Some talk'd of merchandise, and pearls, and wealth ;  
Of trophies and of triumphs some ; and some  
Of battle spoils and blue-eyed maidens fair  
To grace their homes far distant, thoughts whereof  
Clung to their rugged hearts ; a new strange world,  
Some whisper'd, lay before their path, whose sky  
At dead of night was flush'd with gorgeous flames  
And rushing meteors, and whose only bound

Was everlasting ice :— enough for thee,  
It knew not Rome's eternal name or thine ;  
And it shall know them straightway, though it learn  
Mid dying throes, and though thou teach thyself.

Morn's silver twilight hung above the waves :  
Seaward the gales blew freshly : far aloft  
Clouds swiftly track'd the sky : one single star  
Still linger'd in the dawning east, as if  
To steal a glance at day, but soon withdrew ;  
The lordly sun came forth ; and all was life  
And in the harbour tumult : crowded there  
Twice forty gallant ships, and on their decks  
Brave hearts, that burn'd to vie with Britain's sons  
In battle. Over them their streamers waved  
That way themselves would go ; nor long they paused  
Expectant : thrice the brazen trumpet blown,  
Each galley loosed her moorings : one by one  
Stately they weigh'd beneath the freshening wind,  
And the free waters bare them swiftly on  
To sound of martial notes, and aching eyes  
Gazed after that brave fleet the livelong day

And deem ye that an easy booty lies  
Before your bloodless arms? or they that throng  
Their isle's rock-ramparts, think ye they have come  
With open arms to greet ye? But their chief,  
First on the foremost galley, saw their ranks,  
Death boding, and beheld the white cliffs crown'd  
With shields and bristling spears, and steeds of war,  
And chariots numberless. Along the coast  
Swiftly they sail'd, if haply crags less stern  
Might yield them fairer landing: swift the while  
The Britons streaming o'er the rocks and hills  
Kept pace beside, and vaunted death should greet  
The tyrant and his legions, ere their foot  
Polluted freedom's soil. Then rose the din  
Of battle: in the waves midway they met  
Rome's proudest warriors, and the foaming surge  
Dash'd crimson-dyed: and scythe-arm'd chariots swept  
The shore in unresisted might, and darts  
Fell ever in swift tempest: once again  
In proud derision Britain shook her spear,  
And bade them take, an if it liked them well,

Such iron welcome to her freeborn hills.<sup>2</sup>  
 And Rome a moment quail'd ; <sup>3</sup>but one who grasp'd  
 An eagle in his left hand, in his right  
 A sword, cried, " Romans, down into the waves :  
 " On ! or betray our eagle to the foe ;  
 " I'll on for Rome and Cæsar !" Scarce he spoke,  
 And from the prow leapt fearless, and straightway  
 His comrades round him throng'd, and the fierce fight  
 Grew fiercer 'mid the angry tide : but still  
 The star of Rome rode prevalent in heaven,  
 And Britain's sons, borne backward by the host  
 Of spears, and gnashing with remorse and pride,  
 Fell from that iron phalanx, and Rome's chief  
 Stood conqueror on Britannia's beetling cliffs.

Not thus shall Albion yield thee her fair fields,  
 Great Julius, and not thus beneath thy rod

<sup>2</sup> See Macaulay's "Lays of Rome," Horatius, stan. xlvii.

<sup>3</sup> " Atque nostris militibus cunctantibus . . . qui x. legionis aquilam ferebat . . . ' Desilite,' inquit, ' milites, nisi vultis aquilam hostibus prodere ; ego certe meum Reipublicæ et Imperatori officium præstitero.'"—CÆSAR, *de Bell. Gall.* liber iv. Cf. hic et passim.

Affrighted bow and tremble ; nor is hers  
The arena thou must tread to bind the crown  
Around thy warrior temples, and ascend  
Thine envious throne : a few brief hours, and lo !  
Heaven's tempests, wild and baleful, thy frail fleet  
Have shatter'd, and in haste across the sea  
Thine armies seek repose. What though ere long  
With happier omen, and with prouder host,  
The subject waters bare thee hitherwards  
Once more ? What though, through battle and through  
    storm,  
And rivers running blood, and harvest fields  
Stain'd with the gore of thousands, thou didst press  
On to the heart of Britain ? what if there  
Her chieftains bow'd a moment to thy rod,  
And freedom taught their free hearts slavish ways ?  
'Twas but a moment : Heaven had other deeds  
For thee to do, and other destinies  
Loom'd dimly on the future's clouded skirts  
Before thine eagle eye. Nor didst thou prove  
A recreant. Fare thee, kingly warrior, well.  
Go grasp thy regal sceptre, go ascend

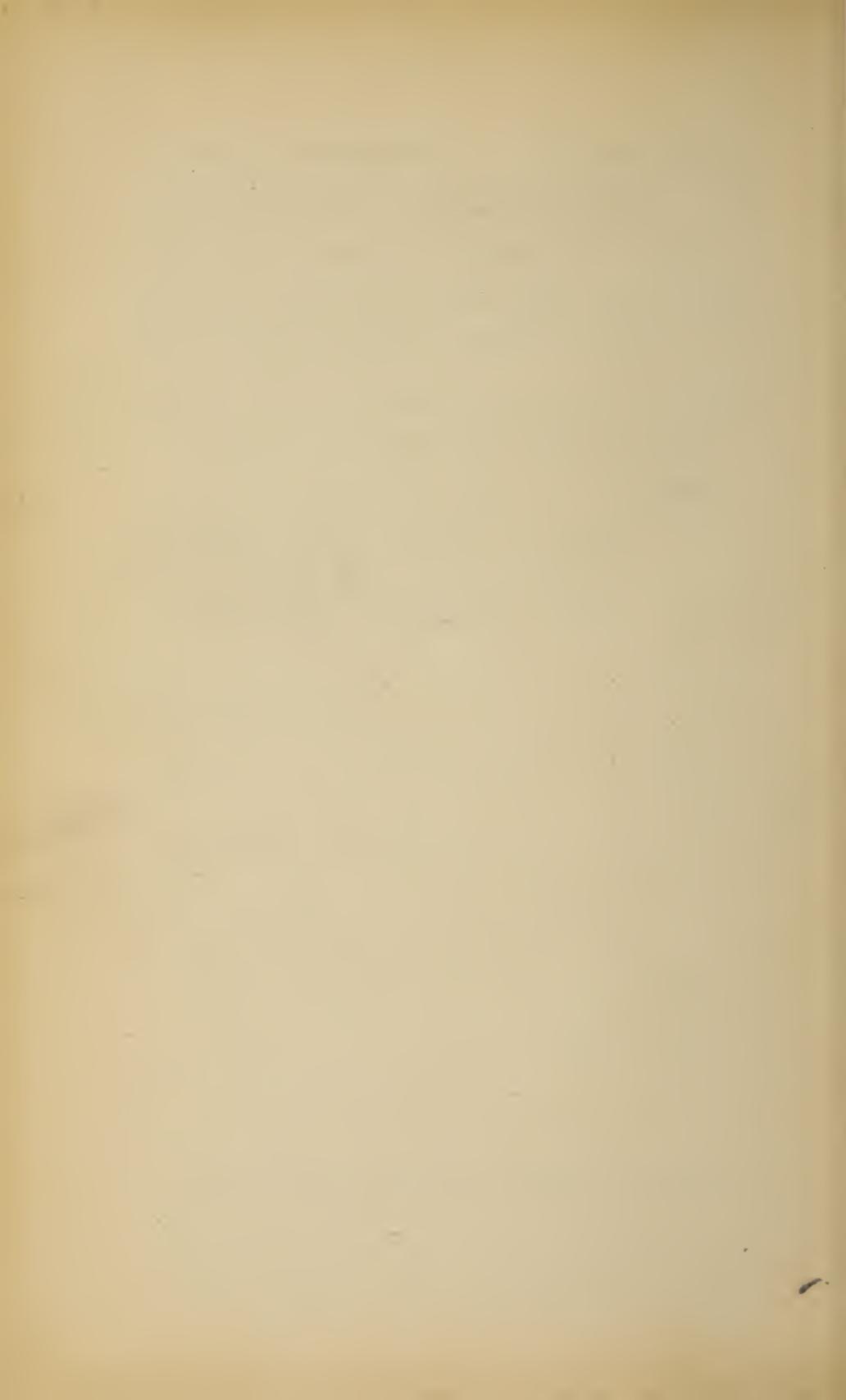
Thy world-wide throne ! to other hands than thine,  
And years yet labouring in the future's womb,  
'Tis given to bow beneath a Roman yoke  
Free Albion's neck, and lead her captive kings  
In fetters, and pollute her smiling homes  
With foulest wrong and insult : bitterness  
All hearts possessing : till her warrior chiefs  
Weep tears of blood, her maidens tears of shame,  
And Britain writhes beneath the iron scourge  
Of conquest.

So in after days there rush'd  
Rude whirlwind storms of war and death and woe  
O'er that fair isle, and shatter'd into dust  
The blood-built fabrics of an idol faith,  
Whereat dark centuries had labour'd : soon  
They fell before those fierce avenging storms,  
Yet storms, that in their dark and gloomy folds  
Bare germs of happier days, and dawning lights  
Of love and mercy ; as the lightning-gleams  
Course not along the star-paved vault of heaven,  
But from the earth-born thunder-clouds flash forth

In beauty and resplendence. Soon from thee,  
My native isle, their stern behest fulfill'd  
The clouds of wrath and tempest roll'd away  
Dream-like, and following on their wasted track  
Pure healing sunshine, bountiful in good,  
Stole o'er thy sorrowing landscapes, and ere long  
A Christian Church on Albion's shores arose,  
And pointed to the skies, and call'd the stars  
To witness, that in tempest, as in calm,  
Heaven works its own eternal destiny.

*Trinity College, 1846.*





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