

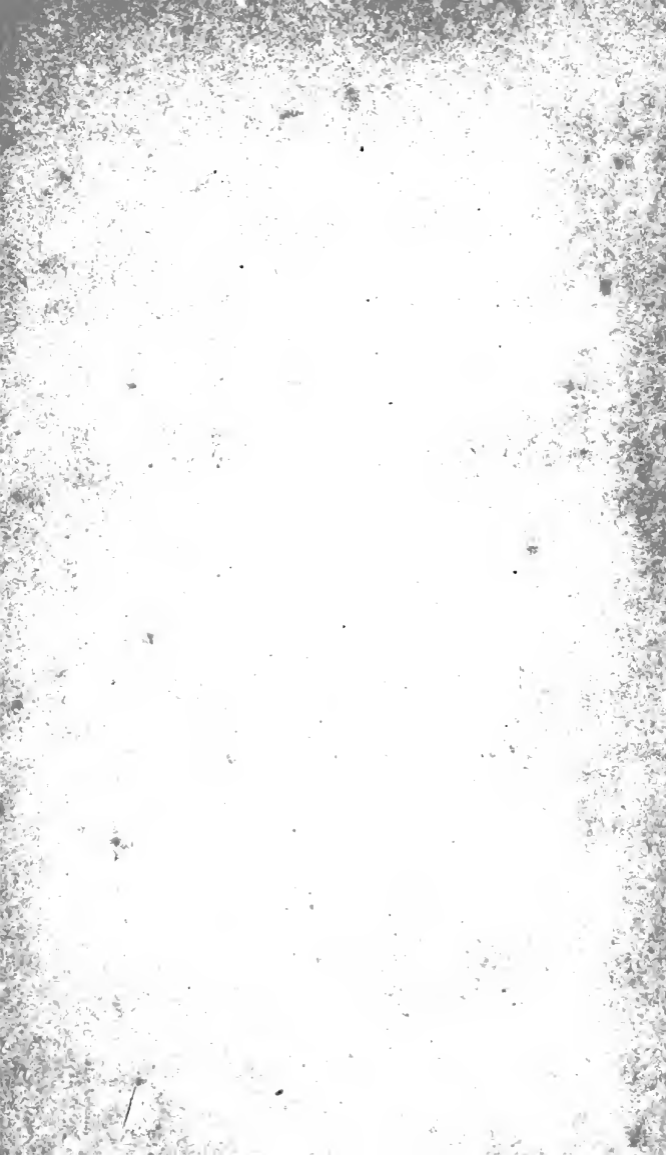
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J. Shelley
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION (COMPLETE):

WITH SOME REMARKS ON

THE POETICAL FACULTY AND ITS INFLUENCE ON HUMAN DESTINY;

EMBRACING

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICE,

BY

G. G. FOSTER.

NEW YORK:
J. S. REDFIELD, CLINTON HALL.

1845.

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TO
PARKE GODWIN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—

As a slight acknowledgement of the great pleasure and profit I have derived from your eloquent defense of SHELLEY, as well as a testimonial of the respect and affection I entertain for one who, though but in the flush of youth, has already done so much in every way for the cause of Humanity, permit me to dedicate to you this volume. In doing this I feel as if I were enabled to link myself, somehow, with the greatest Poet of the age and the Critic who has best appreciated him.

I am gratefully

Yours,

G. G. FOSTER.

NEW YORK, *August*, 1845.

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CONSIDERING the somewhat singular fact, that there never has been published in the United States a complete edition of the works of Shelley, we feel that we are supplying an actual want in our literature by the present volume. It has been carefully edited—so much we have a right to say. As to the estimate, critical or otherwise, which Mr. Foster puts upon Mr. Shelley's poetry, we of course are not called upon to assume the responsibility. One thing we believe is certainly true—that those who have heretofore been loudest in denouncing and proscribing Shelley, have known least of him and his works.

The aspect of social, political, and religious questions in this country and this generation, appears almost like the beginning of the fulfilment of Shelley's prophetic aspirations. If mankind partook

generally of the love and benevolence which marked his character, his *doctrines* would become every day less and less objectionable. As it is, public opinion is undergoing a rapid and important transition—one of the *demands* of which has seemed to us to be, that the works of Shelley should be made generally and easily accessible.

NEW YORK, *October*, 1845.

P R E F A C E .

IN presenting the poems of SHELLEY to the American public, the editor feels that he is in the performance of a duty — that he becomes, as it were, an instrument of justice — a justice too long delayed, but inevitable — to one of the noblest sons of the Great Genius, son who came to earth a messenger from heaven, recalled ere yet his prophecy was all fulfilled — seen only through the dim and distorted vision of a world just waking from a dreary slumber as he vanished upward. From earliest youth Shelley has been of my idols ; his burning genius it was that first flamed for me over the world of the sublime and beautiful — that world where the soul of man walks uncumbered of its chains, and holds converse face to face with its immortal Source : and ever from that hour I have longed to express my thoughts of him — to relate, as it were, my life-experience in my knowledge of this man.

But now that the golden moment has arrived, and this long-sought opportunity is before me, I scarcely know where to begin, or how to attempt the expression of that with which my heart is full. So certain does it seem to me that I must fall short of what I would express in this little introduction — so long pondered and dreamed upon — the essence of my very inmost life — that you can not conceive how weak and inefficient appears to me all that which I have to say.

First, of the man, Shelley — of his sad experience of life — his fierce and bitter struggles with the storm which his own electric nature gathered about him — his weary battle, single handed, with a world in arms — there is little to be said in words ; but that little is pregnant with deep meaning : it is the memoir of a hero and a prophet — a hero without outward and visible deeds of heroism — a prophet “without honor in his own country.” or earnest audience anywhere on earth — who poured out the inspirations with which

his soul was fraught, whether men would listen or no, and because he was impelled by a divine instinct, and could not forbear.

Of Shelley's personal character, it is enough to say that it was wholly pervaded by the same unbounded and unquestioning love for his fellow-men — the same holy and fervid hope in their ultimate virtue and happiness—the same scorn of baseness and hatred of oppression — which beam forth in all his writings with a pure and constant light. The theory which he wrote was the practice which his whole life exemplified. Noble, kind, generous, passionate, tender, with a courage greater than the courage of the chief of warriors, for it could *endure*—these were the qualities in which his life was embalmed.

As a poet, I regard Shelley as not only the most perfect and entire in the language, but as the possessor in their highest form of all the diviner attributes of the poetical nature — in short, the prophet of a new era in the history of humanity. The significant changes which, since he lived and died, have come upon the physical, moral, and social condition of mankind, and which point, as unerringly as the barometer the storm, to that cloudless, peaceful, and universal revolution which will extirpate slavery and compulsory labor of every kind from the world, banish Crime and its parents, Ignorance and Want, and leave purified human nature free to develop its heaven-linked attributes—to recover and reconstruct its mutilated, degraded, and defiled, yet immortal symmetry—are all prefigured in the mind and page of Shelley.

The Almighty Spirit of the universe ever at certain intervals holds direct communion with some elected soul among men, who thus becomes the channel of correspondence between God and the race. If this were not done in some way—and in no way so likely or so well authenticated as by prophecy — God would be no God, or his will regarding us and our destiny would be to us as if he were not. Such communication must and does take place. No man — although he himself receive these intimations of Omnipotence in a quite ordinary and every-day manner, by the mouth of surpliced priest, eloquent man, Fourierist lecturer, or what else it may — dares look into the depth of his own soul and deny that this communication from the Infinite to the finite immortal *is*. These words of this communication are what we know as poetry, inspiration, prophecy; and no man is at all a poet except in proportion as the light of inspiration or prophecy has fallen direct from heaven into his brain, making it conceive with the secret monitions of the Infinite — which must and will in the fullness of time be uttered in the ears of men, and can no more be quenched or strangled than the sunbeam after it has splintered from its source.

The poets, then, even to the smallest, are all worthy to be wor-

shipped—for they have talked with God. We run after and make ado with feasts and fooleries and all signs of self-degradation whoever has even seen or perhaps talked with some tremendous fighter, some sublime assassin, canonized in the popular calendar for cutting innumerable throats and spreading certain red-moistened acres of ground with human bones to bleach and whiten into an excellent nutrition for a jaded soil: why, then, shall we not apotheosize the poets—the angels passing to and fro on the ladder between us and heaven? And yet how many of these sons of light have pined and fainted into death around the very heart of society, unnoticed and unnourished by its life-giving pulsations! It is no worse for them, a few years more or less dark of this chrysalis existence; but for you, oh men, it is not so well!

At the time—or a little before—Shelley began to live, there commenced a great movement throughout the civilized world, which even the wise and learned of earth then saw not, but is now just beginning to be seen and felt by the humblest. This movement was the destiny of the human race awaking from a long sleep, and making gigantic strides to recover the ground lost in sleeping. The end of this progress is the universal dream of poetry and prophecy made practical—the emancipation of man from the chains of the only real tyrants that have ever oppressed him, or compelled him to suffer oppression—Want and Ignorance. When it is accomplished—as accomplished it will be, as surely as the great heart of benevolent Nature continues to beat—no man shall be enslaved to another, to work his soul out through his bones and muscles, that he may get a little barely necessary bread with which to prolong from day to day that misery he is forced to accept in lieu of life. When it is done, woman, too, shall be disentranced—her fine and exquisite spirit cast abroad into the light again, like a bird let loose from its jesses—its eager wings restored that it may roam free and unrestrained everywhere throughout the universe of Thought, seeking and finding the beautiful, and restoring to the brother soul of man his needed counterpart, the long-lost moiety of his imperfect symmetry. When enlightened labor, directed by art, and aided by those giant arms, pulsing with a force millions times more powerful yet millions times less precious than human blood, shall have filled the world with vast and abundant products to supply all physical wants—when the whole world is fed and clad out of a vast surplus of corn and clothing produced with lightest labor—no labor, but merely a pleasant and thrilling diversion—when palatial habitations rise like exhalations on every hand, at the bidding of any man, and the whole face of the earth is strewn with redundant luxuries, free to the hand but half outstretched to grasp them—then shall the work-weary,

emaciated, degenerate race of man have time to THINK. Then, having cast off for ever the miserable, galling fetters of day-labor, and the yet heavy and clanking chains of trade, and art, and literature, and other professional serfhood, shall he begin to inquire of his soul, "What art thou, and wherefore thus dost thou mirror the stars and all the fiery and unfathomable beauty of heaven?" — and he shall discover that this soul, so weary, so lost under mountains of toil, and care, and suffering, and privation, is heaven — that he himself is heaven — and that every wild hope and aspiration gleaming meteor-like through his long hours of death and bondage, was but a sparkling forth of that universal light-fluid in which God and all his creation swims. Of all these was this man Shelley the seer and the prophet: and on the pages of his poems here, these magnificent things, and many more, are pictured.

It is most assuredly one of those coincidences — so called in the imbecility of language — that belongs not to the unmiraculous, that the mere instincts of a young poet, living a life of seclusion at college or in the dreamy recesses of dim forests or shady lakes, far removed from even the reverberations of the loud-jangling world, should have conducted to the same great and eternal scheme of practical social redemption, as was reached after years of laborious and most philosophic thought, most patient and minute investigation, by the great FOURIER. But it is nevertheless so, as is seen by an examination of the principles of social reform evolved by both: and the fact establishes that great and inevitable other fact so unhappily lost sight of, buried under the dead formulæ and pasteboard phraseology of philosophy — that ideality, poetry, inspiration, prophecy, are all one and identical with immortal *truth*. If that enthusiasm of the intellect which men call poetry and imagination be not direct of God — be not a part of God — then is it nothing and less than nothing — a painted mist, an exhalation, less real and less substantial than the wreathed air caught in the meshes of the morning sunlight thrown horizontally across the dewy grass and sleeping streams. But see how this nothing, this mist, this faint aroma of a pictured shadow, as you call it, thrills through the hearts of all man and woman kind — even the rudest and the humblest — awakening all the strange, wild, miraculous tones that have slumbered in silence there until thus awakened by the voice of their Creator calling them from their profoundest depths. Mark how a single syllable of this poetical rhapsody, as you stigmatize it, sets the blood of the hero on fire, as if he drank in the flame-like sound of a trumpet — or how the delicatest tone of it expands a young heart just budding, into full and instantaneous bloom, filling the infinite soul with an overwhelming and fragrant light that will

fade no more for ever. Or behold how its ringing cadence nerves the patriot's arm as with lightning, and clothes his body with defiance to pain and hardship — or see a nation thrilling to its remotest ganglia as the tongue-conductor of yon orator brings down this electricity of mind from heaven, bracing every one for mighty deeds, glorious achievements — rousing in their deepest souls those inextinguishable instincts which, once awakened, never sleep, and which lead, surely as the wounded and broken night pants and glows with the burden of the day, to liberty, love, and happiness.

And is this, that does all these things, nothing? mere rhyme and metre? Say rather it is *every thing*, and that all else which feels not this, or is hostile to the feeling, is nothing or far worse than nothing.

This spirit is the only true poetry; and every word and syllable of it is as precious as the breath of God to the universe. It is the native atmosphere of the human soul, and as it is plentiful or otherwise, is the soul strong or drooping, healthful, or weak and fearful as with the premonitory symptoms of dissolution. What the air is to physical existence, or the dews and sunshine to fruits and flowers, is this divine essence to the human soul — a necessity of its very existence. And as each flower of all the graceful and many-colored tribe has within its calyx those instincts which absorb from the uncolored light and air the portions necessary to replenish and prolong its own individuality, so in every human bosom abide those immortal aspirations ever agasp for the beautiful and the true, upon which they may feed and nourish into a glorious maturity the flower of the soul within. These aspirations choked by selfishness, or smothered under the harsh hand of unskilful and uncongenial training, and what a fierce, bitter, fiery struggle with circumstance and disappointment is life! How withered all its green and tender leaves, how blasted its bright and budding flowers! It is not alone to the few that these desires and instincts belong, but to all. God made every man, and especially every woman, a poet; and his will, if unobstructed, would plant the garden of every heart with flowers. And here begins the magnificent distinction between the false and the true creeds of poetry. We hold, as Shelley, the great teacher of modern times, trusted and taught, that if men would follow the natural bent of their endowments, thus carrying out the plan of their creation, poetry would become a universal element; that if it were the universal element, all who inspired it would be happy — and thus, self-produced, would the millennium dawn on earth. This is the democracy of poetry — more practicable than the simplest and driest dogma of the political economists, and whose adoption would

at a breath render all political economies useless lumber — without necessity and without a meaning.

It is not difficult to find people who gravely tell us that there is *too much* poetry now-a-days — that in these practical, bustling times, there is no room for poetry, and romance, and such stuff! This is an atrocious libel on the race, and the blindest misconstruction of the real state of human progress. Never since the creation of the world was there such a universal desire for poetry as now. The whole world is absolutely gasping for the bright, fresh dreams of poetry and romance, which alone possess the immortal power of imbuing all things with a rich golden color, and thus converting this mere dusty, common-place world into a glorious arena where the ordinary duties and contacts of life become holy and endowed with that which alone can render them worthy of inspiring interest to immortal souls. Every class of human thought, from the rudest to the highest and most cultivated, seeks constantly to exhaust itself in poetical forms, and to embody its aspirations in something connected, ever so vaguely and dimly, with the infinite, and by which it may shut out the humiliating consciousness of the insignificant present. Men are constantly seeking to forget the individual, and rush together in thousands to be swayed in masses by some lofty impulse — or something which they joyfully accept for that — some grand idea upon which they can build up enthusiasm and which has reference to the comprehensive destiny of their race. They are ashamed to be caught fretting and pining over their mere personal wants and interests, and have not assurance enough to let their petty desires speak, unless they conglomerate thousands into one, and thus create a sort of massive insignificance which they call public opinion, behind which each individual can conceal his own shamefacedness. It is this feeling of the personal insignificance each little mind has of itself which invests the so-much abused despot, Public Opinion, with all his fearful powers. It is this which gives currency and stability to the frivolities of fashion, force to the iron edicts of custom, and omnipotence to the frightful behests of mobs: and at the same time it is this also that indicates the existence of a spirit which, through all this chaotic and miserable fermentative process, will at last work out the most glorious results. Indeed, much, very much, has it already accomplished — enough, at all events, to show that it is a good spirit, and in short the only hope we have from sinking into a dead, withered, irrecoverable inanity. Without the poetical feeling to invest this bare and grisly skeleton we call life and the world with hues and aspects of beauty that belong not to it, but to the soul of man alone, this would be nothing but a ghastly, loathsome, dead world, with an infinity of ghastly, loathsome, dead skeletons shuddering and

rattling through it—a world for which none would care to live, and which all would yet shudder to leave: for hope would be destroyed in the poisonous atmosphere, and nothing but a vague and horrible apprehension would remain.

Let those, then, who see and feel the existence of this poetical feeling—this inspiration of the true God—take courage and be patient. However grotesquely and fearfully distorted the manifestations of this spirit—whether they write themselves in the fantastic characters of that which in literary parlance is termed poetry, or in Magna Charta, or glorious Three Days, or, better and best of all, in American Revolutions—whatever the shape it assumes, rely upon it this is the spirit that is and has been from the first steadily working out the regeneration of the human race, and the salvation of man in *this* world from all the dreadful slaveries and disabilities and wrongs and outrages under which he has groaned. This it is that will destroy the tyranny of rank and artificial caste, the oppression of wealth, the horrible servitude of bone and muscle, called labor, and mocked with pitiful wages instead of fair and just proportion of product—this it is that will break up the iron reign of superstition, sweep from the face of the earth all dead and suffocating forms and poisonous usages, and conduct mankind by a gradual yet inevitable and irresistible progression through all meliorative stages of wrong and darkness and suffering, to the millennium of universal intelligence, liberty and happiness. Progression! It is the key to the great mystery of the universe—it is the word that solves the problem of destiny—the universal law which all things, animate and inanimate, mortal and immortal, must obey.

But the most striking illustration of the active existence of this faculty is in the organization of the human brain—that delicate fibre on whose exquisite fabric the immortal soul writes her every impulse and sensation derived from her constant intercourse with eternity, and which transmits her energies to the conscious senses and the unconscious nervous system. This beautiful arrangement is in itself a poem, perfect in tone, harmony, configuration, design, execution, and is its own best proof of the immortal nature of the spirit it enshrines. Singular is it, too, that amid all the mountains of metaphysics and philosophical speculation that have been expended upon the organization of the human mind, a mere anatomist should at length have hit upon the true solution of the great problem. The classification of the primitive functions of the brain made by Gall and Spurzheim, although probably still deficient in some particulars, is nevertheless so strikingly true in principle, that I have yet to hear of the man of thought and reflection who has now the courage to reject it. Neither Gall nor Spurzheim had a

large endowment of the poetic faculty ; yet in their system ideality, wonder and supernaturality occupy a conspicuous, a leading place—and, united with benevolence and worship, form all that is Godlike in the affections. Now the function of ideality, as explained by phrenology, is to search everywhere for the perfect—to elicit from everything that tone of hidden music which attests the divine origin of all things, and is the key note of the harmony of the universe. Were there no perfection, no universal harmony, this faculty could not exist ; it would be an intellectual anachronism too cruel and too absurd for contemplation. But that it does exist, let every human being testify—exist, too, to elevate the groveling, extend and perfect the frail and imperfect, imbue with its own immortal hues the common-place and the unholy, lifting every thing up into the heavenly atmosphere exhaled by the soul of the poet, and *creating* that beauty and perfection amid which it can alone exist. A being largely endowed with this faculty, it is evident, can *instinctively* commit no wrong—can commit no wrong unless goaded thereto by oppression, and the hatred of tyranny and outrage—which hatred is a part of itself. To the truly poetical soul evil and wrong are repulsive ; they are mutilations of the pure and perfect and beautiful, which alone it loves. As well could one expect the lover to disfigure his mistress as the poet to deform and mutilate the harmony and symmetry of the moral world. And now a word as to the application of these truths.

Physiology and anatomy teach us, and experience confirms their teaching, that the constant exercise of any particular muscle in the body, or any particular organ of the brain, develops and matures its strength, increases its size, and gives it a controlling activity in the system : and further, that this activity may be and is transmitted by the individual to his offspring : and that thus, in a course of generations, if a uniform system of developing and exercising certain organs be practised, the effect will become visible and palpable in the natural condition of the whole race. This is a law of nature well understood by the skillful and enlightened agriculturists of modern times, who have, by practising upon it, reformed and revolutionized the entire races of domestic animals. But our cultivators and teachers of the human animal have thus far let escape them these all-important truths ; and the consequence has been, that the race of man, the noble and Godlike monarch of creation, has, instead of improving, actually degenerated into a lean, meager, dyspeptic animal, while his intellectual and moral functions, gangrened by the want of a proper physical education, have become poisoned by the pernicious spirit of trade and selfishness, until his higher and holier attributes are almost smothered and extinct.

But if vicious habits of body, continued through successive generations, have power thus to cripple and deform the mind, this in its turn possesses the wonderful gift of transmuting its earthly temple into the likeness of its own immortal beauty: and reform in our condition, to be efficient, must begin in the mind, whose elastic and reäctive power will speedily recreate the body into its fitting earthly abode. Here, then, lies the germ of the millennium which Divine inspiration has promised to the race of man; and in the increased and enlarged activity of ideality and the Godlike functions of the brain, perpetuated and transmitted through many generations, and eventually writing themselves in the total regeneration of the race from the dominion of the baser passions, rest the hopes of humanity. And the prophetic vision of the philosopher, calmly surveying the inevitable and glorious future, painted in immortal colors upon the cloud that enshrouds the past, beholds this magnificent earth redeemed from the thralldom of slavery, oppression, crime and misery, and inhabited by a race of beings glorious in the full possession and exercise of all their powers, and as they were created, in the image of God and a little below the angels.

These are the mighty truths so deeply felt by that great and most cruelly persecuted man, whose works, so unaccountably neglected during his lifetime, have gradually been forcing their way into the light, and are destined to be acknowledged in all their strength and beauty by a world which they will have done so much to enlighten and reform. The writer of this brief tribute has been enabled in these introductory pages — all which the plan of the present edition will permit — to give expression to but few of the thronging thoughts that fill his soul from intercourse with the poet he has ventured to usher anew before his countrymen and the world. A few passages from his great prophecy, "THE REVOLT OF ISLAM," had been originally marked for separate insertion here, as elucidating the peculiar views of life, society and human destiny entertained by him, and their wonderful similitude to the doctrines of the Associationists — a class of men destined to swell from a sect to a universality, embracing the whole world of man within its bright and glorious domain. It was thought that these passages might here arrest the attention of many careless readers who seldom get beyond the preface of a new book, and who might thus have been led to prepare themselves for appreciating a creed so lofty and a prophecy so sublime. But we have discovered, since giving this introduction to the compositors, that this plan must be abandoned if we would not change the well-considered physiognomy of the work. We can therefore only refer in general terms to the philosophical poems. What is most remarkable in

these is, that they teach plainly the doctrine of association, as discovered by Fourier. This coincidence is another striking proof of that great truth which is the basis, the tonic harmony of all human progress — that the intuitions of the ideal are the laboriously-sought conclusions of the practical: in common language, that a high endowment of the imaginative faculty is linked with the great Source of the beautiful, which is only another name for the true. Thus mathematics and poetry exhaust themselves alike upon the wonders and mysteries of the earth^h, the stars, the laws of that universal harmony whose notes embrace all things, both spirit and matter; and thus both the philosopher and the poet arrive, although by different methods, at the same sublime conclusions. What Shelley poured forth spontaneously from the depths of his overcharged soul—as the mocking-bird gives voice to the music with which its whole being is throbbing—Fourier, the philosopher, slowly and cautiously eliminated from the phenomena of life, and carefully and painfully erected into a perfect science.

It is not my purpose here to speak in detail of the merely *literary* character of Shelley's writings. Such meager criticism as I could offer, in this shape, would be too great an injustice both to him and the world. His style, his rhythm, his power of language—they are the natural outgushing of a soul whose very existence was melody—of a soul lying near to the great Source of harmony, without which nothing was made and nothing lives—uttering the beautiful mysteries which it saw and heard. His imitators—of which whole schools have recently come into fashion—have caught the shadow, but never found the substance; and many a brilliant poetical reputation might be made from the mere fragments and exhalations of his genius.

The thing that first arrested my attention, in reading Shelley, was the unequalled diversity and fitness of his rhythm. Coleridge and Southey and Wordsworth had already broken up the arbitrary laws of criticism; but their eccentricities seem to me to be often constrained, artificial and forced—frequently accompanied with a feebleness and almost grotesqueness of effect which is the direct antithesis of poetry. But Shelley's verse is like the ever-changing movement of an oratorio by one of the old masters of the sublime: now grand and majestic as the rolling of the spheres—now fiercely sweeping to the clang of trumpets, as if heaven were at war—anon hurrying impetuously onward like the dashing of a mountain-torrent, and at last subsiding into the gentle murmur of the brook, laughing amid bees and flowers, or listening to the fairy warblings of the birds. It is as if each thought possessed an intensesness which gave it an individuality and a volition, and uttered a language new-created by itself for its own expression—yet each in

harmony with the others, and all obedient to the great purpose of the enchanter who had spoken them into being. In truth, I do not think that Shelley was himself aware of the splendid peculiarities of his rhythm, but I believe his genius spoke in spontaneous music.

Next, the reader of Shelley is enchained, overwhelmed, with the unconceived gorgeousness of his fancy — the dazzling splendor of his imagination — the more than abundance of his epithets, images and illustrations. Save SHAKESPEARE alone, no poet has ever approached our author in this respect. There is not a page of his poetry that does not contain riches and gems enough to furnish forth — and that, too, with a higher order of magnificence — the whole of a modern poem. It is from the very lavishness of his wealth in this respect that dry or unappreciative minds complain of the *obscurity* of Shelley. Another fundamental thing in this matter is, that while other poets live for the most part in the outward world, and constantly illustrate the sentiments they wish to convey by appeals to external objects, the inward, self-life of Shelley is so intense that he illustrates even external objects by comparing or contrasting them with his own sensations. Godwin, in his noble essay on Shelley, alludes to this striking peculiarity, which he, strangely enough, calls a fault. He says: "It takes its origin from two peculiarities — from the exceeding subjectivity of his mind, and the exquisite delicacy of his imagination. What we mean by subjectivity is, the disposition to dwell upon the forms and processes of inward thought and emotion, rather than upon those of the external world. Shelley was by no means deficient in sensibility: he loved the external world; was ever living in the broad, open air, under the wide skies; and was keenly alive to the picturesque and harmonious in nature. But his power of reflection predominated over the power of his senses. He was more at home in the microcosm of his own thoughts than in the larger world of nature. He was ever proceeding from the centre, that is, his own mind, outward to the visible universe." As an illustration of this, but by no means the most striking which could be found, Mr. Godwin quotes this passage, descriptive of the avalanche, from the 'PROMETHEUS UNBOUND:'

"————— whose mass
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there,
Flake after flake — in heaven-defying minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as are the mountains now."

Here the avalanche is compared to the thought, not the thought to the avalanche, which reverses the usual process of comparison:

but we can not admit that we think it unfortunately so done. After all, external objects, to him who lives in the internal, are nothing—mere types and forms; while sensations and ideas are in fact the only existences. It is this which tests the creative power of the poet—that he is able to imbue these external forms with the internal sense, which is life. In this power Shelley has absolutely no equal—no rival who at all approaches him. Let the reader turn to the ‘Sensitive Plant,’ or the choruses in ‘Prometheus’—or in fact to almost any of the poems in this book—and our meaning will at once be perceived. In the very second line of the ‘Sensitive Plant’ the herb becomes a living, breathing thing, for

“—— the young winds fed it with silver dew !”

and it closed its ‘fan-like leaves’ beneath ‘the kisses of night.’ Here we have the Sensitive Plant, the ‘young winds,’ and the ‘night,’ already breathing and acting. In the next verse, the ‘Spring arose,’ and

“Each flower and herb on Earth’s dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.”

And then, further on,

“—— the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale.”

And

“—— the rose *like a nymph to the bath adrest*,
Which unveiled the depths of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.”

Afterward we are told that the flowers in this undefiled Paradise ‘like an infant’s awakening eyes *shone smiling to heaven;*’ while

“—— the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

“For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odor are not its dower ;
It loves, *even like Love*, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not — the beautiful !”

Even the dew becomes spiritualized under his creative breath :

“The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers, till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;”

and then the whole scene is disclosed in a single beam of softest light, when

“—— the *day's veil* fell from a world of sleep,”

and the beasts and the birds and the insects were drowned

“*In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it — consciousness.*”

But it will not do to give way to this humor of copying and commenting upon the beauties of this peculiarity in the mind of Shelley. It is everywhere visible throughout his works. With him or touched by him every thing glowed with highest life — and more especially things which to others seemed dead. Many of his figures are startling for their complete opposition to received ideas of poetical orthodoxy. In this poem of the Sensitive Plant he twice uses the idea that day is a mask, and that night alone shows the reality. One we have already quoted ; in the second part, describing the ‘Eve of this Eden,’ he says :

“She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and flushing face
Told, while the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

“As if some bright spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake ;
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though *the veil of daylight* concealed him from her.”

I should not have at all dwelt in detail on the poetry of Shelley but that this one point, which is reflected and refracted upon the reader at almost every line, seems to require an interpretation for some who are not used to such affluence of creative inspiration in the poetry they read. Of the wonderful picture-making power of Shelley — his daring and unquenchable descriptive energy — his deep and burning eloquence of thought and diction — the grandness and unity of his design — the exquisite music and delicacy of his language — the untold wealth of his imagery and epithet — the lightning-like power of disclosing the vastest prospect at a single intense glance — I have strenuously promised not to speak. My great object has been to present the poems of Shelley in a shape which would render them generally accessible, and then to leave them to speak for themselves to the newly-awakened heart of humanity.

I am certain, however, the reader will indulge me for here alluding to that most exquisite part of the very soul of passion, ‘Lines to an Indian Air.’ Critics unite in pronouncing it the most perfect

thing ever written, and no heart can refuse to melt beneath its music:

“I arise from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright.
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me — who knows how ? *
 To thy chamber-window, sweet !”

And the next verse. Who can express the beauty of such lines as these ?

“The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream —
 The champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream !”

But my space for criticism, as well as my time for lingering among these living flowers, is absolutely exhausted. I must hasten to a brief biographical sketch of our author, in compiling which I at once acknowledge my dependence upon Mrs. Shelley and her beautiful edition of her husband's works published by Moxon in London, 1839. I have also availed myself of the article of Mr. Godwin, in the *Democratic Review* for December, 1843, and of Professor Tuckerman's finely appreciative article on Shelley. I have had at my command various other sources whence I should have been glad to have drawn much interesting matter ; but this would have increased the price of our volume beyond the limit which we decided as being best calculated to insure a wide circulation — the principal object of our labors. Should there hereafter be place made in the world for a more comprehensive edition, containing a full and authentic biography of Shelley, it will not be lacking.

It has seemed to me peculiarly fitting that to America should have been reserved the privilege of giving a new impulse and a stronger appreciation to the works of this poet. Mr. Godwin, too, has expressed this thought. He says :

“Mr. Madison observed to Harriet Martineau, that it had been the destiny of America to prove many things which were before thought impossible. It may be said, with equal truth, that it is the destiny of the same country to teach the world what men have been among its brightest ornaments and worthiest benefactors. We have an instance of what is to be done in this respect, in the

* Mr. Poe tells me that this was originally written, ‘God knows how ?’ But I have not felt at liberty to change the text sanctioned by Mrs. Shelley -- whom I regard as the evangelist of her transfigured lord.

unfortunate but extraordinary man whose name graces the head of this paper. It is reserved for America to rescue his fame from the cold neglect which it is the interest of older nations to gather round it, and to show mankind, by her warm appreciation of his genius and character, how much virtue and excellence were lost when he perished. In his own country, and in his own day and generation, he lived an outcast. He was banished from the keen delights of his paternal fireside; he was expelled the society of his fellows; his property, the fruit of his toil, and his children, the offspring of his body, were alike torn roughly from him; his name was heaped with obloquy; his spirit broken by persecution; nor did death soften the ferocity of prejudice which haunted his life. His ashes still slumber far from his native land, beneath the mouldering walls of Rome, and his memory is still pursued with reproach. Yet he was the most remarkable man of his time — a scholar, rich in the lore of all tongues and ages — a poet, gifted with sensibility beyond any contemporary, — a man, of the loftiest integrity and self-sacrificing worth — and a philanthropist, of the broadest benevolence, of the noblest aspirations. His life was a perpetual illustration of how much virtue could be combined with consummate genius. In the dark history of the past, he rises upon our view like ‘some frail exhalation which the dawn robes in its golden beams,’ that, after struggling awhile with the mists of earth, turns upward again and mingles with its native sky.

‘By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands his decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned.’

Let the stranger and the foreigner undertake the grateful task of placing his merits on their true basis, and of assigning him his right position among the illustrious names of English literature.”

“PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at Field Place, in the county of Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. His father was Sir Timothy Shelley, a gentleman of property and high family distinction, who traced his remote ancestry to the chivalrous and poetical Sir Philip Sidney. As a child, Shelley appears to have been delicate and sensitive to a painful extreme, ardent in his affections, and tenderly alive to the influences of natural circumstances. The residence of his friends, far from the tug and bustle of active life, amid the stillness and beauty of rural scenes, early impressed him with a love for tranquil and domestic enjoyments. He has himself, in the Revolt of Islam, touchingly described those aspects of mankind and nature, which were the first to mould his young imagination :

'The starlight smile of children, the sweet looks
 Of women, the fair breast from which I fed,
 The murmur of the unreposing brooks,
 And the green light, which shifting overhead,
 Some tangled bower of vine around me shed,
 The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,
 The lamplight through the rafters cheerly spread,
 And on the twining flax — in life's young hours
 These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit-folded powers.'

"These — the friends of his youth, his mother, the home-circle, and the green and sunny looks of outward nature — were the earliest influences that moved his sensibilities. He was, of course, under this mild discipline, gentle, studious, warm-hearted and contemplative. The stream of his life flowed on, like the brooks near which he wandered and dreamed, in silent and cheerful harmony.

"But the placidity of the current was destined soon to be ruffled by the rough winds. His avidity for knowledge, and the premature growth of his mind, fitted him, at an earlier age than usual, for the preparatory studies of Eton. He was sent thither accordingly; and then the trials of his life began. His career, in that seat of learning, was a series of disappointments. Going there with all the enthusiasm of youth, burning with a zeal for truth, and expecting to find companions willing, like himself, to devote days and nights to the pursuit of it, he was mortified and repelled to discover that the votaries of learning were filled with a spirit of worldliness and false ambition. This was the first revulsion which his feelings received; and how much was the impetus of it increased when he was himself made the victim of that disgraceful custom called *fagging*, which compels a certain class of the students to wait as servants upon the others! Shelley had too much pride and independence to submit to such a degradation. He refused to 'fag,' and he was consequently treated with arrogance and even despotism. His spirit, sensitive as it was, was no less firm. Neither the cruel vituperation of his fellows, nor menaces of punishment on the part of his superiors, could bend a will whose only law was the self-inspired law of truth. He rejected an obedience which could only be performed at the expense of self-respect. It was not long, therefore, before he was removed from Eton school, and afterward sent to Oxford college.

"His appearance at Oxford was like that of a stray beam of light amid the dust and darkness of an old, cloistered hall. He was slight and fragile of figure, youthful even among those who were all young, retired and thoughtful yet enthusiastic, pursuing with eagerness all branches of science, and exploring, with the impetuosity of first impressions, whatever struck his fancy as novel or useful. But the college, he found, was only a continuation, on a

larger scale, of the school. The selfishness, the tyranny and the falsehood which had shocked him at the one, he soon saw to be the prevailing spirit of the other. Was it not natural that he should contract an aversion to the society of his compeers? Finding no pleasure in the gross and boisterous enjoyments of those about him, he retired to the fellowship of books and his own thoughts. He became enamored of solitary reading, solitary rambles, solitary experiments. Even the necessary usages of discipline grew to be a restraint to him. He could not endure the servitude of regular hours and established forms. A rare notion of freedom brought him into conflict with masters and laws. He was corrected; but instead of being corrected by gentle methods, he was used with severity and imperiousness."

* * * * *

We now come to "his marriage and separation from his first wife. We speak of them only so far as the knowledge of them is necessary to the right understanding of his poetry and character. In very early life — some of his friends say, impelled by interested advisers — he married a young woman, whose tastes he soon found were altogether unsuitable to his own, and from whom, after the birth of two children, he separated. A few years subsequent to this voluntary divorce, the wife committed suicide; not, however, before Shelley had united himself to another woman. This woman was one of illustrious birth, being the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin, and inheriting some measure of the splendid abilities of both parents: but he should not have united himself to her — great as she was in herself, and glorious as were the associations that radiated around her history — while his first wife lived. It was the error of his life. He never recovered from the shock given by the distressing mode and manner of his first wife's death. It tinged with remediless sadness and remorse the whole of his after life.

"But the most melancholy part of this tragedy was the catastrophe enacted in the court of chancery, under the infamous presidency of Lord Eldon. Our limits will not suffer us to go into the legal merits and bearings of the atrocious case. The end was, that the children of Shelley's first marriage, and to whom he was devotedly attached, were taken from him on the ground that his opinions rendered him incompetent to take care of their education. This wicked act of tyranny, this unredeemed and shameless violation of the most sacred ties of the heart, filled the cup of Shelley's wo. He never forgave the injustice, but to the hour of his death felt to his inmost soul the keen and cruel pangs of the blow."

"In his first resentment against the chancellor, on the passing of the decree, he had written a curse, in which there breathes, be-

side haughty indignation, all the tenderness of a father's love, which could imagine and fondly dwell upon its loss and the consequences. He exclaims :

I curse thee by a parent's outraged love,
By hopes long cherished and too lately lost,
By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove,
By grief which thy stern nature never crost ;

By those infantine smiles of happy light
Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,
Quenched even when kindled, in untimely night,
Hiding the promises of lovely birth ;

By those unpractised accents of young speech
Which he who is a father thought to frame
To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach :
Thou strike the lyre of mind ' O grief and shame !

By all the happy see in children's growth,
That undeveloped flower of budding years,
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears ;

By all the days under a hireling's care
Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness —
O wretched ye, if ever any were,
Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless !

* * * * *

By all the hate which checks a father's love,
By all the scorn which kills a father's care,
By those most impious hands that dared remove
Nature's high bounds — by thee — and by despair :

* * * * *

I curse thee, though I hate thee not ; O slave !
If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming hell
Of which thou art a demon, on thy grave
This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee well !

“ At one time” (says Mrs. Shelley), “ while the question was still pending, the chancellor had said some words that seemed to intimate that Shelley should not be permitted the care of any of his children, and for a moment he feared that our infant son would be torn from us. He did not hesitate to resolve, if such were menaced, to abandon country, fortune, every thing, and to escape with his child ; and I find some unfinished stanzas addressed to this son, whom afterward we lost at Rome, written under the idea that we might suddenly be forced to cross the sea, so to preserve him. This poem, and the one previously quoted, were not written to exhibit the pangs of distress to the public ; they were the spontaneous outbursts of a man who brooded over his wrongs and woes, and was

impelled to shed the grace of his genius over the uncontrollable emotions of his heart :

The billows are leaping around it,
 The bark is weak and frail,
 The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it
 Darkly strew the gale.
 Come with me, thou delightful child,
 Come with me, though the wave is wild,
 And the winds are loose, we must not stay,
 Or the slaves of the law may rend thee away.

Rest, rest, shriek not, thou gentle child !
 The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
 And the cold spray and the clamor wild ?
 There sit between us two, thou dearest ;
 Me and thy mother — well we know
 The storm at which thou tremblest so,
 With all its dark and hungry graves,
 Less cruel than the savage slaves
 Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

This hour will sometime in thy memory
 Be a dream of days forgotten ;
 We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
 Of serene and golden Italy,
 Or Greece, the mother of the free.
 And I will teach thine infant tongue
 To call upon those heroes old
 In their own language, and will mould
 Thy growing spirit in the flame
 Of Grecian lore ; that by such name
 A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim.

“ When afterward this child died at Rome, he wrote, apropos of the English burying-ground in that city, ‘ This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent’s heart are now prophetic ; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child is buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body — the other crushes the affections.’ ”

“ Shelley, before these events, was living with his second wife on the continent. He had already angered his family, and been exiled from their protection and sympathy. It is just, however, to say that this abandonment did not take place without attempts on their part to reclaim him from his ‘ errors.’ One relative, it is said, made him the offer of an immense fortune if he would enter the House of Commons, to sustain the cause of the whigs. But he despised alike the money and the motive, preferring the life of an outcast, true to his convictions, to that of the pampered idol of a party, false to his own soul. The spirit which seems to have actuated him on this occasion, was the spirit of his whole life. He held

no half-faced fellowship with God and Mammon. What he believed, that he did, leaving to the developments of time, the issues of his conduct."

I have preferred to preserve the method adopted by Mrs. Shelley in presenting the circumstances and conditions under which each leading poem was written, together with his own opinion and estimate respecting it, whenever practicable. These exquisite little sketches, although they lack the unity and general effect of a systematic biography, yet embrace our dearest and sweetest remembrances of the poet. To the wife of his bosom, who has thus, as it were, shown to us the pictures which love Daguerreotypied in her own heart, we owe a world of thanks. Nor have I felt at liberty to change or comment upon certain literary opinions and philosophical views embraced in them, and which seem to me erroneous. My opinions I have already stated with sufficient clearness — nor can there be, I am certain, any very striking incongruities between the creed of worship and the creed of love.

In arranging the poems, I have adopted the order of succession which seems to me to be symmetrical, but it is quite different from that observed in any other edition.

The 'Revolt of Islam,' although not admitted by the critics to be his greatest work, is, in the meaning I attach to poetry, altogether the most important. It is, as it were, the consummation of himself — the prophecy which he has uttered; and although it contained still more literary errors than have been charged upon it, yet in this view they would not detract from the importance of it. But these errors are, for the most part, mere distortions of the critics' brains, and do not deserve seriously to be alleged against a man who has shown his right to disregard the apparent and mechanical laws of poetry by proving that he has held living communion with the source whence those laws have been attempted to be drawn. Autumn is a faulty colorist, by all the rules of Dilettantism — and yet we do not criticise but admire her pictures. Language is at best but a dull instrument for Thought to work withal; and if Shelley has succeeded in producing, as a whole, deeper effects and more beautiful pictures than others, we will not quarrel with him because his instinct has developed rules of composition of which our critical scholarship happened to be ignorant: the great bard of Avon has been quite annihilated by the critics several times; and yet we have even forgotten their names, long ago, while we every day bring fresh worship to his altar — which bears not even a mark of all the critics' well-filed teeth that have ever nibbled at its base.

The 'Revolt of Islam' is written in twelve cantos of Spenserian stanzas, and was at first to have been called 'Laon and Cythna,

or the Revolution of the Golden City' — thereby implying that it was intended to be a story of passion, and not a picture of more mighty and broadly interesting events. As he advanced in his work, however — as the heavy woes of mankind oppressed and absorbed his heart — the mere individual figures around whom the narrative gathers, dwindled in importance, and he poured out the strength of his soul in the description of scenes and incidents involving the fates of multitudes and races. The poem may have lost in interest as a narrative by the change, but oh, how much it has gained as a poem! It is now a gallery of noble, glowing and spirit-stirring pictures. It paints, in a series of the finest and boldest sketches — sometimes in dim and silvery outline, and sometimes in a broad mass of black and white — the most interesting conditions of a pure mind in its progress toward light and excellence, and of a great people in the passage from slavery to freedom. It is the great choral hymn of struggling nations. The dedication is a melting prelude addressed to his wife. The first canto, like the introduction to some great overture, runs over in brief but graceful and airy strains the grand and unearthly harmonies which are to compose the burden of the music. After illustrating in passages of great beauty the growth of a young mind in its aspirations after liberty, and how the impulses of a single spirit may spread the impatience of oppression until it takes captive and influences every soul, the poet proceeds at once to his great topic — the awakening of a whole nation from degradation to dignity: the dethronement of its tyrants; the exposure of the religious frauds and political quackeries, by which kings and hirelings delude the multitude into quiet subjection; the tranquil happiness, moral elevation and mutual love of a people made free by their own patriotic endeavors; the treachery and barbarism of hired soldiers; the banding together of despots without to sustain the cause of tyrants at home; the desperate onset of the armies of the allied dynasties; the cruel murder and expulsion of the patriots, and the instauration of despotism, with its train of pestilence, famine and war. But the poem closes with prophecies for the sure and final reign of freedom and virtue.

In this *argument*, to use the phrase of the older poets, Shelley had a high moral aim. We refer not merely to what he himself describes as an attempt "to enlist the harmony of metrical language, ethereal combinations of fancy, and refined and sudden transitions of passion in the cause of liberality, or to kindle in the bosom of his readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence nor misrepresentation nor prejudice can ever totally extinguish;" but to that fixed purpose with which he has avoided the obvious

conclusion that an ordinary mind would have given to the poem, and adhered to the loftier moral. It ends, as we said, with the triumphs of despotism. What Shelley wished to teach by this, was the lesson, so necessary in that age, when the hopes of mankind had been crushed by the disastrous events of the French Revolution, that every revolt against the oppression of tyranny, that every struggle for the rights of man, though for the time it might be unsuccessful, though it might fail in its resistance of arbitrary power, was, in the end, worth the effort. It destroyed the sanctity that surrounded and shielded the dogmas of the past; it broke the leaden weight of authority; it kindled fear in the breast of the oppressors, by awakening among the people a knowledge of their rights; and it strengthened the confidence of men in each other, while it filled them with visions and hopes of the speedy prevalence of a more universal justice and love. No lesson could then have been more needed by the world. The excesses and apparent failure of the French people had frightened even the warmest lovers of freedom from their early faith. They had scarcely foreseen in the outset, that the weight of long centuries of oppression could not be thrown off without terrific throes and struggles. At the first demonstration, therefore, that the populace were really in earnest, the flush fled from their faces, and they gazed upon the scene aghast and trembling. They were seized with a panic of dread. They deprecated what they had before abetted — to the wild exultation which hailed the opening of the outbreak, there had succeeded a feeling of despondency and gloom. The people were no longer the objects of sympathy and zeal, but the victims of misgiving and distrust. Men who had once espoused their cause, now doubted their capacity of self-government. An uneasy suspicion seized them that principles of liberty and justice, having so signally failed in one instance, were not to be tried in a second. But in the number of these Shelley was not included. To him, the French Revolution was not a failure. Its atrocities and crimes, so far from diminishing his attachment to free principles, cemented and strengthened it. He saw in every frantic outrage, in every unnatural vice, in the mummeries, the violence and the excess, additional arguments for a milder and more benevolent government. "If the revolution," says he, "had been prosperous, then misrule and superstition would lose half their claims to our abhorrence, as fetters which the captive can unlock with the slightest motion of his fingers, and which do not eat with poisonous rust into his soul." The evils of that frightful upturning of society seemed to him as they now seem to every observant mind, transient, while the good was durable. Under such convictions he prepared his poem. Bold as it is in many of the sentiments, it is a

noble monument to the loftiness of his aims, the brilliancy of his imagination, the wealth of love in his heart, and the breadth and power of his intellect. It is an armory from which the young enthusiasts of many generations to come may draw their weapons, in the assurance that they are of tried temper and exquisite polish. We have never read it without feeling our souls stirred within us as with the sound of a trumpet—it has enlarged our thoughts, expanded and warmed our affections, quickened our purposes of good, and filled us with an unquenchable flame of philanthropy and love. It is almost the only poem that we can read at all seasons. In those darker moments, when the sense of misdirected efforts, or the exhaustion of disease, or the dark and mysterious dread of some future ill, weighs like an incubus upon the soul, it is almost the only work, after the gospels, that furnishes nutriment and solace to our mind. Then, it touches us with a feeling of universal sympathy. It awakens us to the broad, deep sorrows of the world, it quickens languid and lagging resolutions, it confirms our faith in good, and swells our hearts with high and bursting hopes. Oh sweet, incomprehensibly sweet, are the emotions of intense and burning enthusiasm that it kindles!*

“As a poet (says Mrs. Shelley) his intellect and compositions were powerfully influenced by exterior circumstances, and especially by his place of abode. He was very fond of traveling, and ill health increased this restlessness. The sufferings occasioned by a cold English winter made him pine, especially when our colder spring arrived, for a more genial climate. In 1816 he again visited Switzerland, and rented a house on the banks of the lake of Geneva; and many a day, in cloud or sunshine, was passed alone in his boat—sailing as the wind listed, or weltering on the calm waters. The majestic aspect of nature ministered such thoughts as he afterward enwove in verse. His lines on the ‘Bridge of the Arve,’ and his ‘Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,’ were written at this time. Perhaps during this summer his genius was checked by association with another poet, whose nature was utterly dissimilar to his own, yet who, in the poem he wrote at that time, gave tokens that he shared for a period the more abstract and etherealized inspiration of Shelley.† The saddest events awaited his return to England; but such was his fear of wounding the feelings of others that he never expressed the anguish he felt, and seldom gave vent to the indignation roused by the persecutions he underwent; while the course of deep unexpressed passion, and the sense of injury, engendered the desire to embody themselves in forms defecated of all the weakness and evil which cling to real life.

* Godwin.

† This, of course, alludes to Byron.—[ED.]

“He chose therefore for his hero a youth nourished in dreams of liberty, some of whose actions are in direct opposition to the opinions of the world; but who is animated throughout by an ardent love of virtue, and a resolution to confer the boon of political and intellectual freedom on his fellow-creatures. He created for this youth a woman such as he delighted to imagine—full of enthusiasm for the same objects; and they both, with will unvanquished and the deepest sense of the justice of their cause, met adversity and death. There exists in this poem a memorial of a friend of his youth. The character of the old man who liberates Laon from his tower-prison, and tends on him in sickness, is founded on that of Doctor Lind, who, when Shelley was at Eton, had often stood by to befriend and support him, and whose name he never mentioned without love and veneration.

“During the year 1817, we were established at Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Shelley's choice of abode was fixed chiefly by this town being at no great distance from London, and its neighborhood to the Thames. The poem was written in his boat, as it floated under the beech-groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighboring country, which is distinguished for peculiar beauty. The chalk hills break into cliffs that overhang the Thames, or form valleys clothed with beech; the wilder portion of the country is rendered beautiful by exuberant vegetation; and the cultivated part is peculiarly fertile. With all this wealth of nature which either in the form of gentlemen's parks or soil dedicated to agriculture, flourishes around, Marlow was inhabited (I hope it is altered now) by a very poor population. The women are lace-makers, and lose their health by sedentary labor, for which they were very ill paid. The poor-laws ground to the dust not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates. The changes produced by peace following a long war, and a bad harvest, brought with them the most heart-rending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. In the winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottages. I mention these things—for this minute and active sympathy with his fellow-creatures gives a thousand-fold interest to his speculations, and stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race.

“The poem, bold in its opinions and uncompromising in their expression, met with many censures, not only among those who allow of no virtue but such as supports the cause they espouse, but even among those whose opinions were similar to his own. I extract a portion of a letter written in answer to one of these friends; it best details the impulses of Shelley's mind and his motives: it was written with entire unreserve, and is therefore a precious

monument of his own opinion of his powers, of the purity of his designs, and the ardor with which he clung, in adversity and through the valley of the shadow of death, to views from which he believed the permanent happiness of mankind must eventually spring :

“ MARLOW, *December 11, 1817.*

“ I have read and considered all that you say about my general powers, and the particular instance of the poem in which I have attempted to develop them. Nothing can be more satisfactory to me than the interest which your admonitions express. But I think you are mistaken in some points with regard to the peculiar nature of my powers, whatever be their amount. I listened with deference and self-suspicion to your censures of ‘the Revolt of Islam ;’ but the productions of mine which you commend hold a very low place in my own esteem ; and this reassured me, in some degree at least. The poem was produced by a series of thoughts which filled my mind with unbounded and sustained enthusiasm. I felt the precariousness of my life, and I engaged in this task, resolved to leave some record of myself. Much of what the volume contains was written with the same feeling, as real, though not so prophetic, as the communications of a dying man. I never presumed indeed to consider it any thing approaching to faultless : but when I considered contemporary productions of the same apparent pretensions, I own I was filled with confidence. I felt that it was in many respects a genuine picture of my own mind. I felt that the sentiments were true, not assumed. And in this have I long believed that my power consists : in sympathy and that part of the imagination which relates to sentiment and contemplation. I am formed, if for any thing not in common with the herd of mankind, to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us, and to communicate the conceptions which result from considering either the moral or the material universe as a whole. Of course, I believe these faculties, which perhaps comprehend all that is sublime in man, to exist very imperfectly in my own mind. But when you advert to my chaucery paper, a cold, forced, unimpassioned, insignificant piece of cramped and cautious argument—and to the little scrap about Mandeville, which expressed my feelings indeed, but cost scarcely two minutes’ thought to express—as specimens of my powers, more favorable than that which grew as it were from ‘the agony and bloody sweat’ of intellectual travail—surely I must feel that in some manner either I am mistaken in believing that I have any talent at all, or you in the selection of the specimens of it.

“ Yet, after all, I can not but be conscious, in much of what I

write, of an absence of that tranquillity which is the attribute and accompaniment of power. This feeling alone would make your most kind and wise admonitions, on the subject of the economy of intellectual force, valuable to me. And if I live, or if I see any trust in coming years, doubt not but that I shall do something, whatever it may be, which a serious and earnest estimate of my powers will suggest to me, and which will be in every respect accommodated to their utmost limits.' " Would to God He had permitted this purpose to have been accomplished !

We now commit this poem to the reader.

THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

A Poem.

IN TWELVE CANTOS.



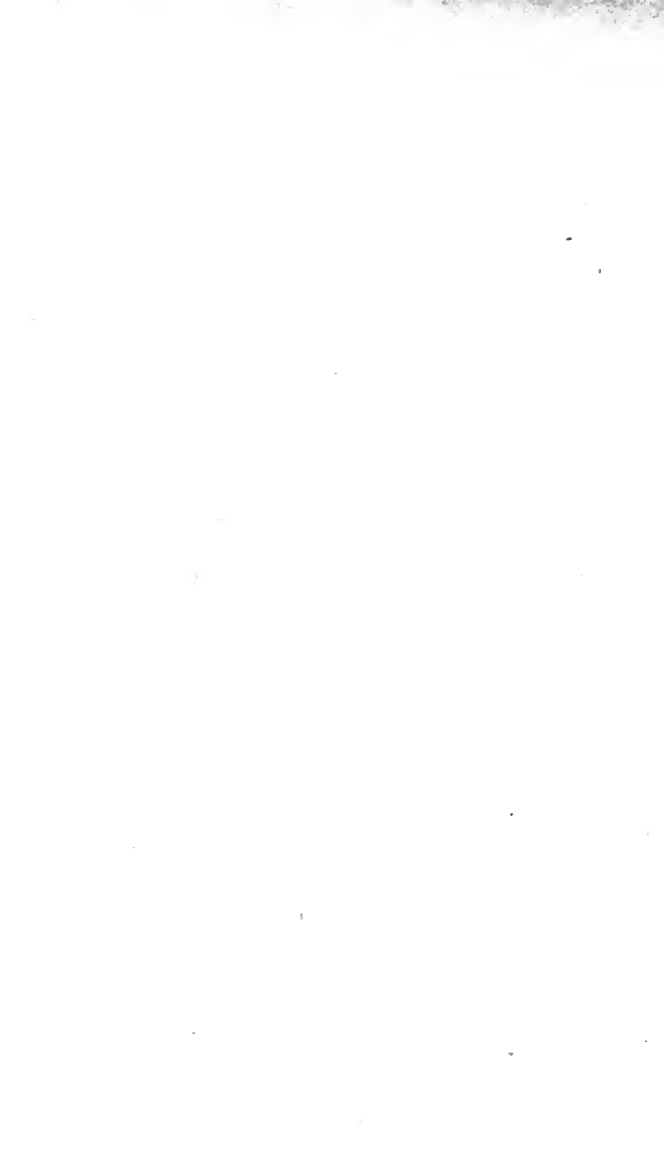
Οσαις δὲ βροτῶν ἔθνος ἀγλαίαις ἀπτόμεσθα

Περαίνει πρὸς ἔσχατον

Πλόον' ναυσὶ δ' οὔτε πεζῶς ἰὼν ἀν' εὐροῖς

'Εἰς ὑπερβορέων ἀγῶνα θαυματῶν ἰδόν.

Πινδ. Πυθ. χ.



P R E F A C E

TO

T H E R E V O L T O F I S L A M .

THE poem which I now present to the world is an attempt from which I scarcely dare to expect success, and in which a writer of established fame might fail without disgrace. It is an experiment on the temper of the public mind, as to how far a thirst for a happier condition of moral and political society survives, among the enlightened and refined, the tempests which have shaken the age in which we live. I have sought to enlist the harmony of metrical language, the ethereal combinations of the fancy, the rapid and subtle transitions of human passion, all those elements which essentially compose a poem, in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality; and in the view of kindling within the bosoms of my readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence nor misrepresentation nor prejudice can ever totally extinguish among mankind.

For this purpose, I have chosen a story of human passion in its most universal character, diversified with moving and romantic adventures, and appealing, in contempt of all artificial opinions or institutions, to the common sympathies of every human breast. I have made no attempt to recommend the motives which I would substitute for those at present governing mankind, by methodical and systematic argument. I would only awaken the feelings so that the reader should see the beauty of true virtue, and be incited to those inquiries which have led to my moral and political creed, and that of some of the sublimest intellects in the world. The poem, therefore (with the exception of the first canto, which is purely introductory), is narrative, not didactic. It is a succession of pictures illustrating the growth and progress of individual mind aspiring after excellence and devoted to the love of mankind; its influence in refining and making pure the most daring and uncommon impulses of the imagination, the understanding, and the senses: its impatience at "all the oppressions which are done under the sun;" its tendency to awaken public hope and to enlighten and improve mankind; the rapid effects of the application of that tendency; the awakening of an immense nation from

their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom ; the bloodless dethronement of their oppressors, and the unveiling of the religious frauds by which they had been deluded into submission ; the tranquillity of successful patriotism, and the universal toleration and benevolence of true philanthropy ; the treachery and barbarity of hired soldiers ; vice not the object of punishment and hatred, but kindness and pity ; the faithlessness of tyrants ; the confederacy of the rulers of the world, and the restoration of the expelled dynasty by foreign arms : the massacre and extermination of the patriots, and the victory of established power ; the consequences of legitimate despotism — civil war, famine, plague, superstition, and an utter extinction of the domestic affections ; the judicial murder of the advocates of liberty ; the temporary triumph of oppression, that secure earnest of its final and inevitable fall ; the transient nature of ignorance and error, and the eternity of genius and virtue. Such is the series of delineations of which the poem consists. And if the lofty passions with which it has been my scope to distinguish this story shall not excite in the reader a generous impulse, an ardent thirst for excellence, an interest profound and strong, such as belong to no meaner desires — let not the failure be imputed to a natural unfitness for human sympathy in these sublime and animating themes. It is the business of the poet to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm arising out of those images and feelings in the vivid presence of which in his own mind consists at once his inspiration and his reward.

The panic which, like an epidemic transport, seized upon all classes of men during the excesses consequent upon the French Revolution, is gradually giving place to sanity. It has ceased to be believed that whole generations of mankind ought to consign themselves to a hopeless inheritance of ignorance and misery, because a nation of men who had been dupes and slaves for centuries were incapable of conducting themselves with the wisdom and tranquillity of freemen so soon as some of their fetters were partially loosened. That their conduct could not have been marked by any other characters than ferocity and thoughtlessness is the historical fact from which liberty derives all its recommendations and falsehood the worst features of its deformity. There is a reflux in the tide of human things which bears the shipwrecked hopes of men into a secure haven, after the storms are past. Methinks those who now live have survived an age of despair.

The French Revolution may be considered as one of those manifestations of a general state of feeling among civilized mankind, produced by a defect of correspondence between the knowledge existing in society and the improvement or gradual abolition of political institutions. The year 1788 may be assumed as the epoch of one of the most important crises produced by this feeling. The sympathies connected with that event extended to every bosom. The most generous and amiable natures were those which participated the most extensively in these sympathies. But such a degree of unmingled good was expected as it was impossible to realize. If the revolution had been in every respect prosperous, then misrule and superstition would lose half their claims to our abhorrence, as fetters which the captive can unlock with the slightest motion of his fingers, and which do not eat with poisonous rust into the soul. The revulsion occasioned by the atrocities of the demagogues and the re-establishment of successive tyrannies in France was terrible, and felt in the remotest corner of the civilized world. Could they listen to the plea of reason who had groaned under the calamities of a social state, according to the provisions of which one man riots in luxury while another famishes for want of bread? Can he who the day before was a trampled slave, become suddenly liberal-minded, forbearing and independent? This is the consequence of the habits of a state of society to be produced

by resolute perseverance and indefatigable hope, and long-suffering and long-believing courage, and the systematic efforts of generations of men of intellect and virtue. Such is the lesson which experience teaches now. But on the first reverses of hope in the progress of French liberty the sanguine eagerness for good overleaped the solution of these questions, and for a time extinguished itself in the unexpectedness of their result. Thus many of the most ardent and tender-hearted of the worshipers of public good have been morally ruined by what a partial glimpse of the events they deplored appeared to show as the melancholy desolation of all their cherished hopes. Hence gloom and misanthropy have become the characteristics of the age in which we live, the solace of a disappointment that unconsciously finds relief only in the willful exaggeration of its own despair. This influence has tainted the literature of the age with the hopelessness of the minds from which it flows. Metaphysics,* and inquiries into moral and political science, have become little else than vain attempts to revive exploded superstitions, or sophisms like those† of Mr. Malthus, calculated to lull the oppressors of mankind into a security of everlasting triumph. Our works of fiction and poetry have been overshadowed by the same infectious gloom. But mankind appear to me to be emerging from their trance. I am aware, methinks, of a slow, gradual, silent change. In that belief I have composed the following poem.

I do not presume to enter into competition with our greatest contemporaneous poets. Yet I am unwilling to tread in the footsteps of any who have preceded me. I have sought to avoid the imitation of any style of language or versification peculiar to the original minds of which it is the character, designing that even if what I have produced be worthless, it should still be properly my own. Nor have I permitted any system relating to mere words to divert the attention of the reader from whatever interest I may have succeeded in creating, to my own ingenuity for contriving to disgust him according to the rules of criticism. I have simply clothed my thoughts in what appeared to me the most obvious and appropriate language. A person familiar with nature and with the most celebrated productions of the human mind can scarcely err in following the instinct, with respect to selection of language, produced by that familiarity.

There is an education peculiarly fitted for a poet, without which genius and sensibility can hardly fill the circle of their capacities. No education indeed can entitle to this appellation a dull and unobservant mind, or one, though neither dull nor unobservant, in which the channels of communication between thought and expression have been obstructed or closed. How far it is my fortune to belong to either of the latter classes, I can not know. I aspire to be something better. The circumstances of my accidental education have been favorable to this ambition. I have been familiar from boyhood with mountains and lakes, and the sea, and the solitude of forests: Danger, which sports upon the brink of precipices, has been my playmate. I have trodden the glaciers of the Alps, and lived under the eye of Mont Blanc. I have been a wanderer among distant fields. I have sailed down mighty rivers, and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth, while I have sailed night and day down a rapid stream among mountains. I have seen populous cities, and have watched the passions which rise and spread, and sink and change, among assembled

* I ought to except Sir W. Drummond's "Academical Questions;" a volume of very acute and powerful metaphysical criticism.

† It is remarkable, as a symptom of the revival of public hope, that Mr. Malthus has assigned, in the later editions of his work, an indefinite dominion to moral restraint over the principle of population. This concession answers all the inferences from his doctrine unfavorable to human improvement, and reduces the "Essay on Population" to a commentary illustrative of the unanswerableness of "Political Justice."

multitudes of men. I have seen the theatre of the more visible ravages of tyranny and war, cities and villages reduced to scattered groups of black and roofless houses, and the naked inhabitants sitting famished upon their desolate thresholds. I have conversed with living men of genius. The poetry of ancient Greece and Rome, and modern Italy, and our own country, has been to me like external nature, a passion and an enjoyment. Such are the sources from which the materials for the imagery of my poem have been drawn. I have considered poetry in its most comprehensive sense, and have read the poets and the historians and the metaphysicians* whose writings have been accessible to me, and have looked upon the beautiful and majestic scenery of the earth as common sources of those elements which it is the province of the poet to embody and combine. Yet the experience and the feelings to which I refer do not in themselves constitute men poets, but only prepare them to be the auditors of those who are. How far I shall be found to possess that more essential attribute of poetry — the power of awakening in others sensations like those which animate my own bosom — is that which, to speak sincerely, I know not: and which, with an acquiescent and contented spirit, I expect to be taught by the effect which I shall produce upon those whom I now address.

I have avoided, as I have said before, the imitation of any contemporary style. But there must be a resemblance which does not depend upon their own will, between all the writers of any particular age. They can not escape from subjection to a common influence which arises out of an infinite combination of circumstances belonging to the times in which they live, though each is in a degree the author of the very influence by which his being is thus pervaded. Thus, the tragic poets of the age of Pericles; the Italian revivers of ancient learning; those mighty intellects of our own country that succeeded the Reformation, the translators of the Bible, Shakspeare, Spenser, the dramatists of the reign of Elizabeth, and Lord Bacon; † the colder spirits of the interval that succeeded — all resemble each other, and differ from every other in their several classes. In this view of things, Ford can no more be called the imitator of Shakspeare, than Shakspeare the imitator of Ford. There were perhaps few other points of resemblance between these two men than that which the universal and inevitable influence of their age produced. And this is an influence which neither the meanest scribbler nor the sublimest genius of any era can escape, and which I have not attempted to escape.

I have adopted the stanza of Spenser (a measure inexpressibly beautiful), not because I consider it a finer model of poetical harmony than the blank verse of Shakspeare and Milton, but because in the latter there is no shelter for mediocrity: you must either succeed or fail. This perhaps an aspiring spirit should desire. But I was enticed also by the brilliancy and magnificence of sound which a mind that has been nourished upon musical thoughts can produce by a just and harmonious arrangement of the pauses of this measure. Yet there will be found some instances where I have completely failed in this attempt, and one, which I here request the reader to consider as an erratum, where there is left most inadvertently an alexandrine in the middle of a stanza.

But in this, as in every other respect, I have written fearlessly. It is the misfortune of this age that its writers, too thoughtless of immortality, are exquisitely sensible to temporary praise or blame. They write with the fear of reviews before their eyes. This system of criticism sprang up in that torpid interval when poetry was not. Poetry,

* In this sense there may be such a thing as perfectibility in works of fiction, notwithstanding the concession often made by the advocates of human improvement that perfectibility is a term applicable only to science.

† Milton stands alone in the age which he illumined.

and the art which professes to regulate and limit its powers, can not subsist together. Longinus could not have been the contemporary of Homer, nor Boileau of Horace. Yet this species of criticism never presumed to assert an understanding of its own: it has always, unlike true science, followed, not preceded the opinion of mankind, and would even now bribe with worthless adulation some of our greatest poets to impose gratuitous fetters on their own imaginations, and become unconscious accomplices in the daily murder of all genius either not so aspiring or not so fortunate as their own. I have sought therefore to write, as I believe that Homer, Shakspeare and Milton wrote, with an utter disregard of anonymous censure. I am certain that calumny and misrepresentation, though it may move me to compassion, can not disturb my peace. I shall understand the expressive silence of those sagacious enemies who dare not trust themselves to speak. I shall endeavor to extract from the midst of insult and contempt and maledictions those admonitions which may tend to correct whatever imperfections such censurers may discover in this my first serious appeal to the public. If certain critics were as clear-sighted as they are malignant, how great would be the benefit to be derived from their virulent writings! As it is, I fear I shall be malicious enough to be amused with their paltry tricks and lame invectives. Should the public judge that my composition is worthless, I shall indeed bow before that tribunal from which Milton received his crown of immortality, and shall seek to gather, if I live, strength from that defeat, which may nerve me to some new enterprise of thought which may *not* be worthless. I can not conceive that Lucretius, when he meditated that poem whose doctrines are yet the basis of our metaphysical knowledge, and whose eloquence has been the wonder of mankind, wrote in awe of such censure as the hired sophists of the impure and superstitious noblemen of Rome might affix to what he should produce. It was at the period when Greece was led captive, and Asia made tributary to the republic, fast verging itself to slavery and ruin, that a multitude of Syrian captives, bigoted to the worship of their obscene Ashtaroth, and the unworthy successors of Socrates and Zeno, found there a precarious subsistence by administering, under the name of freedmen, to the vices and vanities of the great. These wretched men were skilled to plead, with a superficial but plausible set of sophisms, in favor of that contempt for virtue which is the portion of slaves, and that faith in portents, the most fatal substitute for benevolence in the imaginations of men, which, arising from the enslaved communities of the East, then first began to overwhelm the western nations in its stream. Were these the kind of men whose disapprobation the wise and lofty-minded Lucretius should have regarded with a salutary awe? The latest and perhaps the meanest of those who follow in his footsteps would disdain to hold life on such conditions.

The poem now presented to the public occupied little more than six months in the composition. That period has been devoted to the task with unremitting ardor and enthusiasm. I have exercised a watchful and earnest criticism on my work as it grew under my hands. I would willingly have sent it forth to the world with that perfection which long labor and revision is said to bestow. But I found that if I should gain something in exactness by this method, I might lose much of the newness and energy of imagery and language as it flowed fresh from my mind. And although the mere composition occupied no more than six months, the thoughts thus arranged were slowly gathered in as many years.

I trust that the reader will carefully distinguish between those opinions which have a dramatic propriety in reference to the characters which they are designed to elucidate, and such as are properly my own. The erroneous and degrading idea which men have cou-

ceived of a Supreme Being, for instance, is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being itself. The belief which some superstitious persons whom I have brought upon the stage entertain of the Deity, as injurious to the character of his benevolence, is widely different from my own. In recommending also a great and important change in the spirit which animates the social institutions of mankind, I have avoided all flattery to those violent and malignant passions of our nature which are ever on the watch to mingle with and to alloy the most beneficial innovations. There is no quarter given to revenge or envy or prejudice. Love is celebrated everywhere as the sole law which should govern the moral world.

DEDICATION.

There is no danger to a Man, that knows
What life and death is : there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.

CHAPMAN.

TO MARY — — — .

I.

So now my summer-task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home ;
As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faëry,
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome ;
Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become
A star among the stars of mortal night,
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite
With thy beloved name, thou Child of love and light.

II.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour
Is ended — and the fruit is at thy feet !
No longer where the woods to frame a bower
With interlaced branches mix and meet,
Or where with sound like many voices sweet,
Water-falls leap among wild islands green,
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen :
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

III.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep : a fresh May-dawn it was,

When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
 And wept, I knew not why : until there rose
 From the near school-room, voices, that, alas !
 Were but one echo from a world of woes —
 The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

IV.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around,
 But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
 Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground —
 So without shame, I spake : “ I will be wise,
 And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
 Such power, for I grow weary to behold
 The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
 Without reproach or check.” I then controlled
 My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

V.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
 Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,
 Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
 I cared to learn, but from that secret store
 Wrought linked armor for my soul, before
 It might walk forth to war among mankind ;
 Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more.
 Within me, till there came upon my mind
 A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

VI.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare
 To those who seek all sympathies in one ! —
 Such once I sought in vain ; then black despair,
 The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
 Over the world in which I moved alone : —
 Yet never found I one, not false to me,
 Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone
 Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be
 Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee.

VII.

Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
 Fell, like bright Spring upon some herbless plain,
 How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
 In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
 Of Custom thou midst burst and rend in twain,
 And walked as free as light the clouds among,
 Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
 From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
 To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long.

VIII.

No more alone through the world's wilderness,
 Although I trod the paths of high intent,
 I journeyed now : no more companionless,
 Where solitude is like despair, I went.
 There is the wisdom of a stern content
 When Poverty can blight the just and good,
 When Infamy dares mock the innocent,
 And cherished friends turn with the multitude
 To trample : this was ours, and we unshaken stood !

IX.

Now has descended a serener hour,
 And with inconstant fortune, friends return ;
 Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the power
 Which says : Let scorn be not repaid with scorn.
 And from thy side two gentle babes are born
 To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we
 Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn ;
 And these delights, and thou, have been to me
 The parents of the Song I consecrate to thee.

X.

Is it, that now my inexperienced fingers
 But strike the prelude of a loftier strain ?
 Or, must the lyre on which my spirit lingers
 Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound again,
 Though it might shake the Anarch Custom's reign,
 And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sway
 Holier than was Amphion's ? I would fain
 Reply in hope—but I am worn away,
 And Death and Love are yet contending for their prey.

XI.

And what art thou ? I know, but dare not speak :
 Time may interpret to his silent years.
 Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
 And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
 And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
 And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
 Is whispered, to subdue my fondest fears :
 And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
 A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

XII.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,
 Of glorious parents, thou aspiring Child.
 I wonder not—for One then left this earth
 Whose life was like a setting planet mild,

Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory ; still her fame
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and wild
Which shake these latter days ; and thou canst claim
The shelter, from thy Sire, of an immortal name.

XIII.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,
Which was the echo of three thousand years ;
And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,
As some lone man who in a desert hears
The music of his home : unwonted fears
Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,
And Faith, and Custom, and low-thoughted cares,
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space
Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling-place.

XIV.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind !
If there must be no response to my cry —
If men must rise and stamp with fury blind
On his pure name who loves them — thou and I,
Sweet friend ! can look from our tranquillity
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night —
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by
Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's sight,
That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.

THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

CANTO I.

I.

WHEN the last hope of trampled France had failed
Like a brief dream of unremaining glory,
From visions of despair I rose, and scaled
The peak of an aërial promontory,
Whose caverned base with the vexed surge was hoary
And saw the golden dawn break forth, and waken
Each cloud, and every wave : but transitory
The calm : for sudden, the firm earth was shaken,
As if by the last wreck its frame were overtaken.

II.

So as I stood, one blast of muttering thunder
Burst in far peals along the waveless deep,
When, gathering fast, around, above, and under,
Long trains of tremulous mist began to creep,
Until their complicating lines did steep
The orient sun in shadow : not a sound
Was heard ; one horrible repose did keep
The forests and the floods, and all around
Darkness more dread than night was poured upon the ground.

III.

Hark ! 'tis the rushing of a wind that sweeps
Earth and the ocean. See ! the lightnings yawn
Deluging Heaven with fire, and the lashed deeps
Glitter and boil beneath : it rages on,
One mighty stream, whirlwind and waves upthrown,
Lightning, and hail, and darkness eddying by.
There is a pause — the sea-birds, that were gone
Into their caves to shriek, come forth, to spy
What calm has fall'n on earth, what light is in the sky.

IV.

For, where the irresistible storm had cloven
 That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen
 Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven
 Most delicately, and the ocean green,
 Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,
 Quivered like burning emerald : calm was spread
 On all below ; but far on high, between
 Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,
 Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed

V.

For ever, as the war became more fierce
 Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,
 That spot grew more serene ; blue light did pierce.
 The woof of those white clouds, which seemed to lie
 Far, deep, and motionless ; while through the sky
 The pallid semicircle of the moon
 Passed on, in slow and moving majesty ;
 Its upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon
 But slowly fled, like dew beneath the beams of noon.

VI.

I could not choose but gaze ; a fascination
 Dwelt in that moon, and sky, and clouds, which drew
 My fancy thither, and in expectation
 Of what I knew not, I remained : the hue
 Of the white moon, amid that heaven so blue,
 Suddenly stained with shadow did appear ;
 A speck, a cloud, a shape, approaching grew,
 Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere
 Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear.

VII.

Even like a bark, which from a chasm of mountains,
 Dark, vast, and overhanging, on a river,
 Which there collects the strength of all its fountains,
 Comes forth, whilst with the speed, its frame doth quiver,
 Sails, oars, and stream, tending to one endeavor ;
 So, from that chasm of light a winged Form
 On all the winds of heaven approaching ever
 Floated, dilating as it came : the storm
 Pursued it with fierce blasts and lightnings swift and warm.

VIII.

A course precipitous, of dizzy speed,
 Suspending thought and breath ; a monstrous sight !
 For in the air do I behold indeed
 An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight :—

And now relaxing its impetuous flight,
 Before the aërial rock on which I stood,
 The Eagle, hovering, wheeled to left and right,
 And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
 And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.

IX.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
 And every golden feather gleamed therein—
 Feather and scale inextricably blended.
 The Serpent's mailed and many-colored skin
 Shone through the plumes; its coils were twined within
 By many a swollen and knotted fold, and high
 And far, the neck receding lithe and thin,
 Sustained a crested head, which warily
 Shifted and glanced before the Eagle's steadfast eye.

X.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling
 With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle sailed
 Incessantly—sometimes on high concealing
 Its lessening orbs, sometimes as if it failed,
 Drooped through the air; and still it shrieked and wailed,
 And casting back its eager head, with beak
 And talon unremittingly assailed
 The wreathed Serpent, who did ever seek
 Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

XI.

What life, what power, was kindled and arose
 Within the sphere of that appalling fray!
 For, from the encounter of those wondrous foes,
 A vapor like the sea's suspended spray
 Hung gathered: in the void air, far away,
 Floated the shattered plumes; bright scales did leap,
 Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,
 Like sparks into the darkness—as they sweep,
 Blood stains the snowy foam of the tumultuous deep.

XII.

Swift chances in that combat—many a check,
 And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil;
 Sometimes the Snake around his enemy's neck
 Locked in stiff rings his adamantine coil,
 Until the Eagle, faint with pain and toil,
 Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea
 Languidly fluttered, hopeless so to foil
 His adversary, who then reared on high
 His red and burning crest, radiant with victory.

XIII.

Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,
 Where they had sunk together, would the Snake
 Relax his suffocating grasp and scourge
 The wind with his wild writhings; for to break
 That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake
 The strength of his unconquerable wings
 As in despair, and with his sinewy neck
 Dissolve in sudden shock those linked rings,
 Then soar — as swift as smoke from a volcano springs.

XIV.

Wile baffled wile, and strength encountered strength,
 Thus long, but unprevailing: the event
 Of that portentous fight appeared at length:
 Until the lamp of day was almost spent
 It had endured, when lifeless, stark, and rent,
 Hung high that mighty Serpent, and at last
 Fell to the sea, while o'er the continent,
 With clang of wings and scream the Eagle past,
 Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast.

XV.

And with it fled the tempest, so that ocean
 And earth and sky shone through the atmosphere—
 Only, it was strange to see the red commotion
 Of waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere
 Of sun-set sweep, and their fierce roar to hear
 Amid the calm: down the steep path I wound
 To the sea-shore — the evening was most clear
 And beautiful, and there the sea I found
 Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.

XVI.

There was a Woman, beautiful as morning,
 Sitting beneath the rocks, upon the sand
 Of the waste sea — fair as one flower adorning
 An icy wilderness — each delicate hand
 Lay crossed upon her bosom, and the band
 Of her dark hair had fallen, and so she sate
 Looking upon the waves; on the bare strand
 Upon the sea-mark a small boat did wait,
 Fair as herself, like Love by Hope left desolate.

XVII.

It seemed that this fair Shape had looked upon
 That unimaginable fight, and now
 That her sweet eyes were weary of the sun,
 As brightly it illustrated her woe;

For in the tears which silently to flow
 Paused not, its lustre hung : she watching aye
 The foam-wreaths which the faint tide wove below
 Upon the spangled sands, groaned heavily,
 And after every groan looked up over the sea.

XVIII.

And when she saw the wounded Serpent make
 His path between the waves, her lips grew pale,
 Parted and quivered ; the tears ceased to break
 From her immovable eyes ; no voice of wail
 Escaped her ; but she rose, and on the gale
 Loosening her star-bright robe and shadowy hair,
 Poured forth her voice ; the caverns of the vale
 That opened to the ocean, caught it there,
 And filled with silver sounds the overflowing air.

XIX.

She spake in language whose strange melody
 Might not belong to earth. I heard, alone,
 What made its music more melodious be,
 The pity and the love of every tone ;
 But to the Snake those accents sweet were known,
 His native tongue and hers ; nor did he beat
 The hoar spray idly then, but winding on
 Through the green shadows of the waves that meet
 Near to the shore, did pause beside her snowy feet.

XX.

Then on the sands the Woman sate again,
 And wept and clasped her hands, and all between,
 Renewed the unintelligible strain
 Of her melodious voice and eloquent mien ;
 And she unveiled her bosom, and the green
 And glancing shadows of the sea did play
 O'er its marmoreal depth : one moment seen,
 For ere the next, the Serpent did obey
 Her voice, and, coiled in rest, in her embrace it lay.

XXI.

Then she arose, and smiled on me with eyes
 Serene yet sorrowing, like that planet fair,
 While yet the day-light lingereth in the skies.
 Which cleaves with arrowy beams the dark-red air,
 And said : To grieve is wise, but the despair
 Was weak and vain which led thee here from sleep :
 This shalt thou know, and more, if thou dost dare
 With me and with this Serpent, o'er the deep,
 A voyage divine and strange, companionship to keep.

XXII.

Her voice was like the wildest, saddest tone,
 Yet sweet, of some loved voice heard long ago.
 I wept. Shall this fair woman all alone
 Over the sea with that fierce Serpent go?
 His head is on her heart, and who can know
 How soon he may devour his feeble prey?—
 Such were my thoughts, when the tide 'gan to flow;
 And that strange boat like the moon's shade did sway
 Amid reflected stars that in the waters lay.

XXIII.

A boat of rare device, which had no sail
 But its own curved prow of thin moonstone,
 Wrought like a web of texture fine and frail,
 To catch those gentlest winds which are not known
 To breathe, but by the steady speed alone
 With which it cleaves the sparkling sea; and now
 We are embarked, the mountains hang and frown
 Over the starry deep that gleams below
 A vast and dim expanse, as o'er the waves we go.

XXIV.

And as we sailed, a strange and awful tale
 That Woman told, like such mysterious dream
 As makes the slumberer's cheek with wonder pale!
 'Twas midnight, and around, a shoreless stream,
 Wide ocean rolled, when that majestic theme
 Shrined in her heart found utterance, and she bent
 Her looks on mine; those eyes a kindling beam
 Of love divine into my spirit sent,
 And, ere her lips could move, made the air eloquent.

XXV.

Speak not to me, but hear! much shalt thou learn,
 Much must remain unthought, and more untold,
 In the dark Future's ever-flowing urn:
 Know then, that from the depth of ages old
 Two Powers o'er mortal things dominion hold
 Ruling the world with a divided lot,
 Immortal, all-pervading, manifold,
 Twin Genii, equal Gods—when life and thought
 Sprang forth, they burst the womb of inessential Naught.

XXVI.

The earliest dweller of the world alone
 Stood on the verge of chaos: Lo! afar
 O'er the wide wild abyss two meteors shone,
 Sprung from the depth of its tempestuous jar:

A blood-red Comet and the Morning Star
 Mingling their beams in combat — as he stood
 All thoughts within his mind waged mutual war.
 In dreadful sympathy — when to the flood
 That fair star fell, he turned and shed his brother's blood.

XXVII.

Thus evil triumphed, and the Spirit of evil,
 One Power of many shapes which none may know,
 One Shape of many names; the Fiend did revel
 In victory, reigning o'er a world of wo,
 For the new race of man went to and fro,
 Famished and homeless, loathed and loathing, wild,
 And hating good — for his immortal foe
 He changed from starry shape, beautiful and mild,
 To a dire Snake, with man and beast unreconciled.

XXVIII.

The darkness lingering o'er the dawn of things
 Was Evil's breath and life: this made him strong
 To soar aloft with overshadowing wings;
 And the great Spirit of Good did creep among
 The nations of mankind, and every tongue
 Cursed and blasphemed him as he past; for none
 Knew good from evil, though their names were hung
 In mockery o'er the fane where many a groan,
 As King, and Lord, and God, the conquering Fiend did own.

XXIX.

The fiend, whose name was Legion; Death, Decay,
 Earthquake and Blight, and Want, and Madness pale,
 Winged and wan diseases, an array
 Numerous as leaves that strew the autumnal gale;
 Poison, a snake in flowers, beneath the veil
 Of food and mirth, hiding his mortal head;
 And, without whom all these might naught avail,
 Fear, Hatred, Faith, and Tyranny, who spread
 Those subtle nets which snare the living and the dead.

XXX.

His spirit is their power, and they his slaves
 In air, and light, and thought, and language dwell;
 And keep their state from palaces to graves,
 In all resorts of men — invisible,
 But when, in ebon mirror, Nightmare fell
 To tyrant or impostor bids them rise,
 Black-winged demon forms — whom, from the hell,
 His reign and dwelling beneath nether skies,
 He loosens to their dark and blasting ministries.

XXXI.

In the world's youth his empire was as firm
 As its foundations — soon the Spirit of Good,
 Though in the likeness of a loathsome worm,
 Sprang from the billows of the formless flood,
 Which shrank and fled ; and with that fiend of blood
 Renewed the doubtful war — thrones then first shook,
 And earth's immense and trampled multitude,
 In hope on their own powers began to look,
 And Fear, the demon pale, his sanguine shrine forsook.

XXXII.

Then Greece arose, and to its bards and sages,
 In dream, the golden-pinioned Genii came,
 Even where they slept amid the night of ages,
 Steeping their hearts in the divinest flame
 Which thy breath kindled, Power of holiest name !
 And oft in cycles since, when darkness gave
 New weapons to thy foe, their sunlike fame
 Upon the combat shone — a light to save,
 Like Paradise spread forth beyond the shadowy grave.

XXXIII.

Such is this conflict — when mankind doth strive
 With its oppressors in a strife of blood,
 Or when free thoughts, like lightnings, are alive ;
 And in each bosom of the multitude
 Justice and truth, with custom's hydra brood,
 Wage silent war ; — when priests and kings dissemble
 In smiles or frowns their fierce disquietude,
 When round pure hearts, a host of hopes assemble,
 The Snake and Eagle meet — the world's foundations tremble !

XXXIV.

Thou hast beheld that fight — when to thy home
 Thou dost return, steep not its hearth in tears ;
 Though thou may'st hear that earth is now become
 The tyrant's garbage, which to his compeers,
 The vile reward of their dishonored years,
 He will dividing give. The victor Fiend
 Omnipotent of yore, now quails, and fears
 His triumph dearly won, which soon will lend
 An impulse swift and sure to his approaching end.

XXXV.

List, stranger, list ! mine is a human form,
 Like that thou wearest — touch me — shrink not now !
 My hand thou feel'st is not a ghost's, but warm
 With human blood. 'Twas many years ago,

Since first my thirsting soul aspired to know
 The secrets of this wondrous world, when deep
 My heart was pierced with sympathy for wo
 Which could not be mine own — and thought did keep
 In dream, unnatural watch beside an infant's sleep.

XXXVI.

Wo could not be mine own, since far from men
 I dwelt, a free and happy orphan child,
 By the sea-shore in a deep mountain glen ;
 And near the waves and through the forests wild
 I roamed, to storm and darkness reconciled,
 For I was calm while tempest shook the sky :
 But, when the breathless heavens in beauty smiled,
 I wept sweet tears, yet too tumultuously
 For peace, and clasped my hands aloft in ecstasy.

XXXVII.

These were forebodings of my fate. Before
 A woman's heart beat in my virgin breast,
 It had been nurtured in divinest lore :
 A dying poet gave me books, and blest
 With wild but holy talk the sweet unrest
 In which I watched him as he died away —
 A youth with hoary hair — a fleeting guest
 Of our lone mountains — and this lore did sway
 My spirit like a storm, contending there alway.

XXXVIII.

Thus the dark tale which history doth unfold
 I knew, but not, methinks, as others know,
 For they weep not ; and Wisdom had unrolled
 The clouds which hide the gulf of mortal wo :
 To few can she that warning vision show,
 For I loved all things with intense devotion ;
 So that when Hope's deep source in fullest flow,
 Like earthquake did uplift the stagnant ocean
 Of human thoughts — mine shook beneath the wide emotion.

XXXIX.

When first the living blood through all these veins
 Kindled a thought in sense, great France sprang forth,
 And seized, as if to break, the ponderous chains
 Which bind in wo the nations of the earth.
 I saw, and started from my cottage hearth ;
 And to the clouds and waves in tameless gladness
 Shrieked, till they caught immeasurable mirth —
 And laughed in light and music : soon, sweet madness
 Was poured upon my heart, a soft and thrilling sadness.

XL.

Deep slumber fell on me : — my dreams were fire,
 Soft and delightful thoughts did rest and hover
 Like shadows o'er my brain ; and strange desire,
 The tempest of a passion raging over
 My tranquil soul, its depths with light did cover,
 Which past ; and calm and darkness, sweeter far,
 Came — then I loved ; but not a human lover !
 For when I rose from sleep, the Morning Star
 Shone through the woodbine wreaths which round my casement

XLI.

'Twas like an eye which seemed to smile on me.
 I watched, till by the sun made pale, it sank
 Under the billows of the heaving sea ;
 But from its beams deep love my spirit drank,
 And to my brain the boundless world now shrank
 Into one thought — one image — yea, for ever !
 Even like the day's spring, poured on vapors dank,
 The beams of that one Star did shoot and quiver
 Through my benighted mind — and were extinguished never.

XLII.

The day past thus : at night, methought in dream
 A shape of speechless beauty did appear ;
 It stood like light on a careering stream
 Of golden clouds which shook the atmosphere ;
 A winged youth, his radiant brow did wear
 The Morning Star : a wild dissolving bliss
 Over my frame he breathed, approaching near,
 And bent his eyes of kindling tenderness
 Near mine, and on my lips impressed a lingering kiss

XLIII.

And said : A Spirit loves thee, mortal maiden,
 How wilt thou prove thy worth ? Then joy and sleep
 Together fled ; my soul was deeply laden,
 And to the shore I went to muse and weep ;
 But as I moved, over my heart did creep
 A joy less soft, but more profound and strong
 Than my sweet dream ; and it forbade to keep
 The path of the sea-shore : that Spirit's tongue
 Seemed whispering in my heart, and bore my steps along.

XLIV.

How, to that vast and peopled city led,
 Which was a field of holy warfare then,
 I walked among the dying and the dead,
 And shared in fearless deeds with evil men.

Calm as an angel in the dragon's den—
 How I braved death for liberty and truth,
 And spurned at peace, and power, and fame ; and when
 Those hopes had lost the glory of their youth,
 How sadly I returned — might move the hearer's ruth :

XLV.

Warm tears throng fast ! the tale may not be said—
 Know then, that when this grief had been subdued,
 I was not left, like others, cold and dead ;
 The Spirit whom I loved in solitude
 Sustained his child : the tempest-shaken wood,
 The waves, the fountains, and the hush of night—
 These were his voice, and well I understood
 His smile divine, when the calm sea was bright
 With silent stars, and Heaven was breathless with delight.

XLVI.

In lonely glens amid the roar of rivers,
 When the dim nights were moonless, have I known
 Joys which no tongue can tell ; my pale lip quivers
 When thought revisits them : — know thou alone,
 That after many wondrous years were flown,
 I was awakened by a shriek of wo ;
 And over me a mystic robe was thrown,
 By viewless hands, and a bright Star did glow
 Before my steps — the Snake then met his mortal foe.

XLVII.

Thou fearest not then the Serpent on thy heart !
 Fear it ! she said, with brief and passionate cry,
 And spake no more : that silence made me start—
 I looked, and we were sailing pleasantly,
 Swift as a cloud between the sea and sky,
 Beneath the rising moon seen far away ;
 Mountains of ice, like sapphire, piled on high
 Hemming the horizon round, in silence lay
 On the still waters — these we did approach alway.

XLVIII.

And swift and swifter grew the vessel's motion,
 So that a dizzy trance fell on my brain—
 Wild music woke me : we had passed the ocean
 Which girds the pole, Nature's remotest reign—
 And we glode fast o'er a pellucid plain
 Of waters, azure with the noon-tide day.
 Ethereal mountains shone around — a Fane
 Stood in the midst, girt by green isles which lay
 On the blue sunny deep, resplendent far away.

XLIX.

It was a Temple, such as mortal hand
 Has never built, nor ecstasy nor dream
 Reared in the cities of enchanted land :
 'Twas likest Heaven, ere yet day's purple stream
 Ebbs o'er the western forest, while the gleam
 Of the unrisen moon among the clouds
 Is gathering — when with many a golden beam
 The thronging constellations rush in crowds,
 Paving with fire the sky and the marmoreal floods.

L.

Like what may be conceived of this vast dome,
 When from the depths which thought can seldom pierce
 Genius beholds it rise, his native home,
 Girt by the deserts of the Universe,
 Yet, nor in painting's light, or mightier verse,
 Or sculpture's marble language, can invest
 That shape to mortal sense — such glooms immerse
 That incommunicable sight, and rest
 Upon the laboring brain and overburthened breast.

LI.

Winding among the lawny islands fair,
 Whose bloomy forests starred the shadowy deep,
 The wingless boat paused where an ivory stair
 Its fretwork in the crystal sea did steep,
 Encircling that vast Fane's aerial heap :
 We disembarked, and through a portal wide
 We passed — whose roof of moonstone carved, did keep
 A glimmering o'er the forms on every side,
 Sculptures like life and thought ; immovable, deep-eyed.

LII.

We came to a vast hall, whose glorious roof
 Was diamond, which had drunk the lightning's sheen
 In darkness, and now poured it through the woof
 Of spell-inwoven clouds hung there to screen
 Its blinding splendor — through such veil was seen
 That work of subtlest power, divine and rare ;
 Orb above orb, with starry shapes between,
 And horned moons, and meteors strange and fair,
 On night-black columns poised — one hollow hemisphere !

LIII.

Ten thousand columns in that quivering light
 Distinct — between whose shafts wound far away
 The long and labyrinthine aisles — more bright
 With their own radiance than the Heaven of Day :

And on the jasper walls around there lay
 Paintings, the poesy of mightiest thought,
 Which did the Spirit's history display ;
 A tale of passionate change, divinely taught,
 Which, in their winged dance, unconscious Genii wrought.

L I V.

Beneath, there sate on many a sapphire throne,
 The Great, who had departed from mankind,
 A mighty Senate ; some, whose white hair shone
 Like mountain snow, mild, beautiful, and blind.
 Some, female forms, whose gestures beamed with mind ;
 And ardent youths, and children bright and fair ;
 And some had lyres whose strings were intertwined
 With pale and clinging flames, which ever there
 Waked faint yet thrilling sounds that pierced the crystal air.

L V.

One seat was vacant in the midst, a throne
 Reared on a pyramid like sculptured flame,
 Distinct with circling steps which rested on
 Their own deep fire — soon as the Woman came
 Into that hall, she shrieked the Spirit's name
 And fell ; and vanished slowly from the sight.
 Darkness arose from her dissolving frame,
 Which gathering, filled that dome of woven light,
 Blotting its sphered stars with supernatural night.

L V I.

Then first, two glittering lights were seen to glide
 In circles on the amethystine floor,
 Small serpent eyes trailing from side to side,
 Like meteor's on a river's grassy shore,
 They round each other rolled, dilating more
 And more — then rose, commingling into one,
 One clear and mighty planet hanging o'er
 A cloud of deepest shadow, which was thrown
 Athwart the glowing steps and the crystalline throne.

L V I I.

The cloud which rested on that cone of flame
 Was cloven ; beneath the planet sate a Form
 Fairer than tongue can speak or thought may frame,
 The radiance of whose limbs rose-like and warm
 Flowed forth, and did with softest light inform
 The shadowy dome, the sculptures and the state
 Of those assembled shapes — with clinging charm
 Sinking upon their hearts and mine — He sate
 Majestic, yet most mild — calm, yet compassionate.

LVIII.

Wonder and joy a passing faintness threw
 Over my brow — a hand supported me
 Whose touch was magic strength : an eye of blue
 Looked into mine, like moonlight, soothingly ;
 And a voice said — “ Thou must a listener be
 This day : two mighty Spirits now return,
 Like birds of calm, from the world’s raging sea,
 They pour fresh light from Hope’s immortal urn ;
 A tale of human power — despair not — list and learn !”

LIX

I looked, and lo ! one stood forth eloquently :
 His eyes were dark and deep, and the clear brow
 Which shadowed them was like the morning sky,
 The cloudless heaven of spring, when in their flow
 Through the bright air, the soft winds as they blow
 Wake the green world — his gestures did obey
 The oracular mind that made his features glow,
 And where his curved lips half open lay,
 Passion’s divinest stream had made impetuous way.

LX.

Beneath the darkness of his outspread hair
 He stood thus beautiful ; but there was one
 Who sate beside him like his shadow there,
 And held his hand — far lovelier — she was known
 To be thus fair, by the few lines alone
 Which through her floating locks and gathered cloke,
 Glances of soul-dissolving glory, shone :
 None else beheld her eyes — in him they woke
 Memories which found a tongue, as thus he silence broke.

CANTO II.

I.

THE starlight smile of children, the sweet looks
 Of women, the fair breast from which I fed,
 The murmur of the unreposing brooks,
 And the green light which, shifting overhead,
 Some tangled bower of vines around me shed,
 The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,
 The lamplight through the rafters cheerly spread,
 And on the twining flax — in life’s young hours
 These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit’s folded powers.

II.

In Argolis, beside the echoing sea,
 Such impulses within my mortal frame
 Arose, and they were dear to memory,
 Like tokens of the dead : but others came
 Soon, in another shape : the wondrous fame
 Of the past world, the vital words and deeds
 Of minds whom neither time nor change can tame,
 Traditions dark and old, whence evil creeds
 Start forth, and whose dim shade a stream of poison feeds.

III.

I heard, as all have heard, the various story
 Of human life, and wept unwilling tears.
 Feeble historians of its shame and glory,
 False disputants on all its hopes and fears,
 Victims who worshiped ruin — chroniclers
 Of daily scorn, and slaves who loathed their state,
 Yet flattering power had given its ministers
 A throne of judgement in the grave : 'twas fate,
 That among such as these my youth should seek its mate.

IV.

The land in which I lived, by a fell bane
 Was withered up. Tyrants dwelt side by side,
 And stabled in our homes — until the chain
 Stifled the captive's cry, and to abide
 That blasting curse men had no shame — all vied
 In evil, slave and despot ; fear with lust,
 Strange fellowship through mutual hate had tied,
 Like two dark serpents tangled in the dust,
 Which on the paths of men their mingling poison thrust.

V.

Earth, our bright home, its mountains and its waters,
 And the ethereal shapes which are suspended
 Over its green expanse, and those fair daughters,
 The clouds, of Sun and Ocean, who have blended
 The colors of the air since first extended
 It cradled the young world, none wandered forth
 To see or feel : a darkness had descended
 On every heart : the light which shows its worth
 Must among gentle thoughts and fearless take its birth.

VI.

This vital world, this home of happy spirits,
 Was as a dungeon to my blasted kind,
 All that despair from murdered hope inherits
 They sought, and in their helpless misery blind,

A deeper prison and heavier chains did find,
 And stronger tyrants : a dark gulf before,
 The realm of a stern Ruler, yawned ; behind,
 Terror and Time conflicting drove, and bore
 On their tempestuous flood the shrieking wretch from shore.

VII.

Out of that Ocean's wrecks had Guilt and Wo
 Framed a dark dwelling for their homeless thought,
 And, starting at the ghosts which to and fro
 Glide o'er its dim and gloomy strand, had brought
 The worship thence which they each other taught.
 Well might men loathe their life, well might they turn
 Even to the ills again from which they sought
 Such refuge after death ! — well might they learn
 To gaze on this fair world with hopeless unconcern !

VIII.

For they all pined in bondage : body and soul,
 Tyrant and slave, victim and torturer, bent
 Before one Power, to which supreme control
 Over their will by their own weakness lent,
 Made all its many names omnipotent ;
 All symbols of things evil, all divine ;
 And hymns of blood or mockery, which rent
 The air from all its fanes, did intertwine
 Imposture's impious toils round each discordant shrine.

IX.

I heard, as all have heard, life's various story,
 And in no careless heart transcribed the tale ;
 But, from the sneers of men who had grown hoary
 In shame and scorn, from groans of crowds made pale
 By famine, from a mother's desolate wail
 O'er her polluted child, from innocent blood
 Poured on the earth, and brows anxious and pale
 With the heart's warfare : did I gather food
 To feed my many thoughts — a tameless multitude.

X.

I wandered through the wrecks of days departed
 Far by the desolated shore, when even
 O'er the still sea and jagged islets darted
 The light of moonrise ; in the northern heaven,
 Among the clouds near the horizon driven,
 The mountains lay beneath one planet pale ;
 Around me, broken tombs and columns riven
 Looked vast in twilight, and the sorrowing gale
 Waked in those ruins gray its everlasting wail !

X I.

I knew not who had framed these wonders then.
 Nor had I heard the story of their deeds ;
 But dwellings of a race of mightier men,
 And monuments of less ungentle creeds
 Tell their own tale to him who wisely heeds
 The language which they speak ; and now, to me
 The moonlight making pale the blooming weeds,
 The bright stars shining in the breathless sea,
 Interpreted those scrolls of mortal mystery.

X II.

Such man has been, and such may yet become !
 Ay, wiser, greater, gentler, even than they
 Who on the fragments of yon shattered dome
 Have stamped the sign of power — I felt the sway
 Of the vast stream of ages bear away
 My floating thoughts — my heart beat loud and fast —
 Even as a storm let loose beneath the ray
 Of the still moon, my spirit onward past
 Beneath truth's steady beams upon its tumult east.

X III.

It shall be thus no more ! too long, too long.
 Sons of the glorious dead ! have ye lain bound
 In darkness and in ruin. — Hope is strong,
 Justice and Truth their winged child have found —
 Awake ! arise ! until the mighty sound
 Of your career shall scatter in its gust
 The thrones of the oppressor, and the ground
 Hide the last altar's unregarded dust,
 Whose Idol has so long betrayed your impious trust.

X IV.

It must be so — I will arise and waken
 The multitude, and like a sulphurous hill,
 Which on a sudden from its snows had shaken
 The swoon of ages, it shall burst, and fill
 The world with cleansing fire ; it must, it will —
 It may not be restrained ! — and who shall stand
 Amid the rocking earthquake steadfast still,
 But Laon ? on high Freedom's desert land
 A tower whose marble walls the leagued storms withstand !

X V.

One summer night, in commune with the hope
 Thus deeply fed, amid those ruins gray
 I watched, beneath the dark sky's starry cope ;
 And ever from that hour upon me lay

The burden of this hope, and night or day,
 In vision or in dream, clove to my breast :
 Among mankind, or when gone far away
 To the lone shores and mountains, 'twas a guest,
 Which followed where I fled, and watched when I did rest.

XVI.

These hopes found words through which my spirit sought
 To weave a bondage of such sympathy
 As might create some response to the thought
 Which ruled me now — and as the vapors lie
 Bright in the outspread morning's radiancy,
 So were these thoughts invested with the light
 Of language ; and all bosoms made reply
 On which its lustre streamed, whene'er it might
 Through darkness wide and deep those tranced spirits smite

XVII.

Yes, many an eye with dizzy tears was dim,
 And oft I thought to clasp my own heart's brother,
 When I could feel the listener's senses swim,
 And hear his breath its own swift gaspings smother
 Even as my words evoked them — and another,
 And yet another, I did fondly deem,
 Felt that we all were sons of one great mother ;
 And the cold truth such sad reverse did seem,
 As to awake in grief from some delightful dream.

XVIII.

Yes, oft beside the ruined labyrinth
 Which skirts the hoary caves of the green deep,
 Did Laon and his friend on one gray plinth,
 Round whose worn base the wild waves hiss and leap,
 Resting at eve, a lofty converse keep :
 And that his friend was false may now be said
 Calmly — that he like other men could weep
 Tears which are lies, and could betray and spread
 Snares for that guileless heart which for his own had bled.

XIX.

Then, had no great aim recompensed my sorrow,
 I must have sought dark respite from its stress
 In dreamless rest, in sleep that sees no morrow —
 For to tread life's dismaying wilderness
 Without one smile to cheer, one voice to bless,
 Amid the snares and scoffs of human kind,
 Is hard — but I betrayed it not, nor less
 With love that scorned return, sought to unbind
 The interwoven clouds which make its wisdom blind.

XX.

With deathless minds, which leave where they have past
 A path of light, my soul communion knew ;
 Till from that glorious intercourse, at last,
 As from a mine of magic store, I drew
 Words which were weapons ; round my heart there grew
 The adamantine armor of their power,
 And from my fancy wings of golden hue
 Sprang forth — yet not alone from wisdom's tower,
 A minister of truth, these plumes young Laon bore.

XXI.

An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
 Were lode-stars of delight, which drew me home
 When I might wander forth ; nor did I prize
 Aught human thing beneath Heaven's mighty dome
 Beyond this child : so when sad hours were come,
 And baffled hope like ice still clung to me,
 Since kin were cold, and friends were now become
 Heartless and false, I turned from all, to be,
 Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles to thee.

XXII.

What wert thou then ? A child most infantine,
 Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
 In all but its sweet looks and mien divine ;
 Even then, methought, with the world's tyrant rage
 A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,
 When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious thought,
 Some tale, or thine own fancies, would engage
 To overflow with tears, or converse fraught
 With passion, o'er their depths its fleeting light had wrought.

XXIII.

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
 A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
 One impulse of her being — in her lightness
 Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
 Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue,
 To nourish some far desert ; she did seem
 Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
 Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
 Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream.

XXIV.

As mine own shadow was this child to me,
 A second self, far dearer and more fair ;
 Which clothed in undissolving radiancy
 All those steep paths which languor and despair

Of human things had made so dark and bare,
 But which I trod alone — nor, till bereft
 Of friends, and overcome by lonely care,
 Knew I what solace for that loss was left,
 Though by a bitter wound my trusting heart was cleft.

X X V.

Once she was dear, now she was all I had
 To love in human life — this playmate sweet,
 This child of twelve years old — so she was made
 My sole associate, and her willing feet
 Wandered with mine where earth and ocean meet,
 Beyond the ærial mountains whose vast cells
 The unreposing billows ever beat,
 Through forests wide and old, and lawny dells,
 Where boughs of incense droop over the emerald wells.

X X V I.

And warm and light I felt her clasping hand
 When twined in mine: she followed where I went,
 Through the lone paths of our immortal land.
 It had no waste, but some memorial lent
 Which strung me to my toil — some monument
 Vital with mind: then Cythna by my side,
 Until the bright and beaming day were spent,
 Would rest, with looks entreating to abide,
 Too earnest and too sweet ever to be denied.

X X V I I.

And soon I could not have refused her — thus
 For ever, day and night, we two were ne'er
 Parted, but when brief sleep divided us:
 And, when the pauses of the lulling air
 Of noon beside the sea had made a lair
 For her soothed senses, in my arms she slept,
 And I kept watch over her slumbers there,
 While, as the shifting visions over her swept,
 Amid her innocent rest by turns she smiled and wept.

X X V I I I.

And, in the murmur of her dreams, was heard
 Sometimes the name of Laon: suddenly
 She would arise, and, like the secret bird
 Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky
 With her sweet accents — a wild melody!
 Hymns which my soul had woven to Freedom, strong
 The source of passion, whence they rose to be
 Triumphant strains, which, like a spirit's tongue,
 To the enchanted waves that child of glory sung.

X X I X .

Her white arms lifted through the shadowy stream
 Of her loose hair — oh, excellently great
 Seemed to me then my purpose, the vast theme
 Of those impassioned songs, when Cythna sate
 Amid the calm which rapture doth create
 After its tumult, her heart vibrating,
 Her spirit o'er the ocean's floating state
 From her deep eyes far wandering, on the wing
 Of visions that were mine, beyond its utmost spring.

X X X .

For, before Cythna loved it, had my song
 Peopled with thoughts the boundless universe,
 A mighty congregation, which were strong
 Where'er they trod the darkness to disperse
 The cloud of that unutterable curse
 Which clings upon mankind: all things became
 Slaves to my holy and heroic verse,
 Earth, sea, and sky, the planets, life, and fame,
 And fate, or whate'er else binds the world's wondrous frame.

X X X I .

And this beloved child thus felt the sway
 Of my conceptions, gathering like a cloud
 The very wind on which it rolls away:
 Hers too were all my thoughts, ere yet, endowed
 With music and with light, their fountains flowed
 In poesy; and her still and earnest face,
 Pallid with feelings which intensely glowed
 Within, was turned on mine with speechless grace,
 Watching the hopes which there her heart had learned to trace

X X X I I .

In me, communion with this purest being
 Kindled intenser zeal, and made me wise
 In knowledge, which in hers mine own mind seeing,
 Left in the human world few mysteries:
 How without fear of evil or disguise
 Was Cythna! — what a spirit strong and mild,
 Which death, or pain, or peril, could despise,
 Yet melt in tenderness! what genius wild,
 Yet mighty, was inclosed within one simple child!

X X X I I I .

New lore was this — old age with its gray hair,
 And wrinkled legends of unworthy things,
 And icy sneers, is naught: it can not dare
 To burst the chains which life for ever flings

On the entangled soul's aspiring wings,
 So is it cold and cruel, and is made
 The careless slave of that dark power which brings
 Evil, like blight on man, who, still betrayed,
 Laughs o'er the grave in which his living hopes are laid.

XXXIV.

Nor are the strong and the severe to keep
 The empire of the world: thus Cythna taught
 Even in the visions of her eloquent sleep,
 Unconscious of the power through which she wrought
 The woof of such intelligible thought,
 As from the tranquil strength which cradled lay
 In her smile-peopled rest, my spirit sought
 Why the deceiver and the slave has sway
 O'er heralds so divine of truth's arising day.

XXXV.

Within that fairest form, the female mind
 Untainted by the poison clouds which rest
 On the dark world, a sacred home did find:
 But else, from the wide earth's maternal breast,
 Victorious Evil, which had dispossessed
 All native power, had those fair children torn,
 And made them slaves to soothe his vile unrest,
 And minister to lust its joys forlorn,
 Till they had learned to breathe the atmosphere of scorn.

XXXVI.

This misery was but coldly felt, till she
 Became my only friend, who had induced
 My purpose with a wider sympathy;
 Thus, Cythna mourned with me the servitude
 In which the half of humankind were mewed,
 Victims of lust and hate, the slaves of slaves:
 She mourned that grace and power were thrown as food
 To the hyena Lust, who, among graves,
 Over his loathed meal, laughing in agony, raves.

XXXVII.

And I, still gazing on that glorious child,
 Even as these thoughts flushed o'er her: "Cythna sweet,
 Well with the world art thou unreconciled;
 Never will peace and human nature meet
 Till free and equal man and woman greet
 Domestic peace; and ere this power can make
 In human hearts its calm and holy seat,
 This slavery must be broken" — as I spake,
 From Cythna's eyes a light of exultation brake.

XXXVIII.

She replied earnestly : " It shall be mine,
 This task, mine, Laon ! — thou hast much to gain ;
 Nor wilt thou at poor Cythna's pride repine,
 If she should lead a happy female train
 To meet thee over the rejoicing plain,
 When myriads at thy call shall throng around
 The Golden City." — Then the child did strain
 My arm upon her tremulous heart, and wound
 Her own about my neck, till some reply she found.

XXXIX.

I smiled, and spake not. — " Wherefore dost thou smile
 At what I say ? Laon, I am not weak,
 And, though my cheek might become pale the while,
 With thee, if thou desirest, will I seek
 Through their array of banded slaves to wreak
 Ruin upon the tyrants. I had thought
 It was more hard to turn my unpractised cheek
 To scorn and shame, and this beloved spot
 And thee, O dearest friend, to leave and murmur not.

XL.

" Whence came I what I am ? Thou, Laon, knowest
 How a young child should thus undaunted be ;
 Methinks it is a power which thou bestowest,
 Through which I seek, by most resembling thee,
 So to become most good, and great, and free ;
 Yet far beyond this ocean's utmost roar
 In towers and huts are many like to me,
 Who, could they see thine eyes, or feel such lore
 As I have learned from them, like me would fear no more.

XLI.

" Thinkest thou that I shall speak unskillfully,
 And none will heed me ? I remember now,
 How once, a slave in tortures doomed to die,
 Was saved, because in accents sweet and low
 He sang a song his judge loved long ago,
 As he was led to death. — All shall relent
 Who hear me — tears as mine have flow'd, shall flow,
 Hearts beat as mine now beats, with such intent
 As renovates the world : a will omnipotent !

XLII.

" Yes, I will tread Pride's golden palaces ;
 Through Penury's roofless huts and squalid cells
 Will I descend, where'er in abjectness
 Woman with some vile slave, her tyrant, dwells,

There with the music of thine own sweet spells
 Will disenchant the captives, and will pour
 For the despairing, from the crystal wells
 Of thy deep spirit, reason's mighty lore,
 And power shall then abound, and hope arise once more.

X L I I I.

“ Can man be free if woman be a slave ?
 Chain one who lives and breathes this boundless air
 To the corruption of a closed grave !
 Can they whose mates are beasts, condemned to bear
 Scorn, heavier far than toil or anguish, dare
 To trample their oppressors ? In their home
 Among their babes, thou knowest a curse would wear
 The shape of woman — hoary crime would come
 Behind, and fraud rebuild religion's tottering dome.

X L I V.

“ I am a child : I would not yet depart.
 When I go forth alone, bearing the lamp
 Aloft which thou hast kindled in my heart,
 Millions of slaves from many a dungeon damp
 Shall leap in joy, as the benumbing cramp
 Of ages leaves their limbs — no ill may harm
 Thy Cythna ever — truth its radiant stamp
 Has fixed, as an invulnerable charm
 Upon her children's brow, dark falsehood to disarm.

X L V.

“ Wait yet awhile for the appointed day —
 Thou wilt depart, and I with tears shall stand
 Watching thy dim sail skirt the ocean gray ;
 Amid the dwellers of this lonely land
 shall remain alone — and thy command
 Shall then dissolve the world's unquiet trance,
 And, multitudinous as the desert sand
 Borne on the storm, its millions shall advance,
 Thronging round thee, the light of their deliverance.

X L V I.

“ Then, like the forests of some pathless mountain,
 Which from remotest glens two warring winds
 Involve in fire, which not the loosened fountain
 Of broadest floods might quench, shall all the kinds
 Of evil catch from our uniting minds
 The spark which must consume them ; Cythna then
 Will have cast off the impotence that binds
 Her childhood now, and through the paths of men
 Will pass, as the charmed bird that haunts the serpent's den.

XLVII.

“ We part ! — O Laon, I must dare, nor tremble,
 To meet those looks no more ! — Oh, heavy stroke !
 Sweet brother of my soul ; can I dissemble
 The agony of this thought ? ” — As thus she spoke,
 The gathered sobs her quivering accents broke,
 And in my arms she hid her beating breast.
 I remained still for tears — sudden she woke
 As one awakes from sleep, and wildly prest
 My bosom, her whole frame impetuously possest.

XLVIII.

“ We part to meet again — but yon blue waste,
 Yon desert wide and deep, holds no recess
 Within whose happy silence, thus embraced
 We might survive all ills in one caress :
 Nor doth the grave — I fear 'tis passionless —
 Nor yon cold vacant heaven : we meet again
 Within the minds of men, whose lips shall bless
 Our memory, and whose hopes its light retain
 When these dissevered bones are trodden in the plain.”

XLIX.

I could not speak, though she had ceased, for now
 The fountains of her feeling, swift and deep,
 Seemed to suspend the tumult of their flow ;
 So we arose, and by the starlight steep
 Went homeward — neither did we speak nor weep,
 But pale, were calm. With passion thus subdued
 Like evening shades that o'er the mountains creep,
 We moved toward our home ; where, in this mood,
 Each from the other sought refuge in solitude.

CANTO III.

I.

WHAT thoughts had sway o'er Cythna's lonely slumber
 That night, I know not ; but my own did seem
 As if they might ten thousand years outnumber
 Of waking life, the visions of a dream,
 Which hid in one dim gulf the troubled stream
 Of mind ; a boundless chaos wild and vast,
 Whose limits yet were never memory's theme :
 And I lay struggling as its whirlwinds past,
 Sometimes for rapture sick, sometimes for pain aghast.

II.

Two hours, whose mighty circle did embrace
 More time than might make gray the infant world,
 Rolled thus, a weary and tumultuous space :
 When the third came, like mist on breezes curled,
 From my dim sleep a shadow was unfurled :
 Methought, upon the threshold of a cave
 I sate with Cythna ; drooping briony, pearly
 With dew from the wild streamlet's shattered wave,
 Hung, where we sate, to taste the joys which Nature gave.

III.

We lived a day as we were wont to live,
 But Nature had a robe of glory on,
 And the bright air o'er every shape did weave
 Intenser hues, so that the herbless stone,
 The leafless bough among the leaves alone,
 Had being clearer than its own could be,
 And Cythna's pure and radiant self was shown
 In this strange vision, so divine to me,
 That if I loved before, now love was agony.

IV.

Morn fled, noon came, evening, then night descended,
 And we prolonged calm talk beneath the sphere
 Of the calm moon — when, suddenly was blended
 With our repose a nameless sense of fear ;
 And from the cave behind I seemed to hear
 Sounds gathering upward ! — accents incomplete,
 And stifled shrieks — and now, more near and near,
 A tumult and a rush of thronging feet
 The cavern's secret depths beneath the earth did beat.

V.

The scene was changed, and away, away, away !
 Through the air and over the sea we sped,
 And Cythna in my sheltering bosom lay,
 And the winds bore me ; through the darkness spread
 Around, the gaping earth then vomited
 Legions of foul and ghastly shapes, which hung
 Upon my flight ; and ever as we fled,
 They plucked at Cythna — soon to me then clung
 A sense of actual things those monstrous dreams among.

VI.

And I lay struggling in the impotence
 Of sleep, while outward life had burst its bound,
 Though, still deluded, strove the tortured sense
 To its dire wanderings to adapt the sound

Which in the light of morn was poured around
 Our dwelling — breathless, pale, and unaware
 I rose, and all the cottage crowded found
 With armed men, whose glittering swords were bare,
 And whose degraded limbs the tyrant's garb did wear.

VII.

And ere with rapid lips and gathered brow
 I could demand the cause — a feeble shriek —
 It was a feeble shriek, faint, far, and low,
 Arrested me — my mien grew calm and meek,
 And, grasping a small knife, I went to seek
 That voice among the crowd : 'twas Cythna's cry !
 Beneath most calm resolve did agony wreak
 Its whirlwind rage : so I passed quietly
 Till I beheld, where bound, that dearest child did lie.

VIII.

I started to behold her, for delight
 And exultation, and a joyance free,
 Solemn, serene, and lofty, filled the light
 Of the calm smile with which she looked on me :
 So that I feared some brainless ecstasy,
 Wrought from that bitter wo, had wildered her —
 "Farewell ! farewell !" she said, as I drew nigh.
 "At first my peace was marred by this strange stir,
 Now I am calm as truth — its chosen minister.

IX.

"Look not so, Laon — say farewell in hope :
 These bloody men are but the slaves who bear
 Their mistress to her task — it was my scope
 The slavery where they drag me now, to share,
 And among captives willing chains to wear
 Awhile — the rest thou knowest — return, dear friend !
 Let our first triumph trample the despair
 Which would ensnare us now : for in the end,
 In victory or in death our hopes and fears must blend."

X.

These words had fallen on my unheeding ear,
 While I had watched the motions of the crew
 With seeming careless glance ; not many were
 Around her, for their comrades just withdrew
 To guard some other victim — so I drew
 My knife, and with one impulse, suddenly
 All unaware three of their number slew,
 And grasped a fourth by the throat, and with loud cry,
 My countrymen invoked to death, or liberty !

X I.

What followed then, I know not — for a stroke
 On my raised arm and naked head came down,
 Filling my eyes with blood : when I awoke,
 I felt that they had bound me in my swoon,
 And up a rock which overhangs the town,
 By the steep path were bearing me : below
 The plain was filled with slaughter — overthrown
 The vineyards and the harvests, and the glow
 Of blazing roofs shone far o'er the white ocean's flow.

X II.

Upon that rock a mighty column stood,
 Whose capital seemed sculptured in the sky,
 Which to the wanderers o'er the solitude
 Of distant seas, from ages long gone by,
 Had been a landmark ; o'er its height to fly
 Scarcely the cloud, the vulture, or the blast,
 Has power ; and when the shades of evening lie
 On earth and ocean, its carved summits cast
 The sunken daylight far through the aerial waste.

X III.

They bore me to a cavern in the hill
 Beneath that column, and unbound me there :
 And one did strip me stark ; and one did fill
 A vessel from the putrid pool ; one bare
 A lighted torch, and four with friendless care
 Guided my steps the cavern-paths along,
 Then up a steep and dark and narrow stair
 We wound, until the torches' fiery tongue
 Amid the gushing day beamless and pallid hung.

X IV.

They raised me to the platform of the pile,
 That column's dizzy height : the gate of brass
 Through which they thrust me, open stood the while,
 As to its ponderous and suspended mass,
 With chains which eat into the flesh, alas !
 With brazen links, my naked limbs they bound :
 The grate, as they departed to repass,
 With horrid clangor fell, and the far sound
 Of their retiring steps in the dense gloom was drowned.

X V.

The noon was calm and bright : around that column
 The overhanging sky and circling sea
 Spread forth in silentness profound and solemn
 The darkness of brief phrensy cast on me,

So that I knew not my own misery :
 The islands and the mountains in the day
 Like clouds reposed afar ; and I could see
 The town among the woods below that lay,
 And the dark rocks which bound the bright and glassy bay.

XVI.

It was so calm, that scarce the feathery weed
 Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone
 Swayed in the air : so bright, that noon did breed
 No shadow in the sky beside mine own —
 Mine, and the shadow of my chain alone.
 Below the smoke of roofs involved in flame
 Rested like night, all else was clearly shown
 In the broad glare, yet sound to me none came,
 But of the living blood that ran within my frame.

XVII.

The peace of madness fled, and ah, too soon !
 A ship was lying on the sunny main ;
 Its sails were flagging in the breathless noon —
 Its shadow lay beyond — that sight again
 Waked, with its presence, in my tranced brain
 The stings of a known sorrow, keen and cold :
 I knew that ship bore Cythna o'er the plain
 Of waters, to her blighting slavery sold,
 And watched it with such thoughts as must remain untold.

XVIII.

I watched, until the shades of evening wrapt
 Earth like an exhalation — then the bark
 Moved, for that calm was by the sunset snapt.
 It moved a speck upon the ocean dark :
 Soon the wan stars came forth, and I could mark
 Its path no more ! — I sought to close mine eyes,
 But, like the balls, their lids were stiff and stark ;
 I would have risen, but, ere that I could rise,
 My parched skin was split with piercing agonies.

XIX.

I gnawed my brazen chain, and sought to sever
 Its adamantine links, that I might die :
 O Liberty ! forgive the base endeavor,
 Forgive me, if, reserved for victory,
 The champion of thy faith e'er sought to fly. —
 That starry night, with its clear silence, sent
 Tameless resolve which laughed at misery
 Into my soul — linked remembrance lent
 To that such power, to me such a severe content.

XX.

To breathe, to be, to hope, or to despair
 And die, I questioned not ; nor, though the sun
 Its shafts of agony kindling through the air
 Moved over me, nor though in evening dun,
 Or when the stars their visible courses run,
 Or morning, the wide universe was spread
 In dreary calmness round me, did I shun
 Its presence, nor seek refuge with the dead
 From one faint hope whose flower a dropping poison shed.

XXI.

Two days thus passed — I neither raved nor died —
 Thirst raged within me, like a scorpion's nest
 Built in mine entrails : I had spurned aside
 The water-vessel, while despair possest
 My thoughts, and now no drop remained ! The uprest
 Of the third sun brought hunger — but the crust
 Which had been left, was to my craving breast
 Fuel, not food. I chewed the bitter dust,
 And bit my bloodless arm, and licked the brazen rust.

XXII.

My brain began to fail when the fourth morn
 Burst o'er the golden isles — a fearful sleep,
 Which through the caverns dreary and forlorn
 Of the riven soul, sent its foul dreams to sweep
 With whirlwind swiftmess — a fall far and deep —
 A gulf, a void, a sense of senselessness —
 These things dwelt in me, even as shadows keep
 Their watch in some dim charnel's loneliness,
 A shoreless sea, a sky sunless and planetless !

XXIII.

The forms which peopled this terrific trance
 I well remember — like a quire of devils,
 Around me they involved a giddy dance ;
 Legions seemed gathering from the misty levels
 Of ocean, to supply those ceaseless revels,
 Foul, ceaseless shadows : thought could not divide
 The actual world from these entangling evils,
 Which so bemocked themselves, that I descried
 All shapes like mine own self, hideously multiplied.

XXIV.

The sense of day and night, of false and true,
 Was dead within me. Yet two visions burst
 That darkness — one, as since that hour I knew,
 Was not a phantom of the realms accurst,

Where then my spirit dwelt — but of the first
 I know not yet, was it a dream or no.
 But both, though not distincter, were immersed
 In hues which, when through memory's waste they flow,
 Make their divided streams more bright and rapid now.

XXV.

Methought that gate was lifted, and the seven
 Who brought me thither, four stiff corpses bare,
 And from the frieze to the four winds of heaven
 Hung them on high by the entangled hair :
 Swarthy were three — the fourth was very fair :
 As they retired, the golden moon upsprung,
 And eagerly, out in the giddy air,
 Leaning that I might eat, I stretched and clung
 Over the shapeless depth in which those corpses hung.

XXVI.

A woman's shape, now lank and cold and blue,
 The dwelling of the many-colored worm,
 Hung there, the white and hollow cheek I drew
 To my dry lips — what radiance did inform
 Those horny eyes ? whose was that withered form ?
 Alas, alas ! it seemed that Cythna's ghost
 Laughed in those looks, and that the flesh was warm
 Within my teeth ! — a whirlwind keen as frost
 Then in its sinking gulfs my sickening spirit tost.

XXVII.

Then seemed it that a tameless hurricane
 Arose, and bore me in its dark career
 Beyond the sun, beyond the stars that wane
 On the verge of formless space — it languished there,
 And, dying, left a silence lone and drear,
 More horrible than famine : in the deep
 The shape of an old man did then appear,
 Stately and beautiful ; that dreadful sleep
 His heavenly smiles dispersed, and I could wake and weep.

XXVIII.

And, when the blinding tears had fallen, I saw
 That column, and those corpses, and the moon,
 And felt the poisonous tooth of hunger gnaw
 My vitals : I rejoiced, as if the boon
 Of senseless death would be accorded soon :
 When from that stony gloom a voice arose,
 Solemn and sweet as when low winds attune
 The midnight pines : the grate did then unclose,
 And on that reverend form the moonlight did repose.

XXIX.

He struck my chains, and gently spake and smiled :
 As they were loosened by that Hermit old,
 Mine eyes were of their madness half beguiled,
 To answer those kind looks. He did enfold
 His giant arms around me, to uphold
 My wretched frame, my scorched limbs he wound
 In linen moist and balmy, and as cold
 As dew to drooping leaves: the chain, with sound
 Like earthquake, through the chasm of that steep stair did bound

XXX.

As, lifting me, it fell ! What next I heard,
 Were billows leaping on the harbor bar,
 And the shrill sea-wind, whose breath idly stirred
 My hair ; I looked abroad, and saw a star
 Shining beside a sail, and distant far
 That mountain and its column, the known mark
 Of those who in the wide deep wandering are,
 So that I feared some Spirit, fell, and dark,
 In trance had laid me thus within a fiendish bark.

XXXI.

For now, indeed, over the salt sea billow
 I sailed : yet dared not look upon the shape
 Of him who ruled the helm, although the pillow
 For my light head was hollowed in his lap,
 And my bare limbs his mantle did enwrap,
 Fearing it was a fiend : at last, he bent
 O'er me his aged face ; as if to snap
 Those dreadful thoughts the gentle grandsire bent,
 And to my inmost soul his soothing looks he sent.

XXXII.

A soft and healing potion to my lips
 At intervals he raised — now looked on high,
 To mark if yet the starry giant dips
 His zone in the dim sea — now cheeringly,
 Though he said little, did he speak to me.
 " It is a friend beside thee — take good cheer,
 Poor victim, thou art now at liberty !"
 I joyed as those a human tone to hear,
 Who in cells deep and lone have languished many a year.

XXXIII.

A dim and feeble joy, whose glimpses oft
 Were quenched in a relapse of wildering dreams,
 Yet still methought we sailed, until aloft
 The stars of night grew pallid, and the beams

Of morn descended on the ocean-streams,
 And still that aged man, so grand and mild,
 Tended me, even as some sick mother seems
 To hang in hope over a dying child—
 Till in the azure East darkness again was piled.

XXXIV.

And then the night-wind steaming from the shore,
 Sent odors dying sweet across the sea,
 And the swift boat the little waves which bore,
 Were cut by its keen keel, though slantingly ;
 Soon I could hear the leaves sigh, and could see
 The myrtle-blossoms starring the dim grove,
 As past the pebbly beach the boat did flee
 On sidelong wing into a silent cove,
 Where ebon pines a shade under the starlight wove.

CANTO IV.

I.

THE old man took the oars, and soon the bark
 Smote on the beach beside a tower of stone ;
 It was a crumbling heap, whose portal dark
 With blooming ivy trails was overgrown ;
 Upon whose floor the spangling sands were strown,
 And rarest sea-shells, which the eternal flood,
 Slave to the mother of the months, had thrown
 Within the walls of that gray tower, which stood
 A changeling of man's art, nursed amid Nature's brood.

II.

When the old man his boat had anchored,
 He wound me in his arms with tender care,
 And very few, but kindly words he said,
 And bore me through the tower adown a stair,
 Whose smooth descent some ceaseless step to wear
 For many a year had fallen. We came at last
 To a small chamber, which with mosses rare
 Was tapestried, where me his soft hands placed
 Upon a couch of grass and oak-leaves interlaced.

III.

The moon was darting through the lattices
 Its yellow light, warm as the beams of day—
 So warm, that to admit the dewy breeze,
 The old man opened them ; the moonlight lay

Upon a lake whose waters wove their play
 Even to the threshold of that lonely home:
 Within was seen in the dim wavering ray,
 The antique sculptured roof, and many a tome
 Whose lore had made that sage all that he had become.

IV.

The rock-built barrier of the sea was past,
 And I was on the margin of a lake,
 A lonely lake, amid the forests vast
 And snowy mountains: did my spirit wake
 From sleep, as many-colored as the snake
 That girds eternity? in life and truth,
 Might not my heart its cravings ever slake?
 Was Cythna then a dream, and all my youth,
 And all its hopes and fears and all its joy and ruth?

V.

Thus madness came again — a milder madness,
 Which darkened naught but time's unquiet flow
 With supernatural shades of clinging sadness;
 That gentle Hermit, in my helpless woe,
 By my sick couch was busy to and fro,
 Like a strong spirit ministrant of good:
 When I was healed, he led me forth to show
 The wonders of his sylvan solitude,
 And we together sate by that isle-fretted flood.

VI.

He knew his soothing words to weave with skill
 From all my madness told; like mine own heart,
 Of Cythna would he question me, until
 That thrilling name had ceased to make me start,
 From his familiar lips — it was not art,
 Of wisdom and of justice when he spoke —
 When 'mid soft looks of pity there would dart
 A glance as keen as is the lightning's stroke
 When it doth rive the knots of some ancestral oak.

VII.

Thus slowly from my brain the darkness rolled,
 My thoughts their due array did reassume
 Through the enchantments of that Hermit old;
 Then I bethought me of the glorious doom
 Of those who sternly struggle to relume
 The lamp of Hope o'er man's bewildered lot,
 And, sitting by the waters, in the gloom
 Of eve, to that friend's heart I told my thought —
 That heart which had grown old, but had corrupted not.

VIII.

That hoary man had spent his livelong age
 In converse with the dead, who leave the stamp
 Of ever-burning thoughts on many a page,
 When they are gone into the senseless damp
 Of graves; his spirit thus became a lamp
 Of splendor, like to those on which it fed.
 Through peopled haunts, the City and the Camp,
 Deep thirst for knowledge had his footsteps led,
 And all the ways of men among mankind he read.

IX.

But custom maketh blind and obdurate
 The loftiest hearts: he had beheld the woe
 In which mankind was bound, but deemed that fate
 Which made them abject, would preserve them so;
 And in such faith, some steadfast joy to know,
 He sought this cell: but, when fame went abroad
 That one in Argolis did undergo
 Torture for liberty, and that the crowd
 High truths from gifted lips had heard and understood;

X.

And that the multitude was gathering wide,
 His spirit leaped within his aged frame;
 In lonely peace he could no more abide,
 But to the land on which the victor's flame
 Had fed, my native land, the Hermit came:
 Each heart was there a shield, and every tongue
 Was as a sword of truth — young Laon's name
 Rallied their secret hopes, though tyrants sung
 Hymns of triumphant joy our scattered tribes among.

XI.

He came to the lone column on the rock,
 And with his sweet and mighty eloquence
 The hearts of those who watched it did unlock,
 And made them melt in tears of penitence.
 They gave him entrance free to bear me thence.
 "Since this," the old man said, "seven years are spent,
 While slowly truth on thy benighted sense
 Has crept; the hope which wildered it has lent,
 Meanwhile, to me the power of a sublime intent.

XII.

"Yes, from the records of my youthful state,
 And from the lore of bards and sages old,
 From whatsoever my wakened thoughts create
 Out of the hopes of thine aspirings bold,

Have I collected language to unfold
 Truth to my countrymen ; from shore to shore
 Doctrines of human power my words have told ;
 They have been heard, and men aspire to more
 Than they have ever gained or ever lost of yore.

XIII.

“ In secret chambers parents read, and weep,
 My writings to their babes no longer blind ;
 And young men gather when their tyrants sleep,
 And vows of faith each to the other bind ;
 And marriageable maidens, who have pined
 With love, till life seemed melting through their look,
 A warmer zeal, a nobler hope, now find ;
 And every bosom thus is wrapt and shook,
 Like autumn's myriad leaves in one swoln mountain brook.

XIV.

“ The tyrants of the Golden City tremble
 At voices which are heard about the streets ;
 The ministers of fraud can scarce dissemble
 The lies of their own heart ; but when one meets
 Another at the shrine, he inly weets,
 Though he says nothing, that the truth is known ;
 Murderers are pale upon the judgement-seats,
 And gold grows vile even to the wealthy crone,
 And laughter fills the Fane, and curses shake the Throne.

XV.

“ Kind thoughts and mighty hopes and gentle deeds
 Abound, for fearless love and the pure law
 Of mild equality and peace, succeeds
 To faiths which long have held the world in awe,
 Bloody, and false, and cold : — as whirlpools draw
 All wrecks of Ocean to their chasm, the sway
 Of thy strong genius, Laon, which foresaw
 This hope, compels all spirits to obey,
 Which round thy secret strength now throng in wide array.

XVI.

“ For I have been thy passive instrument” —
 (As thus the old man spake, his countenance
 Gleamed on me like a spirit's) — “ thou hast lent
 To me, to all, the power to advance
 Toward this unforeseen deliverance
 From our ancestral chains — aye, thou didst rear
 That lamp of hope on high, which time, nor chance,
 Nor change, may not extinguish, and my share
 Of good was o'er the world its gathered beams to bear.

XVII.

“ But I, alas ! am both unknown and old,
 And, though the woof of wisdom I know well
 To dye in hues of language, I am cold
 In seeming, and the hopes which inly dwell
 My manners note that I did long repel ;
 But Laon's name to the tumultuous throng
 Were like the star whose beams the waves compel
 And tempests, and his soul-subduing tongue
 Were as a lance to quell the mailed crest of wrong.

XVIII.

“ Perchance blood need not flow, if thou at length
 Wouldst rise ; perchance the very slaves would spare
 Their brethren and themselves ; great is the strength
 Of words — for lately did a maiden fair,
 Who from her childhood has been taught to bear
 The tyrant's heaviest yoke, arise, and make
 Her sex the law of truth and freedom hear ;
 And with these quiet words — ‘ for thine own sake
 I prithee spare me, ’ — did with ruth so take

XIX.

“ All hearts, that even the torturer who had bound
 Her meek calm frame, ere it was yet impaled,
 Loosened her weeping then ; nor could be found
 One human hand to harm her — unassailed
 Therefore she walks through the great City, veiled
 In virtue's adamantine eloquence,
 'Gainst scorn and death and pain thus trebly mailed,
 And blending in the smiles of that defence
 The Serpent and the Dove, Wisdom and Innocence.

XX.

“ The wild-eyed women throng around her path :
 From their luxurious dungeons, from the dust
 Of meaner thralls, from the oppressor's wrath,
 Or the caresses of his sated lust,
 They congregate : in her they put their trust ;
 The tyrants send their armed slaves to quell
 Her power : they, even like a thunder gust
 Caught by some forest, bend beneath the spell
 Of that young maiden's speech, and to their chiefs rebel.

XXI.

“ Thus she doth equal laws and justice teach
 To woman, outraged and polluted long ;
 Gathering the sweetest fruit in human reach
 For those fair hands now free, while armed wrong

Trembles before her look, though it be strong ;
 Thousands thus dwell beside her, virgins bright,
 And matrons with their babes, a stately throng !
 Lovers renew the vows which they did plight
 In early faith, and hearts long parted now unite.

XXII.

“ And homeless orphans find a home near her,
 And those poor victims of the proud, no less,
 Fair wrecks, on whom the smiling world with stir,
 Thrusts the redemption of its wickedness :
 In squalid huts, and in its palaces
 Sits Lust alone, while o'er the land is borne
 Her voice, whose awful sweetness doth repress
 All evil, and her foes relenting turn,
 And cast the vote of love in hope's abandoned urn.

XXIII.

“ So in the populous City, a young maiden
 Has baffled Havoc of the prey which he
 Marks as his own, whene'er with chains o'erladen
 Men make them arms to hurl down tyranny,
 False arbiter between the bound and free :
 And o'er the land, in hamlets and in towns
 The multitudes collect tumultuously,
 And throng in arms ; but tyranny disowns
 Their claim, and gathers strength around its trembling thrones.

XXIV.

“ Blood soon, although unwillingly, to shed
 The free can not forbear — the Queen of Slaves,
 The hood-winked angel of the blind and dead,
 Custom, with iron mace points to the graves
 Where her own standard desolately waves
 Over the dust of Prophets and of Kings.
 Many yet stand in her array — ‘ she paves
 Her path with human hearts,’ and o'er it flings
 The wildering gloom of her immeasurable wings.

XXV.

“ There is a plain beneath the City's wall,
 Bounded by misty mountains, wide and vast ;
 Millions there lift at Freedom's thrilling call
 Ten thousand standards wide ; they load the blast
 Which bears one sound of many voices past,
 And startles on his throne their sceptred foe :
 He sits amid his idle pomp aghast,
 And that his power hath passed away doth know —
 Why pause the victor swords to seal his overthrow ?

XXVI.

“The tyrant’s guards resistance yet maintain :
 Fearless and fierce, and hard as beasts of blood ;
 They stand a speck amid the peopled plain ;
 Carnage and ruin have been made their food
 From infancy — ill has become their good,
 And for its hateful sake their will has wove
 The chains which eat their hearts — the multitude
 Surrounding them, with words of human love,
 Seek from their own decay their stubborn minds to move.

XXVII

“Over the land is felt a sudden pause,
 As night and day those ruthless bands around
 The watch of love is kept: a trance which awes
 The thoughts of men with hope as when the sound
 Of whirlwind, whose fierce blasts the waves and clouds confound,
 Dies suddenly, the mariner in fear
 Feels silence sink upon his heart — thus bound.
 The conquerors pause, and oh ! may freemen ne’er
 Clasp the relentless knees of Dread, the murderer !

XXVIII.

“If blood be shed, ’tis but a change and choice
 Of bonds, from slavery to eowardice—
 A wretched fall ! — uplift thy charmed voice,
 Pour on those evil men the love that lies
 Hovering within those spirit-soothing eyes —
 Arise, my friend, farewell !” — As thus he spake,
 From the green earth lightly I did arise,
 As one out of dim dreams that doth awake,
 And looked upon the depth of that reposing lake.

XXIX.

I saw my countenance reflected there ;
 And then my youth fell on me like a wind
 Descending on still waters — my thin hair
 Was prematurely gray, my face was lined,
 With channels, such as suffering leaves behind,
 Not age ; my brow was pale, but in my cheek
 And lips a flush of gnawing fire did find
 Their food and dwelling ; though mine eyes might speak
 A subtle mind and strong within a frame thus weak.

XXX.

And though their lustre now was spent and faded,
 Yet in my hollow looks and withered mien
 The likeness of a shape for which was braided
 The brightest woof of genius, still was seen —

One who, methought, had gone from the world's scene,
 And left it vacant — 'twas her lover's face —
 It might resemble her — it once had been
 The mirror of her thoughts, and still the grace
 Which her mind's shadow cast, left there a lingering trace.

XXXI.

What then was I? She slumbered with the dead.
 Glory and joy and peace had come and gone.
 Doth the cloud perish, when the beams are fled
 Which steeped its skirts in gold? or dark, and lone,
 Doth it not through the paths of night unknown,
 On outspread wings of its own wind upborne,
 Pour rain upon the earth? the stars are shown,
 When the cold moon sharpens her silver horn
 Under the sea, and make the wide night not forlorn.

XXXII.

Strengthened in heart, yet sad, that aged man
 I left, with interchange of looks and tears,
 And lingering speech, and to the Camp began
 My way. O'er many a mountain chain which rears
 Its hundred crests aloft, my spirit bears
 My frame; o'er many a dale and many a moor,
 And gayly now me seems serene earth wears
 The bloomy spring's star-bright investiture,
 A vision which aught sad from sadness might allure.

XXXIII.

My powers revived within me, and I went
 As one whom winds waft o'er the bending grass,
 Through many a vale of that broad continent.
 At night when I reposed, fair dreams did pass
 Before my pillow; my own Cythna was
 Not like a child of death, among them ever;
 When I arose from rest, a woeful mass
 That gentlest sleep seemed from my life to sever,
 As if the light of youth were not withdrawn for ever.

XXXIV.

Aye, as I went, that maiden, who had reared
 The torch of truth afar, of whose high deeds
 The Hermit in his pilgrimage had heard,
 Haunted my thoughts. Ah, Hope its sickness feeds
 With whatsoe'er it finds, or flowers or weeds!
 Could she be Cythna? Was that corpse a shade
 Such as self-torturing thought from madness breeds?
 Why was this hope not torture? yet it made
 A light around my steps which would not ever fade.

CANTO V.

I.

OVER the utmost hill at length I sped,
 A snowy steep: the moon was hanging low
 Over the Asian mountains, and outspread
 The plain, the city and the camp below,
 Skirted the midnight ocean's glimmering flow,
 The city's moonlit spires and myriad lamps,
 Like stars in a sublunar sky did glow,
 And fires blazed far amid the scattered camps,
 Like springs of flame, which burst where'er swift earthquake
 stamps.

II.

All slept but those in watchful arms who stood,
 And those who sate tending the beacon's light,
 And the few sounds from that vast multitude
 Made silence more profound. Oh, what a might
 Of human thought was cradled in that night!
 How many hearts impenetrably veiled
 Beat underneath its shade, what secret fight
 Evil and good, in woven passions mailed,
 Waged through that silent throng — a war that never failed!

III.

And now the Power of Good held victory,
 So, through the labyrinth of many a tent,
 Among the silent millions who did lie
 In innocent sleep, exultingly I went;
 The moon had left heaven desert now, but lent
 From eastern morn the first faint lustre showed
 An armed youth — over his spear he bent
 His downward face. — "A friend!" I cried aloud,
 And quickly common hopes made freemen understood.

IV.

I sate beside him while the morning beam
 Crept slowly over heaven, and talked with him
 Of those immortal hopes, a glorious theme!
 Which led us forth, until the stars grew dim:
 And all the while, methought, his voice did swim,
 As if it drowned in remembrance were
 Of thoughts which made the moist eyes overbrim:
 At last, when daylight 'gan to fill the air,
 He looked on me, and cried in wonder, "Thou art here!"

V.

Then, suddenly, I knew it was the youth
 In whom its earliest hopes my spirit found ;
 But envious tongues had stained his spotless truth,
 And thoughtless pride his love in silence bound,
 And shame and sorrow mine in toils had wound,
 While he was innocent, and I deluded.
 The truth now came upon me : on the ground
 Tears of repenting joy, which fast intruded,
 Fell fast, and o'er its peace our mingling spirits brooded.

VI.

Thus, while with rapid lips and earnest eyes
 We talked, a sound of sweeping conflict spread,
 As from the earth did suddenly arise ;
 From every tent, roused by that clamor dread,
 Our bands outsprung and seized their arms : we sped
 Toward the sound : our tribes were gathering far,
 Those sanguine slaves amid ten thousand dead
 Stabbed in their sleep, trampled in treacherous war,
 The gentle hearts whose power their lives had sought to spare.

VII.

Like rabid snakes, that sting some gentle child
 Who brings them food, when winter false and fair
 Allures them forth with its cold smiles, so wild
 They rage among the camp ; they overbear
 The patriot hosts — confusion, then despair.
 Descends like night — when " Laon ! " one did cry :
 Like a bright ghost from heaven that shout did scare
 The slaves, and, widening through the vaulted sky,
 Seemed sent from earth to heaven in sign of victory.

VIII.

In sudden panic those false murderers fled.
 Like insect tribes before the northern gale :
 But, swifter still, our hosts encompassed
 Their shattered ranks, and in a craggy vale,
 Where even their fierce despair might naught avail,
 Hemmed them around ! — and then revenge and fear
 Made the high virtue of the patriots fail :
 One pointed on his foe the mortal spear —
 I rushed before its point and cried, " Forbear, forbear ! "

IX.

The spear transfixed my arm that was uplifted
 In swift expostulation, and the blood
 Gushed round its point : I smiled, and — " Oh ! thou gifted .
 With eloquence which shall not be withstood,

Flow thus!" I cried in joy, "thou vital flood,
 Until my heart be dry, ere thus the cause
 For which thou wert aught worthy be subdued:
 Ah, ye are pale — ye weep — your passions pause —
 'Tis well! ye feel the truth of Love's benignant laws.

X.

"Soldiers, our brethren and our friends are slain.
 Ye murdered them, I think, as they did sleep!
 Alas! what have ye done? The slightest pain
 Which ye might suffer, there were eyes to weep;
 But ye have quenched them: there were smiles to steep
 Your hearts in balm, but they are lost in woe;
 And those whom Love did set his watch to keep
 Around your tents Truth's freedom to bestow,
 Ye stabbed as they did sleep — but they forgive ye now.

X I.

"O wherefore should ill ever flow from ill,
 And pain still keener pain for ever breed?
 We all are brethren — even the slaves who kill
 For hire, are men; and to avenge misdeed
 On the misdoer, doth but Misery feed
 With her own broken heart! O Earth, O Heaven!
 And thou, dread Nature, which to every deed
 And all that lives, or is to be, hath given,
 Even as to thee have these done ill, and are forgiven.

X II.

"Join then your hands and hearts, and let the past
 Be as a grave which gives not up its dead
 To evil thoughts." — A film then overcast
 My sense with dimness, for the wound, which bled
 Freshly, swift shadows o'er mine eyes had shed.
 When I awoke, I lay 'mid friends and foes,
 And earnest countenances on me shed
 The light of questioning looks, while one did close
 My wound with balmiest herbs, and soothed me to repose:

X III.

And one, whose spear had pierced me, leaned beside
 With quivering lips and humid eyes; and all
 Seemed like some brothers on a journey wide
 Gone forth, whom now strange meeting did befall
 In a strange land, round one whom they might call
 Their friend, their chief, their father, for assay
 Of peril, which had saved them from the thrall
 Of death, now suffering. Thus the vast array
 Of those fraternal bands were reconciled that day.

XIV.

Lifting the thunder of their acclamation
 Toward the city, then the multitude,
 And I among them, went in joy—a nation
 Made free by love—a mighty brotherhood
 Linked by a jealous interchange of good:
 A glorious pageant, more magnificent
 Than kingly slaves, arrayed in gold and blood,
 When they return from carnage, and are sent
 In triumph bright beneath the populous battlement.

XV.

Afar, the city walls were thronged on high,
 And myriads on each giddy turret clung,
 And to each spire far lessening in the sky,
 Bright pennons on the idle winds were hung;
 As we approached, a shout of joyance sprung
 At once from all the crowd, as if the vast
 And peopled earth its boundless skies among
 The sudden clamor of delight had cast,
 When from before its face some general wreck had past.

XVI.

Our armies through the city's hundred gates
 Were poured, like brooks which to the rocky lair
 Of some deep lake, whose silence them awaits,
 Throng from the mountains when the storms are there;
 And, as we passed through the calm sunny air,
 A thousand flower-inwoven crowns were shed,
 The token flowers of truth and freedom fair,
 And fairest hands bound them on many a head,
 Those angels of love's heaven, that over all was spread.

XVII.

I trod as one tranced in some rapturous vision:
 Those bloody hands so lately reconciled,
 Were, ever as they went, by the contrition
 Of anger turned to love from ill beguiled,
 And every one on them more gently smiled,
 Because they had done evil: the sweet awe
 Of such mild looks made their own hearts grow mild,
 And did with soft attraction ever draw
 Their spirits to the love of Freedom's equal law.

XVIII.

And they, and all, in one loud symphony
 My name with Liberty commingling, lifted,
 "The friend and the preserver of the free!
 The parent of this joy!"—and fair eyes, gifted

With feelings caught from one who had uplifted
 The light of a great spirit, round me shone ;
 And all the shapes of this grand scenery shifted
 Like restless clouds before the steadfast sun :
 " Where was that maid ? " I asked, but it was known of none.

X I X .

Laone was the name her love had chosen,
 For she was nameless, and her birth none knew :
 Where was Laone now ? — The words were frozen
 Within my lips with fear ; but to subdue
 Such dreadful hope, to my great task was due,
 And when at length one brought reply, that she
 To-morrow would appear, I then withdrew
 To judge what need for that great throng might be,
 For now the stars came thick over the twilight sea.

X X .

Yet need was none for rest or food to care,
 Even though that multitude was passing great,
 Since each one for the other did prepare
 All kindly succor. — Therefore to the gate
 Of the imperial house, now desolate,
 I passed, and there was found aghast, alone,
 The fallen tyrant ! — Silently he sate
 Upon the footstool of his golden throne,
 Which, starred with sunny gems, in its own lustre shone.

X X I .

Alone, but for one child, who led before him
 A graceful dance : the only living thing
 Of all the crowd, which thither to adore him
 Flocked yesterday, who solace sought to bring
 In his abandonment ! — She knew the king
 Had praised her dance of yore, and now she wove
 Its circles, aye weeping and murmuring
 'Mid her sad task of unregarded love,
 That to no smiles it might his speechless sadness move.

X X I I .

She fled to him and wildly clasped his feet
 When human steps were heard : he moved nor spoke,
 Nor changed his hue, nor raised his looks to meet
 The gaze of strangers. — Our loud entrance woke
 The echoes of the hall, which circling broke
 The calm of its recesses : like a tomb
 Its sculptured walls vacantly to the stroke
 Of footfalls answered, and the twilight's gloom
 Lay like a charnel's mist within the radiant dome.

XXIII.

The little child stood up when we came nigh ;
 Her lips and cheeks seemed very pale and wan,
 But on her forehead and within her eye
 Lay beauty, which makes hearts that feed thereon
 Sick with excess of sweetness ; on the throne
 She leaned. The king, with gathered brow and lips
 Wreathed by long scorn, did inly sneer and frown
 With hue like that when some great painter dips
 His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

XXIV.

She stood beside him like a rainbow braided
 Within some storm, when scarce its shadows vast
 From the blue paths of the swift sun have faded.
 A sweet and solemn smile, like Cythna's, cast
 One moment's light, which made my heart beat fast
 O'er that child's parted lips — a gleam of bliss,
 A shade of vanished days — as the tears past
 Which wrapped it, even as with a father's kiss
 I pressed those softest eyes in trembling tenderness.

XXV.

The sceptred wretch then from that solitude
 I drew, and of his change compassionate,
 With words of sadness soothed his rugged mood.
 But he, while pride and fear held deep debate,
 With sullen guile of ill-dissembled hate
 Glared on me as a toothless snake might glare :
 Pity, not scorn, I felt, though desolate
 The desolater now, and unaware
 The curses which he mocked had caught him by the hair.

XXVI.

I led him forth from that which now might seem
 A gorgeous grave : through portals sculptured deep
 With imagery beautiful as dream
 We went, and left the shades which tend on sleep
 Over its unregarded gold to keep
 Their silent watch. — The child trod faintly,
 And, as she went, the tears which she did weep
 Glanced in the starlight ; wildered seemed she,
 And when I spake, for sobs she could not answer me.

XXVII.

At last the tyrant cried, " She hungers, slave !
 Stab her, or give her bread ! " — It was a tone
 Such as sick fancies in a new-made grave
 Might hear. I trembled, for the truth was known :

He with this child had thus been left alone,
 And neither had gone forth for food ; but he
 In mingled pride and awe cowered near his throne,
 And she, a nursling of captivity,
 Knew naught beyond those walls, nor what such change might be.

XXVIII.

And he was troubled at a charm withdrawn
 Thus suddenly ; that sceptres ruled no more —
 That even from gold the dreadful strength was gone
 Which once made all things subject to its power :
 Such wonder seized him, as if hour by hour
 The past had come again ; and the swift fall
 Of one so great and terrible of yore
 To desolateness, in the hearts of all
 Like wonder stirred, who saw such awful change befall.

XXIX.

A mighty crowd, such as the wide land pours
 Once in a thousand years, now gathered round
 The fallen tyrant ; like the rush of showers
 Of hail in spring, pattering along the ground,
 Their many footsteps fell, else came no sound
 From the wide multitude : that lonely man
 Then knew the burden of his change, and found,
 Concealing in the dust his visage wan,
 Refuge from the keen looks which through his bosom ran.

XXX.

And he was faint withal. I sate beside him
 Upon the earth, and took that child so fair
 From his weak arms, that ill might none betide him
 Or her ; when food was brought to them, her share
 To his averted lips the child did bear ;
 But when she saw he had enough, she ate
 And wept the while ; the lonely man's despair
 Hunger then overcame, and of his state
 Forgetful, on the dust as in a trance he sate.

XXXI.

Slowly the silence of the multitudes
 Past, as when far is heard in some lone dell
 The gathering of a wind among the woods —
 " And he is fallen ! " they cry : " he who did dwell
 Like famine or the plague, or aught more fell,
 Among our homes, is fallen ! the murderer
 Who slaked his thirsting soul as from a well
 Of blood and tears with ruin ! He is here !
 Sunk in a gulf of scorn from which none may him rear ! "

XXXII.

Then was heard — “ He who judged let him be brought
 To judgement! Blood for blood cries from the soil
 On which his crimes have deep pollution wrought!
 Shall Othman only unavenged despoil?
 Shall they, who by the stress of grinding toil
 Wrest from the unwilling earth his luxuries,
 Perish for crime, while his foul blood may boil,
 Or creep within his veins at will? — Arise!
 And to high justice make her chosen sacrifice!”

XXXIII.

“ What do ye seek? what fear ye?” then I cried,
 Suddenly starting forth, “ that ye should shed
 The blood of Othman? — if your hearts are tried
 In the true love of freedom, cease to dread
 This one poor lonely man: beneath heaven shed
 In purest light above us all, through earth,
 Maternal earth, who doth her sweet smiles spread
 For all, let him go free — until the worth
 Of human nature win from these a second birth.

XXXIV.

“ What call ye *justice*? Is there one who ne'er
 In secret thought has wished another's ill? —
 Are ye all pure? Let those stand forth who hear,
 And tremble not. Shall they insult and kill,
 If such they be? their mild eyes can they fill
 With the false anger of the hypocrite?
 Alas! such were not pure: the chastened will
 Of virtue sees that justice is the light
 Of love, and not revenge, and terror, and despise.”

XXXV.

The murmur of the people, slowly dying,
 Paused as I spake; then those who near me were,
 Cast gentle looks where the lone man was lying
 Shrouding his head, which now that infant fair
 Clasped on her lap in silence; through the air
 Sobs were then heard, and many kissed my feet
 In pity's madness, and, to the despair
 Of him whom late they cursed, a solace sweet
 His very victims brought — soft looks and speeches meet.

XXXVI.

Then to a home, for his repose assigned,
 Accompanied by the still throng he went
 In silence, where, to soothe his rankling mind,
 Some likeness of his ancient state was lent;

And, if his heart could have been innocent
 As those who pardoned him, he might have ended
 His days in peace ; but his straight lips were bent,
 Men said, into a smile which guile portended,
 A sight with which that child like hope with fear was blended.

XXXVII.

'Twas midnight now, the eve of that great day,
 Whereon the many nations at whose call
 The chains of earth like mist melted away,
 Decreed to hold a sacred festival,
 A rite to attest the equality of all
 Who live. So to their homes, to dream or wake,
 All went. The sleepless silence did recall
 Laone to my thoughts, with hopes that make
 The flood recede from which their thirst they seek to slake.

XXXVIII.

The dawn flowed forth, and from its purple fountains
 I drank those hopes which make the spirit quail,
 As to the plain between the misty mountains
 And the great city, with a countenance pale
 I went : it was a sight which might avail
 To make men weep exulting tears, for whom
 Now first from human power the reverend veil
 Was torn, to see earth from her general womb
 Pour forth her swarming sons to a fraternal doom :

XXXIX.

To see, far glancing in the misty morning,
 The signs of that innumerable host,
 To hear one sound of many made, the warning
 Of earth to heaven from its free children tost,
 While the eternal hills, and the sea lost
 In wavering light, and, starring the blue sky
 The city's myriad spires of gold, almost
 With human joy made mute society
 Its witnesses with men who must hereafter be :

XL.

To see, like some vast island from the ocean,
 The altar of the federation rear
 Its pile i' the midst ; a work, which the devotion
 Of millions in one night created there,
 Sudden, as when the moonrise makes appear
 Strange clouds in the east ; a marble pyramid
 Distinct with steps : that mighty shape did wear
 The light of genius ; its still shadow hid
 Far ships : to know its height the morning mists forbid !

X L I.

To hear the restless multitudes for ever
 Around the base of that great altar flow,
 As on some mountain islet burst and shiver
 Atlantic waves ; and solemnly and slow
 As the wind bore that tumult to and fro,
 To feel the dreamlike music, which did swim
 Like beams through floating clouds on waves below,
 Falling in pauses from that altar dim
 As silver-sounding tongues breathed an ærial hymn.

X L I I.

To hear, to see, to live, was on that morn
 Lethæan joy ! so that all those assembled
 Cast off their memories of the past outworn :
 Two only bosoms with their own life trembled,
 And mine was one — and we had both dissembled ;
 So with a beating heart I went, and one
 Who having much covets yet more, resembled :
 A lost and dear possession, which not won,
 He walks in lonely gloom beneath the noonday sun.

X L I I I.

To the great pyramid I came : its stair
 With female quires was thronged : the loveliest
 Among the free, grouped with its sculptures rare.
 As I approached, the morning's golden mist,
 Which now the wonder-stricken breezes kist
 With their cold lips, fled, and the summit shone
 Like Athos seen from Samothracia. drest
 In earliest light by vintagers : and one
 Sate there, a female shape upon an ivory throne.

X L I V.

A form most like the imagined habitant
 Of silver exhalations sprung from dawn,
 By winds which feed on sunrise woven, to enchant
 The faiths of men : all mortal eyes were drawn,
 As famished mariners through strange seas gone,
 Gaze on a burning watchtower, by the light
 Of those divinest lineaments ; alone
 With thoughts which none could share, from that fair sight
 I turned in sickness, for a veil shrouded her countenance bright.

X L V.

And, neither did I hear the acclamations,
 Which from brief silence bursting, filled the air
 With her strange name and mine, from all the nations
 Which we, they said, in strength had gathered there

From the sleep of bondage ; nor the vision fair
 Of that bright pageantry beheld — but blind
 And silent, as a breathing corpse did fare,
 Leaning upon my friend, till, like a wind
 To fevered cheeks, a voice flowed o'er my troubled mind.

XLVI.

Like music of some minstrel heavenly gifted,
 To one whom fiends enthrall, this voice to me :
 Scarce did I wish her veil to be uplifted,
 I was so calm and joyous. — I could see
 The platform where we stood, the statues three
 Which kept their marble watch on that high shrine,
 The multitudes, the mountains, and the sea ;
 As when eclipse hath passed, things sudden shine
 To men's astonished eyes most clear and crystalline.

XLVII.

At first Laone spoke most tremulously :
 But soon her voice that calmness which it shed
 Gathered, and — "Thou art whom I sought to see,
 And thou art our first votary here," she said :
 "I had a dear friend once, but he is dead ! —
 And of all those on the wide earth who breathe,
 Thou dost resemble him alone — I spread
 This veil between us two, that thou beneath
 Shouldst image one who may have been long lost in death.

XLVIII.

"For this wilt thou not henceforth pardon me ?
 Yes, but those joys which silence well requite
 Forbid reply : why men have chosen me
 To be the priestess of this holiest rite
 I scarcely know, but that the floods of light
 Which flow over the world, have borne me hither
 To meet thee, long most dear ; and now unite
 Thine hand with mine, and may all comfort wither
 From both the hearts whose pulse in joy now beats together,

XLIX.

"If our own will as others' law we bind,
 If the foul worship trampled here we fear ;
 If as ourselves we cease to love our kind !" —
 She paused, and pointed upward : sculptured there
 Three shapes around her ivory throne appear ;
 One was a giant, like a child asleep
 On a loose rock, whose grasp crushed, as it were
 In dream, sceptres and crowns ; and one did keep
 Its watchful eyes in doubt whether to smile or weep :

L.

A woman sitting on the sculptured disk
 Of the broad earth, and feeding from one breast
 A human babe and a young basilisk ;
 Her looks were sweet as heaven's when loveliest
 In autumn eves. — The third image was drest
 In white wings swift as clouds in winter skies.
 Beneath his feet, 'mong ghastliest forms, repress
 Lay Faith, an obscene worm, who sought to rise,
 While calmly on the sun he turned his diamond eyes.

L I.

Beside that image then I sate, while she
 Stood, 'mid the throngs which ever ebb'd and flow'd
 Like light amid the shadows of the sea
 Cast from one cloudless star, and on the crowd
 That touch, which none who feels forgets, bestowed ;
 And while the sun returned the steadfast gaze
 Of the great image, as o'er heaven it glode,
 That rite had place ; it ceased when sunset's blaze
 Burn'd o'er the isles ; all stood in joy and deep amaze ;

When in the silence of all spirits there
 Laone's voice was felt, and through the air
 Her thrilling gestures spok'd, most eloquently fair :

1.

“ Calm art thou as yon sunset ! swift and strong
 As new-fledged eagles, beautiful and young,
 That float among the blinding beams of morning ;
 And underneath thy feet writhe Faith and Folly,
 Custom and Hell, and mortal Melancholy —
 Hark ! the Earth starts to hear the mighty warning
 Of thy voice sublime and holy ;
 Its free spirits here assembled,
 See thee, feel thee, know thee now :
 To thy voice their hearts have trembled,
 Like ten thousand clouds which flow
 With one wide wind as it flies !
 Wisdom ! thy irresistible children rise
 To hail thee, and the elements they chain
 And their own will to swell the glory of thy train.

2.

“ O Spirit vast and deep as night and heaven !
 Mother and soul of all to which is given
 The light of life, the loveliness of being,
 Lo ! thou dost reascend the human heart,
 Thy throne of power, almighty as thou wert,
 In dreams of poets old grown pale by seeing
 The shade of thee : now, millions start

To feel thy lightnings through them burning :
 Nature, or God, or Love, or Pleasure,
 Or Sympathy, the sad tears turning
 To mutual smiles, a drainless treasure,
 Descends amid us ; Scorn and Hate,
 Revenge and Selfishness, are desolate —
 A hundred nations swear that there shall be
 Pity and Peace and Love, among the good and free !

3.

“ Eldest of things, divine Equality !
 Wisdom and Love are but the slaves of thee,
 The angels of thy sway, who pour around thee
 Treasures from all the cells of human thought,
 And from the stars, and from the ocean brought,
 And the last living heart whose beatings bound thee :
 The powerful and the wise had sought
 Thy coming ; thou in light descending
 O'er the wide land which is thine own,
 Like the spring whose breath is blending
 All blasts of fragrance into one,
 Comest upon the paths of men ! —
 Earth bares her general bosom to thy ken,
 And all her children here in glory meet
 To feed upon thy smiles, and clasp thy sacred feet.

4.

“ My brethren, we are free ! the plains and mountains,
 The gray seashore, the forests and the fountains,
 Are haunts of happiest dwellers ; man and woman,
 Their common bondage burst, may freely borrow
 From lawless love a solace for their sorrow !
 For oft we still must weep, since we are human.
 A stormy night's serenest morrow,
 Whose showers are Pity's gentle tears,
 Whose clouds are smiles of those that die
 Like infants, without hopes or fears,
 And whose beams are joys that lie
 In blended hearts, now holds dominion :
 The dawn of mind, which, upward on a pinion
 Borne, swift as sunrise, far illumines space,
 And clasps this barren world in its own bright embrace !

5.

“ My brethren, we are free ! the fruits are glowing
 Beneath the stars, and the night-winds are flowing
 O'er the ripe corn ; the birds and beasts are dreaming —
 Never again may blood of bird or beast

Stain with its venomous stream a human feast,
 To the pure skies in accusation steaming
 Avenging poisons shall have ceased
 To feed disease and fear and madness,
 The dwellers of the earth and air
 Shall throng around our steps in gladness,
 Seeking their food or refuge there.
 Our toil from thought all glorious forms shall cull,
 To make this earth, our home, more beautiful,
 And Science and her Sister Poesy
 Shall clothe in light the fields and cities of the free !

6.

" Victory, victory to the prostrate nations !
 Bear witness Night, and ye mute Constellations,
 Who gaze on us from your crystalline cars !
 Thoughts have gone forth whose powers can sleep no more !
 Victory ! victory ! Earth's remotest shore,
 Regions which groan beneath the antarctic stars,
 The green lands cradled in the roar
 Of western waves, and wildernesses
 Peopled and vast, which skirt the oceans
 Where Morning dyes her golden tresses,
 Shall soon partake our high emotions ;
 Kings shall turn pale ! Almighty Fear,
 The fiend-god, when our charmed name he hear,
 Shall fade like shadow from his thousand fanes,
 While Truth with Joy enthroned o'er his lost empire reigns !"

L II.

Ere she had ceased, the mists of night entwining
 Their dim woof, floated o'er the infinite throng ;
 She, like a spirit through the darkness shining,
 In tones whose sweetness silence did prolong,
 As if to lingering winds they did belong,
 Poured forth her inmost soul : a passionate speech
 With wild and thrilling pauses woven among,
 Which whoso heard, was mute, for it could teach
 To rapture like her own all listening hearts to reach.

L III.

Her voice was as a mountain-stream which sweeps
 The withered leaves of autumn to the lake,
 And in some deep and narrow bay then sleeps
 In the shadow of the shores ; as dead leaves wake
 Under the wave, in flowers and herbs which make
 Those green depths beautiful when skies are blue,
 The multitude so moveless did partake
 Such living change, and kindling murmurs flew
 As o'er that speechless calm delight and wonder grew.

L I V.

Over the plain the throngs were scattered then
 In groups around the fires, which from the sea
 Even to the gorge of the first mountain glen
 Blazed wide and far : the banquet of the free
 Was spread beneath many a dark cypress-tree,
 Beneath whose spires, which swayed in the red light,
 Reclining as they ate, of Liberty,
 And Hope, and Justice, and Laone's name,
 Earth's children did a woof of happy converse frame.

L V.

Their feast was such as Earth, the general mother,
 Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles
 In the embrace of Autumn ; to each other
 As when some parent fondly reconciles
 Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles
 With her own sustenance ; they relenting weep :
 Such was this festival, which from their isles,
 And continents, and winds, and oceans deep,
 All shapes might throng to share, that fly, or walk, or creep.

L V I.

Might share in peace and innocence, for gore
 Or poison none this festal did pollute,
 But piled on high, an overflowing store
 Of pomegranates and citrons, fairest fruit,
 Melons and dates and figs and many a root
 Sweet and sustaining, and bright grapes, ere yet
 Accursed fire their mild juice could transmute
 Into a mortal bane, and brown corn set
 In baskets ; with pure streams their thirsting lips they wet.

L V I I.

Laone had descended from the shrine,
 And every deepest look and holiest mind
 Fed on her form, though now those tones divine
 Were silent as she passed ; she did unwind
 Her veil, as with the crowds of her own kind
 She mixed ; some impulse made my heart refrain
 From seeking her that night, so I reclined
 Amid a group, where on the utmost plain
 A festal watch-fire burned beside the dusky main.

L V I I I.

And joyous was our feast ; pathetic talk,
 And wit, and harmony of choral strains.
 While far Orion o'er the waves did walk
 That flow among the isles, held us in chains

Of sweet captivity which none disdains
 Who feels: but, when his zone grew dim in mist
 Which clothes the Ocean's bosom, o'er the plains
 The multitudes went homeward, to their rest,
 Which that delightful day with its own shadow blest.

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## CANTO VI.

### I.

BESIDE the dimness of the glimmering sea,  
 Weaving swift language from impassioned themes,  
 With that dear friend I lingered, who to me  
 So late had been restored beneath the gleams  
 Of the silver stars; and ever in soft dreams  
 Of future love and peace sweet converse lapt  
 Our willing fancies, till the pallid beams,  
 Of the last watch-fire fell, and darkness wrapt  
 The waves, and each bright chain of floating fire was snapt.

### II.

And till we came even to the City's wall  
 And the great gate, then, none knew whence or why,  
 Disquiet on the multitudes did fall:  
 And first, one pale and breathless past us by,  
 And stared and spoke not; then with piercing cry  
 A troop of wild-eyed women by the shrieks  
 Of their own terror driven, tumultuously  
 Hither and thither hurrying with pale cheeks,  
 Each one from fear unknown a sudden refuge seeks—

### III.

Then, rallying cries of treason and of danger  
 Resounded: and — “They come! to arms! to arms!  
 The Tyrant is among us, and the stranger  
 Comes to enslave us in his name! to arms!”  
 In vain: for Panic, the pale fiend who charms  
 Strength to forswear her right, those millions swept  
 Like waves before the tempest — these alarms  
 Came to me, as to know their cause I leapt  
 On the gate's turret, and in rage and grief and scorn I wept!

### IV.

For to the North I saw the town on fire,  
 And its red light made morning pallid now,  
 Which burst over wide Asia. Louder, higher,  
 The yells of victory and the screams of woe

I heard approach, and saw the throng below  
 Stream through the gates like foam-wrought waterfalls  
 Fed from a thousand storms — the fearful glow  
 Of bombs flares overhead — at intervals  
 The red artillery's bolt mangling among them falls.

## V.

And now the horsemen come — and all was done  
 Swifter than I have spoken — I beheld  
 Their red swords flash in the unrisen sun.  
 I rushed among the rout to have repelled  
 That miserable flight — one moment quelled  
 By voice, and looks, and eloquent despair,  
 As if reproach from their own hearts withheld  
 Their steps, they stood ; but soon came pouring there  
 New multitudes, and did those rallied bands o'erbear.

## VI.

I strove, as drifted on some cataract  
 By irresistible streams, some wretch might strive  
 Who hears its fatal roar : the files compact  
 Whelmed me, and from the gate availed to drive  
 With quickening impulse, as each bolt did rive  
 Their ranks with bloodier chasm : into the plain  
 Disgorged at length the dead and the alive,  
 In one dread mass were parted, and the stain  
 Of blood from mortal steel fell o'er the fields like rain.

## VII.

For now the despot's bloodhounds with their prey,  
 Unarmed and unaware, were gorging deep  
 Their gluttony of death ; the loose array  
 Of horsemen o'er the wide fields murdering sweep,  
 And with loud laughter for their tyrant reap  
 A harvest sown with other hopes ; the while,  
 Far overhead, ships from Propontis keep  
 A killing rain of fire : when the waves smile  
 As sudden earthquakes light many a volcano isle.

## VIII.

Thus sudden, unexpected feast was spread  
 For the carrion fowls of heaven. I saw the sight —  
 I moved — I lived — as o'er the heaps of dead,  
 Whose stony eyes glared in the morning light,  
 I trod ; to me there came no thought of flight,  
 But with loud cries of scorn which whoso heard  
 That dreaded death, felt in his veins the might  
 Of virtuous shame return, the crowd I stirred,  
 And desperation's hope in many hearts recurred.

## IX.

A band of brothers gathering round me, made,  
 Although unarmed, a steadfast front, and still  
 Retreating, with stern looks beneath the shade  
 Of gathered eyebrows, did the victors fill  
 With doubt even in success; deliberate will  
 Inspired our growing troop; not overthrown  
 It gained the shelter of a grassy hill,  
 And ever still our comrades were hewn down,  
 And their defenceless limbs beneath our footsteps strown.

## X.

Immovably we stood — in joy I found,  
 Beside me then, firm as a giant pine  
 Among the mountain vapors driven around,  
 The old man whom I loved — his eyes divine  
 With a mild look of courage answered mine,  
 And my young friend was near, and ardently  
 His hand grasped mine a moment — now the line  
 Of war extended, to our rallying cry,  
 As myriads flocked in love and brotherhood to die.

## XI.

For ever while the sun was climbing Heaven  
 The horsemen hewed our unarmed myriads down  
 Safely, though when by thirst of carnage driven  
 Too near, those slaves were swiftly overthrown  
 By hundreds leaping on them: flesh and bone  
 Soon made our ghastly ramparts; then the shaft  
 Of the artillery from the sea was thrown  
 More fast and fiery, and the conquerors laughed  
 In pride to hear the wind our screams of torment waft.

## XII.

For on one side alone the hill gave shelter,  
 So vast that phalanx of unconquered men,  
 And there the living in their blood did welter  
 Of the dead and dying, which, in that green glen,  
 Like stifled torrents, made a plashy fen  
 Under the feet — thus was the butchery waged  
 While the sun clomb Heaven's eastern steep — but when  
 It 'gan to sink, a fiercer combat raged,  
 For in more doubtful strife the armies were engaged.

## XIII.

Within a cave upon the hill were found  
 A bundle of rude pikes, the instrument  
 Of those who war but on their native ground  
 For natural rights: a shout of joyance sent



Even from our hearts the wide air pierced and rent,  
 As those few arms the bravest and the best  
 Seized ; and each sixth, thus armed, did now present  
 A line which covered and sustained the rest,  
 A confident phalanx, which the foes on every side invest.

## XIV.

That onset turned the foes to flight almost ;  
 But soon they saw their present strength, and knew  
 That coming night would to our resolute host  
 Bring victory ; so dismounting close they drew  
 Their glittering files, and then the combat grew  
 Unequal but most horrible ; and ever  
 Our myriads, whom the swift bolt overthrew,  
 Or the red sword, failed like a mountain river  
 Which rushes forth in foam to sink in sands for ever.

## XV.

Sorrow and shame, to see with their own kind  
 Our human brethren mix, like beasts of blood  
 To mutual ruin armed by one behind,  
 Who sits and scoffs ! That friend so mild and good,  
 Who like its shadow near my youth had stood,  
 Was stabbed ! my old preserver's hoary hair,  
 With the flesh clinging to its roots, was strewed  
 Under my feet ! I lost all sense or care,  
 And like the rest I grew desperate and unaware.

## XVI.

The battle became ghastlier — in the midst  
 I paused and saw how ugly and how fell,  
 O Hate ! thou art, even when thy life thou shedd'st  
 For love. The ground in many a little dell  
 Was broken, up and down whose steeps befell  
 Alternate victory and defeat, and there  
 The combatants with rage most horrible  
 Strove, and their eyes started with cracking stare,  
 And impotent their tongues they lolled into the air,

## XVII.

Flaccid and foamy, like a mad dog's hanging ;  
 Want, and Moon-madness, and the Pest's swift bane  
 When its shafts smite — while yet its bow is twanging —  
 Have each their mark and sign — some ghastly stain ;  
 And this was thine, O War ! of hate and pain  
 Thou loathed slave. I saw all shapes of death,  
 And ministered to many, o'er the plain.  
 While carnage in the sun-beam's warmth did seethe,  
 Till twilight o'er the East wove her serenest wreath.

## XVIII.

The few who yet survived, resolute and firm,  
 Around me fought. At the decline of day,  
 Winding above the mountain's snowy term,  
 New banners shone : they quivered in the ray  
 Of the sun's unseen orb — ere night the array  
 Of fresh troops hemmed us in — of those brave bands  
 I soon survived alone — and now I lay  
 Vanquished and faint, the grasp of bloody hands  
 I felt, and saw on high the glare of falling brands :

## XIX.

When on my foes a sudden terror came,  
 And they fled, scattering. Lo ! with reinless speed  
 A black Tartarian horse of giant frame  
 Comes trampling o'er the dead ; the living bleed  
 Beneath the hoofs of that tremendous steed,  
 On which, like to an Angel, robed in white,  
 Sate one waving a sword ; the hosts recede  
 And fly, as through their ranks, with awful might,  
 Sweeps in the shadow of eve that Phantom swift and bright ;

## XX.

And its path made a solitude. I rose  
 And marked its coming ; it relaxed its course  
 As it approached me, and the wind that flows  
 Through night, bore accents to mine ear whose force  
 Might create smiles in death. The Tartar horse  
 Paused, and I saw the shape its might which swayed,  
 And heard her musical pants, like the sweet source  
 Of waters in the desert, as she said,  
 "Mount with me, Laon, now" — I rapidly obeyed.

## XXI.

Then " Away ! away !" she cried, and stretched her sword  
 As 'twere a scourge over the courser's head,  
 And lightly shook the reins. We spake no word,  
 But like the vapor of the tempest fled  
 Over the plain ; her dark hair was dispreed,  
 Like the pine's locks upon the lingering blast ;  
 Over mine eyes its shadowy strings it spread  
 Fitfully, and the hills and streams fled fast,  
 As o'er their glimmering forms the steed's broad shadow past ;

## XXII.

And his hoofs ground the rocks to fire and dust,  
 His strong sides made the torrents rise in spray,  
 And turbulence, as if a whirlwind's gust  
 Surrounded us ; and still away ! away !

Through the desert night we sped, while she alway  
 Gazed on a mountain which we neared, whose crest  
 Crowned with a marble ruin, in the ray  
 Of the obscure stars gleamed ; its rugged breast  
 The steed strained up, and then his impulse did arrest.

## XXIII.

A rocky hill which overhung the Ocean :  
 From that lone ruin, when the steed that panted  
 Paused, might be heard the murmur of the motion  
 Of waters, as in spots for ever haunted  
 By the choicest winds of Heaven, which are enchanted  
 To music, by the wand of Solitude,  
 That wizard wild, and the far tents implanted  
 Upon the plain, be seen by those who stood  
 Thence marking the dark shore of Ocean's curved flood.

## XXIV.

One moment these were heard and seen — another  
 Past ; and the two who stood beneath that night,  
 Each only heard, or saw, or felt the other ;  
 As from the lofty steed she did alight,  
 Cythna (for, from the eyes whose deepest light  
 Of love and sadness made my lips feel pale  
 With influence strange of mournfullest delight,  
 My own sweet Cythna looked,) with joy did quail,  
 And felt her strength in tears of human weakness fail.

## XXV.

And for a space in my embrace she rested,  
 Her head on my unquiet heart reposing,  
 While my faint arms her languid frame invested :  
 At length she looked on me, and half unclosing  
 Her tremulous lips, said : " Friend, thy bands were losing  
 The battle, as I stood before the King  
 In bonds. I burst them then, and swiftly choosing  
 The time, did seize a Tartar's sword, and spring  
 Upon his horse, and swift as on the whirlwind's wing,

## XXVI.

" Have thou and I been borne beyond pursuer,  
 And we are here." Then, turning to the steed,  
 She pressed the white moon on his front with pure  
 And rose-like lips, and many a fragrant weed  
 From the green ruin plucked that he might feed ;  
 But I to a stone seat that Maiden led,  
 And kissing her fair eyes, said, " Thou hast need  
 Of rest," and I heaped up the courser's bed  
 In a green mossy nook, with mountain flowers dispread.

## XXVII.

Within that ruin, where a shattered portal  
 Looks to the eastern stars, abandoned now  
 By man, to be the home of things immortal,  
 Memories, like awful ghosts which come and go,  
 And must inherit all he builds below,  
 When he is gone, a hall stood — o'er whose roof  
 Fair clinging weeds with ivy pale did grow,  
 Clasping its gray rents with a verdurous woof,  
 A hanging dome of leaves, a canopy moon-proof.

## XXVIII.

The autumnal winds, as if spell-bound, had made  
 A natural couch of leaves in that recess,  
 Which seasons none disturbed, but in the shade  
 Of flowering parasites did Spring love to dress  
 With their sweet blooms the wintry loneliness  
 Of those dead leaves, shedding their stars, whene'er  
 The wandering wind her nurslings might caress ;  
 Whose intertwining fingers ever there  
 Made music wild and soft that filled the listening air.

## XXIX.

We know not where we go, or what sweet dream  
 May pilot us through caverns strange and fair  
 Of far and pathless passion, while the stream  
 Of life our bark doth on its whirlpools bear,  
 Spreading swift wings as sails to the dim air ;  
 Nor should we seek to know, so the devotion  
 Of love and gentle thoughts be heard still there  
 Louder and louder from the utmost ocean  
 Of universal life, attuning its commotion.

## XXX.

To the pure all things are pure ! Oblivion wrapt  
 Our spirits, and the fearful overthrow  
 Of public hope was from our being snapt,  
 Though linked years had bound it there ; for now  
 A power, a thirst, a knowledge, which below  
 All thoughts, like light beyond the atmosphere,  
 Clothing its clouds with grace, doth ever flow.  
 Came on us, as we sate in silence there,  
 Beneath the golden stars of the clear azure air.

## XXXI.

In silence which doth follow talk that causes  
 The baffled heart to speak with sighs and tears,  
 When wildering passion swalloweth up the pauses  
 Of inexpressive speech : the youthful years

Which we together past, their hopes and fears,  
 The blood itself which ran within our frames,  
 That likeness of the features which endears  
 The thoughts expressed by them, our very names,  
 And all the winged hours which speechless memory claims,

## XXXII.

Had found a voice : and ere that voice did pass,  
 The night grew damp and dim, and through a rent  
 Of the ruin where we sate, from the morass,  
 A wandering meteor by some wild wind sent,  
 Hung high in the green dome, to which it lent  
 A faint and pallid lustre ; while the song  
 Of blasts, in which its blue hair quivering bent,  
 Strewed strangest sounds the moving leaves among :  
 A wondrous light, the sound as of a spirit's tongue.

## XXXIII.

The meteor showed the leaves on which we sate,  
 And Cythna's glowing arms. and the thick ties  
 Of her soft hair, which bent with gathered weight  
 My neck near hers, her dark and deepening eyes,  
 Which, as twin phantoms of one star that lies  
 O'er a dim well, move, though the star reposes,  
 Swam in our mute and liquid ecstasies,  
 Her marble brow, and eager lips, like roses,  
 With their own fragrance pale, which spring but half uncloses.

## XXXIV.

The meteor to its far morass returned :  
 The beating of our veins one interval  
 Made still ; and then I felt the blood that burned  
 Within her frame, mingle with mine, and fall  
 Around my heart like fire ; and over all  
 A mist was spread, the sickness of a deep  
 And speechless swoon of joy, as might befall  
 Two disunited spirits when they leap  
 In union from this earth's obscure and fading sleep.

## XXXV.

Was it one moment that confounded thus  
 All thought, all sense, all feeling, into one  
 Unutterable power, which shielded us  
 Even from our own cold looks, when we had gone  
 Into a wide and wild oblivion  
 Of tumult and of tenderness ? or now  
 Had ages, such as make the moon and sun,  
 The seasons and mankind, their changes know,  
 Left fear and time unfelt by us alone below ?

## XXXVI.

I know not. What are kisses whose fire clasps  
 The failing heart in languishment, or limb  
 Twined within limb? or the quick dying gasps  
 Of the life meeting, when the faint eyes swim  
 Through tears of a wide mist, boundless and dim,  
 In one caress? What is the strong control  
 Which leads the heart that dizzy steep to climb,  
 Where far over the world those vapors roll,  
 Which blend two restless frames in one reposing soul!

## XXXVII.

It is the shadow which doth float unseen,  
 But not unfelt, o'er blind mortality,  
 Whose divine darkness fled not from that green  
 And lone recess, where lapt in peace did lie  
 Our linked frames, till, from the changing sky  
 That night and still another day had fled;  
 And then I saw and felt. The moon was high,  
 And clouds, as of a coming storm, were spread  
 Under its orb — loud winds were gathering overhead.

## XXXVIII.

Cythna's sweet lips seemed lurid in the moon,  
 Her fairest limbs with the night wind were chill,  
 And her dark tresses were all loosely strewn  
 O'er her pale bosom: all within was still,  
 And the sweet peace of joy did almost fill  
 The depth of her unfathomable look;  
 And we sate calmly, though that rocky hill,  
 The waves contending in its caverns strook.  
 For they foreknew the storm, and the gray ruin shook.

## XXXIX.

There we unheeding sate, in the communion  
 Of interchanged vows, which, with a rite  
 Of faith most sweet and sacred, stamped our union. —  
 Few were the living hearts which could unite  
 Like ours, or celebrate a bridal night  
 With such close sympathies, for they had sprung  
 From linked youth, and from the gentle might  
 Of earliest love, delayed and cherished long,  
 Which common hopes and fears made like a tempest strong.

## XL.

And such is Nature's law divine, that those  
 Who grow together can not choose but love,  
 If faith or custom do not interpose,  
 Or common slavery mar what else might move

All gentlest thoughts ; as in the sacred grove  
Which shades the springs of Ethiopian Nile,  
That living tree, which, if the arrowy dove  
Strike with her shadow, shrinks in fear awhile,  
But its own kindred leaves clasps while the sunbeams smile ;

## X L I.

And clings to them, when darkness may dis sever  
The close caresses of all duller plants  
Which bloom on the wide earth — thus we for ever  
Were linked, for love had nursed us in the haunts  
Where knowledge from its secret source enchants  
Young hearts with the fresh music of its springing,  
Ere yet its gathered flood feeds human wants,  
As the great Nile feeds Egypt ; ever flinging  
Light on the woven boughs which o'er its waves are swinging.

## X L I I.

The tones of Cythna's voice like echoes were  
Of those far-murmuring streams ; they rose and fell,  
Mixed with mine own in the tempestuous air—  
And so we sate, until our talk befell  
Of the late ruin, swift and horrible,  
And how those seeds of hope might yet be sown,  
Whose fruit is evil's mortal poison : well  
For us, this ruin made a watchtower lone,  
But Cythna's eyes looked faint, and now two days were gone

## X L I I I.

Since she had food : therefore I did awaken  
The Tartar steed, who, from his ebon mane,  
Soon as the clinging slumbers he had shaken,  
Bent his thin head to seek the brazen rein,  
Following me obediently ; with pain  
Of heart, so deep and dread, that one caress,  
When lips and heart refuse to part again,  
Till they have told their fill, could scarce express  
The anguish of her mute and fearful tenderness,

## X L I V.

Cythna beheld me part, as I bestrode  
That willing steed — the tempest and the night,  
Which gave my path its safety as I rode  
Down the ravine of rocks, did soon unite  
The darkness and the tumult of their might  
Borne on all winds. — Far through the streaming rain  
Floating at intervals the garments white  
Of Cythna gleamed, and her voice once again  
Came to me on the gust, and soon I reached the plain.

## XLV.

I dreaded not the tempest, nor did he  
 Who bore me, but his eyeballs wide and red  
 Turned on the lightning's cleft exultingly ;  
 And when the earth beneath his tameless tread  
 Shook with the sullen thunder, he would spread  
 His nostrils to the blast, and joyously  
 Mock the fierce peal with neighings : thus we sped  
 O'er the lit plain, and soon I could descry  
 Where Death and Fire had gorged the spoil of victory.

## XLVI.

There was a desolate village in a wood,  
 Whose bloom-inwoven leaves now scattering fed  
 The hungry storm ; it was a place of blood,  
 A heap of hearthless walls ; the flames were dead  
 Within those dwellings now — the life had fled  
 From all those corpses now — but the wide sky  
 Flooded with lightning was ribbed overhead  
 By the black rafters, and around did lie  
 Women, and babes, and men, slaughtered confusedly.

## XLVII.

Beside the fountain in the market-place  
 Dismounting, I beheld those corpses stare  
 With horny eyes upon each other's face,  
 And on the earth and on the vacant air,  
 And upon me, close to the waters where  
 I stooped to slake my thirst ; I shrank to taste,  
 For the salt bitterness of blood was there ;  
 But tied the steed beside, and sought in haste  
 If any yet survived amid that ghastly waste.

## XLVIII.

No living thing was there beside one woman,  
 Whom I found wandering in the streets, and she  
 Was withered from a likeness of aught human  
 Into a fiend, by some strange misery :  
 Soon as she heard my steps she leaped on me,  
 And glued her burning lips to mine, and laughed  
 With a loud, long, and frantic laugh of glee,  
 And cried, " Now, mortal, thou hast deeply quaffed  
 The Plague's blue kisses — soon millions shall pledge the draught !

## XLIX.

" My name is Pestilence : this bosom dry  
 Once fed two babes — a sister and a brother —  
 When I came home, one in the blood did lie  
 Of three death-wounds — the flames had ate the other !



Since then I have no longer been a mother,  
 But I am Pestilence : hither and thither  
 I flit about, that I may slay and smother ;  
 All lips which I have kissed must surely wither,  
 But Death's — if thou art he, we'll go to work together !

## L.

“ What seekest thou here ? the moonlight comes in flashes —  
 The dew is rising dankly from the dell —  
 'Twill moisten her ! and thou shalt see the gashes  
 In my sweet boy — now full of worms — but tell  
 First what thou seek'st.” — “ I seek for food.” — “ 'Tis well,  
 Thou shalt have food : Famine, my paramour,  
 Waits for us at the feast — cruel and fell  
 Is Famine, but he drives not from his door  
 Those whom these lips have kissed, alone. No more, no more !”

## L I.

As thus she spake, she grasped me with the strength  
 Of madness, and by many a ruined hearth  
 She led, and over many a corpse : at length  
 We came to a lone hut, where on the earth  
 Which made its floor, she in her ghastly mirth  
 Gathering from all those homes now desolate,  
 Had piled three heaps of loaves, making a dearth  
 Among the dead — round which she set in state  
 A ring of cold, stiff babes : silent and stark they sate.

## L I I.

She leaped upon a pile, and lifted high  
 Her mad looks to the lightning, and cried, “ Eat !  
 Share the great feast — to-morrow we must die !”  
 And then she spurned the loaves with her pale feet  
 Toward her bloodless guests : that sight to meet,  
 Mine eyes and my heart ached, and but that she  
 Who loved me, did with absent looks defeat  
 Despair, I might have raved in sympathy ;  
 But now I took the food that woman offered me —

## L I I I.

And vainly having with her madness striven  
 If I might win her to return with me.  
 Departed. In the eastern beams of heaven  
 The lightning now grew pallid — rapidly,  
 As by the shore of the tempestuous sea  
 The dark steed bore me, and the mountain gray  
 Soon echoed to his hoofs, and I could see  
 Cythna among the rocks, where she alway  
 Had sate, with anxious eyes fixed on the lingering day.

## L I V.

And joy was ours to meet : she was most pale,  
 Famished, and wet and weary, so I cast  
 My arms around her, lest her steps should fail  
 As to our home we went, and thus embraced,  
 Her full heart seemed a deeper joy to taste  
 Than e'er the prosperous knew ; the steed behind  
 Trod peacefully along the mountain waste ;  
 We reached our home ere morning could unbind  
 Night's latest veil, and on our bridal couch reclined.

## L V.

Her chilled heart having cherished in my bosom,  
 And sweetest kisses past, we two did share  
 Our peaceful meal : as an autumnal blossom  
 Which spreads its shrunk leaves in the sunny air,  
 After cold showers, like rainbows woven there,  
 Thus in her lips and cheeks the vital spirit  
 Mantled, and in her eyes an atmosphere  
 Of health and hope ; and sorrow languished near it,  
 And fear, and all that dark despondence doth inherit.

## CANTO VII.

## I.

So we sate joyous as the morning ray  
 Which fed upon the wrecks of night and storm  
 Now lingering on the winds ; light airs did play  
 Among the dewy weeds, the sun was warm,  
 And we sate linked in the inwoven charm  
 Of converse and caresses sweet and deep,  
 Speechless caresses, talk that might disarm  
 Time, though he wield the darts of death and sleep,  
 And those thrice mortal barbs in his own poison steep.

## I I.

I told her of my sufferings and my madness,  
 And how, awakened from that dreamy mood  
 By Liberty's uprising, the strength of gladness  
 Came to my spirit in my solitude ;  
 And all that now I was, while tears pursued  
 Each other down her fair and listening cheek  
 Fast as the thoughts which fed them, like a flood  
 From sunbright dales ; and when I ceased to speak,  
 Her accents soft and sweet the pausing air did wake.

## III.

She told me a strange tale of strange endurance,  
 Like broken memories of many a heart  
 Woven into one; to which no firm assurance,  
 So wild were they, could her own faith impart.  
 She said that not a tear did dare to start  
 From the swol'n brain, and that her thoughts were firm  
 When from all mortal hope she did depart,  
 Borne by those slaves across the ocean's term,  
 And that she reached the port without one fear infirm.

## IV.

One was she among many there, the thralls  
 Of the cold tyrant's cruel lust: and they  
 Laughed mournfully in those polluted halls;  
 But she was calm and sad, musing alway  
 On loftiest enterprise, till on a day  
 The tyrant heard her singing to her lute  
 A wild and sad and spirit-thrilling lay,  
 Like winds that die in wastes — one moment mute  
 The evil thoughts it made, which did his breast pollute.

## V.

Even when he saw her wondrous loveliness,  
 One moment to great Nature's sacred power  
 He bent, and was no longer passionless;  
 But when he bade her to his secret bower  
 Be borne a loveless victim, and she tore  
 Her locks in agony, and her words of flame  
 And mightier looks availed not — then he bore  
 Again his load of slavery, and became  
 A king, a heartless beast, a pageant and a name.

## VI.

She told me what a loathsome agony  
 Is that when selfishness mocks love's delight,  
 Foul as in dreams most fearful imagery  
 To dally with the mowing dead: that night  
 All torture, fear or horror made seem light  
 Which the soul dreams or knows, and when the day  
 Shone on her awful phrensy, from the sight  
 Where like a spirit in fleshly chains she lay  
 Struggling, aghast and pale the tyrant fled away.

## VII.

Her madness was a beam of light, a power  
 Which dawned through the rent soul; and words it gave,  
 Gestures and looks, such as in whirlwinds bore  
 Which might not be withstood, whence none could save

All who approached their sphere, like some calm wave  
 Vexed into whirlpools by the chasms beneath ;  
 And sympathy made each attendant slave  
 Fearless and free, and they began to breathe  
 Deep curses, like the voice of flames far underneath.

## VIII.

The king felt pale upon his noonday throne :  
 At night two slaves he to her chamber sent —  
 One was a green and wrinkled eunuch, grown  
 From human shape into an instrument  
 Of all things ill — distorted, bowed and bent.  
 The other was a wretch from infancy  
 Made dumb by poison ; who naught knew or meant  
 But to obey : from the fire-isles came he,  
 A diver lean and strong, of Oman's coral sea.

## IX.

They bore her to a bark, and the swift stroke  
 Of silent rowers clove the moonlight seas,  
 Until upon their path the morning broke ;  
 They anchored then, where, be there calm or breeze,  
 The gloomiest of the drear Symplegades  
 Shakes with the sleepless surge ; the Ethiop there  
 Wound his long arms around her, and with knees  
 Like iron clasped her feet, and plunged with her  
 Among the closing waves out of the boundless air.

## X.

“ Swift as an eagle stooping from the plain  
 Of morning light, into some shadowy wood,  
 He plunged through the green silence of the main,  
 Through many a cavern which the eternal flood  
 Had scooped, as dark lairs for its monster brood ;  
 And among mighty shapes which fled in wonder,  
 And among mightier shadows which pursued  
 His heels, he wound : until the dark rocks under  
 He touched a golden chain — a sound arose like thunder.

## XI.

“ A stunning clang of massive bolts redoubling  
 Beneath the deep — a burst of waters driven  
 As from the roots of the sea, raging and bubbling :  
 And in that roof of crags a space was riven  
 Through which there shone the emerald beams of heaven,  
 Shot through the lines of many waves inwoven,  
 Like sunlight through acacia-woods at even,  
 Through which, his way the diver having cloven,  
 Passed like a spark sent up out of a burning oven.

## XII.

“And then,” she said, “he laid me in a cave  
 Above the waters, by that chasm of sea,  
 A fountain round and vast, in which the wave  
 Imprisoned, boiled and leaped perpetually,  
 Down which, one moment resting, he did flee,  
 Winning the adverse depth ; that spacious cell  
 Like an upaithric temple wide and high,  
 Whose aëry dome is inaccessible,  
 Was pierced with one round cleft through which the sunbeams  
 fell.

## XIII.

“Below, the fountain’s brink was richly paven  
 With the deep’s wealth, coral, and pearl, and sand  
 Like spangling gold, and purple shells engraven  
 With mystic legends by no mortal hand,  
 Left there, when, thronging to the moon’s command,  
 The gathering waves rent the Hesperian gate  
 Of mountains, and on such bright floor did stand  
 Columns, and shapes like statues, and the state  
 Of kingless thrones, which earth did in her heart create.

## XIV.

“The fiend of madness which had made its prey  
 Of my poor heart, was lulled to sleep awhile :  
 There was an interval of many a day,  
 And a sea-eagle brought me food the while,  
 Whose nest was built in that untrodden isle,  
 And who to be the jailer, had been taught,  
 Of that strange dungeon ; as a friend whose smile  
 Like light and rest at morn and even is sought,  
 That wild bird was to me, till madness misery brought :

## XV.

“The misery of a madness slow and creeping,  
 Which made the earth seem fire, the sea seem air,  
 And the white clouds of noon which oft were sleeping  
 In the blue heaven so beautiful and fair,  
 Like hosts of ghastly shadows hovering there ;  
 And the sea-eagle looked a fiend, who bore  
 Thy mangled limbs for food ! — Thus all things were  
 Transformed into the agony which I wore,  
 Even as a poisoned robe around my bosom’s core.

## XVI.

“Again I knew the day and night fast fleeing,  
 The eagle, and the fountain, and the air ;  
 Another phrensy came : there seemed a being  
 Within me — a strange load my heart did bear,

As if some living thing had made its lair  
 Even in the fountains of my life — a long  
 And wondrous vision wrought from my despair,  
 Then grew, like sweet reality among  
 Dim visionary woes, an unreposing throng.

## XVII.

“Methought I was about to be a mother —  
 Month after month went by, and still I dreamed  
 That we should soon be all to one another,  
 I and my child ; and still new pulses seemed  
 To beat beside my heart, and still I deemed  
 There was a babe within ; and when the rain  
 Of winter through the rifted cavern streamed,  
 Methought, after a lapse of lingering pain.  
 I saw that lovely shape, which near my heart had lain.

## XVIII.

“It was a babe, beautiful from its birth —  
 It was like thee, dear love, its eyes were thine,  
 Its brow, its lips, and so upon the earth  
 It laid its fingers, as now rest on mine  
 Thine own, beloved : ’twas a dream divine ;  
 Even to remember how it fled, how swift,  
 How utterly, might make the heart repine —  
 Though ’twas a dream.” — Then Cythna did uplift  
 Her looks on mine, as if some doubt she sought to shift :

## XIX.

A doubt which would not flee, a tenderness  
 Of questioning grief, a source of thronging tears ;  
 Which, having passed, as one whom sobs oppress,  
 She spoke : “Yes, in the wilderness of years  
 Her memory ay like a green home appears.  
 She sucked her fill even at this breast, sweet love,  
 For many months. I had no mortal fears ;  
 Methought I felt her lips and breath approve —  
 It was a human thing which to my bosom clove.

## XX.

“I watched the dawn of her first smiles, and soon  
 When zenith-stars were trembling on the wave,  
 Or when the beams of the invisible moon,  
 Or sun, from many a prism within the cave  
 Their gem-born shadows to the water gave,  
 Her looks would hunt them, and with outspread hand,  
 From the swift lights which might that fountain pave,  
 She would mark one, and laugh, when that command  
 Slighting, it lingered there, and could not understand.

## XXI.

“ Methought her looks began to talk with me ;  
 And no articulate sounds, but something sweet  
 Her lips would frame — so sweet, it could not be  
 That it was meaningless ; her touch would meet  
 Mine, and our pulses calmly flow and beat  
 In response while we slept ; and on a day  
 When I was happiest in that strange retreat,  
 With heaps of golden shells we two did play —  
 Both infants, weaving wings for time’s perpetual way.

## XXII.

“ Ere night, methought, her waning eyes were grown  
 Weary with joy, and tired with our delight,  
 We, on the earth, like sister twins lay down  
 On one fair mother’s bosom : from that night  
 She fled — like those illusions clear and bright,  
 Which dwell in lakes, when the red moon on high  
 Pause ere it wakens tempest — and her flight,  
 Though ’twas the death of brainless phantasy,  
 Yet smote my lonesome heart more than all misery.

## XXIII.

“ It seemed that in the dreary night, the diver  
 Who brought me thither, came again, and bore  
 My child away. I saw the waters quiver  
 When he so swiftly sunk, as once before :  
 Then morning came — it shone even as of yore,  
 But I was changed — the very life was gone  
 Out of my heart — I wasted more and more,  
 Day after day, and sitting there alone,  
 Vexed the inconstant waves with my perpetual moan.

## XXIV.

“ I was no longer mad, and yet methought  
 My breasts were swol’n and changed : in every vein  
 The blood stood still one moment, while that thought  
 Was passing — with a gush of sickening pain  
 It ebbed even to its withered springs again :  
 When my wan eyes in stern resolve I turned  
 From that most strange delusion, which would fain  
 Have waked the dream for which my spirit yearned  
 With more than human love — then left it unreturned.

## XXV.

“ So now my reason was restored to me,  
 I struggled with that dream, which, like a beast  
 Most fierce and beauteous, in my memory  
 Had made its lair, and on my heart did feast ;

But all that cave and all its shapes possess  
 By thoughts which could not fade, renewed each one  
 Some smile, some look, some gesture which had blest  
 Me heretofore : I, sitting there alone,  
 Vexed the inconstant waves with my perpetual moan.

## XXVI.

"Time past, I know not whether months or years ;  
 For day, nor night, nor change of seasons made  
 Its note, but thoughts and unavailing tears :  
 And I became at last even as a shade,  
 A smoke, a cloud on which the winds have preyed,  
 Till it be thin as air ; until, one even,  
 A Nautilus upon the fountain played,  
 Spreading his azure sail where breath of Heaven  
 Descended not, among the waves and whirlpools driven.

## XXVII.

"And when the Eagle came, that lovely thing,  
 Oaring with rosy feet its silver boat,  
 Flew near me as for shelter ; on slow wing,  
 The Eagle, hovering o'er his prey, did float ;  
 But when he saw that I with fear did note  
 His purpose, proffering my own food to him,  
 The eager plumes subsided on his throat—  
 He came where that bright child of sea did swim,  
 And o'er it cast in peace his shadow broad and dim.

## XXVIII.

"This wakened me, it gave me human strength ;  
 And hope, I know not whence or wherefore, rose,  
 But I resumed my ancient powers at length ;  
 My spirit felt again like one of those,  
 Like thine, whose fate it is to make the woes  
 Of humankind their prey—what was this cave ?  
 Its deep foundation no firm purpose knows  
 Immutable, resistless, strong to save,  
 Like mind while yet it mocks the all-devouring grave.

## XXIX.

"And where was Laon ? might my heart be dead,  
 While that far dearer heart could move and be ;  
 Or while over the earth the pall was spread,  
 Which I had sworn to rend ? I might be free,  
 Could I but win that friendly bird to me,  
 To bring me ropes ; and long in vain I sought  
 By intercourse of mutual imagery  
 Of objects, if such aid he could be taught ;  
 But fruit, and flowers, and boughs, yet never ropes he brought.



## XXX.

" We live in our own world, and mine was made  
 From glorious phantasies of hope departed :  
 Aye, we are darkened with their floating shade,  
 Or cast a lustre on them — time imparted  
 Such power to me, I became fearless-hearted ;  
 My eye and voice grew firm, calm was my mind,  
 And piercing, like the morn, now it has darted  
 Its lustre on all hidden things, behind  
 Yon dim and fading clouds which load the weary wind.

## XXXI.

" My mind became the book through which I grew  
 Wise in all human wisdom, and its cave,  
 Which like a mine I rifled through and through,  
 To me the keeping of its secrets gave —  
 One mind, the type of all, the moveless wave  
 Whose calm reflects all moving things that are,  
 Necessity, and love, and life, the grave,  
 And sympathy, fountains of hope and fear ;  
 Justice, and truth, and time, and the world's natural sphere.

## XXXII.

" And on the sand would I make signs to range  
 These woofs, as they were woven, of my thought ;  
 Clear elemental shapes, whose smallest change  
 A subtler language within language wrought :  
 The key of truths which once were dimly taught  
 In old Crotona ; and sweet melodies  
 Of love, in that lone solitude I caught  
 From mine own voice in dream, when thy dear eyes  
 Shone through my sleep, and did that utterance harmonize.

## XXXIII.

" Thy songs were winds whereon I fled at will,  
 As in a winged chariot, o'er the plain  
 Of crystal youth ; and thou wert there to fill  
 My heart with joy, and there we sate again  
 On the gray margin of the glimmering main,  
 Happy as then but wiser far, for we  
 Smiled on the flowery grave in which were lain  
 Fear, Faith, and Slavery ; and mankind was free,  
 Equal, and pure, and wise, in wisdom's prophecy.

## XXXIV.

" For to my will my fancies were as slaves  
 To do their sweet and subtle ministrics ;  
 And oft from that bright fountain's shadowy waves  
 They would make human throngs gather and rise

To combat with my overflowing eyes,  
 And voice made deep with passion — Thus I grew  
 Familiar with the shock and the surprise  
 And war of earthly minds from which I drew  
 The power which has been mine to frame their thoughts anew.

## XXXV.

“ And thus my prison was the populous earth —  
 Where I saw — even as misery dreams of morn  
 Before the east has given its glory birth —  
 Religion's pomp made desolate by the scorn  
 Of wisdom's faintest smile, and thrones uptorn,  
 And dwellings of mild people interspersed  
 With undivided fields of ripening corn,  
 And love made free, a hope which we have nurst  
 Even with our blood and tears, until its glory burst.

## XXXVI.

“ All is not lost ! There is some recompense  
 For hope whose fountain can be thus profound,  
 Even throned Evil's splendid impotence,  
 Girt by its hell of power, the secret sound  
 Of hymns to truth and freedom — the dread bound  
 Of life and death passed fearlessly and well,  
 Dungeons wherein the high resolve is found,  
 Racks which degraded woman's greatness tell,  
 And what may else be good and irresistible.

## XXXVII.

“ Such are the thoughts which, like the fires that flare  
 In storm-encompassed isles, we cherish yet  
 In this dark ruin — such were mine even there ;  
 As in its sleep some odorous violet,  
 While yet its leaves with nightly dews are wet,  
 Breathes in prophetic dreams of day's uprising,  
 Or, as ere Scythian frost in fear has met  
 Spring's messengers descending from the skies,  
 The buds foreknow their life — this hope must ever rise.

## XXXVIII.

“ So years had past, when sudden earthquake rent  
 The depth of ocean, and the cavern crackt  
 With sound, as if the world's wide continent  
 Had fallen in universal ruin wrackt ;  
 And through the cleft streamed in one cataract  
 The stifling waters : when I woke, the flood,  
 Whose banded waves that crystal cave had sacked,  
 Was ebbing round me, and my bright abode  
 Before me yawned — a chasm desert, and bare, and broad.

## XXXIX.

“ Above me was the sky, beneath the sea :  
 I stood upon a point of shattered stone,  
 And heard loose rocks rushing tumultuously  
 With splash and shock into the deep — anon  
 All ceased, and there was silence wide and lone.  
 I felt that I was free! The Ocean-spray  
 Quivered beneath my feet, the broad Heaven shone  
 Around, and in my hair the winds did play,  
 Lingering as they pursued their unimpeded way.

## XL.

“ My spirit moved upon the sea like wind  
 Which round some thymy cape will lag and hover,  
 Though it can wake the still cloud, and unbind  
 The strength of tempest: day was almost over,  
 When through the fading light I could discover  
 A ship approaching — its white sails were fed  
 With the north wind — its moving shade did cover  
 The twilight deep; the mariners in dread  
 Cast anchor when they saw new rocks around them spread.

## XLI.

“ And when they saw one sitting on a crag,  
 They sent a boat to me; the sailors rowed  
 In awe through many a new and fearful jag  
 Of overhanging rock, through which there flowed  
 The foam of streams that can not make abode.  
 They came and questioned me, but, when they heard  
 My voice, they became silent, and they stood  
 And moved as men in whom new love had stirred  
 Deep thoughts: so to the ship we past without a word.

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 CANTO VIII.

## I.

“ I SATÉ beside the steersman then, and, gazing  
 Upon the west, cried, ‘ Spread the sails! behold!  
 The sinking moon is like a watch-tower blazing  
 Over the mountains yet; the City of Gold  
 Yon Cape alone does from the sight withhold;  
 The stream is fleet — the north breathes steadily  
 Beneath the stars; they tremble with the cold!  
 Ye can not rest upon the dreary sea;  
 Haste, haste to the warm home of happier destiny!’

## II.

“ The Mariners obeyed — the Captain stood  
 Aloof, and, whispering to the Pilot, said,  
 ‘ Alas, alas ! I fear we are pursued  
 By wicked ghosts : a Phantom of the Dead.  
 The night before we sailed, came to my bed  
 In dream, like that ! ’ The Pilot then replied,  
 ‘ It can not be — she is a human Maid —  
 Her low voice makes you weep — she is some bride.  
 Or daughter of high birth — she can be naught beside.’

## III.

“ We past the islets borne by wind and stream,  
 And as we sailed, the Mariners came near  
 And thronged around to listen ; in the gleam  
 Of the pale moon I stood, as one whom fear  
 May not attain, and my calm voice did rear ;  
 ‘ Ye are all human — Yon broad moon gives light  
 To millions who the self same likeness wear.  
 Even while I speak — beneath this very night,  
 Their thoughts flow on like ours in sadness or delight.

## IV.

“ ‘ What dream ye ? Your own hands have built a home,  
 Even for yourselves on a beloved shore :  
 For some, fond eyes are pining till they come,  
 How they will greet him when his toils are o’er,  
 And laughing babes rush from the well-known door !  
 Is this your care ? ye toil for your own good —  
 Ye feel and think — has some immortal power  
 Such purposes ? or in a human mood,  
 Dream ye some Power thus builds for man in solitude ?

## V.

“ ‘ What is that Power ? Ye mock yourselves, and give  
 A human heart to what ye can not know :  
 As if the cause of life could think and live !  
 ’Twere as if man’s own works should feel, and show  
 The hopes and fears and thoughts from which they flow,  
 And he be like to them. Lo ! Plague is free  
 To waste, Blight, Poison, Earthquake, Hail and Snow,  
 Disease and Want and worse Necessity  
 Of hate and ill, and Pride and Fear and Tyranny.

## VI.

“ ‘ What is that power ? Some moon-struck sophist stood  
 Watching the shade from his own soul upthrown  
 Fill Heaven and darken Earth, and in such mood  
 The form he saw and worshiped was his own,

His likeness in the world's vast mirror shown ;  
 And 'twere an innocent dream, but that a faith  
 Nursed by fear's dew of poison, grows thereon,  
 And that men say that Power has chosen Death  
 On all who scorn its laws, to wreak immortal wrath.

## VII.

“ Men say that they themselves have heard and seen,  
 Or known from others who have known such things,  
 A Shade, a Form, which Earth and Heaven between  
 Wields an invisible rod — that Priests and Kings,  
 Custom, domestic sway, aye, all that brings  
 Man's free-born soul beneath the oppressor's heel,  
 Are his strong ministers, and that the stings  
 Of death will make the wise his vengeance feel,  
 Though truth and virtue arm their hearts with tenfold steel

## VIII.

“ And it is said, this power will punish wrong ;  
 Yes, add despair to crime, and pain to pain !  
 And deepest hell and deathless snakes among,  
 Will bind the wretch on whom is fixed a stain,  
 Which, like a plague, a burthen and a bane,  
 Clung to him while he lived ; for love and hate,  
 Virtue and vice, they say are difference vain —  
 The will of strength is right — this human state  
 Tyrants, that they may rule with lies, thus desolate.

## IX.

“ Alas, what strength ? Opinion is more frail  
 Than yon dim cloud now fading on the moon  
 Even while we gaze, though it awhile avail  
 To hide the orb of truth — and every throne  
 Of Earth or Heaven, though shadows rest thereon,  
 One shape of many names : for this ye plow  
 The barren waves of ocean ; hence each one  
 Is slave or tyrant ; all betray and bow,  
 Command, or kill, or fear, or wreak, or suffer woe.

## X.

“ Its names are each a sign which maketh holy  
 All power — aye, the ghost, the dream, the shade,  
 Of power — lust, falsehood, hate and pride and folly ;  
 The pattern whence all fraud and wrong is made,  
 A law to which mankind has been betrayed ;  
 And human love, is as the name well known  
 Of a dear mother, whom the murderer laid  
 In bloody grave, and, into darkness thrown,  
 Gathered her wildered babes around him as his own.

## X I.

" ' O Love ! who to the hearts of wandering men  
 Art as the calm to ocean's weary waves !  
 Justice, or truth, or joy ! thou only can  
 From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves  
 Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves.  
 To give to all an equal share of good,  
 To track the steps of Freedom, though through graves  
 She pass, to suffer all in patient mood,  
 To weep for crime, though stained with thy friend's dearest blood.

## X I I.

" ' To feel the peace of self-contentment's lot,  
 To own all sympathies, and outrage none,  
 And, in the inmost bowers of sense and thought,  
 Until life's sunny day is quite gone down,  
 To sit and smile with Joy, or, not alone,  
 To kiss salt tears from the worn cheek of Woe :  
 To live, as if to love and live were one —  
 This is not faith or law, nor those who bow  
 To thrones on heaven or earth, such destiny may know.

## X I I I.

" ' But children near their parents tremble now,  
 Because they must obey — one rules another,  
 And as one Power rules both high and low,  
 So man is made the captive of his brother,  
 And Hate is throned on high with Fear her mother,  
 Above the Highest ; and those fountain-cells,  
 Whence love yet flowed when faith had choked all other,  
 Are darkened : woman, as the bond-slave, dwells  
 Of man, a slave ; and life is poisoned in its wells.

## X I V.

" ' Man seeks for gold in mines, that he may weave  
 A lasting chain for his own slavery ;  
 In fear and restless care that he may live,  
 He toils for others, who must ever be  
 The joyless thralls of like captivity ;  
 He murders, for his chiefs delight in ruin ;  
 He builds the altar, that its idol's fee  
 May be his very blood ; he is pursuing,  
 O, blind and willing wretch ! his own obscure undoing.

## X V.

" ' Woman ! — she is his slave, she has become  
 A thing I weep to speak — the child of scorn,  
 The outcast of a desolated home.  
 Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves, have worn

Channels upon her cheek, which smiles adorn,  
 As calm decks the false ocean : well ye know  
 What woman is, for none of woman born  
 Can choose but drain the bitter dregs of woe,  
 Which ever from the oppressed to the oppressors flow.

## XVI.

“ This need not be ; ye might arise, and will  
 That gold should lose its power, and thrones their glory ;  
 That love, which none may bind, be free to fill  
 The world, like light ; and evil faith, grown hoary  
 With crime, be quenched and die. Yon promontory  
 Even now eclipses the descending moon ! —  
 Dungeons and palaces are transitory —  
 High temples fade like vapor — man alone  
 Remains, whose will has power when all beside is gone.

## XVII.

“ Let all be free and equal ! — From your hearts  
 I feel an echo ; through my inmost frame  
 Like sweetest sound, seeking its mate, it darts :  
 Whence come ye, friends ? Alas ! I can not name  
 All that I read of sorrow, toil and shame,  
 On your worn faces ; as in legends old  
 Which make immortal the disastrous fame  
 Of conquerors and impostors false and bold,  
 The discord of your hearts I in your looks behold.

## XVIII.

“ Whence come ye, friends ? from pouring human blood  
 Forth on the earth ? or bring ye steel and gold,  
 That kings may dupe and slay the multitude ?  
 Or from the famished poor, pale, weak and cold,  
 Bear ye the earnings of their toil ? Unfold !  
 Speak ! are your hands in slaughter's sanguine hue  
 Stained freshly ? have your hearts in guile grown old ?  
 Know yourselves thus ? Ye shall be pure as dew,  
 And I will be a friend and sister unto you.

## XIX.

“ Disguise it not — we have one human heart —  
 All mortal thoughts confess a common home :  
 Blush not for what may to thyself impart  
 Stains of inevitable crime : the doom  
 Is this, which has, or may, or must, become  
 Thine, and all humankind's. Ye are the spoil  
 Which Time thus marks for the devouring tomb,  
 Thou and thy thoughts and they, and all the toil  
 Wherewith ye twine the rings of life's perpetual coil.

## XX.

“ Disguise it not : ye blush for what ye hate,  
 And Enmity is sister unto Shame :  
 Look on your mind — it is the book of fate —  
 Ah ! it is dark with many a blazoned name  
 Of misery : all are mirrors of the same ;  
 But the dark fiend who with his iron pen  
 Dipped in scorn’s fiery poison, makes his fame  
 Enduring there, would o’er the heads of men  
 Pass harmless, if they scorned to make their hearts his den.

## XXI.

“ Yes, it is Hate, that shapeless, fiendly thing  
 Of many names, all evil, some divine,  
 Whom self-contempt arms with a mortal sting ;  
 Which, when the heart its snaky folds entwine,  
 Is wasted quite, and when it doth repine  
 To gorge such bitter prey, on all beside  
 It turns with ninefold rage, as with its twine  
 When Amphibæna some fair bird has tied,  
 Soon o’er the putrid mass he threats on every side.

## XXII.

“ Reproach not thine own soul, but know thyself,  
 Nor hate another’s crime, nor loathe thine own.  
 It is the dark idolatry of self,  
 Which, when our thoughts and actions once are gone,  
 Demands that man should weep, and bleed, and groan :  
 O vacant expiation ! be at rest.—  
 The past is Death’s, the future is thine own ;  
 And love and joy can make the foulest breast  
 A paradise of flowers, where Peace might build her nest.

## XXIII.

“ Speak thou ! whence come ye ? — A youth made reply,  
 ‘ Wearily, wearily o’er the boundless deep  
 We sail ; thou readest well the misery  
 Told in these faded eyes, but much doth sleep  
 Within, which there the poor heart loves to keep,  
 Or dare not write on the dishonored brow ;  
 Even from our childhood have we learned to steep  
 The bread of slavery in the tears of woe,  
 And never dreamed of hope or refuge until now.

## XXIV.

“ Yes — I must speak — my secret would have perished  
 Even with the heart it wasted, as a brand  
 Fades in the dying flame whose life it cherished,  
 But that no human bosom can withstand



Thee, wondrous lady, and the mild command  
 Of thy keen eyes : yes, we are wretched slaves,  
 Who from their wonted loves and native land  
 Are reft, and bear o'er the dividing waves  
 The unregarded prey of calm and happy graves.

## XXV.

“ ‘ We drag afar from pastoral vales the fairest  
 Among the daughters of those mountains lone,  
 We drag them there, where all things best and rarest  
 Are stained and trampled : years have come and gone  
 Since, like the ship which bears me, I have known  
 No thought ; but now the eyes of one dear maid  
 On mine with light of mutual love have shone —  
 She is my life — I am but as the shade  
 Of her — a smoke sent up from ashes, soon to fade.

## XXVI.

“ ‘ For she must perish in the tyrant's hall —  
 Alas, alas !’ — He ceased, and by the sail  
 Sate cowering ; but his sobs were heard by all,  
 And still before the ocean and the gale  
 The ship fled fast till the stars 'gan to fail ;  
 All round me gathered with mute countenance,  
 The seamen gazed, the pilot, worn and pale  
 With toil, the captain with gray locks, whose glance  
 Met mine in restless awe — they stood as in a trance.

## XXVII.

“ ‘ Recede not ! pause not now ! thou art grown old,  
 But Hope will make thee young, for Hope and Youth  
 Are children of one mother, even Love — behold !  
 The eternal stars gaze on us ! — is the truth  
 Within your soul ? care for your own, or ruth  
 For others' sufferings ? do ye thirst to bear  
 A heart which not the serpent custom's tooth  
 May violate ? — Be free ! and even here,  
 Swear to be firm till death !’ They cried, ‘ We swear, we swear !’

## XXVIII.

“ The very darkness shook, as with a blast  
 Of subterranean thunder, at the cry ;  
 The hollow shore its thousand echoes cast  
 Into the night, as if the sea and sky  
 And earth rejoiced with new-born Liberty,  
 For in that name they swore ! Bolts were undrawn,  
 And on the deck, with unaccustomed eye  
 The captives gazing stood, and every one  
 Shrank as the inconstant torch upon her countenance shone.

## XXIX.

“ They were earth’s purest children, young and fair,  
 With eyes the shrines of unawakened thought,  
 And brows as bright as spring or morning, ere  
 Dark time had there its evil legend wrought  
 In characters of cloud which wither not.—  
 The change was like a dream to them ; but soon  
 They knew the glory of their altered lot  
 In the bright wisdom of youth’s breathless noon,  
 Sweet talk, and smiles, and sighs, all bosoms did attune.

## XXX.

“ But one was mute, her cheeks and lips most fair,  
 Changing their hue like lilies newly blown,  
 Beneath a bright acacia’s shadowy hair,  
 Waved by the wind amid the sunny noon,  
 Showed that her soul was quivering ; and full soon  
 That youth arose, and breathlessly did look  
 On her and me, as for some speechless boon :  
 I smiled, and both their hands in mine I took,  
 And felt a soft delight from what their spirits shook.



## CANTO IX.

## I.

“ THAT night we anchored in a woody bay,  
 And sleep no more around us dared to hover  
 Than, when all doubt and fear has passed away,  
 It shades the couch of some unresting lover,  
 Whose heart is now at rest : thus night passed over  
 In mutual joy : around, a forest grew  
 Of poplars and dark oaks, whose shade did cover  
 The waning stars, pranked in the waters blue,  
 And trembled in the wind which from the morning flew.

## II.

“ The joyous mariners, and each free maiden,  
 Now brought from the deep forest many a bough,  
 With woodland spoil most innocently laden ;  
 Soon wreaths of budding foliage seemed to flow  
 Over the mast and sails, the stern and prow  
 Were canopied with blooming boughs — the while  
 On the slant sun’s path o’er the waves we go  
 Rejoicing, like the dwellers of an isle  
 Doomed to pursue those waves that can not cease to smile.

## III.

“ The many ships spotting the dark blue deep  
 With snowy sails, fled fast as ours came nigh,  
 In fear and wonder ; and on every steep  
 Thousands did gaze : they heard the startling cry,  
 Like Earth's own voice lifted unconquerably  
 To all her children, the unbounded mirth,  
 The glorious joy of thy name—Liberty !  
 They heard ! — As o'er the mountains of the earth  
 From peak to peak leap on the beams of morning's birth :

## IV.

“ So from that cry over the boundless hills,  
 Sudden was caught one universal sound,  
 Like a volcano's voice, whose thunder fills  
 Remotest skies — such glorious madness found  
 A path through human hearts with stream which drowned  
 Its struggling fears and cares, dark custom's brood ;  
 They knew not whence it came, but felt around  
 A wide contagion poured — they called aloud  
 On Liberty — that name lived on the sunny flood.

## V.

“ We reached the port — alas ! from many spirits  
 The wisdom which had waked that cry was fled,  
 Like the brief glory which dark heaven inherits  
 From the false dawn, which fades ere it is spread,  
 Upon the night's devouring darkness shed :  
 Yet soon bright day will burst — even like a chasm  
 Of fire, to burn the shrouds outworn and dead,  
 Which wrap the world : a wide enthusiasm,  
 To cleanse the fevered world as with an earthquake's spasm !

## VI.

“ I walked through the great city then, but free  
 From shame or fear ; those toil-worn mariners  
 And happy maidens did encompass me ;  
 And like a subterranean wind that stirs  
 Some forest among caves, the hopes and fears  
 From every human soul, a murmur strange  
 Made as I passed ; and many wept, with tears  
 Of joy and awe, and winged thoughts did range,  
 And half-extinguished words, which prophesied of change.

## VII.

“ For with strong speech I tore the veil that hid  
 Nature, and Truth, and Liberty, and Love —  
 As one who, from some mountain's pyramid,  
 Points to the unrisen sun ! — the shades approve

His truth, and flee from every stream and grove.  
 Thus, gentle thoughts did many a bosom fill —  
 Wisdom the mail of tried affections wove  
 For many a heart, and tameless scorn of ill  
 Thrice steeped in molten steel the unconquerable will.

## VIII.

" Some said I was a maniac wild and lost ;  
 Some, that I scarce had risen from the grave  
 The prophet's virgin bride, a heavenly ghost :  
 Some said I was a fiend from my weird cave,  
 Who had stolen human shape, and o'er the wave,  
 The forest, and the mountain, came : some said  
 I was the child of God, sent down to save  
 Women from bonds and death, and on my head  
 The burden of their sins would frightfully be laid.

## IX.

" But soon my human words found sympathy  
 In human hearts : the purest and the best,  
 As friend with friend made common cause with me,  
 And they were few, but resolute ; the rest,  
 Ere yet success the enterprise had blest,  
 Leagued with me in their hearts ; their meals, their slumber,  
 Their hourly occupations, were possest  
 By hopes which I had armed to outnumber  
 Those hosts of meaner cares, which life's strong wings encumber.

## X.

" But chiefly women, whom my voice did waken  
 From their cold, careless, willing slavery,  
 Sought me : one truth their dreary prison has shaken —  
 They looked around, and lo ! they became free !  
 Their many tyrants sitting desolately  
 In slave-deserted halls, could none restrain ;  
 For Wrath's red fire had withered in the eye  
 Whose lightning once was death — nor fear nor gain  
 Could tempt one captive now to lock another's chain.

## XI.

" Those who were sent to bind me wept, and felt  
 Their minds outsoar the bonds which clasped them round,  
 Even as a waxen shape may waste and melt  
 In the white furnace ; and a visioned swound,  
 A pause of hope and awe, the city bound,  
 Which, like the silence of a tempest's birth,  
 When in its awful shadow it has wound  
 The sun, the wind, the ocean, and the earth,  
 Hung terrible, ere yet the lightnings have leaped forth.

## XII.

“ Like clouds inwoven in the silent sky  
 By winds from distant regions meeting there,  
 In the high name of truth and liberty  
 Around the city millions gathered were,  
 By hopes which sprang from many a hidden lair ;  
 Words, which the lore of truth in hues of grace  
 Arrayed, thine own wild songs which in the air  
 Like homeless odors floated. and the name  
 Of thee, and many a tongue which thou hadst dipped in flame.

## XIII.

“ The tyrant knew his power was gone, but Fear,  
 The nurse of Vengeance, bade him wait the event—  
 That perfidy and custom, gold and prayer,  
 And whatsoe'er, when force is impotent,  
 To fraud the sceptre of the world has lent,  
 Might, as he judged, confirm his failing sway.  
 Therefore throughout the streets the priests he sent  
 To curse the rebels. To their gods did they  
 For Earthquake, Plague, and Want, kneel in the public way.

## XIV.

“ And grave and hoary men were bribed to tell  
 From seats where law is made the slave of wrong,  
 How glorious Athens in her splendor fell,  
 Because her sons were free — and that among  
 Mankind the many to the few belong,  
 By Heaven, and Nature, and Necessity.  
 They said that age was truth, and that the young  
 Marred with wild hopes the peace of slavery,  
 With which old times and men had quelled the vain and free.

## XV.

“ And with the falsehood of their poisonous lips  
 They breathed on the enduring memory  
 Of sages and of bards a brief eclipse ;  
 There was one teacher whom necessity  
 Had armed with strength and wrong against mankind,  
 His slave and his avenger aye to be ;  
 That we were weak and sinful, frail and blind,  
 And that the will of one was peace, and we  
 Should seek for naught on earth but toil and misery.

## XVI.

“ ‘ For thus we might avoid the hell hereafter.’  
 So spake the hypocrites, who cursed and lied :  
 Alas ! their sway was past, and tears and laughter  
 Clung to their hoary hair, withering the pride

Which in their hollow hearts dared still abide ;  
 And yet obscener slaves with smoother brow,  
 And sneers on their strait lips, thin, blue, and wide,  
 Said that the rule of men was over now,  
 And hence the subject world to woman's will must bow ;

## X V I I .

“ And gold was scattered through the streets, and wine  
 Flowed at a hundred feasts within the wall.  
 In vain ! The steady towers in heaven did shine  
 As they were wont, nor at the priestly call  
 Left Plague her banquet in the Ethiop's hall,  
 Nor Famine from the rich man's portal came,  
 Where at her ease she ever preys on all  
 Who throng to kneel for food : nor fear, nor shame,  
 Nor faith, nor discord, dimmed hope's newly-kindled flame.

## X V I I I .

“ For gold was as a god whose faith began  
 To fade, so that its worshipers were few,  
 And Faith itself, which in the heart of man  
 Gives shape, voice, name, to spectral Terror, knew  
 Its downfall, as the altars lonelier grew,  
 Till the priests stood alone within the fane ;  
 The shafts of falsehood unpolluting flew,  
 And the cold sneers of calumny were vain  
 The union of the free with discord's brand to stain.

## X I X .

“ The rest thou knowest. Lo ! we two are here —  
 We have survived a ruin wide and deep —  
 Strange thoughts are mine. I can not grieve nor fear,  
 Sitting with thee upon this lonely steep  
 I smile, though human love should make me weep.  
 We have survived a joy that knows no sorrow,  
 And I do feel a mighty calmness creep  
 Over my heart, which can no longer borrow  
 Its hues from chance or change, dark children of to-morrow.

## X X .

“ We know not what will come — yet, Laon, dearest,  
 Cythna shall be the prophetess of love,  
 Her lips shall rob thee of the grace thou wearest,  
 To hide thy heart, and clothe the shapes which rove  
 Within the homeless future's wintry grove ;  
 For I now, sitting thus beside thee, seem  
 Even with thy breath and blood to live and move,  
 And violence and wrong are as a dream  
 Which rolls from steadfast truth, an unreturning stream.

## XXI.

“ The blasts of autumn drive the winged seeds  
 Over the earth — next come the snows and rain  
 And frosts and storms which dreary Winter leads  
 Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train ;  
 Behold ! Spring sweeps over the world again,  
 Shedding soft dews from her ethereal wings ;  
 Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,  
 And music on the waves and woods she flings,  
 And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless things.

## XXII.

“ O Spring ! of hope and love and youth and gladness  
 Wind-winged emblem ! brightest, best and fairest !  
 Whence comest thou, when with dark Winter's sadness  
 The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest ?  
 Sister of Joy ! thou art the child who wearest  
 Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet —  
 Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest  
 Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,  
 Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet.

## XXIII.

“ Virtue and Hope and Love, like light and Heaven,  
 Surround the world. — We are their chosen slaves.  
 Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven  
 Truth's deathless germs to thought's remotest caves ?  
 Lo ! Winter comes ! — the grief of many graves,  
 The frost of death, the tempest of the sword,  
 The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves  
 Stagnate like ice at Faith, the enchanter's word,  
 And bind all human hearts in its repose abhorred.

## XXIV.

“ The seeds are sleeping in the soil : meanwhile  
 The tyrant peoples dungeons with his prey ;  
 Pale victims on the guarded scaffold smile  
 Because they can not speak ; and, day by day,  
 The moon of wasting Science wanes away  
 Among her stars, and in that darkness vast  
 The sons of earth to their foul idols pray,  
 And gray priests triumph, and like blight or blast  
 A shade of selfish care o'er human looks is cast.

## XXV.

“ This is the winter of the world ; and here  
 We die, even as the winds of autumn fade,  
 Expiring in the frore and foggy air. —  
 Behold ! Spring comes, though we must pass who made

The promise of its birth — even as the shade  
 Which from our death, as from a mountain, flings  
 The future, a broad sunrise ; thus arrayed  
 As with the plumes of overshadowing wings,  
 From its dark gulf of chains, Earth like an eagle springs.

## XXVI.

“ O dearest love ! we shall be dead and cold  
 Before this morn may on the world arise ;  
 Wouldst thou the glory of its dawn behold ?  
 Alas ! gaze not on me, but turn thine eyes  
 On thine own heart — it is a paradise  
 Which everlasting spring has made its own,  
 And while drear winter fills the naked skies,  
 Sweet streams of sunny thought and flowers fresh blown  
 Are there, and weave their sounds and odors into one.

## XXVII.

“ In their own hearts the earnest of the hope  
 Which made them great, the good will ever find ;  
 And though some envious shade may interlope  
 Between the effect and it, one comes behind,  
 Who aye the future to the past will bind —  
 Necessity, whose sightless strength for ever  
 Evil with evil, good with good, must wind  
 In bands of union which no power may sever :  
 They must bring forth their kind, and be divided never !

## XXVIII.

“ The good and mighty of departed ages  
 Are in their graves, the innocent and free,  
 Heroes, and poets, and prevailing sages,  
 Who leave the vesture of their majesty  
 To adorn and clothe this naked world ; and we  
 Are like to them — such perish, but they leave  
 All hope or love or truth or liberty,  
 Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive  
 To be a rule and law to ages that survive.

## XXIX.

“ So be the turf heaped over our remains  
 Even in our happy youth, and that strange lot,  
 Whate'er it be, when in these mingling veins  
 The blood is still, be ours ; let sense and thought  
 Pass from our being, or be numbered not  
 Among the things that are ; let those who come  
 Behind, for whom our steadfast will has bought  
 A calm inheritance, a glorious doom,  
 Insult with careless tread our undivided tomb.



## XXX.

“ Our many thoughts and deeds, our life and love,  
 Our happiness, and all that we have been,  
 Immortally must live, and burn, and move,  
 When we shall be no more ; the world has seen  
 A type of peace ; and as some most serene  
 And lovely spot to a poor maniac's eye.  
 After long years, some sweet and moving scene  
 Of youthful hope returning suddenly,  
 Quells his long madness — thus man shall remember thee.

## XXXI.

“ And Calumny meanwhile shall feed on us,  
 As worms devour the dead, and near the throne  
 And at the altar, most accepted thus  
 Shall sneers and curses be ; what we have done  
 None shall dare vouch, though it be truly known ;  
 That record shall remain, when they must pass  
 Who built their pride on its oblivion ;  
 And fame, in human hope which sculptured was,  
 Survive the perished scrolls of unending brass.

## XXXII.

“ The while we two, beloved, must depart,  
 And Sense and Reason, those enchanters fair,  
 Whose wand of power is hope, would bid the heart  
 That gazed beyond the wormy grave despair :  
 These eyes, these lips, this blood, seems darkly there  
 To fade in hideous ruin ; no calm sleep  
 Peopling with golden dreams the stagnant air,  
 Seems our obscure and rotting eyes to steep  
 In joy ; but senseless death — a ruin dark and deep !

## XXXIII.

“ These are blind fancies. Reason can not know  
 What sense can neither feel nor thought conceive ;  
 There is delusion in the world — and woe,  
 And fear, and pain : we know not whence we live,  
 Or why, or how, or what mute power may give  
 Their being to each plant and star and beast,  
 Or even these thoughts. — Come near me ! I do weave  
 A chain I can not break : I am possessèd  
 With thoughts too swift and strong for one lone human breast.

## XXXIV.

“ Yes, yes — thy kiss is sweet, thy lips are warm —  
 O ! willingly, beloved, would these eyes,  
 Might they no more drink being from thy form,  
 Even as to sleep whence we again arise,

Close their faint orbs in death. I fear nor prize  
 Aught that can now betide, unshared by thee —  
 Yes, love when wisdom fails makes Cythna wise :  
 Darkness and death, if death be true, must be  
 Dearer than life and hope if unenjoyed with thee.

X X X V.

“ Alas ! our thoughts flow on with stream, whose waters  
 Return not to their fountain — earth and heaven,  
 The ocean and the sun, the clouds their daughters,  
 Winter and spring, and morn and noon and even,  
 All that we are or know, is darkly driven  
 Toward one gulf. Lo ! what a change is come  
 Since I first spake : but time shall be forgiven,  
 Though it change all but thee !” She ceased — night’s gloom  
 Meanwhile had fallen on earth from the sky’s sunless dome.

X X X V I.

Though she had ceased, her countenance, uplifted  
 To heaven, still spake, with solemn glory bright ;  
 Her dark deep eyes, her lips, whose motions gifted  
 The air they breathed with love, her locks undight ;  
 “ Fair star of life and love,” I cried, “ my soul’s delight,  
 Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies ?  
 O, that my spirit were yon heaven of night,  
 Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes !”  
 She turned to me and smiled — that smile was paradise !



## CANTO X.

I.

WAS there a human spirit in the steed,  
 That thus with his proud voice, ere night was gone,  
 He broke our linked rest ? or do indeed  
 All living things a common nature own,  
 And thought erect a universal throne,  
 Where many shapes one tribute ever bear ?  
 And Earth, their mutual mother, does she groan  
 To see her sons contend ? and makes she bare  
 Her breast, that all in peace its drainless stores may share ?

II.

I have heard friendly sounds from many a tongue  
 Which was not human : the lone nightingale  
 Has answered me with her most soothing song,  
 Out of her ivy bower, when I sate pale

With grief, and sighed beneath ; from many a dale  
 The antelopes who flocked for food have spoken  
 With happy sounds and motions, that avail  
 Like man's own speech : and such was now the token  
 Of waning night, whose calm by that proud neigh was broken.

## III.

Each night that mighty steed bore me abroad,  
 And I returned with food to our retreat,  
 And dark intelligence ; the blood which flowed  
 Over the fields, had stained the courser's feet :  
 Soon the dust drinks that bitter dew — then meet  
 The vulture and the wild-dog and the snake,  
 The wolf and the hyena gray, and eat  
 The dead in horrid truce : their throngs did make  
 Behind the steed a chasm like waves in a ship's wake.

## IV.

For from the utmost realms of earth came pouring  
 The banded slaves whom every despot sent  
 At that throned traitor's summons ; like the roaring  
 Of fire, whose floods the wild deer circumvent  
 In the scorched pastures of the South : so bent  
 The armies of the leagued kings around  
 Their files of steel and flame ; the continent  
 Trembled, as with a zone of ruin bound ;  
 Beneath their feet the sea shook with their navies' sound.

## V.

From every nation of the earth they came,  
 The multitude of moving heartless things  
 Whom slaves call men : obediently they came,  
 Like sheep whom from the fold the shepherd brings  
 To the stall, red with blood ; their many kings  
 Led them, thus erring, from their native home ;  
 Tartar and Frank, and millions whom the wings  
 Of Indian breezes lull, and many a band  
 The arctic anarch sent, and Idumæa's sand,

## VI.

Fertile in prodigies and lies — so there  
 Strange natures made a brotherhood of ill.  
 The desert savage ceased to grasp in fear  
 His Asian shield and bow, when, at the will  
 Of Europe's subtler son, the bolt would kill  
 Some shepherd sitting on a rock secure ;  
 But smiles of wondering joy his face would fill,  
 And savage sympathy : those slaves impure,  
 Each one the other thus from ill to ill did lure.

## VII.

For traitorously did that foul tyrant robe  
 His countenance in lies : even at the hour  
 When he was snatched from death, then o'er the globe,  
 With secret signs from many a mountain tower,  
 With smoke by day, and fire by night, the power  
 Of kings and priests, those dark conspirators,  
 He called : they knew his cause their own, and swore  
 Like wolves and serpents to their mutual wars  
 Strange truce, with many a rite which Earth and Heaven abhors.

## VIII.

Myriads had come — millions were on their way ;  
 The tyrant passed, surrounded by the steel  
 Of hired assassins, through the public way,  
 Choked with his country's dead : his footsteps reel  
 On the fresh blood — he smiles. " Ay, now I feel  
 I am a king in truth !" he said, and took  
 His royal seat, and bade the torturing wheel  
 Be brought, and fire, and pincers, and the hook,  
 And scorpions — that his soul on its revenge might look.

## IX.

" But first, go slay the rebels ! Why return  
 The victor bands ?" he said : " millions yet live,  
 Of whom the weakest with one word might turn  
 The scales of victory yet ; let none survive  
 But those within the walls — each fifth shall give  
 The expiation for his brethren here.  
 Go forth, and waste and kill !" — " O king, forgive  
 My speech," a soldier answered ; " but we fear  
 The spirits of the night, and morn is drawing near ;

## X.

" For we were slaying still without remorse,  
 And now that dreadful chief beneath my hand  
 Defenceless lay, when on a hell-black horse,  
 An angel bright as day, waving a brand  
 Which flashed among the stars, passed." — " Dost thou stand  
 Parleying with me, thou wretch ?" the king replied ;  
 " Slaves ! bind him to the wheel ; and of this band,  
 Whoso will drag that woman to his side  
 That scared him thus, may burn his dearest foe beside :

## XI.

" And gold and glory shall be his. Go forth !" —  
 They rushed into the plain. Loud was the roar  
 Of their career : the horsemen shook the earth ;  
 The wheeled artillery's speed the pavement tore ;

The infantry, file after file, did pour  
 Their clouds on the utmost hills. Five days they slew  
 Among the wasted fields : the sixth saw gore  
 Stream through the city ; on the seventh, the dew  
 Of slaughter became stiff ; and there was peace anew :

## X I I.

Peace in the desert fields and villages,  
 Between the gluttoned beasts and mangled dead  
 Peace in the silent streets ! save when the cries  
 Of victims, to their fiery judgement led,  
 Made pale their voiceless lips, who seemed to dread  
 Even in their dearest kindred, lest some tongue  
 Be faithless to the fear yet unbetrayed ;  
 Peace in the tyrant's palace, where the throng  
 Waste the triumphal hours in festival and song !

## X I I I.

Day after day the burning sun rolled on  
 Over the death-polluted land ; it came  
 Out of the east like fire, and fiercely shone  
 A lamp of autumn, ripening with its flame  
 The few lone ears of corn ; the sky became  
 Stagnate with heat, so that each cloud and blast  
 Languished and died ; the thirsting air did claim  
 All moisture, and a rotting vapor past  
 From the unburied dead, invisible and fast.

## X I V.

First want, then plague, came on the beasts ; their food  
 Failed, and they drew the breath of its decay.  
 Millions on millions, whom the scent of blood  
 Had lured, or who, from regions far away,  
 Had tracked the hosts in festival array,  
 From their dark deserts — gaunt and wasting now,  
 Stalked like fell shades among their perished prey ;  
 In their green eyes a strange disease did glow,  
 They sank in hideous spasm, or pains severe and slow.

## X V.

The fish were poisoned in the streams ; the birds  
 In the green woods perished ; the insect race  
 Was withered up ; the scattered flocks and herds  
 Who had survived the wild beasts' hungry chase,  
 Died moaning, each upon the other's face  
 In helpless agony gazing ; round the city  
 All night the lean hyenas their sad case  
 Like starving infants wailed — a woeful ditty !  
 And many a mother wept, pierced with unnatural pity.

## XVI.

Amid the aërial minarets on high,  
 The Ethiopian vultures fluttering fell  
 From their long line of brethren in the sky,  
 Startling the concourse of mankind.— Too well  
 These signs the coming mischief did foretell :  
 Strange panic first, a deep and sickening dread  
 Within each heart, like ice, did sink and dwell,  
 A voiceless thought of evil, which did spread  
 With the quick glance of eyes, like withering lightnings shed.

## XVII.

Day after day, when the year wanes, the frosts  
 Strip its green crown of leaves, till all is bare ;  
 So on those strange and congregated hosts  
 Came Famine, a swift shadow, and the air  
 Groaned with the burden of a new despair :  
 Famine, than whom Misrule no deadlier daughter  
 Feeds from her thousand breasts, though sleeping there  
 With lidless eyes, lie Faith and Plague and Slaughter,  
 A ghastly brood — conceived of Lethe's sullen water.

## XVIII.

There was no food ; the corn was trampled down,  
 The flocks and herds had perished ; on the shore  
 The dead and putrid fish were ever thrown :  
 The deeps were foodless, and the winds no more  
 Creaked with the weight of birds, but, as before  
 Those winged things sprang forth, were void of shade ;  
 The vines and orchards, autumn's golden store,  
 Were burnt : so that the meanest food was weighed  
 With gold, and Avarice died before the god it made.

## XIX.

There was no corn : in the wide market-place  
 All loathliest things, even human flesh, was sold ;  
 They weighed it in small scales — and many a face  
 Was fixed in eager horror then : his gold  
 The miser brought ; the tender maid, grown bold  
 Through hunger, bared her scorned charms in vain ;  
 The mother brought her eldest born, controlled  
 By instinct blind as love, but turned again  
 And bade her infant suck, and died in silent pain.

## XX.

Then fell blue Plague upon the race of man.  
 "O, for the sheathed steel, so late which gave  
 Oblivion to the dead, when the streets ran  
 With brothers' blood ! O that the earthquake's grave

Would gape, or ocean lift its stifling wave!"  
 Vain cries! throughout the streets, thousands pursued  
 Each by his fiery torture, howl and rave,  
 Or sit, in phrensy's unimagined mood,  
 Upon fresh heaps of dead — a ghastly multitude!

## XXI.

It was not hunger now, but thirst. Each well  
 Was choked with rotting corpses, and became  
 A caldron of green mist made visible  
 At sunrise. Thither still the myriads came,  
 Seeking to quench the agony of the flame  
 Which raged like poison through their bursting veins;  
 Naked they were from torture, without shame,  
 Spotted with nameless scars and lurid blains,  
 Childhood and youth and age, writhing in savage pains.

## XXII.

It was not thirst but madness! Many saw  
 Their own lean image everywhere; it went  
 A ghastlier self beside them, till the awe  
 Of that dread sight to self-destruction sent  
 Those shrieking victims; some, ere life was spent,  
 Sought, with a horrid sympathy, to shed  
 Contagion on the sound; and others rent  
 Their matted hair, and cried aloud, "We tread  
 On fire! the avenging Power his hell on earth has spread!"

## XXIII.

Sometimes the living by the dead were hid.  
 Near the great fountain in the public square,  
 Where corpses made a crumbling pyramid  
 Under the sun, was heard one stifled prayer  
 For life, in the hot silence of the air;  
 And strange 'twas, 'mid that hideous heap to see  
 Some shrouded in their long and golden hair,  
 As if not dead, but slumbering quietly,  
 Like forms which sculptors carve, then love to agony.

## XXIV.

Famine had spared the palace of the king:  
 He rioted in festival the while,  
 He and his guards and priests; but Plague did fling  
 One shadow upon all. Famine can smile  
 On him who brings it food, and pass, with guile  
 Of thankful falsehood, like a courtier gray,  
 The house-dog of the throne; but many a mile  
 Comes Plague, a winged wolf, who loathes alway  
 The garbage and the scum that strangers make her prey.

## XXV.

So, near the throne, amid the gorgeous feast.  
 Sheathed in resplendent arms, or loosely dight  
 To luxury, ere the mockery yet had ceased  
 That lingered on his lips, the warrior's might  
 Was loosened, and a new and ghastlier night  
 In dreams of phrensy lapped his eyes; he fell  
 Headlong, or with stiff eyeballs sate upright  
 Among the guests, or raving mad, did tell  
 Strange truths — a dying seer of dark oppression's hell.

## XXVI.

The princes and the priests were pale with terror;  
 That monstrous faith wherewith they ruled mankind  
 Fell, like a shaft loosed by the bowman's error,  
 On their own hearts: they sought and they could find  
 No refuge — 'twas the blind who led the blind!  
 So, through the desolate streets to the high fane,  
 The many-tongued and endless armies wind  
 In sad procession; each among the train  
 To his own Idol lifts his supplications vain.

## XXVII.

"O God!" they cried, "we know our secret pride  
 Has scorned thee and thy worship and thy name;  
 Secure in human power, we have defied  
 Thy fearful might; we bend in fear and shame  
 Before thy presence; with the dust we claim  
 Kindred. Be merciful, O King of heaven!  
 Most justly have we suffered for thy fame  
 Made dim, but be at length our sins forgiven,  
 Ere to despair and death thy worshipers be driven.

## XXVIII.

"O King of Glory! thou alone hast power!  
 Who can resist thy will? who can restrain  
 Thy wrath, when on the guilty thou dost shower  
 The shafts of thy revenge — a blistering rain?  
 Greatest and best, be merciful again!  
 Have we not stabbed thine enemies, and made  
 The earth an altar, and the heavens a fane,  
 Where thou wert worshiped with their blood, and laid  
 Those hearts in dust which would thy searchless works have  
 weighed?"

## XXIX.

"Well didst thou loosen on this impious city  
 Thine angels of revenge: recall them now;  
 Thy worshipers abased, here kneel for pity,  
 And bind their souls by an immortal vow:



We swear by thee ! And to our oath do thou  
 Give sanction, from thine hell of fiends and flame,  
 That we will kill with fire and torments slow  
 The last of those who mocked thy holy name,  
 And scorned the sacred laws thy prophets did proclaim."

## XXX.

Thus they with trembling limbs and pallid lips  
 Worshipped their own hearts' image, dim and vast,  
 Scared by the shade wherewith they would eclipse  
 The light of other minds ; troubled they past  
 From the great temple. Fiercely still and fast  
 The arrows of the plague among them fell,  
 And they on one another gazed aghast,  
 And through the hosts contention wild befell.  
 As each of his own god the wondrous works did tell :

## XXXI.

And Oromaze, Joshua and Mahomet,  
 Moses and Buddh, Zerdusht and Brahm and Foh,  
 A tumult of strange names, which never met  
 Before, as watchwords of a single woe  
 Arose. Each raging votary 'gau to throw  
 Aloft his armed hands, and each did howl,  
 " Our God alone is God !" — and slaughter now  
 Would have gone forth, when, from beneath a cowl,  
 A voice came forth, which pierced like ice through every soul.

## XXXII.

'Twas an Iberian priest from whom it came,  
 A zealous man, who led the legioned West  
 With words which faith and pride had steeped in flame,  
 To quell the unbelievers : a dire guest  
 Even to his friends was he, for in his breast  
 Did hate and guile lie watchful, intertwined,  
 Twin serpents in one deep and winding nest ;  
 He loathed all faith beside his own, and pined  
 To wreak his fear of Heaven in vengeance on mankind.

## XXXIII.

But more he loathed and hated the clear light  
 Of wisdom and free thought, and more did fear,  
 Lest, kindled once, its beams might pierce the night,  
 Even where his idol stood : for, far and near  
 Did many a heart in Europe leap to hear  
 That faith and tyranny were trampled down ;  
 Many a pale victim, doomed for truth to share  
 The murderer's cell, or see, with helpless groan,  
 The priests his children drag for slaves to serve their own.

## XXXIV.

He dared not kill the infidels with fire  
 Or steel, in Europe : the slow agonies  
 Of legal torture mocked his keen desire  
 So he made truce with those who did despise  
 The expiation and the sacrifice,  
 That, though detested, Islam's kindred creed  
 Might crush for him those deadlier enemies ;  
 For fear of God did in his bosom breed  
 A jealous hate of man, an unreposing need.

## XXXV.

" Peace ! peace !" he cried. " When we are dead, the day  
 Of judgement comes, and all shall surely know  
 Whose God is God — each fearfully shall pay  
 The errors of his faith in endless woe !  
 But there is sent a mortal vengeance now  
 On earth, because an impious race had spurned  
 Him whom we all adore — a subtil foe,  
 By whom for ye this dread reward was earned,  
 And kingly thrones, which rest on faith, nigh overturned.

## XXXVI.

" Think ye, because we weep and kneel and pray,  
 That God will lull the pestilence ? It rose  
 Even from beneath his throne, where many a day  
 His mercy soothed it to a dark repose :  
 It walks upon the earth to judge his foes,  
 And what are thou and I, that he should deign  
 To curb his ghastly minister, or close  
 The gates of death, ere they receive the twain  
 Who shook with mortal spells his undefended reign ?

## XXXVII.

" Ay, there is famine in the gulf of hell,  
 Its giant worms of fire for ever yawn —  
 Their lurid eyes are on us ! Those who fell  
 By the swift shafts of pestilence ere dawn,  
 Are in their jaws ! They hunger for the spawn  
 Of Satan, their own brethren, who were sent  
 To make our souls their spoil. See ! see ! they fawn  
 Like dogs, and they will sleep with luxury spent,  
 When those detested hearts their iron fangs have rent !

## XXXVIII.

" Our God may then lull Pestilence to sleep :  
 Pile high the pyre of expiation now !  
 A forest's spoil of boughs, and on the heap  
 Pour venomous gums, which sullenly and slow,

When touched by flame shall burn and melt, and flow,  
 A stream of clinging fire, and fix on high  
 A net of iron, and spread forth below  
 A couch of snakes and scorpions, and the fry  
 Of centipedes and worms, earth's hellish progeny !

## XXXIX.

"Let Laon and Laone on that pyre,  
 Linked tight with burning brass, perish ! then pray  
 That, with this sacrifice, the withering ire  
 Of Heaven may be appeased." He ceased, and they  
 A space stood silent, as far, far away  
 The echoes of his voice among them died ;  
 And he knelt down upon the dust, alway  
 Muttering the curses of his speechless pride,  
 While shame and fear and awe the armies did divide.

## XL.

His voice was like a blast that burst the portal  
 Of fabled hell ; and as he spake, each one  
 Saw gape beneath the chasms of fire immortal.  
 And heaven above seemed cloven, where, on a throne  
 Girt round with storms and shadows, sate alone  
 Their King and Judge. Fear killed in every breast  
 All natural pity then, a fear unknown  
 Before, and with an inward fire possesset,  
 They raged like homeless beasts whom burning woods invest.

## XLI.

'Twas morn. At noon the public crier went forth,  
 Proclaiming through the living and the dead,  
 "The monarch saith that his great empire's worth  
 Is set on Laon and Laone's head :  
 He who but one yet living here can lead,  
 Or who the life from both their hearts can wring,  
 Shall be the kingdom's heir, a glorious meed !  
 But he who both alive can hither bring,  
 The princess shall espouse, and reign an equal king."

## XLII.

Ere night the pyre was piled, the net of iron  
 Was spread above, the fearful couch below ;  
 It overtopped the towers that did environ  
 That spacious square ; for Fear is never slow  
 To build the thrones of Hate, her mate and foe,  
 So, she scourged forth the maniac multitude  
 To rear this pyramid — tottering and slow,  
 Plague-stricken, foodless, like lean herds pursued  
 By gad-flies, they have piled the heath, and gums, and wood.

## XLIII.

Night came, a starless and a moonless gloom.  
 Until the dawn, those hosts of many a nation  
 Stood round that pile, as near one lover's tomb  
 Two gentle sisters mourn their desolation ;  
 And in the silence of that expectation  
 Was heard on high the reptile's hiss and crawl—  
 It was so deep, save when the devastation  
 Of the swift pest with fearful interval,  
 Marking its path with shrieks, among the crowd would fall.

## XLIV.

Morn came. Among those sleepless multitudes,  
 Madness and Fear and Plague and Famine still  
 Heaped corpse on corpse, as in autumnal woods  
 The frosts of many a wind with dead leaves fill  
 Earth's cold and sullen brooks. In silence still  
 The pale survivors stood ; ere noon, the fear  
 Of Hell became a panic, which did kill  
 Like hunger or disease, with whispers drear,  
 As "Hush ! hark ! Come they yet ? Just Heaven ! thine hour is  
 near !"

## XLV.

And priests rushed through their ranks, some counterfeiting  
 The rage they did inspire, some mad indeed  
 With their own lies. They said their god was waiting  
 To see his enemies writhe and burn and bleed,  
 And that, till then, the snakes of Hell had need  
 Of human souls. Three hundred furnaces  
 Soon blazed through the wide City, where, with speed,  
 Men brought their infidel kindred to appease  
 God's wrath, and while they burned, knelt round on quivering  
 knees

## XLVI.

The noontide sun was darkened with that smoke,  
 The winds of eve dispersed those ashes gray.  
 The madness which these rites had lulled awoke  
 Again at sunset. Who shall dare to say  
 The deeds which night and fear brought forth, or weigh  
 In balance just the good and evil there ?  
 He might man's deep and searchless heart display.  
 And cast a light on those dim labyrinths, where  
 Hope, near imagined chasms, is struggling with despair.

## XLVII.

'Tis said a mother dragged three children then  
 To those fierce flames which roast the eyes in the head,  
 And laughed and died ; and that unholy men,  
 Feasting like fiends upon the infidel dead,

Looked from their meal and saw an angel tread  
 The visible floor of heaven, and it was she!  
 And, on that night, one without doubt or dread  
 Came to the fire, and said, "Stop, I am he!  
 Kill me!" They burned them both with hellish mockery.

## XLVIII.

And, one by one, that night, young maidens came,  
 Beauteous and calm, like shapes of living stone  
 Clothed in the light of dreams, and by the flame  
 Which shrank as overgorged, they laid them down,  
 And sung a low sweet song, of which alone  
 One word was heard, and that was Liberty;  
 And that some kissed their marble feet, with moan  
 Like love, and died, and then that they did die  
 With happy smiles, which sunk in white tranquillity.

## CANTO XI.

## I.

SHE saw me not — She heard me not — alone  
 Upon the mountain's dizzy brink she stood;  
 She spake not, breathed not, moved not — there was thrown  
 Over her look the shadow of a mood  
 Which only clothes the heart in solitude,  
 A thought of voiceless depth. She stood alone,  
 Above, the Heavens were spread; below, the flood  
 Was murmuring in its caves; the wind had blown  
 Her hair apart, thro' which her eyes and forehead shone.

## II.

A cloud was hanging o'er the western mountains;  
 Before its blue and moveless depth were flying  
 Gray mists poured forth from the unresting fountains  
 Of Darkness in the North: the day was dying:  
 Sudden, the sun shone forth; its beams were lying  
 Like boiling gold on Ocean, strange to see,  
 And on the shattered vapors, which, defying  
 The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly  
 In the red heaven, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea.

## III.

It was a stream of living beams, whose bank  
 On either side by the cloud's cleft was made;  
 And where its chasms that flood of glory drank,  
 Its waves gushed forth like fire, and as if swayed

By some mute tempest rolled on *her*. The shade  
 Of her bright image floated on the river  
 Of liquid light, which then did end and fade—  
 Her radiant shape upon its verge did shiver ;  
 Aloft, her flowing hair like strings of flame did quiver.

## IV.

I stood beside her, but she saw me not—  
 She looked upon the sea and skies and earth.  
 Rapture and love and admiration wrought  
 A passion deeper far than tears or mirth  
 Or speech or gesture, or whate'er has birth  
 From common joy ; which, with the speechless feeling  
 That led her there, united, and shot forth  
 From her far eyes a light of deep revealing,  
 All but her dearest self from my regard concealing.

## V.

Her lips were parted, and the measured breath  
 Was now heard there ; her dark and intricate eyes  
 Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death,  
 Absorbed the glories of the burning skies,  
 Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstasies,  
 Burst from her looks and gestures ; and a light  
 Of liquid tenderness, like love, did rise  
 From her whole frame, an atmosphere which quite  
 Arrayed her in its beams, tremulous and soft and bright.

## VI.

She would have clasped me to her glowing frame ;  
 Those warm and odorous lips might soon have shed  
 On mine the fragrance and the invisible flame  
 Which now the cold winds stole ; she would have laid  
 Upon my languid heart her dearest head ;  
 I might have heard her voice, tender and sweet ;  
 Her eyes mingling with mine might soon have fed  
 My soul with their own joy. One moment yet  
 Gazed — we parted then, never again to meet !

## VII.

Never but once to meet on earth again !  
 She heard me as I fled — her eager tone  
 Sank on my heart, and almost wove a chain  
 Around my will to link it with her own,  
 So that my stern resolve was almost gone.  
 " I can not reach thee ! whither dost thou fly ?  
 My steps are faint. Come back, thou dearest one —  
 Return, ah me ! return ! " The wind passed by  
 On which those accents died, faint, far and lingeringly.

## VIII.

Woe! woe! that moonless midnight. Want and Pest  
 Were horrible, but one more fell doth rear,  
 As in a hydra's swarming lair, its crest  
 Eminent among those victims — even the Fear  
 Of Hell: each girt by the hot atmosphere  
 Of his blind agony, like a scorpion stung  
 By his own rage upon his burning bier  
 Of circling coals of fire; but still there clung  
 One hope, like a keen sword on starting threads uphung:

## IX.

Not death — death was no more refuge or rest;  
 Not life — it was despair to be! — not sleep,  
 For fiends and chasms of fire had dispossessed  
 All natural dreams: to wake was not to weep,  
 But to gaze mad and pallid, at the leap  
 To which the Future, like a snaky scourge,  
 Or like some tyrant's eye, which eye doth keep  
 Its withering beam upon his slaves, did urge  
 Their steps: — they heard the roar of Hell's sulphureous surge.

## X.

Each of that multitude alone, and lost  
 To sense of outward things, one hope yet knew;  
 As on a foam-girt crag some seaman tost,  
 Stares at the rising tide, or like the crew  
 While now the ship is splitting through and through;  
 Each, if the tramp of a far steed was heard,  
 Started from sick despair, or if there flew  
 One murmur on the wind, or if some word  
 Which none can gather yet, the distant crowd has stirred.

## XI.

Why became cheeks, wan with the kiss of death,  
 Paler from hope? they had sustained despair.  
 Why watched those myriads with suspended breath  
 Sleepless a second night? they are not here  
 The victims, and hour by hour, a vision drear,  
 Warm corpses fall upon the clay-cold dead;  
 And even in death their lips are writhed with fear.  
 The crowd is mute and moveless — overhead  
 Silent Arcturus shines — Ha! hear'st thou not the tread

## XII.

Of rushing feet? laughter? the shout, the scream,  
 Of triumph not to be contained? See! hark!  
 They come, they come! give way! Alas, ye deem  
 Falsely — 'tis but a crowd of maniacs stark

Driven, like a troop of spectres, through the dark  
 From the choked well, whence a bright death-fire sprang,  
 T' lurid earth-star, which dropped many a spark  
 From its blue train, and spreading widely, clung  
 To their wild hair, like mist the topmost pines among.

## XIII.

And many, from the cloud collected there,  
 Joined that strange dance in fearful sympathies ;  
 There was the silence of a long despair,  
 When the last echo of those terrible cries  
 Came from a distant street, like agonies  
 Stifled afar. Before the tyrant's throne  
 All night his aged senate sate, their eyes  
 In stony expectation fixed ; when one  
 Sudden before them stood, a stranger and alone.

## XIV.

Dark priests and haughty warriors gazed on him  
 With baffled wonder, for a hermit's vest  
 Concealed his face ; but when he spake, his tone,  
 Ere yet the matter did their thoughts arrest,  
 Earnest, benignant, calm, as from a breast  
 Void of all hate or terror, made them start ;  
 For as with gentle accents he addressed  
 His speech to them, on each unwilling heart  
 Unusual awe did fall — a spirit-quelling dart.

## XV.

“ Ye princes of the earth, ye sit aghast  
 Amid the ruin which yourselves have made ;  
 Yes, desolation heard your trumpet's blast,  
 And sprang from sleep ! dark Terror has obeyed  
 Your bidding — Oh that I, whom ye have made  
 Your foe, could set my dearest enemy free  
 From pain and fear ! but evil casts a shade  
 Which can not pass so soon, and Hate must be  
 The nurse and parent still of an ill progeny.

## XVI.

“ Ye turn to Heaven for aid in your distress ;  
 Alas, that ye, the mighty and the wise,  
 Who, if he dared, might not aspire to less  
 Than ye conceive of power, should fear the lies  
 Which thou, and thou, didst frame for mysteries  
 To blind your slaves : consider your own thought,  
 An empty and a cruel sacrifice  
 Ye now prepare, for a vain idol wrought  
 Out of the fears and hate which vain desires have brought.



## XVII.

“Ye seek for happiness — alas the day!  
 Ye find it not in luxury nor in gold,  
 Nor in the fame nor in the envied sway  
 For which, O willing slaves to Custom old,  
 Severe task-mistress! ye your hearts have sold.  
 Ye seek for peace, and when ye die, to dream  
 No evil dreams: all mortal things are cold  
 And senseless then. If aught survive, I deem  
 It must be love and joy, for they immortal seem.

## XVIII.

“Fear not the future, weep not for the past.  
 Oh, could I win your ears to dare be now  
 Glorious and great and calm! that ye would cast  
 Into the dust those symbols of your woe,  
 Purple and gold and steel! that ye would go  
 Proclaiming to the nations whence ye came,  
 That want and plague and fear from slavery flow;  
 And that mankind is free, and that the shame  
 Of royalty and faith is lost in freedom's fame.

## XIX.

“If thus, 'tis well — if not, I come to say  
 That Laon—”. While the stranger spoke, among  
 The council sudden tumult and affray  
 Arose, for many of those warriors young  
 Had on his eloquent accents fed and hung  
 Like bees on mountain-flowers; they knew the truth,  
 And from their thrones in vindication sprung;  
 The men of faith and law then without ruth  
 Drew forth their secret steel, and stabbed each ardent youth.

## XX.

They stabbed them in the back and sneered. A slave  
 Who stood behind the throne those corpses drew  
 Each to its bloody, dark and secret grave;  
 And one more daring raised his steel anew  
 To pierce the stranger: “What hast thou to do  
 With me, poor wretch?” — Calm, solemn and severe,  
 That voice unstrung his sinews, and he threw  
 His dagger on the ground, and pale with fear,  
 Sate silently — his voice then did the stranger rear:

## XXI.

“It doth avail not that I weep for ye —  
 Ye can not change, since ye are old and gray,  
 And ye have chosen your lot — your fame must be  
 A book of blood, whence in a milder day

Men shall learn truth, when ye are wrapped in clay :  
 Now ye shall triumph. I am Laon's friend,  
 And him to your revenge will I betray,  
 So ye concede one easy boon. Attend !  
 For now I speak of things which ye can apprehend.

## XXII.

" There is a people mighty in its youth.  
 A land beyond the oceans of the West,  
 Where, though with rudest rites. Freedom and Truth  
 Are worshiped ; from a glorious mother's breast  
 Who, since high Athens fell, among the best  
 Sate like the queen of nations, but in woe,  
 By inbred monsters outraged and oppressed,  
 Turns to her chainless child for succor now,  
 And draws the milk of power in wisdom's fullest flow.

## XXIII.

" This land is like an eagle, whose young gaze  
 Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume  
 Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze  
 Of sunrise gleams when earth is wrapped in gloom ;  
 An epitaph of glory for the tomb  
 Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made,  
 Great people ! As the sands shalt thou become ;  
 Thy growth is swift as morn, when night must fade :  
 The multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy shade.

## XXIV.

" Yes, in the desert there is built a home  
 For Freedom. Genius is made strong to rear  
 The monuments of man beneath the dome  
 Of a new heaven ; myriads assemble there  
 Whom the proud lords of man, in rage or fear,  
 Drive from their wasted homes. The boon I pray  
 Is this — that Cythna shall be convoyed there —  
 Nay, start not at the name — America !  
 And then to you this night Laon will I betray.

## XXV.

" With me do what ye will. I am your foe !"  
 The light of such a joy as makes the stare  
 Of hungry snakes like living emeralds glow,  
 Shone in a hundred human eyes. " Where, where  
 Is Laon ? Haste ! fly ! drag him swiftly here !  
 We grant thy boon." — " I put no trust in ye :  
 Swear by the Power ye dread." — " We swear, we swear !"  
 The stranger threw his vest back suddenly,  
 And smiled in gentle pride, and said, " Lo ! I am he !"

## CANTO XII.

## I.

THE transport of a fierce and monstrous gladness  
 Spread through the multitudinous streets, fast flying  
 Upon the winds of fear ; from his dull madness  
 The starveling waked, and died in joy ; the dying,  
 Among the corpses in stark agony lying,  
 Just heard the happy tidings, and in hope  
 Closed their faint eyes, from house to house replying  
 With loud acclaim ; the living shook heaven's cope,  
 And filled the startled earth with echoes : morn did ope

## II.

Its pale eyes then ; and lo ! the long array  
 Of guards in golden arms, and priests beside,  
 Singing their bloody hymns, whose garbs betray  
 The blackness of the faith it seems to hide ;  
 And see the tyrant's gem-wrought chariot glide  
 Among the gloomy cowls and glittering spears —  
 A shape of light is sitting by his side,  
 A child most beautiful. ' P the midst appears  
 Laon — exempt alone from mortal hopes and fears.

## III.

His head and feet are bare, his hands are bound  
 Behind with heavy chains, yet none do wreak  
 Their scoffs on him, though myriads throng around ;  
 There are no sneers upon his lip which speak  
 That scorn or hate has made him bold ; his cheek  
 Resolve has not turned pale — his eyes are mild  
 And calm, and, like the morn about to break,  
 Smile on mankind — his heart seems reconciled  
 To all things and itself, like a reposing child.

## IV.

Tumult was in the soul of all beside,  
 Ill joy or doubt or fear ; but those who saw  
 Their tranquil victim pass, felt wonder glide  
 Into their brain, and became calm with awe.  
 See, the slow pageant near the pile doth draw !  
 A thousand torches in the spacious square,  
 Borne by the ready slaves of ruthless law,  
 Await the signal round : the morning fair  
 Is changed to a dim night by that unnatural glare.

## V.

And see! beneath a sun-bright canopy,  
 Upon a platform level with the pile,  
 The anxious tyrant sits, enthroned on high,  
 Girt by the chieftains of the host. All smile  
 In expectation, but one child: the while  
 I, Laon, led by mutes, ascend my bier  
 Of fire, and look around. Each distant isle  
 Is dark in the bright dawn; towers far and near  
 Pierce like reposing flames the tremulous atmosphere.

## VI.

There was such silence through the host, as when  
 An earthquake, trampling on some populous town,  
 Has crushed ten thousand with one tread, and men  
 Expect the second; all were mute but one,  
 That fairest child, who, bold with love, alone  
 Stood up before the king, without avail,  
 Pleading for Laon's life — her stifled groan  
 Was heard — she trembled like an aspen pale  
 Among the gloomy pines of a Norwegian vale.

## VII.

What were his thoughts linked in the morning sun,  
 Among those reptiles, stingless with delay,  
 Even like a tyrant's wrath? — The signal-gun  
 Roared — hark, again! In that dread pause he lay  
 As in a quiet dream: the slaves obey —  
 A thousand torches drop — and hark, the last  
 Bursts on that awful silence! Far away  
 Millions, with hearts that beat both loud and fast,  
 Watch for the springing flame expectant and aghast.

## VIII.

They fly — the torches fall — a cry of fear  
 Has startled the triumphant! — they recede!  
 For ere the cannon's roar has died, they hear  
 The tramp of hoofs like earthquake, and a steed  
 Dark and gigantic, with the tempest's speed,  
 Bursts through their ranks: a woman sits thereon,  
 Fairer it seems than aught that earth can breed,  
 Calm, radiant, like the phantom of the dawn,  
 A spirit from the caves of daylight wandering gone.

## IX.

All thought it was God's angel come to sweep  
 The lingering guilty to their fiery grave:  
 The tyrant from his throne in dread did leap —  
 Her innocence his child from fear did save.

Scared by the faith they feigned, each priestly slave  
 Knelt for his mercy whom they served with blood,  
 And, like the reflux of a mighty wave  
 Sucked into the loud sea, the multitude,  
 With crushing panic, fled in terror's altered mood.

## X.

They pause, they blush, they gaze — a gathering shout  
 Bursts like one sound from the ten thousand streams  
 Of a tempestuous sea : that sudden rout  
 One checked, who never in his mildest dreams  
 Felt awe from grace or loveliness, the seams  
 Of his rent heart so hard and cold a creed  
 Had seared with blistering ice — but he misdeems  
 That he is wise, whose wounds do only bleed  
 Inly for self : thus thought the Iberian priest indeed ;

## X I.

And others, too, thought he was wise to see  
 In pain and fear and hate, something divine ;  
 In love and beauty — no divinity.  
 Now with a bitter smile, whose light did shine  
 Like a fiend's hope upon his lips and eyne,  
 He said, and the persuasion of that sneer  
 Rallied his trembling comrades — " Is it mine  
 To stand alone, when kings and soldiers fear  
 A woman ? Heaven has sent its other victim here."

## X II.

" Were it not impious," said the king, " to break  
 Our holy oath ?" — " Impious to keep it, say !"  
 Shrieked the exulting priest : " slaves ! to the stake  
 Bind her, and on my head the burden lay  
 Of her just torments : at the judgement day  
 Will I stand up before the golden throne  
 Of Heaven, and cry, ' To thee I did betray  
 An infidel ! but for me, she would have known  
 Another moment's joy ! — the glory be thine own.' "

## X III.

They trembled, but replied not, nor obeyed,  
 Pausing in breathless silence. Cythna sprung  
 From her gigantic steed, who, like a shade  
 Chased by the winds, those vacant streets among  
 Fled tameless, as the brazen rein she flung  
 Upon his neck, and kissed his moonèd brow.  
 A piteous sight, that one so fair and young,  
 The clasp of such a fearful death should woo  
 With smiles of tender joy as beamed from Cythna now.

## XIV.

The warm tears burst in spite of faith and fear,  
 From many a tremulous eye, but, like soft dews  
 Which feed spring's earliest buds, hung gathered there,  
 Frozen by doubt — alas ! they could not choose  
 But weep ; for when her faint limbs did refuse  
 To climb the pyre, upon the mutes she smiled ;  
 And with her eloquent gestures, and the hues  
 Of her quick lips, even as a weary child  
 Wins sleep from some fond nurse with its caresses mild,

## XV.

She won them, though unwilling, her to bind  
 Near me, among the snakes. When then had fled  
 One soft reproach that was most thrilling kind,  
 She smiled on me, and nothing then we said,  
 But each upon the other's countenance fed  
 Looks of insatiate love ; the mighty veil  
 Which doth divide the living and the dead  
 Was almost rent, the world grew dim and pale —  
 All light in heaven or earth beside our love did fail.

## XVI.

Yet — yet — one brief relapse, like the last beam  
 Of dying flames, the stainless air around  
 Hung silent and serene. A blood-red gleam  
 Burst upward, hurling fiercely from the ground  
 The globèd smoke. — I heard the mighty sound  
 Of its uprise, like a tempestuous ocean ;  
 And through its chasms I saw, as in a swoond,  
 The tyrant's child fall without life or motion  
 Before his throne, subdued by some unseen emotion.

## XVII.

And is this death ? The pyre has disappeared,  
 The pestilence, the tyrant and the throng ;  
 The flames grow silent — slowly there is heard  
 The music of a breath-suspending song,  
 Which, like the kiss of love when life is young,  
 Steeps the faint eyes in darkness sweet and deep ;  
 With ever-changing notes it floats along,  
 Till on my passive soul there seemed to creep  
 A melody like waves on wrinkled sands that leap.

## XVIII.

The warm touch of a soft and tremulous hand  
 Wakened me then : lo ! Cythna sate reclined  
 Beside me, on the waved and golden sand  
 Of a clear pool, upon a bank o'ertwined

With strange and star-bright flowers, which to the wind  
Breathed divine odor ; high above, was spread  
The emerald heaven of trees of unknown kind,  
Whose moonlike blooms and bright fruit overhead  
A shadow, which was light, upon the waters shed.

## X I X .

And round about sloped many a lawny mountain  
With incense-bearing forests, and vast caves  
Of marble radiance to that mighty fountain ;  
And where the flood its own bright margin laves,  
Their echoes talk with its eternal waves,  
Which, from the depths whose jagged caverns breed  
Their unreposing strife, it lifts and heaves,  
Till through a chasm of hills they roll, and feed  
A river deep, which flies with smooth but arrowy speed.

## X X .

As we sate gazing in a trance of wonder,  
A boat approached, borne by the musical air  
Along the waves, which sung and sparkled under  
Its rapid keel : a winged shape sat there,  
A child with silver-shining wings, so fair  
That as her bark did through the waters glide,  
The shadow of the lingering waves did wear  
Light, as from starry beams ; from side to side,  
While veering to the wind, her plumes the bark did guide.

## X X I .

The boat was one curved shell of hollow pearl,  
Almost translucent with the light divine  
Of her within ; the prow and stern did curl,  
Horned on high, like the young moon supine,  
When, o'er dim twilight mountains dark with pine,  
It floats upon the sunset's sea of beams,  
Whose golden waves in many a purple line  
Fade fast, till, borne on sunlight's ebbing streams,  
Dilating, on earth's verge the sunken meteor gleams.

## X X I I .

Its keel has struck the sands beside our feet ;  
Then Cythna turned to me, and from her eyes  
Which swam with unshed tears, a look more sweet  
Than happy love, a wild and glad surprise,  
Glanced as she spake : " Ay, this is paradise  
And not a dream, and we are all united !  
Lo ! that is mine own child, who, in the guise  
Of madness, came like day to one benighted  
In lonesome woods : my heart is now too well requited !"

## XXIII.

And then she wept aloud, and in her arms  
 Clasped that bright shape, less marvelously fair  
 Than her own human hues and living charms ;  
 Which, as she leaned in passion's silence there,  
 Breathed warmth on the cold bosom of the air,  
 Which seemed to blush and tremble with delight ;  
 The glossy darkness of her streaming hair  
 Fell o'er that snowy child, and wrapped from sight  
 The fond and long embrace which did their hearts unite.

## XXIV.

Then the bright child, the plumèd seraph, came  
 And fixed its blue and beaming eyes on mine,  
 And said, " I was disturbed by tremulous shame  
 When once we met, yet knew that I was thine  
 From the same hour in which thy lips divine  
 Kindled a clinging dream within my brain,  
 Which ever waked when I might sleep, to twine  
 Thine image with *her* memory dear : again  
 We meet — exempted now from mortal fear or pain.

## XXV.

" When the consuming flames had wrapped ye round,  
 The hope which I had cherished went away ;  
 I fell in agony on the senseless ground,  
 And hid mine eyes in dust, and far astray  
 My mind was gone, when bright, like dawning day,  
 The spectre of the Plague before me flew,  
 And breathed upon my lips, and seemed to say,  
 ' They wait for thee, beloved !' — then I knew  
 The death-mark on my breast, and became calm anew.

## XXVI.

" It was the calm of love — for I was dying.  
 I saw the black and half-extinguished pyre  
 In its own gray and shrunken ashes lying ;  
 The pitchy smoke of the departed fire  
 Still hung in many a hollow dome and spire  
 Above the towers, like night ; beneath whose shade,  
 Awed by the ending of their own desire,  
 The armies stood ; a vacancy was made  
 In expectation's depth, and so they stood dismayed.

## XXVII.

" The frightful silence of that altered mood,  
 The tortures of the dying clove alone,  
 Till one uprose among the multitude,  
 And said, ' The flood of time is rolling on,



We stand upon its brink, while *they* are gone  
 To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.  
 Have ye done well? They moulder, flesh and bone,  
 Who might have made this life's envenomed dream  
 A sweeter draught than ye will ever taste, I deem.

## XXVIII.

“ These perish as the good and great of yore  
 Have perished, and their murderers will repent.  
 Yes, vain and barren tears shall flow before  
 You smoke has faded from the firmament  
 Even for this cause, that ye, who must lament  
 The death of those that made this world so fair,  
 Can not recall them now; but then is lent  
 To man the wisdom of a high despair,  
 When such can die, and he live on and linger here.

## XXIX.

“ Ay, ye may fear not now the pestilence,  
 From fabled hell as by a charm withdrawn;  
 All power and faith must pass, since calmly hence  
 In pain and fire have unbelievers gone;  
 And ye must sadly turn away, and moan  
 In secret, to his home each one returning;  
 And to long ages shall this hour be known;  
 And slowly shall its memory, ever burning,  
 Fill this dark night of things with an eternal morning!

## XXX.

“ For me the world is grown too void and cold,  
 Since hope pursues immortal destiny  
 With steps thus slow — therefore shall ye behold  
 How those who love, yet fear not, dare to die;  
 Tell to your children this! — then suddenly  
 He sheathed a dagger in his heart, and fell;  
 My brain grew dark in death, and yet to me  
 There came a murmur from the crowd to tell  
 Of deep and mighty change which suddenly befell.

## XXXI.

“ Then suddenly I stood a wingèd Thought  
 Before the immortal senate, and the seat  
 Of that star-shining spirit, whence is wrought  
 The strength of its dominion, good and great,  
 The better Genius of this world's estate.  
 His realm around one mighty fane is spread,  
 Elysian islands bright and fortunate,  
 Calm dwellings of the free and happy dead,  
 Where I am sent to lead!” These wingèd words she said,

## XXXII.

And with the silence of her eloquent smile,  
 Bade us embark in her divine canoe ;  
 Then at the helm we took our seat, the while  
 Above her head those plumes of dazzling hue  
 Into the winds' invisible stream she threw,  
 Sitting beside the prow : like gossamer  
 On the swift breath of morn, the vessel flew  
 O'er the bright whirlpools of that fountain fair,  
 Whose shores receded fast, while we seemed lingering there ;

## XXXIII.

Till down that mighty stream dark, calm and fleet,  
 Between a chasm of cedar mountains riven,  
 Chased by the thronging winds, whose viewless feet  
 As swift as twinkling beams, had, under heaven,  
 From woods and waves wild sounds and odors driven,  
 The boat flew visibly — three nights and days,  
 Borne like a cloud through morn and noon and even,  
 We sailed along the winding watery ways  
 Of the vast stream, a long and labyrinthine maze.

## XXXIV.

A scene of joy and wonder to behold  
 That river's shapes and shadows changing ever,  
 Where the broad sunrise filled with deepening gold  
 Its whirlpools, where all hues did spread and quiver,  
 And where melodious falls did burst and shiver  
 Among rocks clad with flowers, the foam and spray  
 Sparkled like stars upon the sunny river,  
 Or when the moonlight poured a holier day,  
 One vast and glittering lake around green islands lay.

## XXXV.

Morn, noon and even, that boat of pearl outran  
 The streams which bore it, like the arrowy cloud  
 Of tempest, or the speedier thought of man,  
 Which flieth forth and can not make abode ;  
 Sometimes through forests, deep like night, we glode,  
 Between the walls of mighty mountains crowned  
 With Cyclopean piles, whose turrets proud,  
 The homes of the departed, dimly frowned  
 O'er the bright waves which girt their dark foundations round.

## XXXVI.

Sometimes between the wide and flowering meadows,  
 Mile after mile we sailed, and 'twas delight  
 To see far off the sunbeams chase the shadows  
 Over the grass ; sometimes beneath the night

Of wide and vaulted caves, whose roofs were bright  
 With starry gems, we fled, while from their deep  
 And dark green chasms, shades beautiful and white,  
 Amid sweet sounds across our path would sweep,  
 Like swift and lovely dreams that walk the waves of sleep.

## XXXVII.

And ever as we sailed, our minds were full  
 Of love and wisdom, which would overflow  
 In converse wild and sweet and wonderful ;  
 And in quick smiles whose light would come and go,  
 Like music o'er wide waves, and in the flow  
 Of sudden tears, and in the mute caress —  
 For a deep shade was cleft, and we did know  
 That virtue, though obscured on earth, not less  
 Survives all mortal change in lasting loveliness.

## XXXVIII.

Three days and nights we sailed, as thought and feeling  
 Number delightful hours — for through the sky  
 The spherèd lamps of day and night, revealing  
 New changes and new glories, rolled on high,  
 Sun, moon and moonlike lamps, the progeny  
 Of a diviner heaven, serene and fair :  
 On the fourth day, wild as a wind-wrought sea,  
 The stream became, and fast and faster bare  
 The spirit-wingèd boat, steadily speeding there.

## XXXIX.

Steadily and swift, where the waves rolled like mountains  
 Within the vast ravine, whose rifts did pour  
 Tumultuous floods from their ten thousand fountains,  
 The thunder of whose earth-uplifting roar  
 Made the air sweep in whirlwinds from the shore,  
 Calm as a shade, the boat of that fair child  
 Securely fled that rapid stress before,  
 Amid the topmost spray, and sun-bows wild,  
 Wreathed in the silver mist : in joy and pride we smiled.

## XL.

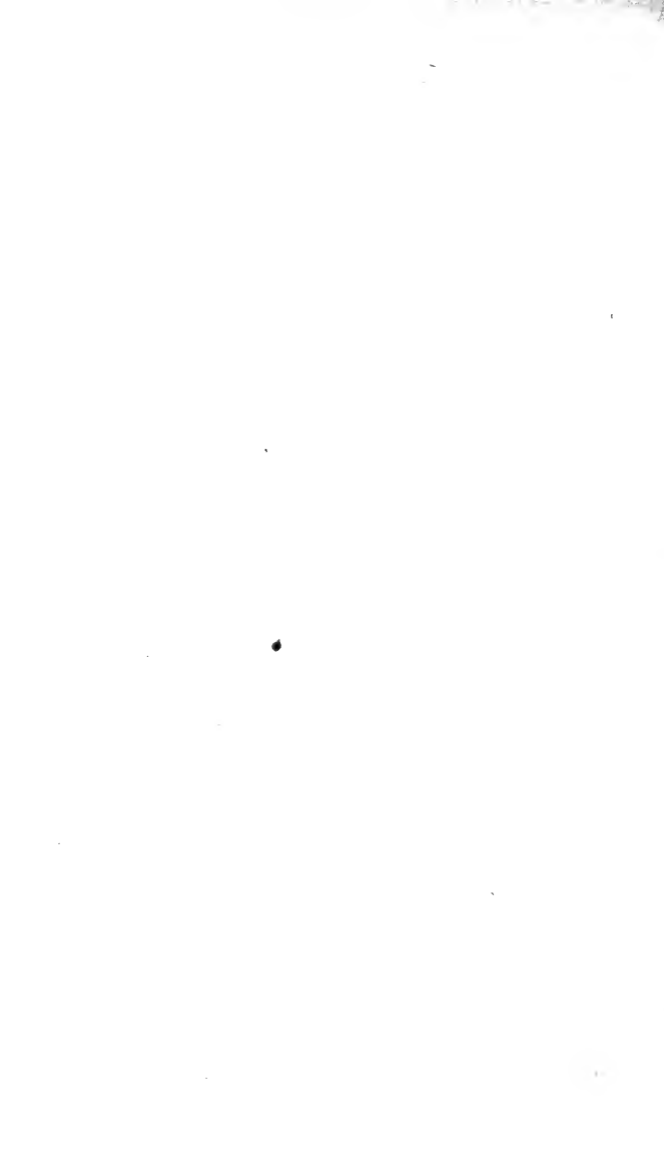
The torrent of that wide and raging river  
 Is passed, and our aërial speed suspended.  
 We look behind : a golden mist did quiver  
 When its wild surges with the lake were blended :  
 Our bark hung there, as on a line suspended  
 Between two heavens, that windless waveless lake ;  
 Which four great cataracts, from four vales, attended  
 By mists, aye feed, from rocks and clouds they break,  
 And of that azure sea a silent refuge make.

## X L I.

Motionless resting on the lake awhile,  
I saw its marge of snow-bright mountains rear  
Their peaks aloft, I saw each radiant isle,  
And in the midst, afar, even like a sphere  
Hung in one hollow sky, did there appear  
The Temple of the Spirit ; on the sound  
Which issued thence, drawn nearer and more near,  
Like the swift moon this glorious earth around,  
The charmèd boat approached, and there its haven found.

END OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

QUEEN MAB.



## NOTE BY MRS. SHELLEY.

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SHELLEY was eighteen when 'Queen Mab' was written : he never published it. When he wrote it he had come to the decision that he was too young to be a 'judge of controversies ;' and he was desirous of acquiring 'that sobriety of spirit which is the characteristic of true heroism.' But he never doubted the truth or utility of his opinions ; and in printing and privately distributing 'Queen Mab' he believed that he should further their dissemination, without occasioning the mischief either to others or himself that might arise from publication. The poem has since been frequently reprinted ; and it is too well known and the poetry is too beautiful to allow of its being omitted, although it is doubtful whether he would himself have admitted it into a collection of his works. His severe classical taste, refined by the constant study of the Greek poets, might have discovered defects that escape the ordinary reader, and the change his opinions underwent in many points would have prevented him from putting forth the speculations of his boyish days. To a certain extent the same motives influence me. Were the poem still in manuscript, even less might be given ; as it is, such portions are omitted as support, in intemperate language, opinions to which at that age he was passionately attached.

A series of articles was published in the 'New Monthly Magazine' during the autumn of the year 1832, written by a man of great talent, a fellow-collegian and warm friend of Shelley ; they describe admirably the state of his mind during his collegiate life. Inspired with ardor for the acquisition of knowledge — endowed with the keenest sensibility and with the fortitude of a martyr — Shelley came among his fellow-creatures congregated for the purposes of education, like a spirit from another sphere, too delicately organized for the rough treatment man uses toward man, especially in the season of youth ; and too resolute in carrying out his own sense of good and justice not to become a victim. To a devoted attachment to those he loved he added a determined resistance to oppression. Refusing to fag at Eton, he was treated with revolting cruelty by masters and boys ; this roused instead of taming his spirit, and he rejected the duty of obedience, when it was enforced by menaces and punishment. To aversion to the society of his fellow-creatures, such as he found them when collected together in societies, where one egged on the other to acts of tyranny, was joined the deepest sympathy and compassion ; while the attachment he felt for individuals and the admiration with which he regarded their powers and their virtues, led him to entertain a high opinion of the perfectibility of human nature, and he believed that all could reach the highest grade of moral improvement, did not the

customs and prejudices of society foster evil passions and excuse evil actions.

The oppression which, trembling at every nerve yet resolute to heroism, it was his ill fortune to encounter at school and at college, led him to dissent in all things from those whose arguments were blows, whose faith appeared to engender blame and execration. "During my existence," he wrote to a friend in 1812, "I have incessantly speculated, thought and read." His readings were not always well chosen, and among them were the works of the French philosophers. As far as metaphysical argument went, he temporarily became a convert. At the same time, it was the cardinal article of his faith that if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity and equal rights, this earth would realize paradise. He looked upon religion as it is professed, and above all practised, as hostile instead of friendly to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers.

Can this be wondered at? At the age of seventeen, fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardor to attain wisdom, resolved at every personal sacrifice to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy — he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal.

The cause was, that he was sincere — that he believed the opinions which he entertained, to be true; and he loved truth with a martyr's love: he was ready to sacrifice station and fortune and his dearest affections at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from and made by a youth of seventeen. It is a singular fact in the history of society in the civilized nations of modern times, that no false step is so irretrievable as one made in early youth. Older men, it is true, when they oppose their fellows and transgress ordinary rules, carry a certain prudence or hypocrisy as a shield along with them. But youth is rash; nor can it imagine, while asserting what it believes to be true, and doing what it believes to be right, that it should be denounced as vicious and pursued as a criminal.

Shelley possessed a quality of mind which experience has shown me no other human being as participating, in more than a very slight degree: this was his *unworldliness*. The usual motives that rule men — prospects of present or future advantage, the rank and fortune of those around, the taunts and censures or the praise of those who were hostile to him — had no influence whatever over his actions, and apparently none over his thoughts. It is difficult even to express the simplicity and directness of purpose that adorned him. The world's brightest gauds and its most solid advantages were of no worth in his eyes, when compared to the cause of what he considered truth, and the good of his fellow-creatures. Born in a position which, to his inexperienced mind, afforded the greatest facilities to practise the tenets he espoused, he boldly declared the use he would make of fortune and station, and enjoyed the belief that he should materially benefit his fellow-creatures by his actions; while, conscious of surpassing powers of reason and imagination, it is not strange that he should, even while so young, have believed that his written thoughts would tend to disseminate opinions which he believed conducive to the happiness of the human race.

If man were a creature devoid of passion, he might have said and done all this with quietness. But he was too enthusiastic, and too full of hatred of all the ills he witnessed, not to scorn danger. Various disappointments tortured but could not tame his soul. The more enemy he met, the more earnestly he became attached to his peculiar views, and hostile to those of the men who persecuted him.

He was animated to greater zeal by compassion for his fellow-creatures. His sympathy was excited by the misery with which the world



is bursting. He witnessed the sufferings of the poor, and was aware of the evils of ignorance. He desired to induce every rich man to despoil himself of superfluity, and to create a brotherhood of property and service, and was ready to be the first to lay down the advantages of his birth. He was of too uncompromising a disposition to join any party. He did not in his youth look forward to gradual improvement; nay, in those days of intolerance, now almost forgotten, it seemed as easy to look forward to the sort of millennium of freedom and brotherhood which he thought the proper state of mankind, as to the present reign of moderation and improvement. Ill health made him believe that his race would soon be run — that a year or two was all he had of life. He desired that these years should be useful and illustrious. He saw, in a fervent call on his fellow-creatures to share alike the blessings of the creation, to love and serve each other, the noblest work that life and time permitted him. In this spirit he composed 'QUEEN MAB.\*'

He was a lover of the wonderful and wild in literature, but had not fostered these tastes at their genuine sources — the romances and chivalry of the middle ages — but in the perusal of such German works as were current in those days. Under the influence of these, he at the age of fifteen wrote two short prose romances of slender merit. The sentiments and language were exaggerated, the composition imitative and poor. He wrote also a poem on the subject of Ahasuerus — being led to it by a German fragment he picked up, dirty and torn, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. This fell afterward into other hands — and was considerably altered before it was printed. Our earlier English poetry was almost unknown to him. The love and knowledge of nature developed by Wordsworth — the lofty melody and mysterious beauty of Coleridge's poetry — and the wild fantastic machinery and gorgeous scenery adopted by Southey, composed his favorite reading; the rhythm of 'Queen Mab' was founded on that of 'Thalaba,' and the first few lines bear a striking resemblance in spirit, though not in idea, to the opening of that poem. His fertile imagination, and ear tuned to the finest sense of harmony, preserved him from imitation. From his boyhood he had a wonderful facility of versification which he carried into another language, and his Latin school verses were composed with an ease and correctness that procured for him prizes — and caused him to be resorted to by all his friends for help. He was, at the period of writing 'Queen Mab,' a great traveler within the limits of England, Scotland and Ireland. His time was spent among the loveliest scenes of these countries. Mountain and lake and forest were his home; the phenomena of nature were his favorite study. He loved to inquire into their causes, and was addicted to pursuits of natural philosophy and chemistry, as far as they could be carried on as an amusement. These tastes gave truth and vivacity to his descriptions, and warmed his soul with that deep admiration for the wonders of nature which constant association with her inspired.

He never intended to publish 'Queen Mab' as it stands; but a few years after, when printing 'Alastor,' he extracted a small portion which he entitled 'The Demon of the World;' in this he changed somewhat the versification — and made other alterations scarcely to be called improvements.

I extract the invocation of Queen Mab to the Soul of Ianthe, as altered in 'The Demon of the World.' I give it as a specimen of the alterations made. It well characterizes his own state of mind:

Maiden, the world's supremest spirit  
 Beneath the shadow of her wings  
 Folds all thy memory doth inherit  
 From ruin of divinest things,

\* But this spirit was fully given scope only in 'The Revolt of Islan.'—[Ed.]

Feelings that lure thee to betray,  
And light of thoughts that pass away.

For thou hast earned a mighty boon ;  
The truths which wisest poets see  
Dimly, thy mind may make its own,  
Rewarding its own majesty,  
Entranced in some diviner mood  
Of self-oblivious solitude.

Custom and faith and power thou spurnest,  
From hate and fear thy heart is free ;  
Ardent and pure as day thou burnest  
For dark and cold mortality ;  
A living light to cheer it long,  
The watchfires of the world among.

Therefore, from Nature's inner shrine,  
Where gods and fiends in worship bend,  
Majestic Spirit, be it thine  
The flame to seize, the veil to rend,  
Where the vast snake Eternity  
In charmed sleep doth ever lie.

All that inspires thy voice of love,  
Or speaks in thy unclosing eyes,  
Or through thy frame doth burn and move,  
Or think, or feel — awake, arise !  
Spirit, leave for mine and me  
Earth's unsubstantial mimicry !

Some years after, when in Italy, a bookseller published an edition of 'Queen Mab' as it originally stood. Shelley was hastily written to by his friends, under the idea that, deeply injurious as the mere distribution of the poem had proved, the publication might awaken fresh persecutions. At the suggestion of these friends he wrote a letter on the subject, printed in 'The Examiner' newspaper — with which I close this history of his earliest work.

“TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE EXAMINER.'”

“SIR: Having heard that a poem entitled 'Queen Mab' has been surreptitiously published in London, and that legal proceedings have been instituted against the publisher, I request the favor of your insertion of the following explanation of the affair, as it relates to me :

“A poem entitled 'Queen Mab' was written by me, at the age of eighteen, I dare say in a sufficiently intemperate spirit — but even then was not intended for publication, and a few copies only were struck off, to be distributed among my personal friends. I have not seen this production for several years ; I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition ; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political and domestic oppression ; and I regret this publication not so much from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom. I have directed my solicitor to apply to chancery for an injunction to restrain the sale ; but after the precedent of Mr. Southey's 'Wat Tyler' (a poem written, I believe, at the same age and with the same unreflecting enthusiasm), with little hope of success.

“While I exonerate myself from all share in having divulged opinions hostile to existing sanctions, under the form, whatever it may be, which they assume in this poem — it is scarcely necessary for me to protest against the system of inculcating the truth of Christianity or the excellence of monarchy, however true or however excellent they may be, by such equivocal arguments as confiscation and imprisonment, and invective and slander, and the insolent violation of the most sacred ties of nature and society.

“Sir,

“I am your obliged and obedient servant,

“PERCY B. SHELLEY.

“Pisa, June 22, 1821.”



## QUEEN MAB.

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### I.

How wonderful is Death—  
Death and his brother Sleep!  
One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
With lips of lurid blue;  
The other, rosy as the morn  
When throned on ocean's wave,  
It blushes o'er the world:  
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power  
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres  
Seized on her sinless soul?  
Must then that peerless form  
Which love and admiration can not view  
Without a beating heart, those azure veins  
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,  
That lovely outline, which is fair  
As breathing marble, perish?  
Must putrefaction's breath  
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
But loathsomeness and ruin?  
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
On which the lightest heart might moralize?  
Or is it only a sweet slumber  
Stealing o'er sensation,  
Which the breath of roseate morning  
Chaseth into darkness?  
Will lanthe wake again,  
And give that faithful bosom joy  
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
Light, life and rapture from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,  
Although her glowing limbs are motionless,  
And silent those sweet lips.

Once breathing eloquence  
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,  
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.  
 Her dewy eyes are closed,  
 And on their lids, whose texture fine  
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,  
 The baby Sleep is pillowed :  
 Her golden tresses shade  
 The bosom's stainless pride,  
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite  
 Around a marble column.

Hark ! whence that rushing sound ?  
 'Tis like the wondrous strain  
 That round a lonely ruin swells,  
 Which, wandering on the echoing shore,  
 The enthusiast hears at evening :  
 'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh ;  
 'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes  
 Of that strange lyre whose strings  
 The genii of the breezes sweep :  
 Those lines of rainbow light  
 Are like the moonbeams when they fall  
 Through some cathedral window, but the tints  
 Are such as may not find  
 Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen !  
 Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air ;  
 Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,  
 And stop obedient to the reins of light :  
 These the Queen of Spells drew in,  
 She spread a charm around the spot,  
 And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,  
 Long did she gaze, and silently,  
 Upon the slumbering maid.  
 Oh ! not the visioned poet in his dreams,  
 When silvery clouds float through the wildered brain,  
 When every sight of lovely, wild and grand,  
 Astonishes, enraptures, elevates —  
 When fancy at a glance combines  
 The wondrous and the beautiful —  
 So bright, so fair, so wild a shape  
 Hath ever yet beheld,  
 As that which reined the coursers of the air,  
 And poured the magic of her gaze  
 Upon the sleeping maid.

The broad and yellow moon  
 Shone dimly through her form —  
 That form of faultless symmetry ;  
 The pearly and pellucid car  
 Moved not the moonlight's line :

'Twas not an earthly pageant;  
 Those who had looked upon the sight,  
 Passing all human glory,  
 Saw not the yellow moon,  
 Saw not the mortal scene,  
 Heard not the night-wind's rush,  
 Heard not an earthly sound,  
 Saw but the fairy pageant,  
 Heard but the heavenly strains  
 That filled the lonely dwelling.

The Fairy's frame was slight; yon fibrous cloud,  
 That catches but the palest tinge of even,  
 And which the straining eye can hardly seize  
 When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,  
 Were scarce so thin, so slight: but the fair star  
 That gems the glittering coronet of morn,  
 Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,  
 As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,  
 Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,  
 Yet with an undulating motion,  
 Swayed to her outline gracefully.

From her celestial car  
 The Fairy Queen descended,  
 And thrice she waved her wand  
 Circled with wreaths of amaranth:  
 Her thin and misty form  
 Moved with the moving air,  
 And the clear silver tones,  
 As thus she spoke, were such  
 As are unheard by all but gifted ear.

## FAIRY.

Stars! your balmiest influence shed!  
 Elements! your wrath suspend!  
 Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds  
 That circle thy domain!  
 Let not a breath be seen to stir  
 Around yon grass-grown ruin's highth,  
 Let even the restless gossamer  
 Sleep on the moveless air!  
 Soul of Ianthe! thou,  
 Judged alone worthy of the envied boon  
 That waits the good and the sincere; that waits  
 Those who have struggled, and with resolute will  
 Vanquished earth's pride and meanness, burst the chains,  
 The icy chains of custom, and have shone  
 The day-stars of their age — Soul of Ianthe!  
 Awake! arise!

Sudden arose  
 Ianthe's Soul; it stood

All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,  
     Each stain of earthliness  
     Had passed away, it re-assumed  
     Its native dignity, and stood  
     Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay,  
 Wrapped in the depth of slumber :  
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,  
     Yet animal life was there,  
 And every organ yet performed  
 Its natural functions ; 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and soul.  
 The selfsame lineaments, the same  
 Marks of identity were there ;  
 Yet, oh how different ! One aspires to heaven,  
 Pants for its sempiternal heritage,  
 And ever changing, ever rising still,  
     Wantons in endless being.  
 The other, for a time the unwilling sport  
 Of circumstance and passion, struggles on ;  
 Fleets through its sad duration rapidly —  
 Then like a useless and worn-out machine,  
     Rots, perishes and passes.

## FAIRY.

Spirit ! who hast dived so deep ;  
 Spirit ! who hast soared so high ;  
 Thou the fearless, thou the mild,  
 Accept the boon thy worth hath earned,  
     Ascend the car with me.

## SPIRIT.

Do I dream ? Is this new feeling  
 But a visioned ghost of slumber ?  
     If indeed I am a soul,  
 A free, a disembodied soul,  
     Speak again to me.

## FAIRY.

I am the Fairy MAB : to me 'tis given  
 The wonders of the human world to keep.  
 The secrets of the immeasurable past,  
 In the unfailing consciences of men,  
 Those stern, unflattering chroniclers, I find :  
 The future, from the causes which arise  
 In each event. I gather : not the sting  
 Which retributive memory implants



In the hard bosom of the selfish man ;  
 Nor that ecstatic and exulting throb  
 Which virtue's votary feels when he sums up  
 The thoughts and actions of a well-spent day,  
 Are unforeseen, unregistered by me :  
 And it is yet permitted me to rend  
 The veil of mortal frailty, that the spirit,  
 Clothed in its changeless purity, may know  
 How soonest to accomplish the great end  
 For which it hath its being, and may taste  
 That peace which in the end all life will share.  
 This is the meed of virtue ; happy Soul,  
 Ascend the car with me !

The chains of earth's immurement  
 Fell from Ianthe's spirit ;  
 They shrank and brake like bandages of straw  
 Beneath a wakened giant's strength.  
 She knew her glorious change.  
 And felt in apprehension uncontrolled  
 New raptures opening round :  
 Each day-dream of her mortal life,  
 Each phrenzied vision of the slumbers  
 That closed each well-spent day,  
 Seemed now to meet reality.

The Fairy and the Soul proceeded ;  
 The silver clouds departed ;  
 And as the car of magic they ascended,  
 Again the speechless music swelled,  
 Again the coursers of the air  
 Unfurled their azure pennons, and the Queen,  
 Shaking the beamy reins,  
 Bade them pursue their way.

The magic car moved on.  
 The night was fair, and countless stars  
 Studded heaven's dark blue vault —  
 Just o'er the eastern wave  
 Peeped the first faint smile of morn :  
 The magic car moved on —  
 From the celestial hoofs  
 The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,  
 And where the burning wheels  
 Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,  
 Was traced a line of lightning.  
 Now it flew far above a rock,  
 The utmost verge of earth,  
 The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow  
 Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,  
 Calm as a slumbering babe,

Tremendous Ocean lay.  
 The mirror of its stillness showed  
 The pale and waning stars,  
 The chariot's fiery track,  
 And the gray light of morn  
 Tinging those fleecy clouds  
 That canopied the dawn.  
 Seemed it, that the chariot's way  
 Lay through the midst of an immense concave,  
 Radiant with million constellations, tinged  
 With shades of infinite color  
 And semicircled with a belt  
 Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.  
 As they approached their goal,  
 The coursers seemed to gather speed ;  
 The sea no longer was distinguished ; earth  
 Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere ;  
 The sun's unclouded orb  
 Rolled through the black concave ;  
 Its rays of rapid light  
 Parted around the chariot's swifter course.  
 And fell, like ocean's feathery spray  
 Dashed from the boiling surge  
 Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.  
 Earth's distant orb appeared  
 The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven ;  
 While round the chariot's way  
 Innumerable systems rolled,  
 And countless spheres diffused  
 An ever-varying glory.  
 It was a sight of wonder : some  
 Were horned like the crescent moon ;  
 Some shed a mild and silver beam  
 Like Hesperus o'er the western sea ;  
 Some dashed athwart with trains of flame,  
 Like worlds to death and ruin driven ;  
 Some shone like suns, and as the chariot passed,  
 Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature ! here !  
 In this interminable wilderness  
 Of worlds, at whose immensity  
 Even soaring fancy staggers,  
 Here is thy fitting temple.  
 Yet not the slightest leaf  
 That quivers to the passing breeze  
 Is less instinct with thee :  
 Yet not the meanest worm  
 That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead

Less shares thy eternal breath.  
 Spirit of Nature ! thou !  
 Imperishable as this scene,  
 Here is thy fitting temple !

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II.

IF solitude hath ever led thy steps
 To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
 And thou hast lingered there,
 Until the sun's broad orb
 Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
 Thou must have marked the lines
 Of purple gold that motionless
 Hung o'er the sinking sphere :
 Thou must have marked the billowy clouds
 Edged with intolerable radiancy,
 Towering like rocks of jet
 Crowned with a diamond wreath.
 And yet there is a moment,
 When the sun's highest point
 Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
 When those far clouds of feathery gold,
 Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
 Like islands on a dark blue sea ;
 Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
 And furled its wearied wing
 Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands
 Gleaming in yon flood of light,
 Nor the feathery curtains
 Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch.
 Nor the burnished ocean-waves,
 Paving that gorgeous dome,
 So fair, so wonderful a sight
 As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.
 Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy hall !
 As heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
 Its floors of flashing light,
 Its vast and azure dome,
 Its fertile golden islands
 Floating on a silver sea ;
 While suns their mingling beamings darted
 Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
 And pearly battlements around
 Looked o'er the immense of heaven

The magic car no longer moved.
 The Fairy and the Spirit
 Entered the Hall of Spells :
 Those golden clouds
 That rolled in glittering billows
 Beneath the azure canopy,
 With the ethereal footsteps trembled not :
 The light and crimson mists,
 Floating to strains of thrilling melody
 Through that unearthly dwelling,
 Yielded to every movement of the will.
 Upon their passive swell the Spirit leaned,
 And, for the varied bliss that pressed around,
 Used not the glorious privilege
 Of virtue and of wisdom.

Spirit! the Fairy said,
 And pointed to the gorgeous dome,
 This is a wondrous sight
 And mocks all human grandeur ;
 But, were it virtue's only meed to dwell
 In a celestial palace, all resigned
 To pleasurable impulses, immured
 Within the prison of itself, the will
 Of changeless nature would be unfulfilled.
 Learn to make others happy. Spirit, come !
 This is thine high reward : the past shall rise ;
 Thou shalt behold the present ; I will teach
 The secrets of the future.

The Fairy and the Spirit
 Approached the overhanging battlement.
 Below lay stretched the universe !
 There, far as the remotest line
 That bounds imagination's flight,
 Countless and unending orbs
 In mazy motion intermingled.
 Yet still fulfilled immutably
 Eternal Nature's law.
 Above, below, around,
 The circling systems formed
 A wilderness of harmony ;
 Each with undeviating aim
 In eloquent silence through the depths of space
 Pursued its wondrous way.

There was a little light
 That twinkled in the misty distance :
 None but a spirit's eye
 Might ken that rolling orb ;
 None but a spirit's eye,
 And in no other place

But that celestial dwelling, might behold
Each action of this earth's inhabitants.

But matter, space and time,
In those aerial mansions cease to act;
And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps
The harvest of its excellence, o'erbounds
Those obstacles, of which an earthly soul
Fears to attempt the conquest.

The Fairy pointed to the earth.
The Spirit's intellectual eye
Its kindred beings recognized.
The thronging thousands, to a passing view,
Seemed like an ant-hill's citizens.

How wonderful! that even
The passions, prejudices, interests,
That sway the meanest being, the weak touch
That moves the finest nerve
And in one human brain
Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
In the great chain of nature.

Behold, the Fairy cried,
Palmyra's ruined palaces!
Behold! where grandeur frowned;
Behold! where pleasure smiled;
What now remains? the memory
Of senselessness and shame—
What is immortal there?
Nothing—it stands to tell
A melancholy tale, to give
An awful warning: soon
Oblivion will steal silently
The remnant of its fame.
Monarchs and conquerors there
Proud o'er prostrate millions trod—
The earthquakes of the human race,
Like them, forgotten when the ruin
That marks their shock is past.

Beside the eternal Nile
The Pyramids have risen.
Nile shall pursue his changeless way;
Those Pyramids shall fall;
Yea! not a stone shall stand to tell
The spot whereon they stood;
Their very site shall be forgotten,
As is their builder's name!

Behold yon sterile spot;
Where now the wandering Arab's tent
Flaps in the desert-blast.

There once old Salem's haughty fane
 Reared high to heaven its thousand golden domes,
 And in the blushing face of day
 Exposed its shameful glory.

Oh! many a widow, many an orphan cursed
 The building of that fane; and many a father,
 Worn out with toil and slavery, implored
 The poor man's God to sweep it from the earth,
 And spare his children the detested task
 Of piling stone on stone, and poisoning
 The choicest days of life,

To soothe a dotard's vanity.

There an inhuman and uncultured race
 Howled hideous praises to their Demon-God;
 They rushed to war, tore from the mother's womb
 The unborn child — old age and infancy
 Promiscuous perished; their victorious arms
 Left not a soul to breathe. Oh! they were fiends:
 But what was he who taught them that the God
 Of nature and benevolence had given
 A special sanction to the trade of blood?
 His name and theirs are fading, and the tales
 Of this barbarian nation, which imposture
 Recites till terror credits, are pursuing
 Itself into forgetfulness.

Where Athens, Rome and Sparta stood,
 There is a moral desert now:
 The mean and miserable huts,
 The yet more wretched palaces,
 Contrasted with those ancient fanes,
 Now crumbling to oblivion;
 The long and lonely colonnades,
 Through which the ghost of freedom stalks,
 Seem like a well-known tune,
 Which, in some dear scene we have loved to hear,
 Remembered now in sadness.
 But, oh! how much more changed,
 How gloomier is the contrast
 Of human nature there!

Where Socrates expired, a tyrant's slave,
 A coward and a fool, spreads death around —
 Then, shuddering meets his own.
 Where Cicero and Antoninus lived,
 A cowed and hypocritical monk
 Prays, curses and deceives.

Spirit! ten thousand years
 Have scarcely past away
 Since, in the waste where now the savage drinks
 His enemy's blood, and aping Europe's sons,
 Wakes the unholy song of war,

Arose a stately city,
 Metropolis of the western continent ;
 There, now, the mossy column stone,
 Indented by time's unrelaxing grasp,
 Which once appeared to brave
 All, save its country's ruin ;
 There the wide forest scene,
 Rude in the uncultivated loveliness
 Of gardens long run wild,
 Seems, to the unwilling sojourner, whose steps
 Chance in that desert has delayed,
 Thus to have stood since earth was what it is.
 Yet once it was the busiest haunt,
 Whither, as to a common centre, flocked
 Strangers and ships and merchandize :
 Once peace and freedom blest
 The cultivated plain :
 But wealth, that curse of man,
 Blighted the bud of its prosperity :
 Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,
 Fled, to return not until man shall know
 That they alone can give the bliss
 Worthy a soul that claims
 Its kindred with eternity.

There's not one atom of yon earth
 But once was living man ;
 Nor the minutest drop of rain
 That hangeth in its thinnest cloud
 But flowed in human veins :
 And from the burning plains
 Where Lybian monsters yell,
 From the most gloomy glens
 Of Greenland's sunless clime,
 To where the golden fields
 Of fertile England spread
 Their harvest to the day,
 Thou canst not find one spot
 Whereon no city stood.

 How strange is human pride
 I tell thee that those living things
 To whom the fragile blade of grass
 That springeth in the morn
 And perisheth ere noon,
 Is an unbounded world ;
 I tell thee that those viewless beings
 Whose mansion is the smallest particle
 Of the impassive atmosphere,
 Think, feel and live like man ;
 That their affections and antipathies,
 Like his, produce the laws

Ruling their moral state ;
 And the minutest throb
 That through their frame diffuses
 The slightest, faintest motion,
 Is fixed and indispensable
 As the majestic laws
 That rule yon rolling orbs.

The Fairy paused. The Spirit,
 In ecstasy of admiration, felt
 All knowledge of the past revived ; the events
 Of old and wondrous times,
 Which dim tradition interruptedly
 Teaches the credulous vulgar, were unfolded
 In just perspective to the view ;
 Yet dim from their infinitude.
 The Spirit seemed to stand
 High on an isolated pinnacle ;
 The flood of ages combating below,
 The depth of the unbounded universe
 Above, and all around
 Nature's unchanging harmony.

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### III.

FAIRY ! the Spirit said,  
 And on the Queen of Spells  
 Fixed her ethereal eyes,  
 I thank thee. Thou hast given  
 A boon which I will not resign, and taught  
 A lesson not to be unlearned. I know  
 The past, and thence I will essay to glean  
 A warning for the future, so that man  
 May profit by his errors, and derive  
 Experience from his folly :  
 For, when the power of imparting joy  
 Is equal to the will, the human soul  
 Requires no other heaven.

### M A B .

Turn thee, surpassing Spirit !  
 Much yet remains unscanned.  
 Thou knowest how great is man,  
 Thou knowest his imbecility :  
 Yet learn thou what he is ;  
 Yet learn the lofty destiny  
 Which restless Time prepares  
 For every living soul.



Behold a gorgeous palace, that amid  
 Yon populous city rears its thousand towers  
 And seems itself a city. Gloomy troops  
 Of sentinels, in stern and silent ranks,  
 Encompass it around : the dweller there  
 Can not be free and happy ; hearest thou not  
 The curses of the fatherless, the groans  
 Of those who have no friend ? He passes on :  
 The king, the wearer of a gilded chain  
 That binds his soul to abjectness, the fool  
 Whom courtiers nickname monarch, while a slave  
 Even to the basest appetites — that man  
 Heeds not the shriek of penury ; he smiles  
 At the deep curses which the destitute  
 Mutter in secret, and a sullen joy  
 Pervades his bloodless heart when thousands groan  
 But for those morsels which his wantonness  
 Wastes in unjoyous revelry, to save  
 All that they love from famine : when he hears  
 The tale of horror, to some ready-made face  
 Of hypocritical assent he turns,  
 Smothering the glow of shame, that spite of him  
 Flushes his bloated cheek.

Now to the meal  
 Of silence, grandeur and excess, he drags  
 His palled unwilling appetite. If gold,  
 Gleaming around, and numerous viands culled  
 From every clime, could force the loathing sense  
 To overcome satiety — if wealth  
 The spring it draws from poisons not — or vice  
 Unfeeling, stubborn vice, converteth not  
 Its food to deadliest venom — then that king  
 Is happy ; and the peasant who fulfills  
 His unforced task, when he returns at even,  
 And by the blazing faggot meets again  
 Her welcome for whom all his toil is sped,  
 Tastes not a sweeter meal.

Behold him now  
 Stretched on the gorgeous couch ; his fevered brain  
 Reels dizzily awhile ; but ah ! too soon  
 The slumber of intemperance subsides,  
 And conscience, that undying serpent, calls  
 Her venomous brood to their nocturnal task.  
 Listen ! he speaks ! — oh ! mark that phrensied eye —  
 Oh ! mark that deadly visage !

KING.

No cessation !  
 Oh ! must this last for ever ? Awful Death,  
 I wish, yet fear to clasp thee ! — Not one moment  
 Of dreamless sleep ! O dear and blessed Peace !

Why dost thou shroud thy vestal purity  
 In penury and dungeons? wherefore lurk'st  
 With danger, death and solitude, yet shunn'st  
 The palace I have built thee? Sacred Peace!  
 Oh visit me but once, but pitying shed  
 One drop of balm upon my withered soul.

Vain man! that palace is the virtuous heart,  
 And Peace defileth not her snowy robes  
 In such a shed as thine. Hark! yet he mutters;  
 His slumbers are but varied agonies,  
 They prey like scorpions on the springs of life.  
 There needeth not the hell that bigots frame  
 To punish those who err: earth in itself  
 Contains at once the evil and the cure;  
 And all-sufficing Nature can chastise  
 Those who transgress her law — she only knows  
 How justly to proportion to the fault  
 The punishment it merits.

Is it strange  
 That this poor wretch should pride him in his woe?  
 Take pleasure in his abjectness, and hug  
 The scorpion that consumes him? Is it strange  
 That placed on a conspicuous throne of thorns,  
 Grasping an iron sceptre, and immured  
 Within a splendid prison, whose stern bounds  
 Shut him from all that's good or dear on earth,  
 His soul asserts not its humanity?  
 That man's mild nature rises not in war  
 Against a king's employ? No — 'tis not strange.  
 He, like the vulgar, thinks, feels, acts and lives  
 Just as his father did; the unconquered powers  
 Of precedent and custom interpose  
 Between a *king* and virtue. Stranger yet,  
 To those who know not nature, nor deduce  
 The future from the present, it may seem  
 That not one slave who suffers from the crimes  
 Of this unnatural being — not one wretch  
 Whose children famish and whose nuptial bed  
 Is earth's un pitying bosom — rears an arm  
 To dash him from his throne!

Those gilded flies  
 That, basking in the sunshine of a court,  
 Fatten on its corruption! — what are they?  
 — The drones of the community; they feed  
 On the mechanic's labor: the starved hind  
 For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield  
 Its unshared harvests; and you squalid form,  
 Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes  
 A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,  
 Drags out in labor a protracted death,

To glut their grandeur ; many faint with toil,  
That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.

Whence, thinkest thou, kings and parasites arose ?  
Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap  
Toil and unvanquishable penury  
On those who build their palaces, and bring  
Their daily bread ? — From vice, black loathsome vice,  
From rapine, madness, treachery and wrong ;  
From all that genders misery, and makes  
Of earth this thorny wilderness ; from lust,  
Revenge and murder. And when reason's voice,  
Loud as the voice of nature, shall have waked  
The nations, and mankind perceive that vice  
Is discord, war and misery ; that virtue  
Is peace and happiness and harmony —  
When man's maturer nature shall disdain  
The playthings of its childhood — kingly glare  
Will lose its power to dazzle ; its authority  
Will silently pass by ; the gorgeous throne  
Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,  
Fast falling to decay ; while falsehood's trade  
Shall be as hateful and unprofitable  
As that of truth is now.

Where is the fame  
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth  
Seek to eternize ? Oh ! the faintest sound  
From time's light footfall, the minutest wave  
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing  
The unsubstantial bubble. Ay ! to-day  
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze  
That flashes desolation, strong the arm  
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes !  
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died  
In ages past ; that gaze, a transient flash  
On which the midnight closed ; and on that arm  
The worm has made his meal.

The virtuous man,  
Who, great in his humility, as kings  
Are little in their grandeur — he who leads  
Invincibly a life of resolute good,  
And stands amid the silent dungeon-depths  
More free and fearless than the trembling judge  
Who, clothed in venal power, vainly strove  
To bind the impassive spirit — when he falls,  
His mild eye beams benevolence no more :  
Withered the hand outstretched but to relieve :  
Sunken reason's simple eloquence, that rolled  
But to appall the guilty. Yes ! the grave  
Hath quenched that eye, and death's relentless frost  
Withered that arm : but the unfading fame

Which Virtue hangs upon its votary's tomb —  
 The deathless memory of that man, whom kings  
 Call to their mind and tremble — the remembrance  
 With which the happy spirit contemplates  
 Its well-spent pilgrimage on earth —  
 Shall never pass away.

Nature rejects the monarch, not the man ;  
 The subject, not the citizen : for kings  
 And subjects, mutual foes, for ever play  
 A losing game into each other's hands,  
 Whose stakes are vice and misery. The man  
 Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.  
 Power, like a desolating pestilence,  
 Pollutes whate'er it touches ; and obedience,  
 Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,  
 Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame  
 A mechanized automaton.

When Nero,  
 High over flaming Rome, with savage joy  
 Lowered like a fiend, drank with enraptured ear  
 The shrieks of agonizing death, beheld  
 The frightful desolation spread, and felt  
 A new-created sense within his soul  
 Thrill to the sight, and vibrate to the sound —  
 Thinkest thou his grandeur had not overcome  
 The force of human kindness ? and when Rome,  
 With one stern blow, hurled not the tyrant down,  
 Crushed not the arm red with her dearest blood —  
 Had not submissive abjectness destroyed  
 Nature's suggestions ?

Look on yonder earth :  
 The golden harvests spring ; the unfailing sun  
 Sheds light and life ; the fruits, the flowers, the trees,  
 Arise in due succession ; all things speak  
 Peace, harmony and love. The universe,  
 In Nature's silent eloquence, declares  
 That all fulfill the works of love and joy —  
 All but the outcast, man. He fabricates  
 The sword which stabs his peace ; he cherisheth  
 The snakes that gnaw his heart ; he raiseth up  
 The tyrant whose delight is in his woe —  
 Whose sport is in his agony. Yon sun,  
 Lights it the great alone ? Yon silver beams,  
 Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch  
 Than on the dome of kings ? Is mother Earth  
 A step-dame to her numerous sons who earn  
 Her unshared gifts with unremitting toil —  
 A mother only to those puling babes  
 Who, nursed in ease and luxury, make men  
 The playthings of their babyhood, and mar

In self-important childishness that peace  
Which men alone appreciate ?

Spirit of Nature ! no !  
The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs  
Alike in every human heart.  
Thou aye erectest there  
Thy throne of power unappealable :  
Thou art the judge beneath whose nod  
Man's brief and frail authority  
Is powerless as the wind  
That passeth idly by.  
Thine the tribunal which surpasseth  
The show of human justice,  
As God surpasses man.  
Spirit of Nature ! thou  
Life of interminable multitudes ;  
Soul of those mighty spheres  
Whose changeless paths through heaven's deep silence lie ;  
Soul of that smallest being,  
The dwelling of whose life  
Is one faint April sun-gleam —  
Man, like these passive things,  
Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth :  
Like theirs, his age of endless peace,  
Which time is fast maturing,  
Will swiftly, surely come ;  
And the unbounded frame, which thou pervadest,  
Will be without a flaw  
Marring its perfect symmetry.

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IV.

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the timeworn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace : all form a scene

Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;
 Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
 So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day,
 In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
 Sinks sweetly smiling ; not the faintest breath
 Steals o'er the unruffled deep ; the clouds of eve
 Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day ;
 And vesper's image on the western main
 Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes :
 Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
 Roll o'er the blackened waters ; the deep roar
 Of distant thunder mutters awfully ;
 Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
 That shrouds the boiling surge ; the pitiless fiend,
 With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey ;
 The torn deep yawns — the vessel finds a grave
 Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah ! whence you glare
 That fires the arch of heaven ? — that dark red smoke
 Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched
 In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round !
 Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
 Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne !
 Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar
 Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb ;
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
 The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
 Inebriate with rage : loud and more loud
 The discord grows — till pale Death shuts the scene,
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
 His cold and bloody shroud. — Of all the men
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there
 In proud and vigorous health — of all the hearts
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there —
 How few survive, how few are beating now !
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause ;
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
 Wrapped round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
 Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous smoke
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
 Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood

Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
 Of the outsallying victors: far behind,
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

I see thee shrink,
 Surpassing Spirit!—wert thou human else?
 I see a shade of doubt and horror fleet
 Across thy stainless features: yet fear not;
 This is no unconnected misery,
 Nor stands uncaused and irretrievable.
 Man's evil nature, that apology
 Which kings who rule and cowards who crouch set up
 For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood
 Which desolates the discord-wasted land.
 From kings and priests and statesmen war arose,
 Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,
 Whose grandeur his debasement. Let the ax
 Strike at the root—the poison-tree will fall;
 And where its venom'd exhalations spread
 Ruin and death and woe—where millions lie
 Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones
 Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast—
 A garden shall arise, in loveliness
 Surpassing fabled Eden.

Hath Nature's soul,
 That formed this world so beautiful, that spread
 Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord
 Strung to unchanging unison, that gave
 The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,
 That yielded to the wanderers of the deep
 The lovely silence of the unfathomed main,
 And filled the meanest worm that crawls in dust
 With spirit, thought and love—on man alone,
 Partial in causeless malice, wantonly
 Heaped ruin, vice and slavery; his soul
 Blasted with withering curses; placed afar
 The meteor happiness that shuns his grasp,
 But serving on the frightful gulf to glare,
 Rent wide beneath his footsteps?

Nature?—no!
 Kings, priests and statesmen blast the human flower,
 Even in its tender bud; their influence darts
 Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins
 Of desolate society. The child,
 Ere he can lisp his mother's sacred name,
 Swells with the unnatural pride of crime, and lifts

His baby-sword even in a hero's mood.
 This infant arm becomes the bloodiest scourge
 Of devastated earth; while specious names
 Learned in soft childhood's unsuspecting hour,
 Serve as the sophisms with which manhood dims
 Bright reason's ray, and sanctifies the sword
 Upraised to shed a brother's innocent blood.
 Let priest-led slaves cease to proclaim that man
 Inherits vice and misery, when force
 And falsehood hang even o'er the cradled babe,
 Stifling with rudest grasp all natural good.

Ah! to the stranger-soul, when first it peeps
 From its new tenement, and looks abroad
 For happiness and sympathy, how stern
 And desolate a tract is this wide world!
 How withered all the buds of natural good!
 No shade, no shelter from the sweeping storms
 Of pitiless power! On its wretched frame,
 Poisoned perchance by the disease and woe
 Heaped on the wretched parent, whence it sprung,
 By morals, law and custom, the pure winds
 Of heaven, that renovate the insect tribes,
 May breathe not. The untainting light of day
 May visit not its longings. It is bound
 Ere it has life: yea, all the chains are forged
 Long ere its being: all liberty and love
 And peace is torn from its defencelessness:
 Cursed from its birth, even from its cradle doomed
 To abjectness and bondage!

Throughout this varied and eternal world
 Soul is the only element, the block
 That for uncounted ages has remained.
 The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight
 Is active living spirit. Every grain
 Is sentient both in unity and part,
 And the minutest atom comprehends
 A world of loves and hatreds; these beget
 Evil and good: hence truth and falsehood spring;
 Hence will and thought and action, all the germs
 Of pain or pleasure, sympathy or hate,
 That variegate the eternal universe.
 Soul is not more polluted than the beams
 Of heaven's pure orb, ere round their rapid lines
 The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise.

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
 Of high resolve; on fancy's boldest wing
 To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
 The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
 The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.
 Or he is formed for abjectness and woe,

To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,
 To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame
 Of natural love in sensualism, to know
 That hour as blest when on his worthless days
 The frozen hand of death shall set its seal,
 Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.
 The one is man that shall hereafter be :
 The other, man as vice has made him now.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
 The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
 And, to those royal murderers whose mean thrones
 Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,
 The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.
 Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround
 Their palaces, participate the crimes
 That force defends, and from a nation's rage
 Secure the crown, which all the curses reach
 That famine, phrensy, woe and penury breathe.
 These are the hired bravoës who defend
 The tyrant's throne — the bullies of his fear :
 These are the sinks and channels of worst vice,
 The refuse of society, the dregs
 Of all that is most vile : their cold hearts blend
 Deceit with sternness, ignorance with pride,
 All that is mean and villainous, with rage
 Which hopelessness of good, and self-contempt,
 Alone might kindle ; they are decked in wealth,
 Honor and power, then are sent abroad
 To do their work. The pestilence that stalks
 In gloomy triumph through some eastern land
 Is less destroying. They cajole with gold
 And promises of fame, the thoughtless youth
 Already crushed with servitude : he knows
 His wretchedness too late, and cherishes
 Repentance for his ruin, when his doom
 Is sealed in gold and blood !
 Those too the tyrant serve, who, skilled to snare
 The feet of justice in the toils of law,
 Stand ready to oppress the weaker still ;
 And, right or wrong, will vindicate for gold,
 Sneering at public virtue, which beneath
 Their pitiless tread lies torn and trampled, where
 Honor sits smiling at the sale of truth.

* * * * *

These tools the tyrant tempers to his work,
 Wields in his wrath, and as he wills, destroys,
 Omnipotent in wickedness : the while
 Youth springs, age moulders, manhood tamely does
 His bidding, bribed by short-lived joys to lend
 Force to the weakness of his trembling arm.

They rise, they fall : one generation comes
 Yielding its harvest to destruction's sythe.
 It fades — another blossoms : yet behold !
 Red glows the tyrant's stamp-mark on its bloom,
 Withering and cankering deep its passive prime.
 He has invented lying words and modes
 Empty and vain as his own coreless heart ;
 Evasive meanings, nothings of much sound,
 To lure the heedless victim to the toils
 Spread round the valley of its paradise.

Look to thyself, priest, conqueror or prince !
 Whether thy trade is falsehood, and thy lusts
 Deep wallow in the earnings of the poor,
 With whom thy master was : or thou delight'st
 In numbering o'er the myriads of thy slain,
 All misery weighing nothing in the scale
 Against thy short-lived fame : or thou dost load
 With cowardice and crime the groaning land.
 A pomp-fed king. Look to thy wretched self !
 Aye, art thou not the veriest slave that e'er
 Crawled on the loathing earth ? Are not thy days
 Days of unsatisfying listlessness ?
 Dost thou not cry, ere night's long rack is o'er,
 When will the morning come ? Is not thy youth
 A vain and feverish dream of sensualism ?
 Thy manhood blighted with unripe disease ?
 Are not thy views of unregretted death
 Drear, comfortless and horrible ? Thy mind,
 Is it not morbid as thy nerveless frame,
 Incapable of judgement, hope or love ?
 And dost thou wish the errors to survive
 That bar thee from all sympathies of good,
 After the miserable interest
 Thou hold'st in their protraction ? When the grave
 Has swallowed up thy memory and thyself,
 Dost thou desire the bane that poisons earth
 To twine its roots around thy confined clay,
 Spring from thy bones, and blossom on thy tomb,
 That of its fruits thy babes may eat and die ?



V.

THUS do the generations of the earth
 Go to the grave, and issue from the womb,
 Surviving still the imperishable change
 That renovates the world ; even as the leaves
 Which the keen frost-wind of the waning year

Has scattered on the forest soil, and heaped
 For many seasons there, though long they choke,
 Loading with loathsome rottenness the land,
 All germs of promise. Yet when the tall trees
 From which they fell, shorn of their lovely shapes,
 Lie level with the earth to moulder there,
 They fertilize the land they long deformed,
 Till from the breathing lawn a forest springs
 Of youth, integrity, and loveliness,
 Like that which gave it life, to spring and die.
 Thus suicidal selfishness, that blights
 The fairest feelings of the opening heart,
 Is destined to decay, while from the soil
 Shall spring all virtue, all delight, all love,
 And judgement cease to wage unnatural war
 With passion's unsubduable array.
 Twin-sister of religion, selfishness!
 Rival in crime and falsehood, aping all
 The wanton horrors of her bloody play ;
 Yet frozen, unimpassioned, spiritless,
 Shunning the light, and owning not its name :
 Compelled by its deformity to screen
 With flimsy veil of justice and of right
 Its unattractive lineaments, that scare
 All, save the brood of ignorance : at once
 The cause and the effect of tyranny ;
 Unblushing, hardened, sensual and vile ;
 Dead to all love but of its abjectness,
 With heart impassive by more noble powers
 Than unshared pleasure, sordid gain, or fame ;
 Despising its own miserable being,
 Which still it longs yet fears to disenthral.

Hence commerce springs, the venal interchange
 Of all that human art or nature yield ;
 Which wealth should purchase not, but want demand,
 And natural kindness hasten to supply
 From the full fountain of its boundless love,
 For ever stifled, drained and tainted now.
 Commerce ! beneath whose poison-breathing shade
 No solitary virtue dares to spring ;
 But poverty and wealth with equal hand
 Scatter their withering curses, and unfold
 The doors of premature and violent death,
 To pining famine and full-fed disease,
 To all that shares the lot of human life,
 Which, poisoned body and soul, scarce drags the chain
 That lengthens as it goes and clanks behind.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,
 The signet of its all-enslaving power,
 Upon a shining ore, and called it gold :
 Before whose image bow the vulgar great,

The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
 The mob of peasants, nobles, priests and kings,
 And with blind feelings reverence the power
 That grinds them to the dust of misery.
 But in the temple of their hireling hearts
 Gold is a living God, and rules in scorn
 All earthly things but virtue.

Since tyrants, by the sale of human life,
 Heap luxuries to their sensualism, and fame
 To their wide-wasting and insatiate pride,
 Success has sanctioned to a credulous world
 The ruin, the disgrace, the woe of war.
 His hosts of blind and unresisting dupes
 The despot numbers; from his cabinet
 These puppets of his schemes he moves at will,
 Even as the slaves by force or famine driven
 Beneath a vulgar master, to perform
 A task of cold and brutal drudgery;
 Hardened to hope, insensible to fear,
 Scarce living pulleys of a dead machine,
 Mere wheels of work and articles of trade,
 That grace the proud and noisy pomp of wealth!

The harmony and happiness of man
 Yield to the wealth of nations; that which lifts
 His nature to the heaven of its pride
 Is bartered for the poison of his soul;
 The weight that drags to earth his towering hopes,
 Blighting all prospect but of selfish gain,
 Withering all passion but of slavish fear,
 Extinguishing all free and generous love
 Of enterprise and daring, even the pulse
 That fancy kindles in the beating heart
 To mingle with sensation, it destroys,
 Leaves nothing but the sordid lust of self,
 The groveling hope of interest and gold,
 Unqualified, unmingled, unredeemed
 Even by hypocrisy.

And statesmen boast
 Of wealth! the wordy eloquence that lives
 After the ruin of their hearts, can gild
 The bitter poison of a nation's woe,
 Can turn the worship of the servile mob
 To their corrupt and glaring idol, Fame,
 From Virtue, trampled by its iron tread,
 Although its dazzling pedestal be raised
 Amid the horrors of a limb-strown field,
 With desolated dwellings smoking round.
 The man of ease, who, by his warm fireside,
 To deeds of charitable intercourse
 And bare fulfilment of the common laws

Of decency and prejudice, confines
 The struggling nature of his human heart,
 Is duped by their cold sophistry : he sheds
 A passing tear perchance upon the wreck
 Of earthly peace, when near his dwelling's door
 The frightful waves are driven — when his son
 Is murdered by the tyrant, or religion
 Drives his wife raving mad. But the poor man,
 Whose life is misery and fear and care —
 Whom the morn wakens but to fruitless toil —
 Who ever hears his famished offspring's scream —
 Whom their pale mother's uncomplaining gaze
 For ever meets, and the proud rich man's eye
 Flashing command, and the heart-breaking scene
 Of thousands like himself — he little heeds
 The rhetoric of tyranny ; his hate
 Is quenchless as his wrongs ; he laughs to scorn
 The vain and bitter mockery of words,
 Feeling the horror of the tyrant's deeds,
 And unrestrained but by the arm of power,
 That knows and dreads his enmity.

The iron rod of penury still compels
 Her wretched slave to bow the knee to wealth,
 And poison, with unprofitable toil,
 A life too void of solace to confirm
 The very chains that bind him to his doom.
 Nature, impartial in munificence,
 Has gifted man with all-subduing will :
 Matter, with all its transitory shapes,
 Lies subjected and plastic at his feet,
 That, weak from bondage, tremble as they tread.
 How many a rustic Milton has passed by,
 Stiffing the speechless longings of his heart,
 In unremitting drudgery and care !
 How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
 His energies, no longer tameless then,
 To mould a pin or fabricate a nail !
 How many a Newton, to whose passive ken
 Those mighty spheres that gem infinity
 Were only specks of tinsel, fixed in heaven
 To light the midnights of his native town !

Yet every heart contains perfection's germ :
 The wisest of the sages of the earth,
 That ever from the stores of reason drew
 Science and truth, and virtue's dreadless tone,
 Were but a weak and inexperienced boy,
 Proud, sensual, unimpassioned, unembued
 With pure desire and universal love.
 Compared to that high being, of cloudless brain,
 Untainted passion, elevated will,
 Which death (who even would linger long in awe

Within his noble presence and beneath
 His changeless eyebeam) might alone subdue.
 Him, every slave now dragging through the filth
 Of some corrupted city his sad life,
 Pining with famine, swollen with luxury,
 Blunting the keenness of his spiritual sense
 With narrow schemings and unworthy cares,
 Or madly rushing through all violent crime,
 To move the deep stagnation of his soul —
 Might imitate and equal.

But mean lust
 Has bound its chains so tight around the earth
 That all within it but the virtuous man
 Is venal: gold or fame will surely reach
 The price prefixed by selfishness to all
 But him of resolute and unchanging will;
 Whom, nor the plaudits of a servile crowd,
 Nor the vile joys of tainting luxury,
 Can bribe to yield his elevated soul
 To tyranny or falsehood, though they wield
 With blood-red hand the sceptre of the world.

All things are sold: the very light of heaven
 Is venal; earth's unsparing gifts of love,
 The smallest and most despicable things
 That lurk in the abysses of the deep,
 All objects of our life, even life itself,
 And the poor pittance which the laws allow
 Of liberty, the fellowship of man,
 Those duties which his heart of human love
 Should urge him to perform instinctively,
 Are bought and sold as in a public mart
 Of undisguising selfishness, that sets
 On each its price, the stamp-mark of her reign.
 Even love is sold; the solace of all woe
 Is turned to deadliest agony, old age
 Shivers in selfish beauty's loathing arms,
 And youth's corrupted impulses prepare
 A life of horror from the blighting bane
 Of commerce; while the pestilence that springs
 From unenjoying sensualism has filled
 All human life with hydra-headed woes.

Falsehood demands but gold to pay the pangs
 Of outraged conscience; for the slavish priest
 Sets no great value on his hireling faith:
 A little passing pomp, some servile souls,
 Whom cowardice itself might safely chain,
 Or the spare mite of avarice could bribe
 To deck the triumph of their languid zeal,
 Can make him minister to tyranny.
 More daring crime requires a loftier meed:

Without a shudder, the slave-soldier lends
 His arm to murderous deeds, and steels his heart,
 When the dread eloquence of dying men,
 Low mingling on the lonely field of fame,
 Assails that nature whose applause he sells
 For the gross blessings of the patriot mob,
 For the vile gratitude of heartless kings,
 And for a cold world's good word — viler still !

There is a nobler glory, which survives
 Until our being fades, and, solacing
 All human care, accompanies its change ;
 Deserts not virtue in the dungeon's gloom,
 And in the precincts of the palace guides
 Its footsteps through that labyrinth of crime
 Embues his lineaments with dauntlessness,
 Even when, from power's avenging hand, he takes
 Its sweetest, last and noblest title — death ;
 — The consciousness of good, which neither gold
 Nor sordid fame nor hope of heavenly bliss
 Can purchase ; but a life of resolute good,
 Unalterable will, quenchless desire
 Of universal happiness, the heart
 That beats with it in unison, the brain,
 Whose ever-wakeful wisdom toils to change
 Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal.

This commerce of sincerest virtue needs
 No mediative signs of selfishness,
 No jealous intercourse of wretched gain,
 No balancings of prudence, cold and long ;
 In just and equal measure all is weighed,
 One scale contains the sum of human weal,
 And one, the good man's heart.

How vainly seek

The selfish for that happiness denied
 To aught but virtue ! Blind and hardened, they
 Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,
 Who covet power they know not how to use,
 And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give —
 Madly they frustrate still their own designs ;
 And, where they hope that quiet to enjoy
 Which virtue pictures, bitterness of soul,
 Pining regrets and vain repentances,
 Disease, disgust and lassitude, pervade
 Their valueless and miserable lives.

But hoary-headed selfishness has felt
 Its death-blow, and is tottering to the grave :
 A brighter morn awaits the human day,
 When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
 Shall be a commerce of good words and works ;

When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
 The fear of infamy, disease and woe,
 War with its million horrors, and fierce hell,
 Shall live but in the memory of time,
 Who like a penitent libertine shall start,
 Look back and shudder at his younger years.

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VI.

ALL touch, all eye, all ear,  
 The Spirit felt the Fairy's burning speech.  
 O'er the thin texture of its frame  
 The varying periods painted changing glows :  
 As on a summer even,  
 When soul-enfolding music floats around,  
 The stainless mirror of the lake  
 Reïmages the eastern gloom,  
 Mingling convulsively its purple hues  
 With sunset's burnished gold.

Then thus the Spirit spoke :  
 It is a wild and miserable world !  
 Thorny, and full of care,  
 Which every fiend can make his prey at will.  
 O Fairy ! in the lapse of years  
 Is there no hope in store ?  
 Will yon vast suns roll on  
 Interminably, still illuming  
 The night of so many wretched souls,  
 And see no hope for them ?  
 Will not the universal Spirit e'er  
 Revivify this withered limb of heaven ?

The Fairy calmly smiled  
 In comfort, and a kindling gleam of hope  
 Suffused the Spirit's lineaments.  
 Oh ! rest thee tranquil ; chase those fearful doubts,  
 Which ne'er could rack an everlasting soul,  
 That sees the chains which bind it to its doom.  
 Yes ! crime and misery are in yonder earth,  
 Falsehood, mistake and lust ;  
 But the eternal world  
 Contains at once the evil and the cure.  
 Some eminent in virtue shall start up,  
 Even in perversest time :  
 The truths of their pure lips, that never die,  
 Shall bind the scorpion falsehood with a wreath  
 Of ever living flame,  
 Until the monster sting itself to death.



How sweet a scene will earth become !  
 Of purest spirits, a pure dwelling-place,  
 Symphonious with the planetary spheres ;  
 When man, with changless nature coalescing,  
 Will undertake regeneration's work,  
 When its ungenial poles no longer point  
     To the red and baleful sun  
     That faintly twinkles there.

Spirit, on yonder earth  
 Falsehood now triumphs ; deadly power  
 Has fixed its seal upon the lip of truth !  
     Madness and misery are there !  
 The happiest is most wretched ! Yet confide  
 Until pure health-drops from the cup of joy  
 Fall like a dew of balm upon the world !

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VII.

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VIII.

THE present and the past thou hast beheld :  
 It was a desolate sight. Now, Spirit, learn  
 The secrets of the future. — Time !  
 Unfold the brooding pinion of thy gloom,  
 Render thou up thy half-devoured babes,  
 And from the cradles of eternity,  
 Where millions lie lulled to their portioned sleep  
 By the deep murmuring stream of passing things,  
 Tear thou that gloomy shroud. — Spirit, behold  
     Thy glorious destiny !

Joy to the Spirit came.  
 Through the wide rent in Time's eternal veil  
 Hope was seen beaming through the mists of fear :  
     Earth was no longer hell ;

Love, freedom, health, had given  
 Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,  
 And all its pulses beat  
 Symphonious to the planetary spheres :  
 Then dulcet music swelled  
 Concordant with the life-strings of the soul ;  
 It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,  
 Catching new life from transitory death. —  
 Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,  
 That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea,  
 And dies on the creation of its breath,  
 And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits :  
     Was the pure stream of feeling  
     That sprung from these sweet notes,  
 And o'er the Spirit's human sympathies  
 With mild and gentle motion calmly flowed.

Joy to the Spirit came —  
 Such joy as when a lover sees  
 The chosen of his soul in happiness,  
     And witnesses her peace  
 Whose woe to him were bitterer than death ;  
     Sees her unfaded cheek  
 Glow mantling in first luxury of health,  
     Thrills with her lovely eyes,  
 Which like two stars amid the heaving main  
     Sparkle through liquid bliss.

Then in her triumph spoke the Fairy Queen !  
 I will not call the ghost of ages gone  
 To unfold the frightful secrets of its lore ;  
     The present now is past,  
 And those events that desolate the earth  
 Have faded from the memory of Time,  
 Who dares not give reality to that  
 Whose being I annul. To me is given  
 The wonders of the human world to keep.  
 Space, matter, time and mind. Futurity  
 Exposes now its treasure ; let the sight  
 Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.  
 O human Spirit ! spur thee to the goal  
 Where virtue fixes universal peace,  
 And, mid the ebb and flow of human things,  
 Show somewhat stable, somewhat certain still,  
 A lighthouse o'er the wild of dreary waves.

The habitable earth is full of bliss ;  
 Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurled  
 By everlasting snow-storms round the poles,  
 Where matter dared not vegetate nor live,  
 But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude  
 Bound its broad zone of stillness. are unloosed ;  
 And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles

Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls  
 Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,  
 Whose roar is wakened into echoings sweet  
 To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves,  
 And melodize with man's blest nature there.

Those deserts of immeasurable sand,  
 Whose age-collected fervors scarce allowed  
 A bird to live, a blade of grass to spring,  
 Where the shrill chirp of the green lizard's love  
 Broke on the sultry silentness alone,  
 Now teem with countless rills and shady woods,  
 Cornfields and pastures and white cottages ;  
 And where the startled wilderness beheld  
 A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood,  
 A tigress sating with the flesh of lambs  
 The unnatural famine of her toothless cubs,  
 While shouts and howlings through the desert rang :  
 Sloping and smooth the daisy-spangled lawn,  
 Offering sweet incense to the sunrise, smiles  
 To see a babe before his mother's door,  
     Sharing his morning's meal  
 With the green and golden basilisk  
     That comes to lick his feet.

Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail  
 Has seen above the illimitable plain  
 Morning on night and night on morning rise,  
 While still no land to greet the wanderer spread  
 Its shadowy mountains on the sun-bright sea,  
 Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves  
 So long have mingled with the gusty wind  
 In melancholy loneliness, and swept  
 The desert of those ocean solitudes,  
 But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,  
 The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm ;  
 Now to the sweet and many mingling sounds  
 Of kindest human impulses respond.  
 Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,  
 With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,  
 And fertile valleys, resonant with bliss,  
 While green woods overcanopy the wave,  
 Which like a toil-worn laborer leaps to shore,  
 To meet the kisses of the flowerets there.

All things are recreated, and the flame  
 Of consentaneous love inspires all life :  
 The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck  
 To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,  
 Rewarding her with their pure perfectness :  
 The balmy breathings of the wind inhale  
 Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad :  
 Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,

Glows in the fruits, and mantles on the stream :  
 No storms deform the beaming brow of heaven,  
 Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride  
 The foliage of the ever-verdant trees ;  
 But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,  
 And autumn proudly bears her matron grace,  
 Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of spring,  
 Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit  
 Reflects its tint, and blushes into love.

The lion now forgets to thirst for blood :  
 There might you see him sporting in the sun  
 Beside the dreadless kid ; his claws are sheathed,  
 His teeth are harmless — custom's force has made  
 His nature as the nature of a lamb.  
 Like passion's fruit, the nightshade's tempting bane  
 Poisons no more the pleasure it bestows :  
 All bitterness is past : the cup of joy  
 Unmingled mantles to the goblet's brim,  
 And courts the thirsty lips it fled before.

But chief, ambiguous man — he that can know  
 More misery and dream more joy than all —  
 Whose keen sensations thrill within his breast  
 To mingle with a loftier instinct there,  
 Lending their power to pleasure and to pain,  
 Yet raising, sharpening and refining each —  
 Who stands amid the ever-varying world,  
 The burden or the glory of the earth —  
 He chief perceives the change ; his being notes  
 The gradual renovation, and defines  
 Each movement of its progress on his mind.

Man, where the gloom of the long polar night  
 Lowers o'er the snow-clad rocks and frozen soil,  
 Where scarce the hardiest herb that braves the frost  
 Basks in the moonlight's ineffectual glow,  
 Shrank with the plants, and darkened with the night ;  
 His chilled and narrow energies, his heart,  
 Insensible to courage, truth or love,  
 His stunted stature and imbecile frame,  
 Marked him for some abortion of the earth,  
 Fit compeer of the bears that roamed around,  
 Whose habits and enjoyments were his own :  
 His life a feverish dream of stagnant woe.  
 Whose meager wants, but scantily fulfilled,  
 Apprised him ever of the joyless length  
 Which his short being's wretchedness had reached ;  
 His death a pang which famine, cold and toil,  
 Long on the mind, while yet the vital spark  
 Clung to the body stubbornly, had brought :  
 All was inflicted here that earth's revenge  
 Could wreak on the infringers of her law.

Nor, where the tropics bound the realms of day  
 With a broad belt of mingling cloud and flame —  
 Where blue mists through the unmoving atmosphere  
 Scattered the seeds of pestilence, and fed  
 Unnatural vegetation — where the land  
 Teemed with all earthquake, tempest and disease —  
 Was man a nobler being ; slavery  
 Had crushed him to his country's blood-stained dust ;  
 Or he was bartered for the fame of power,  
 Which, all internal impulses destroying,  
 Makes human will an article of trade ;  
 Or he was changed with Christians for their gold,  
 And dragged to distant isles, where to the sound  
 Of the flesh-mangling scourge, he does the work  
 Of all-polluting luxury and wealth,  
 Which doubly visits on the tyrants' heads  
 The long-protracted fullness of their woe ;  
 Or he was led to legal butchery,  
 To turn to worms beneath that burning sun  
 Where kings first leagued against the rights of men,  
 And priests first traded with the name of God.

Even where the milder zone afforded man  
 A seeming shelter, yet contagion there,  
 Blighting his being with unnumbered ills,  
 Spread like a quenchless fire ; nor truth till late  
 Aailed to arrest its progress, or create  
 That peace which first in bloodless victory waved  
 Her snowy standard o'er this favored clime :  
 There man was long the train-bearer of slaves,  
 The mimic of surrounding misery,  
 The jackal of ambition's lion-rage,  
 The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

Here now the human being stands adoring  
 This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind ;  
 Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,  
 Which gently in his noble bosom wake  
 All kindly passions and all pure desires.  
 Him, still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,  
 Which from the exhaustless store of human weal  
 Draws on the virtuous mind, the thoughts that rise  
 In time-destroying infiniteness, gift  
 With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks  
 The unprevailing hoariness of age,  
 And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene  
 Swift as an unremembered vision, stands  
 Immortal upon earth : no longer now  
 He slays the lamb that looks him in the face,  
 And horribly devours his mangled flesh.  
 Which, still avenging nature's broken law,  
 Kindled all putrid humors in his frame,  
 All evil passions, and all vain belief,

Hatred, despair, and loathing in his mind,  
 The germs of misery, death, disease and crime.  
 No longer now the winged habitants  
 That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,  
 Flee from the form of man ; but gather round  
 And prune their sunny feathers on the hands  
 Which little children stretch in friendly sport  
 Toward these dreadless partners of their play.  
 All things are void of terror : man has lost  
 His terrible prerogative, and stands  
 An equal amid equals : happiness  
 And science dawn, though late, upon the earth ;  
 Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame ;  
 Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here,  
 Reason and passion cease to combat there ;  
 While each unfettered o'er the earth extends  
 Its all-subduing energies, and wields  
 The sceptre of a vast dominion there ;  
 While every shape and mode of matter lends  
 Its force to the omnipotence of mind,  
 Which from its dark mine drags the gem of truth  
 To decorate its paradise of peace.

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I X.

O HAPPY Earth! reality of Heaven!  
 To which those restless souls that ceaselessly  
 Throng through the human universe, aspire ;  
 Thou consummation of all mortal hope!  
 Thou glorious prize of blindly-working will!  
 Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,  
 Verge to one point and blend for ever there :  
 Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place !  
 Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,  
 Languor, disease and ignorance, dare not come :  
 O happy Earth, reality of Heaven !

Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams ;  
 And dim forebodings of thy loveliness,  
 Haunting the human heart, have there entwined  
 Those rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss,  
 Where friends and lovers meet to part no more.  
 Thou art the end of all desire and will,  
 The product of all action ; and the souls  
 That by the paths of an aspiring change  
 Have reached thy haven of perpetual peace,  
 There rest from the eternity of toil  
 That framed the fabric of thy perfectness.

Even Time, the conqueror, fled thee in his fear ;  
 That hoary giant, who in lonely pride  
 So long had ruled the world that nations fell  
 Beneath his silent footstep. Pyramids,  
 That for millenniums had withstood the tide  
 Of human things, his storm-breath drove in sand  
 Across that desert where their stones survived  
 The name of him whose pride had heaped them there.  
 Yon monarch in his solitary pomp  
 Was but the mushroom of a summer day,  
 That his light-winged footstep pressed to dust :  
 Time was the king of earth : all things gave way  
 Before him, but the fixed and virtuous will,  
 The sacred sympathies of soul and sense,  
 That mocked his fury and prepared his fall.

Yet slow and gradual dawned the morn of love ;  
 Long lay the clouds of darkness o'er the scene,  
 Till from its native heaven they rolled away :  
 First, crime triumphant o'er all hope careered  
 Unblushing, undisguising, bold and strong ;  
 While falsehood, tricked in virtue's attributes,  
 Long sanctified all deeds of vice and woe,  
 Till, done by her own venomous sting to death,  
 She left the moral world without a law,  
 No longer fettering passion's fearless wing.  
 Then steadily the happy ferment worked ;  
 Reason was free ; and wild though passion went  
 Through tangled glens and wood-embosomed meads,  
 Gathering a garland of the strangest flowers,  
 Yet, like the bee, returning to her queen,  
 She bound the sweetest on her sister's brow,  
 Who meek and sober, kissed the sportive child,  
 No longer trembling at the broken rod.

Mild was the slow necessity of death ;  
 The tranquil Spirit failed beneath its grasp  
 Without a groan, almost without a fear,  
 Calm as a voyager to some distant land,  
 And full of wonder, full of hope as he.  
 The deadly germs of languor and disease  
 Died in the human frame, and purity  
 Blest with all gifts her earthly worshipers.  
 How vigorous then the athletic form of age !  
 How clear its open and unwrinkled brow !  
 Where neither avarice, cunning, pride nor care,  
 Had stamped the seal of gray deformity  
 On all the mingling lineaments of time.  
 How lovely the intrepid front of youth !  
 Which meek-eyed courage decked with freshest grace ;  
 Courage of soul, that dreaded not a name,  
 And elevated will, that journeyed on  
 Through life's phantasmal scene in fearlessness,  
 With virtue, love and pleasure, hand in hand.

Then, that sweet bondage which is freedom's self,  
 And rivets with sensation's softest tie  
 The kindred sympathies of human souls,  
 Needed no fetters of tyrannic law.  
 Those delicate and timid impulses  
 In nature's primal modesty arose,  
 And with undoubting confidence disclosed  
 The growing longings of its dawning love,  
 Unchecked by dull and selfish chastity,  
 That virtue of the cheaply virtuous,  
 Who pride themselves in senselessness and frost.  
 No longer prostitution's venom'd bane  
 Poisoned the springs of happiness and life ;  
 Woman and man, in confidence and love,  
 Equal and free and pure, together trod  
 The mountain-paths of virtue, which no more  
 Were stained with blood from many a pilgrim's feet.

Then where through distant ages, long in pride  
 The palace of the monarch-slave had mocked  
 Famine's faint groan and penury's silent toek,  
 A heap of crumbling ruins stood, and threw  
 Year after year their stones upon the field,  
 Wakening a lonely echo ; and the leaves  
 Of the old thorn, that on the topmost tower  
 Usurped the royal ensign's grandeur, shook  
 In the stern storm that swayed the topmost tower,  
 And whispered strange tales in the whirlwind's ear.  
 Low through the lone cathedral's roofless aisles  
 The melancholy winds a death-dirge sung :  
 It were a sight of awfulness to see  
 The works of faith and slavery, so vast,  
 So sumptuous, yet so perishing withal !  
 Even as the corpse that rests beneath its wall.  
 A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death  
 To-day, the breathing marble glows above  
 To decorate its memory, and tongues  
 Are busy of its life : to-morrow, worms  
 In silence and in darkness seize their prey.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,  
 Fearless and free the ruddy children played,  
 Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows  
 With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,  
 That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom ;  
 The ponderous chains and gratings of strong iron,  
 There rusted amid heaps of broken stone,  
 That mingled slowly with their native earth :  
 There the broad beam of day, which feebly once  
 Lighted the cheek of lean captivity  
 With a pale and sickly glare, then freely shone  
 On the pure smiles of infant playfulness :  
 No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair



Pealed through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes  
 Of ivy-fingered winds and gladsome birds  
 And merriment were resonant around.  
 These ruins soon left not a wreck behind :  
 Their elements, wide scattered o'er the globe,  
 To happier shapes were moulded, and became  
 Ministrant to all blissful impulses :  
 Thus human things were perfected, and earth,  
 Even as a child beneath its mother's love,  
 Was strengthened in all excellence, and grew  
 Fairer and nobler with each passing year.

Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene  
 Closes in steadfast darkness, and the past  
 Fades from our charmèd sight. My task is done :  
 Thy lore is learned. Earth's wonders are thine own,  
 With all the fear and all the hope they bring.  
 My spells are past: the present now recurs.  
 Ah me ! a pathless wilderness remains  
 Yet unsubued by man's reclaiming hand.

Yet, human Spirit ! bravely hold thy course,  
 Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue  
 The gradual paths of an aspiring change :  
 For birth and life and death, and that strange state  
 Before the naked soul has found its home,  
 All tend to perfect happiness, and urge  
 The restless wheels of being on their way,  
 Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,  
 Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal.  
 For birth but wakes the spirit to the sense  
 Of outward shows, whose unexperienced shape  
 New modes of passion to its frame may lend ;  
 Life is its state of action, and the store  
 Of all events is aggregated there  
 That variegate the eternal universe ;  
 Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,  
 That leads to azure isles and beaming skies,  
 And happy regions of eternal hope.  
 Therefore, O Spirit ! fearlessly bear on :  
 Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,  
 Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,  
 Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,  
 To feed with kindest dews its favorite flower,  
 That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,  
 Lighting the greenwood with its sunny smile.

Fear not then, Spirit, death's disrobing hand :  
 So welcome when the tyrant is awake,  
 So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch burns ;  
 'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,  
 The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep.  
 Death is no foe to virtue : earth has seen

Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,  
 Mingling with freedom's fadeless laurels there,  
 And presaging the truth of visioned bliss.  
 Are there not hopes within thee which this scene  
 Of linked and gradual being has confirmed ?  
 Whose stings bade thy heart look further still,  
 When to the moonlight walk, by Henry led,  
 Sweetly and sadly thou didst talk of death ?  
 And wilt thou rudely tear them from thy breast,  
 Listening supinely to a bigot's creed,  
 Or tamely crouching to the tyrant's rod,  
 Whose iron thongs are red with human gore ?  
 Never : but bravely bearing on, thy will  
 Is destined an eternal war to wage  
 With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot  
 The germs of misery from the human heart.  
 Thine is the hand whose piety would soothe  
 The thorny pillow of unhappy crime  
 Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,  
 Watching its wanderings, as a friend's disease :  
 Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy  
 Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,  
 When fenced by power and master of the world.  
 Thou art sincere and good ; of resolute mind,  
 Free from heart-withering custom's cold control,  
 Of passion lofty, pure and unsubdued.  
 Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish thee,  
 And therefore art thou worthy of the boon  
 Which thou hast now received : virtue shall keep  
 Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod,  
 And many days of beaming hope shall bless  
 Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.  
 Go, happy one ! and give that bosom joy  
     Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
     Light, life and rapture from thy smile.

The Fairy waves her wand of charm.  
 Speechless with bliss the Spirit mounts the car  
     That rolled beside the battlement,  
 Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.  
     Again the enchanted steeds were yoked,  
     Again the burning wheels inflame  
 The steep descent of heaven's untrodden way.  
     Fast and far the chariot flew :  
     The vast and fiery globes that rolled  
     Around the Fairy's palace-gate  
 Lessened by slow degrees, and soon appeared  
 Such tiny twinklers as the planet orbs  
 That there attendant on the solar power  
 With borrowed light pursued their narrower way.

Earth floated then below :  
 The chariot paused a moment there —

The Spirit then descended :  
The restless coursers pawed the ungenial soil,  
Snuffed the gross air, and then, their errand done,  
Unfurled their pinions to the winds of heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then ;  
A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame :  
Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed ;  
Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained :  
She looked around in wonder, and beheld  
Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,  
Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,  
And the bright beaming stars  
That through the casement shone.



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ALASTOR;  
OR,  
THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

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“Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, quærebam quid amarem  
amans amare.”—*Confess. St. August.*



## P R E F A C E .



THE poem entitled 'Alastor' may be considered as allegorical of one of the most interesting situations of the human mind. It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point toward objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous and tranquil and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the Being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imagination unites all of wonderful or wise or beautiful which the poet, the philosopher or the lover could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requisitions on the sympathy of corresponding powers in other human beings. The poet is represented as uniting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave.

The picture is not barren of instruction to actual men. The poet's self-centered seclusion was avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin. But that Power which strikes the luminaries of the world with sudden darkness and extinction, by awakening them to too exquisite a perception of its influences, dooms to a slow and poisonous decay those meaner spirits that dare to abjure its dominion. Their destiny is more abject and inglorious, as their delinquency is more contemptible and pernicious. They who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief — these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse: they languish, because none feel with them their common nature; they are morally dead; they are neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world, nor benefactors of their country. Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its com-

munities, when the vacancy of their spirit suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow-beings live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

The good die first,  
And those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust  
Burn to the socket !

*December 14, 1815.*



ALASTOR;  
OR,  
THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

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EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !  
If our great Mother have embued my soul  
With aught of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine ;  
If dewy morn and odorous noon and even  
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness ;  
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,  
And winter robing with pure snow and crowns  
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare boughs ;  
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes  
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me ;  
If no bright bird, insect or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still loved  
And cherished these my kindred — then forgive  
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw  
No portion of your wonted favor now !

Mother of this unfathomable world !  
Favor my solemn song, for I have loved  
Thee ever, and thee only ; I have watched  
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,  
And my heart ever gazes on the depth  
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed  
In charnels and on coffins, where black death  
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,  
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings  
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,  
Thy messenger, to render up the tale  
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,  
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,

Like an inspired and desperate alchemist  
 Staking his very life on some dark hope,  
 Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks  
 With my most innocent love, until strange tears,  
 Uniting with those breathless kisses, made  
 Such magic as compels the charmed night  
 To render up thy charge ; and, though ne'er yet  
 Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary ;  
 Enough from incommunicable dream,  
 And twilight phantasms and deep noonday thought  
 Has shone within me, that serenely now  
 And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre  
 Suspended in the solitary dome  
 Of some mysterious and deserted fane,  
 I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain  
 May modulate with murmurs of the air,  
 And motions of the forests and the sea,  
 And voice of living beings, and woven hymns  
 Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.

There was a poet whose untimely tomb  
 No human hands with pious reverence reared,  
 But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds  
 Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
 Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness ;  
 A lovely youth — no mourning maiden decked  
 With weeping flowers or votive cypress wreath  
 The lone couch of his everlasting sleep :  
 Gentle and brave and generous, no lorn bard  
 Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh :  
 He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude.  
 Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,  
 And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined  
 And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.  
 The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,  
 And Silence, too enamored of that voice,  
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision and bright silver dream  
 His infancy was nurtured. Every sight  
 And sound from the vast earth and ambient air  
 Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.  
 The fountains of divine philosophy  
 Fled not his thirsting lips ; and all of great  
 Or good or lovely, which the sacred past  
 In truth or fable consecrates, he felt  
 And knew. When early youth had past, he left  
 His cold fireside and alienated home,  
 To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.  
 Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness  
 Has lured his fearless steps ; and he has bought  
 With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,  
 His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps

He, like her shadow, has pursued, where'er  
 The red volcano overcanopies  
 Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice  
 With burning smoke ; or where bitumen lakes  
 On black bare pointed islets ever beat  
 With sluggish surge ; or where the secret caves,  
 Rugged and dark, winding among the springs  
 Of fire and poison, inaccessible  
 To avarice or pride, their starry domes  
 Of diamond and of gold expand above  
 Numberless and immeasurable halls,  
 Frequent with crystal columns, and clear shrines  
 Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.  
 Nor had that scene of ampler majesty  
 Than gems or gold, the varying roof of heaven  
 And the green earth, lost in his heart its claims  
 To love and wonder ; he would linger long  
 In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,  
 Until the doves and squirrels would partake  
 From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,  
 Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,  
 And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er  
 The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend  
 Her timid steps, to gaze upon a form  
 More graceful than her own.

His wandering step,

Obedient to high thoughts, has visited  
 The awful ruins of the days of old :  
 Athens and Tyre and Balbec, and the waste  
 Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers  
 Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,  
 Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange  
 Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,  
 Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,  
 Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills  
 Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,  
 Stupendous columns, and wild images  
 Of more than man, where marble demons watch  
 The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men  
 Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,  
 He lingered, poring on memorials  
 Of the world's youth, through the long burning day  
 Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon  
 Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades,  
 Suspended he that task, but ever gazed  
 And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind  
 Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw  
 The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food,  
 Her daily portion, from her father's tent,  
 And spread her matting for his couch, and stole

From duties and repose to tend his steps —  
 Enamored, yet not daring for deep awe  
 To speak her love — and watched his nightly sleep,  
 Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips  
 Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath  
 Of innocent dreams arose ; then, when red morn  
 Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home.  
 Wildered and wan and panting, she returned.

The poet wandering on, through Arabia  
 And Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,  
 And o'er the aerial mountains which pour down  
 Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,  
 In joy and exultation held his way ;  
 Till in the vale of Cachmire, far within  
 Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants entwine  
 Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,  
 Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretched  
 His languid limbs. A vision on his sleep  
 There came, a dream of hopes that never yet  
 Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a veiled maid  
 Sate near him, talking in low solemn tones.  
 Her voice was like the voice of his own soul  
 Heard in the calm of thought ; its music long,  
 Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held  
 His inmost sense suspended in its web  
 Of many-colored woof and shifting hues.  
 Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,  
 And lofty hopes of divine liberty,  
 Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy,  
 Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood  
 Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame  
 A permeating fire : wild numbers then  
 She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs  
 Subdued by its own pathos ; her fair hands  
 Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp  
 Strange symphony, and in their branching veins  
 The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.  
 The beating of her heart was heard to fill  
 The pauses of her music, and her breath  
 Tumultuously accorded with those fits  
 Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,  
 As if her heart impatiently endured  
 Its bursting burden : at the sound he turned,  
 And saw by the warm light of their own life  
 Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil  
 Of woven wind ; her outspread arms now bare,  
 Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,  
 Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips  
 Outstretched and pale, and quivering eagerly.  
 His strong heart sank and sickened with excess  
 Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs, and quelled  
 His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet

Her panting bosom : she drew back awhile,  
 Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,  
 With frantic gesture and short breathless cry  
 Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.  
 Now blackness veiled his dizzy eyes, and night  
 Involved and swallowed up the vision ; sleep,  
 Like a dark flood suspended in its course,  
 Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain.

Roused by the shock, he started from his trance —  
 The cold white light of morning, the blue moon  
 Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,  
 The distinct valley and the vacant woods,  
 Spread round him where he stood. Whither have fled  
 The hues of heaven that canopied his bower  
 Of yesternight ? The sounds that soothed his sleep,  
 The mystery and the majesty of Earth,  
 The joy, the exultation ? His wan eyes  
 Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly  
 As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.  
 The spirit of sweet human love has sent  
 A vision to the sleep of him who spurned  
 Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues  
 Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting shade ;  
 He overleaps the bounds. Alas ! alas !  
 Were limbs and breath and being intertwined  
 Thus treacherously ? Lost, lost, for ever lost,  
 In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep,  
 That beautiful shape ! Does the dark gate of death  
 Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,  
 O Sleep ? Does the bright arch of rainbow clouds,  
 And pendent mountains seen in the calm lake,  
 Lead only to a black and watery depth,  
 While death's blue vault with loathliest vapors hung,  
 Where every shade which the foul grave exhales  
 Hides its dead eye from the detested day.  
 Conduct, O Sleep, to thy delightful realms ?  
 This doubt with sudden tide flowed on his heart,  
 The insatiate hope which it awakened, stung  
 His brain even like despair.

While daylight held  
 The sky, the Poet kept mute conference  
 With his still soul. At night the passion came,  
 Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,  
 And shook him from his rest, and led him forth  
 Into the darkness. As an eagle grasped  
 In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast  
 Burn with the poison, and precipitates  
 Through night and day, tempest, and calm and cloud,  
 Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight  
 O'er the wide æry wilderness : thus driven  
 By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,

Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,  
 Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,  
 Startling with careless step the moon-light snake,  
 He fled. Red morning dawned upon his flight,  
 Shedding the mockery of its vital hues  
 Upon his cheek of death. He wandered on,  
 Till vast Aörnös seen from Petra's steep  
 Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud ;  
 Through Balk, and where the desolated tombs  
 Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind  
 Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered on,  
 Day after day, a weary waste of hours,  
 Bearing within his life the brooding care  
 That ever fed on its decaying flame.  
 And now his limbs were lean ; his scattered hair,  
 Sere'd by the autumn of strange suffering,  
 Sung dirges in the wind ; his listless hand  
 Hung like dead bone within its withered skin ;  
 Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone  
 As in a furnace burning secretly  
 From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,  
 Who ministered with human charity  
 His human wants, beheld with wondering awe  
 Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,  
 Encountering on some dizzy precipice  
 That spectral form, deemed that the Spirit of wind  
 With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet  
 Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused  
 In his career : the infant would conceal  
 His troubled visage in his mother's robe  
 In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,  
 To remember their strange light in many a dream  
 Of after-times ; but youthful maidens, taught  
 By nature, would interpret half the woe  
 That wasted him, would call him with false names  
 Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand  
 At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path  
 Of his departure from their father's door.

At length upon the lone Chorasmian shore  
 He paused, a wide and melancholy waste  
 Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged  
 His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there  
 Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.  
 It rose as he approached and with strong wings  
 Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course  
 High over the immeasurable main.  
 His eyes pursued its flight. " Thou hast a home,  
 Beautiful bird ! thou voyagest to thine home,  
 Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
 With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
 Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.  
 And what am I that I should linger here,

With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,  
 Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
 To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers  
 In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven  
 That echoes not my thoughts ?" A gloomy smile  
 Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.  
 For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly  
 Its precious charge, and silent death exposed,  
 Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,  
 With doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms.

Startled by his own thoughts, he looked around :  
 There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight  
 Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.  
 A little shallop floating near the shore  
 Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze.  
 It had been long abandoned, for its sides  
 Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints  
 Swayed with the undulations of the tide.  
 A restless impulse urged him to embark  
 And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste ;  
 For well he knew that mighty Shadow loved  
 The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny : sea and sky  
 Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind  
 Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves.  
 Following his eager soul, the wanderer  
 Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft  
 On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,  
 And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea  
 Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats  
 Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds  
 Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly  
 Along the dark and ruffled waters fled  
 The straining boat. A whirlwind swept it on,  
 With fierce gusts and precipitating force,  
 Through the white ridges of the chafed sea.  
 The waves arose. Higher and higher still  
 Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's scourge  
 Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.  
 Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war  
 Of wave running on wave, and blast on blast  
 Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven  
 With dark obliterating course, he sate :  
 As if their genii were the ministers  
 Appointed to conduct him to the light  
 Of those beloved eyes, the Poet sate  
 Holding the steady helm. Evening came on,  
 The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues  
 High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray

That canopied his path o'er the waste deep ;  
 Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,  
 Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks  
 O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day ;  
 Night followed, clad with stars. On every side  
 More horribly the multitudinous streams  
 Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war  
 Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock  
 The calm and spangled sky. The little boat  
 Still fled before the storm ; still fled, like foam  
 Down the steep cataract of a wintry river ;  
 Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave ;  
 Now leaving far behind the bursting mass  
 That fell, convulsing ocean. Safely fled —  
 As if that frail and wasted human form  
 Had been an elemental god.

At midnight

The moon arose : and lo ! the ethereal cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
 Among the stars like sunlight, and around  
 Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves,  
 Bursting and eddying irresistibly,  
 Rage and resound for ever. — Who shall save ? —  
 The boat fled on — the boiling torrent drove —  
 The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,  
 The shattered mountain overhung the sea,  
 And faster still, beyond all human speed,  
 Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,  
 The little boat was driven. A cavern there  
 Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths  
 Ingulfed the rushing sea. The boat fled on  
 With unrelaxing speed. " Vision and Love !"  
 The poet cried aloud, " I have beheld  
 The path of thy departure. Sleep and death  
 Shall not divide us long."

The boat pursued

The windings of the cavern. Daylight shone  
 At length upon that gloomy river's flow ;  
 Now, where the fiercest war among the waves  
 Is calm, on the unfathomable stream  
 The boat moved slowly. Where the mountain, riven,  
 Exposed those black depths to the azure sky,  
 Ere yet the flood's enormous volume fell  
 Even to the base of Caucasus, with sound  
 That shook the everlasting rocks, the mass  
 Filled with one whirlpool all that ample chasm ;  
 Stair above stair the eddying waters rose,  
 Circling immeasurably vast, and laved  
 With alternating dash the gnarlèd roots,  
 Of mighty trees, that stretched their giant arms  
 In darkness over it. I' the midst was left.



Reflecting yet distorting every cloud,  
 A pool of treacherous and tremendous calm.  
 Seized by the sway of the ascending stream,  
 With dizzy swiftness, round and round and round,  
 Ridge after ridge the straining boat arose,  
 Till on the verge of the extremest curve,  
 Where, through an opening of the rocky bank,  
 The waters overflow, and a smooth spot  
 Of glassy quiet 'mid those battling tides  
 Is left, the boat paused shuddering. Shall it sink  
 Down the abyss? Shall the reverting stress  
 Of that resistless gulf embosom it?  
 Now shall it fall? A wandering stream of wind,  
 Breathed from the west, has caught the expanded sail,  
 And lo! with gentle motion between banks  
 Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,  
 Beneath a woven grove, it sails — and hark!  
 The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar  
 With the breeze murmuring in the musical woods.  
 Where the embowering trees recede and leave  
 A little space of green expanse, the cove  
 Is closed by meeting banks whose yellow flowers  
 For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,  
 Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave  
 Of the boat's motion marred their pensive task,  
 Which naught but vagrant bird or wanton wind  
 Or falling spear-grass or their own decay  
 Had e'er disturbed before. The poet longed  
 To deck with their bright hues his withered hair,  
 But on his heart its solitude returned,  
 And he forbore. Not the strong impulse hid  
 In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes and shadowy frame,  
 Had yet performed its ministry: it hung  
 Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud  
 Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods  
 Of night close over it.

#### The noonday sun

Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass  
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence  
 A narrow vale embosoms. There huge caves  
 Scooped in the dark base of those æry rocks  
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.  
 The meeting boughs and implicated leaves  
 Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as led  
 By love or dream or god or mightier Death,  
 He sought in Nature's dearest haunt some bank,  
 Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark  
 And dark the shades accumulate -- the oak,  
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,  
 Embraces the light beech. The pyramids  
 Of the tall cedar overarching, frame  
 Most solemn domes within, and far below,

Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
 The ash and the acacia floating hang  
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed  
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
 The gray trunks, and, as gamesome infants' eyes  
 With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles  
 Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
 These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs  
 Uniting their close union; the woven leaves  
 Make network of the dark blue light of day,  
 And the night's noontide clearness, mutable  
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns  
 Beneath these canopies extend their swells,  
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms  
 Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen  
 Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine  
 A soul-dissolving odor, to invite  
 To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell  
 Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep  
 Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades  
 Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,  
 Dark, gleaming and of most translucent wave,  
 Images all the woven boughs above,  
 And each depending leaf and every speck  
 Of azure sky darting between their chasms;  
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves  
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star  
 Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,  
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,  
 Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless.  
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings  
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Hither the poet came. His eyes beheld  
 Their own wan light through the reflected lines  
 Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth  
 Of that still fountain; as the human heart,  
 Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,  
 Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard  
 The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung  
 Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel  
 An unaccustomed presence, and the sound  
 Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs  
 Of that dark fountain rose. A spirit seemed  
 To stand beside him — clothed in no bright robes  
 Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,  
 Borrowed from aught the visible world affords  
 Of grace or majesty or mystery —  
 But undulating woods and silent well  
 And rippling rivulet, and evening gloom  
 Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming  
 Held commune with him, as if he and it

Were all that was : only — when his regard  
 Was raised by intense pensiveness — two eyes,  
 Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,  
 And seemed with their serene and azure smiles  
 To beckon him.

Obedient to the light  
 That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing  
 The windings of the dell. — The rivulet  
 Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine  
 Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell  
 Among the moss with hollow harmony  
 Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones  
 It danced, like childhood laughing as it went :  
 Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,  
 Reflecting every herb and drooping bud  
 That overhung its quietness. — " O stream !  
 Whose source is inaccessibly profound,  
 Whither do thy mysterious waters tend ?  
 Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,  
 Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,  
 Thy searchless fountain and invisible course,  
 Have each their type in me : and the wide sky  
 And measureless ocean may declare as soon  
 What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud  
 Contains thy waters, as the universe  
 Tell where these living thoughts reside, when stretched  
 Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste  
 I' the passing wind !"

Beside the grassy shore  
 Of the small stream he went ; he did impress  
 On the green moss his tremulous step, that caught  
 Strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one  
 Roused by some joyous madness from the couch  
 Of fever, he did move ; yet, not like him,  
 Forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame  
 Of his frail exultation shall be spent,  
 He must descend. With rapid steps he went  
 Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow  
 Of the wild babbling rivulet ; and now  
 The forest's solemn canopies were changed  
 For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.  
 Gray rocks did peep from the spare moss, and stemmed  
 The struggling brook : tall spires of windlestrae  
 Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,  
 And naught but gnarled roots of ancient pines,  
 Branchless and blasted, clinched with grasping roots  
 The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,  
 Yet ghastly. For as fast years flow away,  
 The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin  
 And white ; and where irradiate dewy eyes  
 Had shone, gleam stony orbs : so from his steps

Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade  
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds  
And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued  
The stream, that with a larger volume now  
Rolled through the labyrinthine dell ; and there  
Fretted a path through its descending curves  
With wintry speed. On every side now rose  
Rocks, which in unimaginable forms  
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles  
In the light of evening, and its precipice  
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,  
'Mid toppling stones, black gulfs and yawning caves  
Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues  
To the loud stream. Lo ! where the pass expands  
Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,  
And seems with its accumulated crags  
To overhang the world : for wide expand  
Beneath the wan stars and descending moon  
Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,  
Dim tracks and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom  
Of leaden-colored even, and fiery hills  
Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge  
Of the remote horizon. The near scene  
In naked and severe simplicity,  
Made contrast with the universe. A pine,  
Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy  
Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast  
Yielding one only response, at each pause,  
In most familiar cadence, with the howl,  
The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams  
Mingling its solemn song, while the broad river,  
Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,  
Fell into that immeasurable void,  
Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Yet the gray precipice and solemn pine  
And torrent were not all : one silent nook  
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,  
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,  
It overlooked in its serenity  
The dark earth and the bending vault of stars.  
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile  
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped  
The fissured stones with its entwining arms  
And did embower with leaves for ever green,  
And berries dark, the smooth and even space  
Of its inviolated floor, and here  
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,  
In wanton sport, those bright leaves whose decay,  
Red, yellow or ethereally pale,  
Rivals the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt  
Of every gentle wind whose breath can teach  
The wilds to love tranquillity. One step,  
One human step alone, has ever broken

The stillness of its solitude : one voice  
 Alone inspired its echoes — even that voice  
 Which hither came, floating among the winds,  
 And led the loveliest among human forms  
 To make their wild haunts the depository  
 Of all the grace and beauty that endued  
 Its motions, render up its majesty,  
 Scatter its music on the unfeeling storm,  
 And to the damp leaves and blue cavern mould,  
 Nurses of rainbow flowers and branching moss,  
 Commit the colors of that varying cheek,  
 That snowy breast, those dark and drooping eyes.

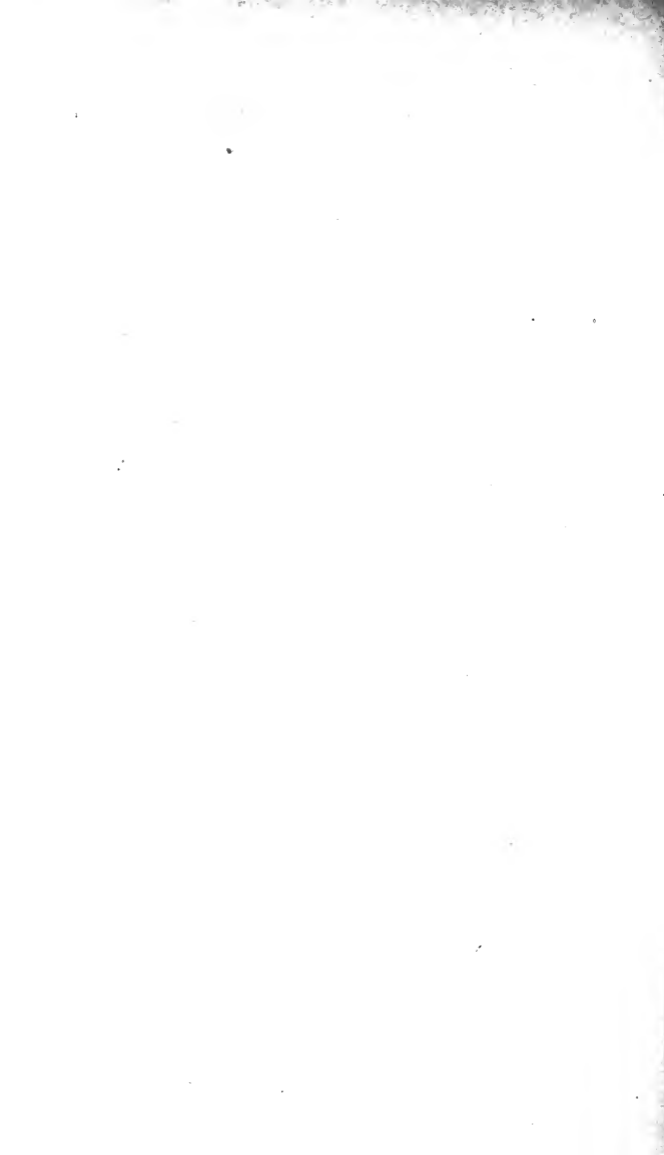
The dim and hornèd moon hung low and poured  
 A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge  
 That overflowed its mountains. Yellow mist  
 Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and drank  
 Wan moonlight even to fullness : not a star  
 Shone, not a sound was heard : the very winds,  
 Danger's grim playmates, on that precipice  
 Slept, clasped in his embrace. — O, storm of death !  
 Whose sightless speed divides this sullen night :  
 And thou, colossal Skeleton, that, still  
 Guiding its irresistible career  
 In thy devastating omnipotence,  
 Art king of this frail world, from the red field  
 Of slaughter, from the reeking hospital,  
 The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy bed  
 Of innocence, the scaffold and the throne,  
 A mighty voice invokes thee. Ruin calls  
 His brother Death. A rare and regal prey  
 He hath prepared, prowling around the world ;  
 Glutted with which thou mayest repose, and men  
 Go to their graves like flowers or creeping worms,  
 Nor ever more offer at thy dark shrine  
 The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.

When on the threshold of the green recess  
 The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew that death  
 Was on him. Yet a little, ere it fled,  
 Did he resign his high and holy soul  
 To images of the majestic past,  
 That paused within his passive being now,  
 Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe  
 Through some dim latticed chamber. He did place  
 His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk  
 Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone  
 Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,  
 Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink  
 Of that obscurest chasm ; and thus he lay,  
 Surrendering to their final impulses  
 The hovering powers of life. Hope and Despair,  
 The torturers, slept : no mortal pain or fear

Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,  
 And his own being unalloyed by pain,  
 Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed  
 The stream of thought, till he lay breathing there  
 At peace, and faintly smiling : his last sight  
 Was the great moon, which o'er the western line  
 Of the wide world her mighty horn suspended,  
 With whose dun beams inwoven darkness seemed  
 To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills  
 It rests, and still as the divided frame  
 Of the vast meteor sunk, the poet's blood,  
 That ever beat in mystic sympathy  
 With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still :  
 And when two lessening points of light alone  
 Gleaned through the darkness, the alternate gasp  
 Of his faint respiration scarce did stir  
 The stagnate night — till the minutest ray  
 Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in his heart.  
 It paused — it fluttered. But when heaven remained  
 Utterly black, the murky shades involved  
 An image silent, cold and motionless  
 As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.  
 Even as a vapor fed with golden beams  
 That ministered on sunlight, ere the west  
 Eclipses it, was now that wondrous frame —  
 No sense, no motion, no divinity —  
 A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings  
 The breath of heaven did wander — a bright stream  
 Once fed with many-voiced waves — a dream  
 Of youth, which night and time have quenched for ever,  
 Still, dark and dry, and unremembered now.

O, for Medea's wondrous alchemy,  
 Which wheresoe'er it fell made the earth gleam  
 With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale  
 From vernal blooms fresh fragrance ! O, that God,  
 Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice  
 Which but one living man has drained, who now,  
 Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that feels  
 No proud exemption in the blighting curse  
 He bears, over the world wanders for ever,  
 Lone as incarnate death ! O, that the dream  
 Of dark magician in his visioned cave,  
 Raking the cinders of a crucible  
 For life and power, even when his feeble hand  
 Shakes in its last decay, were the true law  
 Of this so lovely world ! But thou art fled  
 Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn  
 Robes in its golden beams — ah ! thou hast fled !  
 The brave, the gentle and the beautiful,  
 The child of grace and genius. Heartless things  
 Are done and said i' the world, and many worms  
 And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth

From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,  
In vesper low or joyous orison,  
Lifts still its solemn voice : but thou art fled —  
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes  
Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee  
Been purest ministers — who are, alas !  
Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips  
So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes  
That image sleep in death, upon that form  
Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear  
Be shed — not even in thought. Nor, when those hues  
Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,  
Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone  
In the frail pauses of this simple strain,  
Let not high verse, mourning the memory  
Of that which is no more, or painting's woe  
Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery  
Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence  
And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain  
To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.  
It is a woe too " deep for tears," when all  
Is reft at once — when some surpassing spirit,  
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves  
Those who remain behind nor sobs nor groans,  
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope ;  
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,  
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,  
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.





## NOTE ON ALASTOR.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

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'ALASTOR' is written in a very different tone from 'Queen Mab.' In the latter Shelley poured out all the cherished speculations of his youth — all the irrepressible emotions of sympathy, censure and hope, to which the present suffering, and what he considers the proper destiny of his fellow-creatures, gave birth. 'Alastor,' on the contrary, contains an individual interest only. A very few years, with their attendant events, had checked the ardor of Shelley's hopes, though he still thought them well grounded, and that to advance their fulfilment was the noblest task man could achieve.

This is neither the time nor place to speak of the misfortunes that checkered his life. It will be sufficient to say that in all he did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience; while the various ills of poverty and loss of friends brought home to him the sad realities of life. Physical suffering had also considerable influence in causing him to turn his eyes inward — inclining him rather to brood over the thoughts and emotions of his own soul, than to glance abroad, and to make, as in 'Queen Mab,' the whole universe the object and subject of his song. In the spring of 1815 an eminent physician pronounced that he was dying rapidly of a consumption; abscesses were formed on his lungs, and he suffered acute spasms. Suddenly a complete change took place; and though through life he was a martyr to pain and debility, every symptom of pulmonary disease vanished. His nerves, which nature had formed sensitive to an unexampled degree, were rendered still more susceptible by the state of his health.

As soon as the peace of 1814 had opened the continent, he went abroad. He visited some of the more magnificent scenes of Switzerland, and returned to England from Lucerne, by the Reuss and the Rhine. This river navigation enchanted him. In his favorite poem of 'Thalaba,' his imagination had been excited by a description of such a voyage. In the summer of 1815, after a tour along the southern coast of Devonshire and a visit to Clifton, he rented a house on Bishopgate Heath, on the borders of Windsor forest, where he enjoyed several months of comparative health and tranquil happiness. The later summer months were warm and dry. Accompanied by a few friends, he visited the source of the Thames, making the voyage in a wherry from Windsor to Crichlade. His beautiful stanzas in the churchyard of Lechlade were written on that occasion. 'Alastor' was composed on

his return. He spent his days under the oak-shades of Windsor Great Park ; and the magnificent woodland was a fitting study to inspire the various descriptions of forest scenery we find in the poem.

None of Shelley's poems is more characteristic than this. The solemn spirit that reigns throughout, the worship of the majesty of nature, the broodings of a poet's heart in solitude — the mingling of the exulting joy which the various aspect of the visible universe inspires, with the sad and struggling pangs which human passion imparts — give a touching interest to the whole. The death which he had often contemplated during the last months as certain and near, he here represented in such colors as had in his lonely musings soothed his soul to peace. The versification sustains the solemn spirit which breathes throughout : it is peculiarly melodious. The poem ought rather to be considered didactic than narrative ; it was the outpouring of his own emotions, embodied in the purest form he could conceive, painted in the ideal hues which his brilliant imagination inspired, and softened by the recent anticipation of death.

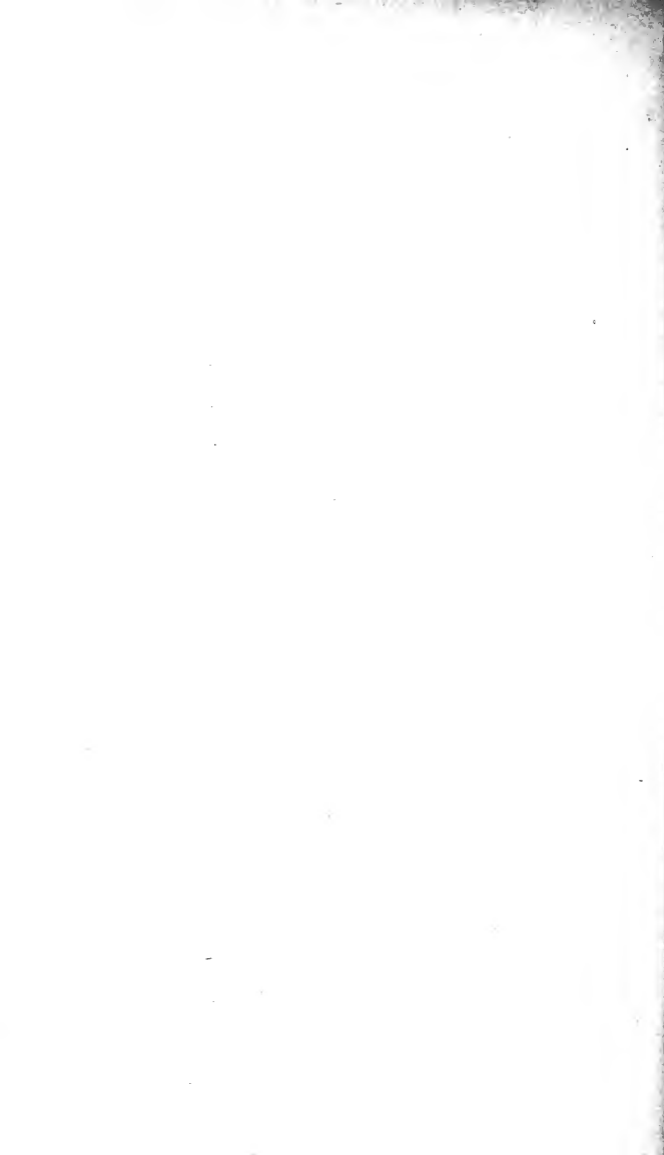
PROMETHEUS UNBOUND;

*A Lyrical Drama,*

IN FOUR ACTS.



Audisne hæc, Amphiaræ, sub terram abdite ?



## PREFACE.

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THE Greek tragic writers, in selecting as their subject any portion of their national history or mythology, employed in their treatment of it a certain arbitrary discretion. They by no means conceived themselves bound to adhere to the common interpretation, or to imitate in story, as in title, their rivals and predecessors. Such a system would have amounted to a resignation of those claims to preference over their competitors which incited the composition. The Agamemnonian story was exhibited on the Athenian theatre with as many variations as dramas.

I have presumed to employ a similar license. The 'Prometheus Unbound' of Æschylus supposed the reconciliation of Jupiter with his victim as the price of the disclosure of the danger threatened to his empire by the consummation of his marriage with Thetis. Thetis, according to this view of the subject, was given in marriage to Peleus, and Prometheus, by the permission of Jupiter, delivered from his captivity by Hercules. Had I framed my story on this model, I should have done no more than have attempted to restore the lost drama of Æschylus — an ambition which, if my preference to this mode of treating the subject had incited me to cherish, the recollection of the high comparison such an attempt would challenge might well abate. But, in truth, I was averse from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the Champion with the Oppressor of mankind. The moral interest of the fable, which is so powerfully sustained by the sufferings and endurance of Prometheus, would be annihilated if we could conceive of him as unsaying his high language and quailing before his successful and perfidious adversary. The only imaginary being resembling in any degree Prometheus, is Satan; and Prometheus is in my judgement a more poetical character than Satan, because, in addition to courage and majesty and firm and patient opposition to omnipotent force, he is susceptible of being described as exempt from the taints of ambition, envy, revenge and a desire for personal aggrandizement, which, in the hero of 'Paradise Lost,' interfere with the interest. The character of Satan engenders in the mind a pernicious casuistry which leads us to weigh his faults with his wrongs, and to excuse the former because the latter exceed all measure. In the minds of those who consider that magnificent fiction with a religious feeling, it engenders something worse. But Prometheus is, as it were, the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled by the purest and the truest motives to the best and noblest ends.

This poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odorifer-

ous blossoming trees which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of Spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.

The imagery which I have employed will be found in many instances to have been drawn from the operations of the human mind, or from those external actions by which they are expressed. This is unusual in modern poetry, although Dante and Shakspeare are full of instances of the same kind: Dante indeed more than any other poet, and with greater success. But the Greek poets, as writers to whom no resource of awakening the sympathy of their cotemporaries was unknown, were in the habitual use of this power, and it is the study of their works (since a higher merit would probably be denied me) to which I am willing that my readers should impute this singularity.

One word is due in candor to the degree in which the study of cotemporary writings may have tinged my composition, for such has been a topic of censure with regard to poems far more popular, and indeed more deservedly popular, than mine. It is impossible that any one who inhabits the same age with such writers as those who stand in the foremost ranks of our own, can conscientiously assure himself that his language and tone of thought may not have been modified by the study of the productions of those extraordinary intellects. It is true that not the spirit of their genius, but the forms in which it has manifested itself, are due less to the peculiarities of their own minds than to the peculiarity of the moral and intellectual condition of the minds among which they have been produced. Thus a number of writers possess the form while they want the spirit of those whom, it is alledged, they imitate; because the former is the endowment of the age in which they live, and the latter must be the uncommunicated lightning of their own mind.

The peculiar style of intense and comprehensive imagery which distinguishes the modern literature of England has not been, as a general power, the product of the imitation of any particular writer. The mass of capabilities remains at every period materially the same; the circumstances which awaken it to action perpetually change. If England were divided into forty republics, each equal in population and extent to Athens, there is no reason to suppose but that, under institutions not more perfect than those of Athens, each would produce philosophers and poets equal to those who (if we except Shakspeare) have never been surpassed. We owe the great writers of the golden age of our literature to that fervid awakening of the public mind which shook to dust the oldest and most oppressive form of the Christian religion. We owe Milton to the progress and development of the same spirit: the sacred Milton was, let it ever be remembered, a republican, and a bold inquirer into morals and religion. The great writers of our own age are, we have reason to suppose, the companions and forerunners of some unimagined change in our social condition, or the opinions which cement it. The cloud of mind is discharging its collected lightning, and the equilibrium between institutions and opinions is now restoring, or is about to be restored.

As to imitation, poetry is a mimetic art. It creates, but it creates by combination and representation. Poetical abstractions are beautiful and new, not because the portions of which they are composed had no previous existence in the mind of man or in nature, but because the whole produced by their combination has some intelligible and beautiful analogy with those sources of emotion and thought, and with the cotemporary condition of them: one great poet is a masterpiece of nature, which another not only ought to study, but must study. He might as wisely and as easily determine that his mind

should no longer be the mirror of all that is lovely in the visible universe, as exclude from his contemplation the beautiful which exists in the writings of a great cotemporary. The pretense of doing it would be a presumption in any but the greatest; the effect, even in him, would be strained, unnatural and ineffectual. A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others, and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers; he is not one, but both. Every man's mind is in this respect modified by all the objects of nature and art; by every word and every suggestion which he ever admitted to act upon his consciousness; it is the mirror upon which all forms are reflected, and in which they compose one form. Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors and musicians, are, in one sense, the creators, and in another, the creations of their age. From this subjection the loftiest do not escape. There is a similarity between Homer and Hesiod, between Æschylus and Euripedes, between Virgil and Horace, between Dante and Petrarch, between Shakspeare and Fletcher, between Dryden and Pope; each has a generic resemblance under which their specific distinctions are arranged. If this similarity be the result of imitation, I am willing to confess that I have imitated.

Let this opportunity be conceded to me of acknowledging that I have, what a Scotch philosopher characteristically terms, "a passion for reforming the world:" what passion incited him to write and publish his book, he omits to explain. For my part, I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon, than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus. But it is a mistake to suppose that I dedicate my poetical compositions solely to the direct enforcement of reform, or that I consider them in any degree as containing a reasoned system on the theory of human life. Didactic poetry is my abhorrence; nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in verse. My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarize the highly-refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence — aware that until the mind can love and admire and trust and hope and endure, reasoned principles of moral conduct are seeds cast upon the highway of life, which the unconscious passenger tramples into dust, although they would bear the harvest of his happiness. Should I live to accomplish what I purpose — that is, produce a systematic history of what appear to me to be the genuine elements of human society — let not the advocates of injustice and superstition flatter themselves that I should take Æschylus rather than Plato as my model.

The having spoken of myself with unaffected freedom will need little apology with the candid; and let the uncandid consider that they injure me less than their own hearts and minds by misrepresentation. Whatever talents a person may possess to amuse and instruct others, be they ever so inconsiderable, he is yet bound to exert them: if his attempt be ineffectual, let the punishment of an unaccomplished purpose have been sufficient; let none trouble themselves to heap the dust of oblivion upon his efforts; the pile they raise will betray his grave, which might otherwise have been unknown.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



PROMETHEUS.  
DEMOGORGON.  
JUPITER.  
*The EARTH.*  
OCEAN.  
APOLLO.  
MERCURY.  
HERCULES

ASIA,  
PANTHEA, } *Occanides.*  
IONE,  
*The PHANTASM OF JUPITER.*  
*The SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.*  
*The SPIRIT OF THE MOON.*  
SPIRITS OF THE HOURS.  
SPIRITS. ECHOES. FAUNS.  
FURIES



# PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

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ACT I.

SCENE, *a Ravine of icy Rocks in the Indian Caucasus.*—PROMETHEUS *is discovered bound to the Precipice.*—PANTHEA and IONE *are seated at his feet.*—*Time, Night.*—*During the scene, Morning slowly breaks.*

PROMETHEUS.

MONARCH of gods and demons and all spirits
But One who throng those bright and rolling worlds
Which Thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requitest for knee-worship, prayer and praise
And toil and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
While me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge,
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seemed years—torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair—these are mine empire:
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
From thine unenvied throne, oh mighty God!
Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
Insect or beast, or shape or sound of life—
Ah me, alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,

Has it not seen ? The Sea, in storm or calm,
 Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
 Have its deaf waves not heard my agony ?
 Ah me, alas ! pain, pain ever, for ever !

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
 Of their moon-freezing crystals ; the bright chains
 Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
 Heaven's wingèd hound, polluting from thy lips
 His beak in poison not his own, tears up
 My heart ; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
 The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
 Mocking me : and the earthquake-fiends are charged
 To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
 When the rocks split and close again behind :
 While from their loud abysses howling throng
 The genii of the storm, urging the rage
 Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.
 And yet to me welcome is day and night,
 Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
 Or starry, dim and slow the other climbs
 The leaden-colored East ; for then they lead
 The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom
 — As some dark priest hales the reluctant victim —
 Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
 From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
 If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
 Disdain ? Ah no ! I pity thee. What ruin
 Will hunt thee undefended through wide heaven !
 How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
 Gape like a hell within ! I speak in grief,
 Not exultation, for I hate no more
 As then ere misery made me wise. The curse
 Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye mountains,
 Whose many-voicèd echoes through the mist
 Of cataracts flung the thunder of that spell !
 Ye icy springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,
 Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept
 Shuddering through India ! Thou serenest air,
 Through which the sun walks burning without beams !
 And ye swift whirlwinds, who on poisèd wings
 Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,
 As thunder louder than your own made rock
 The orbèd world ! If then my words had power,
 Though I am changed so that aught evil wish
 Is dead within ; although no memory be
 Of what is hate, let them not lose it now !
 What was that curse ? for ye all heard me speak.

FIRST VOICE : FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

Thrice three hundred thousand years
 O'er the Earthquake's couch we stood :
 Oft, as men convulsed with fears,
 We trembled in our multitude.

SECOND VOICE : FROM THE SPRINGS.

Thunderbolts had parched our water,
 We had been stained with bitter blood,
 And had run mute, 'mid shrieks of slaughter,
 Through a city and a solitude.

THIRD VOICE : FROM THE AIR.

I had clothed, since Earth uprose,
 Its wastes in colors not their own ;
 And oft had my serene repose
 Been cloven by many a rending groan.

FOURTH VOICE : FROM THE WHIRLWINDS.

We had soared beneath these mountains
 Unresting ages ; nor had thunder,
 Nor yon volcano's flaming fountains,
 Nor any power above or under
 Ever made us mute with wonder.

FIRST VOICE.

But never bowed our snowy crest
 As at the voice of thine unrest.

SECOND VOICE.

Never such a sound before
 To the Indian waves we bore.
 A pilot asleep on the howling sea
 Leaped up from the deck in agony,
 And heard, and cried, ' Ah, woe is me !'
 And died as mad as the wild waves be.

THIRD VOICE.

By such dread words from earth to heaven
 My still realm was never riven :
 When its wound was closed, there stood
 Darkness o'er the day like blood.

FOURTH VOICE.

And we shrank back : for dreams of ruin
 To frozen caves our flight pursuing
 Made us keep silence — thus — and thus —
 Though silence is as hell to us.

THE EARTH.

The tongueless Caverns of the craggy hills
 Cried, ' Misery !' then ; the hollow Heaven replied.
 ' Misery !' And the Ocean's purple waves,
 Climbing the land, howled to the lashing winds —
 And the pale nations heard it — ' Misery !'

PROMETHEUS.

I hear a sound of voices : not the voice
 Which I gave forth. Mother, thy sons and thou
 Scorn him without whose all-enduring will
 Beneath the fierce omnipotence of Jove.
 Both they and thou had vanished like thin mist

Unrolled on the morning wind. Know ye not me,
 The Titan ? he who made his agony
 The barrier to your else all-conquering foe ?
 Oh rock, embosomed lawns and snow-fed streams,
 Now seen athwart frore vapors, deep below,
 Through whose o'ershadowing woods I wandered once
 With Asia, drinking life from her loved eyes ;
 Why scorns the spirit which informs ye now
 To commune with me ? me alone, who checked,
 As one who checks a fiend-drawn charioteer,
 The falsehood and the force of him who reigns
 Supreme, and with the groans of pining slaves
 Fills your dim glens and liquid wildernesses :
 Why answer ye not, still ? Brethren !

THE EARTH.

They dare not.

PROMETHEUS.

Who dares ? for I would hear that curse again.
 Ha ! what an awful whisper rises up !
 'Tis scarce like sound : it tingles through the frame
 As lightning tingles, hovering ere it strike.
 Speak, Spirit ! from thine inorganic voice
 I only know that thou art moving near
 And love. How cursed I him ?

THE EARTH.

How canst thou hear,
 Who knowest not the language of the dead ?

PROMETHEUS.

Thou art a living spirit ; speak as they.

THE EARTH.

I dare not speak like life, lest heaven's fell King
 Should hear, and link me to some wheel of pain
 More torturing than the one whereon I roll.
 Subtle thou art and good ; and though the gods
 Hear not this voice, yet thou art more than god,
 Being wise and kind : earnestly hearken now.

PROMETHEUS.

Obscurely through my brain, like shadows dim,
 Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick. I feel
 Faint, like one mingled in entwining love ;
 Yet 'tis not pleasure.

THE EARTH.

No, thou canst not hear :
 Thou art immortal. and this tongue is known
 Only to those who die.

PROMETHEUS.

And what art thou,
 O melancholy Voice ?

THE EARTH.

I am the Earth,
 Thy mother ; she within whose stony veins,
 To the last fibre of the loftiest tree
 Whose thin leaves trembled in the frozen air,
 Joy ran, as blood within a living frame,
 When thou didst from her bosom, like a cloud
 Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy !
 And at thy voice her pining sons uplifted
 Their prostrate brows from the polluting dust,
 And our almighty Tyrant with fierce dread
 Grew pale, until his thunder chained thee here.
 Then, see those million worlds which burn and roll
 Around us : their inhabitants beheld
 My spherèd light wane in wide heaven ; the sea
 Was lifted by strange tempest, and new fire
 From earthquake-rifted mountains of bright snow
 Shook its portentous hair beneath Heaven's frown,
 Lightning and inundation vexed the plains ;
 Blue thistles bloomed in cities ; foodless toads
 Within voluptuous chambers panting crawled ;
 When Plague had fallen on man and beast and worm,
 And Famine ; and black blight on herb and tree ;
 And in the corn and vines and meadow-grass
 Teemed ineradicable poisonous weeds
 Draining their growth, for my wan breast was dry
 With grief ; and the thin air, my breath, was stained
 With the contagion of a mother's hate
 Breathed on her child's destroyer : ay, I heard
 Thy curse, the which, if thou rememberest not,
 Yet my innumerable seas and streams,
 Mountains and caves and winds and yon wide air,
 And the inarticulate people of the dead,
 Preserve, a treasured spell. We meditate
 In secret joy and hope those dreadful words,
 But dare not speak them.

PROMETHEUS.

Venerable mother !
 All else who live and suffer take from thee
 Some comfort : flowers and fruits and happy sounds
 And love, though fleeting ; these may not be mine.
 But mine own words, I pray, deny me not.

THE EARTH.

They shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust,
 The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
 Met his own image walking in the garden.
 That apparition, sole of men, he saw.
 For know there are two worlds of life and death :
 One that which thou beholdest ; but the other
 Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
 The shadows of all forms that think and live
 Till death unite them and they part no more ;

Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
 And all that faith creates or love desires,
 Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes.
 There thou art, and dost hang, a writhing shade,
 'Mid whirlwind-peopled mountains ; all the gods
 Are there, and all the powers of nameless worlds,
 Vast sceptred phantoms ; heroes, men and beasts ;
 And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom ;
 And he, the supreme Tyrant, on his throne
 Of burning gold. Son, one of these shall utter
 The curse which all remember. Call at will
 Thine own ghost, or the ghost of Jupiter,
 Hades or Typhon, or what mightier gods
 From all-prolific Evil, since thy ruin,
 Have sprung, and trampled on my prostrate sons.
 Ask, and they must reply : so the revenge
 Of the Supreme may sweep through vacant shades,
 As rainy wind through the abandoned gate
 Of a fallen palace.

PROMETHEUS.

Mother, let not aught
 Of that which may be evil pass again
 My lips, or those of aught resembling me.
 Phantasm of Jupiter, arise, appear !

IONE.

My wings are folded o'er mine ears :
 My wings are crossèd o'er mine eyes :
 Yet through their silver shade appears,
 And through their lulling plumes arise,
 A Shape, a throng of sounds ;
 May it be no ill to thee,
 O thou of many wounds !
 Near whom, for our sweet sister's sake,
 Ever thus we watch and wake.

PANTHEA.

The sound is of whirlwind underground,
 Earthquake and fire and mountains cloven ;
 The Shape is awful like the sound,
 Clothed in dark purple, star-inwoven.
 A sceptre of pale gold
 To stay steps proud, o'er the slow cloud
 His veinèd hand doth hold.
 Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,
 Like one who does, not suffers, wrong.

PHANTASM OF JUPITER.

Why have the secret powers of this strange world
 Driven me, a frail and empty phantom, hither
 On direst storms ? What unaccustomed sounds
 Are hovering on my lips, unlike the voice
 With which our pallid race hold ghastly talk
 In darkness ? And, proud sufferer, who art thou ?

PROMETHEUS.

Tremendous Image ! as thou art must be
 He whom thou shadowest forth. I am his foe,
 The Titan. Speak the words which I would hear,
 Although no thought inform thine empty voice.

THE EARTH.

Listen ! And though your echoes must be mute,
 Gray mountains and old woods and haunted springs,
 Prophetic caves and isle-surrounding streams,
 Rejoice to hear what yet ye can not speak.

PHANTASM.

A spirit seizes me and speaks within :
 It tears me as fire tears a thunder-cloud.

PANTHEA.

See, how he lifts his mighty looks ! — the heaven
 Darkens above.

IONE.

He speaks ! O shelter me !

PROMETHEUS.

I see the curse on gestures proud and cold,
 And looks of firm defiance and calm hate,
 And such despair as mocks itself with smiles,
 Written as on a scroll : yet speak — oh speak !

PHANTASM.

Fiend, I defy thee ! with a calm, fixed mind,
 All that thou canst inflict I bid thee do ;
 Foul Tyrant both of gods and humankind,
 One only being shalt thou not subdue.
 Rain then thy plagues upon me here,
 Ghastly disease and phrensyng fear :
 And let alternate frost and fire
 Eat into me, and be thine ire
 Lightning and cutting hail and legioned forms
 Of furies driving by upon the wounding storms.

Ay, do thy worst. Thou art omnipotent.

O'er all things but thyself I gave thee power,
 And my own will. Be thy swift mischiefs sent
 To blast mankind, from yon ethereal tower.

Let thy malignant spirit move

In darkness over those I love :

On me and mine I imprecate

The utmost torture of thy hate ;

And thus devote to sleepless agony

This undeclining head while thou must reign on high.

But thou, who art the God and Lord : O, thou

Who fillest with thy soul this world of woe,

To whom all things of earth and heaven do bow

In fear and worship : all-prevailing foe !

I curse thee ! let a sufferer's curse
 Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse !
 Till thine infinity shall be
 A robe of envenomed agony ;
 And thine omnipotence a crown of pain,
 To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain.

Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this curse,
 Ill deeds, then be thou damned, beholding good ;
 Both infinite as is the universe,
 And thou and thy self-torturing solitude.
 An awful image of calm power
 Though now thou sittest, let the hour
 Come when thou must appear to be
 That which thou art internally.
 And after many a false and fruitless crime,
 Scorn track thy lagging fall through boundless space and time !

PROMETHEUS.

Were these my words, O parent ?

THE EARTH.

They were thine.

PROMETHEUS.

It doth repent me : words are quick and vain ;
 Grief for a while is blind, and so was mine.
 I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

THE EARTH.

Misery, oh misery to me,
 That Jove at length should vanquish thee.
 Wail, howl aloud, Land and Sea,
 The Earth's rent heart shall answer ye.
 Howl, Spirits of the living and the dead,
 Your refuge, your defence, lies fallen and vanquishèd.

FIRST ECHO.

Lies fallen and vanquishèd ?

SECOND ECHO.

Fallen and vanquishèd !

IONE.

Fear not : 'tis but some passing spasm,
 The Titan is unvanquished still.
 But see, where through the azure chasm
 Of yon forked and snowy hill
 Trampling the slant winds on high
 With golden-sandaled feet, that glow
 Under plumes of purple dye,
 Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
 A Shape comes now,
 Stretching on high from his right hand
 A serpent-cinctured wand.

PANTHEA.

'Tis Jove's world-wandering herald, Mercury.

IONE.

And who are those with hydra tresses
And iron wings that climb the wind
Whom the frowning god represses
Like vapors steaming up behind,
Clanging loud an endless crowd —

PANTHEA.

These are Jove's tempest-walking hounds,
Whom he gluts with groans and blood,
When charioted on sulphurous cloud
He bursts heaven's bounds.

IONE.

Are they now led, from the thin dead
On new pangs to be fed ?

PANTHEA.

The Titan looks as ever — firm, not proud.

FIRST FURY.

Ha ! I scent life !

SECOND FURY.

Let me but look into his eyes !

THIRD FURY.

The hope of torturing him smells like a heap
Of corpses to a death-bird after battle.

FIRST FURY.

Darest thou delay, O herald ? take cheer, hounds
Of hell : what if the Son of Maia soon
Should make us food and sport — who can please long
The Omnipotent ?

MERCURY.

Back to your towers of iron,
And gnash beside the streams of fire, and wail
Your foodless teeth. Geryon, arise ! and Gorgon,
Chimæra, and thou Sphinx, subtlest of fiends,
Who ministered to Thebes Heaven's poisoned wine,
Unnatural love, and more unnatural hate :
These shall perform your task.

FIRST FURY.

Oh, mercy ! mercy !
We die with our desire ; drive us not back !

MERCURY.

Crouch then in silence.

Awful Sufferer !

To thee unwilling, most unwillingly
I come, by the great Father's will driven down,
To execute a doom of new revenge.

Alas! I pity thee, and hate myself
 That I can do no more : aye from thy sight
 Returning, for a season, heaven seems hell,
 So thy worn form pursues me night and day,
 Smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm and good,
 But vainly wouldst stand forth alone in strife
 Against the Omnipotent ; as yon clear lamps
 That measure and divide the weary years
 From which there is no refuge, long have taught,
 And long must teach. Even now thy Torturer arms
 With the strange might of unimagined pains
 The powers who scheme slow agonies in Hell,
 And my commission is to lead them here,
 Or what more subtle, foul or savage fiends
 People the abyss, and leave them to their task.
 Be it not so ! there is a secret known
 To thee, and to none else of living things,
 Which may transfer the sceptre of wide heaven,
 The fear of which perplexes the Supreme :
 Clothe it in words, and bid it clasp his throne
 In intercession ; bend thy soul in prayer,
 And like a suppliant in some gorgeous fane,
 Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart :
 For benefits and meek submission tame
 The fiercest and the mightiest.

PROMETHEUS.

Evil minds
 Change good to their own nature. I gave all
 He has ; and in return he chains me here
 Years, ages, night and day : whether the Sun
 Split my parched skin, or in the moony night
 The crystal-winged snow cling round my hair :
 While my beloved race is trampled down
 By his thought-executing ministers.
 Such is the tyrant's recompense : 'tis just :
 He who is evil can receive no good ;
 And for a world bestowed, or a friend lost,
 He can feel hate, fear, shame ; not gratitude :
 He but requites me for his own misdeed.
 Kindness to such is keen reproach which breaks
 With bitter stings the light sleep of Revenge.
 Submission, thou dost know I can not try ;
 For what submission but that fatal word,
 The death-seal of mankind's captivity.
 Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword,
 Which trembles o'er his crown, would he accept,
 Or could I yield ? Which yet I will not yield.
 Let others flatter Crime, where it sits throned
 In brief Omnipotence : secure are they :
 For Justice when triumphant will weep down
 Pity, not punishment, on her own wrongs,
 Too much avenged by those who err. I wait,
 Enduring thus, the retributive hour

Which since we spake is even nearer now.
But hark, the hell-hounds clamor. Fear delay!
Behold! Heaven lowers under thy Father's frown.

MERCURY.

Oh, that we might be spared: I to inflict,
And thou to suffer! Once more answer me:
Thou knowest not the period of Jove's power?

PROMETHEUS.

I know but this, that it must come.

MERCURY.

Alas!

Thou canst not count thy years to come of pain?

PROMETHEUS.

They last while Jove must reign, nor more nor less
Do I desire or fear.

MERCURY.

Yet pause, and plunge
Into Eternity, where recorded time,
Even all that we imagine, age on age,
Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind
Flags wearily in its unending flight,
Till it sink, dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless;
Perchance it has not numbered the slow years
Which thou must spend in torture, unreprieved?

PROMETHEUS.

Perchance no thought can count them, yet they pass.

MERCURY.

If thou might'st dwell among the gods the while,
Lapped in voluptuous joy?

PROMETHEUS.

I would not quit

This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains.

MERCURY.

Alas! I wonder at yet pity thee.

PROMETHEUS.

Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,
Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,
As light in the sun, throned: how vain is talk!
Call up the fiends.

IONE.

O, sister, look! White fire
Has cloven to the roots yon huge snow-loaded cedar;
How fearfully God's thunder howls behind!

MERCURY.

I must obey his words and thine: alas!
Most heavily remorse hangs at my heart!

PANTHEA.

See where the child of Heaven with wingèd feet
Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn.

IONE.

Dear sister, close thy plumes over thine eyes
Lest thou behold and die : they come : they come
Blackening the birth of day with countless wings,
And hollow underneath, like death.

FIRST FURY.

Prometheus !

SECOND FURY.

Immortal Titan !

THIRD FURY.

Champion of Heaven's slaves !

PROMETHEUS.

He whom some dreadful voice invokes is here,
Prometheus, the chained Titan. Horrible forms,
What and who are ye ? Never yet there came
Phantasms so foul through monster-teeming hell
From the all-miscreative brain of Jove ;
While I behold such execrable shapes,
Methinks I grow like what I contemplate,
And laugh and stare in loathsome sympathy.

FIRST FURY.

We are the ministers of pain and fear,
And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,
And clinging crime ; and as lean dogs pursue
Through wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn,
We track all things that weep and bleed and live
When the great King betrays them to our will.

PROMETHEUS.

Oh ! many fearful natures in one name,
I know ye ; and these lakes and echoes know
The darkness and the clangor of your wings.
But why more hideous than your loathed selves
Gather ye up in legions from the deep ?

SECOND FURY.

We knew not that ; Sisters, rejoice, rejoice !

PROMETHEUS.

Can aught exult in its deformity ?

SECOND FURY.

The beauty of delight makes lovers glad,
Gazing on one another : so are we.
As from the rose which the pale priestess kneels
To gather for her festal crown of flowers
The aërial crimson falls, flushing her cheek,
So from our victim's destined agony

The shade which is our form invests us round,
Else we are shapeless as our mother Night.

PROMETHEUS.

I laugh your power, and his who sent you here,
To lowest scorn. Pour forth the cup of pain.

FIRST FURY.

Thou thinkest we will rend thee bone from bone,
And nerve from nerve, working like fire within ?

PROMETHEUS.

Pain is my element, as hate is thine ;
Ye rend me now : I care not.

SECOND FURY.

Dost imagine
We will but laugh into thy lidless eyes ?

PROMETHEUS.

I weigh not what ye do but what ye suffer,
Being evil. Cruel was the power which called
You, or aught else so wretched, into light.

THIRD FURY.

Thou think'st we will live through thee, one by one,
Like animal life, and though we can obscure not
The soul which burns within, that we will dwell
Beside it, like a vain loud multitude
Vexing the self-content of wisest men :
That we will be dread thought beneath thy brain,
And foul desire round thine astonished heart,
And blood within thy labyrinthine veins
Crawling like agony.

PROMETHEUS.

Why, ye are thus now ;
Yet am I king over myself, and rule
The torturing and conflicting throngs within,
As Jove rules you when Hell grows mutinous.

CHORUS OF FURIES.

From the ends of the earth, from the ends of the earth,
Where the night has its grave, and the morning its birth,
Come, come, come !

Oh, ye who shake hills with the scream of your mirth,
When cities sink howling in ruin ; and ye
Who with wingless footsteps trample the sea,
And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's track
Sit chattering with joy on the foodless wreck ;

Come, come, come !

Leave the bed, low, cold and red,
Strewed beneath a nation dead ;

Leave the hatred, as in ashes
Fire is left for future burning :

It will burst in bloodier flashes
When ye stir it, soon returning :

Leave the self-contempt implanted
 In young spirits, sense-enchanted,
 Misery's yet unkindled fuel :
 Leave hell's secrets, half unchanted,
 To the maniac dreamer ; cruel
 More than ye can be with hate
 Is he with fear.

Come, come, come !

We are steaming up from hell's wide gate,
 And we burden the blasts of the atmosphere,
 But vainly we toil till ye come here.

IONE.

Sister, I hear the thunder of new wings.

PANTHEA.

These solid mountains quiver with the sound
 Even as the tremulous air : their shadows make
 The space within my plumes more black than night.

FIRST FURY.

Your call was as a wingèd car,
 Driven on whirlwinds fast and far ;
 It rapt us from red gulfs of war.

SECOND FURY.

From wide cities, famine-wasted ;

THIRD FURY.

Groans half heard, and blood untasted ;

FOURTH FURY.

Kingly conclaves, stern and cold,
 Where blood with gold is bought and sold ;

FIFTH FURY.

From the furnace, white and hot,
 In which —

A FURY.

Speak not ; whisper not :
 I know all that ye would tell,
 But to speak might break the spell
 Which must bend the Invincible,
 The stern of thought ;
 He yet defies the deepest power of hell.

FURY.

Tear the vail !

ANOTHER FURY.

It is torn.

CHORUS.

The pale stars of the morn
 Shine on a misery dire to be borne.
 Dost thou faint, mighty Titan ? We laugh thee to scorn.
 Dost thou boast the clear knowledge thou waken'dst for man ?
 Then was kindled within him a thirst which outran

Those perishing waters : a thirst of fierce fever,
 Hope, love, doubt, desire, which consume him for ever.

One came forth of gentle worth,
 Smiling on the sanguine earth ;
 His words outlived him, like swift poison

Withering up truth, peace and pity.
 Look ! where round the wide horizon

Many a million-peopled city
 Vomits smoke in the bright air.

Mark that outcry of despair !

'Tis his mild and gentle ghost

Wailing for the faith he kindled :

Look again ! the flames almost

To a glow-worm's lamp have dwindled ;

The survivors round the embers

Gather in dread.

Joy, joy, joy !

Past ages crowd on thee, but each one remembers ;
 And the future is dark, and the present is spread
 Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head.

SEMICHORUS I.

Drops of bloody agony flow
 From his white and quivering brow.

Grant a little respite now :

See ! a disenchanting nation

Springs like day from desolation ;

To Truth its state is dedicate,

And Freedom leads it forth, her mate ;

A legioned band of linked brothers,

Whom Love calls children —

SEMICHORUS II.

'Tis another's.

See how kindred murder kin !

'Tis the vintage-time for death and sin.

Blood, like new wine, bubbles within :

Till despair smothers

The struggling world, which slaves and tyrants win.

[*All the FURIES vanish, except one*

IONE.

Hark, sister ! what a low yet dreadful groan

Quite unsuppressed is tearing up the heart

Of the good Titan, as storms tear the deep,

And beasts hear the sea moan in inland caves !

Darest thou observe how the fiends torture him ?

PANTHEA.

Alas ! I looked forth twice, but will no more.

IONE.

What didst thou see ?

PANTHEA.

A woeful sight : a youth

With patient looks nailed to a crucifix.

IONE.

What next ?

PANTHEA.

The heaven around, the earth below
Was peopled with thick shapes of human death,
All horrible, and wrought by human hands,
And some appeared the work of human hearts,
For men were slowly killed by frowns and smiles :
And other sights too foul to speak and live
Were wandering by. Let us not tempt worse fear
By looking forth : those groans are grief enough.

FURY.

Behold an emblem : those who do endure
Deep wrongs for man, and scorn and chains, but heap
Thousandfold torment on themselves and him.

PROMETHEUS.

Remit the anguish of that lighted stare ;
Close those wan lips ; let that thorn-wounded brow
Stream not with blood ; it mingles with thy tears !
Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and death,
So thy sick throes shake not that crucifix,
So those pale fingers play not with thy gore.
O, horrible ! Thy name I will not speak,
It hath become a curse. I see, I see
The wise, the mild, the lofty and the just,
Whom thy slaves hate for being like to thee,
Some hunted by foul lies from their heart's home,
An early-chosen, late-lamented home ;
As hooded ounces cling to the driven hind ;
Some linked to corpses in unwholesome cells :
Some — Hear I not the multitude laugh loud ? —
Impaled in lingering fire : and mighty realms
Float by my feet, like sea-uprooted isles,
Whose sons are kneaded down in common blood
By the red light of their own burning homes.

FURY.

Blood thou canst see, and fire ; and canst hear groans ;
Worse things unheard, unseen, remain behind.

PROMETHEUS.

Worse ?

FURY.

In each human heart terror survives
The ravin it has gorged : the loftiest fear
All that they would disdain to think were true :
Hypocrisy and custom make their minds
The fanes of many a worship now outworn.
They dare not devise good for man's estate,
And yet they know not that they do not dare.
The good want power, but to weep barren tears.
The powerful goodness want : worse need for them.

The wise want love ; and those who love want wisdom ;
 And all best things are thus confused to ill.
 Many are strong and rich, and would be just,
 But live among their suffering fellow-men
 As if none felt : they know not what they do.

PROMETHEUS.

Thy words are like a cloud of wingèd snakes ;
 And yet I pity those they torture not.

FURY.

Thou pitiest them ? I speak no more ! [*Vanishes.*

PROMETHEUS.

Ah woe !

Ah woe ! Alas ! pain, pain ever, for ever !
 I close my tearless eyes, but see more clear
 Thy works within my woe-illumined mind,
 Thou subtle Tyrant ! Peace is in the grave.
 The grave hides all things beautiful and good :
 I am a god and can not find it there,
 Nor would I seek it : for, though dread revenge,
 This is defeat, fierce King ! not victory.
 The sights with which thou torturest gird my soul
 With new endurance, till the hour arrives
 When they shall be no types of things which are.

PANTHEA.

Alas ! what sawest thou ?

PROMETHEUS.

There are two woes :
 To speak and to behold ; thou spare me one.
 Names are there Nature's sacred watchwords, they
 Were borne aloft in bright emblazonry ;
 The nations thronged around, and cried aloud,
 As with one voice, " Truth, liberty and love !"
 Suddenly fierce confusion fell from heaven
 Among them : there was strife, deceit and fear :
 Tyrants rushed in, and did divide the spoil.
 This was the shadow of the truth I saw.

THE EARTH.

I felt thy torture, son, with such mixed joy
 As pain and virtue give. To cheer thy state
 I bid ascend those subtle and fair spirits
 Whose homes are the dim caves of human thought,
 And who inhabit, as birds wing the wind,
 Its world-surrounding ether : they behold
 Beyond that twilight realm, as in a glass,
 The future : may they speak comfort to thee !

PANTHEA.

Look, sister, where a troop of spirits gather,
 Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather,
 Thronging in the blue air !

IONE.

And see! more come,
 Like fountain-vapors when the winds are dumb,
 That climb up the ravine in scattered lines.
 And hark! is it the music of the pines?
 Is it the lake? Is it the waterfall?

PANTHEA.

'Tis something sadder, sweeter far than all.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

From unremembered ages we
 Gentle guides and guardians be
 Of heaven-oppressed mortality;
 And we breathe, and sicken not,
 The atmosphere of human thought:
 Be it dim and dank and gray,
 Like a storm-extinguished day,
 Traveled o'er by dying gleams;
 Be it bright as all between
 Cloudless skies and windless streams,
 Silent, liquid and serene;
 As the birds within the wind,
 As the fish within the wave.
 As the thoughts of man's own mind
 Float through all above the grave;
 We make there our liquid lair,
 Voyaging cloudlike and unpent
 Through the boundless element:
 Thence we bear the prophecy
 Which begins and ends in thee!

IONE.

More yet come, one by one; the air around them
 Looks radiant as the air around a star.

FIRST SPIRIT.

On a battle-trumpet's blast
 I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,
 'Mid the darkness upward cast.
 From the dust of creeds outworn,
 From the tyrant's banner torn,
 Gathering round me, onward borne,
 There was mingled many a cry —
 "Freedom!" "Hope!" "Death!" "Victory!"
 Till they faded through the sky;
 And one sound above, around,
 One sound beneath, around, above,
 Was moving: 'twas the soul of love;
 'Twas the hope, the prophecy,
 Which begins and ends in thee.

SECOND SPIRIT.

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,
 Which rocked beneath, immovably;
 And the triumphant storm did flee,

Like a conqueror, swift and proud,
 Between with many a captive cloud
 A shapeless, dark and rapid crowd,
 Each by lightning riven in half:
 I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh:
 Mighty fleets were strown like chaff
 And spread beneath a hell of death
 O'er the white waters. I alit
 On a great ship lightning-split,
 And speeded hither on the sigh
 Of one who gave an enemy
 His plank, then plunged aside to die.

THIRD SPIRIT.

I sate beside a sage's bed,
 And the lamp was burning red
 Near the book where he had fed,
 When a Dream with plumes of flame
 To his pillow hovering came,
 And I knew it was the same
 Which had kindled long ago
 Pity, eloquence and woe;
 And the world awhile below
 Wore the shade its lustre made.
 It has borne me here as fleet
 As Desire's lightning feet:
 I must ride it back ere morrow,
 Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

On a poet's lips I slept
 Dreaming like a love adept
 In the sound his breathing kept;
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
 But feeds on the ærial kisses
 Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.
 He will watch from dawn to gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
 Nor heed nor see what things they be;
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality!
 One of these awakened me,
 And I sped to succor thee.

IONE.

Behold'st thou not two shapes from the east and west
 Come, as two doves to one beloved nest,
 Twin nurslings of the all-sustaining air
 On swift still wings glide down the atmosphere?
 And hark! their sweet, sad voices! 'tis despair
 Mingled with love and then dissolved in sound.

PANTHEA.

Canst thou speak, sister? all my words are drowned.

IONE.

Their beauty gives me voice. See how they float
 On their sustaining wings of skiey grain,
 Orange and azure deepening into gold :
 Their soft smiles light the air like a star's fire.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Hast thou beheld the form of Love ?

FIFTH SPIRIT.

As over wide dominions

I sped, like some swift cloud that wings the wide air's wilder-
 nesses,
 That planet-crested Shape swept by on lightning-braided pin-
 ions,
 Scattering the liquid joy of life from his ambrosial tresses :
 His footsteps paved the world with light ; but as I past 'twas
 fading,
 And hollow Ruin yawned behind : great sages bound in mad-
 ness,
 And headless patriots and pale youths who perished unupbraid-
 ing,
 Gleamed in the night. I wandered o'er, till thou, O king of Sad-
 ness,
 Turned by thy smile the worst I saw to recollected gladness.

SIXTH SPIRIT.

Ah, sister ! Desolation is a delicate thing :
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,
 But treads with silent footstep, and fans with silent wing
 The tender hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear ;
 Who, soothed to false repose by the fanning plumes above,
 And the music-stirring motion of its soft and busy feet,
 Dream visious of aërial joy. and call the monster, Love,
 And wake, and find the shadow Pain, as he whom now we greet.

CHORUS.

Though Ruin now Love's shadow be,
 Following him, destroyingly,
 On Death's white and wingèd steed,
 Which the fleetest can not flee,
 Trampling down both flower and weed,
 Man and beast, and foul and fair,
 Like a tempest through the air,
 Thou shalt quell this horseman grim,
 Woundless though in heart or limb.

PROMETHEUS.

Spirits ! how know ye this shall be ?

CHORUS.

In the atmosphere we breathe,
 As buds grow red when the snow-storms flee,
 From Spring gathering up beneath,
 Whose mild winds shake the elder brake,

And the wandering herdsmen know
That the white-thorn soon will blow :
Wisdom, Justice, Love and Peace,
When they struggle to increase,
Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherd-boys, the prophecy
Which begins and ends in thee !

IONE.

Where are the spirits fled ?

PANTHEA.

Only a sense
Remains of them, like the omnipotence
Of music, when the inspired voice and lute
Languish, ere yet the responses are mute,
Which through the deep and labyrinthine soul,
Like echoes through long caverns, wind and roll.

PROMETHEUS.

How fair these air-born shapes ! and yet I feel
Most vain all hope but love ; and thou art far,
Asia ! who, when my being overflowed,
Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust.
All things are still : alas ! how heavily
This quiet morning weighs upon my heart !
Though I should dream I could even sleep with grief,
If slumber were denied not. I would fain
Be what it is my destiny to be,
The savior and the strength of suffering man,
Or sink into the original gulf of things :
There is no agony and no solace left ;
Earth can console, Heaven can torment no more.

PANTHEA.

Hast thou forgotten one who watches thee
The cold dark night, and never sleeps but when
The shadow of thy spirit falls on her ?

PROMETHEUS.

I said all hope was vain but love : thou lovest.

PANTHEA.

Deeply in truth ; but the eastern star looks white,
And Asia waits in that far Indian vale
The scene of her sad exile ; rugged once
And desolate and frozen, like this ravine ;
But now invested with fair flowers and herbs,
And haunted by sweet airs and sounds, which flow
Among the woods and waters, from the ether
Of her transforming presence, which would fade
If it were mingled not with thine. Farewell !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Morning.—A lonely Vale in the Indian Caucasus.

ASIA, alone.

ASIA.

FROM all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended :
 Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes
 Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,
 And beatings haunt the desolated heart,
 Which should have learned repose : thou hast descended
 Cradled in tempests ; thou dost wake, O Spring !
 O child of many winds ! As suddenly
 Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
 Which now is sad because it hath been sweet ;
 Like genius, or like joy which riseth up
 As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds
 The desert of our life.
 This is the season, this the day, the hour ;
 At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine,
 Too long desired, too long delaying, come !
 How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl !
 The point of one white star is quivering still
 Deep in the orange light of widening morn
 Beyond the purple mountains : through a chasm
 Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
 Reflects it ; now it wanes ; it gleams again
 As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
 Of woven cloud unravel in pale air :
 'Tis lost ! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
 The roseate sunlight quivers : hear I not
 The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
 Winnowing the crimson dawn ?

PANTHEA enters.

I feel, I see
 Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears,
 Like stars half-quenched in mists of silver dew.
 Beloved and most beautiful, who wearest
 The shadow of that soul by which I live,
 How late thou art ! the spherèd sun had climbed
 The sea ; my heart was sick with hope, before
 The printless air felt thy belated plumes.

PANTHEA.

Pardon, great sister ! but my wings were faint
 With the delight of a remembered dream,
 As are the noontide plumes of summer winds

Satiate with sweet flowers. I was wont to sleep
Peacefully, and awake refreshed and calm,
Before the sacred Titan's fall and thy
Unhappy love had made, through use and pity,
Both love and woe familiar to my heart
As they had grown to thine : erewhile I slept
Under the glaucous caverns of old Ocean
Within dim bowers of green and purple moss,
Our young Ione's soft and milky arms
Locked then, as now, behind my dark, moist hair,
While my shut eyes and cheek were pressed within
The folded depth of her life-breathing bosom :
But not as now, since I am made the wind
Which fails beneath the music that I bear
Of thy most wordless converse ; since dissolved
Into the sense with which love talks, my rest
Was troubled and yet sweet ; my waking hours
Too full of care and pain.

ASIA.

Lift up thine eyes,
And let me read thy dream.

PANTHEA.

As I have said,
With our sea-sister at his feet I slept.
The mountain mists, condensing at our voice
Under the moon, had spread their snowy flakes,
From the keen ice shielding our linkèd sleep.
Then two Dreams came. One, I remember not.
But in the other his pale wound-worn limbs
Fell from Prometheus, and the azure night
Grew radiant with the glory of that form
Which lives unchanged within, and his voice fell
Like music which makes giddy the dim brain,
Faint with intoxication of keen joy :
"Sister of her whose footsteps pave the world
With loveliness — more fair than aught but her
Whose shadow thou art — lift thine eyes on me."
I lifted them : the overpowering light
Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er
By love ; which, from his soft and flowing limbs,
And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint eyes,
Steamed forth like vaporous fire ; an atmosphere
Which wrapped me in its all-dissolving power,
As the warm ether of the morning sun
Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wandering dew.
I saw not, heard not, moved not — only felt
His presence flow and mingle through my blood
Till it became his life, and his grew mine,
And I was thus absorbed, until it passed,
And like the vapors when the sun sinks down,
Gathering again in drops upon the pines,
And tremulous as they, in the deep night

My being was condensed ; and as the rays
 Of thought were slowly gathered, I could hear
 His voice, whose accents lingered ere they died
 Like footsteps of weak melody : thy name
 Among the many sounds alone I heard
 Of what might be articulate ; though still
 I listened through the night when sound was none.
 Ione wakened then, and said to me :
 " Canst thou divine what troubles me to-night ?
 I always knew what I desired before,
 Nor ever found delight to wish in vain.
 But now I can not tell thee what I seek ;
 I know not : something sweet, since it is sweet
 Even to desire ; it is thy sport, false sister ;
 Thou hast discovered some enchantment old,
 Whose spells have stolen my spirit as I slept
 And mingled it with thine : for when just now
 We kissed, I felt within thy parted lips
 The sweet air that sustained me, and the warmth
 Of the life-blood, for loss of which I faint,
 Quivered between our intertwining arms."'
 I answered not, for the eastern star grew pale,
 But fled to thee.

ASIA.

Thou speakest, but thy words
 Are as the air : I feel them not : oh lift
 Thine eyes, that I may read his written soul !

PANTHEA.

I lift them, though they droop beneath the load
 Of that they would express : what canst thou see
 But thine own fairest shadow imaged there ?

ASIA.

Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
 Contracted to two circles underneath
 Their long, fine lashes ; dark, far, measureless,
 Orb within orb and line through line inwoven.

PANTHEA.

Why lookest thou as if a spirit passed ?

ASIA.

There is a change ; beyond their inmost depth
 I see a shade, a shape : 'tis he, arrayed
 In the soft light of his own smiles, which spread
 Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded morn.
 Prometheus, it is thine ! depart not yet !
 Say not those smiles that we shall meet again
 Within that bright pavilion which their beams
 Shall build on the waste world ? The dream is told.
 What shape is that between us ? Its rude hair
 Roughens the wind that lifts it, its regard.
 Is wild and quick, yet 'tis a thing of air,

For through its gray robe gleams the golden dew
Whose stars the noon has quenched not.

DREAM.

Follow ! Follow !

PANTHEA.

It is mine other dream.

ASIA.

It disappears.

PANTHEA.

It passes now into my mind. Methought
As we sate here the flower-infolding buds
Burst on yon lightning-blasted almond-tree,
When swift from the white Scythian wilderness
A wind swept forth wrinkling the Earth with frost :
I looked, and all the blossoms were blown down ;
But on each leaf was stamped, as the blue bells
Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief,
O, FOLLOW, FOLLOW !

ASIA.

As you speak your words
Fill pause by pause my own forgotten sleep
With shapes. Methought among the lawns together
We wandered, underneath the young gray dawn,
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind ;
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently ;
And there was more which I remember not :
But on the shadows of the morning clouds,
Athwart the purple mountain slope, was written
FOLLOW, O, FOLLOW ! As they vanished by,
And on each herb, from which heaven's dew had fallen,
The like was stamped, as with a withering fire
A wind arose among the pines ; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
Were heard : OH, FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME !
And then I said, " Panthea, look on me."
But in the depth of those beloved eyes
Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW !

ECHO.

Follow, follow !

PANTHEA.

The crags, this clear spring morning, mock our voices,
As they were spirit-tongued.

ASIA.

It's some being.
Around the crags. What fine clear sounds ! O, list !

ECHOES *unseen.*

Echoes we : listen !
 We can not stay :
 As dew-stars glisten
 Then fade away—
 Child of Ocean !

ASIA.

Hark ! spirits speak. The liquid responses
 Of their aërial tongues yet sound.

PANTHEA.

I hear.

ECHOES.

O follow, follow,
 As our voice recedeth
 Through the caverns hollow,
 Where the forest spreadeth ;

More distant.

O follow, follow !
 Through the caverns hollow,
 As the song floats thou pursue,
 Where the wild bee never flew,
 Through the noontide darkness deep,
 By the odor-breathing sleep
 Of faint night-flowers, and the waves
 At the fountain-lighted caves,
 While our music, wild and sweet,
 Mocks thy gently falling feet,
 Child of Ocean !

ASIA.

Shall we pursue the sound ? It grows more faint
 And distant.

PANTHEA.

List ! the strain floats nearer now.

ECHOES.

In the world unknown
 Sleeps a voice unspoken ;
 By thy step alone
 Can its rest be broken ;
 Child of Ocean !

ASIA.

How the notes sink upon the ebbing wind !

ECHOES.

O follow, follow !
 Through the caverns hollow,
 As the song floats thou pursue,
 By the woodland noon-tide dew ;
 By the forests, lakes and fountains,
 Through the many-folded mountains ;

To the rents and gulfs and chasms
 Where the Earth reposed from spasms,
 On the day when He and thou
 Parted, to commingle now ;
 Child of Ocean !

ASIA.

Come, sweet Panthea, link thy hand in mine
 And follow, ere the voices fade away.

SCENE II.

A Forest, intermingled with Rocks and Caverns.— ASIA and PANTHEA pass into it.— Two young Fauns are sitting on a Rock, listening.

SEMICHORUS I. OF SPIRITS.

THE path through which that lovely twain
 Have past, by cedar, pine and yew,
 And each dark tree that ever grew,
 Is curtained out from heaven's wide blue ;
 Nor sun nor moon nor wind nor rain,
 Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
 Nor aught save where some cloud of dew
 Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze
 Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
 Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
 Of the green laurel, blown anew ;
 And bends, and then fades silently,
 One frail and fair anemone :
 Or when some star of many a one
 That climbs and wanders through steep night
 Has found the cleft through which alone
 Beams fall from high those depths upon
 Ere it is borne away, away,
 By the swift heavens that can not stay,
 It scatters drops of golden light,
 Like lines of rain that ne'er unite :
 And the gloom divine is all around ;
 And underneath is the mossy ground.

SEMICHORUS II.

There the voluptuous nightingales
 Are awake through all the broad noon-day,
 When one with bliss or sadness fails,
 And through the windless ivy-boughs,
 Sick with sweet love, droops dying away
 On its mate's music-panting bosom ;
 Another from the swinging blossom,
 Watching to catch the languid close
 Of the last strain, then lifts on high
 The wings of the weak melody,

Till some new strain of feeling bear
 The song, and all the woods are mute ;
 When there is heard through the dim air
 The rush of wings, and rising there
 Like many a lake-surrounded flute,
 Sounds overflow the listener's brain
 So sweet that joy is almost pain.

SEMICHORUS I.

There those enchanted eddies play
 Of echoes, music tongued, which draw,
 By Demogorgon's mighty law,
 With melting rapture or sweet awe,
 All spirits on that secret way ;
 As inland boats are driven to ocean
 Down streams made strong with mountain-thaw ;
 And first there comes a gentle sound
 To those in talk or slumber bound,
 And wakes the destined : soft emotion
 Attracts, impels them ; those who saw
 Say from the breathing earth behind
 There steams a plume-uplifting wind
 Which drives them on their path, while they
 Believe their own swift wings and feet
 The sweet desires within obey ;
 And so they float upon their way,
 Until, still sweet, but loud and strong,
 The storm of sound is driven along,
 Sucked up and hurrying : as they fleet
 Behind, its gathering billows meet
 And to the fatal mountain bear
 Like clouds amid the yielding air.

FIRST FAUN.

Canst thou imagine where those spirits live
 Which make such delicate music in the woods ?
 We haunt within the least-frequented caves
 And closest coverts, and we know these wilds,
 Yet never meet them, though we hear them oft :
 Where may they hide themselves ?

SECOND FAUN.

'Tis hard to tell :

I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,
 The bubbles, which enchantment of the sun
 Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave
 The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,
 Are the pavilions where such dwell and float
 Under the green and golden atmosphere
 Which noontide kindles through the woven leaves ;
 And when these burst, and the thin fiery air,
 The which they breathed within those lucent domes,
 Ascends to flow like meteors through the night,
 They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,

And bow their burning crests, and glide in fire
Under the waters of the earth again.

FIRST FAUN.

If such live thus, have others other lives,
Under pink blossoms or within the bells
Of meadow-flowers, or folded violets deep,
Or on their dying odors, when they die,
Or on the sunlight of the spherèd dew ?

SECOND FAUN.

Ay, many more which we may well divine.
But should we stay to speak, noontide would come,
And thwart Silenus find his goats undrawn,
And grudge to sing those wise and lovely songs
Of fate and chance and God and chaos old
And love and the chained Titan's woeful doom,
And how he shall be loosed, and make the earth
One brotherhood : delightful strains which cheer
Our solitary twilights, and which charm
To silence the unenvying nightingales.

SCENE III.

A Pinnacle of Rock among Mountains.—ASIA and PANTHEA.

PANTHEA.

HITHER the sound has borne us — to the realm
Of Demogorgon, and the mighty portal,
Like a volcano's meteor-breathing chasm,
Whence the oracular vapor is hurled up
Which lonely men drink wandering in their youth,
And call truth, virtue, love, genius or joy.
That maddening wine of life whose dregs they drain
To deep intoxication ; and uplift,
Like Mænads who cry loud. " Evœ ! Evœ ! " —
The voice which is contagion to the world.

ASIA.

Fit throne for such a power ! Magnificent !
How glorious art thou, Earth ! And if thou be
The shadow of some spirit lovelier still,
Though evil stain its work, and it should be
Like its creation, weak yet beautiful,
I could fall down and worship that and thee.
Even now my heart adoreth : Wonderful !
Look, sister, ere the vapor dim thy brain :
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist.
As a lake, paving in the morning sky.
With azure waves which burst in silver light,
Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on
Under the curdling winds, and islanding

The peak whereon we stand, midway, around,
 Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests.
 Dim twilight lawns and stream-illumined caves
 And wind enchanted shapes of wandering mist ;
 And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
 From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
 The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,
 From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
 Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.
 The vale is girdled with their walls, a howl
 Of cataracts from their thaw-cloven ravines
 Satiates the listening wind. continuous, vast,
 Awful as silence. Hark ! the rushing snow !
 The sun-awakened avalanche ! whose mass,
 Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
 Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds
 As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
 Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
 Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.

PANTHEA.

Look how the gusty sea of mist is breaking
 In crimson foam. even at our feet ! it rises
 As Ocean at the enchantment of the moon
 Round foodless men wrecked on some oozy isle.

ASIA.

The fragments of the cloud are scattered up ;
 The wind that lifts them disentwines my hair ;
 Its billows now sweep o'er mine eyes ; my brain
 Grows dizzy : I see shapes within the mist.

PANTHEA.

A countenance with beckoning smiles : there burns
 An azure fire within its golden locks !
 Another and another : hark ! they speak !

SONG OF SPIRITS.

To the deep, to the deep,
 Down, down !
 Through the shade of sleep,
 Through the cloudy strife
 Of Death and of Life ;
 Through the veil and the bar
 Of things which seem and are,
 Even to the steps of the remotest throne,
 Down, down !

While the sound whirls around,
 Down, down !
 As the fawn draws the hound,
 As the lightning the vapor.
 As a weak moth the taper ;
 Death, despair ; love, sorrow ;
 Time both ; to-day, to-morrow ;

As steel obeys the spirit of the stone,
Down, down!

Through the gray, void abysm,
Down, down!

Where the air is no prism,
And the moon and stars are not,
And the cavern-crags wear not
The radiance of heaven,
Nor the gloom to earth given,
Where there is one pervading, one alone,
Down, down!

In the depth of the deep.
Down, down!

Like veiled lightning asleep,
Like the spark nursed in embers,
The last look Love remembers,
Like a diamond, which shines
On the dark wealth of mines,
A spell is treasured but for thee alone.
Down, down!

We have bound thee, we guide thee ;
Down, down!

With the bright form beside thee ;
Resist not the weakness,
Such strength is in meekness
That the Eternal, the Immortal,
Must unloose through life's portal
The snake-like doom coiled underneath his throne
By that alone.

SCENE IV.

The Cave of DEMOGORGON.—ASIA and PANTHEA.

PANTHEA.

WHAT veiled form sits on that ebon throne ?

ASIA.

The veil has fallen.

PANTHEA.

I see a mighty darkness
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,
Ungazed upon and shapeless : neither limb
Nor form nor outline ; yet we feel it is
A living spirit.

DEMOGORGON.

Ask what thou wouldst know.

ASIA.

What canst thou tell ?

DEMOGORGON.

All things thou dar'st demand.

ASIA.

Who made the living world ?

DEMOGORGON.

God.

ASIA.

Who made all
That it contains ? — thought, passion, reason, will,
Imagination ?

DEMOGORGON.

God : Almighty God.

ASIA.

Who made that sense which, when the winds of spring
In rarest visitation, or the voice
Of one beloved heard in youth alone,
Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim
The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,
And leaves this peopled earth a solitude
When it returns no more ?

DEMOGORGON.

Merciful God.

ASIA.

And who made terror, madness, crime, remorse,
Which from the links of the great chain of things
To every thought within the mind of man
Sway and drag heavily, and each one reels
Under the load toward the pit of death ;
Abandoned hope and love that turns to hate ;
And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than blood ;
Pain, whose unheeded and familiar speech
Is howling and keen shrieks, day after day :
And hell, or the sharp fear of hell ?

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.

Utter his name : a world pining in pain
Asks but his name : curses shall drag him down !

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.

I feel, I know it : who ?

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.

Who reigns ? There was the heaven and earth at first,
 And light and love ; then Saturn, from whose throne
 Time fell, an envious shadow : such the state
 Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his sway,
 As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves
 Before the wind or sun has withered them
 And semi-vital worms ; but he refused
 The birthright of their being — knowledge, power,
 The skill which wields the elements, the thought
 Which pierces this dim universe like light,
 Self-empire and the majesty of love :
 For thirst of which they fainted. Then Prometheus
 Gave wisdom, which is strength, to Jupiter,
 And with this law alone — “ Let man be free ” —
 Clothed him with the dominion of wide heaven.
 To know nor faith nor love nor law ; to be
 Omnipotent but friendless is to reign ;
 And Jove now reigned : for on the race of man
 First famine and then toil and then disease,
 Strife, wounds and ghastly death unseen before,
 Fell ; and the unseasonable seasons drove,
 With alternating shafts of frost and fire,
 Their shelterless, pale tribes to mountain-caves ;
 And in their desert hearts fierce wants he sent,
 And mad disquietudes and shadows idle
 Of unreal good, which levied mutual war,
 So ruining the lair wherein they raged.
 Prometheus saw, and waked the legioned hopes
 Which sleep within folded Elysian flowers,
 Nephenthe, Moly, Amaranth, fadeless blooms,
 That they might hide with thin and rainbow wings
 The shape of Death ; and Love he sent to bind
 The disunited tendrils of that vine
 Which bears the wine of life, the human heart ;
 And he tamed fire which, like some beast of prey,
 Most terrible, but lovely, played beneath
 The frown of man : and tortured to his will
 Iron and gold, the slaves and signs of power,
 And gems and poisons, and all subtlest forms
 Hidden beneath the mountains and the waves.
 He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
 Which is the measure of the universe ;
 And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,
 Which shook, but fell not : and the harmonious mind
 Poured itself forth in all-prophetic song ;
 And music lifted up the listening spirit
 Until it walked, exempt from mortal care,
 Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound ;
 And human hands first mimicked and then mocked,
 With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,
 The human form, till marble grew divine,
 And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see

Reflected in their race, behold and perish.
 He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,
 And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep.
 He taught the implicated orbits woven
 Of the wide-wandering stars ; and how the sun
 Changes his lair, and by what secret spell
 The pale moon is transformed, when her broad eye
 Gazes not on the interlunar sea :
 He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,
 The tempest-wingèd chariots of the ocean,
 And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then
 Were built, and through their snow-like columns flowed
 The warm winds, and the azure ether shone,
 And the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen.
 Such the alleviations of his state
 Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs
 Withering in destined pain : but who rains down
 Evil, the immedicable plague, which, while
 Man looks on his creation like a god
 And sees that it is glorious, drives him on
 The wreck of his own will, the scorn of earth,
 The outcast, the abandoned, the alone ?
 Not Jove : while yet his frown shook heaven, ay, when
 His adversary from adamant chains
 Cursed him, he trembled like a slave. Declare
 Who is his master ? Is he too a slave ?

DEMOGORGON.

All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil ;
 Thou knowest if Jupiter be such or no.

ASIA.

Whom calledst thou God ?

DEMOGORGON.

I spoke but as ye speak,
 For Jove is the supreme of living things.

ASIA.

Who is the master of the slave ?

DEMOGORGON.

If the abyss
 Could vomit forth its secrets. But a voice
 Is wanting, the deep truth is imageless ;
 For what would it avail to bid thee gaze
 On the revolving world ? What to bid speak
 Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance and Change ? To these
 All things are subject but eternal Love.

ASIA.

So much I asked before, and my heart gave
 The response thou hast given ; and of such truths
 Each to itself must be the oracle.
 One more demand ; and do thou answer me
 As my own soul would answer, did it know

That which I ask. Prometheus shall arise
Henceforth the sun of this rejoicing world :
When shall the destined hour arrive ?

DEMOGORGON.

Behold !

ASIA.

The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingèd steeds
Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all
Sweep onward.

DEMOGORGON.

These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

ASIA.

A spirit with a dreadful countenance
Checks its dark chariot by the craggy gulf.
Unlike thy brethren, ghastly charioteer,
Who art thou ? Whither wouldst thou bear me ? Speak !

SPIRIT.

I am the shadow of a destiny
More dread than is my aspect : ere yon planet
Has set, the darkness which ascends with me
Shall wrap in lasting night heaven's kingless throne.

ASIA.

What meanest thou ?

PANTHEA.

That terrible shadow floats
Up from its throne, as may the lurid smoke
Of earthquake-ruined cities o'er the sea,
Lo ! it ascends the car ; the coursers fly
Terrified : watch its path among the stars
Blackening the night !

ASIA.

Thus I am answered : strange !

PANTHEA.

See, near the verge, another chariot stays ;
An ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire,
Which comes and goes within its sculptured rim
Of delicate strange tracery ; the young spirit
That guides it has the dove-like eyes of hope ;

How its soft smiles attract the soul ! as light
Lures wingèd insects through the lampless air.

SPIRIT.

My coursers are fed with the lightning,
They drink of the whirlwind's stream,
And when the red morning is brightening
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam ;
They have strength for their swiftmess I deem,
Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

I desire : and their speed makes night kindle ;
I fear : they outstrip the Typhoon ;
Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle
We encircle the earth and the moon :
We shall rest from long labors at noon :
Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

SCENE V.

The Car pauses within a Cloud on the top of a snowy Mountain.
ASIA, PANTHEA and the SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

SPIRIT.

On the brink of the night and the morning
My coursers are wont to respire ;
But the Earth has just whispered a warning
That their flight must be swifter than fire :
They shall drink the hot speed of desire !

ASIA.

Thou breathest on their nostrils, but my breath
Would give them swifter speed.

SPIRIT.

Alas ! it could not.

PANTHEA.

Oh Spirit ! pause, and tell whence is the light
Which fills the cloud ?— the sun is yet unrisen.

SPIRIT.

The sun will rise not till noon. Apollo
Is held in heaven by wonder ; and the light
Which fills this vapor, as the aërial hue
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,
Flows from thy mighty sister.

PANTHEA.

Yes, I feel—

ASIA.

What is it with thee, sister ? Thou art pale.

PANTHEA.

How thou art changed ! I dare not look on thee.

I feel but see thee not. I scarce endure
 The radiance of thy beauty. Some good change
 Is working in the elements, which suffer
 Thy presence thus unvail'd. The Nereids tell
 That on the day when the clear hyaline
 Was cloven at thy uprise, and thou didst stand
 Within a vein'd shell, which floated on
 Over the calm floor of the crystal sea,
 Among the Ægean isles, and by the shores
 Which bear thy name: love, like the atmosphere
 Of the sun's fire filling the living world,
 Burst from thee, and illumined earth and heaven
 And the deep ocean and the sunless caves
 And all that dwells within them; till grief cast
 Eclipse upon the soul from which it came:
 Such art thou now: nor is it I alone,
 Thy sister, thy companion, thine own chosen one,
 But the whole world which seeks thy sympathy,
 Hearest thou not sounds i' the air which speak the love
 Of all articulate beings? Feelest thou not
 The inanimate winds enamored of thee? List! [*Music.*]

ASIA.

Thy words are sweeter than aught else but his
 Whose echoes they are: yet all love is sweet,
 Given or returned. Common as light is love,
 And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
 Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air.
 It makes the reptile equal to the god:
 They who inspire it most are fortunate,
 As I am now; but those who feel it most
 Are happier still, after long sufferings,
 As I shall soon become.

PANTHEA.

List! Spirits, speak.

VOICE (*in the air, singing*).

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
 With their love the breath between them;
 And thy smiles before they dwindle
 Make the cold air fire: then screen them
 In those looks where whoso gazes
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.
 Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
 Through the vest which seems to hide them;
 As the radiant lines of morning
 Through the clouds, ere they divide them;
 And this atmosphere divinest
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.
 Fair are others; none beholds thee,
 But thy voice sounds low and tender
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee
 From the sight, that liquid splendor,

And all feel, yet see thee never,
As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !

ASIA.

My soul is an enchanted boat
Which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
While all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses !
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In Music's most serene dominions ;
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
But by the instinct of sweet music driven ;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnacle glided,
The boat of my desire is guided :
Realms where the air we breathe is love,
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,
Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above.

We have passed Age's icy caves,
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray :
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day ;
A paradise of vaulted bowers
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths that wind between
Wildernesses calm and green,
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And rest, having beheld ; somewhat like thee ;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously !

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Heaven.—JUPITER on his *Throne*; THETIS and the other *Deities* assembled.

JUPITER.

YE congregated powers of heaven, who share
The glory and the strength of him ye serve,
Rejoice! henceforth I am omnipotent.
All else had been subdued to me; alone
The soul of man, like unextinguished fire,
Yet burns toward Heaven with fierce reproach and doubt
And lamentation and reluctant prayer,
Hurling up insurrection, which might make
Our antique empire insecure, though built
On eldest faith, and hell's coeval, fear;
And though my curses through the pendulous air,
Like snow on herbless peaks, fall flake by flake,
And cling to it; though under my wrath's night
It climb the crags of life, step after step,
Which wound it, as ice wounds unsandaled feet,
It yet remains supreme o'er misery,
Aspiring, unrepressed, yet soon to fall:
Even now have I begotten a strange wonder,
That fatal child, the terror of the earth,
Who waits but till the destined hour arrive,
Bearing from Demogorgon's vacant throne
The dreadful might of ever-living limbs
Which clothed that awful spirit unbeheld,
To redescend, and trample out the spark.

Pour forth heaven's wine, Idæan Ganymede,
And let it fill the Dædal cups like fire,
And from the flower-inwoven soil divine,
Ye all-triumphant harmonies arise,
As dew from earth under the twilight stars:
Drink! be the nectar circling through your veins
The soul of joy, ye ever-living gods,
Till exultation burst in one wide voice
Like music from Elysian winds.

And thou
Ascend beside me, veiled in the light
Of the desire which makes thee one with me,
Thetis, bright image of eternity!
When thou didst cry, "Insufferable might!
God! Spare me! I sustain not the quick flames,
The penetrating presence; all my being,
Like him whom the Numidian seps did thaw
Into a dew with poison, is dissolved,

Sinking through its foundations :” even then
 Two mighty spirits, mingling made a third
 Mightier than either, which unbodied now
 Between us floats, felt although unbeheld
 Waiting the incarnation which ascends
 (Hear ye the thunder of the fiery wheels
 Griding the winds ?) from Demogorgon’s throne.
 Victory ! victory ! Feelest thou not, O world !
 The earthquake of his chariot thundering up
 Olympus ?

[*The Car of the HOUR arrives. — DEMOGORGON descends
 and moves toward the Throne of Jupiter.*

Awful shape, what art thou ? Speak !

DEMOGORGON.

Eternity. Demand no direr name.
 Descend, and follow me down the abyss.
 I am thy child as thou wert Saturn’s child ;
 Mightier than thee : and we must dwell together
 Henceforth in darkness. Lift thy lightnings not.
 The tyranny of heaven none may retain
 Or re-assume or hold, succeeding thee :
 Yet if thou wilt, as ’tis the destiny
 Of trodden worms to writhe till they are dead,
 Put forth thy might.

JUPITER.

Detested prodigy !
 Even thus beneath the deep Titanian prisons
 I trample thee ! thou lingerest ?

Mercy ! mercy !
 No pity, no release, no respite ! Oh
 That thou wouldst make mine enemy my judge,
 Even where he hangs, seared by my long revenge,
 On Caucasus ! he would not doom me thus.
 Gentle and just and dreadless, is he not
 The monarch of the world ? What then art thou ?
 No refuge ! no appeal !

Sink with me then,
 We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin,
 Even as a vulture and a snake outspent
 Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,
 Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock
 Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire,
 And whelm on them into the bottomless void
 This desolated world and thee and me,
 The conqueror and the conquered, and the wreck
 Of that for which they combated.

Ai ! Ai !

The elements obey me not. I sink
 Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.
 And like a cloud mine enemy above
 Darkens my fall with victory ! Ai, Ai !

SCENE II.

The Mouth of a great River in the Island Atlantis.— OCEAN is discovered reclining near the Shore ; APOLLO stands beside him.

OCEAN.

HE fell, thou sayest, beneath his conqueror's frown ?

APOLLO.

Ay, when the strife was ended which made dim
The orb I rule, and shook the solid stars,
The terrors of his eye illumined heaven
With sanguine light, through the thick ragged skirts
Of the victorious darkness, as he fell :
Like the last glare of day's red agony,
Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

OCEAN.

He sunk to the abyss ? To the dark void ?

APOLLO.

An eagle so caught in some bursting cloud
On Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes
Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now blinded
By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail
Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length
Prone and the aërial ice clings over it.

OCEAN.

Henceforth the fields of heaven-reflecting sea
Which are my realm, will heave unstained with blood
Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains of corn
Swayed by the summer air ; my streams will flow
Round many-peopled continents, and round
Fortunate isles ; and from their glassy thrones
Blue Proteus and his humid nymphs shall mark
The shadow of fair ships, as mortals see
The floating bark of the light-laden moon
With that white star, its sightless pilot's crest,
Borne down the rapid sunset's ebbing sea ;
Tracking their path no more by blood and groans
And desolation and the mingled voice
Of slavery and command ; but by the light
Of wave reflected flowers and floating odors
And music soft and mild, free, gentle voices,
That sweetest music such as spirits love.

APOLLO.

And I shall gaze not on the deeds which make
My mind obscure with sorrow, as eclipse
Darkens the sphere I guide ; but list, I hear
The small, clear, silver lute of the young Spirit
That sits i' the morning star.

OCEAN.

Thou must away ;
 Thy steeds will pause at even : till when farewell :
 The loud deep calls me home even now to feed it
 With azure calm out of the emerald urns
 Which stand for ever full beside my throne.
 Behold the Nereids under the green sea,
 Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-like stream,
 Their white arms lifted o'er their streaming hair
 With garlands pied and starry sea-flower crowns,
 Hastening to grace their mighty sister's joy.
 [A sound of waves is heard.]
 It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.
 Peace, monster ; I come now. Farewell.

APOLLO.

Farewell.

SCENE III.

Caucasus. — PROMETHEUS, HERCULES, IONE, the EARTH, SPIRITS, ASIA, and PANTHEA, borne in the car with the SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

HERCULES *unbinds* PROMETHEUS, *who descends.*

HERCULES.

Most glorious among spirits ! thus doth strength
 To wisdom, courage and long-suffering love,
 And thee, who art the form they animate,
 Minister like a slave.

PROMETHEUS.

Thy gentle words
 Are sweeter even than freedom long desired
 And long delayed.

Asia, thou light of life,
 Shadow of beauty unbeheld : and ye,
 Fair sister nymphs, who made long years of pain
 Sweet to remember, through your love and care ;
 Henceforth we will not part. There is a cave
 All overgrown with trailing odorous plants
 Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,
 And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain
 Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.
 From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,
 Like snow or silver or long diamond spires,
 Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light :
 And there is heard the ever-moving air,
 Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds
 And bees ; and all around are mossy seats,
 And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass ;

A simple dwelling, which shall be our own ;
 Where we will sit and talk of time and change,
 As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.
 What can hide man from mutability ?
 And if ye sigh, then I will smile ; and thou,
 Ione, shall chant fragments of sea-music,
 Until I weep, when ye shall smile away
 The tears she brought, which yet were sweet to shed.
 We will entangle buds and flowers and beams
 Which twinkle on the fountain's brim, and make
 Strange combinations out of common things,
 Like human babes in their brief innocence ;
 And we will search with looks and words of love
 For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,
 Our unexhausted spirits ; and like lutes
 Touched by the skill of the enamored wind,
 Weave harmonics divine, yet ever new,
 From difference sweet where discord can not be ;
 And hither come, sped on the charmed winds,
 Which meet from all the points of heaven, as bees
 From every flower aërial Enna feeds,
 At their known island-homes in Himera,
 The echoes of the human world, which tell
 Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,
 And dove-eyed pity's murmured pain, and music,
 Itself the echo of the heart, and all
 That tempers or improves man's life, now free ;
 And lovely apparitions, dim at first,
 Then radiant, as the mind, arising bright
 From the embrace of beauty, whence the forms
 Of which these are the phantoms, casts on them
 The gathered rays which are reality,
 Shall visit us, the progeny immortal
 Of Painting, Sculpture and rapt Poesy,
 And arts, though unimagined, yet to be.
 The wandering voices and the shadows these
 Of all that man becomes, the mediators
 Of that best worship, love, by him and us
 Given and returned ; swift shapes and sounds, which grow
 More fair and soft as man grows wise and kind,
 And veil by veil, evil and error fall :
 Such virtue has the cave and place around.

[*Turning to the* SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

For thee, fair Spirit, one toil remains. Ione,
 Give her that curved shell, which Proteus old
 Made Asia's nuptial boon, breathing within it
 A voice to be accomplished, and which thou
 Didst hide in grass under the hollow rock.

IONE.

Thou most desired Hour, more loved and lovely
 Than all thy sisters, this the mystic shell ;
 See the pale azure fading into silver

Lining it with a soft yet glowing light :
Looks it not like lulled music sleeping there ?

SPIRIT.

It seems in truth the fairest shell of ocean :
Its sound must be at once both sweet and strange.

PROMETHEUS.

Go, borne over the cities of mankind
On whirlwind footed coursers : once again
Outspeed the sun around the orbèd world ;
And as thy chariot cleaves the kindling air.
Thou breathe into the many-folded shell,
Loosening its mighty music ; it shall be
As thunder mingled with clear echoes : then
Return ; and thou shalt dwell beside our cave.

And thou, O Mother Earth !—

THE EARTH.

I hear, I feel ;
Thy lips are on me, and thy touch runs down
Even to the adamantine central gloom
Along these marble nerves : 'tis life, 'tis joy,
And through my withered, old and icy frame
The warmth of an immortal youth shoots down
Circling. Henceforth the many children fair
Folded in my sustaining arms ; all plants
And creeping forms and insects rainbow-winged
And birds and beasts and fish and human shapes,
Which drew disease and pain from my wan bosom,
Draining the poison of despair, shall take
And interchange sweet nutriment ; to me
Shall they become like sister-antelopes
By one fair dam, snow white and swift as wind,
Nursed among lilies near a brimming stream.
The dew-mists of my sunless sleep shall float
Under the stars like balm : night-folded flowers
Shall suck unwithering hues in their repose :
And men and beasts in happy dreams shall gather
Strength for the coming day, and all its joy :
And death shall be the last embrace of her
Who takes the life she gave, even as a mother,
Folding her child. says, " Leave me not again."

ASIA.

Oh, mother ! wherefore speak the name of death ?
Cease they to love and move and breathe and speak,
Who die ?

THE EARTH.

It would avail not to reply :
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is known
But to the uncommunicating dead.
Death is the vail which those who live call life :
They sleep, and it is lifted : and meanwhile

In mild variety the seasons mild
 With rainbow-skirted showers and odorous winds,
 And long blue meteors cleansing the dull night,
 And the life-kindling shafts of the keen sun's
 All-piercing bow, and the dew-mingled rain
 Of the calm moonbeams, a soft influence mild
 Shall clothe the forests and the fields, ay, even
 The crag-built deserts of the barren deep,
 With ever-living leaves and fruits and flowers.
 And thou! There is a cavern where my spirit
 Was panted forth in anguish while thy pain
 Made my heart mad, and those that did inhale it
 Became mad too, and built a temple there,
 And spoke, and were oracular, and lured
 The erring nations round to mutual war
 And faithless faith, such as Jove kept with thee:
 Which breath now rises, as among tall weeds
 A violet's exhalation, and it fills
 With a serener light and crimson air
 Intense, yet soft, the rocks and woods around;
 It feeds the quick growth of the serpent vine,
 And the dark linked ivy tangling wild,
 And budding, blown or odor-faded blooms
 Which star the winds with points of colored light,
 As they rain through them, and bright golden globes
 Of fruit, suspended in their own green heaven,
 And through their veined leaves and amber stems
 The flowers whose purple and translucent bowls
 Stand ever mantling with ærial dew,
 The drink of spirits: and it circles round,
 Like the soft waving wings of noonday dreams,
 Inspiring calm and happy thoughts, like mine,
 Now thou art thus restored. This cave is thine.
 Arise! appear!

[A SPIRIT rises in the likeness of a winged child.]

This is my torch-bearer;
 Who let his lamp out in old time with gazing
 On eyes from which he kindled it anew
 With love, which is as fire, sweet daughter mine,
 For such is that within thine own. Run, wayward,
 And guide this company beyond the peak
 Of Bacchic Nysa, Mænad-haunted mountain,
 And beyond Iudus and its tribute rivers,
 Trampling the torrent streams and glassy lakes
 With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying,
 And up the green ravine, across the vale,
 Beside the windless and crystalline pool,
 Where ever lies, on unceasing waves,
 The image of a temple, built above,
 Distinct with column, arch and architrave
 And palm-like capital and over-wrought,
 And populous most with living imagery,
 Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles

Fill the hushed air with everlasting love.
 It is deserted now, but once it bore
 thy name, Prometheus; there the emulous youths
 sore to thy honor through the divine gloom
 The lamp which was thine emblem: even as those
 Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope
 Into the grave, across the night of life,
 As thou hast borne it most triumphantly
 To this far goal of Time. Depart: farewell.
 Beside that temple is the destined cave.

SCENE IV.

*A Forest.—In the Back-ground a Cave.—*PROMETHEUS, ASIA,
 PANTHEA, IONE, and the SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

IONE.

SISTER, it is not earthly: how it glides
 Under the leaves! how on its head there burns
 A light, like a green star, whose emerald beams
 Are twined with its fair hair! how, as it moves,
 The splendor drops in flakes upon the grass!
 Knowest thou it?

PANTHEA.

It is the delicate spirit
 That guides the earth through heaven. From afar
 The populous constellations call that light
 The loveliest of the planets; and sometimes
 It floats along the spray of the salt sea.
 Or makes its chariot of a foggy cloud,
 Or walks through fields or cities while men sleep,
 Or o'er the mountain-tops or down the rivers
 Or through the green waste wilderness, as now,
 Wondering at all it sees. Before Jove reigned
 It loved our sister Asia, and it came
 Each leisure hour to drink the liquid light
 Out of her eyes, for which it said it thirsted
 As one bit by a dipsas, and with her
 It made its childish confidence, and told her
 All it had known or seen, for it saw much,
 Yet idly reasoned what it saw: and called her—
 For whence it sprung it knew not, nor do I—
 "Mother, dear mother."

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH (*running to ASIA.*)

Mother, dearest mother!

May I then talk with thee as I was wont?
 May I then hide my eyes in thy soft arms,
 After thy looks have made them tired of joy?
 May I then play beside thee the long noons,
 When work is none in the bright silent air?

ASIA.

I love thee, gentlest being! and henceforth
Can cherish thee unenvied. Speak, I pray :
Thy simple talk once solaced, now delights.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

Mother, I am grown wiser, though a child
Can not be wise like thee, within this day ;
And happier too—happier and wiser both.
Thou knowest that toads and snakes and loathly worms
And venomous and malicious beasts, and boughs
That bore ill berries in the woods, were ever
A hindrance to my walks o'er the green world :
And that among the haunts of humankind
Hard-featured men, or with proud, angry looks,
Or cold, staid gait, or false and hollow smiles,
Or the dull sneer of self-loved ignorance.
Or other such foul masks, with which ill thoughts
Hide that fair being whom we spirits call man ;
And women too, ugliest of all things evil
(Though fair, even in a world where thou art fair,
When good and kind, free and sincere like thee),
When false or frowning made me sick at heart
To pass them, though they slept, and I unseen.
Well, my path lately lay through a great city
Into the woody hills surrounding it :
A sentinel was sleeping at the gate :
When there was heard a sound so loud it shook
The towers amid the moonlight, yet more sweet
Than any voice but thine, sweetest of all ;
A long, long sound, as it would never end :
And all the inhabitants leaped suddenly
Out of their rest, and gathered in the streets,
Looking in wonder up to heaven, while yet
The music pealed along. I hid myself
Within a fountain in the public square,
Where I lay like the reflex of the moon
Seen in a wave under green leaves : and soon
Those ugly human shapes and visages
Of which I spoke as having wrought me pain,
Passed floating through the air, and fading still
Into the winds that scattered them ; and those
From whom they passed seemed mild and lovely forms
After some foul disguise had fallen, and all
Were somewhat changed — and after brief surprise
And greetings of delighted wonder, all
Went to their sleep again : and when the dawn
Came, wouldst thou think that toads and snakes and efts
Could e'er be beautiful ? yet so they were,
And that with little change of shape or hue :
All things had put their evil nature off :
I can not tell my joy, when o'er a lake
Upon a drooping bough with nightshade twined,
I saw two azure halcyons clinging downward

And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries,
 With quick long beaks, and in the deep there lay
 Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky ;
 So with my thoughts full of these happy changes,
 We meet again, the happiest change of all.

ASIA.

And never will we part, till thy chaste sister
 Who guides the frozen and inconstant moon
 Will look on thy more warm and equal light
 Till her heart thaw like flakes of April snow,
 And love thee.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

What—as Asia loves Prometheus ?

ASIA.

Peace, wanton, thou art yet not old enough.
 Think ye by gazing on each other's eyes
 To multiply your lovely selves, and fill
 With spherèd fires the interlunar air ?

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

Nay, mother, while my sister trims her lamp
 'Tis hard I should go darkling.

ASIA.

Listen : look !

[*The SPIRIT OF THE HOUR enters.*]

PROMETHEUS.

We feel what thou hast heard and seen : yet speak.

SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

Soon as the sound had ceased whose thunder filled
 The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,
 There was a change : the impalpable thin air
 And the all-circling sunlight were transformed,
 As if the sense of love, dissolved in them,
 Had folded itself round the spherèd world.
 My vision then grew clear, and I could see
 Into the mysteries of the universe :
 Dizzy as with delight I floated down,
 Winnowing the lightsome air with languid plumes,
 My coursers sought their birthplace in the sun,
 Where they henceforth will live exempt from toil,
 Pasturing flowers of vegetable fire.
 And where my moonlight car will stand within
 A temple, gazed upon by Phidian forms
 Of thee and Asia and the Earth and me
 And you fair nymphs, looking the love we feel,
 In memory of the tidings it has borne,
 Beneath a dome fretted with graven flowers,
 Poised on twelve columns of resplendent stone,
 And open to the bright and liquid sky.
 Yoked to it by an amphisbenic snake

The likeness of those wingèd steeds will mock
 The flight from which they find repose. Alas !
 Whither has wandered now my partial tongue
 When all remains untold which ye would hear ?
 As I have said, I floated to the earth :
 It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss
 To move, to breathe, to be ; I wandering went
 Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,
 And first was disappointed not to see
 Such mighty change as I had felt within
 Expressed in outward things ; but soon I looked,
 And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked
 One with the other even as spirits do :
 None fawned, none trampled ; hate, disdain or fear,
 Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows
 No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
 " All hope abandon ye who enter here ;"
 None frowned, none trembled, none with eager fear
 Gazed on another's eye of cold command,
 Until the subject of a tyrant's will
 Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,
 Which spurred him, like an outspent horse, to death.
 None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines
 Which smiled the lie his tongue disdained to speak ;
 None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own heart
 The sparks of love and hope till there remained
 Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed,
 And the wretch crept a vampire among men,
 Infecting all with his own hideous ill ;
 None talked that common, false, cold, hollow talk
 Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes,
 Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy
 With such a self-mistrust as has no name.
 And women, too, frank, beautiful and kind
 As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
 On the wide earth, passed ; gentle radiant forms,
 From custom's evil taint exempt and pure ;
 Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,
 Looking emotions once they feared to feel,
 And changed to all which once they dared not be,
 Yet being now, made earth like heaven ; nor pride
 Nor jealousy nor envy nor ill shame.
 The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,
 Spoil the sweet taste of the nepenthe, love.
 Thrones, altars, judgement-seats and prisons—wherein,
 And beside which, by wretched men were borne
 Sceptres, tiaras, swords and chains and tomes
 Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignorance,
 Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes,
 The ghosts of a no-more remembered fame,
 Which from their unworn obelisks look forth
 In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs
 Of those who were their conquerors : mouldering round

Those imaged to the pride of kings and priests,
 A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide
 As is the world it wasted, and are now
 But an astonishment ; even so the tools
 And emblems of its last captivity,
 Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,
 Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now.
 And those foul shapes, abhorred by god and man,
 Which, under many a name and many a form,
 Strange, savage, ghastly, dark and execrable,
 Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world ;
 And which the nations, panic-stricken, served
 With blood, and hearts broken by long hope, and love
 Dragged to his altars soiled and garlandless,
 And slain among men's unreclaiming tears,
 Flattering the thing they feared, which fear was hate,
 Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their abandoned shrines :
 The painted vail, by those who were, called life,
 Which mimicked, as with colors idly spread,
 All men believed and hoped, is torn aside ;
 The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
 Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
 Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
 Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
 Over himself ; just, gentle, wise : but man
 Passionless — no, yet free from guilt or pain,
 Which were, for his will made or suffered them,
 Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
 From chance and death and mutability,
 The clogs of that which else might oversoar
 The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
 Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



ACT IV.

SCENE — *A part of the Forest near the Cave of PROMETHEUS. —*
 PANTHEA and IONE are sleeping : they awaken gradually during
 the first Song.

VOICE OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE pale stars are gone !
 For the sun their swift shepherd
 To their folds them compelling,
 In the depths of the dawn,

Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
 Beyond his blue dwelling,
 As fawns flee the leopard,
 But where are ye ?

A Train of dark Forms and Shadows passes by, confusedly singing.

Here, oh ! here !
 We bear the bier
 Of the Father of many a canceled year !
 Spectres we
 Of the dead Hours be,
 We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.
 Strew, oh ! strew
 Hair, not yew !
 Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew !
 Be the faded flowers
 Of Death's bare bowers
 Spread on the corpse of the king of Hours !

Haste, oh haste !
 As shades are chased,
 Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue waste.
 We melt away,
 Like dissolving spray,
 From the children of a diviner day,
 With the lullaby
 Of winds that die
 On the bosom of their own harmony.

IONE.

What dark forms were they ?

PANTHEA.

The past Hours weak and gray,
 With the spoil which their toil
 Raked together
 From the conquest but One could foil.

IONE.

Have they past ?

PANTHEA.

They have past ;
 They outsped the blast,
 While 'tis said they are fled :

IONE.

Whither, oh whither ?

PANTHEA.

To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

VOICE OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.

Bright clouds float in heaven,
 Dew-stars gleam on earth,
 Waves assemble on ocean,
 They are gathered and driven

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

By the storm of delight, by the panic of glee !
 They shake with emotion,
 They dance in their mirth.
 But where are ye ?

The pine boughs are singing
 Old songs with new gladness,
 The billows and fountains
 Fresh music are flinging.
 Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea ;
 The storms mock the mountains
 With the thunder of gladness.
 But where are ye ?

IONE.

What charioteers are these ?

PANTHEA.

Where are their chariots ?

SEMICHORUS OF HOURS.

The voice of the Spirits of Air and of Earth
 Have drawn back the figured curtain of sleep
 Which covered our being and darkened our birth
 In the deep.

A VOICE.

In the deep ?

SEMICHORUS II.

Oh ! below the deep.

SEMICHORUS I.

A hundred ages we had been kept
 Cradled in visions of hate and care,
 And each one who waked as his brother slept,
 Found the truth—

SEMICHORUS II.

Worse than his visions were !

SEMICHORUS I.

We have heard the lute of Hope in sleep ;
 We have known the voice of Love in dreams ;
 We have felt the wand of Power, and leap—

SEMICHORUS II.

As the billows leap in the morning beams !

CHORUS.

Weave the dance on the floor of the breeze,
 Pierce with song heaven's silent light,
 Enchant the day that too swiftly flees,
 To check its flight ere the cave of night.

Once the hungry Hours were hounds
 Which chased the Day like a bleeding deer,
 And it limped and stumbled with many wounds
 Through the nightly dells of the desert Year.

But now, oh ! weave the mystic measure
 Of music and dance and shapes of light,
 Let the Hours and the spirits of night and pleasure
 Like the clouds and sunbeams unite.

A VOICE.

Unite.

PANTHEA.

See, where the Spirits of the human mind
 Wrapped in sweet sounds, as in bright veils, approach !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We join the throng
 Of the dance and the song,
 By the whirlwind of gladness borne along ;
 As the flying-fish leap
 From the Indian deep,
 And mix with the sea-birds half asleep.

CHORUS OF HOURS.

Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,
 For sandals of lightning are on your feet,
 And your wings are soft and swift as thought,
 And your eyes are as love which is veiled not ?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We come from the mind
 Of human kind,
 Which was late so dusk and obscene and blind ;
 Now 'tis an ocean
 Of clear emotion,
 A heaven of serene and mighty motion.

From that deep abyss
 Of wonder and bliss,
 Whose caverns are crystal palaces ;
 From those skiey towers
 Where Thought's crowned powers
 Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours !

From the dim recesses
 Of woven caresses,
 Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses ;
 From the azure isles,
 Where sweet Wisdom smiles,
 Delaying your ships with her siren wiles.

From the temples high
 Of man's ear and eye,
 Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy ;
 From the murmurings
 Of the unsealed springs
 Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.

Years after years,
 Through blood and tears
 And a thick hell of hatreds and hopes and fears,

We faded and flew,
 And the islets were few
 Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness grew.

Our feet now, every palm,
 Are sandaled with calm,
 And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm ;
 And beyond our eyes
 The human love lies
 Which makes all it gazes on paradise.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND HOURS.

Then weave the web of the mystic measure ;
 From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
 Come, swift Spirits of might and of pleasure,
 Fill the dance and the music of mirth,
 As the waves of a thousand streams rush by
 To an ocean of splendor and harmony !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Our spoil is won,
 Our task is done,
 We are free to dive or soar or run ;
 Beyond and around,
 Or within the bound
 Which clips the world with darkness round.

We'll pass the eyes
 Of the starry skies
 Into the hoar deep to colonize :
 Death, Chaos and Night
 From the sound of our flight
 Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.

And Earth, Air and Light,
 And the Spirit of Might,
 Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight :
 And Love, Thought and Breath,
 The powers that quell Death,
 Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.

And our singing shall build
 In the void's loose field
 A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield ;
 We will take our plan
 From the new world of man,
 And our work shall be called the Promethean.

CHORUS OF HOURS.

Break the dance, and scatter the song ;
 Let some depart, and some remain.

SEMICHORUS I.

We beyond heaven are driven along :

SEMICHORUS II.

Us the enchantments of earth retain :

SEMICHORUS I.

Ceaseless and rapid and fierce and free
 With the spirits which build a new earth and sea,
 And a heaven where yet heaven could never be.

SEMICHORUS II.

Solemn and slow and serene and bright,
 Leading the Day, and outspeeding the Night,
 With the powers of a world of perfect light.

SEMICHORUS I.

We whirl, singing loud, round the gathering sphere,
 Till the trees and the beasts and the clouds appear
 From its chaos made calm by love, not fear.

SEMICHORUS II.

We encircle the ocean and mountains of earth,
 And the happy forms of its death and birth
 Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

CHORUS OF HOURS AND SPIRITS.

Break the dance, and scatter the song,
 Let some depart, and some remain,
 Wherever we fly we lead along
 In leashes, like star-beams, soft yet strong,
 The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain.

PANTHEA.

Ha! they are gone!

IONE.

Yet feel you no delight
 From the past sweetness?

PANTHEA.

As the bare green hill
 When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,
 Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water
 To the unpavilioned sky!

IONE.

Even while we speak
 New notes arise. What is that awful sound?

PANTHEA.

'Tis the deep music of the rolling world,
 Kindling within the strings of the waved air
 Æolian modulations.

IONE.

Listen too,
 How every pause is filled with under-notes,
 Clear, silvery, icy, keen awakening tones,
 Which pierce the sense and live within the soul,
 As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air
 And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

PANTHEA.

But see where, through two openings in the forest
 Which hanging branches overcanopy,
 And where two runnels of a rivulet,
 Between the close moss, violet inwoven,
 Have made their path of melody, like sisters
 Who part with sighs that they may meet in smiles,
 Turning their dear disunion to an isle
 Of lovely grief, a wood of sweet sad thoughts;
 Two visions of strange radiance float upon
 The ocean-like enchantment of strong sound,
 Which flows intenser, keener, deeper yet
 Under the ground and through the windless air.

IONE.

I see a chariot like that thinnest boat
 In which the mother of the months is borne
 By ebbing night into her western cave,
 When she upsprings from interlunar dreams,
 O'er which is curbed an orblike canopy
 Of gentle darkness, and the hills and woods
 Distinctly seen through that dusk airy veil.
 Regard like shapes in an enchanter's glass;
 Its wheels are solid clouds, azure and gold,
 Such as the genii of the thunder-storm
 Pile on the floor of the illumined sea
 When the sun rushes under it; they roll
 And move and grow as with an inward wind;
 Within it sets a winged infant, white
 Its countenance, like the whiteness of bright snow,
 Its plumes are as feathers of sunny frost,
 Its limbs gleam white, through the wind-flowing folds
 Of its white robe, woof of ethereal pearl.
 Its hair is white, the brightness of white light
 Scattered in strings; yet its two eyes are heavens
 Of liquid darkness, which the Deity
 Within seems pouring, as a storm is poured
 From jagged clouds, out of their arrowy lashes,
 Tempering the cold and radiant air around
 With fire that is not brightness; in its hand
 It sways a quivering moon-beam, from whose point
 A guiding power directs the chariot's prow
 Over its wheeled clouds, which as they roll
 Over the grass and flowers and waves wake sounds,
 Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew.

PANTHEA.

And from the other opening in the wood
 Rushes, with loud and whirlwind harmony,
 A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,
 Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass
 Flow, as through empty space, music and light:
 Ten thousand orbs involving and involved,
 Purple and azure, white, green and golden,

Sphere within sphere ; and every space between
 Peopled with unimaginable shapes,
 Such as ghosts dream dwell in the lampless deep,
 Yet each inter-transpicuous, and they whirl
 Over each other with a thousand motions,
 Upon a thousand sightless axles spinning,
 And with the force of self-destroying swiftness,
 Intensely, slowly, solemnly roll on,
 Kindling with mingled sounds, and many tones,
 Intelligible words and music wild.
 With mighty whirl the multitudinous orb
 Grinds the bright brook into an azure mist
 Of elemental subtlety, like light ;
 And the wild odor of the forest flowers,
 The music of the living grass and air,
 The emerald light of leaf-entangled beams
 Round its intense yet self-conflicting speed
 Seem kneaded into one ærial mass
 Which drowns the sense. Within the orb itself,
 Pillowed upon its alabaster arms,
 Like to a child o'er wearied with sweet toil,
 On its own folded wings and wavy hair,
 The Spirit of the Earth is laid asleep,
 And you can see its little lips are moving
 Amid the changing light of their own smiles,
 Like one who talks of what he loves in dream.

IONE.

'Tis only mocking the orb's harmony.

PANTHEA.

And from a star upon its forehead shoot,
 Like swords of azure fire, or golden spears
 With tyrant-quelling myrtle overtined,
 Embleming heaven and earth united now,
 Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel
 Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,
 Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings,
 And perpendicular now, and now transverse,
 Pierce the dark soil, and as they pierce and pass,
 Make bare the secrets of the earth's deep heart ;
 Infinite mine of adamant and gold,
 Valueless stones and unimagined gems,
 And caverns on crystalline columns poised
 With vegetable silver overspread ;
 Wells of unfathomed fire, and water springs
 Whence the great sea, even as a child is fed,
 Whose vapors clothe earth's monarch mountain-tops
 With kingly, ermine snow. The beams flash on
 And make appear the melancholy ruins
 Of canceled cycles ; anchors, beaks of ships ;
 Planks turned to marble ; quivers, helms and spears,
 And gorgon-headed targes, and the wheels
 Of sythed chariots, and the emblazoury

Of trophies, standards and armorial beasts,
 Round which death laughed, sepulchred emblems
 Of dead destruction, ruin within ruin !
 The wrecks beside of many a city vast,
 Whose population which the earth grew over
 Was mortal, but not human ; see, they lie
 Their monstrous works, and uncouth skeletons,
 Their statues, homes and fanes ; prodigious shapes
 Huddled in gray annihilation, split,
 Jammed in the hard, black deep ; and over these,
 The anatomies of unknown winged things,
 And fishes which were isles of living scale,
 And serpents, bony chains, twisted around
 The iron crags, or within heaps of dust
 To which the tortuous strength of their last pangs
 Had crushed the iron crags ; and over these
 The jagged alligator, and the might
 Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once
 Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy shores,
 And weed-overgrown continents of earth,
 Increased and multiplied like summer worms
 On an abandoned corpse, till the blue globe
 Wrapt deluge round it like a cloak, and they
 Yelled, gasped, and were abolished ; or some god
 Whose throne was in a comet, past, and cried,
 Be not ! And like my words they were no more.

THE EARTH.

The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness !
 The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,
 The vaporous exultation not to be confined !
 Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight
 Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
 And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.

THE MOON.

Brother mine, calm wanderer,
 Happy globe of land and air,
 Some spirit is darted like a beam from thee,
 Which penetrates my frozen frame,
 And passes with the warmth of flame,
 With love and odor and deep melody
 Through me, through me !

THE EARTH.

Ha ! ha ! the caverns of my hollow mountains,
 My cloven fire-crags, sound-exulting fountains,
 Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter.
 The oceans and the deserts and the abysses
 And the deep air's unmeasured wildernesses,
 Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing after.

They cry aloud as I do. Sceptred curse,
 Who all our green and azure universe
 Threatenedst to muffle round with black destruction sending

A solid cloud to rain hot thunder-stones,
 And splinter and knead down my children's bones,
 All I bring forth, to one void mass battering and blending

Until each crag-like tower and storied column,
 Palace and obelisk and temple solemn,
 My imperial mountains crowned with cloud and snow and fire;
 My sea-like forests, every blade and blossom
 Which finds a grave or cradle in my bosom,
 Were stamped by thy strong hate into a lifeless mire.

How art thou sunk, withdrawn, covered, drunk up
 By thirsty nothing, as the brackish cup
 Drained by a desert-troop, a little drop for all;
 And from beneath, around, within, above,
 Filling thy void annihilation, love
 Bursts in like light on caves cloven by the thunder-ball.

THE MOON.

The snow upon my lifeless mountains
 Is loosened into living fountains,
 My solid oceans flow and sing and shine :
 A spirit from my heart bursts forth,
 It clothes with unexpected birth
 My cold bare bosom : Oh ! it must be thine
 On mine, on mine !

Gazing on thee I feel, I know,
 Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow,
 And living shapes upon my bosom move :
 Music is in the sea and air,
 Winged clouds soar here and there,
 Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of :
 'Tis love, all love !

THE EARTH.

It interpenetrates my granite mass,
 Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass
 Into the utmost leaves and delicatest flowers ;
 Upon the winds, among the clouds 'tis spread,
 It wakes a life in the forgotten dead,
 They breathe a spirit up from their obscurest bowers.

And like a storm bursting its cloudy prison
 With thunder and with whirlwind has arisen
 Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being :
 With earthquake shock and swiftness making shiver
 Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved for ever,
 Till hate and fear and pain light-vanquished shadows, fleeing,

Leave Man, who was a many-sided mirror,
 Which could distort to many a shape of error,
 This true fair world of things, a sea reflecting love ;
 Which over all his kind, as the sun's heaven
 Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene and even
 Darting from stary depths radiance and light, doth move ;

Leave Man, even as a leprous child is left,
 Who follows a sick beast to some warm cleft
 Of rocks, through which the might of healing springs is poured,
 Then when it wanders home with rosy smile,
 Unconscious, and its mother fears awhile
 It is a spirit, then weeps on her child restored.

Man, oh, not men! a chain of linked thought,
 Of love and might to be divided not,
 Compelling the elements with adamantine stress;
 As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze,
 The unquiet republic of the maze
 Of planets, struggling fierce toward heaven's free wilderness.

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
 Whose nature is its own divine control,
 Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea;
 Familiar acts are beautiful through love;
 Labor and pain and grief in life's green grove
 Sport like tame beasts, none knew how gentle they could be!
 His will, with all mean passions, bad delights
 And selfish cares, its trembling satellites,
 A spirit ill to guide but mighty to obey,
 Is as a tempest-winged ship, whose helm
 Love rules through waves which dare not overwhelm,
 Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway.

All things confess his strength. Through the cold mass
 Of marble and of color his dreams pass;
 Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their children wear;
 Language is a perpetual Orphic song,
 Which rules with Dædal harmony a throng
 Of thoughts and forms which else senseless and shapeless were.
 The lightning is his slave; heaven's utmost deep
 Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep
 They pass before his eye, are numbered, and roll on!
 The tempest is his steed, he strides the air;
 And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare,
 Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me; I have none.

THE MOON.

The shadow of white death has past
 From my path in heaven at last,
 A clinging shroud of solid frost and sleep;
 And through my newly-woven bowers,
 Wander happy paramours,
 Less mighty, but as mild as those who keep
 Thy vales more deep.

THE EARTH.

As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold
 A half unfrozen dew-globe, green and gold
 And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist,
 And wanders up the vault of the blue day,
 Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray
 Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst.

THE MOON.

Thou art folded, thou art lying
 In the light which is undying
 Of thine own joy and heaven's smile divine ;
 All suns and constellations shower
 On thee a light, a life, a power
 Which doth array thy sphere ; thou pourest thine
 On mine, on mine !

THE EARTH.

I spin beneath my pyramid of night,
 Which points into the heavens dreaming delight,
 Murmuring victorious joy in my enchanted sleep ;
 As a youth lulled in love-dreams faintly sighing,
 Under the shadow of his beauty lying,
 Which round his rest a watch of light and warmth doth keep.

THE MOON.

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
 When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,
 High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull ;
 So, when thy shadow falls on me,
 Then am I mute and still, by thee
 Covered ; of thy love, Orb most beautiful,
 Full, oh, too full !

Thou art speeding round the sun,
 Brightest world of many a one ;
 Green and azure sphere which shinest
 With a light which is divinest
 Among all the lamps of heaven
 To whom life and light is given ;
 I, thy crystal paramour,
 Borne beside thee by a power
 Like the polar paradise,
 Magnet-like, of lovers' eyes ;
 I, a most enamored maiden.
 Whose weak brain is overladen
 With the pleasure of her love,
 Maniac-like around thee move
 Gazing, an insatiate bride,
 On thy form from every side,
 Like a Mænad, round the cup
 Which Agave lifted up
 In the weird Cadmæan forest.
 Brother, wheresoe'er thou soarest
 I must hurry, whirl and follow
 Through the heavens wide and hollow,
 Sheltered by the warm embrace
 Of thy soul from hungry space.
 Drinking from thy sense and sight
 Beauty, majesty and might,
 As a lover or chameleon
 Grows like what it looks upon,

As a violet's gentle eye
 Gazes on the azure sky
 Until its hue grows like what it beholds,
 As a gray and watery mist
 Glows like solid amethyst
 Athwart the western mountain it enfolds
 When the sunset sleeps
 Upon its snow,

THE EARTH.

And the weak day weeps
 That it should be so.
 O gentle Moon, the voice of thy delight
 Falls on me like thy clear and tender light
 Soothing the seaman, borne the summer night
 Through isles for ever calm ;
 O gentle Moon, thy crystal accents pierce
 The caverns of my pride's deep universe,
 Charming the tiger Joy, whose trappings fierce
 Made wounds which need thy balm.

PANTHEA.

I rise as from a bath of sparkling water,
 A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,
 Out of the stream of sound.

IONE.

Ah me ! sweet sister,
 The stream of sound has ebbed away from us,
 And you pretend to rise out of its wave,
 Because your words fall like the clear soft dew
 Shaken from a bathing wood-nymph's limbs and hair.

PANTHEA.

Peace ! peace !—a mighty Power, which is as darkness,
 Is rising out of Earth, and from the sky
 Is showered like night, and from within the air
 Bursts, like eclipse which had been gathered up
 Into the pores of sunlight : the bright visions
 Wherein the singing spirits rode and shone,
 Gleam like pale meteors through a watery night.

IONE.

There is a sense of words upon mine ear.

PANTHEA.

A universal sound like words : oh, list !

DEMOGORGON.

Thou, Earth, calm empire of a happy soul,
 Sphere of divinest shapes and harmonies,
 Beautiful orb ! gathering as thou dost roll
 The love which paves thy path along the skies :

THE EARTH.

I hear : I am as a drop of dew that dies.

DEMOGORGON.

Thou, Moon, which gazest on the nightly Earth
 With wonder, as it gazes upon thee ;
 While each to men and beasts and the swift birth
 Of birds, is beauty, love, calm, harmony :

THE MOON.

I hear : I am a leaf shaken by thee !

DEMOGORGON.

Ye kings of suns and stars ! demons and gods,
 Ethereal dominations ! who possess
 Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes
 Beyond heaven's constellated wilderness :

A VOICE FROM ABOVE.

Our great republic hears : we are blest, and bless.

DEMOGORGON.

Ye happy dead ! whom beams of brightest verse
 Are clouds to hide, not colors to portray,
 Whether your nature is that universe
 Which once ye saw and suffered —

A VOICE FROM BENEATH.

Or as they
 Whom we have left, we change and pass away.

DEMOGORGON.

Ye elemental Genii, who have homes
 From man's high mind even to the central stone
 Of sullen lead — from heaven's star-fretted domes
 To the dull weed some sea-worm battens on :

A CONFUSED VOICE.

We hear : thy words waken Oblivion.

DEMOGORGON.

Spirits ! whose homes are flesh ; ye beasts and birds,
 Ye worms and fish ; ye living leaves and buds ;
 Lightning and wind ; and ye untamable herds,
 Meteors and mists, which throng air's solitudes :

A VOICE.

Thy voice to us is wind among still woods.

DEMOGORGON.

Man ! who wert once a despot and a slave ;
 A dupe and a deceiver ; a decay ;
 A traveler from the cradle to the grave
 Through the dim night of this immortal day :

ALL.

Speak ! thy strong words may never pass away.

DEMOGORGON.

This the day, which down the void abyss
 At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,

And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep :
 Love, from its awful throne of patient power
 In the wise heart — from the last giddy hour
 Of dread endurance — from the slippery, steep
 And narrow verge of crag-like agony — springs
 And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom and Endurance —
 These are the seals of that most firm assurance
 Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength ;
 And if, with infirm hand. Eternity,
 Mother of many acts and hours, should free
 The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
 These are the spells by which to reäsume
 An empire o'er the disentangled doom :

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite ;
 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night.
 To defy Power, which seems omnipotent ;
 To love and bear ; to hope till Hope creates
 From its own wreck the thing it contemplates :
 Neither to change nor falter nor repent ;
 This, like thy glory, Titan ! is to be
 Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free ;
 This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory !

END OF PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

NOTE ON THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

On the 12th of March, 1818, Shelley quitted England, never to return. His principal motive was the hope that his health would be improved by a milder climate ; he suffered very much during the winter previous to his emigration, and this decided his vacillating purpose. In December, 1817, he had written from Marlow to a friend, saying :

“ My health has been materially worse. My feelings at intervals are of a deadly and torpid kind, or awakened to such a state of unnatural and keen excitement, that only to instance the organ of sight, I find the very blades of grass and the boughs of distant trees present themselves to me with microscopic distinctness. Toward evening I sink into a state of lethargy and inanimation, and often remain for hours on the sofa between sleep and waking, a prey to the most painful irritability of thought. Such, with little intermission, is my condition. The hours devoted to study are selected with vigilant caution from among these periods of endurance. It is not for this that I think of traveling to Italy, even if I knew that Italy would relieve me. But I have experienced a decisive pulmonary attack, and although at present it has passed away without any considerable vestige of its existence, yet this symptom sufficiently shows the true nature of my disease to be consumptive. It is to my advantage that this malady is in its nature slow, and, if one is sufficiently alive to its advances, is susceptible of cure from a warm climate. In the event of its assuming any decided shape, *it would be my duty* to go to Italy without delay. It is not mere health, but life, that I should seek, and that not for my own sake ; I feel I am capable of trampling on all such weakness — but for the sake of those to whom my life may be a source of happiness, utility, security and honor — and to some of whom my death might be all that is the reverse.”

In almost every respect his journey to Italy was advantageous. He left behind friends to whom he was attached, but cares of a thousand kinds, many springing from his lavish generosity, crowded round him in his native country, and except the society of one or two friends, he had no compensation. The climate caused him to consume half his existence in helpless suffering. His dearest pleasure, the free enjoyment of the scenes of nature, was marred by the same circumstance.

He went direct to Italy, avoiding even Paris, and did not make any pause till he arrived at Milan. The first aspect of Italy enchanted

Shelley ; it seemed a garden of delight placed beneath a clearer and brighter heaven than any he had lived under before. He wrote long descriptive letters during the first year of his residence in Italy, which, as compositions, are the most beautiful in the world, and show how truly he appreciated and studied the wonders of nature and art in that divine land.

The poetical spirit within him speedily revived with all the power and with more than all the beauty of his first attempts. He meditated three subjects as the groundwork for lyrical dramas. One was the story of Tasso ; of this a slight fragment of a song of Tasso remains. The other was one founded on the book of Job, which he never abandoned in idea, but of which no trace remains among his papers. The third was the 'Prometheus Unbound.' The Greek tragedians were now his most familiar companions in his wanderings, and the sublime majesty of Æschylus filled him with wonder and delight. The father of Greek tragedy does not possess the pathos of Sophocles nor the variety and tenderness of Euripedes ; the interest on which he founds his dramas is often elevated above human vicissitudes into the mighty passions and throes of gods and demigods — such fascinated the abstract imagination of Shelley.

We spent a month at Milan, visiting the lake of Como during that interval. Thence we passed in succession to Pisa, Leghorn, the Baths of Lucca, Venice, Este, Rome, Naples, and back again to Rome, whither we returned early in March, 1819. During all this time Shelley meditated the subject of his drama, and wrote portions of it. Other poems were composed during this interval, and while at the Bagni di Lucca he translated Plato's 'Symposium.' But though he diversified his studies, his thoughts centered in the 'Prometheus.' At last, when at Rome, during a bright and beautiful spring, he gave up his whole time to the composition. The spot selected for his study was, as he mentions in his preface, the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. These are little known to the ordinary visitor at Rome. He describes them in a letter with that poetry and delicacy and truth of description which render his narrated impressions of scenery of unequalled beauty and interest.

At first he completed the drama in three acts. It was not till several months after, when at Florence, that he conceived that a fourth act, a sort of hymn of rejoicing in the fulfillment of the prophecies with regard to Prometheus, ought to be added to complete the composition.

The prominent feature of Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was, that evil is not inherent in the system of the creation, but an accident that might be expelled. This also forms a portion of Christianity ; God made earth and man perfect, till he, by his fall,

" Brought death into the world and all our woe."

Shelley believed that mankind had only to will that there should be no evil, and there would be none. It is not my part in these notes to notice the arguments that have been urged against this opinion, but to mention the fact that he entertained it, and was indeed attached to it with fervent enthusiasm. That man could be so perfectionized as to be able to expel evil from his own nature and from the greater part of the creation, was the cardinal point of his system. And the subject he loved best to dwell on was the image of One warring against the Evil Principle, oppressed not only by it but by all, even the good, who were de'uded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity. A victim full of fortitude and hope, and the spirit of triumph emanating from a reliance in the ultimate omnipotence of good — such he had depicted in his last poem, when he made Laon the enemy and the victim of tyrants. He now took a more idealized image of the same sub-

ject. He followed certain classical authorities in figuring Saturn as the good principle, Jupiter the usurping evil one, and Prometheus as the regenerator, who, unable to bring mankind back to primitive innocence, used knowledge as a weapon to defeat evil, by leading mankind beyond the state wherein they are sinless through ignorance, to that in which they are virtuous through wisdom. Jupiter punished the temerity of the Titan by chaining him to a rock of Caucasus, and causing a vulture to devour his still-renewed heart. There was a prophecy afloat in heaven portending the fall of Jove, the secret of which was known only to Prometheus; and the god offered freedom from torture on condition of its being communicated to him. According to the mythological story this referred to the offspring of Thetis, who was destined to be greater than his father. Prometheus at last bought pardon for his crime of enriching mankind with his gifts, by revealing the prophecy. Hercules killed the vulture, and set him free, and Thetis was married to Peleus, the father of Achilles.

Shelley adapted the catastrophe of this story to his peculiar views. The son, greater than his father, born of the nuptials of Jupiter and Thetis, was to dethrone Evil, and bring back a happier reign than that of Saturn. Prometheus defies the power of his enemy, and endures centuries of torture, till the hour arrives when Jove, blind to the real event, but darkly guessing that some great good to himself will flow, espouses Thetis. At the moment the Primal Power of the world drives him from his usurped throne, and Strength, in the person of Hercules, liberates Humanity, typified in Prometheus, from the tortures generated by evil done or suffered. Asia, one of the Oceanides, is the wife of Prometheus: she was, according to other mythological interpretations, the same as Venus and Nature. When the Benefactor of Mankind is liberated, Nature resumes the beauty of her prime, and is united to her husband, the emblem of the human race, in perfect and happy union. In the Fourth Act the poet gives further scope to his imagination, and idealizes the forms of creation, such as we know them, instead of such as they appeared to the Greeks. Maternal Earth, the mighty parent, is superseded by the Spirit of the Earth—the guide of our planet through the realms of sky—while his fair and weaker companion and attendant, the Spirit of the Moon, receives bliss from the annihilation of Evil in the superior sphere.

Shelley develops, more particularly in the lyrics of this drama, his abstruse and imaginative theories with regard to the Creation. It requires a mind as subtle and penetrating as his own to understand the mystic meanings scattered throughout the poem. They elude the ordinary reader by their abstraction and delicacy of distinction, but they are far from vague. It was his design to write prose metaphysical essays on the nature of man, which would have served to explain much of what is obscure in his poetry; a few scattered fragments of observations and remarks alone remain. He considered these philosophical views of mind and nature to be instinct with the intensest spirit of poetry.

More popular poets clothe the ideal with familiar and sensible imagery. Shelley loved to idealize the real—to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to bestow such also on the most delicate and abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind. Sophocles was his great master in this species of imagery.

I find in one of his manuscript books some remarks on a line in the 'Edipus Tyrannus,' which shows at once the critical subtlety of Shelley's mind, and explains his apprehension of those 'minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us,' which he pronounces, in the letter quoted in the note to the 'Revolt of Islam,' to comprehend all that is sublime in man:

“ In the Greek Shakspeare, Sophocles, we find the image —

Πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις.

A line of almost unfathomable depth of poetry, yet how simple are the images in which it is arrayed ! —

Coming to many ways in the wanderings of careful thought.

If the words *οδοὺς* and *πλάνοις* had not been used, the line might have been explained in a metaphorical instead of an absolute sense, as we say ‘ways and means,’ and wanderings for error and confusion ; but they meant literally paths or roads, such as we tread with our feet ; and wanderings, such as a man makes when he loses himself in a desert, or roams from city to city, as Œdipus, the speaker of this verse, was destined to wander, blind and asking charity. What a picture does this line suggest of the mind as a wilderness of intricate paths, wide as the universe, which is here made its symbol, a world within a world, which he, who seeks some knowledge with respect to what he ought to do, searches throughout, as he would search the external universe for some valued thing which was hidden from him upon its surface !”

In reading Shelley’s poetry, we often find similar verses, resembling but not imitating the Greek in this species of imagery ; for though he adopted the style, he gifted it with that originality of form and coloring which sprung from his own genius.

In the ‘Prometheus Unbound,’ Shelley fulfills the promise quoted from a letter in a note on the ‘Revolt of Islam.’* The tone of the composition is calmer and more majestic, the poetry more perfect as a whole, and the imagination displayed at once more pleasingly beautiful and more varied and daring. The description of the Hours, as they are seen in the cave of Demogorgon, is an instance of this ; it fills the mind as the most charming picture. We long to see an artist at work to bring to our view the

————— “cars drawn by rainbow-wingèd steeds,
Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer, urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet’s flashing hair : they all
Sweep onward.”

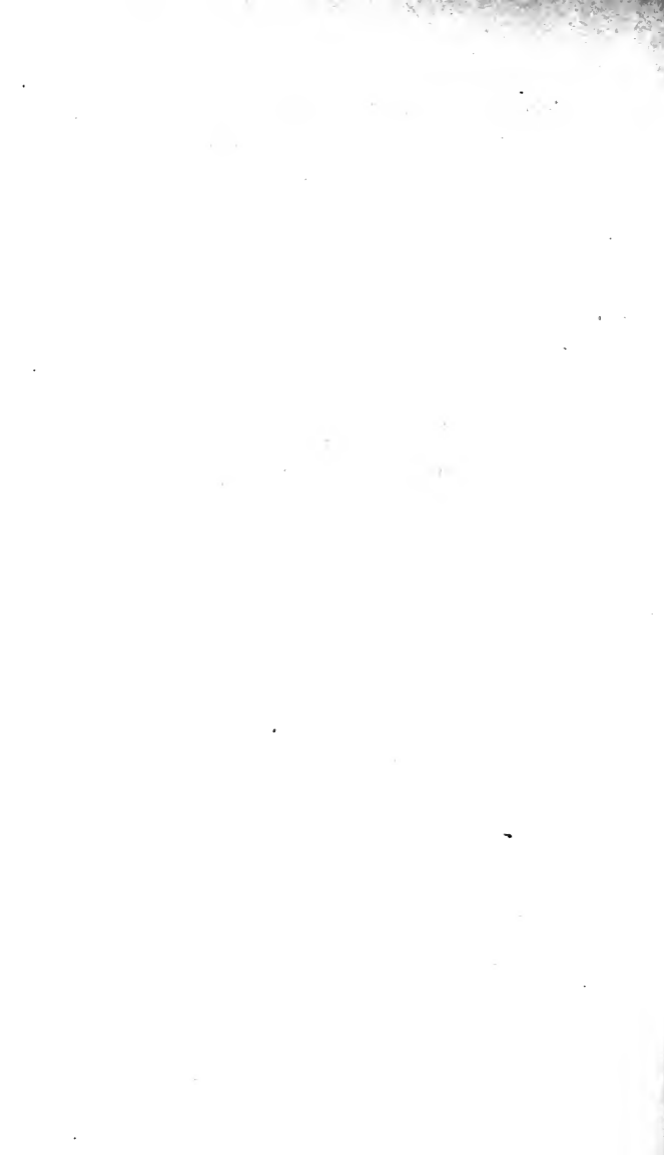
Through the whole poem there reigns a sort of calm and holy spirit of love ; it soothes the tortured, and is hope to the expectant, till the prophecy is fulfilled, and Love, untainted by any evil, becomes the law of the world.

England had been rendered a painful residence to Shelley, as much by the sort of persecution with which in those days all men of liberal opinions were visited, and by the injustice he had lately endured in the court of chancery, as by the symptoms of disease which made him re-

* While correcting the proof-sheets of that poem, it struck me that the poet had indulged in an exaggerated view of the evils of restored despotism, which, however injurious and degrading, were less openly sanguinary than the triumph of anarchy, such as it appeared in France at the close of the last century. But at this time a book — ‘Scenes of Spanish Life,’ translated by Lieutenant Crawford from the German of Dr. Huber of Rostock — fell into my hands. The account of the triumph of the priests and the ser-viles, after the French invasion of Spain in 1823, bears a strong and frightful resemblance to some of the descriptions of the massacre of the patriots in the ‘Revolt of Islam.’

gard a visit to Italy as necessary to prolong his life. An exile, and strongly impressed with the feeling that the majority of his countrymen regarded him with sentiments of aversion such as his own heart could experience toward none, he sheltered himself from such disgusting and painful thoughts in the calm retreats of poetry, and built up a world of his own, with the more pleasure, since he hoped to induce some one or two to believe that the earth might become such, did mankind themselves consent. The charm of the Roman climate helped to clothe his thoughts in greater beauty than they had ever worn before. And as he wandered among the ruins, made one with nature in their decay, or gazed on the Praxitelean shapes that throng the Vatican, the Capitol and the palaces of Rome, his soul imbibed forms of loveliness which became a portion of itself. There are many passages in the 'Prometheus' which show the intense delight he received from such studies, and give back the impression with a beauty of poetical description peculiarly his own. He felt this as a poet must feel when he satisfies himself by the result of his labors, and he wrote from Rome, "My 'Prometheus Unbound' is just finished, and in a month or two I shall send it. It is a drama, with characters and mechanism of a kind yet unattempted, and I think the execution is better than any of my former attempts."

I may mention, for the information of the more critical reader, that the verbal alterations in this edition of 'Prometheus' are made from a list of errata written by Shelley himself.



THE CENCI.

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.



DEDICATION.

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TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I INSCRIBE with your name, from a distant country, and after an absence whose months have seemed years, this the latest of my literary efforts.

Those writings which I have hitherto published have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience: they are dreams of what ought to be or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colors as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.

Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honorable, innocent and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler and in the highest sense of the word of purer life and manners, I never knew: and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list.

In that patient and irreconcilable enmity with domestic and political tyranny and imposture which the tenor of your life has illustrated and which, had I health and talents, should illustrate mine, let us, comforting each other in our task, live and die.

All happiness attend you !

Your affectionate friend,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

*Rome, May 29, 1819.*

## PREFACE.

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A MANUSCRIPT was communicated to me during my travels in Italy which was copied from the archives of the Cenci palace at Rome, and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city, during the pontificate of Clement VIII., in the year 1599. The story is, that an old man, having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred toward his children — which showed itself toward one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her mother-in-law and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden, who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror, was evidently a most gentle and amiable being — a creature formed to adorn and be admired, and thus violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstances and opinion. The deed was quickly discovered, and in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death. The old man had, during his life, repeatedly bought his pardon from the pope for capital crimes of the most enormous and unspeakable kind, at the price of a hundred thousand crowns; the death therefore of his victims can scarcely be accounted for by the love of justice. The pope, among other motives for severity, probably felt that whoever killed the Count Cenci, deprived his treasury of a certain and copious source of revenue.\* Such a story, if told so as to present to the reader all the feelings of those who once acted it — their hopes and fears, their confidences and misgivings, their various interests, passions and opinions, acting upon and with each other, yet all conspiring to one tremendous end — would be as a light to make apparent some of the most dark and secret caverns of the human heart.

On my arrival at Rome I found that the story of the Cenci was a subject not to be mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest, and that the feelings of the company never failed to incline to a romantic pity for the wrongs and a passionate exculpation of the horrible deed to which they urged her, who has been mingled two centuries with the common dust. All ranks of

\* The papal government formerly took the most extraordinary precautions against the publicity of facts which offer so tragical a demonstration of its own wickedness and weakness: so that the communication of the MS. had become, until very lately, a matter of some difficulty.

people knew the outlines of this history, and participated in the overwhelming interest which it seems to have the magic of exciting in the human heart. I had a copy of Guido's picture of Beatrice, which is preserved in the Colonna palace, and my servant instantly recognised it as the portrait of *La Cenci*.

This national and universal interest which the story produces and has produced for two centuries, and among all ranks of people in a great city, where the imagination is kept for ever active and awake, first suggested to me the conception of its fitness for a dramatic purpose. In fact, it is a tragedy which has already received, from its capacity of awakening and sustaining the sympathy of men, approbation and success. Nothing remained, as I imagined, but to clothe it to the apprehension of my countrymen in such language and action as would bring it home to their hearts. The deepest and the sublimest tragic compositions, 'King Lear' and the two plays in which the story of *Ædipus* is told, were stories which already existed in tradition, as matters of popular belief and interest, before Shakspeare and Sophocles made them familiar to the sympathy of all succeeding generations of mankind.

This story of the *Cenci* is indeed eminently fearful and monstrous : anything like a dry exhibition of it on the stage would be insupportable. The person who would treat such a subject must increase the ideal, and diminish the actual horror of the events, so that the pleasure which arises from the poetry which exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes, may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring. There must also be nothing attempted to make the exhibition subservient to what is vulgarly called a moral purpose. The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching of the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself—in proportion to the possession of which knowledge, every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind. If dogmas can do more it is well : but a drama is no fit place for the enforcement of them. Undoubtedly no person can be truly dishonored by the act of another ; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance, and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by peace and love. ( Revenge, retaliation, atonement, are pernicious mistakes. If Beatrice had thought in this manner, she would have been wiser and better ) but she would never have been a tragic character : the few whom such an exhibition would have interested, could never have been sufficiently interested for a dramatic purpose, from the want of finding sympathy in their interest among the mass who surround them. If it is in the restless and anatomizing casuistry with which men seek the justification of Beatrice, yet feel that she has done what needs justification ; it is in the superstitious horror with which they contemplate alike her wrongs and their revenge, that the dramatic character of what she did and suffered consists.

I have endeavored as nearly as possible to represent the characters as they probably were, and have sought to avoid the error of making them actuated by my own conceptions of right or wrong, false or true ; thus under a thin veil converting names and actions of the sixteenth century into cold impersonations of my own mind. They are represented as catholics, and as catholics deeply tinged with religion. To a protestant apprehension there will appear something unnatural in the earnest and perpetual sentiment of the relations between God and man which pervade the tragedy of the *Cenci*. It will especially be startled at the combination of an undoubting persuasion of the truth of the popular religion, with a cool and determined perseverance in enormous guilt. But religion in Italy is not, as in protestant countries, a cloak to be worn on particular days ; or a passport which those who do not wish to be railed at carry with them to exhibit ; or a gloomy

passion for penetrating the impenetrable mysteries of our being, which terrifies its possessor at the darkness of the abyss to the brink of which it has conducted him. Religion co-exists, as it were, in the mind of an Italian catholic with a faith in that of which all men have the most certain knowledge. It is interwoven with the whole fabric of life. It is adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiration: not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connection with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout, and, without any shock to established faith, confess himself to be so. Religion pervades intensely the whole frame of society, and is, according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse, a refuge: never a check. Cenci himself built a chapel in the court of his palace, and dedicated it to St. Thomas the apostle, and established masses for the peace of his soul. Thus in the first scene of the fourth act, Lucretia's design in exposing herself to the consequences of an expostulation with Cenci after having administered the opiate, was to induce him by a feigned tale to confess himself before death — this being esteemed by catholics as essential to salvation; and she only relinquishes her purpose when she perceives that her perseverance would expose Beatrice to new outrages.

I have avoided with great care in writing this play the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry, and I imagine there will scarcely be found a detached simile or a single isolated description, unless Beatrice's description of the chasm appointed for her father's murder should be judged to be of that nature.\*

In a dramatic composition the imagery and the passion should interpenetrate one another, the former being reserved simply for the full development and illustration of the latter. Imagination is as the immortal God which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion. It is thus that the most remote and the most familiar imagery may alike be fit for dramatic purposes when employed in the illustration of strong feeling, which raises what is low, and levels to the apprehension that which is lofty, casting over all the shadow of its own greatness. In other respects I have written more carelessly; that is, without an over-fastidious and learned choice of words. In this respect I entirely agree with those modern critics who assert that in order to move men to true sympathy we must use the familiar language of men; and that our great ancestors, the ancient English poets, are the writers a study of whom might incite us to do that for our own age which they have done for theirs. But it must be the real language of men in general, and not that of any particular class to whose society the writer happens to belong. So much for what I have attempted: I need not be assured that success is a very different matter; particularly for one whose attention has been but newly awakened to the study of dramatic literature.

I endeavored while at Rome to observe such monuments of this story as might be accessible to a stranger. The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna palace is most admirable as a work of art; it was taken by Guido during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features; she seems sad and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility

\* An idea in this speech was suggested by a most sublime passage in 'El Purgatorio de San Patricio' of Calderon — the only plagiarism which I have intentionally committed in the whole piece.

which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear ; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another ; her nature was simple and profound. The crines and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world.

The Cenci palace is of great extent ; and though in part modernized, there yet remains a vast and gloomy pile of feudal architecture in the same state as during the dreadful scenes which are the subject of this tragedy. The palace is situated in an obscure corner of Rome, near the quarter of the Jews, and from the upper windows you see the immense ruins of Mount Palatine half hidden under their profuse overgrowth of trees. There is a court in one part of the palace (perhaps that in which Cenci built the chapel to St. Thomas), supported by granite columns and adorned with antique friezes of fine workmanship, and built up, according to the ancient Italian fashion, with balcony over balcony of open work. One of the gates of the palace, formed of immense stones, and leading through a passage dark and lofty, and opening into gloomy subterranean chambers, struck me particularly.

Of the castle of Petrella, I could obtain no further information than that which is to be found in the manuscript.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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|                             |                                    |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| COUNT FRANCESCO CENCI.      | ORSINO, <i>a Prelate.</i>          |
| GIACOMO, } <i>his Sons.</i> | SAVELLA, <i>the Pope's Legate.</i> |
| BERNARDO, }                 | OLIMPIO, } <i>Assassins.</i>       |
| CARDINAL CAMILLO.           | MARZIO, }                          |

ANDREA, *Servant to CENCI.*  
*Nobles, Judges, Guards, Servants.*

LUCRETIA, *Wife of CENCI, and Step-mother of his Children.*  
BEATRICE, *his Daughter.*

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*The SCENE lies principally in Rome, but changes during the Fourth Act to Petrella, a Castle among the Apulian Apennines.*

TIME. — During the Pontificate of Clement VIII.





# THE CENCI.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the CENCI Palace.*

*Enter COUNT CENCI and CARDINAL CAMILLO.*

CAMILLO.

THAT matter of the murder is hushed up  
If you consent to yield his holiness  
Your fief that lies beyond the Pincian gate.—  
It needed all my interest in the conclave  
To bend him to this point : he said that you  
Bought perilous impunity with your gold ;  
That crimes like yours if once or twice compounded  
Enriched the church, and respited from hell  
An erring soul which might repent and live :  
But that the glory and the interest  
Of the high throne he fills little consist  
With making it a daily mart of guilt  
So manifold and hideous as the deeds  
Which you scarce hide from men's revolted eyes.

CENCI.

The third of my possessions—let it go !  
Ay, I once heard the nephew of the pope  
Had sent his architect to view the ground,  
Meaning to build a villa on my vines  
The next time I compounded with his uncle :  
I little thought he should outwit me so !  
Henceforth no witness— not the lamp— shall see  
That which the vassal threatened to divulge,  
Whose throat is choked with dust for his reward.  
The deed he saw could not have rated higher  
Than his most worthless life : it angers me !

Respited from hell! — So may the devil  
 Respite their souls from heaven. No doubt Pope Clement  
 And his most charitable nephews pray  
 That the apostle Peter and the saints  
 Will grant for their sake that I long enjoy  
 Strength, wealth and pride and lust, and length of days  
 Wherein to act the deeds which are the stewards  
 Of their revenue. — But much yet remains  
 To which they show no title.

CAMILLO.

Oh, Count Cenci!

So much that thou might'st honorably live,  
 And reconcile thyself with thine own heart  
 And with thy God and with the offended world.  
 How hideously look deeds of lust and blood  
 Through those snow-white and venerable hairs!  
 Your children should be sitting round you now,  
 But that you fear to read upon their looks  
 The shame and misery you have written there.  
 Where is your wife? Where is your gentle daughter?  
 Methinks her sweet looks, which make all things else  
 Beauteous and glad, might kill the fiend within you.  
 Why is she barred from all society  
 But her own strange and uncomplaining wrongs?  
 Talk with me, Count — you know I mean you well.  
 I stood beside your dark and fiery youth  
 Watching its bold and bad career, as men  
 Watch meteors, but it vanished not; I marked  
 Your desperate and remorseless manhood; now  
 Do I behold you, in dishonored age,  
 Charged with a thousand unrepented crimes —  
 Yet I have ever hoped you would amend,  
 And in that hope have saved your life three times.

CENCI.

For which Aldobrandino owes you now  
 My fief beyond the Pincian — Cardinal.  
 One thing, I pray you, recollect henceforth,  
 And so we shall converse with less restraint:  
 A man you knew spoke of my wife and daughter,  
 He was accustomed to frequent my house;  
 So the next day *his* wife and daughter came  
 And asked if I had seen him; and I smiled:  
 I think they never saw him any more.

CAMILLO.

Thou execrable man, beware! —

CENCI.

Of thee?

Nay, this is idle: we should know each other.  
 As to my character for what men call crime,  
 Seeing I please my senses as I list,  
 And vindicate that right with force or guile,

It is a public matter, and I care not  
 If I discuss it with you. I may speak  
 Alike to you and my own conscious heart;  
 For you give out that you have half reformed me,  
 Therefore strong vanity will keep you silent  
 If fear should not: both will, I do not doubt.  
 All men delight in sensual luxury,  
 All men enjoy revenge; and most exult  
 Over the tortures they can never feel —  
 Flattering their secret peace with others' pain.  
 But I delight in nothing else. I love  
 The sight of agony, and the sense of joy,  
 When this shall be another's, and that mine.  
 And I have no remorse and little fear,  
 Which are, I think, the checks of other men.  
 This mood has grown upon me, until now  
 Any design my captious fancy makes  
 The picture of its wish — and it forms none  
 But such as men like you would start to know —  
 Is as my natural food and rest debarred  
 Until it be accomplished.

CAMILLO.

Art thou not

Most miserable?

CENCI.

Why miserable? —

No. I am what your theologians call  
 Hardened; which they must be in impudence,  
 So to revile a man's peculiar taste.  
 True, I was happier than I am while yet  
 Manhood remained to act the thing I thought;  
 While lust was sweeter than revenge; and now  
 Invention palls. Ay, we must all grow old:  
 But that there yet remains a deed to act  
 Whose horror might make sharp an appetite  
 Duller than mine — I'd do — I know not what.  
 When I was young I thought of nothing else  
 But pleasure; and I fed on honey sweets:  
 Men, by St. Thomas! can not live like bees.  
 And I grew tired: yet, till I killed a foe,  
 And heard his groans and heard his children's groans,  
 Knew I not what delight was else on earth.  
 Which now delights me little. I the rather  
 Look on such pangs as terror ill conceals:  
 The dry, fixed eyeball; the pale, quivering lip,  
 Which tell me that the spirit weeps within  
 Tears bitterer than the bloody sweat of Christ.  
 I rarely kill the body, which preserves,  
 Like a strong prison, the soul within my power,  
 Wherein I feed it with the breath of fear  
 For hourly pain!

CAMILLO.

Hell's most abandoned fiend  
 Did never, in the drunkenness of guilt,  
 Speak to his heart as now you speak to me ;  
 I thank my God that I believe you not.

*Enter ANDREA.*

ANDREA.

My lord, a gentleman from Salamanca  
 Would speak with you.

CENCI.

Bid him attend me in the grand saloon. [*Exit ANDREA.*

CAMILLO.

Farewell : and I will pray  
 Almighty God that thy false, impious words  
 Tempt not his spirit to abandon thee. [*Exit CAMILLO.*

CENCI.

The third of my possessions ! I must use  
 Close husbandry, or gold, the old man's sword,  
 Falls from my withered hand. But yesterday  
 There came an order from the pope to make  
 Fourfold provision for my cursèd sons,  
 Whom I have sent from Rome to Salamanca,  
 Hoping some accident might cut them off ;  
 And meaning, if I could, to starve them there.  
 I pray thee, God, send some quick death upon them !  
 Bernardo and my wife could not be worse  
 If dead and damned : then, as to Beatrice —

*[Looking around him suspiciously.]*

I think they can not hear me at that door ;  
 What if they should ? And yet I need not speak,  
 Though the heart triumphs with itself in words,  
 O, thou most silent air, that shall not hear  
 What now I think ! Thou pavement, which I tread  
 Toward her chamber — let your echoes talk  
 Of my imperious step, scorning surprise,  
 But not of my intent ! — Andrea !

*Enter ANDREA.*

ANDREA.

My lord !

CENCI.

Bid Beatrice attend me in her chamber  
 This evening — no, at midnight, and alone. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Garden of the Cenci Palace.**Enter BEATRICE and ORSINO, as in conversation.*

BEATRICE.

PERVERT not truth,  
 Orsino. You remember where we held  
 That conversation — nay, we see the spot  
 Even from this cypress ; two long years are past  
 Since, on an April midnight, underneath  
 The moonlight ruins of Mount Palatine,  
 I did confess to you my secret mind.

ORSINO.

You said you loved me then.

BEATRICE.

You are a priest :  
 Speak to me not of love.

ORSINO.

I may obtain  
 The dispensation of the pope to marry.  
 Because I am a priest, do you believe  
 Your image, as the hunter some struck deer,  
 Follows me not whether I wake or sleep ?

BEATRICE.

As I have said, speak to me not of love ;  
 Had you a dispensation, I have not ;  
 Nor will I leave this home of misery  
 While my poor Bernard, and that gentle lady  
 To whom I owe life and these virtuous thoughts,  
 Must suffer what I still have strength to share.  
 Alas, Orsino ! All the love that once  
 I felt for you is turned to bitter pain.  
 Ours was a youthful contract, which you first  
 Broke, by assuming vows no pope will lose.  
 And thus I love you still, but holily,  
 Even as a sister or a spirit might ;  
 And so I swear a cold fidelity.  
 And it is well perhaps we shall not marry.  
 You have a sly, equivocating vein  
 That suits me not. Ah, wretched that I am !  
 Where shall I turn ? Even now you look on me  
 As you were not my friend, and as if you  
 Discovered that I thought so, with false smiles  
 Making my true suspicion seem your wrong.  
 Ah ! no, forgive me ; sorrow makes me seem  
 Sterner than else my nature might have been ;  
 I have a weight of melancholy thoughts.  
 And they forbode — but what can they forbode  
 Worse than I now endure ?

ORSINO.

All will be well.  
 Is the petition yet prepared? You know  
 My zeal for all you wish, sweet Beatrice;  
 Doubt not but I will use my utmost skill  
 So that the pope attend to your complaint.

BEATRICE.

Your zeal for all I wish? — Ah me, you are cold!  
 Your utmost skill — speak but one word —  
 (*Aside.*) Alas!

Weak and deserted creature that I am,  
 Here I stand bickering with my only friend!  
 (*To ORSINO.*)  
 This night my father gives a sumptuous feast,  
 Orsino; he has heard some happy news  
 From Salamanca, from my brothers there,  
 And with this outward show of love he mocks  
 His inward hate. 'Tis bold hypocrisy,  
 For he would gladlier celebrate their deaths,  
 Which I have heard him pray for on his knees:  
 Great God! that such a father should be mine! —  
 But there is mighty preparation made,  
 And all our kin, the Cenci, will be there,  
 And all the chief nobility of Rome.  
 And he has bidden me and my pale mother  
 Attire ourselves in festival array.  
 Poor lady! She expects some happy change  
 In his dark spirit from this act; I none.  
 At supper I will give you the petition:  
 Till when — farewell.

ORSINO.

Farewell. [*Exit BEATRICE.*  
 I know the pope

Will ne'er absolve me from my priestly vow  
 But by absolving me from the revenue  
 Of many a wealthy see; and, Beatrice,  
 I think to win thee at an easier rate.  
 Nor shall he read her eloquent petition:  
 He might bestow her on some poor relation  
 Of his sixth cousin, as he did her sister,  
 And I should be debarred from all access.  
 Then as to what she suffers from her father,  
 In all this there is much exaggeration;  
 Old men are testy and will have their way;  
 A man may stab his enemy or his vassal,  
 And live a free life as to wine or women,  
 And with a peevish temper may return  
 To a dull home, and rate his wife and children:  
 Daughters and wives call this foul tyranny.  
 I shall be well content if on my conscience  
 There rest no heavier sin than what they suffer  
 From the devices of my love — a net

From which she shall escape not. Yet I fear  
 Her subtle mind, her awe-inspiring gaze,  
 Whose beams anatomize me, nerve by nerve,  
 And lay me bare, and make me blush to see  
 My hidden thoughts. Ah, no! a friendless girl  
 Who clings to me, as to her only hope:  
 I were a fool, not less than if a panther  
 Were panic-stricken by the antelope's eye,  
 If she escape me.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*A magnificent Hall in the Cenci Palace.*

*Banquet.—Enter CENCI, LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, ORSINO, CAMILLO, NOBLES.*

CENCI.

WELCOME, my friends and kinsmen; welcome ye,  
 Princes and cardinals, pillars of the church,  
 Whose presence honors our festivity.  
 I have too long lived like an anchorite,  
 And, in my absence from your merry meetings,  
 An evil word is gone abroad of me;  
 But I do hope that you, my noble friends,  
 When you have shared the entertainment here,  
 And heard the pious cause for which 'tis given,  
 And we have pledged a health or two together,  
 Will think me flesh and blood as well as you;  
 Sinful indeed, for Adam made all so,  
 But tender-hearted, meek and pitiful.

FIRST GUEST.

In truth, my lord, you seem too light of heart,  
 Too sprightly and companionable a man,  
 To act the deeds that rumor pins on you.

[*To his companion.*]

I never saw such blithe and open cheer  
 In any eye!

SECOND GUEST.

Some most desired event,  
 In which we all demand a common joy,  
 Has brought us hither; let us hear it, Count.

CENCI.

It is indeed a most desired event.  
 If, when a parent, from a parent's heart,  
 Lifts from this earth to the great Father of all  
 A prayer, both when he lays him down to sleep  
 And when he rises up from dreaming it;  
 One supplication, one desire, one hope,  
 That he would grant a wish for his two sons,  
 Even all that he demands in their regard—

And suddenly, beyond his dearest hope,  
It is accomplished, he should then rejoice,  
And call his friends and kinsmen to a feast,  
And task their love to grace his merriment,  
Then honor me thus far — for I am he.

BEATRICE (*to LUCRETIA*).

Great God! how horrible! some dreadful ill  
Must have befallen my brothers.

LUCRETIA.

Fear not, child,

He speaks too frankly.

BEATRICE.

Ah! My blood runs cold,  
I fear that wicked laughter round his eye,  
Which wrinkles up the skin even to the hair.

CENCI.

Here are the letters brought from Salamanca;  
Beatrice, read them to your mother. God,  
I thank thee! In one night didst thou perform,  
By ways inscrutable, the thing I sought.  
My disobedient and rebellious sons  
Are dead! — Why dead! — What means this change of cheer?  
You hear me not, I tell you they are dead;  
And they will need no food or raiment more:  
The tapers that did light them the dark way  
Are their last cost. The Pope, I think, will not  
Expect I should maintain them in their coffins.  
Rejoice with me — my heart is wondrous glad.

BEATRICE. (*LUCRETIA sinks, half fainting; BEATRICE supports her.*)

It is not true! Dear lady, pray look up.  
Had it been true, there is a God in heaven,  
He would not live to boast of such a boon.  
Unnatural man, thou knowest that it is false.

CENCI.

Ay, as the word of God; whom here I call  
To witness that I speak the sober truth;  
And whose most favoring providence was shown  
Even in the manner of their deaths. For Rocco  
Was kneeling at the mass, with sixteen others,  
When the church fell and crushed him to a mummy,  
The rest escaped unhurt. Cristofano  
Was stabbed in error by a jealous man,  
While she he loved was sleeping with his rival;  
All in the self-same hour of the same night;  
Which shows that heaven has special care of me.  
I beg those friends who love me, that they mark  
The day a feast upon their calendars.  
It was the twenty-seventh of December:  
Ay, read the letters if you doubt my oath.

[*The assembly appears confused; several of the guests rise.*]



FIRST GUEST.

Oh, horrible! I will depart.

SECOND GUEST.

And I.

THIRD GUEST.

No, stay!

I do believe it is some jest, though faith  
 'Tis mocking us somewhat too solemnly.  
 I think his son has married the Infanta,  
 Or found a mine of gold in El Dorado:  
 'Tis but to season some such news; stay, stay!  
 I see 'tis only raillery by his smile.

CENCI (*filling a bowl of wine, and lifting it up*).

Oh, thou bright wine, whose purple splendor leaps  
 And bubbles gayly in this golden bowl  
 Under the lamp-light, as my spirits do,  
 To hear the death of my accursed sons!  
 Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,  
 Then would I taste thee like a sacrament,  
 And pledge with thee the mighty Devil in hell;  
 Who, if a father's curses, as men say,  
 Climb with swift wings after their children's souls,  
 And drag them from the very throne of heaven,  
 Now triumphs in my triumph! — But thou art  
 Superfluous; I have drunken deep of joy,  
 And I will taste no other wine to-night.  
 Here, Andrea! Bear the bowl around.

A GUEST (*rising*).

Thou wretch!

Will none among this noble company  
 Check the abandoned villain?

CAMILLO.

For God's sake,

Let me dismiss the guests! You are insane,  
 Some ill will come of this.

SECOND GUEST.

Seize, silence him!

FIRST GUEST.

I will!

THIRD GUEST.

And I!

CENCI (*addressing those who rise with a threatening gesture*).  
 Who moves? Who speaks?

[*Turning to the company.*

'Tis nothing,

Enjoy yourselves. Beware! for my revenge  
 Is as the sealed commission of a king,  
 That kills, and none dare name the murderer.

[*The banquet is broken up; several of the guests are departing.*

## BEATRICE.

I do entreat you, go not, noble guests ;  
 What although tyranny and impious hate  
 Stand sheltered by a father's hoary hair ?  
 What if 'tis he who clothed these limbs  
 Who tortures them, and triumphs ? What, if we,  
 The desolate and the dead, were his own flesh,  
 His children and his wife, whom he is bound  
 To love and shelter ? Shall we therefore find  
 No refuge in this merciless wide world ?  
 Oh, think what deep wrongs must have blotted out  
 First love, then reverence in a child's prone mind,  
 Till it thus vanquish shame and fear ! Oh, think !  
 I have borne much, and kissed the sacred hand  
 Which crushed us to the earth, and thought its stroke  
 Was perhaps some paternal chastisement !  
 Have excused much, doubted ; and when no doubt  
 Remained, have sought by patience, love and tears,  
 To soften him ; and when this could not be,  
 I have knelt down through the long sleepless nights,  
 And lifted up to God, the father of all,  
 Passionate prayers : and when these were not heard.  
 I have still borne : until I meet you here,  
 Princes and kinsmen, at this hideous feast  
 Given at my brothers' deaths. / Two yet remain,  
 His wife remains and I, whom, if ye save not,  
 Ye may soon share such merriment again  
 As fathers make over their children's graves ;  
 Oh ! Prince Colonna, thou art our near kinsman ;  
 Cardinal, thou art the pope's chamberlain ;  
 Camillo, thou art chief justiciary :  
 Take us away !

CENCI. (*He has been conversing with CAMILLO during the first part of BEATRICE'S speech ; he hears the conclusion, and now advances.*)

I hope my good friends here  
 Will think of their own daughters — or perhaps  
 Of their own throats — before they lend an ear  
 To this wild girl.

BEATRICE (*not noticing the words of CENCI*).

Dare no one look on me ?  
 None answer ? Can one tyrant overbear  
 The sense of many best and wisest men ?  
 Or is it that I sue not in some form  
 Of scrupulous law, that ye deny my suit ?  
 Oh, God ! that I were buried with my brothers !  
 And that the flowers of this departed spring  
 Were fading on my grave ! And that my father  
 Were celebrating now one feast for all !

## CAMILLO.

A bitter wish for one so young and gentle :  
 Can we do nothing ? —

COLONNA.

Nothing that I see.  
Count Cenci were a dangerous enemy :  
Yet I would second any one.

A CARDINAL.

And I.

CENCI.

Retire to your chamber, insolent girl !

BEATRICE.

Retire thou, impious man ! Ay, hide thyself  
Where never eye can look upon thee more !  
Wouldst thou have honor and obedience  
Who art a torturer ? Father, never dream,  
Though thou may'st overbear this company,  
But ill must come of ill. Frown not on me !  
Haste, hide thyself, lest with avenging looks  
My brothers' ghosts should hunt thee from thy seat !  
Cover thy face from every living eye,  
And start if thou but hear a human step :  
Seek out some dark and silent corner, there,  
Bow thy white head before offended God,  
And we will kneel around and fervently  
Pray that he pity both ourselves and thee.

CENCI.

My friends, I do lament this insane girl  
Has spoilt the mirth of our festivity.  
Good-night, farewell ; I will not make you longer  
Spectators of our dull domestic quarrels.  
Another time.— [*Exeunt all but CENCI and BEATRICE.*  
My brain is swimming round ;  
Give me a bowl of wine !

(*To BEATRICE*) Thou painted viper !  
Beast that thou art ! Fair and yet terrible !  
I know a charm shall make thee meek and tame—  
Now get thee from my sight ! [*Exit BEATRICE.*

Here, Andrea,  
Fill up this goblet with Greek wine. I said  
I would not drink this evening, but I must ;  
For, strange to say, I feel my spirits fail  
With thinking what I have decreed to do.  
[*Drinking the wine.*

Be thou the resolution of quick youth  
Within my veins, and manhood's purpose stern,  
And age's firm, cold, subtle villainy ;  
As if thou wert indeed my children's blood  
Which I did thirst to drink. The charm works well ;  
It must be done, it shall be done, I swear ! [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Cenci Palace.*

*Enter LUCRETIA and BERNARDO.*

LUCRETIA.

WEEP not, my gentle boy; he struck but me,  
Who have borne deeper wrongs. In truth, if he  
Had killed me, he had done a kinder deed.  
Oh, God Almighty, do thou look upon us —  
We have no other friend but only thee!  
Yet weep not; though I love you as my own,  
I am not your true mother.

BERNARDO.

Oh, more, more  
Than ever mother was to any child,  
That have you been to me! Had he not been  
My father, do you think that I should weep?

LUCRETIA.

Alas! poor boy, what else couldst thou have done?

*Enter BEATRICE.*

BEATRICE (*in a hurried voice*).

Did he pass this way? Have you seen him, brother?  
Ah! no, that is his step upon the stairs;  
'Tis nearer now; his hand is on the door;  
Mother, if I to thee have ever been  
A duteous child, now save me! Thou, great God,  
Whose image upon earth a father is,  
Dost thou indeed abandon me? He comes:  
The door is opening now; I see his face;  
He frowns on others, but he smiles on me,  
Even as he did after the feast last night.

*Enter a Servant.*

Almighty God, how merciful thou art!  
'Tis but Orsino's servant. — Well, what news?

SERVANT.

My master bids me say, the Holy Father  
Has sent back your petition thus unopened.  
[*Giving a paper.*]  
And he demands at what hour 'twere secure  
To visit you again?

LUCRETIA.

At the Ave Mary. [Exit Servant].  
So, daughter, our last hope has failed! Ah me!  
How pale you look! you tremble, and you stand

Wrapped in some fixed and fearful meditation,  
As if one thought were over strong for you :  
Your eyes have a chill glare ; oh, dearest child !  
Are you gone mad ? If not, pray speak to me.

BEATRICE.

You see I am not mad : I speak to you.

LUCRETIA.

You talked of something that your father did  
After that dreadful feast ? Could it be worse  
Than when he smiled and cried, ' My sons are dead !'  
And every one looked in his neighbor's face  
To see if others were as white as he ?  
At the first word he spoke I felt the blood  
Rush to my heart, and fell into a trance ;  
And when it passed I sat all weak and wild ;  
While you alone stood up, and with strong words  
Checked his unnatural pride : and I could see  
The devil was rebuked that lives in him.  
Until this hour thus you have ever stood  
Between us and your father's moody wrath  
Like a protecting presence ; your firm mind  
Has been our only refuge and defence :  
What can have thus subdued it ? What can now  
Have given you that cold melancholy look,  
Succeeding to your unaccustomed fear ?

BEATRICE.

What is it that you say ? I was just thinking  
'Twere better not to struggle any more.  
Men, like my father, have been dark and bloody,  
Yet never — O ! before worse comes of it,  
'Twere wise to die : it ends in that at last.

LUCRETIA.

Oh, talk not so, dear child ! Tell me at once  
What did your father do or say to you ?  
He stayed not after that accursèd feast  
One moment in your chamber. — Speak to me.

BERNARDO.

Oh, sister, sister, prithee, speak to us !

BEATRICE (*speaking very slowly with a forced calmness*).

It was one word, mother, one little word ;  
One look, one smile.

[*Wildly.*

Oh ! he has trampled me  
Under his feet, and made the blood stream down  
My pallid cheeks. And he has given us all  
Ditch-water and the fever-stricken flesh  
Of buffaloes, and bade us eat or starve,  
And we have eaten. He has made me look  
On my beloved Bernardo when the rust  
Of heavy chains has gangrened his sweet limbs,  
And I have never yet despaired — but now !

What would I say ?

[*Recovering herself*

Ah ! no, 'tis nothing new.

The sufferings we all share have made me wild :  
He only struck and cursed me as he passed ;  
He said, he looked, he did — nothing at all  
Beyond his wont, yet it disordered me.  
Alas ! I am forgetful of my duty,  
I should preserve my senses for your sake.

LUCRETIA.

Nay, Beatrice ; have courage, my sweet girl.  
If any one despairs it should be I,  
Who loved him once, and now must live with him  
Till God in pity call for him or me.  
For you may, like your sister, find some husband,  
And smile, years hence, with children round your knees ;  
While I, then dead, and all this hideous coil,  
Shall be remembered only as a dream.

BEATRICE.

Talk not to me, dear lady, of a husband.  
Did you not nurse me when my mother died ?  
Did you not shield me and that dearest boy ?  
And had we any other friend but you  
In infancy, with gentle words and looks,  
To win our father not to murder us ?  
And shall I now desert you ? "May the ghost  
Of my dead mother plead against my soul  
If I abandon her who filled the place  
She left, with more even than a mother's love !"

BERNARDO.

And I am of my sister's mind. Indeed  
I would not leave you in this wretchedness,  
Even though the pope should make me free to live  
In some blithe place, like others of my age,  
With sports and delicate food and the fresh air.  
Oh, never think that I will leave you, mother !

LUCRETIA.

My dear, dear children !

*Enter CENCI, suddenly.*

CENCI.

What ! Beatrice here ?

Come hither ! [*She shrinks back, and covers her face.*

Nay, hide not your face, 'tis fair :

Look up ! Why, yesternight you dared to look  
With disobedient insolence upon me,  
Bending a stern and an inquiring brow  
On what I meant ; while I then sought to hide  
That which I came to tell you — but in vain.

BEATRICE (*wildly, staggering toward the door*).

Oh, that the earth would gape ! Hide me, oh God !

CENCI.

Then it was I whose inarticulate words  
 Fell from my lips, who with tottering steps  
 Fled from your presence, as you now from mine.  
 Stay, I command you : from this day and hour  
 Never again, I think, with fearless eye,  
 And brow superior, and unaltered cheek,  
 And that lip made for tenderness or scorn,  
 Shalt thou strike dumb the meanest of mankind :  
 Me least of all. Now get thee to thy chamber !  
 Thou, too, loathed image of thy cursèd mother,

[To BERNARDO.

Thy milky, meek face makes me sick with hate !

[*Exeunt* BEATRICE and BERNARDO.

(*Aside.*) So much has passed between us as must make  
 Me bold, her fearful. — 'Tis an awful thing  
 To touch such mischief as I now conceive :  
 So men sit shivering on the dewy bank  
 And try the chill stream with their feet : once in —  
 How the delighted spirit pants for joy !

LUCRETIA (*advancing timidly toward him*).

Oh, husband ! Pray forgive poor Beatrice,  
 She meant not any ill.

CENCI.

Nor you, perhaps ?

Nor that young imp, whom you have taught by rote  
 Parricide with his alphabet ? Nor Giacomo ?  
 Nor those two most unnatural sons, who stirred  
 Enmity up against me with the pope ?  
 Whom in one night merciful God cut off :  
 Innocent lambs ! They thought not any ill.  
 You were not here conspiring ? You said nothing  
 Of how I might be dungeoned as a madman ;  
 Or be condemned to death for some offence,  
 And you would be the witnesses ? — This failing,  
 How just it were to hire assassins, or  
 Put sudden poison in my evening drink ?  
 Or smother me when overcome by wine ?  
 Seeing we had no other judge but God,  
 And he had sentenced me, and there were none  
 But you to be the executioners  
 Of his decree enregistered in heaven ?  
 Oh, no ! You said not this ?

LUCRETIA.

So help me God,  
 I never thought the things you charge me with !

CENCI.

If you dare speak that wicked lie again,  
 I'll kill you ! What ! it was not by your counsel  
 That Beatrice disturbed the feast last night ?  
 You did not hope to stir some enemies

Against me, and escape, and laugh to scorn  
 What every nerve of you now trembles at?  
 You judged that men were bolder than they are;  
 Few dare to stand between their grave and me.

LUCRETIA.

Look not so dreadfully! By my salvation  
 I knew not aught that Beatrice designed;  
 Nor do I think she designed anything  
 Until she heard you talk of her dead brothers.

CENCI.

Blaspheming liar! You are damned for this!  
 But I will take you where you may persuade  
 The stones you tread on to deliver you:  
 For men shall there be none but those who dare  
 All things; not question that which I command.  
 On Wednesday next I shall set out: you know  
 That savage rock, the Castle of Petrella;  
 'Tis safely walled, and moated round about:  
 Its dungeons under ground, and its thick towers,  
 Never told tales; though they have heard and seen  
 What might make dumb things speak. Why do you linger?  
 Make speediest preparation for the journey!

[Exit LUCRETIA.]

The all-beholding sun yet shines; I hear  
 A busy stir of men about the streets;  
 I see the bright sky through the window panes:  
 It is a garish, broad, and peering day;  
 Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears;  
 And every little corner, nook and hole,  
 Is penetrated with the insolent light.  
 Come, darkness! Yet, what is the day to me?  
 And wherefore should I wish for night, who do  
 A deed which shall confound both night and day?  
 'Tis she shall grope through a bewildering mist  
 Of horror: if there be a sun in heaven,  
 She shall not dare to look upon its beams,  
 Nor feel its warmth. Let her then wish for night;  
 The act I think shall soon extinguish all  
 For me: I bear a darker deadlier gloom  
 Than the earth's shade, or interlunar air,  
 Or constellations quenched in murkiest cloud,  
 In which I walk secure and unbeheld  
 Toward my purpose. Would that it were done! [Exit.]



## SCENE II.

*A Chamber in the Vatican.**Enter CAMILLO and GIACOMO, in conversation.*

CAMILLO.

THERE is an obsolete and doubtful law,  
By which you might obtain a bare provision  
Of food and clothing.

GIACOMO.

Nothing more? Alas!

Bare must be the provision which strict law  
Awards, and aged sullen avarice pays.  
Why did my father not apprentice me  
To some mechanic trade? I should have then  
Been trained in no high-born necessities  
Which I could meet not by my daily toil.  
The eldest son of a rich nobleman  
Is heir to all his incapacities;  
He has wide wants, and narrow powers. If you,  
Cardinal Camillo, were reduced at once  
From thrice-driven beds of down, and delicate food,  
A hundred servants, and six palaces,  
To that which nature doth indeed require?

CAMILLO.

Nay, there is reason in your plea; 'twere hard.

GIACOMO.

'Tis hard for a firm man to bear: but I  
Have a dear wife, a lady of high birth,  
Whose dowry in ill hour I lent my father,  
Without a bond or witness to the deed:  
And children who inherit her fine senses,  
The fairest creatures in this breathing world;  
And she and they reproach me not. Cardinal,  
Do you not think the Pope would interpose  
And stretch authority beyond the law?

CAMILLO.

Though your peculiar case is hard, I know  
The Pope will not divert the course of law.  
After that impious feast the other night  
I spoke with him, and urged him then to check  
Your father's cruel hand; he frowned and said,  
"Children are disobedient, and they sting  
Their fathers' hearts to madness and despair,  
Requiting years of care with contumely.  
I pity the Count Cenci from my heart;  
His outraged love perhaps awakened hate,  
And thus he is exasperated to ill.  
In the great war between the old and young,  
I, who have white hairs and a tottering body,  
Will keep at least blameless neutrality."

*Enter* ORSINO.

You, my good lord Orsino, heard those words.

ORSINO.

What words ?

GIACOMO.

Alas, repeat them not again !

There then is no redress for me ; at least  
None but that which I may achieve myself,  
Since I am driven to the brink. But, say,  
My innocent sister, and my only brother  
Are dying underneath my father's eye.  
The memorable torturers of this land,  
Galeaz Visconti, Borgia, Ezzelin,  
Never inflicted on their meanest slave  
What these endure ; shall they have no protection ?

CAMILLO.

Why, if they would petition to the Pope  
I see not how he could refuse it — yet  
He holds it of most dangerous example  
In aught to weaken the paternal power,  
Being, as 'twere, the shadow of his own.  
I pray you now excuse me. I have business  
That will not bear delay. *Exit* CAMILLO.

GIACOMO.

But you, Orsino,  
Have the petition ; wherefore not present it ?

ORSINO.

I have presented it, and backed it with  
My earnest prayers, and urgent interest ;  
It was returned unanswered. I doubt not  
But that the strange and execrable deeds  
Alleged in it — in truth they might well baffle  
Any belief — have turned the Pope's displeasure  
Upon the accusers from the criminal :  
So I should guess from what Camillo said.

GIACOMO.

My friend, that palace-walking devil, Gold,  
Has whispered silence to his Holiness :  
And we are left, as scorpions ringed with fire.  
What should we do but strike ourselves to death ?  
For he who is our murderous persecutor  
Is shielded by a father's holy name,  
Or I would — *[Stops abruptly.]*

ORSINO.

What ? Fear not to speak your thought.  
Words are but holy as the deeds they cover :  
A priest who has forsworn the God he serves ;  
A judge who makes the truth weep at his decree ;  
A friend who should weave counsel, as I now,

But as the mantle of some selfish guile;  
A father who is all a tyrant seems,  
Were the profaner for his sacred name.

GIACOMO.

Ask me not what I think ; the unwilling brain  
Feigns often what it would not ; and we trust  
Imagination with such phantasies  
As the tongue dares not fashion into words,  
Which have no words, their horror makes them dim  
To the mind's eye. My heart denies itself  
To think what you demand.

ORSINO.

But a friend's bosom  
Is as the inmost cave of our own mind,  
Where we sit shut from the wide gaze of day,  
And from the all-communicating air.  
You look what I suspected —

GIACOMO.

Spare me now !  
I am as one lost in a midnight wood,  
Who dares not ask some harmless passenger  
The path across the wilderness, lest he,  
As my thoughts are, should be — a murderer.  
I know you are my friend, and all I dare  
Speak to my soul that will I trust with thee.  
But now my heart is heavy, and would take  
Lone counsel from a night of sleepless care.  
Pardon me, that I say farewell — farewell !  
I would that to my own suspected self  
I could address a word so full of peace.

ORSINO.

Farewell ! — Be your thoughts better or more bold.

[Exit GIACOMO.]

I had disposed the Cardinal Camillo  
To feed his hope with cold encouragement :  
It fortunately serves my close designs  
That 'tis a trick of this same family  
To analyze their own and other minds.  
Such self-anatomy shall teach the will  
Dangerous secrets : for it tempts our powers,  
Knowing what must be thought, and may be done,  
Into the depth of darkest purposes :  
So Cenci fell into the pit ; even I,  
Since Beatrice unveiled me to myself,  
And made me shrink from what I can not shun,  
Show a poor figure to my own esteem,  
To which I grow half reconciled. I'll do  
As little mischief as I can ; that thought  
Shall fee the accuser conscience.

Now what harm

If Cenci should be murdered? Yet, if murdered,  
 Wherefore by me? And what if I could take  
 The profit, yet omit the sin and peril  
 In such an action. Of all earthly things  
 I fear a man whose blows outspeed his words;  
 And such is Cenci: and while Cenci lives  
 His daughter's dowry were a secret grave  
 If a priest wins her. Oh, fair Beatrice!  
 Would that I loved thee not, or, loving thee,  
 Could but despise danger and gold and all  
 That frowns between my wish and its effect,  
 Or smiles beyond it! There is no escape:  
 Her bright form kneels beside me at the altar,  
 And follows me to the resort of men,  
 And fills my slumber with tumultuous dreams,  
 So when I wake my blood seems liquid fire;  
 And if I strike my damp and dizzy head,  
 My hot palm scorches it: her very name,  
 But spoken by a stranger, makes my heart  
 Sicken and pant; and thus unprofitably  
 I clasp the phantom of unfelt delights,  
 Till weak imagination half possesses  
 The self-created shadow. Yet much longer  
 Will I not nurse this life of feverous hours:  
 From the unravelled hopes of Giacomo  
 I must work out my own dear purposes.  
 I see, as from a tower, the end of all:  
 Her father dead; her brother bound to me  
 By a dark secret, surer than the grave;  
 Her mother scared and unexpostulating  
 From the dread manner of her wish achieved:  
 And she! — once more take courage, my faint heart;  
 What dares a friendless maiden matched with thee?  
 I have such foresight as assures success;  
 Some unbeheld divinity doth ever,  
 When dread events are near, stir up men's minds  
 To black suggestions; and he prospers best,  
 Not who becomes the instrument of ill,  
 But who can flatter the dark spirit, that makes  
 Its empire and its prey of other hearts,  
 Till it become his slave — as I will do.

[Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Cenci Palace*

LUCRETIA ; *to her enter* BEATRICE.

BEATRICE (*she enters staggering, and speaks wildly*).

REACH me that handkerchief! My brain is hurt;  
My eyes are full of blood; just wipe them for me—  
I see but indistinctly.

LUCRETIA.

My sweet child,  
You have no wound; 'tis only a cold dew  
That starts from your dear brow. Alas! alas!  
What has befallen?

BEATRICE.

How comes this hair undone?

Its wandering strings must be what blind me so,  
And yet I tied it fast. O, horrible!  
The pavement sinks under my feet! The walls  
Spin round! I see a woman weeping there,  
And standing calm and motionless, while I  
Slide giddily as the world reels. My God!  
The beautiful blue heaven is flecked with blood!  
The sunshine on the floor is black! The air  
Is changed to vapors such as the dead breathe  
In charnel-pits! Pah! I am choked! There creeps  
A clinging, black, contaminating mist  
About me—'tis substantial, heavy, thick,  
I can not pluck it from me, for it glues  
My fingers and my limbs to one another,  
And eats into my sinews, and dissolves  
My flesh to a pollution, poisoning  
The subtle, pure, and inmost spirit of life!  
My God! I never knew what the mad felt  
Before; for I am mad beyond all doubt! [More wildly.  
No, I am dead! These putrefying limbs  
Shut round and sepulchre the panting soul  
Which would burst forth into the wandering air!

What hideous thought was that I had even now? [A pause.  
'Tis gone; and yet its burthen remains here  
O'er these dull eyes—upon this weary heart!  
O, world! O life! O day! O misery!

LUCRETIA.

What ails thee, my poor child? She answers not:  
Her spirit apprehends the sense of pain,

But not its cause ; suffering has dried away  
The source from which it sprung.—

BEATRICE (*frantically*).

Like parricide—  
Misery has killed its father : yet its father  
Never like mine. O God ! what thing am I ?

LUCRETIA.

My dearest child, what has your father done ?

BEATRICE (*doubtfully*).

Who art thou, questioner ? I have no father.

[*Aside.*

She is the madhouse nurse who tends on me :  
It is a piteous office.

[*To LUCRETIA, in a slow, subdued voice.*

Do you know,

I thought I was that wretched Beatrice  
Men speak of, whom her father sometimes hales  
From hall to hall by the entangled hair ;  
At others, pens up naked in damp cells  
Where scaly reptiles crawl, and starves her there,  
Till she will eat strange flesh. This woeful story  
So did I overact in my sick dreams,  
That I imagined—no, it can not be !  
Horrible things have been in this wild world.  
Prodigious mixtures, and confusions strange  
Of good and ill ; and worse have been conceived  
Than ever there was found a heart to do.  
But never fancy imaged such a deed  
As—

[*Pauses, suddenly recollecting herself.*

Who art thou ? Swear to me, ere I die  
With fearful expectation, that indeed  
Thou art not what thou seemest—mother !

LUCRETIA.

Oh !

My sweet child, know you—

BEATRICE.

Yet speak it not :

For then if this be truth, that other too  
Must be a truth, a firm enduring truth,  
Linked with each lasting circumstance of life,  
Never to change, never to pass away.  
Why so it is. This is the Cenci palace ;  
Thou art Lucretia ; I am Beatrice.  
I have talked some wild words, but will no more.  
Mother, come near me : from this point of time,  
I am—

[*Her voice dies away faintly.*

LUCRETIA.

Alas ! what has befallen thee, child ?  
What has thy father done ?

BEATRICE.

What have I done ?

Am I not innocent ? Is it my crime  
That one with white hair and imperious brow,  
Who tortured me from my forgotten years,  
As parents only dare. should call himself  
My father, yet should be ! — Oh, what am I ?  
What name, what place, what memory shall be mine ?  
What retrospects, outliving even despair ?

LUCRETIA.

He is a violent tyrant, surely, child :  
We know that death alone can make us free ;  
His death or ours. But what can he have done  
Of deadlier outrage or worse injury ?  
Thou art unlike thyself ; thine eyes shoot forth  
A wandering and strange spirit. Speak to me !  
Unlock those pallid hands whose fingers twine  
With one another.

BEATRICE.

'Tis the restless life

Tortured within them. If I try to speak  
I shall go mad. Ay, something must be done ;  
What, yet I know not — something which shall make  
The thing that I have suffered but a shadow  
In the dread lightning which avenges it :  
Brief, rapid, irreversible, destroying  
The consequence of what it can not cure.  
Some such thing is to be endured or done :  
When I know what, I shall be still and calm,  
And never anything will move me more.  
But now ! — Oh blood, which art my father's blood,  
Circling through these contaminated veins,  
If thou, poured forth on the polluted earth,  
Could wash away the crime, and punishment  
By which I suffer — no, that can not be !  
Many might doubt there were a God above  
Who sees and permits evil, and so die :  
That faith no agony shall obscure in me.

LUCRETIA.

It must indeed have been some bitter wrong :  
Yet what, I dare not guess. Oh ! my lost child,  
Hide not in proud impenetrable grief  
Thy sufferings from my fear.

BEATRICE.

I hide them not.

What are the words which you would have me speak ?  
I, who can feign no image in my mind  
Of that which has transformed me. I, whose thought  
Is like a ghost shrouded and folded up  
In its own formless horror. Of all words  
That minister to mortal intercourse,

Which wouldst thou bear? For there is none to tell  
 My misery: if another ever knew  
 Aught like to it, she died as I will die,  
 And left it, as I must, without a name.  
 Death! death! Our law and our religion call thee  
 A punishment and a reward. Oh, which  
 Have I deserved?

LUCRETIA.

The peace of innocence;  
 Till in your season you be called to heaven.  
 Whate'er you may have suffered, you have done  
 No evil. Death must be the punishment  
 Of crime, or the reward of trampling down  
 The thorns which God has strewed upon the path  
 Which leads to immortality.

BEATRICE.

Ay, death —  
 The punishment of crime. I pray thee, God,  
 Let me not be bewildered while I judge.  
 If I must live day after day, and keep  
 These limbs, the unworthy temple of thy spirit,  
 As a foul den from which what thou abhorrest  
 May mock thee, unavenged — it shall not be!  
 Self-murder — no, that might be no escape,  
 For thy decree yawns like a hell between  
 Our will and it. Oh! in this mortal world  
 There is no vindication and no law  
 Which can adjudge and execute the doom  
 Of that through which I suffer.

*Enter ORSINO.*

(*She approaches him solemnly.*) Welcome, friend!  
 I have to tell you that, since last we met,  
 I have endured a wrong so great and strange,  
 That neither life nor death can give me rest.  
 Ask me not what it is, for there are deeds  
 Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue.

ORSINO.

And what is he who has thus injured you?

BEATRICE.

The man they call my father: a dread name.

ORSINO.

It can not be —

BEATRICE.

What it can be, or not,  
 Forbear to think. It is, and it has been:  
 Advise me how it shall not be again.  
 I thought to die; but a religious awe  
 Restrains me, and the dread lest death itself  
 Might be no refuge from the consciousness  
 Of what is yet unexpiated. Oh, speak!



ORSINO.

Accuse him of the deed, and let the law  
Avenge thee.

BEATRICE.

Oh, ice-hearted counselor !  
If I could find a word that might make known  
The crime of my destroyer ; and that done,  
My tongue should like a knife tear out the secret  
Which cankers my heart's core : ay, lay all bare,  
So that my unpolluted fame should be  
With vilest gossips a stale-mouthed story ;  
A mock, a by-word, an astonishment :  
If this were done, which never shall be done,  
Think of the offender's gold, his dreaded hate,  
And the strange horror of the accuser's tale,  
Baffling belief, and overpowering speech ;  
Scarce whispered, unimaginable, wrapped  
In hideous hints — oh, most assured redress !

ORSINO.

You will endure it then ?

BEATRICE.

Endure ! — Orsino,  
It seems your counsel is small profit.  
[*Turus from him and speaks half to herself.*  
Ay,

All must be suddenly resolved and done.  
What is this undistinguishable mist  
Of thoughts, which rise, like shadow after shadow,  
Darkening each other ?

ORSINO.

Should the offender live ?  
Triumph in his misdeed ? and make, by use,  
His crime, whate'er it is, dreadful no doubt,  
Thine element — until thou mayest become  
Utterly lost — subdued even to the hue  
Of that which thou permittest ?

BEATRICE (*to herself*).

Mighty death !  
Thou double-visaged shadow ! only judge !  
Rightfullest arbiter ! [She retires absorbed in thought.

LUCRETIA.

If the lightning  
Of God has e'er descended to avenge —

ORSINO.

Blaspheme not ! His high providence commits  
Its glory on this earth, and their own wrongs  
Into the hands of men ; if they neglect  
To punish crime —

LUCRETIA.

But if one, like this wretch,  
Should mock, with gold, opinion, law and power ?  
If there be no appeal to that which makes  
The guiltiest tremble ? If, because our wrongs,  
For that they are unnatural, strange and monstrous,  
Exceed all measure of belief ? Oh God,  
If for the very reasons which should make  
Redress most swift and sure, our injurer triumphs ?  
And we, the victims, bear worse punishment  
Than that appointed for their torturer ?

ORSINO.

Think not

But that there is redress where there is wrong,  
So we be bold enough to seize it.

LUCRETIA.

How ?

If there were any way to make all sure,  
I know not — but I think it might be good  
To —

ORSINO.

Why, his late outrage to Beatrice ;  
For it is such, as I but faintly guess,  
As makes remorse dishonor, and leaves her  
Only one duty, how she may avenge :  
You, but one refuge from ills ill endured ;  
Me, but one counsel —

LUCRETIA.

For we can not hope

That aid or retribution or resource  
Will arise thence, where every other one  
Might find them with less need.

(BEATRICE *advances.*)

ORSINO.

Then —

BEATRICE.

Peace, Orsino !

And, honored lady, while I speak, I pray  
That you put off, as garments overworn,  
Forbearance and respect, remorse and fear,  
And all the fit restraints of daily life,  
Which have been borne from childhood, but which now  
Would be a mockery to my holier plea.  
As I have said, I have endured a wrong.  
Which, though it be expressionless, is such  
As asks atonement, both for what is past,  
And lest I be reserved, day after day,  
To load with crimes an overburdened soul,  
And be — what ye can dream not. I have prayed  
To God, and I have talked with my own heart,

And have unravelled my entangled will,  
 And have at length determined what is right.  
 Art thou my friend, Orsino? False or true?  
 Pledge thy salvation ere I speak.

ORSINO.

I swear  
 To dedicate my cunning and my strength,  
 My silence and whatever else is mine,  
 To thy commands.

LUCRETIA.

You think we should devise  
 His death?

BEATRICE.

And execute what is devised,  
 And suddenly. We must be brief and bold.

ORSINO.

And yet most cautious.

LUCRETIA.

For the jealous laws  
 Would punish us with death and infamy  
 For that which it became themselves to do.

BEATRICE.

Be cautious as ye may, but prompt. Orsino,  
 What are the means?

ORSINO.

I know two dull, fierce outlaws,  
 Who think man's spirit as a worm's, and they  
 Would trample out, for any slight caprice,  
 The meanest or the noblest life. This mood  
 Is marketable here in Rome. They sell  
 What we now want.

LUCRETIA.

To-morrow, before dawn,  
 Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,  
 Petrella, in the Apulian Apennines.  
 If he arrive there—

BEATRICE.

He must not arrive.

ORSINO.

Will it be dark before you reach the tower?

LUCRETIA.

The sun will scarce be set.

BEATRICE.

But I remember  
 Two miles on this side of the fort, the road  
 Crosses a deep ravine: 'tis rough and narrow,  
 And winds with short turns down the precipice;

And in its depth there is a mighty rock,  
 Which has, from unimaginable years,  
 Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
 Over a gulf, and with the agony  
 With which it clings, seems slowly coming down ;  
 Even as a wretched soul hour after hour,  
 Clings to the mass of life — yet clinging, leans ;  
 And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss  
 In which it fears to fall : beneath this crag  
 Huge as despair, as if in weariness,  
 The melancholy mountain yawns ; below,  
 You hear but see not an impetuous torrent  
 Raging among the caverns, and a bridge  
 Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,  
 With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,  
 Cedars and yews and pines, whose tangled hair  
 Is matted into one solid roof of shade  
 By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here  
 'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

ORSINO.

Before you reach that bridge make some excuse  
 For spurring on your mules, or loitering  
 Until —

BEATRICE.

What sound is that ?

LUCRETIA.

Hark ! No, it can not be a servant's step ;  
 It must be Cenci, unexpectedly  
 Returned. — Make some excuse for being here.

BEATRICE (*to ORSINO as she goes out*).

That step we hear approach must never pass  
 The bridge of which we spoke.

[*Exeunt LUCRETIA and BEATRICE.*]

ORSINO.

What shall I do ?

Cenci must find me here, and I must bear  
 The imperious inquisition of his looks  
 As to what brought me hither : let me mask  
 Mine own in some inane and vacant smile.

*Enter GIACOMO, in a hurried manner*

How ! Have you ventured thither ? know you then  
 That Cenci is from home ?

GIACOMO.

I sought him here ;  
 And now must wait till he returns.

ORSINO.

Great God !

Weigh you the danger of this rashness ?

GIACOMO.

Ay!

Does my destroyer know his danger? We  
 Are now no more, as once, parent and child,  
 But man to man; the oppressor to the oppressed;  
 The slanderer to the slandered; foe to foe.  
 "He has cast Nature off, which was his shield,  
 And Nature casts him off, who is her shame:  
 And I spurn both. Is it a father's throat  
 Which I will shake? and say, "I ask not gold;  
 I ask not happy years; nor memories  
 Of tranquil childhood; nor home-sheltered love;  
 Though all these hast thou torn from me, and more:  
 But only my fair fame; only one board  
 Of peace, which I thought hidden from thy hate,  
 Under the penury heaped on me by thee;  
 Or I will" — God can understand and pardon,  
 Why should I speak with man?

ORSINO.

Be calm, dear friend.

GIACOMO.

Well, I will calmly tell you what he did.  
 This old Francesco Cenci, as you know,  
 Borrowed the dowry of my wife from me,  
 And then denied the loan; and left me so  
 In poverty, the which I sought to mend  
 By holding a poor office in the state.  
 It had been promised to me, and already  
 I bought new clothing for my ragged babes.  
 And my wife smiled; and my heart knew repose:  
 When Cenci's intercession, as I found,  
 Conferred this office on a wretch, whom thus  
 He paid for vilest service. I returned  
 With this ill news, and we sate sad together  
 Solacing our despondency with tears  
 Of such affection and unbroken faith  
 As temper life's worst bitterness: when he,  
 As he is wont, came to upbraid and curse,  
 Mocking our poverty, and telling us  
 Such was God's scourge for disobedient sons.  
 And then, that I might strike him dumb with shame,  
 I spoke of my wife's dowry; but he coined  
 A brief yet specious tale, how I had wasted  
 The sum in secret riot: and he saw  
 My wife was touched, and he went smiling forth.  
 And when I knew the impression he had made,  
 And felt my wife insult with silent scorn  
 My ardent truth, and look averse and cold,  
 I went forth too: but soon returned again;  
 Yet not so soon but that my wife had taught  
 My children her harsh thoughts, and they all cried,  
 "Give us clothes, father! Give us better food!"

What you in one night squander were enough  
 For months!" "I looked, and saw that home was hell."  
 And to that hell will I return no more  
 Until mine enemy has rendered up  
 Atonement, or, as he gave life to me,  
 I will, reversing nature's law —

ORSINO.

Trust me,  
 The compensation which thou seekest here  
 Will be denied.

GIACOMO.

Then — Are you not my friend?  
 Did you not hint at the alternative,  
 Upon the brink of which you see I stand,  
 The other day when we conversed together?  
 My wrongs were then less. That word parricide,  
 Although I am resolved, haunts me like fear.

ORSINO.

It must be fear itself, for the bare word  
 Is hollow mockery. Mark, how wisest God  
 Draws to one point the threads of a just doom,  
 So sanctifying it: what you devise  
 Is, as it were, accomplished.

GIACOMO.

Is he dead?

ORSINO.

His grave is ready. Know that since we met,  
 Cenci has done an outrage to his daughter.

GIACOMO.

What outrage?

ORSINO.

That she speaks not, but you may  
 Conceive such half conjectures as I do,  
 From her fixed paleness, and the lofty grief  
 Of her stern brow, bent on the idle air,  
 And her severe unmodulated voice,  
 Drowning both tenderness and dread; and last  
 From this: that while her step-mother and I,  
 Bewildered in our horror, talked together  
 With obscure hints — both self-misunderstood,  
 And darkly guessing, stumbling, in our talk,  
 Over the truth, and yet to its revenge —  
 She interrupted us, and with a look  
 Which told before she spoke it, he must die —

GIACOMO.

It is enough. My doubts are well appeased:  
 There is a higher reason for the act  
 Than mine; there is a holier judge than me,  
 A more unblamed avenger. Beatrice,  
 Who in the gentleness of thy sweet youth

Hast never trodden on a worm, or bruised  
 A living flower, but thou hast pitied it  
 With needless tears! Fair sister, thou in whom  
 Men wondered how such loveliness and wisdom  
 Did not destroy each other! Is there made  
 Ravage of thee? O, heart, I ask no more  
 Justification! Shall I wait, Orsino,  
 Till he return. and stab him at the door?

ORSINO.

Not so; some accident might interpose  
 To rescue him from what is now most sure;  
 And you are unprovided where to fly,  
 How to excuse or to conceal. Nay, listen:  
 All is contrived; success is so assured  
 That--

*Enter BEATRICE.*

BEATRICE.

'Tis my brother's voice! You know me not?

GIACOMO.

My sister, my lost sister!

BEATRICE.

Lost indeed!

I see Orsino has talked with you, and  
 That you conjecture things too horrible  
 To speak, yet far less than the truth. Now, stay not,  
 He might return: yet kiss me; I shall know  
 That then thou hast consented to his death.  
 Farewell, farewell! "Let piety to God,  
 Brotherly love, justice and clemency,  
 And all things that make tender hardest hearts,  
 Make thine hard, brother." Answer not—farewell!  
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

*A mean Apartment in GIACOMO'S House.*

GIACOMO *alone.*

GIACOMO.

'Tis midnight, and Orsino comes not yet.

[*Thunder, and the sound of a storm.*]

What! can the everlasting elements  
 Feel with a worm like man? If so, the shaft  
 Of mercy-wingèd lightning would not fall  
 On stones and trees. My wife and children sleep:  
 They are now living in unmeaning dreams:  
 But I must wake, still doubting if that deed  
 Be just which was most necessary. O,  
 Thou un replenished lamp! whose narrow fire

Is shaken by the wind, and on whose edge  
 Devouring darkness hovers! Thou small flame,  
 Which, as a dying pulse rises and falls,  
 Still flickerest up and down, how very soon,  
 Did I not feed thee, wouldst thou fail and be  
 As thou hadst never been! So wastes and sinks  
 Even now, perhaps, the life that kindled mine:  
 But that no power can fill with vital oil  
 That broken lamp of flesh. Ha! 'tis the blood  
 Which fed these veins that ebbs till all is cold:  
 It is the form that moulded mine, that sinks  
 Into the white and yellow spasms of death:  
 It is the soul by which mine was arrayed  
 In God's immortal likeness which now stands  
 Naked before Heaven's judgement-seat! *[A bell strikes.*  
 One! two!

The hours crawl on; and when my hairs are white,  
 My son will then perhaps be waiting thus,  
 Tortured between just hate and vain remorse;  
 Chiding the tardy messenger of news  
 Like those which I expect. I almost wish  
 He be not dead, although my wrongs are great;  
 Yet — 'tis Orsino's step —

*Enter ORSINO.*

Speak!

ORSINO.

I am come

To say he has escaped.

GIACOMO.

Escaped!

ORSINO.

And safe

Within Petrella. He passed by the spot  
 Appointed for the deed an hour too soon.

GIACOMO.

Are we the fools of such contingencies?  
 And do we waste in blind misgivings thus  
 The hours when we should act? Then wind and thunder,  
 Which seemed to howl his knell, is the loud laughter  
 With which Heaven mocks our weakness! I henceforth  
 Will ne'er repent of aught designed or done,  
 But my repentance.

ORSINO.

See, the lamp is out!

GIACOMO.

If no remorse is ours when the dim air  
 Has drank this innocent flame, why should we quail  
 When Cenci's life, that light by which ill spirits  
 See the worst deeds they prompt, shall sink for ever?  
 No, I am hardened.



ORSINO.

Why, what need of this ?  
 Who feared the pale intrusion of remorse  
 In a just deed ? Although our first plan failed,  
 Doubt not but he will soon be laid to rest.  
 But light the lamp : let us not talk i' the dark.

GIACOMO.

And yet, once quenched, I can not thus relume  
 My father's life : do you not think his ghost  
 Might plead that argument with God ?

ORSINO.

Once gone,  
 You can not now recall your sister's peace ;  
 Your own extinguished years of youth and hope ;  
 Nor your wife's bitter words ; nor all the taunts  
 Which, from the prosperous, weak misfortune takes :  
 Nor your dead mother ; nor —

GIACOMO.

O, speak no more !  
 I am resolved, although this very hand  
 Must quench the life that animated it.

ORSINO.

There is no need of that. Listen : you know  
 Olimpio, the castellan of Petrella  
 In old Colonna's time : him whom your father  
 Degraded from his post ? And Marzio,  
 That desperate wretch, whom he deprived last year  
 Of a reward of blood, well earned and due ?

GIACOMO.

I knew Olimpio ; and they say he hated  
 Old Cenci so, that in his silent rage  
 His lips grew white only to see him pass.  
 Of Marzio I know nothing.

ORSINO.

Marzio's hate  
 Matches Olimpio's. I have sent these men,  
 But in your name, and as at your request,  
 To talk with Beatrice and Lucretia.

GIACOMO.

Only to talk ?

ORSINO.

The moments which even now  
 Pass onward to to-morrow's midnight hour,  
 May memorize their flight with death : ere then  
 They must have talked, and may perhaps have done,  
 And made an end.

GIACOMO.

Listen ! What sound is that ?

ORSINO.

The house-dog moans, and the beams crack : naught else.

GIACOMO.

It is my wife complaining in her sleep :  
I doubt not she is saying bitter things  
Of me ; and all my children round her dreaming  
That I deny them sustenance.

ORSINO.

While he  
Who truly took it from them, and who fills  
Their hungry rest with bitterness, now sleeps  
Lapped in bad pleasures, and triumphantly  
Mocks thee in visions of successful hate  
Too like the truth of day.

GIACOMO.

If e'er he wakes  
Again, I will not trust to hireling hands—

ORSINO.

Why, that were well. I must be gone : good-night !  
When next we meet, may all be done !

GIACOMO.

Forgotten. - Oh, that I had never been ! And all  
[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle of Petrella.

Enter CENCI.

CENCI.

SHE comes not ; yet I left her even now
Vanquished and faint. She knows the penalty
Of her delay ; yet what if threats are vain ?
Am I not now within Petrella's moat ?
Or fear I still the eyes and ears of Rome ?
Might I not drag her by the golden hair ?
Stamp on her ? Keep her sleepless till her brain
Be overworn ? Tame her with chains and famine ?
Less would suffice. Yet so to leave undone
What I most seek ! No, 'tis her stubborn will,

Which, by its own consent, shall stoop as low
As that which drags it down.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Thou loathed wretch !
Hide thee from my abhorrence : fly ! begone !
Yet stay ! Bid Beatrice come hither.

LUCRETIA.

Oh,
Husband ! I pray, for thine own wretched sake,
Heed what thou dost. A man who walks like thee
Through crimes, and through the danger of his crimes,
Each hour may stumble o'er a sudden grave.
And thou art old ; thy hairs are hoary gray ;
As thou wouldst save thyself from death and hell,
Pity thy daughter ; give her to some friend
In marriage : so that he may tempt thee not
To hatred, or worse thoughts, if worse there be.

CENCI.

What ! like her sister, who has found a home
To mock my fate from with prosperity ?
Strange ruin shall destroy both her and thee,
And all that yet remain. My death may be
Rapid — her destiny outspeeds it. Go,
Bid her come hither, and before my mood
Be changed, lest I should drag her by the hair.

LUCRETIA.

She sent me to thee, husband. At thy presence
She fell, as thou dost know, into a trance ;
And in that trance she heard a voice which said,
" Cenci must die ! Let him confess himself !
Even now the accusing angel waits to hear
If God, to punish his enormous crimes,
Harden his dying heart !"

CENCI.

Why — such things are :
No doubt divine revealings may be made.
'Tis plain I have been favored from above.
For when I cursed my sons, they died. — Ay — so —
As to the right or wrong, that's talk — repentance —
Repentance is an easy moment's work,
And more depends on God than me. Well — well —
I must give up the greater point, which was
To poison and corrupt her soul.

*[A pause ; LUCRETIA approaches anxiously, and
then shrieks back as he speaks.]*

One, two ;

Ay — Rocco and Cristofano my curse
Strangled : and Giacomo, I think, will find
Life a worse hell than that beyond the grave :
Beatrice shall, if there be skill in hate,

Die in despair, blaspheming : to Bernardo,
 He is so innocent, I will bequeath
 The memory of these deeds, and make his youth
 The sepulchre of hope, where evil thoughts
 Shall grow like weeds on a neglected tomb.
 When all is done, out in the wide Campagna
 I will pile up my silver and my gold —
 My costly robes, paintings and tapestries,
 My parchments and all records of my wealth —
 And make a bonfire in my joy, and leave
 Of my possessions nothing but my name :
 Which shall be an inheritance to strip
 Its wearer bare as infamy. That done,
 My soul, which is a scourge, will I resign
 Into the hands of Him who wielded it ;
 Be it for its own punishment or theirs,
 He will not ask it of me till the lash
 Be broken in its last and deepest wound ;
 Until its hate be all inflicted. Yet,
 Lest death outspeed my purpose, let me make
 Short work and sure.

[*Going.*]LUCRETIA (*stops him*).

Oh, stay ! It was a feint :
 She had no vision, and she heard no voice.
 I said it but to awe thee.

CENCI.

That is well.
 Vile palterer with the sacred truth of God,
 Be thy soul choked with that blaspheming lie !
 For Beatrice, worse terrors are in store,
 To bend her to my will.

LUCRETIA.

Oh ! to what will ?
 What cruel sufferings, more than she has known,
 Canst thou inflict ?

CENCI.

Andrea ! go call my daughter :
 And if she comes not, tell her that I come.
 What sufferings ? I will drag her, step by step,
 Through infamies unheard of among men :
 She shall stand shelterless in the broad noon
 Of public scorn, for acts blazoned abroad,
 One among which shall be — what ? Canst thou guess ?
 She shall become (for what she most abhors
 Shall have a fascination to entrap
 Her loathing will) to her own conscious self
 All she appears to others : and when dead,
 As she shall die unshrived and unforgiven,
 A rebel to her father and her God,
 Her corpse shall be abandoned to the hounds ;
 Her name shall be the terror of the earth ;

Her spirit shall approach the throne of God
Plague-spotted with my curses. I will make
Body and soul a monstrous lump of ruin.

Enter ANDREA.

ANDREA.

The lady Beatrice —

CENCI.

Speak, pale slave ! What

Said she ?

ANDREA.

My lord, 'twas what she looked ; she said,
“ Go tell my father that I see the gulf
Of hell between us two, which he may pass —
I will not.” *[Exit* ANDREA.

CENCI.

Go thou quick, Lucretia,
Tell her to come ; yet let her understand
Her coming is consent : and say, moreover,
That if she come not I will curse her. *[Exit* LUCRETIA.
Ha !

With what but with a father's curse doth God
Panic-strike armèd victory, and make pale
Cities in their prosperity ? The world's Father
Must grant a parent's prayer against his child,
Be he who asks even what men call me.
Will not the deaths of her rebellious brothers
Awe her before I speak ? For I on them
Did imprecate quick ruin, and it came.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Well : what ? Speak, wretch !

LUCRETIA.

She said, “ I can not come :
Go tell my father that I see a torrent
Of his own blood raging between us.”

CENCI (*kneeling*).

God !

Hear me ! If this most specious mass of flesh,
Which thou hast made my daughter ; this my blood,
This particle of my divided being ;
Or rather, this my bane and my disease,
Whose sight infects and poisons me : this devil
Which sprung from me as from a hell, was meant
To aught good use ; if her bright loveliness
Was kindled to illumine this dark world ;
If nursed by thy selectest dew of love,
Such virtues blossom in her as should make
The peace of life, I pray thee for my sake,
As thou the common God and Father art
Of her, and me, and all : reverse that doom !

Earth, in the name of God, let her food be
 Poison, until she be encrusted round
 With leprous stains! Heaven, rain upon her head
 The blistering drops of the Maremma's dew,
 Till she be speckled like a toad! parch up
 Those love-enkindled lips, warp those fine limbs
 To loathèd lameness! All-beholding sun,
 Strike in thine envy those life-darting eyes
 With thine own blinding beams!

LUCRETIA.

Peace! peace!
 For thine own sake unsay those dreadful words.
 When high God grants, he punishes such prayers.
 CENCI (*leaping up, and throwing his right hand toward
 heaven*).

He does his will, I mine! This in addition,
 That if she have a child——

LUCRETIA.

Horrible thought!

CENCI.

That if she ever have a child—and thou,
 Quick Nature! I adjure thee by thy God,
 That thou be fruitful in her, and increase
 And multiply, fulfilling his command,
 And my deep imprecation!—may it be
 A hideous likeness of herself: that as
 From a distorting mirror, she may see
 Her image mixed with what she most abhors,
 Smiling upon her from her nursing breast:
 And that the child may from its infancy
 Grow, day by day, more wicked and deformed,
 Turning her mother's love to misery:
 And that both she and it may live, until
 It shall repay her care and pain with hate,
 Or what may else be more unnatural.
 So he may hunt her through the clamorous scoffs
 Of the loud world to a dishonored grave.
 Shall I revoke this curse? Go, bid her come,
 Before my words are chronicled in heaven!

[*Exit* LUCRETIA.]

I do not feel as if I were a man,
 But like a fiend appointed to chastise
 The offences of some unremembered world.
 My blood is running up and down my veins!
 A fearful pleasure makes it prick and tingle;
 I feel a giddy sickness of strange awe;
 My heart is beating with an expectation
 Of horrid joy!

Enter LUCRETIA.

What? Speak!

LUCRETIA.

She bids thee curse ;
 And if thy curses—as they can not do—
 Could kill her soul—

CENCI.

She would not come ! 'Tis well,
 I can do both : first take what I demand,
 And then extort concession. To thy chamber !
 Fly ere I spurn thee : and beware this night
 That thou cross not my footsteps. It were safer
 To come between the tiger and his prey.

[Exit LUCRETIA.

It must be late : mine eyes grow weary dim
 With unaccustomed heaviness of sleep.
 Conscience ! Oh, thou most insolent of lies !
 They say that sleep, that healing dew of heaven,
 Steeps not in balm the foldings of the brain
 Which thinks thee an impostor. I will go,
 First to belie thee with an hour of rest,
 Which will be deep and calm, I feel : and then—
 O, multitudinous hell, the fiends will shake
 Thine arches with the laughter of their joy !
 There shall be lamentation heard in heaven
 As o'er an angel fallen ; and upon earth
 All good shall droop and sicken, and ill things
 Shall, with a spirit of unnatural life,
 Stir and be quickened—even as I am now.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Before the Castle of Petrella.**Enter BEATRICE and LUCRETIA above on the ramparts.*

BEATRICE.

THEY come not yet.

LUCRETIA.

'Tis scarce midnight.

BEATRICE.

How slow
 Behind the course of thought, even sick with speed,
 Lags leaden-footed time !

LUCRETIA.

The minutes pass—
 If he should wake before the deed is done ?

BEATRICE.

O, mother ! he must never wake again.
 What thou hast said persuades me that our act
 Will but dislodge a spirit of deep hell
 Out of a human form.

LUCRETIA.

'Tis true he spoke
Of death and judgement with strange confidence
For one so wicked : as a man believing
In God, yet recking not of good or ill.
And yet to die without confession !—

BEATRICE.

Oh !

Believe that Heaven is merciful and just,
And will not add our dread necessity
To the amount of his offences.

Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO, below.

LUCRETIA.

See,

They come !

BEATRICE.

All mortal things must hasten thus
To their dark end. Let us go down.

[Exit LUCRETIA and BEATRICE from above.]

OLIMPIO.

How feel you to this work ?

MARZIO.

As one who thinks
A thousand crowns excellent market price
For an old murderer's life. Your cheeks are pale.

OLIMPIO.

It is the white reflection of your own,
Which you call pale.

MARZIO.

Is that their natural hue ?

OLIMPIO.

Or 'tis my hate, and the deferred desire
To wreak it, which extinguishes their blood.

MARZIO.

You are inclined then to this business ?

OLIMPIO.

Ay,

If one should bribe me with a thousand crowns
To kill a serpent which had stung my child,
I could not be more willing.

Enter BEATRICE and LUCRETIA below.

Noble ladies !

BEATRICE.

Are ye resolved ?

OLIMPIO.

Is he asleep ?

MARZIO.

Is all

Quiet ?

LUCRETIA.

I mixed an opiate with his drink :
He sleeps so soundly —

BEATRICE.

That his death will be
But as a change of sin-chastizing dreams,
A dark continuance of the hell within him,
Which God extinguish ! But ye are resolved ?
Ye know it is a high and holy deed ?

OLIMPIO.

We are resolved.

MARZIO.

As to the how this act
Be warranted, it rests with you.

BEATRICE.

Well, follow !

OLIMPIO.

Hush ! Hark ! What noise is that ?

MARZIO.

Ha ! some one comes !

BEATRICE.

Ye conscience-stricken cravens, rock to rest
Your baby hearts. It is the iron gate,
Which ye left open, swinging to the wind,
That enters whistling as in scorn. Come, follow !
And be your steps like mine, light, quick, and bold.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter BEATRICE and LUCRETIA.*

LUCRETIA.

They are about it now.

BEATRICE.

Nay, it is done.

LUCRETIA.

I have not heard him groan.

BEATRICE.

He will not groan.

LUCRETIA.

What sound is that ?

BEATRICE.

List ! 'tis the tread of feet

About his bed.

LUCRETIA.

My God !

If he be now a cold stiff' corpse—

BEATRICE.

O, fear not

What may be done, but what is left undone :
The act seals all.

Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO.

Is it accomplished ?

MARZIO.

What ?

OLIMPIO.

Did you not call ?

BEATRICE.

When ?

OLIMPIO.

Now.

BEATRICE.

I ask if all is over ?

OLIMPIO.

We dare not kill an old and sleeping man ;
His thin gray hair, his stern and reverent brow,
His veined hands crossed on his heaving breast,
And the calm innocent sleep in which he lay,
Quelled me. Indeed, indeed, I can not do it.

MARZIO.

But I was bolder ; for I chid Olimpio,
And bade him bear his wrongs to his own grave,
And leave me the reward, and now my knife
Touched the loose wrinkled throat, when the old man
Stirred in his sleep, and said, " God ! hear, O hear,
A father's curse ! What art thou not our father ?"
And then he laughed. I knew it was the ghost
Of my dead father speaking through his lips,
And could not kill him.

BEATRICE.

Miserable slaves !

Where, if ye dare not kill a sleeping man,
Found ye the boldness to return to me
With such a deed undone ? Base palterers !
Cowards and traitors ! Why, the very conscience

Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge
Is an equivocation : it sleeps over
A thousand daily acts disgracing men ;
And when a deed where mercy insults heaven —
Why do I talk ?

[*Snatching a dagger from one of them, and raising it.*

Hadst thou a tongue to say,
She murdered her own father, I must do it !
But never dream ye shall outlive him long !

OLIMPIO.

Stop, for God's sake !

MARZIO.

I will go back and kill him.

OLIMPIO.

Give me the weapon, we must do thy will.

BEATRICE.

Take it ! Depart ! Return !

[*Exeunt OLIMPIO and MARZIO.*

How pale thou art !

We do but that which 'twere a deadly crime
To leave undone.

LUCRETIA.

Would it were done !

BEATRICE.

Even while

That doubt is passing through your mind, the world
Is conscious of a change. Darkness and hell
Have swallowed up the vapor they sent forth
To blacken the sweet light of life. My breath
Comes, methinks, lighter, and the jellied blood
Runs freely through my veins. Hark !

Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO.

He is —

OLIMPIO.

Dead !

MARZIO.

We strangled him, that there might be no blood ;
And then we threw his heavy corpse i' the garden
Under the balcony ; 'twill seem it fell.

BEATRICE (*giving them a bag of coin*).

Here take this gold and hasten to your homes.
And, Marzio, because thou wast only awed
By that which made me tremble, wear thou this !

[*Clothes him in a rich mantle.*

It was the mantle which my grandfather
Wore in his high prosperity, and men
Envied his state : so may they envy thine.
Thou wert a weapon in the hand of God

To a just use. Live long and thrive ! And, mark,
 If thou hast crimes, repent : this deed is none.
[A horn is sounded.]

LUCRETIA.

Hark ! 'tis the castle horn : my God ! it sounds
 Like the last trump.

BEATRICE.

Some tedious guest is coming.

LUCRETIA.

The drawbridge is let down : there is a tramp
 Of horses in the court !— fly, hide yourselves !
[*Exeunt* OLIMPIO and MARZIO.]

BEATRICE.

Let us retire to counterfeit deep rest ;
 I scarcely need to counterfeit it now :
 The spirit which doth reign within these limbs
 Seems strangely undisturbed. I could even sleep
 Fearless and calm : all ill is surely past. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter on one side the Legate SAVELLA, introduced by a Servant, and on the other LUCRETIA and BERNARDO.

SAVELLA.

LADY, my duty to his holiness
 Be my excuse that thus unseasonably
 I break upon your rest. I must speak with
 Count Cenci : doth he sleep ?

LUCRETIA (*in a hurried and confused manner*).

I think he sleeps :

Yet, wake him not, I pray — spare me awhile —
 He is a wicked and wrathful man ;
 Should he be roused out of his sleep to-night,
 Which is, I know, a hell of angry dreams,
 It were not well : indeed it were not well.
 Wait till daybreak. —

(*Aside.*) O, I am deadly sick !

SAVELLA.

I grieve thus to distress you, but the count
 Must answer charges of the gravest import.
 And suddenly ; such my commission is.

LUCRETIA (*with increased agitation*).

I dare not rouse him, I know none who dare ;
 'Twere perilous : you might as safely waken

A serpent, or a corpse in which some fiend
Were laid to sleep.

SAVELLA.

Lady, my moments here
Are counted. I must rouse him from his sleep,
Since none else dare.

LUCRETIA (*aside*).

O, terror! O, despair!
(*To BERNARDO.*) Bernardo, conduct you the lord legate to
Your father's chamber.

[*Exeunt SAVELLA and BERNARDO.*]

Enter BEATRICE.

BEATRICE.

'Tis a messenger
Come to arrest the culprit who now stands
Before the throne of unappealable God.
Both Earth and Heaven, consenting arbiters,
Acquit our deed.

LUCRETIA.

Oh, agony of fear!
Would that he yet might live! Even now I heard
The legate's followers whisper as they passed
They had a warrant for his instant death.
All was prepared by unforbidden means,
Which we must pay so dearly, having done.
Even now they search the tower, and find the body;
Now they suspect the truth; now they consult
Before they come to tax us with the fact;
O, horrible, 'tis all discovered!

BEATRICE.

Mother,
What is done wisely, is done well. Be bold
As thou art just. 'Tis like a truant child,
To fear that others know what thou hast done,
Even from thine own strong consciousness, and thus
Write on unsteady eyes and altered cheeks
All thou wouldst hide. Be faithful to thyself,
And fear no other witness but thy fear.
For if, as can not be, some circumstance
Should rise in accusation, we can blind
Suspicion with such cheap astonishment,
Or overbear it with such guiltless pride.
As murderers can not feign. The deed is done,
And what may follow now regards not me.
I am as universal as the light;
Free as the earth-surrounding air; as firm
As the world's centre. Consequence, to me,
Is as the wind which strikes the solid rock,
But shakes it not. [*A cry within and tumult.*]

THE CENCI.

VOICES.

Murder! Murder! Murder!

*Enter BERNARDO and SAVELLA.*SAVELLA (*to his followers*).Go, search the castle round; sound the alarm,
Look to the gates that none escape!

BEATRICE.

What now?

BERNARDO.

I know not what to say — my father's dead!

BEATRICE.

How! dead? he only sleeps; you mistake, brother.
His sleep is very calm, very like death:
'Tis wonderful how well a tyrant sleeps.
He is not *dead*?

BERNARDO.

Dead — murdered!

LUCRETIA (*with extreme agitation*).

Oh, no, no,

He is not murdered, though he may be dead;
I have alone the keys of those apartments.

SAVELLA.

Ha! Is it so?

BEATRICE.

My lord, I pray excuse us;
We will retire; my mother is not well;
She seems quite overcome with this strange horror.
[*Exeunt LUCRETIA and BEATRICE.*]

SAVELLA.

Can you suspect who may have murdered him?

BERNARDO.

I know not what to think.

SAVELLA.

Can you name any
Who had an interest in his death?

BERNARDO.

Alas!

I can name none who had not, and those most
Who most lament that such a deed is done —
My mother and my sister and myself.

SAVELLA.

'Tis strange! There were clear marks of violence.
I found the old man's body in the moonlight,
Hanging beneath the window of his chamber
Among the branches of a pine: he could not
Have fallen there, for all his limbs lay heaped

And effortless : 'tis true there was no blood.—
 Favor me, sir — it much imports your house
 That all should be made clear — to tell the ladies
 That I request their presence. [*Exeunt* BERNARDO.]

Enter Guards, bringing in MARZIO.

GUARD.

We have one.

OFFICER.

My lord, we found this ruffian and another
 Lurking among the rocks ; there is no doubt
 But that they are the murderers of Count Cenci :
 Each had a bag of coin ; this fellow wore
 A gold-inwoven robe, which, shining bright
 Under the dark rocks to the glimmering moon.
 Betrayed them to our notice : the other fell
 Desperately fighting.

SAVELLA.

What does he confess ?

OFFICER.

He keeps firm silence ; but these lines found on him
 May speak.

SAVELLA.

Their language is at least sincere. [*Reads.*]

“ TO THE LADY BEATRICE.

“ That the atonement of what my nature sickens to conjecture
 may soon arrive, I send thee, at thy brother's desire, those who
 will speak and do more than I dare write.

“ Thy devoted servant,

“ ORSINO.”

Enter LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and BERNARDO.

Knowest thou this writing, lady ?

BEATRICE.

No.

SAVELLA.

Nor thou ?

LUCRETIA (*her conduct throughout the scene is marked
 by extreme agitation*).

Where was it found ? What is it ? It should be
 Orsino's hand ! It speaks of that strange horror
 Which never yet found utterance, but which made
 Between that hapless child and her dead father
 A gulf of obscure hatred.

SAVELLA.

Is it so ?

Is it true, lady, that thy father did
 Such outrages as to awaken in thee
 Unfilial hate ?

BEATRICE.

Not hate, 'twas more than hate:
This is most true, yet wherefore question me?

SAVELLA.

There is a deed demanding question done;
Thou hast a secret which will answer not.

BEATRICE.

What sayest? My lord, your words are bold and rash.

SAVELLA.

I do arrest all present in the name
Of the pope's holiness. You must to Rome.

LUCRETIA.

O, not to Rome! Indeed we are not guilty.

BEATRICE.

Guilty! Who dares talk of guilt? My lord,
I am more innocent of parricide
Than is a child born fatherless. Dear mother,
Your gentleness and patience are no shield
For this keen-judging world, this two edged lie,
Which seems, but is not. What! will human laws,
Rather will ye who are their ministers,
Bar all access to retribution first,
And then, when Heaven doth interpose to do
What ye neglect, arming familiar things
To the redress of an unwonted crime.
Make ye the victims who demanded it
Culprits? 'Tis ye are culprits! That poor wretch
Who stands so pale and trembling and amazed,
If it be true he murdered Cenci, was
A sword in the right hand of justest God.
Wherefore should I have wielded it? unless
The crimes, which mortal tongue dare never name,
God therefore scruples to avenge?

SAVELLA.

You own

That you desired his death?

BEATRICE.

It would have been
A crime no less than his, if for one moment
That fierce desire had faded in my heart.
'Tis true I did believe and hope and pray,
Ay, I even knew — for God is wise and just —
That some strange sudden death hung over him.
'Tis true that this did happen, and most true
There was no other rest for me on earth,
No other hope in heaven: now what of this?

SAVELLA.

Strange thoughts beget strange deeds; and here are both:
I judge thee not.

BEATRICE.

And yet, if you arrest me,
 You are the judge and executioner
 Of that which is the life of life: the breath
 Of accusation kills an innocent name,
 And leaves for lame acquittal the poor life,
 Which is a mask without it. 'Tis most false
 That I am guilty of foul parricide;
 Although I must rejoice, for justest cause,
 That other hands have sent my father's soul
 To ask the mercy he denied to me.
 Now leave us free; stain not a noble house
 With vague surmises of rejected crime;
 Add to our sufferings and your own neglect
 No heavier sum; let them have been enough:
 Leave us the wreck we have.

SAVELLA.

I dare not, lady.
 I pray that you prepare yourselves for Rome:
 There the pope's further pleasure will be known.

LUCRETIA.

O, not to Rome! O, take us not to Rome!

BEATRICE.

Why not to Rome, dear mother? There, as here,
 Our innocence is as an armèd heel
 To trample accusation. God is there
 As here, and with his shadow ever clothes
 The injured, the innocent and the weak:
 And such are we. Cheer up, dear lady, lean
 On me; collect your wandering thoughts. My lord,
 As soon as you have taken some refreshment,
 And had all such examinations made
 Upon the spot, as may be necessary
 To the full understanding of this matter,
 We shall be ready. Mother — will you come?

LUCRETIA.

Ha! they will bind us to the rack, and wrest
 Self accusation from our agony!
 Will Giacomo be there? Orsino? Marzio?
 All present; all confronted; all demanding
 Each from the other's countenance the thing
 Which is in every heart! O, misery!

[She faints, and is borne out.]

SAVELLA.

She faints: an ill appearance this.

BEATRICE.

My lord,
 She knows not yet the uses of the world.
 She fears that power is as a beast which grasps
 And loosens not: a snake whose look transmutes

All things to guilt which is its nutriment.
 She can not know how well the supine slaves
 Of blind authority read the truth of things
 When written on a brow of guilelessness :
 She sees not yet triumphant Innocence
 Stand at the judgement-seat of mortal man,
 A judge and an accuser of the wrong
 Which drags it there. Prepare yourself, my lord ;
 Our suite will join yours in the court below. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in ORSINO'S Palace.

Enter ORSINO and GIACOMO.

GIACOMO.

Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end ?
 O, that the vain remorse which must chastise
 Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn
 As its keen sting is mortal to avenge !
 O, that the hour when present had cast off
 The mantle of its mystery, and shown
 The ghastly form with which it now returns
 When its scared game is roused, cheering the hounds
 Of conscience to their prey ! Alas ! alas !
 It was a wicked thought, a piteous deed,
 To kill an old and hoary-headed father.

ORSINO.

It has turned out unluckily, in truth.

GIACOMO.

To violate the sacred doors of sleep ;
 To cheat kind nature of the placid death
 Which she prepares for overwearied age ;
 To drag from heaven an unrepentant soul
 Which might have quenched in reconciling prayers
 A life of burning crimes —

ORSINO.

You can not say
 I urged you to the deed.

GIACOMO.

O, had I never
 Found in thy smooth and ready countenance

The mirror of my darkest thoughts ; hadst thou
Never with hints and questions made me look
Upon the monster of my thought, until
It grew familiar to desire —

ORSINO.

'Tis thus
Men cast the blame of their unprosperous acts
Upon the abettors of their own resolve ;
Or any thing but their weak, guilty selves.
And yet, confess the truth, it is the peril
In which you stand that gives you this pale sickness
Of penitence ; confess 'tis fear disguised
From its own shame that takes the mantle now
Of thin remorse. What if we yet were safe !

GIACOMO.

How can that be ? Already Beatrice,
Lucretia and the murderer, are in prison.
I doubt not officers are, while we speak,
Sent to arrest us.

ORSINO.

I have all prepared
For instant flight. We can escape even now,
So we take fleet occasion by the hair.

GIACOMO.

Rather expire in tortures, as I may.
What ! will you cast by self-accusing flight
Assured conviction upon Beatrice ?
She, who alone in this unnatural work,
Stands like God's angel ministered upon
By fiends ; avenging such a nameless wrong
As turns black parricide to piety ;
While we for basest ends — I fear, Orsino,
While I consider all your words and looks,
Comparing them with your proposal now,
That you must be a villain. For what end
Could you engage in such a perilous crime,
Training me on with hints and signs and smiles,
Even to this gulf ? Thou art no liar ? No,
Thou art a lie ! Traitor and murderer !
Coward and slave ! But no — defend thyself :

[Drawing.

Let the sword speak what the indignant tongue
Disdains to brand thee with.

ORSINO.

Put up your weapon.
Is it the desperation of your fear
Makes you thus rash and sudden with your friend,
Now ruined for your sake ? If honest anger
Have moved you, know that what I just proposed

Was but to try you. As for me, I think
 Thankless affection led me to this point,
 From which, if my firm temper could repent,
 I can not now recede. Even while we speak
 The ministers of justice wait below :
 They grant me these brief moments. Now, if you
 Have any word of melancholy comfort
 To speak to your pale wife, 'twere best to pass
 Out at the postern, and avoid them so.

GIACOMO.

Oh, generous friend ! How canst thou pardon me ?
 Would that my life could purchase thine !

ORSINO.

That wish
 Now comes a day too late. Haste — fare thee well !
 Hear'st thou not steps along the corridor ?

[*Exit* GIACOMO.]

I'm sorry for it : but the guards are waiting
 At his own gate, and such was my contrivance
 That I might rid me both of him and them.
 I thought to act a solemn comedy
 Upon the painted scene of this new world,
 And to attain my own peculiar ends
 By some such plot of mingled good and ill
 As others weave ; but there arose a Power
 Which grasped and snapped the threads of my device,
 And turned it to a net of ruin — Ha !

[*A shout is heard.*]

Is that my name I hear proclaimed abroad ?
 But I will pass, wrapped in a vile disguise ;
 Rags on my back, and a false innocence
 Upon my face, through the misdeeming crowd
 Which judges by what seems. 'Tis easy then
 For a new name and for a country new,
 And a new life, fashioned on old desires,
 To change the honors of abandoned Rome.
 And these must be the masks of that within,
 Which must remain unaltered. — Oh, I fear
 That what is past will never let me rest !
 Why, when none else is conscious, but myself,
 Of my misdeeds, should my own heart's contempt
 Trouble me ? Have I not the power to fly
 My own reproaches ? Shall I be the slave
 Of — what ? A word ! which those of this false world
 Employ against each other, not themselves ;
 As men wear daggers not for self-offence.
 But if I am mistaken, where shall I
 Find the disguise to hide me from myself,
 As now I skulk from every other eye ?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall of Justice.

CAMILLO JUDGES, etc., are discovered seated; MARZIO is led in.

FIRST JUDGE.

ACCUSED, do you persist in your denial?
I ask you, are you innocent, or guilty?
I demand who were the participators
In your offence? Speak truth, and the whole truth.

MARZIO.

My God! I did not kill him; I know nothing;
Olimpio sold the robe to me from which
You would infer my guilt.

SECOND JUDGE.

Away with him!

FIRST JUDGE.

Dare you, with lips yet white from the rack's kiss
Speak false? Is it so soft a questioner,
That you would bandy lovers' talk with it,
Till it wind out your life and soul? Away!

MARZIO.

Spare me! O, spare! I will confess.

FIRST JUDGE.

Then speak.

MARZIO.

I strangled him in his sleep.

FIRST JUDGE.

Who urged you to it?

MARZIO.

His own son Giacomo, and the young prelate
Orsino sent me to Petrella: there
The ladies Beatrice and Lucretia
Tempted me with a thousand crowns, and I
And my companion forthwith murdered him.
Now let me die.

FIRST JUDGE.

This sounds as bad as truth. ° Guards, there,
Lead forth the prisoners.

Enter LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and GIACOMO, guarded.

Look upon this man:

When did you see him last?

BEATRICE.

We never saw him.

MARZIO.

You know me too well, Lady Beatrice.

BEATRICE.

I know thee ! How ? where ? when ?

MARZIO.

You know 'twas I

Whom you did urge with menaces and bribes
To kill your father. When the thing was done,
You clothed me in a robe of woven gold
And bade me thrive : how I have thriven, you see.
You, my Lord Giacomo, Lady Lucretia,
You know that what I speak is true.

[BEATRICE advances toward him ; he covers his
face, and shrinks back.

Oh, dart

The terrible resentment of those eyes
On the dread earth ! Turn them away from me !
They wound : 'twas torture forced the truth. My lords,
Having said this, let me be led to death.

BEATRICE.

Poor wretch ! I pity thee : yet stay awhile.

CAMILLO.

Guards, lead him not away.

BEATRICE.

Cardinal Camillo,

You have a good repute for gentleness
And wisdom : can it be that you sit here
To countenance a wicked farce like this ?
When some obscure and trembling slave is dragged
From sufferings which might shake the sternest heart,
And bade to answer, not as he believes,
But as those may suspect, or do desire,
Whose questions thence suggest their own reply :
And that in peril of such hideous torments
As merciful God spares even the damned. Speak now
The thing you surely know, which is, that you,
If your fine frame were stretched upon that wheel,
And you were told, " Confess that you did poison
Your little nephew — that fair blue-eyed child
Who was the load-star of your life ;" and though
All see, since his most swift and pitcous death,
That day and night, and heaven and earth, and time,
And all the things hoped for or done therein
Are changed to you, through your exceeding grief,
Yet you would say, " I confess anything" —
And beg from your tormentors, like that slave,
The refuge of dishonorable death.
I pray thee, Cardinal, that thou assert
My innocence.

CAMILLO (*much moved*).

What shall we think, my lords?
Shame on these tears! I thought the heart was frozen
Which is their fountain. I would pledge my soul
That she is guiltless.

JUDGE.

Yet she must be tortured.

CAMILLO.

I would as soon have tortured mine own nephew —
(If he now lived, he would be just her age:
His hair, too, was her color, and his eyes
Like hers in shape, but blue, and not so deep) —
As that most perfect image of God's love
That ever came sorrowing upon the earth.
She is as pure as speechless infancy!

JUDGE.

Well, be her purity on your head, my lord,
If you forbid the rack. His holiness
Enjoined us to pursue this monstrous crime
By the severest forms of law; nay even
To stretch a point against the criminals.
The prisoners stand accused of parricide,
Upon such evidence as justifies
Torture.

BEATRICE.

What evidence? This man's?

JUDGE.

Even so.

BEATRICE (*to MARZIO*).

Come near. And who art thou, thus chosen forth
Out of the multitude of living men
To kill the innocent?

MARZIO.

I am Marzio,

Thy father's vassal.

BEATRICE.

Fix thine eyes on mine:

Answer to what I ask. [*Turning to the Judges.*]

I prithee mark

His countenance: unlike bold calumny
Which sometimes dares not speak the thing it looks,
He dares not look the thing he speaks, but bends
His gaze on the blind earth.

(*To MARZIO.*) What! wilt thou say
That I did murder my own father?

MARZIO.

Oh!

Spare me! My brain swims round — I can not speak —

It was that horrid torture forced the truth.
 Take me away! Let her not look on me!
 I am a guilty miserable wretch;
 I have said all I know: now let me die!

BEATRICE.

My lords, if by my nature I had been
 So stern, as to have planned the crime alledged,
 Which your suspicions dictate to this slave,
 And the rack makes him utter, do you think
 I should have left this two-edged instrument
 Of my misdeed — this man, this bloody knife
 With my own name engraven on the hilt —
 Lying unsheathed amid a world of foes,
 For my own death? That with such horrible need
 For deepest silence, I should have neglected
 So trivial a precaution as the making
 His tomb the keeper of a secret written
 On a thief's memory? What is his poor life?
 What are a thousand lives? A parricide
 Had trampled them like dust: and see, he lives!
[Turning to MARZIO.]

And thou —

MARZIO.

Oh, spare me! Speak to me no more!
 That stern yet piteous look, those solemn tones,
 Wound worse than torture.
(To the Judges.) I have told it all:
 For pity's sake lead me away to death!

CAMILLO.

Guards, lead him nearer the lady Beatrice;
 He shrinks from her regard like autumn's leaf
 From the keen breath of the serenest north.

BEATRICE.

Oh, thou who tremblest on the giddy verge
 Of life and death, pause ere thou answerest me;
 So mayest thou answer God with less dismay:
 What evil have we done thee? I, alas!
 Have lived but on this earth a few sad years,
 And so my lot was ordered, that a father
 First turned the moments of awakening life
 To drops, each poisoning youth's sweet hope; and then
 Stabbed with one blow my everlasting soul,
 And my untainted fame; and even that peace
 Which sleeps within the core of the heart's heart.
 But the wound was not mortal; so my hate
 Became the only worship I could lift
 To our great Father, who in pity and love,
 Armed thee, as thou dost say, to cut him off;
 And thus his wrong becomes my accusation:
 And art thou the accuser? If thou hopest
 Mercy in heaven, show justice upon earth:

Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.
 If thou hast done murders, made thy life's path
 Over the trampled laws of God and man,
 Rush not before thy Judge, and say, " My Maker,
 I have done this and more ; for there was one
 Who was most pure and innocent on earth ;
 And because she endured what never any,
 Guilty or innocent, endured before ;
 Because her wrongs could not be told, nor thought ;
 Because thy hand at length did rescue her —
 I with my words killed her and all her kin."
 Think, I adjure you, what it is to slay
 The reverence living in the minds of men
 Toward our ancient house, and stainless fame !
 Think what it is to strangle infant pity,
 Cradled in the belief of guileless looks,
 Till it become a crime to suffer. Think
 What 'tis to blot with infamy and blood
 All that which shows like innocence, and is,
 Hear me, great God ! I swear, most innocent,
 So that the world lose all discrimination
 Between the sly, fierce, wild regard of guilt,
 And that which now compels thee to reply
 To what I ask : Am I, or am I not,
 A parricide ?

MARZIO.

Thou art not !

JUDGE.

What is this ?

MARZIO.

I here declare those whom I did accuse
 Are innocent. 'Tis I alone am guilty.

JUDGE.

Drag him away to torments : let them be
 Subtle and long drawn out, to tear the folds
 Of the heart's inmost cell. Unbind him not
 Till he confess.

MARZIO.

Torture me as ye will :

A keener pain has wrung a higher truth
 From my last breath. She is most innocent !
 Bloodhounds, not men, glut yourselves well with me !
 I will not give you that fine piece of nature
 To rend and ruin. [*Exit MARZIO, guarded.*]

CAMILLO.

What say ye now, my lords ?

JUDGE.

Let tortures strain the truth till it be white
 As snow thrice-sifted by the frozen wind.

CAMILLO.

Yet stained with blood.

JUDGE (*to BEATRICE*).

Know you this paper, lady ?

BEATRICE.

Entrap me not with questions. Who stands here
 As my accuser ? Ha ! wilt thou be he,
 Who art my judge ? Accuser, witness, judge,
 What, all in one ? Here is Orsino's name :
 Where is Orsino ? Let his eye meet mine.
 What means this scrawl ? Alas ! ye know not what,
 And therefore on the chance that it may be
 Some evil, will ye kill us ?

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

Marzio's dead.

JUDGE.

What did he say ?

OFFICER.

Nothing. As soon as we
 Had bound him on the wheel, he smiled on us,
 As one who baffles a deep adversary,
 And holding his breath, died.

JUDGE.

There remains nothing
 But to apply the question to those prisoners,
 Who yet remain stubborn.

CAMILLO.

I overrule

Further proceedings, and in the behalf
 Of these most innocent and noble persons
 Will use my interest with the holy father.

JUDGE.

Let the pope's pleasure then be done. Meanwhile
 Conduct these culprits each to separate cells ;
 And be the engines ready : for this night,
 If the pope's resolution be as grave,
 Pious and just as once, I'll wring the truth
 Out of those nerves and sinews. groan by groan. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Cell of a Prison.*BEATRICE *is discovered asleep on a couch.**Enter* BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

How gently slumber rests upon her face,
 Like the last thoughts of some day sweetly spent

Closing in night and dreams and so prolonged.
 After such torments as she bore last night,
 How light and soft her breathing comes. Ah, me!
 Methinks that I shall never sleep again.
 But I must shake the heavenly dew of rest
 From this sweet folded flower, thus — wake! awake!
 What, sister, canst thou sleep?

BEATRICE (*awaking*).

I was just dreaming
 That we were all in Paradise. Thou knowest
 This cell seems like a kind of Paradise
 After our father's presence.

BERNARDO.

Dear, dear sister,
 Would that thy dream were not a dream! O, God!
 How shall I tell?

BEATRICE.

What wouldst thou tell, sweet brother?

BERNARDO.

Look not so calm and happy, or, even while
 I stand considering what I have to say,
 My heart will break.

BEATRICE.

See now, thou mak'st me weep:
 How very friendless thou wouldst be, dear child,
 If I were dead. Say what thou hast to say.

BERNARDO.

They have confessed; they could endure no more
 The tortures —

BEATRICE.

Ha! What was there to confess?
 They must have told some weak and wicked lie
 To flatter their tormentors. Have they said
 That they were guilty? O white innocence,
 That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide
 Thine awful and serenest countenance
 From those who know thee not!

Enter JUDGE, with LUCRETIA and GIACOMO, *guarded.*

Ignoble hearts!
 For some brief spasms of pain, which are at least
 As mortal as the limbs through which they pass,
 Are centuries of high splendor laid in dust?
 And that eternal honor which should live
 Sunlike, above the reek of mortal fame,
 Changed to a mockery and a by-word? What!
 Will you give up these bodies to be dragged
 At horses' heels, so that our hair should sweep
 The footsteps of the vain and senseless crowd,
 Who, that they may make our calamity

Their worship and their spectacle, will leave
 The churches and the theatres as void
 As their own hearts? Shall the light multitude
 Fling, at their choice, curses or faded pity,
 Sad funeral flowers to deck a living corpse,
 Upon us as we pass to pass away,
 And leave — what memory of our having been?
 Infamy, blood, terror, despair? O thou,
 Who wert a mother to the parentless,
 Kill not thy child! Let not her wrongs kill thee!
 Brother lie down with me upon the rack,
 And let us each be silent as a corpse;
 It soon will be soft as any grave.
 'Tis but the falsehood it can wring from fear
 Makes the rack cruel.

GIACOMO.

They will tear the truth
 Even from thee at last, those cruel pains:
 For pity's sake say thou art guilty now.

LUCRETIA.

O, speak the truth! Let us all quickly die;
 And after death, God is our judge, not they;
 He will have mercy on us.

BERNARDO.

If indeed
 It can be true, say so, dear sister mine;
 And then the pope will surely pardon you,
 And all be well.

JUDGE.

Confess, or I will warp
 Your limbs with such keen tortures—

BEATRICE.

Tortures! Turn
 The rack henceforth into a spinning-wheel!
 Torture your dog, that he may tell when last
 He lapped the blood his master shed—not me!
 My pangs are of the mind, and of the heart,
 And of the soul; ay, of the inmost soul,
 Which weeps within tears as of burning gall
 To see, in this ill world where none are true,
 My kindred false to their deserted selves.
 And with considering all the wretched life
 Which I have lived, and its now wretched end,
 And the small justice shown by heaven and earth
 To me or mine; and what a tyrant thou art,
 And what slaves these; and what a world we make,
 The oppressor and the oppressed—such pangs compel
 My answer. What is it thou wouldst with me?

JUDGE.

Art thou not guilty of thy father's death?

BEATRICE.

Or wilt thou rather tax high-judging God
That he permitted such an act as that
Which I have suffered, and which he beheld :
Made it unutterable, and took from it
All refuge, all revenge, all consequence,
But that which thou hast called my father's death ?
Which is or is not what men call a crime,
Which either I have done, or have not done ;
Say what ye will. I shall deny no more.
If ye desire it thus, thus let it be,
And so an end of all. Now do your will ;
No other pains shall force another word.

JUDGE.

She is convicted, but has not confessed.
Be it enough. Until their final sentence
Let none have converse with them. You, young lord,
Linger not here !

BEATRICE.

O, tear him not away !

JUDGE.

Guards ! do your duty.

BERNARDO (*embracing* BEATRICE).

Oh ! would ye divide
Body from soul ?

OFFICER.

That is the headsman's business.

[*Exeunt all but* LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, *and* GIACOMO.

GIACOMO.

Have I confessed ? Is it all over now ?
No hope ! No refuge ! O weak wicked tongue,
Which hast destroyed me, would that thou hadst been
Cut out and thrown to dogs first ! To have killed
My father first, and then betrayed my sister ;
Ay, thee ! the one thing innocent and pure
In this black, guilty world, to that which I
So well deserve ! My wife ! my little ones !
Destitute, helpless ; and I — Father ! God !
Canst thou forgive even the unforgiving,
When their full hearts break thus, thus ? —
{Covers his face and weeps.

LUCRETIA.

O, my child !

To what a dreadful end are we all come !
Why did I yield ? Why did I not sustain
Those torments ? Oh ! that I were all dissolved
Into these fast and unavailing tears,
Which flow and feel not !

BEATRICE.

What 'twas weak to do.
 'Tis weaker to lament, once being done ;
 Take cheer ! The God who knew my wrong, and made
 Our speedy act the angel of his wrath,
 Seems, and but seems, to have abandoned us.
 Let us not think that we shall die for this.
 Brother, sit near me ; give me your firm hand —
 You had a manly heart. Bear up ! bear up !
 Oh ! dearest lady, put your gentle head
 Upon my lap, and try to sleep awhile :
 Your eyes look pale, hollow and overworn,
 With heaviness of watching and slow grief.
 Come, I will sing you some low, sleepy tune,
 Not cheerful, nor yet sad : some dull old thing,
 Some outworn and unused monotony.
 Such as our country gossips sing and spin,
 Till they almost forget they live : lie down !
 So, that will do. Have I forgot the words ?
 Faith ! they are sadder than I thought they were :

SONG.

False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
 When my life is laid asleep ?
 Little cares for a smile or a tear.
 The clay-cold corpse upon the bier !
 Farewell ! Heigh-ho !
 What is this whispers low ?
 There is a snake in thy smile, my dear ;
 And bitter poison within thy tear.
 Sweet sleep ! were death like to thee,
 Or if thou couldst mortal be,
 I would close these eyes of pain ;
 When to wake ? Never again !
 O world ! farewell !
 Listen to the passing bell !
 It says, thou and I must part,
 With a light and a heavy heart ! [*The scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.

*A Hall of the Prison.**Enter CAMILLO and BERNARDO.*

CAMILLO.

THE pope is stern : not to be moved or bent.
 He looked as calm and keen as is the engine
 Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself
 From aught that it inflicts ; a marble form,
 A rite, a law, a custom — not a man.

He frowned, as if to frown had been the trick
 Of his machinery, on the advocates
 Presenting the defences, which he tore
 And threw behind, muttering with hoarse, harsh voice :
 " Which among ye defended their old father
 Killed in his sleep ?" Then to another : " Thou
 Dost this in virtue of thy place ; 'tis well."
 He turned to me then, looking deprecation,
 And said these three words coldly : " They must die."

BERNARDO.

And yet you left him not ?

CAMILLO.

I urged him still ;
 Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong
 Which prompted your unnatural parent's death.
 And he replied, " Paolo Santa Croce
 Murdered his mother yester evening,
 And he is fled. Parricide grows so rife
 That soon, for some just cause no doubt, the young
 Will strangle us all, dozing in our chairs.
 Authority and power and hoary hair
 Are grown crimes capital. You are my nephew—
 You come to ask their pardon ; stay a moment :
 Here is their sentence ; never see me more
 Till, to the letter, it be all fulfilled."

BERNARDO.

O, God, not so ! I did believe indeed
 That all you said was but sad preparation
 For happy news. O, there are words and looks
 To bend the sternest purpose ! Once I knew them,
 Now I forget them at my dearest need.
 What think you if I seek him out, and bathe
 His feet and robe with hot and bitter tears ?
 Importune him with prayers, vexing his brain
 With my perpetual cries, until in rage
 He strike me with his pastoral cross, and trample
 Upon my prostrate head, so that my blood
 May stain the senseless dust on which he treads,
 And remorse waken mercy ? I will do it !
 O, wait till I return !

[*Rushes out.*]

CAMILLO.

Alas ! poor boy !
 A wreck-devoted seaman thus might pray
 To the deaf sea.

Enter LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and GIACOMO, *guarded.*

BEATRICE.

I hardly dare to fear
 That thou bring'st other news than a just pardon.

CAMILLO.

May God in heaven be less inexorable
To the pope's prayers, than he has been to mine!
Here is the sentence and the warrant.

BEATRICE (*wildly*).

Oh,

My God! Can it be possible I have
To die so suddenly? So young to go
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground!
To be nailed down into a narrow place;
To see no more sweet sunshine; hear no more
Blithe voice of living thing; muse not again
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost!
How fearful! to be nothing! Or to be —
What? O, where am I? Let me not go mad!
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts! If there should be
No God, no heaven, no earth in the void world;
The wide, gray, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!
If all things then should be — my father's spirit,
His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me:
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life!
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
Even the form which tortured me on earth,
Masked in gray hairs and wrinkles, he should come
And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
For was he not alone omnipotent
On earth, and ever present? even though dead,
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
Scorn, pain, despair? /Who ever yet returned
To teach the laws of Death's untrodden realm?
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now,
O, whither, whither?

LUCRETIA.

Trust in God's sweet love,
The tender promises of Christ: ere night
Think we shall be in paradise.

BEATRICE.

'Tis past!

Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.
And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill:
How tedious, false and cold seem all things!
Have met with much injustice in this world;
No difference has been made by God or man,
Or any power moulding my wretched lot,
'Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.
(I am cut off from the only world I know,)
From light and life and love, in youth's sweet prime.
You do well telling me to trust in God:

I hope I do trust in him. In whom else
Can any trust? And yet my heart is cold.

[*During the latter speeches GIACOMO has retired conversing
with CAMILLO, who now goes out; GIACOMO advances.*

GIACOMO.

Know you not, mother—sister, know you not?
Bernardo even now is gone to implore
The pope to grant our pardon.

LUCRETIA.

Child, perhaps
It will be granted. We may all then live
To make these woes a tale for distant years:
O, what a thought! It gushes to my heart
Like the warm blood.

BEATRICE.

Yet both will soon be cold:
O, trample out that thought! Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope:
It is the only ill which can find place
Upon the giddy, sharp and narrow hour
Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost
That it should spare the eldest flower of spring:
Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
Even now a city stands, strong, fair and free—
Now stench and blackness yawns, like death. O, plead
With famine, or wind-walking pestilence,
Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man!
Cruel, cold, formal man: righteous in words,
In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die:
Since such is the reward of innocent lives;
Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.
And while our murderers live, and hard, cold men,
Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears
To death as to life's sleep; 'twere just the grave
Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,
And wind me in thine all-embracing arms!
Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,
And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.
Live ye, who live, subject to one another
As we were once, who now—

BERNARDO *rushes in.*

BERNARDO.

Oh, horrible!
That tears, that looks, that hope poured forth in prayer,
Even till the heart is vacant and despairs,
Should all be vain! The ministers of death
Are waiting round the doors. I thought I saw
Blood on the face of one—what if 'twere fancy?
Soon the heart's blood of all I love on earth
Will sprinkle him, and he will wipe it off
As if 'twere only rain. O life! O world!

Cover me ! let me be no more ! " To see
 That perfect mirror of pure innocence
 Wherein I gazed, and grew happy and good,
 Shivered to dust ! " To see thee, Beatrice,
 Who made all lovely thou didst look upon—
 Thee, light of life — dead, dark ! while I say, " Sister,"
 To hear I have no sister ; and thou, mother,
 Whose love was a bond to all our loves —
 Dead ! the sweet bond broken !

Enter CAMILLO and Guards.

They come ! Let me
 Kiss those warm lips before their crimson leaves
 Are blighted — white — cold. Say farewell, before
 Death chokes that gentle voice ! O let me hear
 You speak !

BEATRICE.

Farewell, my tender brother ! Think
 Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now :
 And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
 Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
 But tears and patience. One thing more, my child :
 For thine own sake be constant to the love
 Thou bearest us ; and to the faith that I,
 " Though wrapped in a strange cloud of crime and shame,
 Lived ever holy and unstained. " And though
 Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
 Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow
 For men to point at as they pass, do thou
 Forbear, and never think a thought unkind
 Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves.
 " So mayest thou die as I do : fear and pain
 Being subdued. " Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell !

BERNARDO.

I can not say farewell !

CAMILLO.

O, Lady Beatrice !

BEATRICE.

Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
 My dear lord cardinal. Here, mother, tie
 My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
 In any simple knot : ay, that does well.
 And yours I see is coming down. How often
 Have we done this for one another ! — now
 We shall not do it any more. My lord,
 We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

NOTE ON THE CENCI.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

THE sort of mistake that Shelley made, as to the extent of his own genius and powers, which led him deviously at first, but lastly into the direct track that enabled him fully to develop them, is a curious instance of his modesty of feeling, and of the methods which the human mind uses at once to deceive itself, and yet, in its very delusion, to make its way out of error into the path which nature has marked out as its right one. He often incited me to attempt the writing a tragedy: he conceived that I possessed some dramatic talent, and he was always most earnest and energetic in his exhortations that I should cultivate any talent I possessed, to the utmost. I entertained a truer estimate of my powers; and above all, though at that time not exactly aware of the fact, I was far too young to have any chance of succeeding, even moderately, in a species of composition that requires a greater scope of experience in and sympathy with human passion than could then have fallen to my lot, or than any, perhaps, except Shelley, ever possessed, even at the age of twenty-six, at which he wrote 'The Cenci.'

On the other hand, Shelley most erroneously conceived himself to be destitute of this talent. He believed that one of the first requisites was the capacity of forming and following up a story or plot. He fancied himself to be defective in this portion of imagination — it was that which gave him least pleasure in the writings of others — though he laid great store by it, as the proper framework to support the sublimest efforts of poetry. He asserted that he was too metaphysical and abstract — too fond of the theoretical and the ideal — to succeed as a tragedian. It perhaps is not strange that I shared this opinion with himself, for he had hitherto shown no inclination for, nor given any specimen of his powers in framing and supporting the interest of a story either in prose or verse. Once or twice, when he attempted such, he had speedily thrown it aside, as being even disagreeable to him as an occupation.

The subject he had suggested for a tragedy was Charles I., and he had written to me, "Remember, remember Charles I. I have been already imagining how you would conduct some scenes. The second volume of St. Leon begins with this proud and true sentiment: 'There is nothing which the human mind can conceive which it may not execute.' Shakspeare was only a human being." These words were written in 1818, while we were in Lombardy, when he little thought

how soon a work of his own would prove a proud comment on the passage he quoted. When in Rome, in 1819, a friend put into our hands the old manuscript account of the story of 'The Cenci.' We visited the Colonna and Doria palaces, where the portraits of Beatrice were to be found, and her beauty cast the reflection of its own grace over her appalling story. Shelley's imagination became strongly excited, and he urged the subject to me as one fitted for a tragedy. More than ever I felt my incompetence; but I entreated him to write it instead; and he began and proceeded swiftly, urged on by intense sympathy with the sufferings of the human beings whose passions, so long cold in the tomb, he revived and gifted with poetic language. This tragedy is the only one of his works that he communicated to me during its progress. We talked over the arrangement of the scenes together. I speedily saw the great mistake we had made, and triumphed in the discovery of the new talent brought to light from that mine of wealth, never, alas! through his untimely death, worked to its depths — his richly-gifted mind.

We suffered a severe affliction in Rome by the loss of our eldest child, who was of such beauty and promise as to cause him deservedly to be the idol of our hearts. We left the capital of the world, anxious for a time to escape a spot associated too intimately with his presence and loss.* Some friends of ours were residing in the neighborhood of Leghorn, and we took a small house, Villa Valsovano, about half way between the town and Monte Nero, where we remained during the summer. Our villa was situated in the midst of a podere; the peasants sang as they worked beneath our windows, during the heats of a very hot season, and at night the water-wheel creaked as the process of irrigation went on, and the fireflies flashed from among the myrtle-hedges; nature was bright, sunshiny and cheerful, or diversified by storms of a majestic terror, such as we had never before witnessed.

At the top of the house there was a sort of terrace. There is often such in Italy, generally roofed. This one was very small, yet not only roofed but glazed; this Shelley made his study; it looked out on a wide prospect of fertile country, and commanded a view of the near sea. The storms that sometimes varied our day showed themselves most picturesquely as they were driven across the ocean; sometimes the dark lurid clouds dipped toward the waves, and became water-spouts, that churned up the waters beneath, as they were chased onward and scattered by the tempest. At other times the dazzling sunlight and heat made it almost intolerable to every other; but Shelley basked in both, and his health and spirits revived under their influence. In this airy cell he wrote the principal part of 'The Cenci.' He was making a study of Calderon at the time, reading his best tragedies with an accomplished lady living near us, to whom his letter from Leghorn was addressed during the following year. He admired Calderon, both for his poetry and his dramatic genius; but it shows his judgement and originality, that, though greatly struck by his first acquaintance with the Spanish poet, none of his peculiarities crept into the composition of 'The Cenci;' and there is no trace of his new studies except in that passage to which he himself alludes, as suggested by one in 'El Purgatorio de San Patricio.'

* Such feelings haunted him, when, in 'The Cenci,' he makes Beatrice speak to Cardinal Camillo of

"that fair blue eyed child,
Who was the lodestar of your life."

And say —

"All see, since his most piteous death,
That day and night, and heaven and earth, and time,
And all things hoped for, or done therein,
Are changed to you, through your exceeding grief."

Shelley wished 'The Cenci' to be acted. He was not a play-goer, being of such fastidious taste that he was easily disgusted by the bad filling up of the inferior parts. While preparing for our departure from England, however, he saw Miss O'Neil several times; she was then in the zenith of her glory, and Shelley was deeply moved by her impersonation of several parts, and by the graceful sweetness, the intense pathos and sublime vehemence of passion she displayed. She was often in his thoughts as he wrote, and when he had finished he became anxious that his tragedy should be acted, and receive the advantage of having this accomplished actress to fill the part of the heroine. With this view he wrote the following letter to a friend in London:

"The object of the present letter is to ask a favor of you. I have written a tragedy on a story well known in Italy, and, in my conception, eminently dramatic. I have taken some pains to make my play fit for representation, and those who have already seen it judge favorably. It is written without any of the peculiar feelings and opinions which characterize my other compositions — I having attended simply to the impartial development of such characters as it is probable the persons represented really were, together with the greatest degree of popular effect to be produced by such a development. I send you a translation of the Italian MS. on which my play is founded — the chief circumstance of which I have touched very delicately: for my principal doubt as to whether it would succeed, as an acting play, hangs entirely on the question as to whether any such a thing as incest in this shape, however treated, would be admitted on the stage. I think, however, it will form no objection, considering, first, that the facts are matter of history, and, secondly, the peculiar delicacy with which I have treated it.

"I am exceedingly interested in the question of whether this attempt of mine will succeed or no. I am strongly inclined to the affirmative at present — founding my hopes on this, that as a composition it is certainly not inferior to any of the modern plays that have been acted, with the exception of 'Remorse,' that the interest of the plot is incredibly greater and more real, and that there is nothing beyond what the multitude are contented to believe that they can understand, either in imagery, opinion or sentiment. I wish to preserve a complete incognito, and can trust to you that, whatever else you do, you will at least favor me on this point. Indeed this is essential, deeply essential to its success. After it had been acted and successfully (could I hope such a thing), I would own it if I pleased, and use the celebrity it might acquire to my own purposes.

"What I want you to do is, to procure for me its presentation at Covent Garden. The principal character, Beatrice, is precisely fitted for Miss O'Neil, and it might even seem to have been written for her (God forbid that I should see her play it — it would tear my nerves to pieces), and in all respects it is fitted only for Covent Garden. The chief male character I confess I should be very unwilling that any one but Kean should play: that is impossible, and I must be contented with an inferior actor."

The play was accordingly sent to Mr. Harris. He pronounced the subject to be so objectionable that he could not even submit the part to Miss O'Neil for perusal, but expressed his desire that the author would write a tragedy on some other subject, which he would gladly accept. Shelley printed a small edition at Leghorn to insure its correctness; as he was much annoyed by the many mistakes that crept into his text, when distance prevented him from correcting the press.

Universal approbation soon stamped 'The Cenci' as the best tragedy of modern times. Writing concerning it, Shelley said, "I have been cautious to avoid the introducing faults of youthful composition — diffuseness, a profusion of inapplicable imagery, vagueness, generality,

and, as Hamlet says, *words, words.*" There is nothing that is not purely dramatic throughout ; and the character of Beatrice, proceeding from vehement struggle to horror, to deadly resolution, and lastly to the elevated dignity of calm suffering, joined to passionate tenderness and pathos, is touched with hues so vivid and so beautiful, that the poet seems to have read intimately the secrets of the noble heart imaged in the lovely countenance of the unfortunate girl. The fifth act is a masterpiece. It is the finest thing he ever wrote, and may claim proud comparison, not only with any cotemporary, but preceding poet. The varying feelings of Beatrice are expressed with passionate, heart-reaching eloquence. Every character has a voice that echoes truth in its tones. It is curious, to one acquainted with the written story, to mark the success with which the poet has inwoven the real incidents of the tragedy into his scenes, and yet, through the power of poetry, has obliterated all that would otherwise have shown too harsh or too hideous in the picture. His success was a double triumph ; and often after was he earnestly entreated to write again in a style that commanded popular favor, while it was not less instinct with truth and genius. But the bent of his mind went the other way ; and even when employed on subjects whose interest depended on character and incident, he would start off in another direction, and leave the delineation of human passion, which he could depict in so able a manner, for fantastic creations of his fancy, or the expression of those opinions and sentiments with regard to human nature and its destiny : a desire to diffuse which, was the master passion of his soul.

HELLAS.

A Lyrical Drama.



MANTIS EIM' EΣΘΛΩN 'AΓΩNΩN.

ŒDIP. COLON.



PREFACE.



THE poem of 'Hellas,' written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise, and derives its interest (should it be found to possess any) solely from the intense sympathy which the author feels with the cause he would celebrate.

The subject, in its present state, is insusceptible of being treated otherwise than lyrically; and if I have called this poem a drama from the circumstance of its being composed in dialogue, the license is not greater than that which has been assumed by other poets, who have called their productions epics, only because they have been divided into twelve or twenty-four books.

The 'Persæ' of Æschylus afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended, forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return of Xerxes and the desolation of the Persians. I have therefore contented myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures, and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilization and social improvement.

The drama (if drama it must be called) is, however, so inartificial that I doubt whether, if recited on the Thespian wagon to an Athenian village at the Dyonisiaca, it would have obtained the prize of the goat. I shall bear with equanimity any punishment greater than the loss of such a reward which the Aristarchi of the hour may think fit to inflict.

The only *goat-song* which I have yet attempted has, I confess, in spite of the unfavorable nature of the subject, received a greater and a more valuable portion of applause than I expected, or than it deserved.

Common fame is the only authority which I can alledge for the details which form the basis of the poem, and I must trespass upon the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced. Undoubtedly, until the conclusion of the war, it will be impossible to obtain an account of it sufficiently authentic for historical materials; but poets have their privilege, and it is unquestionable that actions of the most exalted courage have been performed by the Greeks—that they have gained more than one naval victory—and that their defeat in Wallachia was signalized by circumstances of heroism more glorious even than victory.

The apathy of the rulers of the civilized world, to the astonishing

circumstance of the descendants of that nation to which they owe their civilization — rising as it were from the ashes of their ruin — is something perfectly inexplicable to a mere spectator of the shows of this mortal scene. We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Greece. But for Greece — Rome the instructor, the conqueror, or the metropolis of our ancestors, would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolators ; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institutions as China and Japan possess.

The human form and the human mind attained to a perfection in Greece which has impressed its image on those faultless productions whose very fragments are the despair of modern art, and has propagated impulses which can not cease, through a thousand channels of manifest or imperceptible operation, to ennoble and delight mankind until the extinction of the race.

The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind ; and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm and their courage. If in many instances he is degraded by moral and political slavery to the practice of the basest vices it engenders, and that below the level of ordinary degradation — let us reflect that the corruption of the best produces the worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease as soon as that relation is dissolved. In fact, the Greeks, since the admirable novel of 'Anastatius' could have been a faithful picture of their manners, have undergone most important changes : the flower of their youth, returning to their country from the universities of Italy, Germany and France, have communicated to their fellow-citizens the latest results of that social perfection of which their ancestors were the original source. The university of Chios contained, before the breaking out of the revolution, eight hundred students, and among them several Germans and Americans. The munificence and energy of many of the Greek princes and merchants, directed to the renovation of their country with a spirit and a wisdom which has few examples, is above all praise.

The English permit their own oppressors to act according to their natural sympathy with the Turkish tyrant, and to brand upon their name the indelible blot of an alliance with the enemies of domestic happiness, of Christianity and civilization.

Russia desires to possess, not to liberate Greece ; and is contented to see the Turks, its natural enemies, and the Greeks, its intended slaves, enfeeble each other, until one or both fall into its net. The wise and generous policy of England would have consisted in establishing the independence of Greece, and in maintaining it both against Russia and the Turks : but when was the oppressor generous or just ?

The Spanish peninsula is already free. France is tranquil in the enjoyment of a partial exemption from the abuses which its unnatural and feeble government are vainly attempting to revive. The seed of blood and misery has been sown in Italy, and a more vigorous race is arising to go forth to the harvest. The world waits only the news of a revolution of Germany, to see the tyrants who have pinnacled themselves on its supineness, precipitated into the ruin from which they shall never arise. Well do these destroyers of mankind know their enemy, when they impute the insurrection in Greece to the same spirit before which they tremble throughout the rest of Europe ; and that enemy well knows the power and cunning of its opponents, and watches the moment of their approaching weakness and inevitable division, to wrest the bloody sceptres from their grasp.

TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO,
LATE SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS TO THE HOSPODAR OF
WALLACHIA,
THE DRAMA OF HELLAS
IS INSCRIBED,
AS AN IMPERFECT TOKEN OF THE ADMIRATION,
SYMPATHY AND FRIENDSHIP
OF
THE AUTHOR.

Pisa, November 1, 1821

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



MAHMUD.

DAOOD.

HASSAN.

AHASUERUS, *a Jew.*

CHORUS of *Greek captive Women.*

Messengers, Slaves, and Attendants.

SCENE — *Constantinople.*

TIME — *Sunset.*

HELLAS.



SCENE, *a Terrace, on the Seraglio.*

MAHMUD (*sleeping*), *an Indian Slave, sitting beside his Couch.*

CHORUS OF GREEK CAPTIVE WOMEN.

WE strew these opiate flowers
On thy restless pillow —
They were stripped from orient bowers,
By the Indian billow.
Be thy sleep
Calm and deep,
Like theirs who fell — not ours who weep !

INDIAN.

Away, unlovely dreams !
Away, false shapes of sleep !
Be his, as heaven seems,
Clear and bright and deep !
Soft as love, and calm as death,
Sweet as a summer night without a breath.

CHORUS.

Sleep, sleep ! our song is laden
With the soul of slumber ;
It was sung by a Samian maiden,
Whose lover was of the number
Who now keep
That calm sleep
Whence none may wake, where none shall weep.

INDIAN.

I touch thy temples pale !
I breathe my soul on thee !
And could my prayers avail,
All my joy should be
Dead, and I would live to weep,
So thou might'st win one hour of quiet sleep.

CHORUS.

Breathe low, low,
 The spell of the mighty mistress now !
 When Conscience lulls her sated snake,
 And tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake.

Breathe low, low,
 The words which, like secret fire, shall flow
 Through the veins of the frozen earth — low, low !

SEMICHORUS I.

Life may change, but it may fly not ;
 Hope may vanish, but can die not ;
 Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;
 Love repulsed — but it returneth !

SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were life a charnel, where
 Hope lay confined with Despair ;
 Yet were Truth a sacred lie,
 Love were lust —

SEMICHORUS I.

If Liberty
 Lent not life its soul of light,
 Hope its iris of delight,
 Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
 Love its power to give and bear.

CHORUS.

In the great morning of the world,
 The spirit of God with might unfurled
 The flag of Freedom over Chaos,
 And all its banded anarchs fled.
 Like vultures frightened from Imaus,
 Before an earthquake's tread. —
 So from Time's tempestuous dawn
 Freedom's splendor burst and shone :
 Thermopylæ and Marathon
 Caught, like mountainous beacon-lighted,
 The springing fire. The winged glory
 On Philippi half alighted,
 Like an eagle on a promontory.
 Its unwearied wings could fan
 The quenchless ashes of Milan.
 From age to age, from man to man
 It lived ; and lit from land to land
 Florence, Albion, Switzerland.
 Then night fell ; and, as from night,
 Reassuming fiery flight,
 From the West swift Freedom came,
 Against the course of heaven and doom.
 A second sun arrayed in flame,
 To burn, to kindle, to illumine.

From far Atlantis its young beams
 Chased the shadows and the dreams.
 France, with all her sanguine steams,
 Hid, but quenched it not ; again
 Through clouds its shafts of glory rain
 From utmost Germany to Spain.
 As an eagle fed with morning
 Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,
 When she seeks her aërie hanging
 In the mountain-cedar's hair,
 And her brood expect the clanging
 Of her wings through the wild air,
 Sick with famine — Freedom, so
 To what of Greece remaineth now
 Returns ; her hoary ruins glow
 Like orient mountains lost in day ;
 Beneath the safety of her wings
 Her renovated nurselings play,
 And in the naked lightnings
 Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
 Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,
 A desert or a paradise :
 Let the beautiful and the brave
 Share her glory, or a grave.

SEMICHORUS I.

With the gifts of gladness
 Greece did thy cradle strew ;

SEMICHORUS II.

With the tears of sadness
 Greece did thy shroud bedew ;

SEMICHORUS I.

With an orphan's affection
 She followed thy bier through time !

SEMICHORUS II.

And at thy resurrection
 Rëappareth, like thou, sublime !

SEMICHORUS I.

If heaven should resume thee,
 To heaven shall her spirit ascend ;

SEMICHORUS II.

If hell should entomb thee,
 To hell shall her high hearts bend.

SEMICHORUS I.

If Annihilation —

SEMICHORUS II.

Dust let her glories be ;
 And a name and a nation
 Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee !

INDIAN.

His brow grows darker — breathe not — move not!
 He starts — he shudders : ye that love not,
 With your panting loud and fast
 Have awakened him at last.

MAHMUD (*starting from his sleep*).

Man the seraglio-guard ! make fast the gate.
 What ! from a cannonade of three short hours ?
 'Tis false ! that breach toward the Bosphorus
 Can not be practicable yet. — Who stirs ?
 Stand to the match : that when the foe prevails,
 One spark may mix in reconciling ruin
 The conqueror and the conquered ! Heave the tower
 Into the gap — wrench off the roof.

Enter HASSAN.

Ha ! what !

The truth of day lightens upon my dream,
 And I am Mahmud still.

HASSAN.

Your sublime highness

Is strangely moved.

MAHMUD.

The times do cast strange shadows

On those who watch and who must rule their course,
 Lest they, being first in peril as in glory,
 Be whelmed in the fierce ebb : and these are of them.
 Thrice has a gloomy vision hunted me
 As thus from sleep into the troubled day ;
 It shakes me as the tempest shakes the sea,
 Leaving no figure upon memory's glass.
 Would that — no matter. Thou didst say thou knewest
 A Jew, whose spirit is a chronicle
 Of strange and secret and forgotten things.
 I bade thee summon him : 'tis said his tribe
 Dream, and are wise interpreters of dreams.

HASSAN.

The Jew of whom I spake is old — so old,
 He seems to have outlived a world's decay ;
 The hoary mountains and the wrinkled ocean
 Seem younger still than he ; his hair and beard
 Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow ;
 His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries
 Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct
 With light, and to the soul that quickens them
 Are as the atoms of the mountain-drift
 To the winter wind : but from his eye looks forth
 A life of unconsumed thought, which pierces
 The present and the past and the to-come.
 Some say that this is he whom the great prophet
 Jesus, the son of Joseph, for his mockery

Mocked with the curse of immortality.
 Some feign that he is Enoch ; others dream
 He was pre-Adamite, and has survived
 Cycles of generation and of ruin.
 The sage, in truth, by dreadful abstinence
 And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,
 Deep contemplation, and unwearied study,
 In years outstretched beyond the date of man,
 May have attained to sovereignty and science
 Over those strong and secret things and thoughts
 Which others fear and know not.

MAHMUD.

I would talk

With this old Jew.

HASSAN.

Thy will is even now
 Made known to him, where he dwells in a sea-cavern
 'Mid the Demonesi, less accessible
 Than thou or God ! He who would question him
 Must sail alone at sunset, where the stream
 Of ocean sleeps around those foamless isles
 When the young moon is westering as now,
 And evening airs wander upon the wave ;
 And when the pines of that bee-pasturing isle,
 Green Erebinthus, quench the fiery shadow
 Of his gilt prow within the sapphire water,
 Then must the lonely helmsman cry aloud,
 " Ahasuerus ! " and the caverns round
 Will answer, " Ahasuerus ! " If his prayer
 Be granted, a faint meteor will arise,
 Lighting him over Marmora, and a wind
 Will rush out of the sighing pine-forest,
 And with the wind a storm of harmony
 Unutterably sweet, and pilot him
 Through the soft twilight to the Bosphorus :
 Thence, at the hour and place and circumstance
 Fit for the matter of their conference,
 The Jew appears. Few dare, and few who dare,
 Win the desired communion — but that shout
 Bodes — [A shout within.

MAHMUD.

Evil, doubtless : like all human sounds.
 Let me converse with spirits.

HASSAN.

That shout again !

MAHMUD.

This Jew whom thou hast summoned —

HASSAN.

Will be here —

MAHMUD.

When the omnipotent hour, to which are yoked
 He, I, and all things, shall compel — enough.
 Silence those mutineers — that drunken crew
 That crowd about the pilot in the storm.
 Ay! strike the foremost shorter by a head!
 They weary me, and I have need of rest.
 Kings are like stars — they rise and set, they have
 The worship of the world, but no repose.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

CHORUS.

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
 From creation to decay,
 Like the bubbles on a river,
 Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
 But they are still immortal
 Who, through birth's orient portal,
 And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
 Clothe their unceasing flight
 In the brief dust and light
 Gathered around their chariots as they go;
 New shapes they still may weave,
 New gods, new laws receive,
 Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last
 On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God;
 A Promethean conqueror came;
 Like a triumphal path he trod
 The thorns of death and shame.
 A mortal shape to him
 Was like the vapor dim
 Which the orient planet animates with light
 Hell, Sin and Slavery came,
 Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
 Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight.
 The moon of Mahomet
 Arose, and it shall set:
 While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon
 The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
 From one whose dreams are paradise,
 Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
 And day peers forth with her blank eyes;
 So fleet, so faint, so fair,
 The Powers of earth and air
 Fled from the folding Star of Bethlehem:
 Apollo, Pan and Love,
 And even Olympian Jove
 Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.
 Our hills and seas and streams,
 Dispeopled of their dreams,

Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
Wailed for the golden years.

Enter MAHMUD, HASSAN, DAOOD, and others.

MAHMUD.

More gold? Our ancestors bought gold with victory,
And shall I sell it for defeat?

DAOOD.

The Janizars

Clamor for pay.

MAHMUD.

Go! bid them pay themselves
With Christian blood! Are there no Grecian virgins
Whose shrieks and spasms and tears they may enjoy?
No infidel children to impale on spears?
No hoary priests after that patriarch
Who bent the curse against his country's heart,
Which clove his own at last? Go! bid them kill:
Blood is the seed of gold.

DAOOD.

It has been sown,
And yet the harvest to the sickle-men
Is as a grain to each.

MAHMUD.

Then, take this signet,
Unlock the seventh chamber, in which lie
The treasures of victorious Solyman.
An empire's spoils stored for a day of ruin.
O spirit of my sires! is it not come?
The prey-birds and the wolves are gorged and sleep;
But these, who spread their feast on the red earth,
Hunger for gold, which fills not.— See them fed;
Then lead them to the rivers of fresh death.

[*Exit DAOOD.*]

Oh! miserable dawn, after a night
More glorious than the day which it usurped!
O! faith in God! O power on earth! O word
Of the great prophet, whose overshadowing wings
Darkened the thrones and idols of the West,
Now bright! For thy sake cursèd be the hour,
Even as a father by an evil child,
When the orient moon of Islam rolled in triumph
From Caucasus to white Ceraunia!
Ruin above, and anarchy below;
Terror without, and treachery within:
The chalice of destruction full, and all
Thirsting to drink; and who among us dares
To dash it from his lips? and where is hope?

HASSAN.

The lamp of our dominion still rides high:
One God is God — Mahomet is his prophet.

Four hundred thousand Moslems, from the limits
 Of utmost Asia, irresistibly
 Throng, like full clouds at the Sirocco's cry,
 But not like them to weep their strength in tears ;
 They have destroying lightning, and their step
 Wakes earthquake, to consume and overwhelm,
 And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,
 Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycale, roughen
 With horrent arms, and lofty ships, even now,
 Like vapors anchored to a mountain's edge,
 Freight with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala
 The convoy of the ever-veering wind.
 Samos is drunk with blood ; the Greek has paid
 Brief victory with swift loss and long despair.
 The false Moldavian serfs fled fast and far
 When the fierce shout of Allah-illa-Allah !
 Rose like the war-cry of the northern wind,
 Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock
 Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm.
 So were the lost Greeks on the Danube's day !
 If night is mute, yet the returning sun
 Kindles the voices of the morning birds ;
 Nor at thy bidding less exultingly
 Than birds rejoicing in the golden day,
 The Anarchies of Africa unleash
 Their tempest-winged cities of the sea,
 To speak in thunder to the rebel world.
 Like sulphureous clouds half-shattered by the storm,
 They sweep the pale Ægean, while the Queen
 Of Ocean, bound upon her island throne,
 Far in the west, sits mourning that her sons,
 Who frown on Freedom, spare a smile for thee :
 Russia still hovers, as an eagle might
 Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane
 Hang tangled in inextricable fight,
 To stoop upon the victor ; — for she fears
 The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine ;
 But recreant Austria loves thee as the grave
 Loves pestilence, and her slow dogs of war,
 Fleshed with the chase, come up from Italy,
 And howl upon their limits ; for they see
 The panther Freedom fled to her old cover,
 Amid seas and mountains, and a mightier brood
 Crouch around. What Anarch wears a crown or mitre,
 Or bears the sword, or grasps the key of gold,
 Whose friends are not thy friends, whose foes thy foes ?
 Our arsenals and our armories are full ;
 Our forts defy assaults ; ten thousand cannon
 Lie ranged upon the beach, and hour by hour
 Their earth-convulsing wheels affright the city ;
 The galloping of fiery steeds makes pale
 The Christian merchant, and the yellow Jew
 Hides his hoard deeper in the faithless earth.

Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,
 Over the hills of Anatolia,
 Swift in wide troops the Tartar chivalry
 Sweep; the far-flashing of their starry lances
 Reverberates the dying light of day.
 We have one God, one King, one Hope, one Law ;
 But many-headed Insurrection stands
 Divided in itself, and soon must fall.

MAHMUD.

Proud words, when deeds come short, are seasonable :
 Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned
 Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud
 Which leads the rear of the departing day,
 Wan emblem of an empire fading now !
 See how it trembles in the blood-red air,
 And like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent,
 Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,
 One star with insolent and victorious light
 Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams,
 Like arrows through a fainting antelope,
 Strikes its weak form to death.

HASSAN.

Even as that moon

Renews itself——

MAHMUD.

Shall we be not renewed !

Far other bark than ours were needed now
 To stem the torrent of descending time :
 The spirit that lifts the slave before its lord
 Stalks through the capitals of armed kings,
 And spreads his ensign in the wilderness ;
 Exults in chains ; and when the rebel falls,
 Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust
 And the inheritors of earth, like beasts
 When earthquake is unleashed, with idiot fear
 Cower in their kingly dens — as I do now.
 What were Defeat, when Victory must appall ?
 Or Danger, when Security looks pale ?
 How said the messenger — who from the fort
 Islanded in the Danube, saw the battle
 Of Bucharest ? — that —

HASSAN.

Ibrahim's cimeter
 Drew with its gleam swift victory from heaven,
 To burn before him in the night of battle—
 A light and a destruction.

MAHMUD.

Ay! the day

Was ours ; but how ?—

HASSAN.

The light Wallachians,
The Arnaut, Servian, and Albanian allies
Fled from the glance of our artillery
Almost before the thunder-stone alit;
One half the Grecian army made a bridge
Of safe and slow retreat, with Moslem dead;
The other —

MAHMUD.

Speak — tremble not —

HASSAN.

Islanded

By victor myriads, formed in hollow square
With rough and steadfast front, and thrice flung back
The deluge of our foaming cavalry;
Thrice their keen wedge of battle pierced our lines.
Our baffled army trembled like one man
Before a host, and gave them space; but soon,
From the surrounding hills, the batteries blazed,
Kneading them down with fire and iron rain.
Yet none approached; till, like a field of corn
Under the hook of the swart sickle-man,
The bands, entrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,
Grew weak and few. Then said the pacha, "Slaves,
Render yourselves — they have abandoned you —
What hope of refuge, or retreat, or aid?
We grant your lives." "Grant that which is thine own,"
Cried one, and fell upon his sword and died!
Another — "God and man and hope abandon me;
But I to them and to myself remain
Constant;" he bowed his head and his heart burst.
A third exclaimed, "There is a refuge, tyrant,
Where thou dardest not pursue, and canst not harm,
Shouldst thou pursue; there we shall meet again."
Then held his breath, and, after a brief spasm,
The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment
Among the slain — dead earth upon the earth!
So these survivors, each by different ways,
Some strange, all sudden, none dishonorable,
Met in triumphant death; and when our army
Closed in, while yet wonder and awe and shame
Held back the base hyenas of the battle
That feed upon the dead and fly the living,
One rose out of the chaos of the slain;
And if it were a corpse which some dread spirit
Of the old saviors of the land we rule
Had lifted in its anger, wandering by;
Or if there burned within the dying man
Unquenchable disdain of death, and faith
Creating what it feigned; I can not tell:
But he cried, "Phantoms of the free, we come!
Armies of the Eternal, ye who strike

To dust the citadels of sanguine kings,
 And shake the souls throned on their stony hearts,
 And thaw their frost-work diadems like dew ;
 O ye who float around this clime, and weave
 The garment of the glory which it wears ;
 Whose fame, though earth betray the dust it clasped,
 Lies sepulchred in monumental thought ;
 Progenitors of all that yet is great,
 Ascribe to your bright senate, O accept
 In your high ministrations, us, your sons—
 Us first, and the more glorious yet to come !
 And ye, weak conquerors ! giants who look pale
 When the crushed worm rebels beneath your tread—
 The vultures, and the dogs your pensioners tame,
 Are overgorged ; but, like oppressors, still
 They crave the relic of Destruction's feast.
 The exhalations and the thirsty winds
 Are sick with blood ; the dew is foul with death—
 Heaven's light is quenched in slaughter : thus where'er
 Upon your camps, cities, or towers or fleets
 The obscene birds the reeking remnants cast
 Of these dead limbs, upon your streams and mountains,
 Upon your fields, your gardens and your housetops,
 Where'er the winds shall creep, or the clouds fly,
 Or the dews fall, or the angry sun look down
 With poisoned light—Famine and Pestilence
 And Panic shall wage war upon our side !
 Nature from all her boundaries is moved
 Against ye : Time has found ye light as foam.
 The Earth rebels ; and Good and Evil stake
 Their empire o'er the unborn world of men
 On this one cast : but ere the die be thrown,
 The renovated genius of our race,
 Proud umpire of the impious game, descends
 A seraph wingèd Victory, bestriding
 The tempest of the Omnipotence of God,
 Which sweeps all things to their appointed doom,
 And you to oblivion !" — More he would have said,
 But —

MAHMUD.

Died — as thou shouldst ere thy lips had painted
 Their ruin in the hues of our success.
 A rebel's crime, guilt with a rebel's tongue !
 Your heart is Greek, Hassan.

HASSAN.

It may be so ;
 A spirit not my own wrenched me within,
 And I have spoken words I fear and hate ;
 Yet would I die for —

MAHMUD.

Live ! O live ! outlive
 Me and this sinking empire : but the fleet —

HASSAN.

Alas !

MAHMUD.

The fleet which, like a flock of clouds
 Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner :
 Our wingèd castles from their merchant-ships !
 Our myriads before their weak pirate bands !
 Our arms before their chains ! Our years of empire
 Before their centuries of servile fear !
 Death is awake ! Repulsed on the waters,
 They own no more the thunder-bearing banner
 Of Mahmud ; but like hounds of a base breed,
 Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their master.

HASSAN.

Latmos and Ampelos and Phanae saw
 The wreck —

MAHMUD.

The caves of the Icarian isles
 Hold each to the other in loud mockery,
 And with the tongue as of a thousand echoes
 First of the sea-convulsing fight — and then —
 Thou darest to speak — senseless are the mountains ;
 Interpret thou their voice !

HASSAN.

My presence bore
 A part in that day's shame. The Grecian fleet
 Bore down at daybreak from the north, and hung
 As multitudinous on the ocean line
 As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind.
 Our squadron, convoying ten thousand men,
 Was stretching toward Nauplia when the battle
 Was kindled. —
 First through the hail of our artillery
 The agile Hydriote barks with press of sail
 Dashed : ship to ship, cannon to cannon, man
 To man were grappled in the embrace of war,
 Inextricable but by death or victory.
 The tempest of the raging fight convulsed
 To its crystalline depths that stainless sea,
 And shook heaven's roof of golden morning clouds
 Poised on a hundred azure mountain-isles.
 In the brief trances of the artillery,
 One cry from the destroyed and the destroyer
 Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapped
 The unforeseen event, till the north wind
 Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil
 Of battle-smoke — then victory — victory !
 For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers
 Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon
 The abhorred cross glimmered behind, before,
 Among, around us ; and that fatal sign

Dried with its beams the strength of Moslem hearts,
 As the sun drinks the dew.— What more? We fled!
 Our noonday path over the sanguine foam
 Was beacons, and the glare struck the sun pale
 By our consuming transports; the fierce light
 Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,
 And every countenance blank. Some ships lay feeding
 The ravening fire even to the water's level:
 Some were blown up; some, settling heavily,
 Sunk; and the shrieks of our companions died
 Upon the wind, that bore us fast and far,
 Even after they were dead. Nine thousand perished!
 We met the vultures legioned in the air,
 Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind:
 They, screaming from their cloudy mountain peaks,
 Stooped through the sulphureous battle-smoke, and perched
 Each on the weltering carcass that we loved,
 Like its ill angel or its damnèd soul.
 Riding upon the bosom of the sea,
 We saw the dog-fish hastening to their feast.
 Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea,
 And ravening Famine left his ocean-cave
 To dwell with war, with us, and with despair.
 We met night three hours to the west of Patmos,
 As with night, tempest—

MAHMUD.

Cease!

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Your sublime highness,
 That Christian hound, the Muscovite ambassador,
 Has left the city. If the rebel fleet
 Had anchored in the port, had victory
 Crowned the Greek legions in the Hippodrome,
 Panic were tamer. Obedience and Mutiny,
 Like giants in contention planet-struck,
 Stand gazing on each other. There is peace
 In Stamboul.—

MAHMUD.

Is the grave not calmer still?
 Its ruins shall be mine.

HASSAN.

Fear not the Russian
 The tiger leagues not with the stag at bay
 Against the hunter. Cunning, base and cruel,
 He crouches, watching till the spoil be won,
 And must be paid for his reserve in blood.
 After the war is fought, yield the sleek Russian
 That which thou canst not keep, his deserved portion
 Of blood, which shall not flow through streets and fields,

Rivers and seas, like that which we may win,
But stagnate in the veins of Christian slaves!

Enter second Messenger.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Nauplia, Tripolizza, Mothon, Athens,
Navarin. Artas, Monembasia,
Corinth and Thebes are carried by assault;
And every Islamite who made his dogs
Fat with the flesh of Galilean slaves,
Passed at the edge of the sword: the lust of blood
Which made our warriors drunk, is quenched in death;
But like a fiery plague breaks out anew
In deeds which make the Christian cause look pale
In its own light. The garrison of Patras
Has store but for ten days, nor is there hope
But from the Briton; at once slave and tyrant,
His wishes still are weaker than his fears;
Or he would sell what faith may yet remain
From the oaths broke in Genoa and in Norway:
And if you buy him not, your treasury
Is empty even of promises—his own coin.
The freeman of a western poet chief
Holds Attica with seven thousand rebels,
And has beat back the pacha of Negropont;
The agèd Ali sits in Yanina,
A crownless metaphor of empire;
His name, that shadow of his withered might,
Holds our besieging army like a spell
In prey to famine, pest and mutiny:
He, bastioned in his citadel, looks forth
Joyless upon the sapphire lake that mirrors
The ruins of the city where he reigned
Childless and sceptreless. The Greek has reaped
The costly harvest his own blood matured,
Not the sower Ali—who has bought a truce
From Ypsilanti, with ten camel-loads
Of Indian gold.

Enter a third Messenger.

MAHMUD.

What more?

THIRD MESSENGER.

The Christian tribes
Of Lebanon and the Syrian wilderness
Are in revolt; Damascus, Hems, Aleppo,
Tremble; the Arab menaces Medina;
The Ethiop has intrenched himself in Sennaar,
And keeps the Egyptian rebel well employed,
Who denies homage, claims investiture
As price of tardy aid. Persia demands
The cities on the Tigris, and the Georgians
Refuse their living tribute. Crete and Cyprus,

Like mountain-twins that from each other's veins
 Catch the volcano-fire and earthquake-spasm,
 Shake in the general fever. Through the city
 Like birds before a storm the Santons shriek,
 And prophesyings horrible and new
 Are heard among the crowd ; that sea of men
 Sleeps on the wrecks it made, breathless and still.
 A dervise, learned in the Koran, preaches
 That it is written how the sins of Islam
 Must raise up a destroyer even now.
 The Greeks expect a savior from the West ;
 Who shall not come, men say, in clouds and glory,
 But in the omnipresence of that spirit
 In which all live and are. Ominous signs
 Are blazoned broadly on the noonday sky :
 One saw a red cross stamped upon the sun ;
 It has rained blood ; and monstrous births declare
 The secret wrath of Nature and her Lord.
 The army encamped upon the Cydaris
 Was roused last night by the alarm of battle,
 And saw two hosts conflicting in the air —
 The shadows doubtless of the unborn time,
 Cast on the mirror of the night. While yet
 The fight hung balanced, there arose a storm
 Which swept the phantoms from among the stars.
 At the third watch the spirit of the plague
 Was heard abroad flapping among the tents :
 Those who relieved watch found the sentinels dead.
 The last news from the camp is, that a thousand
 Have sickened, and —

Enter a fourth Messenger.

MAHMUD.

And thou, pale ghost, dim shadow
 Of some untimely rumor, speak !

FOURTH MESSENGER.

One comes
 Fainting with toil, covered with foam and blood ;
 He stood, he says, upon Clelonit's
 Promontory, which o'erlooks the isles that groan
 Under the Briton's frown, and all their waters
 Then trembling in the splendor of the moon ;
 When, as the wandering clouds unvailed or hid
 Her boundless light, he saw two adverse fleets
 Stalk through the night in the horizon's glimmer,
 Mingling fierce thunders and sulphureous gleams,
 And smoke which strangled every infant wind
 That soothed the silver clouds through the deep air.
 At length the battle slept, but the Sirocco
 Awoke, and drove his flock of thunder-clouds
 Over the sea-horizon, blotting out
 All objects — save that in the faint moon-glimpse
 He saw, or dreamed he saw, the Turkish admiral

And two the loftiest of our ships-of-war,
 With the bright image of that queen of heaven,
 Who hid, perhaps, her face for grief, reversed ;
 And the abhorred cross —

Enter an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

Your sublime highness,
 The Jew, who —

MAHMUD.

Could not come more seasonably :
 Bid him attend. I'll hear no more ! Too long
 We gaze on danger through the mist of fear,
 And multiply upon our shattered hopes
 The images of ruin. Come what will !
 To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
 Set in our path to light us to the edge
 Through rough and smooth ; nor can we suffer aught
 Which He inflicts not in whose hand we are. [*Exeunt.*]

SEMICHORUS I.

Would I were the wingèd cloud
 Of a tempest swift and loud !
 I would scorn
 The smile of morn,
 And the wave where the moonrise is born !
 I would leave
 The spirits of eve
 A shroud for the corpse of the day to weave
 From other threads than mine !
 Bask in the blue noon divine
 Who would, not I.

SEMICHORUS II.

Whither to fly ?

SEMICHORUS I.

Where the rocks that gird th' Ægean
 Echo to the battle-pæan
 Of the free —
 I would flee
 A tempestuous herald of victory !
 My golden rain
 For the Grecian slain
 Should mingle in tears with the bloody main ;
 And my solemn thunder-knell
 Should ring to the world the passing-bell
 Of tyranny !

SEMICHORUS II.

Ah king ! wilt thou chain
 The rack and the rain ?
 Wilt thou fetter the lightning and hurricane ?
 The storms are free,
 But we —

CHORUS.

O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,
 Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare!
 Thy touch has stamped these limbs with crime,
 These brows thy branding garland bear;
 But the free heart, the impassive soul,
 Scorn thy control!

SEMICHORUS I.

Let there be light! said Liberty;
 And like sunrise from the sea,
 Athens arose! Around her born,
 Shone like mountains in the morn,
 Glorious states; and are they now
 Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?

SEMICHORUS II.

Go

Where Thermæ and Asopus swallowed
 Persia, as the sand does foam.
 Deluge upon deluge followed,
 Discord, Macedon, and Rome:
 And, lastly, thou!

SEMICHORUS I.

Temples and towers,
 Citadels and marts, and they
 Who live and die there, have been ours,
 And may be thine, and must decay;
 But Greece and her foundations are
 Built below the tide of war,
 Based on the crystalline sea
 Of thought and its eternity;
 Her citizens, imperial spirits,
 Rule the present from the past,
 On all this world of men inherits
 Their seal is set.

SEMICHORUS II.

Hear ye the blast,
 Whose Orphic thunder thrilling calls
 From ruin her Titanian walls?
 Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones
 Of Slavery? Argos, Corinth, Crete,
 Hear, and from their mountain thrones
 The demons and the nymphs repeat
 The harmony.

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear!

SEMICHORUS II.

The world's eyeless charioteer,
 Destiny, is hurrying by!
 What faith is crushed, what empire bleeds
 Beneath her earthquake-footed steeds?

What eagle-winged victory sits
 At her right hand? what shadow flits
 Before? what splendor rolls behind?
 Ruin and Renovation cry,
 Who but we?

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear!
 The hiss as of a rushing wind,
 The roar as of an ocean foaming,
 The thunder as of earthquake coming,
 I hear! I hear!
 The crash as of an empire falling,
 The shrieks as of a people calling
 "Mercy! mercy!" — How they thrill!
 Then a shout of "Kill! kill! kill!"
 And then a small still voice, thus —

SEMICHORUS II.

For
 Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,
 The foul cubs like their parents are,
 Their den is in their guilty mind,
 And Conscience feeds them with despair.

SEMICHORUS I.

In sacred Athens, near the fane
 Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood:
 Serve not the unknown god in vain,
 But pay that broken shrine again,
 Love for hate, and tears for blood.

Enter MAHMUD and AHASUERUS.

MAHMUD.

Thou art a man, thou sayest, even as we —

AHASUERUS.

No more!

MAHMUD.

But raised above thy fellow-men
 By thought, as I by power.

AHASUERUS.

Thou sayest so.

MAHMUD.

Thou art an adept in the difficult lore
 Of Greek and Frank philosophy; thou numberest
 The flowers, and thou measurest the stars;
 Thou severest element from element;
 Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees
 The birth of this old world through all its cycles
 Of desolation and of loveliness;
 And when man was not, and how man became
 The monarch and the slave of this low sphere,
 And all its narrow circles — it is much.

I honor thee, and would be what thou art
 Were I not what I am ; but the unborn hour,
 Cradled in fear and hope, conflicting storms,
 Who shall unvail ? Nor thou, nor I, nor any
 Mighty or wise. I apprehend not
 What thou hast taught me, but I now perceive
 That thou art no interpreter of dreams ;
 Thou dost not own that art, device, or God,
 Can make the future present — let it come !
 Moreover, thou disdainest us and ours ;
 Thou art as God, whom thou contemplatest.

AHASUERUS.

Disdain thee ? — not the worm beneath my feet !
 The Fathomless has care for meaner things
 Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for those
 Who would be what they may not, or would seem
 That which they are not. Sultan ! talk no more
 Of thee and me, the future and the past ;
 But look on that which can not change — the One
 The unborn, and the undying. Earth and ocean,
 Space, and the isles of life or light that gem
 The sapphire floods of interstellar air,
 This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,
 With all its cressets of immortal fire,
 Whose outwalls, bastioned impregnably
 Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them
 As Calpe the Atlantic clouds — this whole
 Of suns and worlds and men and beasts and flowers,
 With all the silent or tempestuous workings
 By which they have been, are, or cease to be,
 Is but a vision ; all that it inherits
 Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams ;
 Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less
 The future and the past are idle shadows
 Of thought's eterna. flight — they have no being ;
 Naught is but that it feels itself to be.

MAHMUD.

What meanest thou ? Thy words stream like a tempest
 Of dazzling mist within my brain ; they shake
 The earth on which I stand, and hang like night
 On heaven above me. What can they avail ?
 They cast on all things, surest, brightest, best,
 Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

AHASUERUS.

Mistake me not ! All is contained in each.
 Dodona's forest to an acorn's cup
 Is that which has been or will be, to that
 Which is — the absent to the present. Thought
 Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
 Reason, Imagination, can not die ;
 They are what that which they regard appears,

The stuff whence mutability can weave
 All that it hath dominion o'er — worlds, worms,
 Empires, and superstitions. What has thought
 To do with time, or place, or circumstance?
 Wouldst thou behold the future? ask and have!
 Knock and it shall be opened — look, and lo!
 The coming age is shadowed on the past,
 As on a glass.

MAHMUD.

Wild, wilder thoughts convulse
 My spirit — did not Mahomet the Second
 Win Stamboul?

AHASUERUS.

Thou wouldst ask that giant spirit
 The written fortunes of thy house and faith.
 Thou wouldst cite one out of the grave to tell
 How what was born in blood must die.

MAHMUD.

Thy words
 Have power on me! I see —

AHASUERUS.

What hearest thou?

MAHMUD.

A far whisper —
 Terrible silence.

AHASUERUS.

What succeeds?

MAHMUD.

The sound

As of the assault of an imperial city,
 The hiss of inextinguishable fire,
 The roar of giant cannon; the earthquaking
 Fall of vast bastions and precipitous towers,
 The shock of crags shot from strange engin'ry,
 The clash of wheels, and clang of armed hoofs,
 And crash of brazen mail, as of the wreck
 Of adamantine mountains — the mad blast
 Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,
 And shrieks of women whose thrill jars the blood,
 And one sweet laugh, most horrible to hear,
 As of a joyous infant waked and playing
 With its dead mother's breast; and now more loud
 The mingled battle-cry — ha! hear I not
 'Εν τούτῳ νίκη. Allah-illah-Allah!

AHASUERUS.

The sulphureous mist is raised — thou seest —

MAHMUD.

A chasm,

As of two mountains, in the wall of Stamboul;
 And in that ghastly breach the Islamites,

Like giants on the ruins of a world,
Stand in the light of sunrise. In the dust
Glimmers a kingless diadem, and one
Of regal port has cast himself beneath
The stream of war. Another, proudly clad
In golden arms, spurs a Tartarian barb
Into the gap, and with his iron mace
Directs the torrent of that tide of men,
And seems — he is — Mahomet !

AHASUERUS.

What thou see'st

Is but the ghost of thy forgotten dream ;
A dream itself, yet less, perhaps, than that
Thou call'st reality. Thou mayst behold
How cities, on which empire sleeps enthroned,
Bow their towered crests to mutability.
Poised by the flood, e'en on the height thou holdest,
Thou mayst now learn how the full tide of power
Ebbs to its depths. Inheritor of glory,
Conceived in darkness, born in blood, and nourished
With tears and toil, thou seest the mortal throes
Of that whose birth was but the same. The Past
Now stands before thee like an Incarnation
Of the To-come ; yet wouldst thou commune with
That portion of thyself which was ere thou
Didst start for this brief race whose crown is death ;
Dissolve with that strong faith and fervent passion
Which called it from the uncreated deep,
Yon cloud of war with its tempestuous phantoms
Of raging death ; and draw with mighty will
The imperial shade hither. [Exit AHASUERUS.

MAHMUD.

Approach !

PHANTOM.

I come

Thence whither thou must go ! The grave is fitter
To take the living, than give up the dead ;
Yet has thy faith prevailed, and I am here.
The heavy fragments of the power which fell
When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds,
Hang round my throne on the abyss, and voices
Of strange lament sooth my supreme repose,
Wailing for glory never to return.

A later empire nods in its decay ;
The Autumn of a greener faith is come,
And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip
The foliage in which fame, the eagle, built
Her aërie, while dominion whelped below.
The storm is in its branches, and the frost
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,
Ruin on ruin ; thou art slow, my son ;

The Anarchs of the world of darkness keep
 A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies
 Boundless and mute ; and for thy subjects thou,
 Like us, shall rule the ghosts of murdered life,
 The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now —
 Mutinous passions and conflicting fears,
 And hopes that sate themselves on dust and die !
 Stript of their mortal strength, as thou of thine.
 Islam must fall, but we will reign together
 Over its ruins in the world of death :
 And if the trunk be dry, yet shall the seed
 Unfold itself even in the shape of that
 Which gathers birth in its decay. Woe ! woe !
 To the weak people tangled in the grasp
 Of its last spasms.

MAHMUD.

Spirit, woe to all !

Woe to the wronged and the avenger ! Woe
 To the destroyer, woe to the destroyed !
 Woe to the dupe, and woe to the deceiver !
 Woe to the oppressed, and woe to the oppressor !
 Woe both to those that suffer and inflict ;
 Those who are born, and those who die ! But say,
 Imperial shadow of the thing I am,
 When, how, by whom, Destruction must accomplish
 Her consummation ?

PHANTOM.

Ask the cold pale Hour,
 Rich in reversion of impending death,
 When *he* shall fall upon whose ripe gray hairs
 Sit care, and sorrow, and infirmity —
 The weight which Crime, whose wings are plumed with years,
 Leaves in his flight from ravaged heart to heart
 Over the heads of men, under which burthen
 They bow themselves unto the grave : fond wretch !
 He leans upon his crutch, and talks of years
 To come, and how in hours of youth renewed
 He will renew lost joys, and ——

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory ! victory !
 [*The Phantom vanishes.*]

MAHMUD.

What sound of the importunate earth has broken
 My mighty trance ?

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory ! victory !

MAHMUD.

Weak lightning before darkness ! poor faint smile
 Of dying Islam ! Voice which art the response
 Of hollow weakness ! Do I wake and live ?

Were there such things? or may the unquiet brain,
 Vexed by the wise mad talk of the old Jew,
 Have shaped itself these shadows of its fear?
 It matters not! for naught we see or dream,
 Possess, or lose, or grasp at, can be worth
 More than it gives or teaches. Come what may,
 The future must become the past, and I
 As they were, to whom once this present hour,
 This gloomy crag of time to which I cling,
 Seemed an Elysian isle of peace and joy
 Never to be attained. I must rebuke
 This drunkenness of triumph ere it die,
 And dying bring despair. Victory! poor slaves!

[Exit MAHMUD.]

VOICE WITHOUT.

Shout in the jubilee of death! The Greeks
 Are as a brood of lions in the net,
 Round which the kingly hunters of the earth
 Stand smiling. Anarchs! ye whose daily food
 Are curses, groans and gold, the fruit of death,
 From Thule to the girdle of the world,
 Come, feast! the board groans with the flesh of men —
 The cup is foaming with a nation's blood,
 Famine and Thirst await: eat, drink and die!

SEMICHORUS I.

Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream,
 Salutes the risen sun, pursues the flying day!
 I saw her ghastly as a tyrant's dream,
 Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,
 Beneath which earth and all her realms pavilioned lay
 In visions of the dawning undelight.
 Who shall impede her flight?
 Who rob her of her prey?

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory! victory! Russia's famished eagles
 Dare not to prey beneath the crescent's light.
 Impale the remnant of the Greeks! despoil!
 Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

SEMICHORUS II.

Thou voice which art
 The herald of the ill in splendor bid!
 Thou echo of the hollow heart
 Of monarchy, bear me to thine abode
 When desolation flashes o'er a world destroyed.
 Oh bear me to those isles of jagged cloud
 Which float like mountains on the earthquakes, mid
 The momentary oceans of the lightning;
 Or to some toppling promontory proud
 Of solid tempest, whose black pyramid,
 Riven, overhangs the founts intensely brightening
 Of those dawn tinted deluges of fire
 Before their waves expire,

When heaven and earth are light, and only light
In the thunder-night !

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory ! victory ! Austria, Russia, England,
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,
Cry peace, and that means death when monarchs speak
Ho, there ! bring torches, sharpen those red stakes !
These chains are light, fitter for slaves and poisoners
Than Greeks. Kill ! plunder ! burn ! let none remain.

SEMICHORUS I.

Alas for Liberty !
If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years,
Or fate, can quell the free ;
Alas for Virtue ! when
Torments or contumely or the sneers
Of erring judging men
Can break the heart where it abides.
Alas ! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure world
splendid,
Can change, with its false times and tides,
Like hope and terror.
Alas for Love !
And Truth, who wanderest lone and unbefriended,
If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror
Before the dazzled eyes of Error.
Alas for thee ! image of the Above.

SEMICHORUS II.

Repulse, with plumes from conquest torn,
Led the ten thousand from the limits of the morn
Through many an hostile anarchy !
At length they wept aloud and cried, " The sea ! the sea !"
Through exile, persecution and despair
Rome was, and young Atlantis shall become
The wonder or the terror or the tomb
Of all whose step wakes power lulled in her savage lair :
But Greece was as a hermit child,
Whose fairest thoughts and limbs were built
To woman's growth, by dreams so mild
She knew not pain or guilt ;
And now, O Victory, blush ! and Empire, tremble,
When ye desert the free !
If Greece must be
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,
And build themselves again impregnably
In a diviner clime,
To Amphionic music, on some cape sublime,
Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

SEMICHORUS I.

Let the tyrants rule the desert they have made ;
Let the free possess the paradise they claim ;
Be the fortune of our fierce oppressors weighed
With our ruin, our resistance and our name !

SEMICHORUS II.

Our dead shall be the seed of their decay,
 Our survivors be the shadows of their pride,
 Our adversity a dream to pass away —
 Their dishonor a remembrance to abide!

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory! victory! The bought Briton sends
 The keys of ocean to the Islamite.
 Now shall the blazon of the cross be veiled,
 And British skill directing Othman might,
 Thunder-strike rebel victory. O keep holy
 This jubilee of unrevenged blood!
 Kill! crush! despoil! Let not a Greek escape!

SEMICHORUS I.

Darkness has dawned in the East
 On the noon of time:
 The death-birds descend to their feast,
 From the hungry clime.
 Let Freedom and Peace flee far
 To a sunnier strand,
 And follow Love's folding star
 To the Evening land!*

SEMICHORUS II.

The young moon has fed
 Her exhausted horn
 With the sunset's fire:
 The weak day is dead,
 But the night is not born;
 And, like loveliness panting with wild desire,
 While it trembles with fear and delight,
 Hesperus flies from awakening night,
 And pants in its beauty and speed with light
 Fast-flashing, soft and bright.
 Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!
 Guide us far, far away,
 To climes where now, veiled by the ardor of day,
 Thou art hidden
 From waves on which weary noon
 Faints in her summer swoon,
 Between kingless continents, sinless as Eden,
 Around mountains and islands inviolably
 Pranked on the sapphire sea.

SEMICHORUS I.

Through the sunset of hope,
 Like the shapes of a dream,
 What paradise islands of glory gleam
 Beneath heaven's cope.
 Their shadows more clear float by —
 The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,
 The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,
 Burst like morning on dreams, or like heaven on death,

* This begins the allusion to America.

Through the walls of our prison ;
And Greece, which was dead, is arisen !

CHORUS.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves scener far ;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning-star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves and weeps and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be !
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free :
Although a subtler sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime ;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued :
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears, and symbol flowers.

O cease ! must hate and death return ?
Cease ! must men kill and die ?
Cease ! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
O might it die or rest at last !

NOTE ON HELLAS.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

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THE south of Europe was in a state of great political excitement at the beginning of the year 1821. The Spanish revolution had been a signal to Italy — secret societies were formed — and when Naples rose to declare the constitution, the call was responded to from Brundisium to the foot of the Alps. Early in 1821, the Austrians poured their armies into the peninsula. At first their coming rather seemed to add energy and resolution to a people long enslaved. The Piedmontese asserted their freedom; Genoa threw off the yoke of the king of Sardinia; and, as if in playful imitation, the people of the little state of Massa and Carrara gave the *congé* to their sovereign and set up a republic.

Tuscany alone was perfectly tranquil. It was said that the Austrian minister presented a list of sixty carbonari to the grand-duke, urging their imprisonment; and the grand-duke replied, "I do not know whether these sixty men are carbonari, but I know if I imprison them, I shall directly have sixty thousand start up." But though the Tuscans had no desire to disturb the paternal government beneath whose shelter they slumbered, they regarded the progress of the various Italian revolutions with intense interest, and hatred for the Austrian was warm in every bosom. But they had slender hopes; they knew that the Neapolitans would offer no fit resistance to the regular German troops, and that the overthrow of the constitution in Naples would act as a decisive blow against all struggles for liberty in Italy.

We have seen the rise and progress of reform. But the Holy Alliance was alive and active in those days, and few could dream of the peaceful triumph of liberty. It seemed then that the armed assertion of freedom in the south of Europe was the only hope of the liberals, as, if it prevailed, the nations of the north would imitate the example. Happily the reverse has proved the fact. The countries accustomed to the exercise of the privileges of freemen to a limited extent, have extended and are extending these limits. Freedom and knowledge have now a chance of proceeding hand in hand; and if it continue thus, we may hope for the durability of both. Then, as I have said, in 1821, Shelley, as well as every other lover of liberty, looked upon the struggles in Spain and Italy as decisive of the destinies of the world, probably for centuries to come. The interest he took in the progress of affairs was intense. When Genoa declared itself free, his hopes were at their highest. Day after day, he read the bulletins of the Austrian army, and sought eagerly to gather tokens of its defeat. He heard of the revolt of Genoa with emotions of transport. His whole heart and soul were in the triumph of their cause. We were living at Pisa at that time; and several well-informed Italians, at the head of whom we

may place the celebrated Vaccà, were accustomed to seek for sympathy in their hopes in Shelley; they did not find such for the despair they too generally experienced, founded on contempt for their southern countrymen.

While the fate of the progress of the Austrian armies then invading Naples, was yet in suspense, the news of another revolution filled him with exultation. We had formed the acquaintance at Pisa of several Constantinopolitan Greeks, of the family of Prince Caradja, formerly hospodar of Wallachia, who, hearing that the bowstring, the accustomed finale of his vicerealty, was on the road to him, escaped with his treasures, and took up his abode in Tuscany. Among these was the gentleman to whom the drama of 'Hellas' is dedicated. Prince Mavrocordato was warmed by those aspirations for the independence of his country, which filled the hearts of many of his countrymen. He often intimated the possibility of an insurrection in Greece; but we had no idea of its being so near at hand, when, on the 1st of April, 1821, he called on Shelley, bringing the proclamation of his cousin, Prince Ipsilanti, and radiant with exultation and delight, declared that henceforth Greece would be free.

Shelley had hymned the dawn of liberty in Spain and Naples, in two odes, dictated by the warmest enthusiasm; he felt himself naturally impelled to decorate with poetry the uprising of the descendants of that people whose works he regarded with deep admiration; and to adopt the vaticinatory character in prophesying their success. 'Hellas' was written in a moment of enthusiasm. It is curious to remark how well he overcomes the difficulty of forming a drama out of such scant materials. His prophecies, indeed, came true in their general, not their particular purport. He did not foresee the death of Lord Londonderry, which was to be the epoch of a change in English politics, particularly as regarded foreign affairs; nor that the navy of his country would fight for instead of against the Greeks; and by the battle of Navarino secure their enfranchisement from the Turks. Almost against reason, as it appeared to him, he resolved to believe that Greece would prove triumphant; and in this spirit, auguring ultimate good, yet grieving over the vicissitudes to be endured in the interval, he composed his drama.

The chronological order to be observed in the arrangement of the remaining poems, is interrupted here for the sake of comprising his three dramas in one volume. 'Hellas' was among the last of his compositions, and is among the most beautiful. The choruses are singularly imaginative, and melodious in their versification. There are some stanzas that beautifully exemplify Shelley's peculiar style; as, for instance, the assertion of the intellectual empire which must be for ever the inheritance of the country of Homer, Sophocles and Plato:

"But Greece and her foundations are  
Built below the tide of war;  
Based on the crystalline sea  
Of thought and its eternity."

And again, that philosophical truth felicitously imaged forth—

"Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,  
The foul cubs like their parents are;  
Their den is in the guilty mind,  
And conscience feeds them with despair."

The conclusion of the last chorus is among the most beautiful of his lyrics; the imagery is distinct and majestic; the prophecy, such as poets love to dwell upon, the regeneration of mankind—and that regeneration reflecting back splendor on the foregone time, from which it inherits so much of intellectual wealth, and memory of past virtuous deeds, as must render the possession of happiness and peace of tenfold value.



## EARLY POEMS.

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### MUTABILITY.

WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon ;  
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,  
Streaking the darkness radiantly ! — yet soon  
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever :

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings  
Give various response to each varying blast,  
To whose frail frame no second motion brings  
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest — A dream has power to poison sleep ;  
We rise — One wandering thought pollutes the day ;  
We feel, conceive, or reason, laugh or weep ;  
Embrace fond woe or cast our cares away :

It is the same ! For, be it joy or sorrow,  
The path of its departure still is free ;  
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow ;  
Naught may endure but Mutability.

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### ON DEATH.

“ There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”—*Ecclesiastes.*

THE pale, the cold and the moony smile  
Which the meteor beam of a starless night  
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,  
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,  
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan  
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man ! hold thee on in courage of soul  
 Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,  
 And the billows of cloud that around thee roll  
 Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,  
 Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free  
 To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,  
 This world is the mother of all we feel,  
 And the coming of death is a fearful blow  
 To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel ;  
 When all that we know or feel or see  
 Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,  
 Where all but this frame must surely be,  
 Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear  
 No longer will live to hear or to see  
 All that is great and all that is strange  
 In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death ?  
 Who lifteth the veil of what is to come ?  
 Who painteth the shadows that are beneath  
 The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb ?  
 Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be  
 With the fears and the love for that which we see ?

~~~~~  
 TO HARRIET * * * * *

WHOSE is the love that, gleaming through the world,
 Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn ?
 Whose is the warm and partial praise,
 Virtue's most sweet reward ?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
 Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow ?
 Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
 And loved mankind the more ?

Harriet ! on thine : thou wert my purer mind ;
 Thou wert the inspiration of my song ;
 Thine are these early wilding flowers,
 Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love,
 And know, though time may change and years may roll.
 Each flow'ret gathered in my heart
 It consecrates to thine.

TO * * * *.

ΔΑΚΡΥΕΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ.

OH! there are spirits in the air,
 And genii of the evening breeze,
 And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair
 As star-beams among twilight trees :
 Such lovely ministers to meet
 Oft hast thou turned from men thy lonely feet.

With mountain winds, and babbling springs,
 And mountain seas, that are the voice
 Of these inexplicable things,
 Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice
 When they did answer thee ; but they
 Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes
 Beams that were never meant for thine,
 Another's wealth ; — tame sacrifice
 To a fond faith ! still dost thou pine ?
 Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,
 Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy demands ?

Ah ! wherefore didst thou build thine hope
 On the false earth's inconstancy ?
 Did thine own mind afford no scope
 Of love, or moving thoughts to thee ?
 That natural scenes or human smiles
 Could steal the power to wind thee in their wiles.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled
 Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted ;
 The glory of the moon is dead ;
 Night's ghost and dreams have now departed ;
 Thine own soul still is true to thee,
 But changed to a foul fiend through misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever
 Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,
 Dream not to chase ; the mad endeavor
 Would scourge thee to severer pangs.
 Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,
 Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.

STANZAS. — APRIL, 1814.

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
 Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even :
 Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon
 And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.

Pause not! The time is past! Every voice cries, Away!
 Tempt not with one last glance thy friend's ungentle mood:
 Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay:
 Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;
 Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;
 Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
 And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.
 The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head;
 The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:
 But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the
 dead,
 Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace
 may meet.

The cloud-shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
 For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep;
 Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;
 Whatever moves or toils or grieves hath its appointed sleep.
 Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms flee
 Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee
 erewhile,
 Thy remembrance and repentance and deep musings are not free
 From the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile.



A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCHYARD, LECHDALE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
 Each vapor that obscured the sunset's ray;
 And pallid evening twines its beaming hair
 In duskier braids around the languid eyes of day:
 Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,
 Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells toward the departing day,
 Encompassing the earth, air, stars and sea;
 Light, sound and motion own the potent sway,
 Responding to the charm with its own mystery.
 The winds are still, or the dry churchtower grass
 Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou, too, ærial pile! whose pinnacles
 Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,
 Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,
 Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,
 Around whose lessening and invisible height
 Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres :

And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,

Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around,
And mingling with the still night and mute sky
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild

And terrorless as this serenest night :

Here could I hope, like some inquiring child

Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight

Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep

That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

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LINES.

THE cold earth slept below,

Above the cold sky shone,

And all around

With a chilling sound,

From caves of ice and fields of snow

The breath of night like death did flow

Beneath the sinking moon.

The wintry hedge was black,

The green grass was not seen,

The birds did rest

On the bare thorn's breast

Whose roots beside the pathway track,

Had bound their folds o'er many a crack

Which the frost had made between.

Thine eyes glowed in the glare

Of the moon's dying light,

As a fen-fire's beam

On a sluggish stream

Gleams dimly — so the moon shone there,

And it yellowed the strings of thy tangled hair

That shook in the wind of night.

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved ;

The wind made thy bosom chill ;

The night did shed

On thy dear head

Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie

Where the bitter breath of the naked sky

Might visit thee at will.

## TO WORDSWORTH.

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know  
 That things depart which never may return :  
 Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,  
 Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.  
 These common woes I feel. One loss is mine,  
 Which thou too feel'st ; yet I alone deplore.  
 Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine  
 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar :  
 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood  
 Above the blind and battling multitude ;  
 In honored poverty thy voice did weave  
 Songs consecrate to truth and liberty —  
 Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve.  
 Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL OF  
BONAPARTE.

I HATED thee, fallen tyrant ! I did groan  
 To think that a most ambitious slave,  
 Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave  
 Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne  
 Where it had stood even now : thou didst prefer  
 A frail and bloody pomp, which time hast swept  
 In fragments toward oblivion. Massacre,  
 For this I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,  
 Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear and Lust,  
 And stifled thee, their minister. I know  
 Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,  
 Than Virtue owns a more eternal foe  
 Than force or fraud : old Custom, legal Crime,  
 And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of time.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN 1816.



### THE SUNSET.

THERE late was one, within whose subtle being,  
As light and wind within some delicate cloud  
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky  
Genius and death contended. None may know  
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
Fail, like the trances of the summer air.  
When, with the lady of his love, who then  
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,  
He walked along the pathway of a field  
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,  
But to the west was open to the sky.  
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold  
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points  
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers  
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,  
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay  
On the brown massy woods — and in the east  
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose  
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,  
While the faint stars were gathering overhead. —  
“Is it not strange, Isabel,” said the youth,  
“I never saw the sun? We will walk here  
To-morrow: thou shalt look on it with me.”  
That night the youth and lady mingled lay  
In love and sleep — but when the morning came  
The lady found her lover dead and cold!  
Let none believe that God in mercy gave  
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,  
But year by year lived on — in truth I think  
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,  
And that she did not die, but lived to tend  
Her agèd father, were a kind of madness,  
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.

For but to see her were to read the tale  
 Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts  
 Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief :  
 Her eyelashes were torn away with tears,  
 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead — so pale ;  
 Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins  
 And weak articulations might be seen  
 Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self  
 Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,  
 Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee !  
 " Inheritor of more than earth can give,  
 Passionless calm and silence unproved,  
 Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep ! but rest.  
 And are the uncomplaining things they seem,  
 Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love :  
 Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were — Peace !"  
 This was the only moan she ever made.



### HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power  
 Floats tho' unseen among us ; visiting  
 This various world with as inconstant wing  
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;  
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
 It visits with inconstant glance  
 Each human heart and countenance ;  
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
 Like memory of music fled,  
 Like aught that for its grace may be  
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery. —

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
 Of human thought or form. where art thou gone ?  
 Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,  
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?  
 Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;  
 Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown ;  
 Why fear and dream and death and birth  
 Cast on the daylight of this earth  
 Such gloom, why man has such a scope  
 For love and hate, despondency and hope ?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
 To sage or poet these responses given :  
 Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,  
 Remain the records of their vain endeavor :  
 Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,



From all we hear and all we see,  
 Doubt, chance and mutability.  
 Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,  
 Or music by the night wind sent  
 Through strings of some still instrument,  
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope and self-esteem, like clouds, depart  
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.  
 Man were immortal and omnipotent,  
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart  
 Thou messenger of sympathies  
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes ;  
 Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,  
 Like darkness to a dying flame !  
 Depart not as thy shadow came :  
 Depart not, lest the grave should be,  
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,  
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed :  
 I was not heard ; I saw them not ;  
 When musing deeply on the lot  
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
 All vital things that wake to bring  
 News of birds and blossoming,  
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me ;  
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
 To thee and thine : have I not kept the vow ?  
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
 Each from his voiceless grave : they have in visioned bowers  
 Of studious zeal or love's delight  
 Outwatched with me the envious night :  
 They know that never joy illumed my brow,  
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
 This world from its dark slavery,  
 That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,  
 Wouldst live whate'er these words can not express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
 When noon is past : there is a harmony  
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
 Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,  
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !

Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
 Of nature on my passive youth  
 Descended, to my onward life supply  
 Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
 And every form containing thee,  
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

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MONT BLANC.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

I.

THE everlasting universe of things
 Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
 Now dark — now glittering — now reflecting gloom —
 Now lending splendor, where from secret springs
 The source of human thought its tribute brings
 Of waters — with a sound but half its own,
 Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
 In the wild woods, among the mountains lone.
 Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
 Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
 Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II.

Thus thou, ravine of Arve — dark, deep ravine —
 Thou many-colored, many-voicèd vale,
 Over whose pines and crags and caverns sail
 Fast clouds, shadows and sunbeams ; awful scene !
 Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down
 From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,
 Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame
 Of lightning through the tempest ; thou dost lie,
 The giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
 Children of elder time, in whose devotion
 The chainless winds still come and ever came
 To drink their odors, and their mighty swinging
 To hear — an old and solemn harmony :
 Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep
 Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil
 Robes some unsculptured image ; the strange sleep
 Which, when the voices of the desert fail,
 Wraps all in its own deep eternity ;
 Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion
 A loud, lone sound, no other sound can tame ;
 Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,
 Thou art the path of that unresting sound —

Dizzy ravine ! and when I gaze on thee
 I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
 To muse on my own separate fantasy,
 My own, my human mind, which passively
 Now renders and receives fast influencings,
 Holding an unremitting interchange
 With the clear universe of things around ;
 One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
 Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
 Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
 In the still cave of the witch Poesy,
 Seeking among the shadows that pass by
 Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,
 Some phantom, some faint image ; till the breast
 From which they fled recalls them, thou art there !

III.

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
 Visit the soul in sleep — that death is slumber,
 And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
 Of those who wake and live. — I look on high :
 Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
 The vail of life and death, or do I lie
 In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
 Speed far around and inaccessibly
 Its circles ? For the very spirit fails,
 Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
 That vanishes among the viewless gales !
 Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
 Mont Blanc appears — still, snowy and serene —
 Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
 Pile around it, ice and rock ; broad vales between
 Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
 Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
 And wind among the accumulated steeps ;
 A desert peopled by the storms alone,
 Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
 And the wolf tracks her there — how hideously
 Its shapes are heaped around ! rude, bare and high,
 Ghastly and scarred and riven. Is this the scene
 Where the old Earthquake-demon taught her young
 Ruin ? Were these their toys ? or did a sea
 Of fire envelop once this silent snow ?
 None can reply — all seems eternal now.
 The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
 Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,
 So solemn, so serene, that man may be
 But for such faith with nature reconciled ;
 Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to reveal
 Large codes of fraud and woe ; not understood
 By all, but which the wise and great and good
 Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV.

The fields, the lakes, the forests and the streams,
 Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
 Within the dædal earth — lightning and rain,
 Earthquake and fiery flood and hurricane,
 The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
 Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
 Holds every future leaf and flower — the bound
 With which from that detested trance they leap;
 The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
 And that of him and all that his may be;
 All things that move and breathe with toil and sound
 Are born and die, revolve, subside and swell.
 Power dwells apart in its tranquillity
 Remote, serene and inaccessible:
 And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,
 On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains,
 Teach the advertent mind. The glaciers creep
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
 Slowly rolling on; there, many a precipice
 Frost and the sun in scorn of mortal power
 Have piled — dome, pyramid and pinnacle,
 A city of death, distinct with many a tower
 And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
 Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
 Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
 Rolls its perpetual stream; vast pines are strewn
 Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
 Branchless and shattered stand; the rocks, drawn down
 From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
 The limits of the dead and living world,
 Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
 Of insects, beasts and birds, becomes its spoil;
 Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
 So much of life and joy is lost. The race
 Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
 Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
 And their place is not known. Below vast caves
 Shine in the rushing torrent's restless gleam,
 Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling
 Meet in the vale, and one majestic river,
 The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
 Rolls its loud waters to the ocean-waves,
 Breathes its swift vapors to the circling air.

V.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: the power is there,
 The still and solemn power of many sights
 And many sounds, and much of life and death.
 In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
 In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
 Upon that mountain; none beholds them there,

Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the starbeams dart through them : winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently ! Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapor broods
Over the snow. The secret strength of things
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee !
And what were thou and earth and stars and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy ?

Switzerland, June 23, 1816.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1817.

PRINCE ATHANASE.

A FRAGMENT.

PART I.

THERE was a youth, who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and gray before his time ;
Nor any could the restless griefs unravel

Which burned within him, withering up his prime
And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.
Not his the load of any secret crime,

For naught of ill his heart could understand,
But pity and wild sorrow for the same ;
Not his the thirst for glory or command,

Baffled with blast of hope-consuming shame ;
Nor evil joys which fire the vulgar breast,
And quench in speedy smoke its feeble flame,

Had left within his soul the dark unrest :
Nor what religion fables of the grave
Feared he — Philosophy's accepted guest.

For none than he a purer heart could have,
Or that loved good more for itself alone ;
Of naught in heaven or earth was he the slave.

What sorrow strange and shadowy and unknown
Sent him, a hopeless wanderer, through mankind ? —
If with a human sadness he did groan,

He had a gentle, yet aspiring mind ;
 Just, innocent, with varied learning fed,
 And such a glorious consolation find

In others' joy, when all their own is dead :
 He loved, and labored for his kind in grief,
 And yet, unlike all others, it is said,

That from such toil he never found relief,
 Although a child of fortune and of power,
 Of an ancestral name the orphan chief,

His soul had wedded wisdom, and her dower
 Is love and justice, clothed in which he sate
 Apart from men, as in a lonely tower,

Pitying the tumult of their dark estate —
 Yet even in youth did he not e'er abuse
 The strength of wealth or thought, to consecrate

Those false opinions which the harsh rich use
 To blind the world they famish for their pride ;
 Nor did he hold from any man his dues,

But like a steward in honest dealings tried,
 With those who toiled and wept, the poor and wise,
 His riches and his cares he did divide.

Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise,
 What he dared do or think, though men might start,
 He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes ;

Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,
 And to his many friends — all loved him well —
 Whate'er he knew or felt he would impart,

If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell ;
 If not, he smiled or wept ; and his weak foes
 He neither spurned nor hated, though with fell

And mortal hate their thousand voices rose,
 They passed like aimless arrows from his ear. —
 Nor did his heart or mind its portal close

To those, or them, or any, whom life's sphere
 May comprehend within its wide array.
 What sadness made that vernal spirit sere ?

He knew not. Though his life, day after day,
 Was failing like an un replenished stream.
 Though in his eyes a cloud and burden lay,

Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam
Piercing the chasms of ever-rising clouds,
Shone, softly burning ; though his lips did seem

Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods ;
And through his sleep, and o'er each waking hour,
Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,

Were driven within him by some secret power,
Which bade them blaze, and live, and roll afar,
Like lights and sounds, from haunted tower to tower,

O'er castled mountains borne, when tempest's war
Is levied by the night-contending winds,
And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear ;

Though such were in his spirit, as the fiends
Which wake and feed on everliving woe —
What was this grief, which ne'er in other minds

A mirror found — he knew not — none could know ;
But on whoe'er might question him he turned
The light of his frank eyes, as if to show

He knew not of the grief within that burned,
But asked forbearance with a mournful look ;
Or spoke in words from which none ever learned

The cause of his disquietude ; or shook
With spasms of silent passion ; or turned pale :
So that his friends soon rarely undertook

To stir his secret pain without avail ;
For all who knew and loved him then perceived
That there was drawn an adamantine vail

Between his heart and mind — both unrelieved
Wrought in his brain and bosom separate strife.
Some said that he was mad, others believed

That memories of an antenatal life
Made this, where now he dwelt, a penal hell :
And others said that such mysterious grief

From God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell
On souls like his which owned no higher law
Than love — love calm, steadfast, invincible

By mortal fear or supernatural awe ;
And others — "'Tis the shadow of a dream
Which the veiled eye of Memory never saw

" But through the soul's abyss, like some dark stream
Through shattered mines and caverns underground
Rolls, shaking its foundations ; and no beam

" Of joy may rise, but it is quenched and drowned
In the dim whirlpools of this dream obscure,
Soon its exhausted waters will have found

" A lair of rest beneath thy spirit pure,
O Athanase ! — in one so good and great,
Evil or tumult can not long endure."

So spake they : idly of another's state
Babbling vain words and foud philosophy ;
This was their consolation ; such debate

Men held with one another ; nor did he
Like one who labors with a human woe
Decline this talk ; as if its theme might be

Another, not himself, he to and fro
Questioned and canvassed it with subtlest wit,
And none but those who loved him best could know

That which he knew not, how it galled and bit
His weary mind, this converse vain and cold ;
For like an eyeless nightmare grief did sit

Upon his being : a snake which fold by fold
Pressed on the life of life, a clinging fiend
Which clinched him if he stirred with deadlier hold :
And so his grief remained — let it remain — untold !*

FRAGMENTS † OF PRINCE ATHANASE.

PART II.

FRAGMENT I.

PRINCE ATHANASE had one beloved friend,
An old, old man, with hair of silver white,
And lips where heavenly smiles would hang and blend

* The author was pursuing a fuller development of the ideal character of Athanase, when it struck him that in an attempt at extreme refinement and analysis, his conceptions might be betrayed into the assuming a morbid character. The reader will judge whether he is a loser or gainer by this difference. — *Author's note*

† The idea Shelley had formed of 'Prince Athanase' was a good deal modeled on 'Alastor.' In the first sketch of the poem he names it 'Pandemos and Urania.' Athanase seeks through the world the one whom he may love. He meets, in the ship in which he is embarked, a lady, who appears to him to embody his ideal of love and beauty. But she proves Pandemos, or the earthly and unworthy Venus, who, after disappointing his cherished dreams and hopes, deserts him. Athanase, crushed by sorrow, pines and dies. "On his death bed the lady, who can really reply to his soul, comes and kisses his lips." This slender note is all we have to aid our imagination in shaping out the form of the poem such as its author imaged

With his wise words ; and eyes whose arrowy light
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds.
He was the last whom superstition's blight

Had spared in Greece — the blight that cramps and blinds —
And in his olive-bower at Cœnoë
Had sate from earliest youth. Like one who finds

A fertile island in the barren sea,
One mariner who has survived his mates
Many a drear month in a great ship — so he

With soul-sustaining songs, and sweet debates
Of ancient lore, there fed his lonely being :
“ The mind becomes that which it contemplates ” —

And thus Zonoras, by for ever seeing
Their bright creations, grew like wisest men :
And when he heard the crash of nations fleeing

A bloodier power than ruled thy ruins then.
O sacred Hellas ! many weary years
He wandered, till the path of Laian's glen

Was grass-grown — and the unremembered tears
Were dry in Laian for their honored chief,
Who fell in Byzant, pierced by Moslem spears :

And as the lady looked with faithful grief
From her high lattice o'er the rugged path,
Where she once saw that horseman toil, with brief

And blighting hope, who with the news of death
Struck body and soul as with a mortal blight,
She saw beneath the chestnuts, far beneath,

An old man toiling up, a weary wight ;
And soon within her hospitable hall
She saw his white hairs glittering in the light

Of the wood fire, and round his shoulders fall,
And his wan visage and his withered mien,
Yet calm and gentle and majestic.

And Athanase, her child, who must have been
Then three years old, sate opposite and gazed
In patient silence.

FRAGMENT II.

SUCH was Zonoras ; and as daylight finds
One amaranth glittering on the path of frost,
When autumn nights have nipped all weaker kinds,

Thus through his age, dark, cold and tempest-tost,
Shone truth upon Zonoras ; and he filled
From fountains pure, nigh overgrown and lost,

The spirit of Prince Athanase, a child,
With soul-sustaining songs of ancient lore
And philosophic wisdom, clear and mild.

And sweet and subtle talk now evermore,
The pupil and the master shared ; until,
Sharing that undiminishable store,

The youth, as shadows on a grassy hill
Outrun the winds that chase them, soon outran
His teacher, and did teach with native skill

Strange truths and new to that experienced man.
Still they were friends, as few have ever been
Who mark the extremes of life's discordant span.

So in the caverns of the forest green.
Or by the rocks of echoing ocean hoar,
Zonoras and Prince Athanase were seen

By summer woodmen ; and when winter's roar
Sounded o'er earth and sea its blast of war,
The Balearic fisher, driven from shore,

Hanging upon the peakèd wave afar,
Then saw their lamp from Laian's turret gleam,
Piercing the stormy darkness, like a star

Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,
While all the constellations of the sky
Seemed reeling through the storm ; they did but seem—

For, lo ! the wintry clouds are all gone by,
And bright Arcturus through yon pines is glowing,
And far o'er southern waves, immoveably

Belted Orion hangs — warm light is flowing
From the young moon into the sunset's chasm. —
“ O summer eve ! with power divine, bestowing

“ On thine own bird the sweet enthusiasm
Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness,
Filling the sky like light ! How many a spasm

“ Of fevered brains, oppressed with grief and madness,
Were lulled by thee, delightful nightingale !
And these soft waves, murmuring a gentle sadness,

“ And the far sighings of yon piny dale
Made vocal by some wind, we feel not here
I bear alone what nothing may avail

“ To lighten — a strange load !” — No human ear
Heard this lament ; but o'er the visage wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere

Of dark emotion, a swift shadow ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,
Glassy and dark. And that divine old man

Beheld his mystic friend's whole being shake,
Even where its inmost depths were gloomiest —
And with a calm and measured voice he spake,

And, with a soft and equal pressure, prest
That cold lean hand : “ Dost thou remember yet
When the curved moon then lingering in the west

“ Paused, in yon waves her mighty horns to wet,
How in those beams we walked, half resting on the sea ?
'Tis just one year — sure thou dost not forget —

“ Then Plato's words of light in thee and me
Lingered like moonlight in the moonless east,
For we had just then read — thy memory

“ Is faithful now — the story of the feast ;
And Agathon and Diotima seemed
From death and dark forgetfulness released.”

FRAGMENT III.

'Twas at the season when the Earth upsprings
From slumber, as a spherèd angel's child,
Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,

Stands up before its mother bright and mild,
Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems —
So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled

To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,
The fresh and radiant Earth. The hoary grove
Waxed green, and flowers burst forth like starry beams ;

The grass in the warm sun did start and move,
And sea-buds burst beneath the waves serene.
How many a one, though none be near to love,

Loves then the shade of his own soul, half seen
In any mirror — or the Spring's young minions,
The wingèd leaves amid the copses green ;

How many a spirit then puts on the pinions
Of fancy and outstrips the lagging blast,
And his own steps — and over wide dominions

Sweeps in his dream drawn chariot, far and fast,
More fleet than storms — the wide world shrinks below,
When winter and despondency are past.

'Twas at this season that Prince Athanase
Passed the white Alps, those eagle-baffling mountains
Slept in their shrouds of snow : beside the ways

The waterfalls were voiceless, for their fountains
Were changed to mines of sunless crystal now,
Or by the curdling winds — whose brazen wings

Which clanged along the mountain's marble brow,
Warped into adamantine fretwork, hung
And filled with frozen light the chasm below.

FRAGMENT IV.

THOU art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love ! and happy souls,
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,

Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew ;
Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls

Investest it ; and when the heavens are blue
Thou fillest them ; and when the earth is fair,
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue

Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear
Beauty like some bright robe ; thou ever soarest
Among the towers of men, and as soft air

In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou floatest among men ; and aye implorest

That which from thee they should implore : the weak
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
The strong have broken — yet where shall any seek

A garment whom thou clothest not ?

MARIANNE'S DREAM.

A PALE dream came to a lady fair,
 And said, "A boon, a boon, I pray!
 I know the secrets of the air,
 And things are lost in the glare of day,
 Which I can make the sleeping see,
 If they will put their trust in me.

And thou shalt know of things unknown,
 If thou wilt let me rest between
 The veiny lids whose fringe is thrown
 Over thine eyes so dark and sheen :"
 And half in hope, and half in fright,
 The lady closed her eyes so bright.

At first all deadly shapes were driven
 Tumultuously across her sleep,
 And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven
 All ghastly visaged clouds did sweep ;
 And the lady ever looked to spy
 If the gold sun shone forth on high.

And as toward the east she turned,
 She saw aloft in the morning air,
 Which now with hues of sunrise burned,
 A great black anchor rising there ;
 And wherever the lady turned her eyes
 It hung before her in the skies.

The sky was blue as the summer sea,
 The depths were cloudless overhead,
 The air was calm as it could be,
 There was no sight nor sound of dread,
 But that black anchor floating still
 Over the piny eastern hill.

The lady grew sick with a weight of fear,
 To see that Anchor ever hanging,
 And veiled her eyes ; she then did hear
 The sound as of a dim low clanging,
 And looked abroad if she might know
 Was it aught else, or but the flow
 Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

There was a mist in the sunless air.
 Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock
 But the very weeds that blossomed there
 Were moveless, and each mighty rock
 Stood on its basis steadfastly ;
 The anchor was seen no more on high.

But piled around with summits hid
In lines of cloud at intervals,
Stood many a mountain pyramid
Among whose everlasting walls
Two mighty cities shone, and ever
Through the red mists their domes did quiver.

On two dread mountains, from whose crest,
Might seem, the eagle for her brood
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest
Those tower-encircled cities stood.
A vision strange such towers to see,
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously.
Where human art could never be.

And columns framed of marble white,
And giant fanes, dome over dome
Piled and triumphant gates, all bright
With workmanship which could not come
From touch of mortal instrument,
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent.

But still the lady heard that clang
Filling the wide air far away ;
And still the mist whose light did hang
Among the mountain shook alway,
So that the lady's heart beat fast,
As half in joy, and half aghast,
On those high domes her look she cast.

Sudden from out that city sprung
A light that made the earth grow red ;
Two flames that each with quivering tongue
Licked its high domes, and over-head
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

And hark ! a rush, as if the deep
Had burst its bonds ; she looked behind
And saw over the western steep
A raging flood descend, and wind
Through that wide vale : she felt no fear,
But said within herself, "'Tis clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea."

And now those raging billows came
Where that fair lady sate, and she
Was borne toward the showering flame
By the wild waves heaped tumultuously.

And, on a little plank, the flow
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

The waves were fiercely vomited
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

The plank whereon that lady sate
Was driven through the chasms, about and about,
Between the peaks so desolate
Of the drowning mountain, in and out,
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails—
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

At last her plank an eddy crost,
And bore her to the city's wall,
Which now the flood had reached almost;
It might the stoutest heart appall
To hear the fire roar and hiss
Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

The eddy whirled her round and round
Before a gorgeous gate, which stood
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound
Its aery arch with light like blood;
She looked on that gate of marble clear
With wonder that extinguished fear.

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,
Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human, but the fairest
Of winged shapes, whose legions range
Throughout the sleep of those who are,
Like this same lady, good and fair.

And as she looked, still lovelier grew
Those marble forms; the sculptor sure
Was a strong spirit, and the hue
Of his own mind did there endure
After the touch, whose power had braided
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

She looked, the flames were dim, the flood
Grew tranquil as a woodland river
Winding through hills in solitude;
Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,
And their fair limbs to float in motion,
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

And their lips moved ; one seemed to speak,
 When suddenly the mountain crackt,
 And through the chasm the floor did break
 With an earth-uplifting cataract :
 The statues gave a joyous scream,
 And on its wings the pale thin dream
 Lifted the lady from the stream.
 The dizzy flight of that phantom pale
 Waked the fair lady from her sleep,
 And she arose, while from the veil
 Of her dark eyes the dream did creep ;
 And she walked about as one who knew
 That sleep has sights as clear and true
 As any waking eyes can view.

Marlow, 1817.

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TO CONSTANTIA

SINGING.

THUS to be lost, and thus to sink and die,  
 Perchance were death indeed ! — Constantia, turn !  
 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,  
 Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn  
 Between thy lips, are laid to sleep ;  
 Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it is yet,  
 And from thy touch like fire doth leap.  
 Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet,  
 Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget !

A breathless awe, like the swift change  
 Unseen, but felt in youthful slumbers,  
 Wild, sweet, but incommunicably strange,  
 Thou breathest now in fast-ascending numbers.  
 The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven  
 By the enchantment of thy strain,  
 And on my shoulders wings are woven,  
 To follow its sublime career,  
 Beyond the mighty moons that wane  
 Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,  
 Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul — it lingers  
 O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,  
 The blood and life within those snowy fingers  
 Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.  
 My brain is wild, my breath comes quick —  
 The blood is listening in my frame,  
 And thronging shadows, fast and thick,  
 Fall on my overflowing eyes :  
 My heart is quivering like a flame ;  
 As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,  
 I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,  
 While, like the world-surrounding air, thy song  
 Flows on, and fills all things with melody. —  
 Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,  
 On which, like one in trance upborne,  
 Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,  
 Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.  
 Now 'tis the breath of summer night,  
 Which, when the starry waters sleep,  
 Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,  
 Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

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TO CONSTANTIA.

THE rose that drinks the fountain dew
 In the pleasant air of noon,
 Grows pale and blue with altered hue —
 In the gaze of the nightly moon ;
 For the planet of frost, so cold and bright,
 Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

Such is my heart — roses are fair.
 And that at best a withered blossom ;
 But thy false care did idly wear
 Its withered leaves in a faithless bosom ;
 And fed with love, like air and dew,
 Its growth —

~~~~~

ON F. G.

HER voice did quiver as we parted,  
 Yet knew I not that heart was broken  
 From which it came, and I departed  
 Heeding not the words then spoken.  
 Misery — O Misery,  
 This world is all too wide for thee !

~~~~~

DEATH.

THEY die — the dead return not — Misery
 Sits near an open grave and calls them over,
 A youth with hoary hair and haggard eye —
 They are names of kindred, friend and lover,
 Which he so feebly calls : they all are gone !
 Fond wretch, all dead, those vacant names alone,

This most familiar scene, my pain —
 These tombs alone remain.

Misery, my sweetest friend ! oh, weep no more !
 Thou wilt not be consoled — I wonder not !
 For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
 Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot
 Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,
 And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary ;
 This most familiar scene, my pain —
 These tombs alone remain.



LINES.

THAT time is dead for ever, child,
 Drowned, frozen, dead for ever !
 We look on the past,
 And stare aghast
 At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,
 Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
 To death on life's dark river.

The stream we gazed on then, rolled by ;
 Its waves are unreturning ;
 But we yet stand
 In a lone land,
 Like tombs to mark the memory
 Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee
 In the light of life's dim morning.

November 5, 1817.



LINES TO A CRITIC.

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,
 Or silk from the yellow bee ?
 The grass may grow in winter weather
 As soon as hate in me.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
 And men who rail like thee :
 An equal passion to repay
 They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold,
 To be thy dear heart's mate ;
 Thy love will move that bigot cold,
 Sooner than me thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove
Can not divided be ;
I hate thy want of truth and love :
How should I then hate thee ?

December, 1817.



SONNET. — OZYMANDIAS.

I MET a traveler from an antique land
Who said, " Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed ;
And on the pedestal these words appear :
' My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair !'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1818.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

'ROSALIND AND HELEN,' AND 'LINES, WRITTEN
AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.'

THE story of 'ROSALIND AND HELEN' is undoubtedly not an attempt in the highest style of poetry. It is in no degree calculated to excite profound meditation; and if, by interesting the affections and amusing the imagination, it awakes a certain ideal melancholy favorable to the reception of more important impressions, it will produce in the reader all that the writer experienced in the composition. I resigned myself, as I wrote, to the impulse of the feelings which moulded the conception of the story; and this impulse determined the pauses of a measure, which only pretends to be regular inasmuch as it corresponds with and expresses the irregularity of the imaginations which inspired it.

I do not know which of the few scattered poems I left in England will be selected by my bookseller to add to this collection. One, which I sent from Italy, was written after a day's excursion among those lovely mountains which surround what was once the retreat and where is now the sepulchre of Petrarch. If any one is inclined to condemn the insertion of the introductory lines, which image forth the sudden relief of a state of deep despondency by the radiant visions disclosed by the sudden burst of an Italian sunrise in autumn, on the highest peak of those delightful mountains, I can only offer as my excuse, that they were not erased at the request of a dear friend, with whom added years of intercourse only add to my apprehension of its value, and who would have had more right than any one to complain that she has not been able to extinguish in me the very power of delineating sadness.

Naples, December 20, 1818.

ROSALIND AND HELEN.



SCENE.— *The Shore of the Lake of Como.*

ROSALIND, HELEN, and her Child.

HELEN.

COME hither, my sweet Rosalind.
'Tis long since thou and I have met ;
And yet methinks it were unkind
Those moments to forget.
Come, sit by me. I see thee stand
By this lone lake, in this far land,
Thy loose hair in the light wind flying,
Thy sweet voice to each tone of even
United, and thine eyes replying
To the hues of yon fair heaven.
Come, gentle friend ! wilt sit by me ?
And be as thou wert wont to be
Ere we were disunited ?
None doth behold us now : the power
That led us forth at this lone hour
Will be but ill requited
If thou depart in scorn : oh ! come,
And talk of our abandoned home.
Remember, this is Italy,
And we are exiles. Talk with me
Of that our land, whose wilds and floods,
Barren and dark although they be,
Were dearer than these chestnut woods ;
Those heathy paths, that inland stream,
And the blue mountains, shapes which seem
Like wrecks of childhood's sunny dream :
Which that we have abandoned now,
Weighs on the heart like that remorse
Which altered friendship leaves. I seek
No more our youthful intercourse.

That can not be ! Rosalind, speak,
 Speak to me : leave me not. — When morn did come,
 When evening fell upon our common home,
 When for one hour we parted — do not frown ;
 I would not chide thee, though thy faith is broken ;
 But turn to me. Oh ! by this cherished token
 Of woven hair, which thou wilt not disown,
 Turn, as 'twere but the memory of me.
 And not my scorned self who prayed to thee.

ROSALIND.

Is it a dream, or do I see
 And hear frail Helen ? I would flee
 Thy tainting touch ; but former years
 Arise, and bring forbidden tears ;
 And my o'erburdened memory
 Seeks yet its lost repose in thee.
 I share thy crime. I can not choose
 But weep for thee : mine own strange grief
 But seldom stoops to such relief ;
 Nor ever did I love thee less,
 Though mourning o'er thy wickedness
 Even with a sister's woe. I knew
 What to the evil world is due,
 And therefore sternly did refuse
 To link me with the infamy
 Of one so lost as Helen. Now
 Bewildered by my dire despair,
 Wondering I blush, and weep that thou
 Shouldst love me still — thou only ! — There,
 Let us sit on that gray stone,
 Till our mournful talk be done.

HELEN.

Alas ! not there : I can not bear
 The murmur of this lake to hear.
 A sound from thee, Rosalind dear,
 Which never yet I heard elsewhere
 But in our native land, recurs,
 Even here where now we meet. It stirs
 Too much of suffocating sorrow !
 In the dell of yon dark chestnut wood
 Is a stone seat, a solitude
 Less like our own. The ghost of peace
 Will not desert this spot. To-morrow,
 If thy kind feelings should not cease,
 We may sit here.

ROSALIND.

Thou lead, my sweet,
 And I will follow.

HENRY.

'Tis Fenici's seat
Where you are going? This is not the way,
Mamma; it leads behind those trees that grow
Close to the little river.

HELEN.

Yes; I know:
I was bewildered. Kiss me, and be gay,
Dear boy: why do you sob?

HENRY.

I do not know:
But it might break any one's heart to see
You and the lady cry so bitterly.

HELEN.

It is a gentle child, my friend. Go home,
Henry, and play with Lilla till I come.
We only cried with joy to see each other:
We are quite merry now. Good-night!

The boy

Lifted a sudden look upon his mother,
And in the gleam of forced and hollow joy
Which lightened o'er her face, laughed with the glee
Of light and unsuspecting infancy,
And whispered in her ear, "Bring home with you
That sweet strange lady-friend." Then off he flew,
But stopped, and beckoned with a meaning smile,
Where the road turned. Pale Rosalind the while,
Hiding her face, stood weeping silently.

In silence then they took the way
Beneath the forest's solitude.
It was a vast and antique wood,
Through which they took their way;
And the gray shades of evening
O'er that green wilderness did fling
Still deeper solitude.
Pursuing still the path that wound
The vast and knotted trees around
Through which slow shades were wandering,
To a deep lawny dell they came,
To a stone seat beside a spring,
O'er which the columned wood did frame
A roofless temple, like the fane
Where, ere new creeds could faith obtain,
Man's early race once knelt beneath
The overhanging Deity.
O'er this fair fountain hung the sky,
Now spangled with rare stars. The snake,
The pale snake, that with eager breath
Creeps here his noontide thirst to slake,

Is beaming with many a mingled hue,
 Shed from yon dome's eternal blue,
 When he floats on that dark and lucid flood
 In the light of his own loveliness ;
 And the birds that in the fountain dip
 Their plumes, with fearless fellowship
 Above and round him wheel and hover.
 The fitful wind is heard to stir
 One solitary leaf on high ;
 The chirping of the grasshopper
 Fills every pause. There is emotion
 In all that dwells at noontide here ;
 Then, through the intricate wild-wood,
 A maze of life and light and motion
 Is woven. But there is stillness now ;
 Gloom, and the trance of Nature now :
 The snake is in his cave asleep ;
 The birds are on the branches dreaming :
 Only the shadows creep ;
 Only the glow-worm is gleaming ;
 Only the owls and the nightingales
 Wake in this dell when daylight fails,
 And gray shades gather in the woods ;
 And the owls have all fled far away
 In a merrier glen to hoot and play,
 For the moon is veiled and sleeping now.
 The accustomed nightingale still broods
 On her accustomed bough,
 But she is mute ; for her false mate
 Has fled and left her desolate.

This silent spot tradition old
 Had peopled with the spectral dead.
 For the roots of the speaker's hair felt cold
 And stiff, as with tremulous lips he told
 That a hellish shape at midnight led
 The ghost of a youth with hoary hair,
 And sate on the seat beside him there,
 Till a naked child came wandering by,
 When the fiend would change to a lady fair !
 A fearful tale ! The truth was worse :
 For here a sister and a brother
 Had solemnized a monstrous curse,
 Meeting in this fair solitude :
 For beneath yon very sky
 Had they resigned to one another
 Body and soul. The multitude,
 Tracking them to the secret wood,
 Tore limb from limb their innocent child,
 And stabbed and trampled on its mother ;
 But the youth, for God's most holy grace,
 A priest saved to burn in the market-place.

Duly at evening Helen came
 To this lone silent spot.
 From the wrecks of a tale of wilder sorrow
 So much of sympathy to borrow
 As soothed her own dark lot.
 Duly each evening from her home,
 With her fair child would Helen come
 To sit upon that antique seat,
 While the hues of day were pale ;
 And the bright boy beside her feet
 Now lay, lifting at intervals
 His broad blue eyes on her ;
 Now, where some sudden impulse calls,
 Following. He was a gentle boy,
 And in all gentle sports took joy ;
 Oft in a dry leaf for a boat,
 With a small feather for a sail,
 His fancy on that spring would float,
 If some invisible breeze might stir
 Its marble calm : and Helen smiled
 Through tears of awe on the gay child,
 To think that a boy as fair as he,
 In years which never more may be,
 By that same fount, in that same wood,
 The like sweet fancies had pursued ;
 And that a mother, lost like her,
 Had mournfully sate watching him.
 Then all the scene was wont to swim
 Through the mist of a burning tear.

For many months had Helen known
 This scene ; and now she thither turned
 Her footsteps, not alone.
 The friend whose falsehood she had mourned,
 Sate with her on that seat of stone.
 Silent they sate : for evening,
 And the power its glimpses bring
 Had, with one awful shadow, quelled
 The passion of their grief. They sate
 With linkèd hands, for unrepelled
 Had Helen taken Rosalind's.
 Like the autumn wind, when it unbinds
 The tangled locks of the nightshade's hair,
 Which is twined in the sultry summer air
 Round the walls of an outworn sepulchre,
 Did the voice of Helen, sad and sweet,
 And the sound of her heart that ever beat,
 As with sighs and words she breathed on her,
 Unbind the knots of her friend's despair,
 Till her thoughts were free to float and flow :
 And from her laboring bosom now,
 Like the bursting of a prisoned flame,
 The voice of a long-pent sorrow came.

ROSALIND.

I saw the dark earth fall upon
 The coffin ; and I saw the stone
 Laid over him whom this cold breast
 Had pillowed to his nightly rest !
 Thou knowest not, thou canst not know
 My agony. Oh ! I could not weep :
 The sources whence such blessings flow
 Were not to be approached by me !
 But I could smile, and I could sleep,
 Though with a self-accusing heart.
 In morning's light, in evening's gloom,
 I watched — and would not thence depart —
 My husband's unlamented tomb.
 My children knew their sire was gone,
 But when I told them, " He is dead,"
 They laughed aloud in frantic glee.
 They clapped their hands and leaped about,
 Answering each other's ecstasy
 With many a prank and merry shout.
 But I sat silent and alone,
 Wrapped in the mock of mourning weed.

They laughed, for he was dead ; but
 Sate with a hard and tearless eye,
 And with a heart which would deny
 The secret joy it could not quell,
 Low muttering o'er his loathed name ;
 Till from that self-contention came
 Remorse where sin was none — a hell
 Which in pure spirits should not dwell.

I'll tell thee truth. He was a man
 Hard, selfish, loving only gold,
 Yet full of guile : his pale eyes ran
 With tears, which each some falsehood told,
 And oft his smooth and bridled tongue
 Would give the lie to his flushing cheek :
 He was a coward to the strong ;
 He was a tyrant to the weak,
 On whom his vengeance he would wreak ;
 For scorn, whose arrows search the heart,
 From many a stranger's eye would dart,
 And on his memory cling, and follow
 His soul to its home so cold and hollow.
 He was a tyrant to the weak,
 And we were such, alas the day !
 Oft, when my little ones at play,
 Were in youth's natural lightness gay,
 Or if they listened to some tale
 Of travelers, or of fairy land —
 When the light from the wood-fire's dying brand

Flashed on their faces, if they heard
 Or thought they heard upon the stair
 His footstep, the suspended word
 Died on my lips: we all grew pale;
 The babe at my bosom was hushed with fear
 If it thought it heard its father near;
 And my two wild boys would near my knee
 Cling, cowed, and cowering fearfully.

I'll tell the truth: I loved another.
 His name in my ear was ever ringing,
 His form to my brain was ever clinging;
 Yet if some stranger breathed that name,
 My lips turned white, and my heart beat fast:
 My nights were once haunted by dreams of flame,
 My days were dim in the shadow cast,
 By the memory of the same!
 Day and night, day and night,
 He was my breath and life and light,
 For three short years, which soon were past.
 On the fourth, my gentle mother
 Led me to the shrine, to be
 His sworn bride eternally.
 And now we stood on the altar stair,
 When my father came from a distant land,
 And with a loud and fearful cry,
 Rushed between us suddenly.
 I saw the stream of his thin gray hair,
 I saw his lean and lifted hand,
 And heard his words, and live! O God!
 Wherefore do I live? "Hold, hold!"
 He cried, "I tell thee 'tis her brother!
 Thy mother, boy, beneath the sod
 Of yon church-yard rests in her shroud so cold.
 I am now weak and pale and old:
 We were once dear to one another,
 I and that corpse! Thou art our child!"
 Then with a laugh both long and wild
 The youth upon the pavement fell:
 They found him dead! All looked on me,
 The spasms of my despair to see;
 But I was calm. I went away;
 I was clammy-cold like clay!
 I did not weep — I did not speak;
 But day by day, week after week,
 I walked about like a corpse alive!
 Alas! sweet friend, you must believe
 This heart is stone — it did not break.

My father lived a little while.
 But all might see that he was dying,
 He smiled with such a woeful smile!
 When he was in the church-yard lying

Among the worms, we grew quite poor,
 So that no one would give us bread ;
 My mother looked at me, and said
 Faint words of cheer, which only meant
 That she could die and be content ;
 So I went forth from the same church door
 To another husband's bed.
 And this was he who died at last,
 When weeks and months and years had past,
 Through which I firmly did fulfill
 My duties, a devoted wife,
 With the stern step of vanquished will,
 Walking beneath the night of life,
 Whose hours extinguished, like slow rain
 Falling for ever, pain by pain,
 The very hope of death's dear rest ;
 Which, since the heart within my breast
 Of natural life was dispossesst,
 Its strange sustainer there had been.

When flowers were dead, and grass was green
 Upon my mother's grave, that mother
 Whom to outlive, and cheer, and make
 My wan eyes glitter for her sake,
 Was my vowed task, the single care
 Which once gave life to my despair,
 When she was a thing that did not stir,
 And the crawling worms were cradling her
 To a sleep more deep and so more sweet
 Than a baby's rocked on its nurse's knee,
 I lived ; a living pulse then beat
 Beneath my heart that awakened me.
 What was this pulse so warm and free ?
 Alas ! I knew it could not be
 My own dull blood : 'twas like a thought
 Of liquid love, that spread and wrought
 Under my bosom and in my brain.
 And crept with the blood through every vein ;
 And hour by hour, day after day,
 The wonder could not charm away,
 But laid in sleep my wakeful pain,
 Until I knew it was a child,
 And then I wept. For long, long years
 These frozen eyes had shed no tears :
 But now — 'twas the season fair and mild
 When April has wept itself to May :
 I sate through the sweet sunny day
 By my window bowered round with leaves,
 And down my cheeks the quick tears ran
 Like twinkling rain-drops from the eaves,
 When warm spring showers are passing o'er.
 O Helen, none can ever tell
 The joy it was to weep once more !

I wept to think how hard it were
 To kill my babe and take from it
 The sense of light, and the warm air,
 And my own fond and tender care,
 And love and smiles; ere I knew yet
 That these for it might, as for me,
 Be the masks of a grinning mockery.
 And haply, I would dream, 'twere sweet
 To feed it from my faded breast,
 Or mark my own heart's restless beat
 Rock it to its untroubled rest,
 And watch the growing soul beneath
 Dawn in faint smiles; and hear its breath,
 Half interrupted by calm sighs,
 And search the depth of its fair eyes
 For long-departed memories!
 And so I lived till that sweet load
 Was lightened. Darkly forward flowed
 The stream of years, and on it bore
 Two shapes of gladness to my sight;
 Two other babes, delightful more
 In my lost soul's abandoned night,
 Than their own country ships may be
 Sailing toward wrecked mariners,
 Who cling to the rock of a wintry sea.
 For each, as it came, brought soothing tears,
 And a loosening warmth, as each one lay
 Sucking the sullen milk away
 About my frozen heart, did play,
 And weaned it, oh how painfully!
 As they themselves were weaned each one
 From that sweet food, even from the thirst
 Of death and nothingness and rest,
 Strange inmate of a living breast!
 Which all that I had undergone
 Of grief and shame, since she, who first
 The gates of that dark refuge closed,
 Came to my sight, and almost burst
 The seal of that Lethean spring;
 But these fair shadows interposed:
 For all delights are shadows now!
 And from my brain to my dull brow
 The heavy tears gather and flow:
 I can not speak — oh let me weep!

The tears which fell from her wan eyes
 Glimmered among the moonlight dew;
 Her deep hard sobs and heavy sighs
 Their echoes in the darkness threw.
 When she grew calm, she thus did keep
 The tenor of her tale: —

He died,
 I know not how. He was not old,

If age be numbered by its years ;
 But he was bowed and bent with fears,
 Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold,
 Which, like fierce fever, left him weak ;
 And his strait lip and bloated cheek
 Were warped in spasms by hollow sneers ;
 And selfish cares with barren plow,
 Not age, had lined his narrow brow,
 And foul and cruel thoughts, which feed
 Upon the withering life within,
 Like vipers on some poisonous weed.
 Whether his ill were death or sin
 None knew, until he died indeed,
 And then men owned they were the same.

Seven days within my chamber lay
 That corse, and my babes made holyday :
 At last, I told them what is death ;
 The eldest, with a kind of shame,
 Came to my knees with silent breath,
 And sate awe-stricken at my feet ;
 And soon the others left their play,
 And sate there too. It is unmeet
 To shed on the brief flower of youth
 The withering knowledge of the grave ;
 From me remorse then wrung that truth.
 I could not bear the joy which gave
 Too just a response to mine own.
 In vain. I dared not feign a groan ;
 And in their artless looks I saw,
 Between the mists of fear and awe,
 That my own thought was theirs ; and they
 Expressed it not in words, but said,
 Each in its heart, how every day
 Will pass in happy work and play,
 Now he is dead and gone away !

After the funeral all our kin
 Assembled, and the will was read.
 My friend, I tell thee even the dead
 Have strength, their putrid shrouds within,
 To blast and torture. Those who live
 Still fear the living, but a corse
 Is merciless, and Power doth give
 To such pale tyrants half the spoil .
 He rends from those who groan and toil,
 Because they blush not with remorse
 Among their crawling worms. Behold,
 I have no child ! my tale grows old
 With grief, and staggers : let it reach
 The limits of my feeble speech,
 And languidly at length recline
 On the brink of its own grave and mine.

Thou knowest what a thing is poverty
 Among the fallen on evil days :
 'Tis Crime and Fear and Infamy
 And houseless Want in frozen ways
 Wandering ungarmented, and Pain,
 And, worse than all, that inward stain
 Foul Self-contempt, which drowns in sneers
 Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears
 First like hot gall, then dry for ever !
 And well thou knowest a mother never
 Could doom her children to this ill,
 And well he knew the same. The will
 Imported, that if e'er again
 I sought my children to behold.
 Or in my birthplace did remain
 Beyond three days, whose hours were told,
 They should inherit naught : and he,
 To whom next came their patrimony,
 A sallow lawyer, cruel and cold,
 Aye watched me, as the will was read,
 With eyes askance, which sought to see
 The secrets of my agony ;
 And with close lips and anxious brow
 Stood canvassing still to and fro
 The chance of my resolve, and all
 The dead man's caution just did call ;
 For in that killing lie 'twas said —
 " She is adulterous, and doth hold
 In secret that the Christian creed
 Is false, and therefore is much need
 That I should have a care to save
 My children from eternal fire."
 Friend, he was sheltered by the grave,
 And therefore dared to be a liar !
 In truth, the Indian on the pyre
 Of her dead husband, half consumed,
 As well might there be false, as I
 To those abhorred embraces doomed,
 Far worse than fire's brief agony.
 As to the Christian creed, if true
 Or false, I never questioned it :
 I took it as the vulgar do :
 Nor my vexed soul had leisure yet
 To doubt the things men say, or deem
 That they are other than they seem.

All present who those crimes did hear,
 In feigned or actual scorn and fear,
 Men, women, children, slunk away,
 Whispering with self-contempted pride,
 Which half suspects its own base lie.
 I spoke to none, nor did abide,
 But silently I went my way.

Nor noticed I where joyously
 Sate my two younger babes at play,
 In the courtyard through which I past ;
 But went with footsteps firm and fast
 Till I came to the brink of the ocean green,
 And there, a woman with gray hairs,
 Who had my mother's servant been,
 Kneeling, with many tears and prayers,
 Made me accept a purse of gold,
 Half of the earnings she had kept
 To refuge her when weak and old.

With Woe, which never sleeps or slept,
 I wander now. 'Tis a vain thought —
 But on yon Alp, whose snowy head
 'Mid the azure air is islanded
 (We see it o'er the flood of cloud,
 Which sunrise from its eastern caves
 Drives, wrinkling into golden waves,
 Hung with its precipices proud,
 From that gray stone where first we met),
 There, now who knows the dead feel naught ?
 Should be my grave ; for he who yet
 Is my soul's soul, once said, " 'Twere sweet
 'Mid stars and lightnings to abide,
 And winds and lulling snows, that beat
 With their soft flakes the mountain wide,
 When weary meteor lamps repose,
 And languid storms their pinions close ;
 And all things strong and bright and pure,
 And ever-during, aye endure :
 Who knows, if one were buried there,
 But these things might our spirits make,
 Amid the all-surrounding air,
 Their own eternity partake ?"
 Then 'twas a wild and playful saying
 At which I laughed or seemed to laugh :
 They were his words : now heed my praying,
 And let them be my epitaph.
 Thy memory for a term may be
 My monument. Wilt remember me ?
 I know thou wilt, and canst forgive
 While in this erring world to live
 My soul disdained not, that I thought
 Its lying forms were worthy aught,
 And much less thee.

HELEN.

O speak not so,
 But come to me and pour thy woe
 Into this heart, full though it be,
 Aye overflowing with its own :
 I thought that grief had severed me
 From all beside who weep and groan ;

Its likeness upon earth to be,
 Its express image ; but thou art
 More wretched. Sweet ! we will not part
 Henceforth, if death be not division ;
 If so, the dead feel no contrition.
 But wilt thou hear, since last we parted
 All that has left me broken-hearted ?

ROSALIND.

Yes, speak. The faintest stars are scarcely shorn
 Of their thin beams, by that delusive morn
 Which sinks again in darkness, like the light
 Of early love, soon lost in total night.

HELEN.

Alas ! Italian winds are mild,
 But my bosom is cold — wintry cold —
 When the warm air weaves, among the fresh leaves,
 Soft music, my poor brain is wild,
 And I am weak like a nursling child,
 Though my soul with grief is gray and old.

ROSALIND.

Weep not at thine own words, though they must make
 Me weep. What is thy tale ?

HELEN.

I fear 'twill shake
 Thy gentle heart with tears. Thou well
 Rememberest when we met no more,
 And, though I dwelt with Lionel,
 That friendless caution pierced me sore
 With grief — a wound my spirit bore
 Indignantly ; but when he died,
 With him lay dead both hope and pride.

Alas ! all hope is buried now.
 But then men dreamed the aged earth
 Was laboring in that mighty birth,
 Which many a poet and a sage
 Has aye foreseen — the happy age
 When truth and love shall dwell below
 Among the works and ways of men ;
 Which on this world not power but will
 Even now is wanting to fulfill.
 Among mankind what thence befell
 Of strife, how vain, is known too well ;
 When Liberty's dear pæan fell
 'Mid murderous howls. To Lionel,
 Though of great wealth and lineage high,
 Yet through those dungeon-walls there came
 Thy thrilling light, O Liberty !
 And as the meteor's midnight flame

Startles the dreamer, sunlike truth
 Flashed on his visionary youth.
 And filled him, not with love, but faith
 And hope and courage mute in death ;
 For love and life in him were twins,
 Born at one birth : in every other
 First life then love its course begins,
 Though they be children of one mother ;
 And so through this dark world they fleet
 Divided, till in death they meet :
 But he loved all things ever. Then
 He passed amid the strife of men,
 And stood at the throne of armèd power
 Pleading for a world of woe :
 Secure as one on a rock-built tower
 O'er the wrecks which the surge trails to and fro,
 'Mid the passions wild of human kind
 He stood, like a spirit calming them ;
 For it was said his words could bind
 Like music the lulled crowd, and stem
 That torrent of unquiet dream
 Which mortals truth and reason deem,
 But is revenge and fear and pride.
 Joyous he was ; and hope and peace
 On all who heard him did abide.
 Raining like dew from his sweet talk,
 As where the evening star may walk
 Along the brink of the gloomy seas,
 Liquid mists of splendor quiver.

His very gestures touched to tears
 The unpersuaded tyrant, never
 So moved before : his presence stung
 The torturers with their victims' pain,
 And none knew how ; and through their ears,
 The subtle witchcraft of his tongue
 Unlocked the hearts of those who keep
 Gold, the world's bond of slavery.
 Men wondered and some sneered to see
 One sow what he could never reap :

" For he is rich," they said, " and young,
 And might drink from the depths of luxury.
 If he seeks fame, fame never crowned
 The champion of a trampled creed :
 If he seeks power, power is enthroned
 'Mid ancient rights and wrongs, to feed
 Which hungry wolves with praise and spoil,
 Those who would sit near power must toil ;
 And such, there sitting, all may see.
 What seeks he ? All that others seek
 He casts away, like a vile weed
 Which the sea casts unreturningly.

“ That poor and hungry men should break
 The laws which wreak them toil and scorn,
 We understand ; but Lionel
 We know is rich and nobly born.”

So wondered they : yet all men loved
 Young Lionel, though few approved ;
 All but the priests, whose hatred fell
 Like the unseen blight of a smiling day,
 The withering honey-dew, which clings
 Under the bright green buds of May,
 While they unfold their emerald wings :
 For he made verses wild and queer
 On the strange creeds priests hold so dear,
 Because they bring them land and gold.
 Of devils and saints and all such gear,
 He made tales which whoso heard or read
 Would laugh till he were almost dead.
 So this grew a proverb : “ Don't get old
 Till Lionel's ‘banquet in hell’ you hear,
 And then you will laugh yourself young again.”
 So the priests hated him, and he
 Repaid their hate with cheerful glee.
 Ah ! smiles and joyance quickly died,
 For public hope grew pale and dim
 In an altered time and tide,
 And in its wasting withered him,
 As a summer flower that blows too soon
 Droops in the smile of the waning moon,
 When it scatters through an April night
 The frozen dews of wrinkling blight.
 None now hoped more. Gray Power was seated
 Safely on her ancestral throne ;
 And Faith, the Python, undefeated,
 Even to its blood-stained steps dragged on
 Her foul and wounded train, and men
 Were trampled and deceived again,
 And words and shows again could bind
 The wailing tribes of humankind
 In scorn and famine. Fire and blood
 Raged round the raging multitude,
 To fields remote by tyrants sent
 To be the scornèd instrument
 With which they drag from mines of gore
 The chains their slaves yet ever wore ;
 And in the streets men met each other,
 And by old altars, and in halls,
 And smiled again at festivals.
 But each man found in his heart's brother
 Cold cheer ; for all, though half deceived,
 The outworn creeds again believed,
 And the same round anew began,
 Which the weary world yet ever ran.

Many then wept, not tears, but gall
 Within their hearts. like drops which fall
 Wasting the fountain stone away.
 And in that dark and evil day
 Did all desires and thoughts, that claim
 Men's care — ambition, friendship, fame,
 Love, hope, though hope was now despair —
 Indue the colors of this change,
 As from the all-surrounding air
 The earth takes hues obscure and strange,
 When storm and earthquake linger there.

And so, my friend, it then befell
 To many, most to Lionel,
 Whose hope was like the life of youth
 Within him. and when dead, became
 A spirit of unresting flame,
 Which goaded him in his distress
 Over the world's vast wilderness.
 Three years he left his native land,
 And on the fourth, when he returned,
 None knew him : he was stricken deep
 With some disease of mind, and turned
 Into aught unlike Lionel.
 On him, on whom, did he pause in sleep,
 Serenest smiles were wont to keep,
 And, did he wake, a winged band
 Of bright persuasions, which had fed
 On his sweet lips and liquid eyes,
 Kept their swift pinions half outspread,
 To do on men his least command ;
 On him, whom once 'twas paradise
 Even to behold, now misery lay :
 In his own heart 'twas merciless,
 To all things else none may express
 Its innocence and tenderness.

'Twas said that he had refuge sought
 In love from his unquiet thought
 In distant lands, and been deceived
 By some strange show : for there were found,
 Blotted with tears as those relieved
 By their own words are wont to do,
 These mournful verses on the ground,
 By all who read them blotted too :

“ How am I changed ! my hopes were once like fire :
 I loved, and I believed that life was love.
 How am I lost ! on wings of swift desire
 Among Heaven's winds my spirit once did move.
 I slept, and silver dreams did aye inspire
 My liquid sleep. I woke, and did approve
 All nature to my heart, and thought to make
 A paradise of earth for one sweet sake.

"I love, but I believe in love no more :
 I feel desire, but hope not. O, from sleep
 Most vainly must my weary brain implore
 Its long-lost flattery now. I wake to weep,
 And sit through the long day gnawing the core
 Of my bitter heart, and, like a miser, keep,
 Since none in what I feel take pain or pleasure,
 To my own soul its self-consuming treasure."

He dwelt beside me near the sea ;
 And oft in evening did we meet,
 When the waves, beneath the starlight, flee
 O'er the yellow sands with silver feet,
 And talked. Our talk was sad and sweet,
 Till slowly from his mien there passed
 The desolation which it spoke ;
 And smiles — as when the lightning's blast
 Has parched some heaven-delighting oak,
 The next spring shows leaves pale and rare,
 But like flowers delicate and fair,
 On its rent boughs — again arrayed
 His countenance in tender light :
 His words grew subtle fire, which made
 The air his hearers breathed delight :
 His motions, like the winds, were free,
 Which bend the bright grass gracefully,
 Then fade away in circlets faint :
 And wingèd Hope, on which upborne,
 His soul seemed hovering in his eyes,
 Like some bright spirit newly born
 Floating amid the sunny skies,
 Sprang forth from his rent heart anew.
 Yet o'er his talk and looks and mien,
 Tempering their loveliness too keen,
 Past woe its shadow backward threw,
 Till like an exhalation, spread
 From flowers half drunk with evening dew,
 They did become infectious ; sweet
 And subtle mists of sense and thought ;
 Which rapt us soon, when we might meet,
 Almost from our own looks and aught
 The wide world holds. And so, his mind
 Was healed, while mine grew sick with fear :
 For ever now his health declined,
 Like some frail bark which can not bear
 The impulse of an altered wind,
 Though prosperous ; and my heart grew full
 Mid its new joy of a new care :
 For his cheek became, not pale, but fair,
 As rose-o'ershadowed lilies are ;
 And soon his deep and sunny hair,
 In this alone less beautiful,
 Like grass in tombs grew wild and rare.
 The blood in his translucent veins

Beat, not like animal life, but love
 Seemed now its sullen springs to move,
 When life had failed and all its pains ;
 And sudden sleep would seize him oft
 Like death, so calm, but that a tear,
 His pointed eyelashes between,
 Would gather in the light serene
 Of smiles, whose lustre bright and soft
 Beneath lay undulating there.
 His breath was like inconstant flame.
 As eagerly it went and came ;
 And I hung o'er him in his sleep,
 Till, like an image in the lake
 Which rains disturb, my tears would break
 The shadow of that slumber deep ;
 Then he would bid me not to weep,
 And say with flattery false, yet sweet,
 That death and he could never meet,
 If I would never part with him.
 And so we loved, and did unite
 All that in us was yet divided :
 For when he said, that many a rite,
 By men to bind but once provided,
 Could not be shared by him and me,
 Or they would kill him in their glee,
 I shuddered, and then laughing said,
 " We will have rites our faith to bind,
 But our church shall be the starry night,
 Our altar the grassy earth outspread,
 And our priest the muttering wind."

'Twas sunset as I spoke : one star
 Had scarce burst forth, when from afar
 The ministers of misrule sent,
 Seized upon Lionel, and bore
 His chained limbs to a dreary tower,
 In the midst of a city vast and wide.
 For he, they said, from his mind had bent
 Against their gods keen blasphemy,
 For which, though his soul must roasted be
 In hell's red lakes immortally,
 Yet even on earth must he abide
 The vengeance of their slaves — a trial,
 I think, men call it. What avail
 Are prayers and tears, which chase denial
 From the fierce savage, nursed in hate ?
 What the knit soul that pleading and pale
 Makes wan the quivering cheek, which late
 It painted with its own delight ?
 We were divided. As I could,
 I stilled the tingling of my blood.
 And followed him in their despite,
 As a widow follows, pale and wild,
 The murderers and corpse of her only child ;

And when we came to the prison-door,
 And I prayed to share his dungeon-floor
 With prayers which rarely have been spurned,
 And when men drove me forth, and I
 Stared with blank phrensy on the sky,
 A farewell look of love he turned,
 Half calming me ; then gazed awhile,
 As if through that black and massy pile,
 And through the crowd around him there,
 And through the dense and murky air,
 And the thronged streets, he did espy
 What poets knew and prophesy ;
 And said, with voice that made them shiver
 And clung like music in my brain,
 And which the mute walls spoke again,
 Prolonging it with deepened strain —
 " Fear not the tyrants shall rule for ever,
 Or the priests of the bloody faith :
 They stand on the brink of that mighty river,
 Whose waves they have tainted with death :
 It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,
 Around them it foams and rages and swells,
 And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
 Like wrecks, in the surge of eternity."

I dwelt beside the prison gate,
 And the strange crowd that out and in
 Passed — some, no doubt, with mine own fate —
 Might have fretted me with its ceaseless din,
 But the fever of care was louder within.
 Soon, but too late, in penitence
 Or fear, his foes released him thence :
 I saw his thin and languid form,
 As leaning on the jailer's arm,
 Whose hardened eyes grew moist the while,
 To meet his mute and faded smile,
 And hear his words of kind farewell,
 He tottered forth from his damp cell.
 Many had never wept before,
 From whom fast tears then gushed and fell :
 Many will relent no more,
 Who sobbed like infants then ; ay, all
 Who thronged the prison's stony hall,
 The rulers or the slaves of law,
 Felt with a new surprise and awe
 That they were human, till strong shame
 Made them again become the same.
 The prison bloodhounds, huge and grim,
 From human looks the infection caught,
 And fondly crouched and fawned on him ;
 And men have heard the prisoners say,
 Who in their rotting dungeons lay,
 That from that hour, throughout one day,

The fierce despair and hate, which kept
Their trampled bosoms, almost slept :
When, like twin vultures, they hung feeding
On each heart's wound, wide torn and bleeding,
Because their jailer's rule, they thought,
Grew merciful, like a parent's sway.
I know not how, but we were free :
And Lionel sate alone with me.
As the carriage drove through the streets apace ;
And we looked upon each other's face ;
And the blood in our fingers intertwined
Ran like the thoughts of a single mind,
As the swift emotions went and came
Through the veins of each united frame.
So through the long, long streets we past
Of the million-peopled city vast ;
Which is that desert, where each one
Seeks his mate, yet is alone.
Beloved and sought and mourned of none ;
Until the clear blue sky was seen,
And the grassy meadows bright and green,
And then I sunk in his embrace,
Enclosing there a mighty space
Of love : and so we traveled on
By woods and fields of yellow flowers,
And towns and villages and towers,
Day after day of happy hours.
It was the azure time of June,
When the skies are deep in the stainless noon,
And the warm and fitful breezes shake
The fresh green leaves of the hedgerow briar,
And there were odors then to make
The very breath we did respire
A liquid element, whereon
Our spirits, like delighted things
That walk the air on subtle wings,
Floated and mingled far away,
'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day.
And when the evening star came forth
Above the curve of the new bent moon,
And light and sound ebbed from the earth,
Like the tide of the full and weary sea
To the depths of its own tranquillity,
Our natures to its own repose
Did the earth's breathless sleep attune :
Like flowers, which on each other close
Their languid leaves when daylight's gone,
We lay, till new emotions came,
Which seemed to make each mortal frame
One soul of interwoven flame,
A life in life, a second birth.
In worlds diviner far than earth,
Which, like two strains of harmony

That mingle in the silent sky,
Then slowly disunite, past by
And left the tenderness of tears,
A soft oblivion of all fears,
A sweet sleep : so we traveled on
Till we came to the home of Lionel,
Among the mountains wild and lone,
Beside the hoary western sea,
Which near the verge of the echoing shore
The massy forest shadowed o'er.
The ancient steward, with hair all hoar,
As we alighted, wept to see
His master changed so fearfully ;
And the old man's sobs did waken me
From my dream of unremaining gladness ;
The truth flashed o'er me like quick madness
When I looked, and saw that there was death
On Lionel : yet day by day
He lived, till fear grew hope and faith,
And in my soul I dared to say,
Nothing so bright can pass away :
Death is dark and foul and dull
But he is — O how beautiful !
Yet day by day he grew more weak,
And his sweet voice, when he might speak,
Which ne'er was loud, became more low ;
And the light which flashed through his waxen cheek
Grew faint, as the rose-like hues which flow
From sunset o'er the Alpine snow :
And death seemed not like death in him,
For the spirit of life o'er every limb
Lingered, a mist of sense and thought.
When the summer wind faint odors brought
From mountain flowers, even as it passed
His cheek would change, as the noon-day sea
Which the dying breeze sweeps fitfully.
If but a cloud the sky o'er cast,
You might see his color come and go,
And the softest strain of music made
Sweet smiles, yet sad, arise and fade
Amid the dew of his tender eyes ;
And the breath, with intermitting flow,
Made his pale lips quiver and part.
You might hear the beatings of his heart,
Quick, but not strong ; and with my tresses
When oft he playfully would bind
In the bowers of mossy loneliness
His neck, and win me so to mingle
In the sweet depth of woven caresses,
And our faint limbs were intertwined,
Alas ! the unquiet life did tingle
From mine own heart through every vein,
Like a captive in dreams of liberty,

Who beat the walls of his stony cell.
 But his, it seemed already free,
 Like the shadow of fire surrounding me !
 On my faint eyes and limbs did dwell
 That spirit as it passed, till soon,
 As a frail cloud wandering o'er the moon,
 Beneath its light invisible,
 Is seen when it folds its gray wings again
 To alight on midnight's dusky plain.
 I lived and saw, and the gathering soul
 Passed from beneath that strong control,
 And I fell on a life which was sick with fear
 Of all the woe that now I bear.
 Amid a bloomless myrtle wood,
 On a green and sea-girt promontory,
 Not far from where we dwelt, there stood
 In record of a sweet sad story,
 An altar and a temple bright
 Circled by steps, and o'er the gate
 Was sculptured, " To Fidelity ;"
 And in the shrine an image sate,
 All veiled : but there was seen the light
 Of smiles, which faintly could express
 A mingled pain and tenderness
 Through that ethereal drapery.
 The left hand held the head, the right —
 Beyond the veil, beneath the skin,
 You might see the nerves quivering within —
 Was forcing the point of a barbed dart
 Into its side-convulsing heart.
 An unskilled hand, yet one informed
 With genius, had the marble warmed
 With that pathetic life. This tale
 It told : A dog had from the sea,
 When the tide was raging fearfully,
 Dragged Lionel's mother, weak and pale,
 Then died beside her on the sand,
 And she that temple thence had planned ;
 But it was Lionel's own hand
 Had wrought the image. Each new moon
 That lady did, in this lone fane,
 The rites of a religion sweet,
 Whose god was in her heart and brain :
 The seasons' loveliest flowers were strewn
 On the marble floor beneath her feet,
 And she brought crowns of sea-buds white,
 Whose odor is so sweet and faint,
 And weeds, like branching chrysolite,
 Woven in devices fine and quaint,
 And tears from her brown eyes did stain
 The altar : need but look upon
 That dying statue, fair and wan,
 If tears should cease, to weep again :

And rare Arabian odors came,
 Through the myrtle copses steaming thence
 From the hissing frankincense,
 Whose smoke, wool-white as ocean-foam,
 Hung in dense flocks beneath the dome,
 That ivory dome, whose azure night
 With golden stars, like heaven, was bright
 O'er the split cedars pointed flame ;
 And the lady's harp would kindle there
 The melody of an old air,
 Softer than sleep; the villagers,
 Mixed their religion up with hers,
 And as they listened round shed tears.

One eve he led me to this fane :
 Daylight on its last purple cloud
 Was lingering gray, and soon her strain
 The nightingale began ; now loud,
 Climbing in circles the windless sky,
 Now dying music ; suddenly
 'Tis scattered in a thousand notes,
 And now to the hushed ear it floats
 Like field smells known in infancy,
 Then failing, soothes the air again.
 We sate within that temple lone,
 Pavilioned around with Parian stone :
 His mother's harp stood near, and oft
 I had awakened music soft
 Amid its wires: the nightingale
 Was pausing in her heaven-taught tale :
 " Now drain the cup," said Lionel,
 " Which the poet-bird has crowned so well
 With the wine of her bright and liquid song !
 Heardst thou not sweet words among
 That heaven-resounding minstrelsy !
 Heardst thou not, that those who die
 Awake in a world of ecstasy ?
 That love, when limbs are interwoven,
 And sleep, when the night of life is cloven,
 And thought, to the world's dim boundaries clinging,
 And music, when one beloved is singing,
 Is death ? Let us drain right joyously
 The cup which the sweet bird fills for me."
 He paused, and to my lips he bent
 His own : like spirit his words went
 Through all my limbs with the speed of fire ;
 And his keen eyes, glittering through mine,
 Filled me with the flame divine,
 Which in their orbs was burning far,
 Like the light of an unmeasured star,
 In the sky of midnight dark and deep :
 Yes, 'twas his soul that did inspire
 Sounds, which my skill could ne'er awaken ;
 And first, I felt my fingers sweep

The harp, and a long quivering cry
 Burst from my lips in symphony :
 The dusk and solid air was shaken,
 As swift and swifter the notes came
 From my touch, that wandered like quick flame,
 And from my bosom, laboring
 With some unutterable thing :
 The awful sound of my own voice made
 My faint lips tremble, in some mood
 Of wordless thought Lionel stood
 So pale, that even beside his cheek
 The snowy column from its shade
 Caught whiteness : yet his countenance
 Raised upward, burned with radiance
 Of spirit-piercing joy, whose light,
 Like the moon struggling through the night
 Of whirlwind-rifted clouds, did break
 With beams that might not be confined.
 I paused, but soon his gestures kindled
 New power, as by the moving wind
 The waves are lifted, and my song
 To low soft notes now changed and dwindled,
 And from the twinkling wires among,
 My languid fingers drew and flung
 Circles of life-dissolving sound,
 Yet faint : in aery rings they bound
 My Lionel, who, as every strain
 Grew fainter and more sweet, his mien
 Sunk with the sound relaxedly ;
 And slowly now he turned to me,
 As slowly faded from his face
 That awful joy : with looks serene
 He was soon drawn to my embrace,
 And my wild song then died away
 In murmurs : words I dare not say
 We mixed, and on his lips mine fed
 Till they methought felt still and cold :
 " What is it with thee, love ?" I said ;
 No word, no look, no motion ! — yes,
 There was a change, but spare to guess,
 Nor let that moment's hope be told.
 I looked, and knew that he was dead.
 And fell, as the eagle on the plain
 Falls when life deserts her brain,
 And the mortal lightning is veiled again.

O that I were now dead ! but such,
 Did they not, love, demand too much,
 Those dying murmurs ? He forbid.
 O that I once again were mad !
 And yet, dear Rosalind, not so,
 For I would live to share thy woe.
 Sweet boy ! did I forget thee too ?

Alas, we know not what we do
When we speak words.

No memory more

Is in my mind of that seashore.
Madness came on me, and a troop
Of misty shapes did seem to sit
Beside me, on a vessel's poop,
And the clear north wind was driving it.
Then I heard strange tongues, and saw strange flowers,
And the stars methought grew unlike ours,
And the azure sky and the stormless sea
Made me believe that I had died,
And waked in a world which was to me
Drear hell, though heaven to all beside.
Then a dead sleep fell on my mind,
While animal life many long years
Had rescued from a chasm of tears ;
And when I woke, I wept to find
That the same lady, bright and wise,
With silver locks and quick brown eyes,
The mother of my Lionel,
Had tended me in my distress,
And died some months before. Nor less
Wonder, but far more peace and joy
Brought in that hour my lovely boy ;
For through that trance my soul had well
The impress of thy being kept ;
And if I waked, or if I slept,
No doubt, though memory faithless be,
Thy image ever dwelt on me ;
And thus, O Lionel ! like thee
Is our sweet child. 'Tis sure most strange
I knew not of so great a change,
As that which gave him birth, who now
Is all the solace of my woe.

That Lionel great wealth had left
By will to me, and that of all
The ready lies of law bereft,
My child and me might well befall.
But let me think not of the scorn,
Which from the meanest I have borne,
When, for my child's beloved sake,
I mixed with slaves, to vindicate
The very laws themselves do make :
Let me not say scorn is my fate,
Lest I be proud, suffering the same
With those who live in deathless fame.

She ceased. — " Lo, where red morning through the woods
Is burning o'er the dew !" said Rosalind.
And with these words they rose, and toward the flood

Of the blue lake, beneath the leaves now wind
 With equal steps and fingers intertwined :
 Thence to a lonely dwelling, where the shore
 Is shadowed with rocks, and cypresses
 Cleave with their dark green cones the silent skies,
 And with their shadows the clear depths below
 And where a little terrace from its bowers,
 Of blooming myrtle and faint lemon-flowers,
 Scatters its sense-dissolving fragrance o'er
 The liquid marble of the windless lake ;
 And where the agèd forest's limbs look hoar,
 Under the leaves which their green garments make,
 They come : 'tis Helen's home, and clean and white,
 Like one which tyrants spare on our own land
 In some such solitude, its casements bright
 Shone through their vine-leaves in the morning sun,
 And even within 'twas scarce like Italy.
 And when she saw how all things there were planned,
 As in an English home, dim memory
 Disturbed poor Rosalind : she stood as one
 Whose mind is where his body can not be,
 Till Helen led her where her child yet slept,
 And said. " Observe, that brow was Lionel's,
 Those lips were his, and so he ever kept
 One arm in sleep, pillowing his head with it.
 You can not see his eyes — they are two wells
 Of liquid love : let us not wake him yet."
 But Rosalind could bear no more, and wept
 A shower of burning tears, which fell upon
 His face, and so his opening lashes shone
 With tears unlike his own, as he did leap
 In sudden wonder from his innocent sleep.

So Rosalind and Helen lived together
 Thenceforth, changed in all else, yet friends again,
 Such as they were, when o'er the mountain heather
 They wandered in their youth, through sun and rain.
 And after many years — for human things
 Change even like the ocean and the wind —
 Her daughter was restored to Rosalind,
 And in their circle thence some visitings
 Of joy 'mid their new calm would intervene :
 A lovely child she was, of looks serene,
 And motions which o'er things indifferent shed
 The grace and gentleness from whence they came.
 And Helen's boy grew with her, and they fed
 From the same flowers of thought, until each mind
 Like springs which mingle in one flood became,
 And in their union soon their parents saw
 The shadow of the peace denied to them.
 And Rosalind — for when the living stem
 Is cankered in its heart, the tree must fall —
 Died ere her time ; and with deep grief and awe

The pale survivors followed her remains
 Beyond the region of dissolving rains,
 Up the cold mountain she was wont to call
 Her tomb ; and on Chiavenna's precipice
 They raised a pyramid of lasting ice,
 Whose polished sides, ere day had yet begun,
 Caught the first glow of the unrisen sun,
 The last, when it had sunk ; and through the night
 The charioteers of Arctos wheeled round
 Its glittering point, as seen from Helen's home,
 Whose sad inhabitants each year would come,
 With willing steps climbing that rugged height,
 And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound
 With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,
 Filled the frore air with unaccustomed light :
 Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom
 Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

Helen, whose spirit was of softer mould,
 Whose sufferings too were less, Death slowlier led
 Into the peace of his dominions cold :
 She died among her kindred, being old,
 And know, that if love die not in the dead
 As in the living, none of mortal kind
 Are blest as now Helen and Rosalind.



LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS

MANY a green isle needs must be
 In the deep wide sea of misery,
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,
 Never thus could voyage on
 Day and night, and night and day,
 Drifting on his dreary way,
 With the solid darkness black
 Closing round his vessel's track ;
 While above, the sunless sky,
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
 And behind the tempest fleet
 Hurries on with lightning feet,
 Riving sail and cord and plank,
 Till the ship has almost drank
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep,
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep
 When the dreamer seems to be
 Weltering through eternity ;
 And the dim low line before
 Of a dark and distant shore
 Still recedes, as ever still
 Longing with divided will,

But no power to seek or shun,
 He is ever drifted on
 O'er the unreposing wave,
 To the haven of the grave.
 What, if there no friends will greet;
 What, if there no heart will meet
 His with love's impatient beat;
 Wander wheresoe'er he may,
 Can he dream before that day
 To find refuge from distress
 In friendship's smile, in love's caress?
 Then 'twill wreak him little woe
 Whether such there be or no:
 Senseless is the breast, and cold,
 Which relenting love would fold;
 Bloodless are the veins and chill
 Which the pulse of pain did fill:
 Every little living nerve
 That from bitter words did swerve
 Round the tortured lips and brow,
 Are like sapless leaflets now
 Frozen upon December's bough.

On the beach of a northern sea
 Which tempests shake eternally,
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
 Lies a solitary heap,
 One white skull and seven dry bones,
 On the margin of the stones,
 Where a few gray rushes stand,
 Boundaries of the sea and land:
 Nor is heard one voice of wail
 But the sea-mews, as they sail
 O'er the billows of the gale;
 Or the whirlwind up and down
 Howling, like a slaughtered town,
 When a king in glory rides
 Through the pomp of fratricides:
 Those unburied bones around
 There is many a mournful sound;
 There is no lament for him,
 Like a sunless vapor, dim,
 Who once clothed with life and thought
 What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
 In the waters of wide Agony:
 To such a one this morn was led
 My bark, by soft winds piloted.
 'Mid the mountains Euganean,
 I stood listening to the pæan
 With which the legioned rooks did hail
 The sun's uprising majestical;

Gathering round with wings all hoar,
 Through the dewy mist they soar
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie
 In the unfathomable sky,
 So their plumes of purple grain,
 Starred with drops of golden rain.
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,
 As in silent multitudes
 On the morning's fitful gale
 Through the broken mist they sail,
 And the vapors cloven and gleaming
 Follow down the dark steep streaming,
 Till all is bright and clear and still
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,
 Bounded by the vaporous air,
 Islanded by cities fair;
 Underneath day's azure eyes,
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies—
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,
 Amphitrite's destined halls,
 Which her hoary sire now paves
 With his blue and beaming waves.
 Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome and spire,
 Shine like obelisks of fire.
 Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies:
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise,
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt city! thou hast been
 Ocean's child, and then his queen;
 Now is come a darker day,
 And thou soon must be his prey,
 If the power that raised thee here
 Hallow so thy watery bier.
 A less drear ruin than now,
 With thy conquest-branded brow
 Stooping to the slave of slaves
 From thy throne, among the waves

Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
 Flies, as once before it flew,
 O'er thine isles depopulate,
 And all is in its ancient state,
 Save where many a palace-gate
 With green sea-flowers overgrown
 Like a rock of ocean's own,
 Toppl'd o'er the abandoned sea
 As the tides change sullenly.
 The fisher on his watery way,
 Wandering at the close of day,
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
 Lead a rapid masque of death
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
 Quivering through aërial gold,
 As I now behold them here,
 Would imagine not they were
 Sepulchres, where human forms,
 Like pollution-nourished worms
 To the corpse of greatness cling,
 Murdered, and now mouldering :
 But if Freedom should awake
 In her omnipotence, and shake
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold
 All the keys of dungeons cold,
 Where a hundred cities lie
 Chained like thee ingloriously,
 Thou and all thy sister band
 Might adorn this sunny land,
 Twining memories of old time
 With new virtues more sublime ;
 If not, perish thou and they ;
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day
 By her sun consumed away,
 Earth can spare ye ; while like flowers,
 In the waste of years and hours,
 From your dust new nations spring
 With more kindly blossoming.

Perish ! let there only be
 Floating o'er thy hearthless sea,
 As the garment of thy sky
 Clothes the world immortally,
 One remembrance, more sublime
 Than the tattered pall of Time,
 Which scarce hides thy visage wan :
 That a tempest-cleaving swan
 Of the songs of Albion,

Driven from his ancestral streams
 By the might of evil dreams,
 Found a nest in thee ; and Ocean
 Welcomed him with such emotion
 That its joy grew his, and sprung
 From his lips like music flung
 O'er a mighty thunder-fit,
 Chastening terror : what though yet
 Poesy's unfailing river,
 Which through Albion winds for ever,
 Lashing with melodious wave
 Many a sacred poet's grave,
 Mourn its latest nursling fled !
 What though thou with all thy dead
 Scarce can for this fame repay
 Aught thine own, oh, rather say,
 Though thy sins and slaveries foul
 Overcloud a sunlike soul !
 As the ghost of Homer clings
 Round Scamander's wasting springs ;
 As divinest Shakspeare's might
 Fills Avon and the world with light
 Like omniscient power, which he
 Imaged 'mid mortality ;
 As the love from Petrarch's urn,
 Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
 A quenchless lamp, by which the heart
 Sees things unearthly ; so thou art,
 Mighty spirit : so shall be
 The city that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky.
 Like thought-winged Liberty,
 Till the universal light
 Seems to level plain and height ;
 From the sea a mist has spread,
 And the beams of morn lie dead
 On the towers of Venice now,
 Like its glory long ago.
 By the skirts of that gray cloud
 Many-domed Padua proud
 Stands, a peopled solitude,
 'Mid the harvest shining plain,
 Where the peasant heaps his grain
 In the garner of his foe,
 And the milk-white oxen slow
 With the purple vintage strain,
 Heaped upon the creaking wain,
 That the brutal Celt may swill
 Drunken sleep with savage will ;
 And the sickle to the sword
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,
 Overgrows this region's foison,

Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
 To destruction's harvest-home :
 Men must reap the things they sow,
 Force from force must ever flow,
 Or worse ; but 'tis a bitter woe
 That love or reason can not change
 The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
 Those mute guests at festivals,
 Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
 Played at dice for Ezzelin,
 Till Death cried " I win, I win !"
 And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
 But Death promised, to assuage her,
 That he would petition for
 Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
 When the destined years were o'er,
 Over all between the Po
 And the eastern Alpine snow,
 Under the mighty Austrian.
 Sin smiled so as sin only can,
 And since that time, ay, long before,
 Both have ruled from shore to shore,
 That incestuous pair, who follow
 Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
 As Repentance follows Crime,
 And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
 Padua, now no more is burning ;
 Like a meteor, whose wild way
 Is lost over the grave of day,
 It gleams betrayed and to betray ;
 Once remotest nations came
 To adore that sacred flame,
 When it lit not many a hearth
 On this cold and gloomy earth ;
 Now new fires from antique light
 Spring beneath the wide world's might ;
 But their spark lies dead in thee,
 Trampled out by tyranny.
 As the Norway woodman quells,
 In the depth of piny dells,
 One light flame among the brakes,
 While the boundless forest shakes,
 And its mighty trunks are torn
 By the fire thus lowly born ;
 The spark beneath his feet is dead,
 He starts to see the flames it fed
 Howling through the darkened sky
 With a myriad tongues victoriously,
 And sinks down in fear : so thou,
 O tyranny ! beholdest now.

Light around thee, and thou hearest
 The loud flames ascend, and fearest :
 Grovel on the earth ; ay, hide
 In the dust thy purple pride !

Noon descends around me now :
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
 When a soft and purple mist
 Like a vaporous amethyst,
 Or an air-dissolvèd star
 Mingling light and fragrance, far
 From the curved horizon's bound
 To the point of heaven's profound,
 Fills the overflowing sky ;
 And the plains that silent lie
 Underneath, the leaves unsodden
 Where the infant frost has trodden
 With his morning-wingèd feet,
 Whose bright brint is gleaming yet ;
 And the red and golden vines,
 Piercing with their trellised lines
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
 The dun and bladed grass no less,
 Pointing from this hoary tower
 In the windless air ; the flower
 Glimmering at my feet ; the line
 Of the olive-sandaled Apennine
 In the south dimly islanded ;
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread
 High between the clouds and sun ;
 And of living things each one ;
 And my spirit, which so long
 Darkened this swift stream of strong,
 Interpenetrated lie
 By the glory of the sky ;
 Be it love, light, harmony,
 Odor, or the soul of all
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
 Or the mind which feeds this verse
 Peopling the lone universe.
 Noon descends, and after noon
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,
 Leading the infantine moon
 And that one star, which to her
 Almost seems to minister
 Half the crimson light she brings
 From the sunset's radiant springs :
 And the soft dreams of the morn
 (Which like wingèd winds had borne
 To that silent isle, which lies
 'Mid remembered agonies,
 The frail bark of this lone being)
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,

And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony :
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envyng us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude ;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves
Under which the bright sea heaves ;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood.
They, not it, would change ; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

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SONG FOR TASSO.

I LOVED — alas ! our life is love ;  
But when we cease to breathe and move,  
I do suppose love ceases too.  
I thought, but not as now I do,  
Keen thoughts and bright of linkèd lore,

Of all that men had thought before,  
And all that nature shows, and more.

And still I love and still I think,  
But strangely, for my heart can drink  
The dregs of such despair, and live,  
And love ;  
And if I think, my thoughts come fast ;  
I mix the present with the past,  
And each seems uglier than the last.

Sometimes I see before me flee  
A silver spirit's form, like thee,  
O Leonora, and I sit  
[            ] still watching it,  
Till by the grated casement's ledge  
It fades, with such a sigh as sedge  
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.



#### PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES.

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,  
To the whisper of the Apennine,  
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,  
Or like the sea on a northern shore,  
Heard in its raging ebb and flow  
By the captives pent in the cave below.  
The Apennine in the light of day  
Is a mighty mountain dim and gray,  
Which between the earth and sky doth lay ;  
But when night comes, a chaos dread  
On the dim starlight then is spread,  
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

May 4, 1818.



#### TO MARY ———.

O MARY dear, that you were here  
With your brown eyes bright and clear,  
And your sweet voice, like a bird  
Singing love to its lone mate  
In the ivy bower disconsolate :  
Voice the sweetest ever heard !  
And your brow more \* \* \* \* \*  
Than the \* \* \* \* \* sky



Of this azure Italy.  
 Mary dear, come to me soon,  
 I am not well while thou art far ;  
 As sunset to the spherèd moon,  
 As twilight to the western star,  
 Thou, belovèd, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here !  
 The castle echo whispers, " Here !"

*Este, September, 1818.*



### THE PAST.

WILT thou forget the happy hours  
 Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,  
 Heaping over their corpses cold  
 Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould ?  
 Blossoms which were the joys that fell,  
 And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past ? O yet  
 There are ghosts that may take revenge for it ;  
 Memories that make the heart a tomb,  
 Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,  
 And with ghastly whispers tell  
 That joy, once lost, is pain.



### MAZENGLI.\*

O ! FOSTER-NURSE of man's abandoned glory  
 Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendor !  
 Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,  
 As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender :  
 The light-invested angel Poesy  
 Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught  
 By loftiest meditations ; marble knew  
 The sculptor's fearless soul — and, as he wrought,  
 The grace of his own power and freedom grew,  
 And more than all, heroic, just, sublime,  
 Thou wert among the false — was this thy crime ?

\* This fragment refers to an event, told in Sismondi's '*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*,' which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province. The opening stanzas are addressed to the conquering city.

Yes : and on Pisa's marble walls the twine  
 Of direst weeds hangs garlanded — the snake  
 Inhabits its wrecked palaces ; in thine  
 A beast of subtler venom now doth make  
 Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown,  
 And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,  
 And love and freedom blossom but to wither ;  
 And good and ill like vines entangled are,  
 So that their grapes may oft be plucked together —  
 Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make  
 Thy heart rejoice for dead Mazenghi's sake.

No record of his crime remains in story  
 But if the morning bright as evening shone,  
 It was some high and holy deed, by glory  
 Pursued into forgetfulness, which won  
 From the blind crowd he made secure and free  
 The patriot's meed — toil, death and infamy.

For when by sound of trumpet was declared  
 A price upon his life, and there was set  
 A penalty of blood on all who shared  
 So much of water with him as might wet  
 His lips, which speech divided not — he went  
 Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,  
 He hid himself, and hunger, cold and toil  
 Month after month endured : it was a feast  
 Whene'er he found those globes of deep-red gold  
 Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth bear,  
 Suspended in their emerald atmosphere.

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,  
 Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,  
 All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,  
 And hillocks heaped of moss-inwoven turf,  
 And where the huge and speckled aloe made,  
 Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,

He housed himself. There is a point of strand  
 Near Vada's tower and town ; and on one side  
 The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,  
 Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide ;  
 And on the other creeps eternally,  
 Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea.

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A WOODMAN, whose rough heart was out of tune  
 (I think such hearts yet never came to good),  
 Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

One nightingale in an interfluous wood  
 Satiated the hungry dark with melody ;  
 And, as a vale is watered by a flood,

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky  
 Struggling with darkness — as a tuberose  
 Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,  
 The singing of that happy nightingale  
 In this sweet forest, from the golden close

Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,  
 Was interfused upon the silentness ;  
 The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumbers ; the abyss  
 Of heaven with all its planets ; the dull ear  
 Of the night-cradled earth ; the loneliness

Of the circumfluous waters — every sphere  
 And every flower and beam and cloud and wave,  
 And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretched in its rugged cave,  
 And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,  
 And every silver moth fresh from the grave,

Which is its cradle — ever from below  
 Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,  
 To be consumed within the purest glow

Of one serene and unapproachèd star,  
 As if it were a lamp of earthly light,  
 Unconscious, as some human lovers are,

Itself how low, how high beyond all height  
 The heaven where it would perish ! — and every form  
 That worshiped in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm  
 Girt as with an interminable zone.  
 While that sweet bird, whose music was a storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion  
 Out of their dreams ; harmony became love  
 In every soul but one. . . .

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And so this man returned with ax and saw  
 At evening close from killing the tall tree,  
 The soul of whom by nature's gentle law  
 Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green  
 The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,  
 Checkering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jagged leaves — and from the forest tops  
 Singing the winds to sleep — or weeping oft  
 Fast showers of aërial water-drops

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,  
 Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness ;  
 Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness  
 Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers  
 Hang like moist clouds — or, where high branches kiss,

Make a green space among the silent bowers,  
 Like a vast fane in a metropolis,  
 Surrounded by the columns and the towers

All overwrought with branch-like traceries  
 In which there is religion — and the mute  
 Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odors and gleams and murmurs, which the lute  
 Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast  
 Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

Wakening the leaves and waves ere it has past  
 To such brief unison as on the brain  
 One tone, which never can recur, has cast,

One accent never to return again.

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STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent light,

The breath of the moist air is light,  
 Around its unexpanded buds ;  
 Like many a voice of one delight,  
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
 The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
 With green and purple seaweeds strown ;  
 I see the waves upon the shore,  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :  
 I sit upon the sands alone,  
 The lightning of the noontide ocean  
 Is flashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its measured motion,  
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
 Nor peace within nor calm around,  
 Nor that content surpassing wealth  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walked with inward glory crowned—  
 Nor fame nor power nor love nor leisure.  
 Others I see whom these surround—  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure :  
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
 Even as the winds and waters are ;  
 I could lie down like a tired child,  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,  
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
 And I might feel in the warm air  
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,  
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
 Insults with this untimely moan ;  
 They might lament—for I am one  
 Whom men love not—and yet regret,  
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
 Shall on its stainless glory set,  
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

## MISERY.—A FRAGMENT

COME, be happy!—sit near me,  
 Shadow-vested Misery:  
 Coy, unwilling, silent bride,  
 Mourning in thy robe of pride,  
 Desolation—deified!

Come, be happy!—sit near me:  
 Sad as I may seem to thee,  
 I am happier far than thou,  
 Lady, whose imperial brow  
 Is endiademmed with woe.

Misery! we have known each other,  
 Like a sister and a brother,  
 Living in the same lone home,  
 Many years—we must live some  
 Hours or ages yet to come.

'Tis an evil lot, and yet  
 Let us make the best of it;  
 If love can live when pleasure dies,  
 We two will love, till in our eyes  
 This heart's hell seem paradise.

Come, be happy!—lie thee down  
 On the fresh grass newly mown,  
 Where the grasshopper doth sing  
 Merrily—one joyous thing  
 In a world of sorrowing!

There our tent shall be the willow,  
 And mine arm shall be thy pillow;  
 Sounds and odors, sorrowful  
 Because they once were sweet, shall lull  
 Us to slumber deep and dull.

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter  
 With a love thou dar'st not utter.  
 Thou art murmuring—thou art weeping—  
 Is thine icy bosom leaping  
 While my burning heart lies sleeping?

Kiss me: oh! thy lips are cold;  
 Round my neck thine arms enfold—  
 They are soft, but chill and dead;  
 And thy tears upon my head  
 Burn like points of frozen lead.

Hasten to the bridal bed —  
 Underneath the grave 'tis spread :  
 In darkness may our love be hid,  
 Oblivion be our coverlid —  
 We may rest, and none forbid.

Clasp me, till our hearts be grown  
 Like two shadows into one ;  
 Till this dreadful transport may  
 Like a vapor fade away  
 In the sleep that lasts alway.

We may dream in that long sleep,  
 That we are not those who weep ;  
 Even as Pleasure dreams of thee,  
 Life-deserting Misery,  
 Thou mayest dream of her with me.

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,  
 At the shadows of the earth,  
 As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,  
 Which, like spectres wrapped in shrouds,  
 Pass o'er night in multitudes.

All the wide world, beside us  
 Show like multitudinous  
 Puppets passing from a scene ;  
 What but mockery can they mean,  
 Where I am — where thou hast been ?



## ON A FADED VIOLET.

THE color from the flower is gone,  
 Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me ;  
 The odor from the flower is flown,  
 Which breathed of thee and only thee !

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,  
 It lies on my abandoned breast,  
 And mocks the heart which yet is warm  
 With cold and silent rest.

I weep — my tears revive it not.  
 I sigh — it breathes no more on me ;  
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot  
 Is such as mine should be.

## SONNET.

LIFT not the painted veil which those who live  
Call Life : though unreal shapes be pictured there,  
And it but mimic all we would believe  
With colors idly spread — behind, lurk Fear  
And Hope, twin Destinies, who ever weave  
Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.

I knew one who had lifted it : he sought —  
For his lost heart was tender — things to love,  
But found them not, alas ! nor was there aught  
The world contains, the which he could approve.  
Through the unheeding many he did move,  
A splendor among shadows, a bright blot  
Upon this gloomy scene, a spirit that strove  
For truth, and, like the Preacher, found it not.



## POEMS WRITTEN IN 1819.



### THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY.

#### I.

As I lay asleep in Italy,  
There came a voice from over the sea,  
And with great power it forth led me  
To walk in the visions of Poesy.

#### II.

I met Murder on the way—  
He had a mask like Castlereagh—  
Very smooth he looked, yet grim ;  
Seven bloodhounds followed him :

#### III.

All were fat ; and well they might  
Be in admirable plight,  
For one by one, and two by two,  
He tossed them human hearts to chew,  
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

#### IV.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,  
Like Lord E——, an ermine gown ;  
His big tears— for he wept well—  
Turned to millstones as they fell ;

#### V.

And the little children, who  
Round his feet played to and fro,  
Thinking every tear a gem,  
Had their brains knocked out by them.

## VI.

Clothed with the \* \* as with light,  
 And the shadow of the night,  
 Like \* \* \* next, Hypocrisy,  
 On a crocodile came by.

## VII.

And many more Destructions played  
 In this ghastly masquerade,  
 All disguised, even to the eyes,  
 Like bishops, lawyers, peers or spies.

## VIII.

Last came Anarchy : he rode  
 On a white horse, splashed with blood ;  
 He was pale even to the lips,  
 Like Death in the Apocalypse.

## IX.

And he wore a kingly crown ;  
 In his hand a sceptre shone ;  
 On his brow this mark I saw —  
 " I am God and King and Law !"

## X.

With a pace stately and fast,  
 Over English land he past,  
 Trampling to a mire of blood  
 The adoring multitude.

## XI.

And a mighty troop around,  
 With their trampling shook the ground,  
 Waving each a bloody sword,  
 For the service of their lord.

## XII.

And with glorious triumph they  
 Rode through England, proud and gay,  
 Drunk as with intoxication  
 Of the wine of desolation.

## XIII.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,  
 Passed the pageant swift and free,  
 Tearing up, and trampling down,  
 Till they came to London town.

## XIV.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,  
 Felt his heart with terror sicken,  
 Hearing the tremendous cry  
 Of the triumph of Anarchy.

## X V.

For with pomp to meet him came,  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,  
The hired murderers who did sing,  
"Thou art God and Law and King !

## X V I.

"We have waited, weak and lone,  
For thy coming, Mighty One !  
Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,  
Give us glory and blood and gold !"

## X V I I.

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,  
To the earth their pale brows bowed,  
Like a bad prayer not over loud,  
Whispering, "Thou art Law and God !"

## X V I I I.

Then all cried with one accord,  
"Thou art King and Law and Lord ;  
Anarchy, to thee we bow,  
Be thy name made holy now !"

## X I X.

And Anarchy, the skeleton,  
Bowed and grinned to every one,  
As well as if his education  
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

## X X.

For he knew the palaces  
Of our kings were nightly his ;  
His the sceptre, crown and globe,  
And the gold-inwoven robe.

## X X I.

- So he sent his slaves before  
To seize upon the bank and tower,  
And was proceeding with intent  
To meet his pensioned parliament,

## X X I I.

When one fled past, a maniac maid,  
And her name was Hope, she said :  
But she looked more like Despair ;  
And she cried out in the air —

## X X I I I.

"My father, Time is weak and gray  
With waiting for a better day ;  
See how idiot-like he stands,  
Trembling with his palsied hands !

## X X I V.

"He has had child after child,  
And the dust of death is piled  
Over every one but me —  
Misery ! oh, misery !"

## X X V.

Then she lay down in the street,  
Right before the horses' feet,  
Expecting, with a patient eye,  
Murder, Fraud and Anarchy.

## X X V I.

When between her and her foes  
A mist, a light, an image rose,  
Small at first, and weak and frail  
Like the vapor of the vale :

## X X V I I.

Till as clouds grow on the blast.  
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,  
And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
And speak in thunder to the sky,

## X X V I I I.

It grew — a shape arrayed in mail  
Brighter than the viper's scale,  
And upborne on wings whose grain  
Was like the light of sunny rain.

## X X I X.

On its helm, seen far away,  
A planet, like the morning's, lay ;  
And those plumes it light rained through,  
Like a shower of crimson dew.

## X X X.

With step as soft as wind it passed  
O'er the heads of men — so fast  
That they knew the presence there,  
And looked — and all was empty air.

## X X X I.

As flowers beneath May's footsteps waken,  
As stars from night's loose hair are shaken,  
As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.

## X X X I I.

And the prostrate multitude  
Looked — and ankle-deep in blood,  
Hope, that maiden most serene,  
Was walking with a quiet mien :

## XXXIII.

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,  
Lay dead earth upon the earth ;  
The horse of Death, tameless as wind,  
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind  
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

## XXXIV.

A rushing light of clouds and splendor,  
A sense, awakening and yet tender,  
Was heard and felt — and at its close  
These words of joy and fear arose :

## XXXV.

As if their own indignant earth,  
Which gave the sons of England birth,  
Had felt their blood upon her brow,  
And shuddering with a mother's throe,

## XXXVI.

Had turned every drop of blood,  
By which her face had been bedewed,  
To an accent unwithstood,  
As if her heart had cried aloud —

## XXXVII.

“ Men of England, heirs of glory,  
Heroes of unwritten story,  
Nurslings of one mighty mother,  
Hopes of her, and one another !

## XXXVIII.

“ Rise, like lions after slumber,  
In unvanquishable number,  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Which in sleep had fallen on you.  
Ye are many, they are few.

## XXXIX.

“ What is freedom ? Ye can tell  
That which slavery is too well,  
For its very name has grown  
To an echo of your own.

## XL.

“ 'Tis to work, and have such pay  
As just keeps life from day to day  
In your limbs, as in a cell,  
For the tyrants' use to dwell :

## XLI.

“ So that ye for them are made,  
Loom and plow and sword and spade ;  
With or without your own will, bent  
To their defense and nourishment.

## XLII.

" 'Tis to see your children weak  
 With their mothers pine and peak,  
 When the winter winds are bleak :—  
 They are dying while I speak.

## XLIII.

" 'Tis to hunger for such diet,  
 As the rich man in his riot  
 Casts to the fat dogs that lie  
 Surfeiting beneath his eye.

## XLIV.

" 'Tis to let the Ghost of Gold  
 Take from toil a thousand-fold  
 More than e'er its substance could  
 In the tyrannies of old :

## XLV.

" Paper coin — that forgery  
 Of the title deeds, which ye  
 Hold to something of the worth  
 Of the inheritance of Earth.

## XLVI.

" 'Tis to be a slave in soul,  
 And to hold no strong control  
 Over your own wills, but be  
 All that others make of ye.

## XLVII.

" And at length when ye complain,  
 With a murmur weak and vain,  
 'Tis to see the tyrant's crew  
 Ride over your wives and you :—  
 Blood is on the grass like dew !

## XLVIII.

" Then it is to feel revenge,  
 Fiercely thirsting to exchange  
 Blood for blood — and wrong for wrong :  
 Do not thus, when ye are strong !

## XLIX.

" Birds find rest in narrow nest,  
 When weary of their winged quest ;  
 Beasts find fare in woody lair,  
 When storm and snow are in the air.

## L.

" Horses, oxen, have a home,  
 When from daily toil they come ;  
 Household dogs, when the wind roars,  
 Find a home within warm doors.

## L I.

“ Asses, swine, have litter spread,  
And with fitting food are fed ;  
All things have a home but one :  
Thou, oh Englishman, hast none !

## L I I.

“ This is slavery — savage men,  
Or wild beasts within a den,  
Would endure not as ye do :  
But such ills they never knew.

## L I I I.

“ What art thou, Freedom ? Oh ! could slaves  
Answer from their living graves  
This demand, tyrants would flee  
Like a dream's dim imagery.

## L I V.

“ Thou art not, as impostors say,  
A shadow soon to pass away,  
A superstition, and a name  
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

## L V.

“ For the laborer thou art bread  
And a comely table spread,  
From his daily labor come,  
In a neat and happy home.

## L V I.

“ Thou art clothes and fire and food  
For the trampled multitude :  
No — in countries that are free  
Such starvation can not be,  
As in England now we see.

## L V I I.

“ To the rich thou art a check ;  
When his foot is on the neck  
Of his victim, thou dost make  
That he treads upon a snake.

## L V I I I.

“ Thou art Justice — ne'er for gold  
May thy righteous laws be sold,  
As laws are in England : — thou  
Shieldest alike the high and low.

## L I X.

“ Thou art Wisdom — freemen never  
Dream that God will doom for ever  
All who think those things untrue,  
Of which priests make such ado.

## L X.

"Thou art Peace—never by thee  
Would blood and treasure wasted be,  
As tyrants wasted them when all  
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.

## L X I.

"What if English toil and blood  
Was poured forth, even as a flood?  
It availed, oh Liberty!  
To dim—but not extinguish thee.

## L X I I.

"Thou art Love—the rich have kist  
Thy feet; and like him following Christ,  
Given their substance to the free,  
And through the rough world followed thee.

## L X I I I.

"Oh turn their wealth to arms, and make  
War for thy beloved sake,  
On wealth and war and fraud; whence they  
Drew the power which is their prey.

## L X I V.

"Science and poetry and thought  
Are thy lamps; they make the lot  
Of the dwellers in a cot  
Such, they curse their maker not.

## L X V.

"Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,  
All that can adorn and bless,  
Art thou: let deeds, not words, express  
Thine exceeding loveliness.

## L X V I.

"Let a great assembly be  
Of the fearless and the free,  
On some spot of English ground,  
Where the plains stretch wide around.

## L X V I I.

"Let the blue sky overhead,  
The green earth, on which ye tread,  
All that must eternal be,  
Witness the solemnity.

## L X V I I I.

"From the corners uttermost  
Of the bounds of English coast;  
From every hut, village and town,  
Where those who live and suffer, moan  
For others' misery, or their own:



## L X I X.

“ From the workhouse and the prison,  
Where pale as corpses newly risen,  
Women, children, young and old,  
Groan for pain, and weep for cold ;

## L X X.

“ From the haunts of daily life,  
Where is waged the daily strife  
With common wants and common cares,  
Which sow the human heart with tares.

## L X X I.

“ Lastly, from the palaces,  
Where the murmur of distress  
Echoes, like the distant sound  
Of a wind, alive around ;

## L X X I I.

“ Those prison-halls of wealth and fashion,  
Where some few feel such compassion  
For those who groan and toil and wail,  
As must make their brethren pale ;

## L X X I I I.

“ Ye who suffer woes untold,  
Or to feel, or to behold  
Your lost country bought and sold  
With a price of blood and gold.

## L X X I V.

“ Let a vast assembly be,  
And with great solemnity  
Declare with ne'er said words, that ye  
Are, as God has made ye, free !

## L X X V.

“ Be your strong and simple words  
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,  
And wide as targes let them be,  
With their shade to cover ye.

## L X X V I.

“ Let the tyrants pour around  
With a quick and startling sound,  
Like the loosening of a sea,  
Troops of armed emblazonry !

## L X X V I I.

“ Let the charged artillery drive,  
Till the dead air seems alive  
With the clash of clanging wheels,  
And the tramp of horses' heels !

## LXXVIII.

“ Let the fixèd bayonet  
Gleam with sharp desire to wet  
Its bright point in English blood,  
Looking keen as one for food.

## LXXIX.

“ Let the horseman’s cimeters  
Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars,  
Thirsting to eclipse their burning  
In a sea of death and mourning !

## LXXX.

“ Stand ye calm and resolute,  
Like a forest close and mute,  
With folded arms, and looks which are  
Weapons of an unvanquished war.

## LXXXI.

“ And let Panic, who outspeeds  
The career of armèd steeds,  
Pass, a disregarded shade,  
Through your phalanx undismayed.

## LXXXII.

“ Let the laws of your own land,  
Good or ill, between ye stand,  
Hand to hand, and foot to foot,  
Arbiters of the dispute.

## LXXXIII.

“ The old laws of England — they  
Whose reverend heads with age are gray,  
Children of a wiser day ;  
And whose solemn voice must be  
Thine own echo — Liberty !

## LXXXIV.

“ On those who first should violate  
Such sacred heralds in their state,  
Rest the blood that must ensue :  
And it will not rest on you.

## LXXXV.

“ And if then the tyrants dare,  
Let them ride among you there :  
Slash and stab and maim and hew :  
What they like, that let them do.

## LXXXVI.

“ With folded arms and steady eyes,  
And little fear, and less surprise,  
Look upon them as they slay,  
Till their rage has died away :

## LXXXVII.

“ Then they will return with shame  
To the place from which they came,  
And the blood thus shed will speak  
In hot blushes on their cheek :

## LXXXVIII.

“ Every woman in the land  
Will point at them as they stand —  
They will hardly dare to greet  
Their acquaintance in the street :

## LXXXIX.

“ And the bold, true warriors,  
Who have hugged danger in the wars,  
Will turn to those who would be free,  
Ashamed of such base company :

## XC.

“ And that slaughter to the nation  
Shall steam up like inspiration,  
Eloquent, oracular,  
A volcano heard afar :

## XCI.

“ And these words shall then become  
Like Oppression's thundered doom,  
Ringing through each heart and brain,  
Heard again — again — again !

## XCII.

“ Rise like lions after slumber  
In unvanquishable number !  
Shake your chains to earth, like dew  
Which in sleep had fallen on you :  
Ye are many — they are few !”

## SONG

## TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England ! wherefore plow  
For the lords who lay ye low ?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care  
The rich robes your tyrants wear ?

Wherefore feed and clothe and save,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Those ungrateful drones who would  
Drain your sweat — nay, drink your blood !

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
 Many a weapon, chain and scourge,  
 That these stingless drones may spoil  
 The forced produce of your toil ?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
 Shelter, food, love's gentle balm ?  
 Or what is it ye buy so dear  
 With your pains and with your fear ?

The seed ye sow, another reaps ;  
 The wealth ye find, another keeps ;  
 The robes ye weave, another wears ;  
 The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed — but let no tyrant reap ;  
 Find wealth — let no impostor heap ;  
 Weave robes — let not the idle wear ;  
 Forge arms — in your defense to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes and cells !  
 In halls ye deck, another dwells.  
 Why shake the chains ye wrought ? Ye see  
 The steel ye tempered glance on ye !

With plow and spade, and hoe and loom,  
 Trace your grave, and build your tomb,  
 And weave your winding-sheet, till fair  
 England be your sepulchre !



## LINES,

WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION.

CORPSES are cold in the tomb,  
 Stones on the pavement are dumb,  
 Abortions are dead in the womb,  
 And their mothers look pale — like the white shore  
 Of Albion, free no more.

Her sons are as stones in the way —  
 They are masses of senseless clay —  
 They are trodden and move not away —  
 The abortion, with which she travaileth,  
 Is Liberty — smitten to death.

Then trample and dance, thou oppressor,  
 For thy victim is no redresser,  
 Thou art sole lord and possessor  
 Of her corpses and clods and abortions : they pave  
 Thy path to the grave !

Hearest thou the festival din  
 Of death and destruction and sin  
 And wealth, crying "Havoc!" within?—  
 'Tis the Bacchanal triumph, which makes truth dumb,  
 Thine Epithalamium.

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife!  
 Let fear and disquiet and strife  
 Spread thy couch in the chamber of life:  
 Marry Ruin, thou tyrant! and God be thy guide  
 To the bed of thy bride!

## SIMILES.

As from an ancestral oak  
 Two empty ravens sound their clarion,  
 Yell by yell, and croak by croak,  
 When they scent the noonday smoke  
 Of fresh human carrion:

As two gibbering night-birds flit  
 From their bowers of deadly hue,  
 Through the night to frighten it,  
 When the morn is in a fit,  
 And the stars are none, or few:

As a shark and dog-fish wait  
 Under an Atlantic isle,  
 For the negro-ship, whose freight  
 Is the theme of their debate,  
 Wrinkling their red gills the while—

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,  
 Two scorpions under one wet stone,  
 Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,  
 Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,  
 Two vipers tangled into one.

## AN ODE,

TO THE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY.

ARISE, arise, arise!  
 There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread;  
 Be your wounds like eyes  
 To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.  
 What other grief were it just to pay?  
 Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they;  
 Who said they were slain on the battle-day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken !  
 The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes ;  
 Be the cold chains shaken  
 To the dust, where your kindred repose, repose ;  
 Their bones in the grave will start and move,  
 When they hear the voices of those they love,  
 Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner !  
 When Freedom is riding to conquest by :  
 Though the slaves that fan her  
 Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh.  
 And ye who attend her imperial car,  
 Lift not your hands in the banded war,  
 But in her defense whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory !  
 To those who have greatly suffered and done !  
 Never name in story  
 Was greater than that which ye shall have won.  
 Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,  
 Whose revenge, pride and power they have overthrown :  
 Ride ye, more victorious, over your own !

Bind, bind every brow  
 With crownals of violet, ivy and pine :  
 Hide the blood-stains now  
 With hues which sweet Nature has made divine :  
 Green strength, azure hope, and eternity :  
 But let not the pansy among them be ;  
 Ye were injured, and that means memory.



## ENGLAND IN 1819.

AN old, mad, blind, despised and dying king —  
 Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
 Through public scorn — mud from a muddy spring —  
 Rulers, who neither see nor feel nor know,  
 But leech-like to their fainting country cling,  
 Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow.  
 A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field —  
 An army, which libercide and prey  
 Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield ;  
 Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay ;  
 Religion Christless, Godless — a book sealed ;  
 A senate — Time's worst statute unrepealed —  
 Are graves, from which a glorious phantom may  
 Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day !

## TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

(With what truth I may say —  
 Roma! Roma! Roma!  
 Non e piu come era prima!)

My lost William, thou in whom  
 Some bright spirit lived, and did  
 That decaying robe consume  
 Which its lustre faintly hid,  
 Here its ashes find a tomb,  
 But beneath this pyramid  
 Thou art not — if a thing divine  
 Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine  
 Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?  
 Let me think thy spirit feeds,  
 Within its life intense and mild,  
 The love of living leaves and weeds,  
 Among these tombs and ruins wild;  
 Let me think that through low seeds  
 Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,  
 Into their hues and scents may pass,  
 A portion————

June, 1819.



## ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,  
 Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine;  
 Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;  
 Its horror and its beauty are divine.  
 Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie  
 Loveliness like a shadow, from which shrine,  
 Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,  
 The agonies of anguish and of death.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace  
 Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone;  
 Whereon the lineaments of that dead face  
 Are graven, till the characters be grown  
 Into itself, and thought no more can trace:  
 'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown  
 Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,  
 Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

And from its head as from one body grow,  
 As [            ] grass out of a watery rock,  
 Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow,  
 And their long tangles in each other lock,  
 And with unending involutions show  
 Their mailed radiance as it were to mock  
 The torture and the death within, and saw  
 The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

And from a stone beside, a poisonous eft  
 Peeps idly into these Gorgonian eyes ;  
 While in the air a ghastly bat, bereft  
 Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise  
 Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,  
 And he comes hastening like a moth that hies  
 After a taper ; and the midnight sky  
 Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror ;  
 For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare  
 Kindled by that inextricable error,  
 Which makes a thrilling vapor of the air  
 Become a [            ] and ever-shifting mirror  
 Of all the beauty and the terror there—  
 A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,  
 Gazing in death on heaven from those wet rocks.

*Florence, 1819.*



## ODE TO HEAVEN.

### CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

#### FIRST SPIRIT.

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights !  
 Paradise of golden lights !  
 Deep, immeasurable, vast,  
 Which art now, and which wert then !  
 Of the present and the past,  
 Of the eternal where and when,  
 Presence-chamber, temple, home,  
 Ever-canopying dome,  
 Of acts and ages yet to come !

Glorious shapes have life in thee,  
 Earth, and all earth's company ;  
 Living globes which ever throng  
 Thy deep chasms and wildernesses ;  
 And green worlds that glide along :  
 And swift stars with flashing tresses ;



And icy moons most cold and bright,  
 And mighty suns beyond the night,  
 Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,  
 Heaven! for thou art the abode  
 Of that power which is the glass  
 Wherein man his nature sees.  
 Generations as they pass  
 Worship thee with bended knees.  
 Their unremaining gods and they  
 Like a river roll away :  
 Thou remainest such always.

## SECOND SPIRIT.

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,  
 Round which its young fancies clamber,  
 Like weak insects in a cave,  
 Lighted up by stalactites ;  
 But the portal of the grave,  
 Where a world of new delights  
 Will make thy best glories seem  
 But a dim and noontide gleam  
 From the shadow of a dream !

## THIRD SPIRIT.

Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn  
 At your presumption, atom-born !  
 What is heaven ? and what are ye  
 Who its brief expanse inherit ?  
 What are suns and spheres which flee  
 With the instinct of that spirit  
 Of which ye are but a part ?  
 Drops which Nature's mighty heart  
 Drives through thinnest veins. Depart !

What is heaven ? a globe of dew,  
 Filling in the morning new  
 Some eyed flower, whose young leaves waken  
 On an unimagined world :  
 Constellated suns unshaken,  
 Orbits measureless, are furled  
 In that frail and fading sphere,  
 With ten millions gathered there,  
 To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

## AN EXHORTATION.

CHAMELEONS feed on light and air :  
 Poet's food is love and fame :  
 If in this wide world of care  
 Poets could but find the same

With as little toil as they,  
 Would they ever change their hue  
 As the light chameleons do,  
 Suiting it to every ray  
 Twenty times a day ?

Poets are on this cold earth,  
 As chameleons might be,  
 Hidden from their early birth  
 In a cave beneath the sea :  
 Where light is, chameleons change !  
 Where love is not, poets do :  
 Fame is love disguised : if few  
 Find either, never think it strange  
 That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power  
 A poet's free and heavenly mind :  
 If bright chameleons should devour  
 Any food but beams and wind,  
 They would grow as earthly soon  
 As their brother lizards are.  
 Children of a sunnier star,  
 Spirits from beyond the moon,  
 Oh, refuse the boon !



### ODE TO THE WEST WIND.\*

#### I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

\* This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset, with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odors plain and hill :

Wild spirit, which are moving everywhere :  
 Destroyer and preserver — hear, oh hear !

## I I.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height  
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain and fire and hail will burst : oh hear :

## I I I.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice-isle in Baiæ's bay,  
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou  
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
 And tremble and despoil themselves : oh hear !

## I V.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee : tameless and swift and proud !

## V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :  
What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth ;  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

## POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820.

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### THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

#### PART I.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,  
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,  
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of Night,

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,  
And the Spirit of Love felt everywhere ;  
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss  
In the garden, the field or the wilderness,  
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,  
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent  
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,  
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess ;  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple and white and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,  
It was felt like an odor within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,  
Which unvail'd the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare :

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom  
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,  
With golden and green light, slanting through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,  
Which led through the garden along and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple and blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a bidden gem,  
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,  
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit  
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,  
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;  
Radiance and odor are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,  
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds which from unsustaining wings  
Shed the music of many murmurings ;  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumèd insects swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odor, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,  
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,  
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,  
In which every sound and odor and beam  
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were  
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,  
While the lagging hours of the day went by  
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,  
And the day's vail fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts and the birds and the insects were drowned  
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;  
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress  
The light sand which paves it, consciousness :

(Only over head the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,  
And snatches of its Elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;  
A sweet child weary of its delight,  
The feeblest and yet the favorite.  
Cradled within the embrace of Night.

## PART II.

THERE was a Power in this sweet place,  
An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace  
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,  
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A lady, the wonder of her kind,  
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind  
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion  
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :  
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,  
Like the lamps of the air when Night walks forth,  
Laughed round her footsteps up from the earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,  
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face  
Told, while the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,  
That her dreams were less slumber than paradise.

As if some bright spirit for her sweet sake  
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,  
As if yet around her he lingering were,  
Though the vail of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest ;  
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,  
That the coming and the going of the wind  
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,  
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod  
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,  
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet  
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet :  
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came  
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream  
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;  
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers  
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,  
And sustained them with rods and osier bands ;  
If the flowers had been her own infants, she  
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.



And all killing insects and gnawing worms,  
 And things of obscene and unlovely forms,  
 She bore in a basket of Indian woof,  
 Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,  
 The freshest her gentle hands could pull  
 For the poor banished insects, whose intent,  
 Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris,  
 Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss  
 The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she  
 Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,  
 Where butterflies dream of the life to come,  
 She left clinging round the smooth and dark  
 Edge of the odorous cedar-bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring  
 Thus moved through the garden ministering  
 All the sweet season of summer tide,  
 And ere the first leaf looked brown — she died !

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PART III.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair,  
 Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,  
 Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous  
 She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant  
 Felt the sound of the funeral chant,  
 And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,  
 And the sobs of the mourners deep and low ;

The weary sound and the heavy breath.  
 And the silent motions of passing death,  
 And the smell, cold, oppressive and dank,  
 Sent through the pores of the coffin-plank ;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,  
 Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass ;  
 From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,  
 And sate in the pines and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,  
 Like the corpse of her who had been its soul ;  
 Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,  
 Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap  
 To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,  
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,  
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,  
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,  
Paved the turf and the moss below.  
The lilies were drooping and white and wan,  
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue  
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,  
Leaf after leaf, day by day,  
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow and gray and red,  
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,  
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past ;  
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the wingèd seeds  
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,  
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,  
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet  
Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;  
And the eddies drove them here and there,  
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks  
Were bent and tangled across the walks ;  
And the leafless network of parasite bowers  
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,  
All loathliest weeds began to grow,  
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck  
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles and nettles and darnels rank,  
And the dock and henbane and hemlock dank,  
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,  
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose name the verse feels loath,  
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,  
Prickly and pulpous and blistering and blue,  
Livid and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,  
Started like mist from the wet ground cold :  
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead  
With a spirit of growth had been animated !

Spawn, weeds and filth, a leprous scum,  
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,  
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes  
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,  
The vapors arose which have strength to kill :  
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,  
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray  
Crept and flitted in broad noonday  
Unseen ; every branch on which they alit  
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,  
Wept, and the tears within each lid  
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,  
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon  
By the heavy ax of the blast were hewn ;  
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,  
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came : the wind was his whip :  
One choppy finger was on his lip :  
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,  
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles :

His breath was a chain which without a sound  
The earth and the air and the water bound ;  
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne  
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death  
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.  
Their decay and sudden flight from frost  
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant  
The moles and the dormice died for want :  
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,  
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,  
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,  
Then there steamed up a freezing dew  
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about  
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,  
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,  
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When Winter had gone and Spring came back,  
 The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;  
 But the mandrakes and toadstools and docks and darnels  
 Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

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CONCLUSION.

WHETHER the Sensitive Plant, or that  
 Which within its boughs like a spirit sat  
 Ere its outward form had known decay,  
 Now felt this change, I can not say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,  
 No longer with the form combined  
 Which scattered love, as stars do light,  
 Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life  
 Of error, ignorance and strife,  
 Where nothing is, but all things seem,  
 And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet  
 Pleasant, if one considers it,  
 To own that death itself must be,  
 Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,  
 And all sweet shapes and odors there,  
 In truth have never passed away :  
 'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ; not they.

For love and beauty and delight  
 There is no death nor change : their might  
 Exceeds our organs, which endure  
 No light— being themselves obscure.

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A VISION OF THE SEA.

'Tis the terror of tempest ! The rags of the sail  
 Are flickering in ribands within the fierce gale :  
 From the stark night of vapors the dim rain is driven,  
 And when lightning is loosed like a deluge from heaven,  
 She sees the black trunks of the water-spouts spin,  
 And bend, as if heaven was ruining in,  
 Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass  
 As if ocean had sunk from beneath them : they pass

To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,  
 And the waves and the thunders, made silent around,  
 Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now tossed  
 Through the low trailing rack of the tempest, is lost  
 In the skirts of the thunder-cloud : now down the sweep  
 Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep  
 It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale  
 Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,  
 Dim mirrors of ruin hang gleaming about ;  
 While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout  
 Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,  
 With splendor and terror the black ship environ ;  
 Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire,  
 In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire  
 The pyramid-billows, with white points of brine,  
 In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,  
 As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.

The great ship seems splitting ! it cracks as a tree,  
 While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast  
 Of the whirlwind that stripped it of branches has past.  
 The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven  
 Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.  
 The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk  
 On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,  
 Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold  
 Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,  
 One deck is burst up from the waters below,  
 And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow  
 O'er the lakes of the desert ! Who sit on the other ?  
 Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,  
 Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast ? Are those  
 Twin tigers who burst, when the waters arose,  
 In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold  
 (What now makes them tame, is what then made them bold),  
 Who crouch, side by side, and have driven, like a crank,  
 The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank ?  
 Are these all ?

Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain  
 On the windless expanse of the watery plain,  
 Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,  
 And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon,  
 Till a lead-colored fog gathered up from the deep,  
 Whose breath was quick pestilence ; then, the cold sleep  
 Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,  
 O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,  
 With their hammocks for coffins the seamen aghast  
 Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast  
 Down the deep, which closed on them above and around,  
 And the sharks and the dog-fish their graveclothes unbound,  
 And were gluttoned like Jews with this manna rained down  
 From God on their wilderness. One after one

The mariners died ; on the eve of this day,  
 When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array,  
 But seven remained. Six the thunder had smitten,  
 And they lie black as mummies on which Time has written  
 His scorn of the embalmer ; the seventh, from the deck  
 An oak splinter pierced through his breast and his back,  
 And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.

No more ? At the helm sits a woman more fair  
 Than heaven, when, unbinding its star-braided hair,  
 It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.  
 She clasps a bright child on her upgathered knee,  
 It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder  
 Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder  
 It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near,  
 It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear  
 Is outshining the meteors ; its bosom beats high,  
 The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye ;  
 While its mother's is lustreless. " Smile not, my child,  
 But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled  
 Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,  
 So dreadful since thou must divide it with me !  
 Dream, sleep ! This pale bosom, thy cradle and bed,  
 Will it rock thee not, infant ? 'Tis beating with dread !  
 Alas ? what is life, what is death, what are we,  
 That when the ship sinks we no longer may be ?  
 What ! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more ?  
 To be after life what we have been before ?  
 Not to touch those sweet hands ? Not to look on those eyes,  
 Those lips, and that hair, all that smiling disguise  
 Thou yet wearest, sweet spirit, which I, day by day,  
 Have so long called my child, but which now fades away  
 Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower ? "

Lo ! the ship  
 Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip ;  
 The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine  
 Crawling inch by inch on them ; hair, ears, limbs, and eyne,  
 Stand rigid with horror ; a loud, long, hoarse cry  
 Burst at once from their vitals tremendously,  
 And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,  
 Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,  
 Mixed with the clash of the lashing rain,  
 Hurried on by the might of the hurricane :  
 The hurricane came from the west, and past on  
 By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,  
 Transversely dividing the stream of the storm ;  
 As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form  
 Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste.  
 Black as a cormorant the screaming blast,  
 Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, past,  
 Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world  
 Which, based on the sea and to heaven upcurled,

Like columns and walls did surround and sustain  
 The dome of the tempest: it rent them in twain,  
 As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag:  
 And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,  
 Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has passed,  
 Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast;  
 They are scattered like foam on the torrent; and where  
 The wind has burst out through the chasm, from the air  
 Of clear morning, the beams of the sunrise flow in,  
 Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,  
 Banded armies of light and of air; at one gate  
 They encounter, but interpenetrate.  
 And that breach in the tempest is widening away,  
 And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day,  
 And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings,  
 Lulled by the motion and murmurings,  
 And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea,  
 And overhead glorious, but dreadful to see,  
 The wrecks of the tempest, like vapors of gold,  
 Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves behold  
 The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,  
 And, like passions made still by the presence of Love,  
 Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide  
 Tremulous with soft influence; extending its tide  
 From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,  
 Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with heaven's azure smile,  
 The wide world of waters is vibrating.

Where

Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay,  
 One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray  
 With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle  
 Stain the clear air with sunbows; the jar, and the rattle  
 Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress  
 Of the snake's adamantine voluminousness;  
 And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains  
 Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the veins,  
 Swollen with rage, strength, and effort; the whirl and the splash  
 As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash  
 The thin winds and soft waves into thunder! the screams  
 And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean-streams,  
 Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion,  
 A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,  
 The fin-winged tomb of the victor. The other  
 Is winning his way from the fate of his brother,  
 To his own with the speed of despair. Lo! a boat  
 Advances; twelve rowers with the impulse of thought  
 Urge on the keen keel, the brine foams. At the stern  
 Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn  
 In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on  
 To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone,  
 'Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost gone,  
 Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.  
 With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,

With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death, Fear,  
 Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere,  
 Which trembles and burns with the fervor of dread  
 Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head,  
 Like a meteor of light o'er the waters! her child  
 Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring: so smiled  
 The false deep e'er the storm. Like a sister and brother  
 The child and the ocean still smile on each other,  
 While——

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LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
 And the rivers with the ocean,
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one another's being mingle—
 Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother:
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

January, 1820.

~~~~~

TO ———

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,  
 Thou needest not fear mine;  
 My spirit is too deeply laden  
 Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,  
 Thou needest not fear mine;  
 Innocent is the heart's devotion  
 With which I worship thine.



## THE CLOUD.

## I.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the seas and the streams ;  
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid  
 In their noonday dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet buds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
 And whiten the green plains under :  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

## II.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
 And their great pines groan aghast ;  
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,  
 Lightning my pilot sits,  
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
 It struggles and howls at fits ;  
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,  
 This pilot is guiding me,  
 Lured by the love of the genii that move  
 In the depths of the purple sea ;  
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,  
 Over the lakes and the plains,  
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
 The spirit he loves remains ;  
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
 While he is dissolving in rains.

## III.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
 When the morning star shines dead.  
 As on the jag of a mountain-crag,  
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings,  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
 Its ardors of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on my airy nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

## IV.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high  
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

## V.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
 Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I march  
 With hurricane, fire and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
 Is the million-colored bow ;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

## VI.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
 And the nursling of the sky ;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
 I change, but I can not die.  
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

## TO A SKYLARK.

## I.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

## II.

Higher still and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire ;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

## III.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run ;  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

## IV.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight :  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

## V.

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

## VI.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

## VII.

What thou art we know not ;  
 What is most like thee ?  
 From rainbow-clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

## VIII.

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

## IX.

Like a highborn maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

## X.

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering un beholden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

## XI.

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

## XII.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous and clear and fresh thy music doth surpass.

## XIII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine :  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

## XIV.

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt —  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

## XV.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain ?  
 What fields or waves or mountains ?  
 What shapes of sky or plain ?  
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

## XVI.

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor can not be :  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee :  
 Thou lovest — but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

## XVII.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

## XVIII.

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not :  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught :  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

## XIX.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate and pride and fear —  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear —  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

## XX.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

## XXI.

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

## ODE TO LIBERTY.

" Yet, Freedom, yet thy banner torn but flying,  
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind !"

*Byron.*

## I.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again  
The lightning of the nations : Liberty  
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,  
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,  
Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,  
And, in the rapid plumes of song,  
Clothed itself, sublime and strong ;  
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,  
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey ;  
Till from its station in the heaven of fame  
The spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray  
Of the remotest sphere of living flame  
Which paves the void, was from behind it flung,  
As foam from a ship's swiftmess, when there came  
A voice out of the deep : I will record the same.

## II.

The sun and the serenest moon sprang forth :  
The burning stars of the abyss were hurled  
Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,  
That island in the ocean of the world,  
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air :  
But this divinest universe  
Was yet a chaos and a curse,  
For thou wert not : but power from worst producing worse,  
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,  
And of the birds and of the watery forms,  
And there was war among them and despair  
Within them, raging without truce or terms :  
The bosom of their violated nurse  
Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on worms,  
And men on men : each heart was as a hell of storms !

## III.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied  
His generations under the pavilion  
Of the sun's throne : palace and pyramid,  
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million,  
Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.  
This human living multitude  
Was savage, cunning, blind and rude,  
For thou wert not : but o'er the populous solitude,  
Like one fierce cloud o'er a waste of waves,  
Hung tyranny ; beneath, sate deified  
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves ;

Into the shadow of her pinions wide,  
 Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,  
 Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,  
 Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

## IV.

The nodding promontories and blue isles  
 And cloud-like mountains and dividuous waves  
 Of Greece basked glorious in the open smiles  
 Of favoring heaven : from their enchanted caves  
 Prophetic echoes flung dim melody  
 On the unapprehensive wild.  
 The vine, the corn, the olive mild,  
 Grew savage yet. to human use unreconciled ;  
 And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,  
 Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,  
 Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,  
 Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein  
 Of Parian stone ; and yet a speechless child,  
 Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain  
 Her lidless eyes for thee — when o'er the Ægean main

## V.

Athens arose : a city such as vision  
 Builds from the purple crags and silver towers  
 Of battlemented cloud, as in derision  
 Of kingliest masonry : the ocean-floors  
 Pave it ; the evening sky pavilions it ;  
 Its portals are inhabited  
 By thunder-zoned winds, each head  
 Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,  
 A divine work ! Athens diviner yet  
 Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will  
 Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set ;  
 For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill  
 Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead  
 In marble immortality, that hill  
 Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

## VI.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river  
 Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay  
 Immovably unquiet, and for ever  
 It trembles, but it can not pass away !  
 The voices of thy bards and sages thunder  
 With an earth-awakening blast  
 Through the caverns of the past ;  
 Religion veils her eyes ; Oppression shrinks aghast :  
 A wingèd sound of joy and love and wonder,  
 Which soars where Expectation never flew,  
 Rending the veil of space and time asunder !

One ocean feeds the clouds and streams and dew ;  
 One sun illumines heaven ; one spirit vast  
 With life and love makes chaos ever new,  
 As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

## VII.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,  
 Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,\*  
 She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest  
 From that Elysian food was yet unweaned ;  
 And many a deed of terrible uprightness  
 By thy sweet love was sanctified :  
 And in thy smile, and by thy side,  
 Sainly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.  
 But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,  
 And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,  
 Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,  
 The senate of the tyrants. They sunk prone  
 Slaves of one tyrant. Palatinus sighed  
 Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone  
 Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

## VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,  
 Or piny promontory of the arctic main,  
 Or utmost islet inaccessible,  
 Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,  
 Teaching the woods and waves and desert rocks,  
 And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,  
 To talk in echoes sad and stern  
 Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn ?  
 For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks  
 Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.  
 What if the tears rained through thy shattered locks  
 Were quickly dried ? for thou didst groan, not weep,  
 When from its sea of death to kill and burn,  
 The Galilean serpent forth did creep,  
 And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

## IX.

A thousand years the Earth cried. " Where art thou ?"  
 And then the shadow of thy coming fell  
 On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow :  
 And many a warrior-peopled citadel,  
 Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,  
 Arose in sacred Italy,  
 Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea  
 Of kings and priests and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty ;  
 That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,  
 And burst around their walls, like idle foam,  
 While from the human spirit's deepest deep,

\* See 'The Bacchæ' of Euripides.



Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb  
 Dissonant Arms ; and Art, which can not die,  
 With divine want traced on our earthly home  
 Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

## X.

Thou huntress swifter than the moon ! thou terror  
 Of the world's wolves ! thou bearer of the quiver,  
 Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd Error,  
 As light may pierce the clouds when they dis sever  
 In the calm regions of the orient day !  
 Luther caught thy wakening glance ;  
 Like lightning, from his leaden lance  
 Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance  
 In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay ;  
 And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,  
 In songs whose music can not pass away,  
 Though it must flow for ever : not unseen  
 Before the spirit-sighted countenance  
 Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene  
 Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

## X I.

The eager hours and unreluctant years  
 As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,  
 Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,  
 Darkening each other with their multitude,  
 And cried aloud, " Liberty !" — Indignation  
 Answered Pity from her cave ;  
 Death grew pale within the grave,  
 And Desolation howled to the destroyer, " Save !"  
 When like heaven's sun, girt by the exhalation  
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,  
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation  
 Like shadows : as if day had cloven the skies,  
 At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,  
 Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,  
 Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

## X I I.

Thou heaven of earth ! what spells could pall thee then,  
 In ominous eclipse ? A thousand years,  
 Bred from the slime of deep Oppression's den,  
 Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,  
 Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away ;  
 How like Bacchanals of blood  
 Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood  
 Destruction's sceptred slaves and Folly's mitred brood !  
 When one, like them, but mightier far than they,  
 The anarch of thine own bewildered powers  
 Rose : armies mingled in obscure array,

Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers  
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,  
Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,  
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers

## XIII.

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?  
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder  
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold  
Snow-crag by its reply are cloven in sunder :  
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle  
From Pithecusa to Pelorus  
Howls and leaps and glares in chorus :  
They cry, " Be dim, ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er us.  
Her chains are threads of gold : she need but smile  
And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links of steel,  
Till bit to dust by Virtue's keenest file.  
Twins of a single destiny ! appeal  
To the eternal years enthroned before us,  
In the dim West : impress us from a seal,  
All ye have thought and done ! Time can not dare conceal."

## XIV.

Tomb of Arminius ! render up thy dead,  
Till, like a standard from a watchtower's staff,  
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head !  
Thy victory shall be his epitaph,  
Wild Bacchanal of Truth's mysterious wine,  
King-deluded Germany,  
His dead spirit lives in thee !  
Why do we fear or hope ? thou art already free !  
And thou, lost paradise of this divine  
And glorious world ! thou flowery wilderness,  
Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine  
Where desolation, clothed with loveliness,  
Worships the thing thou wert ! O Italy,  
Gather thy blood into thy heart ; repress  
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

## XV.

O, that the free would stamp the impious name  
Of \* \* \* \* into the dust ! or write it there,  
So that this blot upon the page of fame  
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air  
Erases, and the flat sands close behind :  
Ye the oracle have heard :  
Lift the victory-flashing sword,  
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,  
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind  
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,  
The axes and the rods which awe mankind ;

The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm  
Of what makes life foul, cankerous and abhorred ;  
Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,  
To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant worm !

## XVI.

O, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle  
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world.  
That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle  
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,  
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure ;  
Till human thoughts might kneel alone,  
Each before the judgement-throne  
Of its own aweless soul, or of the Power unknown !  
O, that the words which make the thoughts obscure  
From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew  
From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,  
Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue,  
And frowns and smiles and splendors not their own,  
Till in the nakedness of false and true  
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its due.

## XVII.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever  
Can be between the cradle and the grave,  
Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavor !  
If on his own high will a willing slave,  
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.  
What if earth can clothe and feed  
Amplest millions at their need,  
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed ?  
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor  
Diving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,  
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,  
And cries, " Give me, thy child, dominion  
Over all hight and depth ? if Life can breed  
New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan,  
Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one."

## XVIII.

Come thou, but lead out of the inmost cave  
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning star  
Beckons the sun from the Eoan wave,  
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her ear  
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame ;  
Comes she not, and come ye not,  
Rulers of eternal thought,  
To judge with solemn truth life's ill-apportioned lot ?  
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame  
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be ?  
O Liberty ! if such could be thy name

Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee :  
 If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought  
 By blood or tears, have not the wise and free  
 Wept tears, and blood like tears ? The solemn harmony

## X I X.

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing  
 To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn ;  
 Then as a wild swan, when sublimely winging  
 Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,  
 Sinks headlong through the aërial golden light  
 On the heavy sounding plain,  
 When the bolt has pierced its brain ;  
 As summer clouds dissolve, unburdened of their rain ;  
 As a far taper fades with fading night,  
 As a brief insect dies with dying day,  
 My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,  
 Drooped : o'er it closed the echoes far away  
 Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,  
 As waves which lately paved his watery way  
 Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

## ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose  
 From her couch of snows  
 In the Acroceraunian mountains —  
 From cloud and from crag,  
 With many a jag,  
 Shepherding her bright fountains.  
 She leaped down the rocks  
 With her rainbow locks  
 Streaming among the streams ;  
 Her steps paved with green  
 The downward ravine  
 Which slopes to the western gleams :  
 And gliding and springing,  
 She went, ever singing,  
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;  
 The Earth seemed to love her,  
 And Heaven smiled above her,  
 As she lingered toward the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,  
 On his glacier cold,  
 With his trident the mountains strook :  
 And opened a chasm  
 In the rocks ; with the spasm  
 All Erymanthus shook.

And the black south wind  
 It concealed behind  
 The urns of the silent snow,  
 And earthquake and thunder  
 Did rend in sunder  
 The bars of the springs below :  
 The beard and the hair  
 Of the river-god were  
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
 As he followed the light  
 Of the fleet nymph's flight  
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.

" Oh, save me ! oh, guide me !  
 And bid the deep hide me,  
 For he grasps me now by the hair !"  
 The loud Ocean heard,  
 To its blue depths stirred,  
 And divided at her prayer ;  
 And under the water  
 The Earth's white daughter  
 Fled like a sunny beam ;  
 Behind her descended,  
 Her billows unblended  
 With the brackish Dorian stream :  
 Like a gloomy stain  
 On the emerald main  
 Alpheus rushed behind —  
 As an eagle pursuing  
 A dove to its ruin  
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers  
 Where the Ocean powers  
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones,  
 Through the coral woods  
 Of the weltering floods,  
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ;  
 Through the dim beams  
 Which amid the streams  
 Weave a network of colored light ;  
 And under the caves,  
 Where the shadowy waves  
 Are as green as the forest's night :  
 Outspeeding the shark,  
 And the swordfish dark,  
 Under the ocean-foam,  
 And up through the rifts  
 Of the mountain-clifts  
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains  
 In Enna's mountains,

Down one vale where the morning basks,  
 Like friends once parted  
 Grown single-hearted,  
 They ply their watery tasks.  
 At sunrise they leap  
 From their cradles steep  
 In the cave of the shelving hill ;  
 At noontide they flow  
 Through the woods below  
 And the meadows of Asphodel ;  
 And at night they sleep  
 In the rocking deep  
 Beneath the Ortygian shore ;  
 Like spirits that lie  
 In the azure sky  
 When they love but live no more.

*Pisa, 1820.*

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HYMN OF APOLLO.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
 Curtained with star-enwoven tapestries,
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes—
 Waken me when their mother, the gray Dawn,
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing heaven's blue dome,
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,
 Leaving my robe upon the ocean-foam ;
 My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ; the caves
 Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
 Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
 Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;
 All men who do or even imagine ill
 Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
 Good minds and open actions take new might,
 Until diminished by the reign of Night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers,
 With their ethereal colors ; the moon's globe
 And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
 Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
 Whatever lamps on earth or heaven may shine,
 Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven,
 Then with unwilling steps I wander down
 Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
 For grief that I depart they weep and frown :
 What look is more delightful than the smile
 With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

I am the eye with which the Universe
 Beholds itself and knows itself divine ;
 All harmony of instrument or verse,
 All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
 All light of art or nature ; to my song
 Victory and Praise in their own right belong.



HYMN OF PAN.

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come ;
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle-bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass,
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus* was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 Speeded with my sweet pipings.
 The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow,
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal Earth,
 And of Heaven— and the giant wars,
 And Love and Death and Birth,

* This and the former poem were written at the request of a friend, to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas. Apollo and Pan contended before Tmolus for the prize in music.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

And then I changed my pipings,
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed :
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

SONG OF PROSERPINE,

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA.

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
 Thou from whose immortal bosom,
 Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
 Leaf and blade and bud and blossom,
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
 Thou dost nourish these young flowers
 Till they grow, in scent and hue,
 Fairest children of the hours.
 Breathe thine influence most divine
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

AN ALLEGORY.

FIRST SPIRIT.

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire
 Wouldst float above the earth, beware !
 A shadow tracks thy flight of fire —
 Night is coming !
 Bright are the regions of the air,
 And among the winds and beams
 It were delight to wander there —
 Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT.

The deathless stars are bright above :
 If I would cross the shade of night,
 Within my heart is the lamp of love,
 And that is day !
 And the moon will smile with gentle light
 On my golden plumes where'er they move ;
 The meteors will linger round my flight,
 And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
 Hail and lightning and stormy rain ;
 See the bounds of the air are shaken—
 Night is coming !
 The red swift clouds of the hurricane
 Yon declining sun have overtaken,
 The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—
 Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT.

I see the light, and I hear the sound ;
 I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
 With the calm within and the light around
 Which makes night day :
 And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
 Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,
 My moonlight flight thou then may'st mark
 On high, far away.

Some say, there is a precipice
 Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
 O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
 'Mid Alpine mountains ;
 And that the languid storm pursuing
 That winged shape, for ever flies
 Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
 Its aëry fountains.

Some say, when nights are dry and clear,
 And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
 Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
 Which makes night day :
 And a silver shape like his early love doth pass
 Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,
 And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,
 He finds night day.

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 THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,  
 And gentle odors led my steps astray,  
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring  
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
 But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
 Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets :  
 Faint oxlips ; tender blue bell, at whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets  
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colored May,  
 And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
 Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day ;  
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;  
 And flowers azure, black and streaked with gold,  
 Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
 There grew broad flag flowers, purple pranked with white,  
 And starry river buds among the sedge,  
 And floating water-lilies broad and bright,  
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light  
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers  
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
 Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours  
 Within my hand, and then, elate and gay,  
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
 That I might there present it ! — Oh ! to whom ?



## LETTER

TO MARIA GISBORNE.

*Leghorn, July 1, 1820.*

THE spider spreads her webs, whether she be  
 In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree ;  
 The silk-worm in the dark-green mulberry leaves  
 His winding-sheet and cradle ever weaves ;  
 So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,  
 Sit spinning still round this decaying form,  
 From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought—  
 No net of words in garish colors wrought  
 To catch the idle buzzers of the day—  
 But a soft cell, where, when that fades away,

Memory may clothe in wings my living name  
 And feed it with the asphodels of fame,  
 Which in those hearts which most remember me  
 Grow, making love an immortality.

Whoever should behold me now, I wist,  
 Would think I were a mighty mechanist,  
 Bent with sublime Archimedean art  
 To breathe a soul into the iron heart  
 Of some machine portentous, or strange gin,  
 Which by the force of figured spells might win  
 Its way over the sea, and sport therein ;  
 For round the walls are hung dread engines, such  
 As Vulcan never wrought for Jove to clutch  
 Ixion or the Titan—or the quick  
 Wit of that man of God, St. Dominic,  
 To convince atheist, Turk or heretic ;  
 Or those in philosophic councils met,  
 Who thought to pay some interest for the debt  
 They owed \* \* \* \*  
 By giving a faint foretaste of damnation  
 To Shakspeare, Sidney, Spenser, and the rest  
 Who made our land an island of the blest,  
 When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire  
 On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with empire :  
 With thumbscrews, whcels, with tooth and spike and jag,  
 With fishes found under the utmost crag  
 Of Cornwall, and the storm-encompassed isles,  
 Where to the sky the rude sea seldom smiles  
 Unless in treacherous wrath, as on the morn  
 When the exulting elements in scorn  
 Satiated with destroyed destruction, lay  
 Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,  
 As panthers sleep : and other strange and dread  
 Magical forms the brick-floor overspread —  
 Proteus transformed to metal did not make  
 More figures, or more strange ; nor did he take  
 Such shapes of unintelligible brass,  
 Or heap himself in such a horrid mass  
 Of tin and iron not to be understood,  
 And forms of unimaginable wood,  
 To puzzle Tubal Cain and all his brood :  
 Great screws and cones and wheels and groovèd blocks,  
 The elements of what will stand the shocks  
 Of wave and wind and time. — Upon the table  
 More knacks and quips there be than I am able  
 To catalogize in this verse of mine :  
 A pretty bowl of wood — not full of wine,  
 But quicksilver : that dew which the gnomes drink  
 When at their subterranean toil they swink,  
 Pledging the demons of the earthquake, who  
 Reply to them in lava-cry, " Halloo !"  
 And call out to the cities o'er their head —  
 Roofs, towns and shrines — the dying and the dead

Crash through the chinks of earth — and then all quaff  
 Another rouse, and hold their sides and laugh.  
 This quicksilver no gnome has drunk — within  
 The walnut-bowl it lies, veined and thin,  
 In color like the wake of light that stains  
 The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains  
 The inmost shower of its white fire — the breeze  
 Is still — blue heaven smiles over the pale seas.  
 And in this bowl of quicksilver — for I  
 Yield to the impulse of an infancy  
 Outlasting manhood — I have made to float  
 A rude idealism of a paper boat —  
 A hollow screw with cogs — Henry will know  
 The thing I mean, and laugh at me — if so  
 He fears not I should do more mischief. — Next  
 Lie bills and calculations much perplexed,  
 With steamboats, frigates, and machinery quaint  
 Traced over them in blue and yellow paint.  
 Then comes a range of mathematical  
 Instruments, for plans nautical and statical,  
 A heap of rosin, a green broken glass  
 With ink in it; a china cup that was  
 What it will never be again. I think.  
 A thing from which sweet lips were wont to drink  
 The liquor doctors rail at — and which I  
 Will quaff in spite of them — and when we die  
 We'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,  
 And cry out, "Heads or tails?" where'er we be.  
 Near that a dusty-paint box, some old books,  
 A half-burnt match, an ivory block, three books,  
 Where conic sections, spherics, logarithms,  
 To great Laplace, from Saunderson and Sims,  
 Lie heaped in their harmonious disarray  
 Of figures — disentangle them who may.  
 Baron de Tott's Memoirs beside them lie,  
 And some odd volumes of old chemistry.  
 Near them a most inexplicable thing,  
 With least in the middle — I'm conjecturing  
 How to make Henry understand; but — no,  
 I'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,  
 This secret in the pregnant womb of Time,  
 Too vast a matter for so weak a rhyme.

And here like some weird Archimage sit I,  
 Plotting dark spells, and devilish engineering,  
 The self-impelling steam-wheels of the mind  
 Which pump up oaths from clergymen, and grind  
 The gentle spirit of our meek reviews  
 Into a powdery foam of salt abuse,  
 Ruffling the ocean of their self-content;  
 I sit — and smile or sigh as is my bent,  
 But not for them — Libeccio rushes round  
 With an inconstant and an idle sound,

I heed him more than them — the thunder-smoke  
 Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak  
 Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare ;  
 The ripe corn under the undulating air  
 Undulates like an ocean ; and the vines  
 Are trembling wide in all their trellised lines —  
 The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill  
 The empty pauses of the blast ; the hill  
 Looks hoary through the white electric rain,  
 And from the glens beyond, in sullen strain  
 The interrupted thunder howls ; above  
 One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye of love  
 On the unquiet world ; while such things are,  
 How could one worth your friendship heed the war  
 Of worms ? The shriek of the world's carrion-jays,  
 Their censure or their wonder or their praise ?

You are not here ! The quaint witch Memory sees  
 In vacant chairs your absent images,  
 And points where once you sat, and now should be,  
 But are not. I demand if ever we  
 Shall meet as then we met : and she replies,  
 Vailing in awe her second-sighted eyes.  
 " I know the past alone ; but summon home  
 My sister Hope — she speaks of all to come."  
 But I, an old diviner, who know well  
 Every false verse of that sweet oracle.  
 Turned to the sad enchantress once again,  
 And sought a respite from my gentle pain,  
 In acting every passage o'er and o'er  
 Of our communion. How on the seashore  
 We watched the ocean and the sky together,  
 Under the roof of blue Italian weather ;  
 How I ran home through last year's thunder-storm,  
 And felt the transverse lightning linger warm  
 Upon my cheek : and how we often made  
 Treats for each other, where good-will outweighed  
 The frugal luxury of our country cheer,  
 As it well might, were it less firm and clear  
 Than ours must ever be : and how we spun  
 A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun  
 Of this familiar life, which seems to be  
 But is not — or is but quaint mockery  
 Of all we would believe ; or sadly blame  
 The jarring and inexplicable frame  
 Of this wrong world ; and then anatomize  
 The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes  
 Were closed in distant years ; or widely guess  
 The issue of the earth's great business,  
 When we shall be as we no longer are ;  
 Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war  
 Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not ; or how  
 You listened to some interrupted flow

Of visionary rhyme ; in joy and pain  
 Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,  
 With little skill perhaps ; or how we sought  
 Those deepest wells of passion or of thought  
 Wrought by wise poets in the waste of years,  
 Staining the sacred waters with our tears :  
 Quenching a thirst ever to be renewed !  
 Or how I, wisest lady ! then indued  
 'The language of a land which now is free,  
 And winged with thoughts of truth and majesty  
 Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud,  
 And bursts the peopled prisons, and cries aloud,  
 " My name is Legion ! " — that majestic tongue  
 Which Calderon over the desert flung  
 Of ages and of nations ; and which found  
 An echo in our hearts, and with the sound  
 Startled oblivion : thou wert then to me  
 As is a nurse — when inarticulately  
 A child would talk as its grown parents do.  
 If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,  
 If hawks chase doves through the ærial way,  
 Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,  
 Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast  
 Out of the forest of the pathless past  
 These recollected pleasures ?

You are now

In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow  
 At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore  
 Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.  
 Yet in its depth what treasures ! You will see

\* \* \* \* \*

You will see Coleridge — he who sits obscure  
 In the exceeding lustre and the pure  
 Intense irradiation of a mind,  
 Which, with its own internal lustre blind,  
 Flings wearily through darkness and despair —  
 A cloud-encircled meteor of the air ;  
 A hooded eagle among blinking owls.  
 You will see Hunt — one of those happy souls  
 Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom  
 This world would smell like what it is — a tomb ;  
 Who is, what others seem : his room no doubt  
 Is still adorned by many a cast from Shout,  
 With graceful flowers, tastefully placed about ;  
 And coronals of bay from ribands hung  
 And brighter wreaths in neat disorder flung,  
 The gifts of the most learned among some dozens  
 Of female friends, sisters-in-law and cousins.  
 And there is he with his eternal puns,  
 Which beat the dullest brain for smiles, like duns  
 Thundering for money at a poet's door ;  
 Alas ! it is no use to say, " I'm poor ! "

Or oft in graver mood, when he will look  
 Things wiser than were ever said in book,  
 Except in Shakspeare's wisest tenderness.  
 You will see H——, and I can not express  
 His virtues, though I know that they are great,  
 Because he locks, then barricades, the gate  
 Within which they inhabit : of his wit  
 And wisdom, you'll cry out when you are bit.  
 He is a pearl within an oyster-shell,  
 One of the richest of the deep. And there  
 Is English P—— with his mountain Fair  
 Turned into a Flamingo—that shy bird  
 That gleams i' the Indian air. Have you not heard  
 When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,  
 His best friends hear no more of him ? but you  
 Will see him and will like him too, I hope,  
 With the milk-white Snowdonian antelope  
 Matched with his camelopard ; his fine wit  
 Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it ;  
 A strain too learned for a shallow age,  
 Too wise for selfish bigots ; let his page  
 Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,  
 Fold itself up for a serener clime  
 Of years to come, and find its recompense  
 In that just expectation. Wit and sense,  
 Virtue and human knowledge, all that might  
 Make this dull world a business of delight,  
 Are all combined in H. S.— And these,  
 With some exceptions, which I need not tease  
 Your patience by descanting on, are all  
 You and I know in London.

I recall

My thoughts and bid you look upon the night.  
 As water does a sponge, so the moonlight  
 Fills the void, hollow, universal air.  
 What see you ? Unpavilioned heaven is fair,  
 Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,  
 Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan  
 Climbs with diminished beams the azure steep ;  
 Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,  
 Piloted by the many-wandering blast,  
 And the rare stars rush through them, dim and fast.  
 All this is beautiful in every land.  
 But what see you beside ? A shabby stand  
 Of hackney-coaches—a brick house or wall,  
 Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl  
 Of our unhappy politics : or worse—  
 A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse  
 Mixed with the watchman's, partner of her trade,  
 You must accept in place of serenade—

I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit  
 Built round dark caverns, even to the root

Of the living stems who feed them ; in whose bowers  
 There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers ;  
 Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn  
 Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne  
 In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,  
 Like wingèd stars the fireflies flash and glance  
 Pale in the open moonshine ; but each one  
 Under the dark trees seems a little sun,  
 A meteor tamed — a fixed star gone astray  
 From the silver regions of the milky way.  
 Afar the contadino's song is heard,  
 Rude, but made sweet by distance ; and a bird  
 Which can not be a nightingale, and yet  
 I know none else that sings so sweet as it  
 At this late hour ; and then all is still :  
 Now Italy or London, which you will !

Next winter you must pass with me ; I'll have<sup>d</sup>  
 My house by that time turned into a grave  
 Of dead despondence and low-thoughted care,  
 And all the dreams which our tormentors are.  
 O that H———— and ————— were there,  
 With everything belonging to them fair ! —  
 We will have books — Spanish, Italian, Greek,

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,  
 Yet let's be merry ; we'll have tea and toast ;  
 Custards for supper, and an endless host  
 Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,  
 And other such ladylike luxuries —  
 Feasting on which we will philosophize.  
 And we'll have fires out of the grand duke's wood,  
 To thaw the six weeks' winter in our blood.  
 And then we'll talk : what shall we talk about ?  
 Oh ! there are themes enough for many a bout  
 Of thought-entangled descant ; as to nerves  
 With cones and parallelograms and curves,  
 I've sworn to strangle them if once they dare  
 To bother me — when you are with me there.  
 And they shall never more sip laudanum  
 From Helicon or Himeros : \* we'll come,  
 And in spite of \* \* \* and of the devil,  
 Will make our friendly philosophic revel  
 Outlast the leafless time — till buds and flowers  
 Warn the obscure inevitable hours  
 Sweet meeting by sad parting to renew —  
 " To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

\* *Ἴμερος*, from which the river Himera was named, is, with some slight shade of difference, a synonyme of Love.



## JULIAN AND MADDALO.

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COUNT MADDALO is a Venetian nobleman of ancient family and of great fortune, who, without mixing much in the society of his countrymen, resides chiefly at his magnificent palace in that city. He is a person of the most consummate genius ; and capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country. But it is his weakness to be proud ; he derives, from a comparison of his own extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects that surround him, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life. His passions and his powers are incomparably greater than those of other men, and instead of the latter having been employed in curbing the former, they have mutually lent each other strength. His ambition preys upon itself, for want of objects which it can consider worthy of exertion. I say that Maddalo is proud, because I can find no other word to express the concentered and impatient feelings which consume him ; but it is on his own hopes and affections only that he seems to trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle, patient and unassuming than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication ; men are held by it as by a spell. He has traveled much ; and there is an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries.

Julian is an Englishman of good family, passionately attached to those philosophical notions which assert the power of man over his own mind, and the immense improvements of which, by the extinction of certain moral superstitions, human society may yet be susceptible. Without concealing the evil in the world, he is for ever speculating how good may be made superior. He is a complete infidel, and a scoffer at all things reputed holy ; and Maddalo takes a wicked pleasure in drawing out his taunts against religion. What Maddalo thinks on these matters is not exactly known. Julian, in spite of his heterodox opinions, is conjectured by his friends to possess some good qualities. How far this is possible the pious reader will determine. Julian is rather serious.

Of the maniac I can give no information. He seems by his own account to have been disappointed in love. He was evidently a very cultivated and amiable person when in his right senses. His story, told at length, might be like many other stories of the same kind : the unconnected exclamations of his agony will perhaps be found a sufficient comment for the text of every heart.

## JULIAN AND MADDALO :

## A CONVERSATION.

“ The meadows with fresh streams, the bees with thyme,  
The goats with the green leaves of budding spring,  
Are saturated not — nor Love with tears.” — *Virgil's Gallus.*

I RODE one evening with Count Maddalo  
Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow  
Of Adria toward Venice : a bare strand  
Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,  
Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,  
Such as from Earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,  
Is this ; an uninhabited seaside,  
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,  
Abandons ; and no other object breaks  
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes  
Broken and unrepaired, and the tide makes  
A narrow space of level sand thereon,  
Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.  
This ride was my delight. I love all waste  
And solitary places ; where we taste  
The pleasure of believing what we see  
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be :  
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore  
More barren than its billows ; and yet more  
Than all, with a remembered friend I love  
To ride as then I rode ; for the winds drove  
The living spray along the sunny air  
Into our faces ; the blue heavens were bare,  
Stripped to their depths by the awakening north ;  
And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth  
Harmonizing with solitude, and sent  
Into our hearts aërial merriment.

So, as we rode, we talked ; and the swift thought,  
Winging itself with laughter, lingered not,  
But flew from brain to brain — such glee was ours,  
Charged with light memories of remembered hours,  
None slow enough for sadness : till we came  
Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame.  
This day had been cheerful but cold, and now  
The sun was sinking, and the wind also.  
Our talk grew somewhat serious, as may be  
Talk interrupted with such raillery  
As mocks itself, because it can not scorn  
The thoughts it would extinguish : 'twas forlorn,  
Yet pleasing ; such as once, so poets tell,  
The devils held within the dales of hell,  
Concerning God, free will and destiny.  
Of all that earth has been, or yet may be ;  
All that vain men imagine or believe,  
Or hope can paint, or suffering can achieve,

We descanted ; and I (for ever still  
Is it not wise to make the best of ill ?)  
Argued against despondency ; but pride  
Made my companion take the darker side.  
The sense that he was greater than his kind  
Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind  
By gazing on its own exceeding light.  
Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight  
Over the horizon of the mountains : oh !  
How beautiful is sunset, when the glow  
Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,  
Thou paradise of exiles, Italy !  
Thy mountains, seas and vineyards, and the towers  
Of cities they encircle ! — It was ours-  
To stand on thee, beholding it : and then,  
Just where we had dismounted, the count's men  
Were waiting for us with the gondola.  
As those who pause on some delightful way,  
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood  
Looking upon the evening and the flood,  
Which lay between the city and the shore.  
Paved with the image of the sky : the hoar  
And airy Alps toward the north appeared,  
Through mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared  
Between the east and west ; and half the sky  
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,  
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue  
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent  
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent  
Among the many-folded hills — they were  
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
As seen from Lido through the harbor piles,  
The likeness of a lump of peakèd isles —  
And then, as if the earth and sea had been  
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,  
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
Their very peaks transparent. " Ere it fade,"  
Said my companion, " I will show you soon  
A better station." So, o'er the lagune  
We glided ; and from that funereal bark  
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark  
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,  
Its temples and its palaces did seem  
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.  
I was about to speak, when — " We are even  
Now at the point I meant," said Maddalo,  
And bade the gondolieri cease to row.  
" Look, Julian, on the west, and listen well  
If you hear not a deep and heavy bell."

I looked, and saw between us and the sun  
 A building on an island, such a one  
 As age to age might add, for uses vile —  
 A windowless, deformed and dreary pile;  
 And on the top an open tower, where hung  
 A bell, which in the radiance swayed and swung,  
 We could just hear its coarse and iron tongue :  
 The broad sun sank behind it, and it tolled  
 In strong and black relief. "What we behold  
 Shall be the madhouse and its belfry tower" —  
 Said Maddalo; "and even at this hour,  
 Those who may cross the water hear that bell,  
 Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,  
 To vespers." — "As much skill as need to pray,  
 In thanks or hope for their dark lot have they,  
 To their stern Maker," I replied. — "O, ho!  
 You talk as in years past," said Maddalo.  
 "'Tis strange men change not. You were ever still  
 Among Christ's flock a perilous infidel,  
 A wolf for the meek lambs: if you can't swim,  
 Beware of Providence!" I looked on him,  
 But the gay smile had faded from his eye.  
 "And such," he cried, "is our mortality;  
 And this must be the emblem and the sign  
 Of what should be eternal and divine;  
 And like that black and dreary bell, the soul,  
 Hung in a heaven-illumined tower, must toll  
 Our thoughts and our desires to meet below  
 Round the rent heart, and pray — as madmen do;  
 For what? they know not, till the night of death,  
 As sunset that strange vision, severeth  
 Our memory from itself, and us from all  
 We sought, and yet were baffled." I recall  
 The sense of what he said, although I mar  
 The force of his expressions. The broad star  
 Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill;  
 And the black bell became invisible;  
 And the red tower looked gray; and all between,  
 The churches, ships and palaces, were seen  
 Huddled in gloom; into the purple sea  
 The orange hues of heaven sunk silently.  
 We hardly spoke, and soon the gondola  
 Conveyed me to my lodging by the way.

The following morn was rainy, cold and dim:  
 Ere Maddalo arose, I called on him,  
 And while I waited with his child, I played;  
 A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made;  
 A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being:  
 Graceful without design, and unforeseeing;  
 With eyes — oh! speak not of her eyes! which seem  
 Twin mirrors of Italian heaven, yet gleam  
 With such deep meaning as we never see  
 But in the human countenance. With me

She was a special favorite : I had nursed  
 Her fine and feeble limbs, when she came first  
 To this bleak world ; and yet she seemed to know  
 On second sight her ancient playfellow,  
 Less changed than she was by six months or so.  
 For, after her first shyness was worn out,  
 We sate there, rolling billiard-balls about,  
 When the count entered. Salutations passed :  
 " The words you spoke last night might well have cast  
 A darkness on my spirit : if man be  
 The passive thing you say, I should not see  
 Much harm in the religions and old saws  
 (Though *I* may never own such leaden laws)  
 Which break a teachless nature to the yoke :  
 Mine is another faith." Thus much I spoke,  
 And, noting he replied not, added — " See  
 This lovely child — blithe, innocent and free ;  
 She spends a happy time, with little care ;  
 While we to such sick thoughts subjected are,  
 As came on you last night. It is our will  
 Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.  
 We might be otherwise ; we might be all  
 We dream of — happy, high, majestic.  
 Where is the beauty, love and truth, we seek,  
 But in our minds ? And, if we were not weak,  
 Should we be less in deed than in desire ?" —  
 " Ay, if we were not weak — and we aspire,  
 How vainly ! to be strong," said Maddalo :  
 " You talk Utopian" —

" It remains to know,"

I then rejoined, " and those who try, may find  
 How strong the chains are which our spirit bind :  
 Brittle perchance as straw. We are assured  
 Much may be conquered, much may be endured,  
 Of what degrades and crushes us. We know  
 That we have power over ourselves to do  
 And suffer — *what*, we know not till we try ;  
 But something nobler than to live and die :  
 So taught the kings of old philosophy,  
 Who reigned before religion made men blind ;  
 And those who suffer with their suffering kind,  
 Yet feel this faith, religion."

" My dear friend,

Said Maddalo, " my judgement will not bend  
 To your opinion, though I think you might  
 Make such a system refutation-tight,  
 As far as words go. I knew one like you,  
 Who to this city came some months ago,  
 With whom I argued in this sort : and he  
 Is now gone mad : and so he answered me,  
 Poor fellow ! — But if you would like to go,  
 We'll visit him, and his wild talk will show

How vain are such aspiring theories." —

"I hope to prove the induction otherwise,  
And that a want of that true theory still,  
Which seeks a soul of goodness in things ill,  
Or in himself or others, has thus bowed  
His being: there are some by nature proud,  
Who, patient in all else, demand but this —  
To love and be beloved with gentleness:  
And being scorned, what wonder if they die  
Some living death? This is not destiny,  
But man's own willful ill."

As thus I spoke,  
Servants announced the gondola, and we  
Through the fast falling rain and high-wrought sea  
Sailed to the island where the madhouse stands.  
We disembarked. The clap of tortured hands,  
Fierce yells and howlings, and lamentings keen,  
And laughter where complaint had merrier been,  
Accosted us. We climbed the oozy stairs  
Into an old courtyard. I heard on high,  
Then, fragments of most touching melody.  
But looking up, saw not the singer there.  
Through the black bars in the tempestuous air  
I saw, like weeds on a wrecked palace growing,  
Long tangled locks flung wildly forth and flowing,  
Of those on a sudden who were beguiled  
Into strange silence. and looked forth and smiled,  
Hearing sweet sounds. Then I:

"Methinks there were  
A cure of these with patience and kind care,  
If music can thus move. But what is he,  
Whom we seek here?"

"Of his sad history  
I know but this," said Maddalo: "he came  
To Venice a dejected man, and fame  
Said he was wealthy, or he had been so.  
Some thought the loss of fortune wrought him woe;  
But he was ever talking in such sort  
As you do — but more sadly; he seemed hurt,  
Even as a man with his peculiar wrong,  
To hear but of the oppression of the strong,  
Or those absurd deceits (I think with you  
In some respects, you know) which carry through  
The excellent impostors of this earth  
When they outface detection. He had worth,  
Poor fellow! but a humorist in his way." —  
"Alas! what drove him mad?"

"I can not say:  
A lady came with him from France, and when  
She left him and returned, he wandered then

About you lonely isles of desert sand,  
 Till he grew wild. He had no cash nor land  
 Remaining : the police had brought him here —  
 Some fancy took him, and he would not bear  
 Removal, so I fitted up for him  
 Those rooms beside the sea, to please his whim ;  
 And sent him busts and books and urns for flowers,  
 Which had adorned his life in happier hours,  
 And instruments of music. You may guess  
 A stranger could do little more or less  
 For one so gentle and unfortunate —  
 And those are his sweet strains which charm the weight  
 From madmen's chains, and make this hell appear  
 A heaven of sacred silence, hushed to hear."

" Nay, this was kind of you : he had no claim,  
 As the world says."

" None but the very same  
 Which I on all mankind, were I, as he,  
 Fallen to such deep reverse. His melody  
 Is interrupted now : we hear the din  
 Of madmen, shriek on shriek, again begin :  
 Let us now visit him : after this strain,  
 He ever communes with himself again,  
 And sees and hears not any."

Having said  
 These words, we called the keeper, and he led  
 To an apartment opening on the sea.—  
 There the poor wretch was sitting mournfully  
 Near a piano, his pale fingers twined  
 One with the other ; and the ooze and wind  
 Rushed through an open casement, and did sway  
 His hair, and starred it with the brackish spray :  
 His head was leaning on a music-book,  
 And he was muttering ; and his lean limbs shook ;  
 His lips were pressed against a folded leaf,  
 In hue too beautiful for health, and grief  
 Smiled in their motions as they lay apart,  
 As one who wrought from his own fervid heart  
 The eloquence of passion : soon he raised  
 His sad meek face, and eyes lustrous and glazed,  
 And spoke — sometimes as one who wrote, and thought  
 His words might move some heart that heeded not,  
 If sent to distant lands ; and then as one  
 Reproaching deeds never to be undone,  
 With wondering self-compassion ; then his speech  
 Was lost in grief, and then his words came each  
 Unmodulated and expressionless —  
 But that from one jarred accent you might guess  
 It was despair made them so uniform :  
 And all the while the loud and gusty storm  
 Hissed through the window, and we stood behind,  
 Stealing his accents from the envious wind.

Unseen. I yet remember what he said  
Distinctly, such impression his words made.

“ Month after month,” he cried, “ to bear this load,  
And, as a jade urged by the whip and goad,  
To drag life on — which like a heavy chain  
Lengthens behind with many a link of pain,  
And not to speak my grief — O, not to dare  
To give a human voice to my despair ;  
But live, and move, and, wretched thing ! smile on,  
As if I never went aside to groan,  
And wear this mask of falsehood even to those  
Who are most dear — not for my own repose —  
Alas ! no scorn nor pain nor hate could be  
So heavy as that falsehood is to me —  
But that I can not bear more altered faces  
Than needs must be, more changed and cold embraces,  
More misery, disappointment and mistrust,  
To own me for their father. Would the dust  
Were covered in upon my body now !  
That the life ceased to toil within my brow !  
And then these thoughts would at the last be fled :  
Let us not fear such pain can vex the dead.

“ What Power delights to torture us ? I know  
That to myself I do not wholly owe  
What now I suffer, though in part I may.  
Alas ! none strewed fresh flowers upon the way  
Where, wandering heedlessly, I met pale Pain,  
My shadow, which will leave me not again.  
If I have erred, there was no joy in error,  
But pain and insult and unrest and terror ;  
I have not, as some do, bought penitence  
With pleasure, and a dark yet sweet offence ;  
For then if love and tenderness and truth,  
Had overlived Hope’s momentary youth,  
My creed should have redeemed me from repenting ;  
But loathed scorn and outrage unrelenting  
Met love excited by far other seeming  
Until the end was gained : as one from dreaming  
Of sweetest peace, I woke, and found my state  
Such as it is —

“ O thou, my spirit’s mate !  
Who, for thou art compassionate and wise,  
Wouldst pity me from thy most gentle eyes  
If this sad writing thou shouldst ever see,  
My secret groans must be unheard by thee ;  
Thou wouldst weep tears, bitter as blood, to know  
Thy lost friend’s incommunicable woe.  
Ye few by whom my nature has been weighed  
In friendship, let me not that name degrade,  
By placing on your hearts the secret load  
Which crushes mine to dust. There is one road



To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye!  
 Love sometimes leads astray to misery.  
 Yet think not, though subdued (and I may well  
 Say that I am subdued) — that the full hell  
 Within me would infect the untainted breast  
 Of sacred nature with its own unrest;  
 As some perverted beings think to find  
 In scorn or hate a medicine for the mind  
 Which scorn or hate hath wounded. O, how vain!  
 The dagger heals not, but may rend again.  
 Believe that I am ever still the same  
 In creed as in resolve; and what may tame  
 My heart, must leave the understanding free,  
 Or all would sink under this agony.  
 Nor dream that I will join the vulgar eye,  
 Or with my silence sanction tyranny,  
 Or seek a moment's shelter from my pain  
 In any madness which the world calls gain;  
 Ambition, or revenge, or thoughts as stern  
 As those which make me what I am, or turn  
 To avarice or misanthropy or lust.  
 Heap on me soon, O grave, thy welcome dust!  
 'Till then the dungeon may demand its prey;  
 And Poverty and Shame may meet and say,  
 Halting beside me in the public way —  
 'That love-devoted youth is ours: let's sit  
 Beside him: he may live some six months yet.'  
 Or the red scaffold, as our country bends,  
 May ask some willing victim; or ye, friends,  
 May fall under some sorrow, which this heart  
 Or hand may share or vanquish or avert;  
 I am prepared, in truth, with no proud joy,  
 To do or suffer aught, as when a boy  
 I did devote to justice, and to love,  
 My nature, worthless now.

" I must remove  
 A veil from my pent mind. 'Tis torn aside!  
 O! pallid as Death's dedicated bride,  
 Thou mockery which art sitting by my side,  
 Am I not wan like thee? At the grave's call  
 I haste, invited to thy wedding-ball,  
 To meet the ghastly paramour, for whom  
 Thou hast deserted me, and made the tomb  
 Thy bridal bed. But I beside thy feet  
 Will lie, and watch ye from my winding-sheet  
 Thus — wide awake though dead — Yet stay, O, stay!  
 Go not so soon — I know not what I say —  
 Hear but my reasons — I am mad, I fear,  
 My fancy is o'erwrought — thou art not here.  
 Pale art thou, 'tis most true — but thou art gone —  
 Thy work is finished; I am left alone.

•   •   •   •   •   •

"Nay, was it I who wooed thee to this breast,  
 Which like a serpent thou envenomest  
 As in repayment of the warmth it lent?  
 Didst thou not seek me for thine own content?  
 Did not thy love awaken mine? I thought  
 That thou wert she who said 'You kiss me not  
 Ever; I fear you do not love me now.'  
 In truth I loved even to my overthrow  
 Her, who would fain forget these words, but they  
 Cling to her mind, and can not pass away.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You say that I am proud; that when I speak,  
 My lip is tortured with the wrongs, which break  
 The spirit it expresses. Never one  
 Humbled himself before, as I have done!  
 Even the instinctive worm on which we tread  
 Turns, though it wound not—then, with prostrate head,  
 Sinks in the dust, and writhes like me—and dies:  
 —No:—wears a living death of agonies!  
 As the slow shadows of the pointed grass  
 Mark the eternal periods, its pangs pass,  
 Slow, ever-moving, making moments be  
 As mine seem, each an immortality!

\* \* \* \* \*

"That you had never seen me! never heard  
 My voice! and, more than all, had ne'er endured  
 The deep pollution of my loathed embrace!  
 That your eyes ne'er had lied love in my face!  
 That, like some maniac monk, I had torn out  
 The nerves of manhood by their bleeding root  
 With mine own quivering fingers! so that ne'er  
 Our hearts had for a moment mingled there,  
 To disunite in horror! These were not  
 With thee like some suppressed and hideous thought,  
 Which flits athwart our musings, but can find  
 No rest within a pure and gentle mind—  
 Thou sealedst them with many a bare broad word,  
 And searedst my memory o'er them, for I heard  
 And can forget not—they were ministered,  
 One after one, those curses. Mix them up  
 Like self-destroying poisons in one cup;  
 And they will make one blessing, which thou ne'er  
 Didst imprecate for on me——death!

"It were

A cruel punishment for one most cruel,  
 If such can love, to make that love the fuel  
 Of the mind's hell—hate, scorn, remorse, despair:  
 But *me*, whose heart a stranger's tear might wear,  
 As water-drops the sandy fountain stone;  
 Who loved and pitied all things, and could moan

For woes which others bear not, and could see  
 The absent with the glass of phantasy,  
 And near the poor and trampled sit and weep,  
 Following the captive to his dungeon deep ;  
*Me*, who am as a nerve o'er which do creep  
 The else-unfelt oppressions of this earth,  
 And was to thee the flame upon thy hearth,  
 When all beside was cold : that thou on me  
 Should rain these plagues of blistering agony —  
 Such curses are from lips once eloquent  
 With love's too partial praise ! Let none relent  
 Who intend deeds too dreadful for a name  
 Henceforth, if an example for the same  
 They seek : for thou on me lookedst so and so,  
 And didst speak thus and thus. I live to show  
 How much men bear, and die not.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Thou wilt tell,

With the grimace of hate, how horrible  
 It was to meet my love when thine grew less ;  
 Thou wilt admire how I could e'er address  
 Such features to love's work . . . This taunt, though true,  
 (For indeed Nature nor in form nor hue  
 Bestowed on me her choicest workmanship)  
 Shall not be thy defense : for since thy life  
 Met mine first, years long past — since thine eye kindled  
 With soft fire under mine. — I have not dwindled,  
 Nor changed in mind or body, or in aught  
 But as love changes what it loveth not  
 After long years and many trials.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ How vain

Are words ! I thought never to speak again,  
 Not even in secret, not to my own heart —  
 But from my lips the unwilling accents start,  
 And from my pen the words flow as I write,  
 Dazzling my eyes with scalding tears : my sight  
 Is dim to see that characterized in vain,  
 On this unfeeling leaf, which burns the brain  
 And eats into it, blotting all things fair  
 And wise and good which Time had written there.  
 Those who inflict must suffer, for they see  
 The work of their own hearts, and that must be  
 Our chastisement or recompense. O child !  
 I would that thine were like to be more mild  
 For both our wretched sakes — for thine the most,  
 Who feel'st already all that thou hast lost,  
 Without the power to wish it thine again.  
 And, as slow years pass, a funeral train,

Each with the ghost of some lost hope or friend  
 Following it like its shadow, wilt thou bend  
 No thought on my dead memory ?

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Alas, love !

Fear me not : against thee I'd not move  
 A finger in despite. Do I not live  
 That thou mayest have less bitter cause to grieve ?  
 I give thee tears for scorn, and love for hate :  
 And, that thy lot may be less desolate  
 Than his on whom thou tramplest, I refrain  
 From that sweet sleep which medicines all pain.  
 Then — when thou speakest of me — never say,  
 ‘ He could forgive not.’ Here I cast away  
 All human passions, all revenge, all pride ;  
 I think, speak, act no ill ; I do but hide  
 Under these words, like embers, every spark  
 Of that which has consumed me. Quick and dark  
 The grave is yawning : as its roof shall cover  
 My limbs with dust and worms, under and over,  
 So let oblivion hide this grief. The air  
 Closes upon my accents, as despair  
 Upon my heart — let death upon my care !”

He ceased, and overcome, leaned back awhile ;  
 Then rising, with a melancholy smile,  
 Went to a sofa, and lay down, and slept  
 A heavy sleep, and in his dreams he wept,  
 And muttered some familiar name, and we  
 Wept without shame in his society.  
 I think I never was impressed so much :  
 The man who was not must have lacked a touch  
 Of human nature. Then we lingered not,  
 Although our argument was quite forgot ;  
 But, calling the attendants, went to dine  
 At Maddalo's : yet neither cheer nor wine  
 Could give us spirits, for we talked of him,  
 And nothing else, till daylight made stars dim.  
 And we agreed it was some dreadful ill  
 Wrought on him boldly, yet unspeakable,  
 By a dear friend ; some deadly change in love  
 Of one vowed deeply which he dreamed not of ;  
 For whose sake he, it seemed, had fixed a blot  
 Of falsehood in his mind, which flourished not  
 But in the light of all-beholding truth :  
 And having stamped this canker on his youth,  
 She had abandoned him : and how much more  
 Might be his woe, we guessed not : he had store  
 Of friends and fortune once, as we could guess  
 From his nice habits and his gentleness :  
 These now were lost — it were a grief indeed  
 If he had changed one unsustaining reed

For all that such a man might else adorn.  
 The colors of his mind seemed yet unworn ;  
 For the wild language of his grief was high —  
 Such as in measure were called poetry.  
 And I remember one remark, which then  
 Maddalo made : he said, " Most wretched men  
 Are cradled into poetry by wrong :  
 They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

If I had been an unconnected man,  
 I, from the moment, should have formed some plan  
 Never to leave sweet Venice : for to me  
 It was delight to ride by the lone sea :  
 And then the town is silent — one may write  
 Or read in gondolas, by day or night,  
 Having the little brazen lamp alight,  
 Unseen, uninterrupted : books are there,  
 Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair  
 Which were twin-born with poetry ; and all  
 We seek in towns, with little to recall  
 Regret for the green country : I might sit  
 In Maddalo's great palace, and his wit  
 And subtle talk would cheer the winter night,  
 And make me know myself : and the firelight  
 Would flash upon our faces, till the day  
 Might dawn, and make me wonder at my stay.  
 But I had friends in London too. The chief  
 Attraction here was that I sought relief  
 From the deep tenderness that maniac wrought  
 Within me — 'twas perhaps an idle thought,  
 But I imagined that if, day by day,  
 I watched him, and seldom went away,  
 And studied all the beatings of his heart  
 With zeal, as men study some stubborn art  
 For their own good, and could by patience find  
 An entrance to the caverns of his mind,  
 I might reclaim him from his dark estate.  
 In friendships I had been most fortunate,  
 Yet never saw I one whom I would call  
 More willingly my friend : and this was all  
 Accomplished not ; such dreams of baseless good  
 Oft come and go, in crowds or solitude,  
 And leave no trace ! — but what I now designed,  
 Made, for long years, impression on my mind.  
 The following morning, urged by my affairs,  
 I left bright Venice.

After many years,  
 And many changes, I returned : the name  
 Of Venice, and its aspect, was the same ;  
 But Maddalo was traveling, far away,  
 Among the mountains of Armenia.  
 His dog was dead : his child had now become  
 A woman, such as it has been my doom

To meet with few ; a wonder of this earth,  
 Where there is little of transcendent worth —  
 Like one of Shakspeare's women. Kindly she,  
 And with a manner beyond courtesy,  
 Received her father's friend ; and, when I asked  
 Of the lorn maniac, she her memory tasked,  
 And told, as she had heard, the mournful tale :  
 " That the poor sufferer's health began to fail  
 Two years from my departure ; but that then  
 The lady, who had left him, came again.  
 Her mien had been imperious, but she now  
 Looked meek ; perhaps remorse had brought her low.  
 Her coming made him better ; and they stayed  
 Together at my father's — for I played,  
 As I remember, with the lady's shawl ;  
 I might be six years old : but, after all,  
 She left him." —

" Why, her heart must have been tough :  
 How did it end ?"

" And was not this enough ?  
 They met — they parted !"

" Child, is there no more ?"

" Something within that interval, which bore  
 The stamp of *why* they parted, *how* they met :  
 Yet, if thine aged eyes disdain to wet  
 Those wrinkled cheeks with youth's remembered tears,  
 Ask me no more ; but let the silent years  
 Be closed and covered over their memory,  
 As yon mute marble, where their corpses lie."  
 I urged and questioned still : she told me how  
 All happened — but the cold world shall not know.

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TO MARY,

(ON HER OBJECTING TO THE FOLLOWING POEM, UPON THE SCORE
 OF ITS CONTAINING NO HUMAN INTEREST).

How, my dear Mary, are you critic-bitten
 (For vipers kill, though dead) by some review,
 That you condemn these verses I have written,
 Because they tell no story, false or true ?
 What, though no mice are caught by a young kitten,
 May it not leap and play as grown cats do,

Till its claws come? Prithee, for this one time,
Content thee with a visionary rhyme.

What hand would crush the silken-wingèd fly,
The youngest of inconstant April's minions,
Because it can not climb the purest sky,
Where the swan sings, amid the sun's dominions?
Not thine! thou knowest 'tis his doom to die,
When day shall hide within her twilight pinions
The lucent eyes, and the eternal smile.
Serene as thine, which lent it life awhile.

To thy fair feet a wingèd Vision came,
Whose date should have been longer than a day,
And o'er thy head did beat its wings for fame,
And in thy sight its fading plumes display;
The watery bow burned in the evening flame,
But the shower fell, the swift sun went his way —
And that is dead. — O, let me not believe
That any thing of mine is fit to live!

THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

BEFORE those cruel Twins, whom at one birth
Incestuous Change bore to her Father Time,
Error and Truth, had hunted from the earth
All those bright natures which adorned its prime,
And left us nothing to believe in, worth
The pains of putting into learnèd rhyme,
A lady-witch there lived on Atlas' mountain
Within a cavern by a secret fountain.

Her mother was one of the Atlantides;
The all-beholding Sun had ne'er beholden
In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas
So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden
In the warm shadow of her loveliness:
He kissed her with his beams, and made all golden
The chamber of gray rock in which she lay —
She, in that dream of joy, dissolved away.

'Tis said, she was first changed into a vapor,
And then into a cloud, such clouds as flit,
Like splendor-winged moths about a taper,
Round the red west when the sun dies in it:
And then into a meteor, such as caper
On hill-tops when the moon is in a fit;
Then into one of those mysterious stars
Which hide themselves between the Earth and Mars.

Ten times the mother of the Months had bent
 Her bow beside the folding-star, and bidden
 With that bright sign the billows to indent
 The sea-deserted sand : like children chidden,
 At her command they ever came and went :
 Since in that cave a dewy splendor hidden,
 Took shape and motion : with the living form
 Of this embodied Power, the cave grew warm.

A lovely lady garmented in light
 From her own beauty — deep her eyes, as are
 Two openings of unfathomable night
 Seen through a tempest's cloven roof: her hair
 Dark : the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,
 Picturing her form ; her soft smiles shone afar.
 And her low voice was heard like love, and drew
 All living things toward this wonder new.

And first the spotted camelopard came,
 And then the wise and fearless elephant ;
 Then the sly serpent, in the golden flame
 Of his own volumes intervolved ; all gaunt
 And sanguine beasts her gentle looks made tame.
 They drank before her at her sacred fount :
 And every beast of beating heart grew bold,
 Such gentleness and power even to behold.

The brinded lioness led forth her young,
 That she might teach them how they should forego
 Their inborn thirst of death ; the pard unstrung
 His sinews at her feet, and sought to know
 With looks whose motions spoke without a tongue
 How he might be as gentle as the doe,
 The magic circle of her voice and eyes
 All savage natures did imparadise.

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick
 Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew
 Came, blithe, as in the olive-copses thick
 Cicadæ are, drunk with the noonday dew :
 And Driope and Faunus followed quick,
 Teazing the god to sing them something new,
 Till in this cave they found the lady lone,
 Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

And universal Pan, 'tis said, was there,
 And though none saw him — through the adamant
 Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,
 And through those living spirits, like a want
 He passed out of his everlasting lair
 Where the quick heart of the great world doth pant,
 And felt that wondrous lady all alone —
 And she felt him upon her emerald throne.

And every nymph of stream and spreading tree,
 And every shepherdess of Ocean's flocks,
 Who drives her white waves over the green sea ;
 And Ocean, with the brine on his gray locks,
 And quaint Priapus with his company
 All came, much wondering how the enwombed rocks
 Could have brought forth so beautiful a birth :
 Her love subdued their wonder and their mirth.

The herdsmen and the mountain-maidens came,
 And the rude kings of pastoral Garamant —
 Their spirits shook within them, as a flame
 Stirred by the air under a cavern gaunt :
 Pigmies and Polyphemes, by many a name,
 Centaurs and satyrs, and such shapes as haunt
 Wet clefts — and lumps neither alive nor dead,
 Dog-headed, bosom-eyed and bird-footed.

For she was beautiful : her beauty made
 The bright world dim, and every thing beside
 Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade :
 No thought of living spirit could abide,
 Which to her looks had ever been betrayed,
 On any object in the world so wide,
 On any hope within the circling skies,
 But on her form, and in her inmost eyes.

Which when the lady knew, she took her spindle
 And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three
 Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle
 The clouds and waves and mountains with, and she
 As many starbeams, ere their lamps could dwindle
 In the belated moon, wound skilfully ;
 And with these threads a subtle veil she wove —
 A shadow for the splendor of her love.

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
 Were stored with magic treasures — sounds of air,
 Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
 Folded in cells of crystal silence there ;
 Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
 Will never die : yet ere we are aware,
 The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
 And the regret they leave remains alone.

And there lay visions swift and sweet and quaint,
 Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis ;
 Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint
 With the soft burden of intensest bliss :
 It is its work to bear to many a saint
 Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,
 Even Love's — and others white, green, gray and black,
 And of all shapes — and each was at her beck.

And odors in a kind of aviary
 Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,
 Clipt in a floating net, a lovesick fairy
 Had woven from dewbeams while the moon yet slept ;
 As bats at the wired window of a dairy,
 They beat their vans ; and each was an adept.
 When loosed and missioned, making wings of winds,
 To stir sweet thoughts or sad, in destined minds.

And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful might
 Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,
 And change eternal death into a night
 Of glorious dreams ; or if eyes needs must weep,
 Could make their tears all wonder and delight,
 She in her crystal vials did closely keep :
 If men could drink of those clear vials, 'tis said
 The living were not envied of the dead.

Her cave was stored with scrolls of strange device,
 The works of some Saturnian Archimage,
 Which taught the expiations at whose price
 Men from the gods might win that happy age
 Too lightly lost, redeeming native vice :
 And which might quench the earth consuming rage
 Of gold and blood, till men should live and move
 Harmonious as the sacred stars above.

And how all things that seem untamable,
 Not to be checked and not to be confined,
 Obey the spells of Wisdom's wizard skill ;
 Time, Earth and Fire — the Ocean and the Wind,
 And all their shapes — and man's imperial will ;
 And other scrolls whose writings did unbind
 The inmost lore of Love : let the profane
 Tremble to ask what secrets they contain.

And wondrous works of substances unknown,
 To which the enchantment of her father's power
 Had changed those ragged blocks of savage stone,
 Were heaped in the recesses of her bower ;
 Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone
 In their own golden beams — each like a flower,
 Out of whose depth a firefly shakes his light
 Under a cypress in a starless night.

At first she lived alone in this wild home,
 And her thoughts were each a minister,
 Clothing themselves or with the ocean-foam,
 Or with the wind, or with the speed of fire,
 To work whatever purposes might come
 Into her mind : such power her mighty sire
 Had girt them with, whether to fly or run.
 Through all the regions which he shines upon.

The ocean-nymphs and Hamadryades,
 Oreads and Naiads with long weedy locks,
 Offered to do her bidding through the seas,
 Under the earth, and in the hollow rocks,
 And far beneath the matted roots of trees,
 And in the gnarlèd heart of stubborn oaks,
 So they might live for ever in the light
 Of her sweet presence—each a satellite.

“ This may not be,” the wizard-maid replied :
 “ The fountains where the Naiades bedew
 Their shining hair, at length are drained and dried ;
 The solid oaks forget their strength and strew
 Their latest leaf upon the mountains wide ;
 The boundless ocean, like a drop of dew
 Will be consumed—the stubborn centre must
 Be scattered, like a cloud of summer dust.

“ And ye with them will perish one by one :
 If I must sigh to think that this shall be,
 If I must weep when the surviving Sun
 Shall smile on your decay—oh, ask not me
 To love you till your little race is run ;
 I can not die as ye must : over me
 Your leaves shall glance : the streams in which ye dwell
 Shall be my paths henceforth, and so farewell !”

She spoke and wept : the dark and azure well
 Sparkled beneath the shower of her bright tears,
 And every little circlet where they fell
 Flung to the cavern-roof inconstant spheres
 And intertangled lines of light : a knell
 Of sobbing voices came upon her ears
 From those departing forms, o'er the serene
 Of the white streams and of the forest green.

All day the wizard lady sat aloof,
 Spelling out scrolls of dread antiquity
 Under the cavern's fountain-lighted roof ;
 Or broidering the pictured poesy
 Of some high tale upon her growing woof,
 Which the sweet splendor of her smiles could dye
 In hues outshining heaven—and ever she
 Added some grace to the wrought poesy.

While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece
 Of sandal-wood, rare gums and cinnamon :
 Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is,
 Each flame of it is as a precious stone
 Dissolved in ever-moving light, and this
 Belongs to each and all who gaze upon.
 The witch beheld it not, for in her hand
 She held a woof that dimmed the burning brand.

This lady never slept, but lay in trance
 All night within the fountain — as in sleep.
 Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance :
 Through the green splendor of the water deep
 She saw the constellations reel and dance
 Like fireflies — and withal did ever keep
 The tenor of her contemplations calm,
 With open eyes, closed feet and folded palm.

And when the whirlwinds and the clouds descended
 From the white pinnacles of that cold hill,
 She passed at dewfall to a space extended,
 Where in a lawn of flowering asphodel
 Amid a wood of pines and cedars blended,
 There yawned an inextinguishable well
 Of crimson fire, full even to the brim,
 And overflowing all the margin trim.

Within the which she lay when the fierce war
 Of wintry winds shook that innocuous liquor
 In many a mimic moon and bearded star,
 O'er woods and lawns : the serpent heard it flicker
 In sleep, and dreaming still, he crept afar ;
 And when the windless snow descended thicker
 Than autumn leaves, she watched it as it came
 Melt on the surface of the level flame.

She had a boat which some say Vulcan wrought
 For Venus, as the chariot of her star ;
 But it was found too feeble to be fraught
 With all the ardors in that sphere which are,
 And so she sold it, and Apollo bought
 And gave it to this daughter : from a car
 Changed to the fairest and the lightest boat
 Which ever upon mortal stream did float.

And others say, that, when but three hours old,
 The first-born Love out of his cradle leapt,
 And clove dun Chaos with his wings of gold,
 And like an horticultural adept,
 Stole a strange seed, and wrapt it up in mould,
 And sowed it in his mother's star, and kept
 Watering it all the summer with sweet dew,
 And with his wings fanning it as it grew.

The plant grew strong and green : the snowy flower
 Fell, and the long and gourd-like fruit began
 To turn the light and dew by inward power
 To its own substance : woven tracery ran
 Of light firm texture, ribbed and branching, o'er
 The solid riud, like a leaf's veined fan,
 Of which Love scooped this boat, and with soft motion
 Piloted it round the circumfluous ocean.

This boat she moored upon her fount, and lit
 A living spirit within all its frame,
 Breathing the soul of swiftmess into it.
 Couched on the fountain like a panther tame,
 One of the twain at Evan's feet that sit ;
 Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame,
 Or on blind Homer's heart a wingèd thought—
 In joyous expectation lay the boat.

Then by strange art she kneaded fire and snow
 Together, tempering the repugnant mass
 With liquid love : all things together grow
 Through which the harmony of love can pass ;
 And a fair shape out of her hands did flow
 A living image, which did far surpass
 In beauty that bright shape of vital stone
 Which drew the heart out of Pygmalion.

A sexless thing it was, and in its growth
 It seemed to have developed no defect
 Of either sex, yet all the grace of both :
 In gentleness and strength its limbs were decked ;
 The bosom lightly swelled with its full youth,
 The countenance was such as might select
 Some artist that his skill should never die,
 Imaging forth such perfect purity.

From its smooth shoulders hung two rapid wings,
 Fit to have borne it to the seventh sphere,
 Tipped with the speed of liquid lightnings,
 Dyed in the ardors of the atmosphere :
 She led her creature to the boiling springs
 Where the light boat was moored, and said, " Sit here !"
 And pointed to the prow, and took her seat
 Beside the rudder with opposing feet.

And down the streams which clove those mountains vast
 Around their inland islets, and amid
 The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast
 Darkness and odors, and a pleasure hid
 In melancholy gloom, the pinnace passed ;
 By many a star-surrounded pyramid
 Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,
 And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

The silver moon into that winding dell,
 With slanted gleam athwart the forest-tops,
 Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell :
 A green and glowing light, like that which drops
 From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell
 When Earth over her face night's mantle wraps :
 Between the severed mountains lay on high
 Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

And ever as she went, the image lay
 With folded wings and unawakened eyes
 And o'er its gentle countenance did play
 The busy dreams, as thick as summer flies,
 Chasing the rapid smiles that would not stay,
 And drinking the warm tears, and the sweet sighs
 Inhaling, which, with busy murmur vain,
 They had aroused from that full heart and brain.

And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud
 Upon a stream of wind, the pinnacle went :
 Now lingering on the pools, in which abode
 The calm and darkness of the deep content
 In which they paused ; now o'er the shallow road
 Of white and dancing waters, all besprent
 With sand and polished pebbles : mortal boat
 In such a shallow rapid could not float.

And down the earthquaking cataracts which shiver
 Their snow-like waters into golden air,
 Or under chasms unfathomable ever
 Sepulchre them, till in their rage they tear
 A subterranean portal for the river,
 It fled : the circling sunbows did upbear
 Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,
 Lighting it far upon its lampless way.

And when the wizard lady would ascend
 The labyrinths of some many-winding vale,
 Which to the inmost mountain upward tend —
 She called " Hermaphroditus !" and the pale
 And heavy hue which slumber could extend
 Over its lips and eyes, as on the gale
 A rapid shadow from a slope of grass,
 Into the darkness of the stream did pass.

And it unfurled its heaven-colored pinions,
 With stars of fire spotting the stream below ;
 And from above into the Sun's dominions
 Flinging a glory, like the golden glow
 In which Spring clothes her emerald-wingèd minions,
 All interwoven with fine feathery snow
 And moonlight splendor of intensest rime,
 With which frost paints the pines in winter time.

And then it winnowed the Elysian air
 Which ever hung about that lady bright,
 With its ethereal vans — and speeding there,
 Like a star up the torrent of the night,
 Or a swift eagle in the morning glare
 Breasting the whirlwind with impetuous flight ;
 The pinnacle, oared by those enchanted wings,
 Clove the fierce streams toward their upper springs.

The water flashed like sunlight by the prow
 Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to heaven :
 The still air seemed as if its waves did flow
 In tempest down the mountains — loosely driven
 The lady's radiant hair streamed to and fro :
 Beneath, the billows having vainly striven
 Indignant and impetuous, roared to feel
 The swift and steady motion of the keel.

Or, when the weary moon was in the wane,
 Or in the noon of interlunar night,
 The lady-witch in visions could not chain
 Her spirit ; but sailèd forth under the light
 Of shooting stars, and bade extend amain
 His storm-outspeeding wings, th' Hermaphrodite ;
 She to the Austral waters took her way,
 Beyond the fabulous Thamondocona.

Where, like a meadow which no sythe has shaven,
 Which rain could never bend, or whirl-blast shake,
 With the antarctic constellations paven,
 Canopus and his crew, lay th' Austral lake —
 There she would build herself a windless haven
 Out of the clouds whose moving turrets make
 The bastions of the storm, when through the sky
 The spirits of the tempest thundered by.

A haven, beneath whose translucent floor
 The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,
 And around which, the solid vapors hoar,
 Based on the level waters, to the sky
 Lifted their dreadful crags ; and like a shore
 Of wintry mountains, inaccessibly
 Hemmed in with rifts and precipices gray,
 And hanging crags, many a cove and bay.

And while the outer lake beneath the lash
 Of the winds' scourge, foamed like a wounded thing ;
 And the incessant hail with stony clash
 Plowed up the waters, and the flagging wing
 Of the roused cormorant in the lightning-flash
 Looked like the wreck of some wind-wandering
 Fragment of inky thunder-smoke — this haven
 Was as a gem to copy heaven engraven.

On which that lady played her many pranks,
 Circling the image of a shooting star,
 Even as a tiger on Hydaspes' banks
 Outspeeds the antelopes which speediest are,
 In her light boat ; and many quips and cranks
 She played upon the water ; till the car
 Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,
 To journey from the misty east began.

And then she called out of the hollow turrets
 Of those high clouds, white, golden and vermilion,
 The armies of her ministering spirits —
 In mighty legions million after million
 They came, each troop emblazoning its merits
 On meteor flags : and many a proud pavilion,
 Of the intertexture of the atmosphere,
 They pitched upon the plain of the calm mere.

They framed the imperial tent of their great queen
 Of woven exhalations, underlaid
 With lambent lightning-fire, as may be seen
 A dome of thin and open ivory inlaid
 With crimson silk — cressets from the serene
 Hung there, and on the water for her tread,
 A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,
 Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon.

And on a throne o'erlaid with starlight, caught
 Upon those wandering isles of aery dew,
 Which highest shoals of mountain shipwreck not,
 She sate, and heard all that had happened new
 Between the earth and moon since they had brought
 The last intelligence : and now she grew
 Pale as that moon, lost in the watery night ;
 And now she wept, and now she laughed outright.

These were tame pleasures. She would often climb
 The steepest ladder of the crudded rack
 Up to some beakèd cape of cloud sublime,
 And like Arion on the dolphin's back
 Ride singing through the shoreless air. Oft time
 Following the serpent lightning's winding track,
 She ran upon the platforms of the wind,
 And laughed to hear the fireballs roar behind.

And sometimes to those streams of upper air,
 Which whirl the earth in its diurnal round,
 She would ascend, and win the spirits there
 To let her join their chorus. Mortals found
 That on those days the sky was calm and fair,
 And mystic snatches of harmonious sound
 Wandered upon the earth where'er she passed,
 And happy thoughts of hope, too sweet to last.

But her choice sport was, in the hours of sleep,
 To glide adown old Nilus, when he threads
 Egypt and Ethiopia, from the steep
 Of utmost Axumè, until he spreads,
 Like a calm flock of silver-fleeced sheep,
 His waters on the plain : and crested heads
 Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,
 And many a vapor-belted pyramid.

By Mœris and Mareotid lakes,

Strewn with faint blooms like bridal-chamber floors ;
Where naked boys bridling tame water-snakes,

Or charioteering ghastly alligators,
Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes

Of those huge forms : within the brazen doors
Of the great Labyrinth slept both boy and beast,
Tired with the pomp of their Osirian feast.

And where within the surface of the river

The shadows of the massy temples lie,
And never are erased — but tremble ever

Like things which every cloud can doom to die,
Through lotus-paven canals, and wheresoever

The works of man pierced that serenest sky
With tombs and towers and fane, 'twas her delight
To wander in the shadow of the night.

With motion like the spirit of that wind

Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet
Passed through the peopled haunts of human kind,
Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,
Through fane and palace-court and labyrinth mined

With many a dark and subterranean street
Under the Nile : through chambers high and deep
She passed, observing mortals in their sleep.

A pleasure sweet doubtless it was to see

Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep.
Here lay two sister-twins in infancy ;

There a lone youth who in his dreams did weep ;
Within, two lovers linked innocently

In their loose locks which over both did creep
Like ivy from one stem ; and there lay calm.
Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm.

But other troubled forms of sleep she saw,

Not to be mirrored in a holy song,
Distortions foul of supernatural awe,

And pale imaginings of visioned wrong,
And all the code of custom's lawless law

Written upon the brows of old and young :
" This," said the wizard maiden, " is the strife
Which stirs the liquid surface of man's life."

And little did the sight disturb her soul—

We, the weak mariners of that wide lake
Where'er its shores extend or billows roll,

Our course unpiloted and starless make
O'er its wide surface to an unknown goal—

But she in the calm depths her way could take,
Where in bright bowers immortal forms abide,
Beneath the weltering of the restless tide.

And she saw princes couched under the glow
 Of sun-like gems ; and round each temple-court
 In dormitories ranged, row after row,
 She saw the priests asleep, all of one sort,
 For all were educated to be so.
 The peasants in their huts, and in the port
 The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,
 And the dead lulled within their dreamless graves.

And all the forms in which those spirits lay,
 Were to her sight like the diaphanous
 Vails, in which those sweet ladies oft array
 Their delicate limbs, who would conceal from us
 Only their scorn of all concealment : they
 Move in the light of their own beauty thus.
 But these and all now lay with sleep upon them,
 And little thought a witch was looking on them.

She all those human figures breathing there
 Beheld as living spirits — to her eyes
 The naked beauty of the soul lay bare.
 And often through a rude and worn disguise
 She saw the inner form most bright and fair —
 And then, she had a charm of strange device
 Which murmured on mute lips with tender tone,
 Could make that spirit mingle with her own.

Alas, Aurora ! what wouldst thou have given
 For such a charm, when Tithon became gray ?
 Or how much, Venus, of thy silver heaven
 Wouldst thou have yielded, ere Proserpina
 Had half (oh ! why not all ?) the debt forgiven
 Which dear Adonis had been doomed to pay,
 To any witch who would have taught you it ?
 The Heliad doth not know its value yet.

'Tis said in after times her spirit free
 Knew what love was, and felt itself alone —
 But holy Dian could not chaster be
 Before she stooped to kiss Endymion,
 Than now this lady — like a sexless bee
 Tasting all blossoms and confined to none —
 Among those mortal forms, the wizard-maiden
 Passed with an eye serene and heart unladen.

To those she saw most beautiful, she gave
 Strange panacea in a crystal bowl.
 They drank in their deep sleep of that sweet wave,
 And lived thenceforth as if some control,
 Mightier than life, were in them ; and the grave
 Of such, when death oppressed the weary soul,
 Was a green and over-arching bower
 Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.

For on the night that they were buried, she
 Restored the embalmer's ruining, and shook
 The light out of the funeral lamps, to be
 A mimic day within that deathly nook ;
 And she unwound the woven imagery
 Of second childhood's swaddling bands, and took
 The coffin, its last cradle, from its niche,
 And threw it with contempt into a ditch.

And there the body lay, age after age,
 Mute, breathing, beating, warm and undecaying,
 Like one asleep in a green hermitage,
 With gentle sleep about its eyelids playing.
 And living in its dreams beyond the rage
 Of death or life ; while they were still arraying
 In liveries ever new the rapid, blind,
 And fleeting generations of mankind.

And she would write strange dreams upon the brain
 Of those who were less beautiful, and make
 All harsh and crooked purposes more vain
 Than in the desert is the serpent's wake
 Which the sand covers, all his evil gain
 The miser in such dreams would rise and shake
 Into a beggar's lap ; — the lying scribe
 Would his own lies betray without a bribe.

The priests would write an explanation full,
 Translating hieroglyphics into Greek,
 How the god Apis really was a bull,
 And nothing more ; and bid the herald stick
 The same against the temple doors, and pull
 The old cant down ; they licensed all to speak
 Whate'er they thought of hawks, and cats, and geese,
 By pastoral letters to each diocese.

The king would dress an ape up in his crown
 And robes, and seat him on his glorious seat,
 And on the right hand of the sunlike throne
 Would place a gaudy mock-bird to repeat
 The chatterings of the monkey. Every one
 Of the prone courtiers crawled to kiss the feet
 Of their great Emperor when the morning came ;
 And kissed — alas, how many kiss the same !

The soldiers dreamed that they were blacksmiths, and
 Walked out of quarters in somnambulism,
 Round the red anvils you might see them stand
 Like Cyclopes in Vulcan's sooty abysm,
 Beating their swords to ploughshares ; in a band
 The jailers sent those of the liberal schism
 Free through the streets of Memphis ; much, I wis,
 To the annoyance of King Amasis.

And timid lovers who had been so coy,
 They hardly knew whether they loved or not,
 Would rise out of their rest, and take sweet joy,
 To the fulfilment of their inmost thought :
 And when next day the maiden and the boy
 Met one another, both, like sinners caught,
 Blushed at the thing which each believed was done
 Only in fancy — till the tenth moon shone ;

And then the Witch would let them take no ill :
 Of many thousand schemes which lovers find
 The Witch found one, and so they took their fill
 Of happiness in marriage warm and kind.
 Friends, who, by practice of some envious skill,
 Were torn apart, a wide wound, mind from mind !
 She did unite again with visions clear
 Of deep affection and of truth sincere.

These were the pranks she played among the cities
 Of mortal men, and what she did to sprites
 And gods, entangling them in her sweet ditties
 To do her will, and show their subtle slights,
 I will declare another time ; for it is
 A tale more fit for the weird winter nights—
 Than for these garish summer days, when we
 Scarcely believe much more than we can see.



ODE TO NAPLES.*

EPODE I. a.

I STOOD within the city disinterred ; †
 And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
 Of spirits passing through the streets ; and heard
 The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
 Thrill through those roofless halls ;
 The oracular thunder penetrating shook
 The listening soul in my suspended blood ;
 I felt that earth out of her deep heart spoke —
 I felt, but heard not : — through white columns glowed
 The isle-sustaining ocean flood,
 A plain of light between two heavens of azure :
 Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre
 Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure
 Were to spare Death, had never made erasure ;

* The author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baie with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a constitutional government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory epodes which depict the scenes and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event. — *Author's note.*

† Pompeii.

But every living lineament was clear
 As in the sculptor's thought ; and there
 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,
 Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
 Seemed only not to move and grow
 Because the crystal silence of the air
 Weighed on their life ; even as the Power divine,
 Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.

EPODE II. *a.*

Then gentle winds arose,
 With many a mingled close
 Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odor keen ;
 And where the Baian ocean
 Welters with air-like motion,
 Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,
 Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves,
 Even as the ever-stormless atmosphere
 Floats o'er the Elysian realm,
 It bore me like an angel, o'er the waves
 Of sunlight, whose swift pinnacle of dewy air
 No storm can overwhelm ;
 I sailed where ever flows
 Under the calm Serene
 A spirit of deep emotion,
 From the unknown graves
 Of the dead kings of Melody.*
 Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm
 The horizontal ether ; heaven stripped bare
 Its depths over Elysium, where the prow
 Made the invisible water white as snow ;
 From that Typhæan mount, Inarime,
 There streamed a sunlike vapor, like the standard
 Of some ethereal host ;
 While from all the coast,
 Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered
 Over the oracular woods and divine sea
 Propesyings which grew articulate :
 They seize me — I must speak them — be they fate !

STROPHE *a.* I.

NAPLES ! thou heart of men which ever pantest
 Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven !
 Elysian city, which to calm enchantest
 The mutinous air and sea ! they round thee, even
 As sleep round Love, are driven !
 Metropolis of a ruined paradise
 Long lost, late won, and yet but half-regained !
 Bright altar of the bloodless sacrifice.
 Which armèd Victory offers up upstained
 To Love, the flower-enchained !

* Homer and Virgil.

Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
 Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free
 If hope and truth and justice can avail.
 Hail, hail, all hail !

STROPHE β . 2.

Thou youngest giant birth,
 Which from the groaning earth
 Leap'st, clothed in armor of impenetrable scale !
 Last of the intercessors
 Who 'gainst the crowned transgressors
 Pleadest before God's love ! Arrayed in Wisdom's mail,
 Wave thy lightning lance in mirth ;
 Nor let thy high heart fail,
 Though from their hundred gates the leagued oppressors,
 With hurried legions move !
 Hail, hail, all hail !

ANTISTROPHE α .

What though Cimmerian anarchs dare blaspheme
 Freedom and thee ? thy shield is as a mirror
 To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
 To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer,
 A new Acteon's error
 Shall theirs have been — devoured by their own hounds !
 Be thou like the imperial basilisk,
 Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds !
 Gaze on Oppression, till at that dread risk
 Aghast she pass from the earth's disk :
 Fear not, but gaze — for freemen mightier grow,
 And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe.
 If hope and truth and justice may avail,
 Thou shalt be great. — All hail !

ANTISTROPHE β . 2.

From Freedom's form divine,
 From Nature's inmost shrine,
 Strip every impious gawd, rend Error vail by vail :
 O'er Ruin desolate,
 O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
 Sit thou sublime, unawed ; be the Destroyer pale !
 And equal laws be thine,
 And wingèd words let sail,
 Freightèd with truth even from the throne of God :
 That wealth, surviving fate,
 Be thine. — All hail !

ANTISTROPHE α . γ .

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan
 From land to land reëchoed solemnly,
 Till silence became music ? From the $\mathcal{Æ}$ æan*
 To the cold Alps, eternal Italy
 Starts to hear thine ! The sea

* $\mathcal{Æ}$ æa, the island of Circe

Which paves the desert streets of Venice, laughs
 In light and music : widowed Genoa wan,
 By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs.
 Murmuring, " Where is Doria ?" Fair Milan,
 Within whose veins long ran
 The viper's* palsyng venom, lifts her heel
 To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
 (If hope and truth and justice can avail)
 Art thou of all these hopes. — O hail !

ANTISTROPHE β . γ .

Florence ! beneath the sun,
 Of cities fairest one,
 Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation :
 From eyes of quenchless hope
 Rome tears the priestly cope,
 As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,
 An athletæ stripped to run
 From a remoter station
 For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore :
 As then hope, truth and justice did avail,
 So now may fraud and wrong ! — O hail !

EPODE I. β .

Hear ye the march as of the earth-born Forms
 Arrayed against the ever-living gods ?
 The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
 Bursting their inaccessible abodes
 Of crags and thunder-clouds ?
 See ye the banners blazoned to the day,
 Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride ?
 Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,
 The serene heaven which wraps our Eden wide
 With iron light is dyed,
 The anarchs of the North lead forth their legions
 Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating ;
 A hundred tribes nourished on strange religions
 And lawless slaveries — down the aërial regions
 Of the white Alps, desolating
 Famished wolves that bide no waiting,
 Blotting the glowing footsteps of old Glory,
 Trampling our columned cities into dust,
 Their dull and savage lust
 On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating—
 They come ! The fields they tread look black and hoary
 With fire : from their red feet the streams run gory !

EPODE II. β .

Great Spirit, deepest Love !
 Which rulest and dost move

* The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

All things which live and are, within the Italian shore ;
 Who spreadest heaven around it,
 Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it ;
 Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor,
 Spirit of Beauty ! at whose soft command
 The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
 From the earth's bosom chill ;
 O bid those beams be each a blinding brand
 Of lightning ! bid those showers be dews of poison !
 Bid the Earth's plenty kill !
 Bid thy bright heaven above,
 While light and darkness bound it,
 Be their tomb who planned
 To make it ours and thine !
 Or, with thine harmonizing ardors fill
 And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
 Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire —
 Be man's high hope and unextinct desire
 The instrument to work thy will divine !
 Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
 And frowns and fears from thee,
 Would not more swiftly flee
 Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds. —
 Whatever, spirit, from thy starry shrine
 Thou yieldest or withholdest, oh let be
 This city of thy worship, ever free !

~~~~~

AUTUMN: A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,  
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,  
     And the Year  
 On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,  
     Is lying.  
     Come, Months, come away,  
     From November to May,  
     In your saddest array ;  
     Follow the bier  
     Of the dead cold Year,  
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.  
 The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,  
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling  
     For the Year ;  
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone  
     To his dwelling :  
     Come, Months, come away ;  
     Put on white, black and gray,  
     Let your light sisters play —  
     Ye, follow the bier  
     Of the dead cold Year,  
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.



## AN ALLEGORY.

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant  
 Stands yawning on the highway of the life  
 Which we all tread a cavern huge and gaunt ;  
 Around it rages an unceasing strife  
 Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt  
 The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high  
 Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

And many passed it by with careless tread,  
 Not knowing that a shadowy [            ]  
 Tracks every traveler even to where the dead  
 Wait peacefully for their companion new ;  
 But others, by more curious humor led,  
 Pause to examine — these are very few,  
 And they learn little there, except to know  
 That shadows follow them where'er they go.

~~~~~  
THE WANING MOON.

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,
 Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
 The moon arose up in the murky earth,
 A white and shapeless mass.

~~~~~  
DEATH.

DEATH is here, and death is there,  
 Death is busy everywhere,  
 All around, within, beneath,  
 Above, is death — and we are death.

Death has set his mark and seal  
 On all we are and all we feel,  
 On all we know and all we fear,  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

First our pleasures die — and then  
 Our hopes, and then our fears — and when  
 These are dead, the debt is due,  
 Dust claims dust — and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,  
 Like ourselves, must fade and perish ;  
 Such is our rude mortal lot —  
 Love itself would, did they not.

## LIBERTY.

THE fiery mountains answer each other :  
 Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone ;  
 The tempestuous oceans awake one another,  
 And the ice-rocks are shaken round winter's zone.  
     When the clarion of the typhoon is blown.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,  
 While a thousand isles are illumined around,  
 Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,  
 A hundred are shuddering and tottering ; the sound  
     Is bellowing underground.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,  
 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp ;  
 Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean ; thy stare  
 Makes blind the volcanoes ; the sun's bright lamp  
     To thine is a fen-fire damp.

From billow and mountain and exhalation  
 The sunlight is darted through vapor and blast ;  
 From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,  
 From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast —  
 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night  
     In the van of the morning light.

## SUMMER AND WINTER.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
 Toward the end of the sunny month of June,  
 When the north wind congregates in crowds  
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
 From the horizon — and the stainless sky  
 Opens beyond them like eternity.  
 All things rejoiced beneath the sun — the weeds,  
 The river and the cornfields and the reeds :  
 The willow-leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die  
 In the deep forests ; and the fishes lie  
 Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes  
 Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes  
 A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick ; and when,  
 Among their children, comfortable men  
 Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold :  
 Alas ! then for the homeless beggar old !

## THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light  
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
 In what cavern of the night  
 Will thy pinions close now ?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray  
 Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,  
 In what depth of night or day  
 Seekest thou repose now ?

Weary wind, who wanderest  
 Like the world's rejected guest,  
 Hast thou still some secret nest  
 On the tree or billow ?



## TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness  
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
 Wandering companionless  
 Among the stars that have a different birth —  
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye  
 That finds no object worth its constancy ?



## THE TOWER OF FAMINE.\*

AMID the desolation of a city,  
 Which was the cradle, and is now the grave  
 Of an extinguished people — so that Pity  
 Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of Oblivion's wave —  
 There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built  
 Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave  
 For bread and gold and blood : pain, linked to guilt,  
 Agitates the light flame of their hours,  
 Until its vital oil is spent or spilt :  
 There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers  
 And sacred domes ; each marble-ribbed roof,  
 The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers  
 Of solitary wealth ! the tempest proof

\* At Pisa there still exists the prison of Ugolino, which goes by the name of ' La Torre della Fame : ' in the adjoining building the galley-slaves are confined. It is situated near the Ponte al Mare on the Arno.

Pavilions of the dark Italian air  
 Are by its presence dimmed — they stand aloof,  
 And are withdrawn — so that the world is bare,  
 As if a spectre, wrapped in shapeless terror,  
 Amid a company of ladies fair  
 Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror  
 Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,  
 The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,  
 Should be absorbed till they to marble grew.



## SONNET.

YE hasten to the dead ! What seek ye there,  
 Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes  
 Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear ?  
 O thou quick Heart, which pantest to possess  
 All that anticipation feigneth fair !  
 Thou vainly curious Mind which wouldst guess  
 Whence thou didst come and whither thou mayest go,  
 And that which never yet was known wouldst know,  
 Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press  
 With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,  
 Seeking alike from happiness and woe  
 A refuge in the cavern of gray death ?  
 O heart and mind and thoughts ! What thing do you  
 Hope to inherit in the grave below ?



## LINES TO A REVIEWER.

ALAS ! good friend, what profit can you see  
 In hating such a hateless thing as me ?  
 There is no sport in hate where all the rage  
 Is on one side. In vain would you assuage  
 Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,  
 In which not even contempt lurks, to beguile  
 Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.  
 Oh conquer what you can not satiate !  
 For to your passion I am far more coy  
 Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy  
 In winter noon. Of your antipathy  
 If I am the Narcissus, you are free  
 To pine into a sound with hating me !

# POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821.

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## EPIPSYCHIDION:

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND UNFORTUNATE

LADY EMILIA V——,

NOW IMPRISONED IN THE CONVENT OF —.

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“L'anima amante si slancia furio del creato, e si crea nel infinito un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.”— *Her own words.*

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My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few  
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,  
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain;  
Whence, if by misadventure, chance should bring  
Thee to base company (as chance may do),  
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,  
I prithee, comfort thy sweet self again,  
My last delight! tell them that they are dull,  
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE writer of the following lines died at Florence, as he was preparing for a voyage to one of the wildest of the Sporades, which he had bought, and where he had fitted up the ruins of an old building, and where it was his hope to have realized a scheme of life suited perhaps to that happier and better world of which he is now an inhabitant, but hardly practicable in this. His life was singular — less on account of the romantic vicissitudes which diversified it than the ideal tinge which it received from his own character and feelings. The present poem, like the ‘Vita Nuova’ of Dante, is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates; and to a certain other class it must ever remain incomprehensible, from a defect of a common organ of perception for the ideas of which it treats. Not but that, *gran vergogna sarebbe a colui, che rimasse cosa sotto veste di figura, o di colore rettorico: e domandato non sapesse denudare le sue parole da cotal veste, in guisa che avessero verace intendimento.*

The present poem appears to have been intended by the writer as the dedication to some longer one. The stanza on the opposite page is almost a literal translation from Dante’s famous canzone —

“Voi ch’ intendendo, il terzo ciel movete,” &c.

The presumptuous application of the concluding lines to his own composition will raise a smile at the expense of my unfortunate friend: be it a smile not of contempt, but pity.

## EPIPSYCHIDION.

SWEET Spirit! sister of that orphan one,  
Whose empire is the name thou weepest on,  
In my heart's temple I suspend to thee  
These votive wreaths of withered memory.

Poor captive bird! who, from thy narrow cage,  
Pourest such music, that it might assuage  
The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee,  
Were they not deaf to all sweet melody;  
This song shall be thy rose: its petals pale  
Are dead, indeed, my adored Nightingale!  
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,  
And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-wingèd heart! who dost for ever  
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavor,  
Till those bright plumes of thought, in which arrayed  
It over-soared this low and worldly shade,  
Lie shattered; and thy panting wounded breast  
Stains with dear blood its unmaternal nest!  
I weep vain tears: blood would less bitter be,  
Yet poured forth gladlier, could it profit thee.

Seraph of heaven! too gentle to be human,  
Vailing beneath that radiant form of woman  
All that is insupportable in thee  
Of light and love and immortality!  
Sweet benediction in the eternal curse!  
Vailèd glory of this lampless universe!  
Thou moon beyond the clouds! thou living form  
Among the dead! thou star above the storm!  
Thou wonder and thou beauty and thou terror!  
Thou harmony of Nature's art! thou mirror  
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,  
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!  
Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee now  
Flash, lightning like, with unaccustomed glow;  
I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song  
All of its much mortality and wrong,  
With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew  
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,  
Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy:  
Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see  
Youth's vision thus made perfect: Emily,  
I love thee; though the world by no thiu name  
Will hide that love, from its unvalued shame.  
Would we two had been twins of the same mother!  
Or, that the name my heart lent to another

Could be a sister's bond for her and thee,  
 Blending two beams of one eternity!  
 Yet were one lawful and the other true,  
 These names, though dear, could paint not, as is due,  
 How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me!  
 I am not thine : I am a part of *thee*.

Sweet Lamp ! my moth-like Muse has burnt its wings,  
 Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,  
 Young Love should teach Time, in his own gray style,  
 All that thou art. Art thou not void of guile,  
 A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless ?  
 A well of sealed and secret happiness,  
 Whose waters like blithe light and music are,  
 Vanquishing dissonance and gloom ? A star  
 Which moves not in the moving heavens, alone ?  
 A smile amid dark frowns ? a gentle tone  
 Amid rude voices ? a beloved light ?  
 A solitude, a refuge, a delight ?  
 A lute, which those whom love has taught to play  
 Make music on, to soothe the roughest day  
 And lull fond grief asleep ? a buried treasure ?  
 A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure ?  
 A violet-shrouded grave of woe — I measure  
 The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,  
 And find — alas ! mine own infirmity.

She met me, stranger, upon life's rough way,  
 And lured me toward sweet death : as night by day,  
 Winter by spring, or sorrow by swift hope,  
 Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,  
 In the suspended impulse of its lightness,  
 Were less ethereally light : the brightness  
 Of her divinest presence trembles through  
 Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew  
 Embodied in the windless heaven of June  
 Amid the splendor-wingèd stars, the moon  
 Burns inextinguishably beautiful :  
 And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full  
 Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops.  
 Killing the sense with passion : sweet as stops  
 Of planetary music heard in trance.  
 In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,  
 The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap  
 Under the lightnings of the soul — too deep  
 For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense,  
 The glory of her being, issuing thence,  
 Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade  
 Of unentangled intermixture, made  
 By Love, of light and motion ; one intense  
 Diffusion, one serene omnipresence,  
 Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing  
 Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing



With the unintermitted blood, which there  
 Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air  
 The crimson pulse of living morning quiver),  
 Continuously prolonged, and ending never,  
 Till they are lost, and in that beauty furled  
 Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world ;  
 Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.  
 Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress  
 And her loose hair ; and where some heavy tress  
 The air of her own speed has disentwined,  
 The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind ;  
 And in the soul a wild odor is felt,  
 Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt  
 Into the bosom of a frozen bud.  
 See where she stands ! a mortal shape indued  
 With love and life and light and deity,  
 And motion which may change but can not die ;  
 An image of some bright eternity ;  
 A shadow of some golden dream ; a splendor  
 Leaving the third sphere pilotless ; a tender  
 Reflection on the eternal moon of love  
 Under whose motions life's dull billows move ;  
 A metaphor of spring and youth and morning ;  
 A vision like incarnate April, warning,  
 With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy  
 Into his summer grave.

Ah ! woe is me !

What have I dared ? where am I lifted ? how  
 Shall I descend, and perish not ? I know  
 That love makes all things equal : I have heard  
 By mine own heart this joyous truth averred :  
 The spirit of the worm beneath the sod  
 In love and worship, blends itself with God.

Spouse ! sister ! angel ! Pilot of the fate  
 Whose course has been so starless ! O too late  
 Beloved ! O too soon adored, by me !  
 For in the fields of immortality  
 My spirit should at first have worshiped thine,  
 A divine presence in a place divine ;  
 Or should have moved beside it on this earth,  
 A shadow of that substance, from its birth ;  
 But not as now : I love thee ; yes, I feel  
 That on the fountain of my heart a seal  
 Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright  
 For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast delight.  
 We— are we not formed, as notes of music are,  
 For one another, though dissimilar ;  
 Such difference, without discord, as can make  
 Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake  
 As trembling leaves in a continuous air ?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare

Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wreckt.  
 I never was attached to that great sect,  
 Whose doctrine is, that each one should select  
 Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,  
 And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend  
 To cold oblivion, though it is in the code  
 Of modern morals, and the beaten road  
 Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,  
 Who travel to their home among the dead  
 By the broad highway of the world, and so  
 With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,  
 The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True love in this differs from gold and clay,  
 That to divide is not to take away.  
 Love is like understanding, that grows bright,  
 Gazing on many truths; 'tis like thy light.  
 Imagination! which, from earth and sky,  
 And from the depths of human phantasy,  
 As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills  
 The universe with glorious beams, and kills  
 Error, the worm, with many a sunlike arrow  
 Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow  
 The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,  
 The life that wears, the spirit that creates  
 One object and one form, and builds thereby  
 A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in this:  
 Evil from good; misery from happiness;  
 The baser from the nobler; the impure  
 And frail from what is clear and must endure.  
 If you divide suffering and dross, you may  
 Diminish till it is consumed away;  
 If you divide pleasure and love and thought,  
 Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not  
 How much, while any yet remains unshared,  
 Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared:  
 This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw  
 The unenvied light of hope — the eternal law  
 By which those live, to whom this world of life  
 Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife  
 Tills for the promise of a later birth  
 The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a being whom my spirit oft  
 Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,  
 In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,  
 Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,  
 Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves  
 Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves  
 Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor  
 Paved her light steps: on an imagined shore,

Under the gray beak of some promontory  
 She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,  
 That I beheld her not. In solitudes  
 Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,  
 And from the fountains and the odors deep  
 Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep  
 Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,  
 Breathed but of *her* to the enamored air ;  
 And from the breezes whether low or loud,  
 And from the rain of every passing cloud,  
 And from the singing of the summer birds,  
 And from all sounds, all silence. In the words  
 Of antique verse and high romance — in form,  
 Sound, color — in whatever checks that storm  
 Which with the shattered present chokes the past ;  
 And in that best philosophy, whose taste  
 Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom  
 As glorious as a fiery martyrdom :  
 Her spirit was the harmony of truth. —

Then from the caverns of my dreamy youth  
 I sprang, as one sandaled with plumes of fire,  
 And toward the lodestar of my one desire  
 I fitted like a dizzy moth, whose flight  
 Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,  
 When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere  
 A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,  
 As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.  
 But she, whom prayers or tears then could not tame,  
 Passed, like a god throned on a wingèd planet,  
 Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,  
 Into the dreary cone of our life's shade ;  
 And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,  
 I would have followed, though the grave between  
 Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen :  
 When a voice said, " O thou of hearts the weakest,  
 The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest !"  
 Then I : " Where ?" The world's echo answered, " Where !"  
 And in that silence, and in my despair,  
 I questioned every tongueless wind that flew  
 Over my tower of mourning, if it knew  
 Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul ;  
 And murmured names and spells which have control  
 Over the sightless tyrants of our fate ;  
 But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate  
 The night which closed on her, nor uncreate  
 That world within this chaos, mine and me,  
 Of which she was the veiled divinity,  
 The world I say of thoughts that worshiped her :  
 And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear  
 And every gentle passion sick to death,  
 Feeding my course with expectation's breath,  
 Into the wintry forest of our life ;  
 And struggling through its error with vain strife,

And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,  
 And half bewildered by new forms, I past  
 Seeking among those untaught foresters  
 If I could find one form resembling hers,  
 In which she might have masked herself from me.  
 There, one whose voice was venom'd melody  
 Sate by a well, under blue night-shade bowers;  
 The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,  
 Her touch was as electric poison — flame  
 Out of her looks into my vitals came,  
 And from her living cheeks and bosom flew  
 A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew  
 Into the core of my green heart, and lay  
 Upon its leaves; until, as hair grown gray  
 O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime  
 With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought  
 The shadow of that idol of my thought.  
 And some were fair — but beauty dies away;  
 Others were wise — but honeyed words betray;  
 And one was true — oh: why not true to me?  
 Then, as a hunted deer that could not flee,  
 I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,  
 Wounded and weak and panting; the cold day  
 Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain,  
 When, like a noonday dawn, there shone again  
 Deliverance. One stood on my path who seemed  
 As like the glorious shape which I had dreamed  
 As is the moon, whose changes ever run  
 Into themselves, to the eternal sun;  
 The cold chaste moon, the queen of heaven's bright isles,  
 Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles.  
 That wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame  
 Which ever is transformed, yet still the same,  
 And warms not but illumines. Young and fair  
 As the descended spirit of that sphere,  
 She hid me, as the moon may hide the night  
 From its own darkness, until all was bright  
 Between the heaven and earth of my calm mind,  
 And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,  
 She led me to a cave in that wild place,  
 And sate beside me, with her downward face  
 Illumining my slumbers, like the moon  
 Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.  
 And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,  
 And all my being became bright or dim  
 As the moon's image in a summer sea,  
 According as she smiled or frowned on me  
 And there I lay within a chaste cold bed:  
 Alas! I then was nor alive nor dead:  
 For at her silver voice came Death and Life,  
 Unmindful each of their accustomed strife,

Masked like twin babes, a sister and a brother,  
 The wandering hopes of one abandoned mother,  
 And through the caverns without wings they flew,  
 And cried, "Away, he is not of our crew."  
 I wept, and though it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,  
 Blotting that Moon, whose pale and waning lips  
 Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse;  
 And how my soul was as a lampless sea,  
 And who was then its Tempest; and when She,  
 The Planet of that hour, was quenched, what frost  
 Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast  
 The moving billows of my being fell  
 Into a death of ice, immoveable;  
 And then what earthquakes made it gape and split,  
 The white Moon smiling all the while on it,  
 These words conceal:— If not, each word would be  
 The key of stanchless tears. Weep not for me!

At length, into the obscure Forest came  
 The vision I had sought through grief and shame.  
 Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns  
 Flashed from her motion splendor like the Morn's,  
 And from her presence life was radiated  
 Through the gray earth and branches bare and dead;  
 So that her way was paved, and roofed above  
 With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love;  
 And music from her respiration spread  
 Like light, all other sounds were penetrated  
 By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,  
 So that the savage winds hung mute around;  
 And odors warm and fresh fell from her hair  
 Dissolving the dull cold in the froze air:  
 Soft as an incarnation of the Sun,  
 When light is changed to love, this glorious One  
 Floated into the cavern where I lay,  
 And called my Spirit, and the dreaming clay  
 Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below  
 As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow  
 I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night  
 Was penetrating me with living light:  
 I knew it was the vision veiled from me  
 So many years — that it was Emily.

Twin Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth,  
 This world of love, this *me*; and into birth  
 Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart  
 Magnetic might into its central heart;  
 And lift its billows and its mists, and guide  
 By everlasting laws each wind and tide  
 To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave;  
 And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave

Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers  
 The armies of the rainbow-winged showers;  
 And, as those married lights, which from the towers  
 Of heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe  
 In liquid sleep and splendor, as a robe;  
 And all their many-mingled influence blend  
 If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end;  
 So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway,  
 Govern my sphere of being, night and day!  
 Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed might;  
 Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light;  
 And, through the shadow of the seasons three,  
 From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,  
 Light it into the Winter of the tomb,  
 Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.  
 Thou too, O Comet, beautiful and fierce,  
 Who drew the heart of this frail Universe  
 Toward thine own; till, wrecked in that convulsion,  
 Alternating attraction and repulsion,  
 Thine went astray and that was rent in twain;  
 Oh, float into our azure heaven again!  
 Be there love's folding star at thy return;  
 The living Sun will feed thee from its urn  
 Of golden fire; the Moon will veil her horn  
 In thy last smiles; adoring Even and Morn  
 Will worship thee with incense of calm breath  
 And lights and shadows; as the star of Death  
 And birth is worshiped by those sisters wild  
 Called Hope and Fear—upon the heart are piled  
 Their offerings, of this sacrifice divine  
 A world shall be the altar.

Lady mine,

Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth  
 Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts forth,  
 Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,  
 Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me  
 To whatso'er of dull mortality  
 Is mine, remain a vestal sister still;  
 To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,  
 Not mine, but me, henceforth be thou united  
 Even as a bride, delighting and delighted.  
 The hour is come:—the destined Star has risen  
 Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.  
 The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set  
 The sentinels—but true love never yet  
 Was thus constrained: it overleaps all fence:  
 Like lightning, with invisible violence  
 Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath,  
 Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death,  
 Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way  
 Through temple, tower and palace, and the array  
 Of arms: more strength has Love than he or they;

For he can burst his charnel, and make free  
The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,  
The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,

A ship is floating in the harbor now,  
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow ;  
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,  
No keel has ever plowed that path before,  
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles ;  
The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles ;  
The merry mariners are bold and free :  
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me ?  
Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest  
Is a far Eden of the purple East ;  
And we between her wings will sit, while Night  
And Day and Storm and Calm, pursue their flight,  
Our ministers, along the boundless sea,  
Treading each other's heels, unheededly.  
It is an isle under Ionian skies,  
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,  
And, for the harbors are not safe and good,  
This land would have remained a solitude  
But for some pastoral people native there,  
Who from the Elysian, clear and golden air  
Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,  
Simple and spirited ; innocent and bold.  
The blue Ægean girls this chosen home,  
With ever-changing sound and light and foam,  
Kissing the silted sands, and caverns hoar ;  
And all the winds wandering along the shore  
Undulate with the undulating tide :  
There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide ;  
And many a fountain, rivulet and pond,  
As clear as elemental diamond,  
Or serene morning air ; and far beyond,  
The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer  
(Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year),  
Pierce into glades, caverns and bowers and halls  
Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls  
Illumining, with sound that never fails,  
Accompany the noonday nightingales ;  
And all the place is peopled with sweet airs ;  
The light clear element which the isle wears  
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,  
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,  
And falls upon the eye-lids like faint sleep ;  
And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,  
And dart their arrowy odor through the brain  
Till you might faint with that delicious pain.  
And every motion, odor, beam and tone,  
With that deep music is in unison :  
Which is a soul within the soul — they seem  
Like echoes of an antenatal dream.

It is an isle 'twixt heaven, air, earth and sea,  
 Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity ;  
 Bright as that wandering Eden-Lucifer,  
 Washed by the soft blue oceans of young air.  
 It is a favored place. Famine or blight.  
 Pestilence, war and earthquake, never light  
 Upon its mountain-peaks : blind vultures, they  
 Sail onward far upon their fatal way :  
 The wingèd storms, chanting their thunder-psalm  
 To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm  
 Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,  
 From which its fields and woods ever renew  
 Their green and golden immortality.  
 And from the sea there rise, and from the sky  
 There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,  
 Vail after vail, each hiding some delight.  
 Which sun or moon or zephyr draw aside,  
 Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride  
 Glowing at once with love and loveliness,  
 Blushes and trembles at its own excess :  
 Yet, like a buried lamp, a soul no less  
 Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,  
 An atom of the Eternal, whose own smile  
 Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen,  
 O'er the gray rocks, blue waves and forests green,  
 Filling their bare and void interstices. —  
 But the chief marvel of the wilderness  
 Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how  
 None of the rustic island-people know :  
 'Tis not a tower of strength, though with its hight  
 It overtops the woods ; but, for delight,  
 Some wise and tender ocean-king, ere crime  
 Had been invented, in the world's young prime,  
 Reared it, a wonder of that simple time,  
 An envy of the isles, a pleasure-house  
 Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.  
 It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,  
 But, as it were, Titanic ; in the heart  
 Of Earth having assumed its form, then grown  
 Out of the mountains, from the living stone,  
 Lifting itself in caverns light and high :  
 For all the antique and learned imagery  
 Has been erased, and in the place of it  
 The ivy and the wild vine interknit  
 The volumes of their many-twining stems ;  
 Parasite flowers illumine with dewy gems  
 The lampless halls, and when they fade, the sky  
 Peeps through their winter-woof of tracery  
 With moonlight patches, or star atoms keen,  
 Or fragments of the day's intense serene ;  
 Working mosaic on their Parian floors.  
 And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers  
 And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem  
 To sleep in one another's arms, and dream



Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we  
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed  
Thee to be lady of the solitude.  
And I have fitted up some chambers there  
Looking toward the golden eastern air,  
And level with the living winds, which flow  
Like waves above the living waves below.  
I have sent books and music there, and all  
Those instruments with which high spirits call  
The future from its cradle, and the past  
Out of its grave, and make the present last  
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but can not die,  
Folded within their own eternity.  
Our simple life wants little, and true taste  
Hires not the pale drudge Luxury to waste  
The scene it would adorn, and therefore still,  
Nature, with all her children, haunts the hill.  
The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy, yet  
Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit  
Round the evening tower, and the young stars glance  
Between the quick bats in their twilight dance :  
The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight  
Before our gate, and the slow silent night  
Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.  
Be this our home in life, and when years heap  
Their withered hours, like leaves, on our decay,  
Let us become the overhanging day,  
The living soul of this Elysian isle,  
Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile  
We two will rise and sit and walk together,  
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,  
And wander in the meadows, or ascend  
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend  
With lightest winds, to touch their paramour ;  
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,  
Under the quick faint kisses of the sea,  
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy —  
Possessing and possessed by all that is  
Within that calm circumference of bliss.  
And by each other, till to love and live,  
Be one : or, at the noontide hour, arrive  
Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep  
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,  
Through which the awakened day can never peep ;  
A veil for our seclusion, close as night's,  
Where secure sleep may kill thine innocent lights ;  
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain  
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.  
And we will talk, until thought's melody  
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die  
In words, to live again in looks, which dart  
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,

Harmonizing silence without a sound.  
 Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,  
 And our veins beat together ; and our lips,  
 With other eloquence than words, eclipse  
 The soul that burns between them, and the wells  
 Which boil under our being's inmost cells,  
 The fountains of our deepest life, shall be  
 Confused in passion's golden purity,  
 As mountain-springs under the morning sun.  
 We shall become the same, we shall be one  
 Spirit within two frames, oh ! wherefore two ?  
 One passion in twin hearts, which grows and grew  
 Till like two meteors of expanding flame,  
 Those spheres instinct with it become the same,  
 Touch, mingle, are transfigured : ever still  
 Burning, yet ever inconsumable :  
 In one another's substance finding food,  
 Like flames too pure and light and unimbued  
 To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,  
 Which point to heaven, and can not pass away :  
 One hope within two wills, one will beneath  
 Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,  
 One heaven, one hell, one immortality,  
 And one annihilation. Woe is me !  
 The wingèd words on which my soul would pierce  
 Into the hight of Love's rare universe,  
 Are chains of lead around its flight of fire. —  
 I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire !

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Weak Verses, go, kneel at your sovereign's feet,  
 And say, " We are the masters of thy slave ;  
 What wouldst thou with us and ours and thine ?"  
 Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,  
 All singing loud, " Love's very pain is sweet,  
 But its reward is in the world divine,  
 Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave."  
 So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste  
 Over the hearts of men, until ye meet  
 Marina, Vanna, Primus and the rest,  
 And bid them love each other and be blest :  
 And leave the troop which errs and which reproves,  
 And come and be my guest — for I am Love's.

# ADONAIΣ:

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS.

AUTHOR OF 'ENDYMION,' 'HYPERION,' ETC.

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*Ἄστηρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζώοισιν ἕως.
Νῦν δὲ θανῶν, λάμπεις ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.*

Plato.



P R E F A C E .

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον εἶδες·
Πῶς τευ τοῖς χεῖλεσσι πυτέδραμε, κοῦκ ἐγλυκάνθη;
Τίς δὲ βροτῶς τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ἢ κεράσαι τοι,
Ἡ δοῦναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἔκφυγεν ᾧδάν.

MOSCHUS, EPITAPH. BION.

IT is my intention to subjoin to the London edition of this poem, a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modeled, prove, at least that I am an impartial judge. I consider the fragment of 'Hyperion' as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats died at Rome, of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the — of —, 1821; and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses, was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where canker-worms abound, what wonder, if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his 'Endymion,' which appeared in the Quarterly Review, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a bloodvessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said, that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one, like Keats's, composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to 'Endymion,' was it a poem, whatever might be its de-

facts, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, 'Paris' and 'Woman' and a 'Syrian Tale' and Mrs. Lefanu and Mr. Barret and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who, in their venal good nature, presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the elegy was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of 'Endymion' was exasperated at the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect, to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career — may the unextinguished spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name!

ADONAIS.

I WEEP for ADONAIS—he is dead !
 Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our tears
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
 And teach them thine own sorrow : say, “ With me
 Died Adonais ; till the Future dares
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity ! ”

Where wert thou, mighty mother, when he lay,
 When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
 In darkness ? where was lorn Urania
 When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,
 'Mid listening echoes, in her paradise
 She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,
 With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead !
 Wake, melancholy mother, wake and weep !
 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
 Descend : oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
 Will yet restore him to the vital air :
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !
 Lament anew, Urania ! He died.
 Who was the sire of an immortal strain,
 Blind, old and lonely, when his country's pride—
 The priest, the slave and the liberticide—
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite
 Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,
 Into the gulf of death ; but his clear sprite
 Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb ;
 And happier they their happiness who knew,
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
 In which suns perished ; others more sublime,
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished,
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
 And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew ;
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
 The bloom, whose petals, nipped before they blew,
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;
 The broken lily lies — the storm is overpast.

To that high capital, where kingly Death
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
 He came ; and bought, with price of purest breath,
 A grave among the eternal. — Come away !
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof ! while still
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay :
 Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more. oh, never more ! —
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;
 The eternal hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais ! — The quick Dreams,
 The passion-wingèd ministers of Thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not —
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung ; and mourn their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home again.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
 " Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead ;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
 A tear some dream has loosened from his brain."
 Lost angel of a ruined paradise !
 She knew not 'twas her own ; as with no stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
 Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them ;
 Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;

Another in her willful grief would break
 Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
 A greater loss with one which was more weak ;
 And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another splendor on his mouth alit,
 That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath
 Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart beneath
 With lightning and with music : the damp death
 Quenched its caress upon its icy lips ;
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came — Desires and Adorations,
 Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
 Splendors and Glooms and glimmering Incarnations
 Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight Phantasies ;
 And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
 And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
 Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
 Came in slow pomp — the moving pomp might seem
 Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
 From shape and hue and odor and sweet sound,
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watchtower, and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day ;
 Afar the melancholy Thunder moaned,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
 And the wild Winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day,
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain they pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds — a drear
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?
 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou Adonais : wan they stand and sere
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,
 With dew all turned to tears ; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
 As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
 And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
 But grief returns with the revolving year;
 The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
 The ants, the bees, the swallows, reappear;
 Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
 And build their mossy homes in field and brere:
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
 A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
 As it has ever done, with change and motion,
 From the great morning of the world when first
 God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed,
 The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
 All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
 Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
 The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
 Naught we know dies. Shall that alone which knows
 Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
 By sightless lightning? — th' intense atom glows
 A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
 But for our grief, as if it had not been,
 And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
 Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
 The actors or spectators? Great and mean
 Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
 A wound more fierce than his tears and sighs."
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,

And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
 Had held in holy silence, cried, " Arise !"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night that springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Has left the earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt, Urania,
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere
 Of stormy mist ; so swept her on her way,
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her aery tread
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell :
 And barbed tongues and thoughts more sharp than they
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death.
 Shamed by the presence of that living Might,
 Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
 Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
 Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
 " Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night !
 Leave me not !" cried Urania : her distress
 Roused Death : Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

" Stay yet a while ! speak to me once again ;
 Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;
 And in my heartless breast and burning brain
 That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
 With food of saddest memory kept alive,
 Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
 Of thee, my Adonais ! I would give
 All that I am to be as thou now art !
 But I am chained to Time, and can not thence depart !

· " O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
 Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
 Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
 Dare the unpastured dragon in his den ?
 Defenceless as thou wert, oh ! where was then
 Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear ?
 Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
 Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere.
 The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

“ The herded wolves, bold only to pursue ;
 The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead ;
 The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,
 Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
 And whose wings rain contagion ; how they fled,
 When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped
 And smiled ! The spoilers tempt no second blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

“ The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn ;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again ;
 So it is in the world of living men :
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.”

Thus ceased she : and the mountain shepherds came
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent ;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity whose fame
 Over his living head like heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow ; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form.
 A phantom among men ; companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
 Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
 Actæon like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way.
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—
 A Love in desolation masked ; a Power
 Girt round with weakness ; it can scarce uplift
 The weight of the superincumbent hour ;
 It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
 A breaking billow ; even while we speak
 Is it not broken ? On the withering flower
 The killing sun smiles brightly : on a cheek
 The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,
 And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue ;
 And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
 Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew
 Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,

Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
 Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
 He came the last, neglected and apart;
 A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
 Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
 Who in another's fate now wept his own;
 As in the accents of an unknown land
 He sang new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
 The Stranger's mien, and murmured: "Who art thou?"
 He answered not, but with a sudden hand
 Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
 Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh! that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
 In mockery of monumental stone,
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
 If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
 Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one;
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison — oh!
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
 The nameless worm would now itself disown:
 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
 But what was howling in one breast alone,
 Silent with expectation of the song,
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
 Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
 But be thyself, and know thy self to be!
 And ever at thy season be thou free
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
 Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.
 Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
 While thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep —
 He hath awakened from the dream of life —
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings — *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain ;
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he ;
 Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn,
 Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
 Which like a mourning-vail thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;
 He is a presence to be felt and known
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
 Which wields the world with never wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
 All new successions to the forms they wear
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
 And death is a low mist which can not blot
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought

Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
 And love and life contend in it, for what
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
 Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
 Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought,
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved,
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,
 But whose transmitted effluence can not die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry;
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid a heaven of song.
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? oh come forth,
 Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Sate the void circumference; then shrink
 Even to a point within our day and night;
 And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
 Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught
 That ages, empires and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
 For such as he can lend — they borrow not
 Glory from those who made the world their prey;
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought
 Who waged contention with their time's decay.
 And of the past are all that can not pass away.

Go thou to Rome — at once the paradise,
 The grave, the city and the wilderness;
 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
 And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
 The bones of Desolation's nakedness
 Pass, till the spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
 And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
 Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
 This refuge for his memory, doth stand
 Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath
 A field is spread, on which a newer band
 Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death.
 Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause : these graves are all too young as yet
 To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
 Its charge to each ; and if the seal is set,
 Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
 Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
 Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
 Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

The one remains, the many change and pass ;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly :
 Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments. — Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !
 Follow where all is fled ! — Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart ?
 Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man and woman ; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles — the low wind whispers near ;
 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh hasten thither :
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together !

That Light whose smile kindles the universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Love
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst — now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
 The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !

I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar ;
 While burning through the inmost vail of heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

~~~~~

TO E \* \* \* V \* \* \*.

MADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me  
 Sweet basil and mignonnette ?  
 Embleming love and health, which never yet  
 In the same wreath might be.  
 Alas ! and they are wet !  
 Is it with thy kisses or thy tears !  
 For never rain or dew  
 Such fragrance drew  
 From plant or flower — the very doubt endears  
 My sadness ever new,  
 The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.

March, 1821.

~~~~~

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE sea ! whose waves are years,
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears !
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
 Claspest the limits of mortality !
 And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
 Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore :
 Treacherous in calm and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable sea ?

~~~~~

MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day  
 To-morrow dies :  
 All that we wish to stay,  
 Tempts and then flies ;  
 What is this world's delight ?  
 Lightning that mocks the night,  
 Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !  
 Friendship too rare !  
 Love, how it sells poor bliss  
 For proud despair !  
 But we, though soon they fall,  
 Survive their joy and all  
 Which ours we call.

While skies are blue and bright,  
 While flowers are gay,  
 While eyes that change ere night  
 Make glad the day ;  
 While yet the calm hours creep.  
 Dream thou — and from thy sleep  
 Then wake to weep.

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FROM THE ARABIC.

AN IMITATION.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light  
 Of thy looks, my love ;  
 It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
 For the brooks, my love.  
 Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,  
 Bore thee far from me ;  
 My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,  
 Did companion thee.

Ah ! fleetier far than fleetest storm or steed,  
 Or the death they bear,  
 The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove  
 With the wings of care ;  
 In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,  
 Shall mine cling to thee,  
 Nor claim one smile, for all the comfort, love,  
 It may bring to thee !

---

LINES.

FAR, far away, O ye  
 Halcyons of memory,  
 Seek some far calmer nest  
 Than this abandoned breast —  
 No news of your false spring  
 To my heart's winter bring ;  
 Once having gone, in vain  
 Ye come again.

Vultures, who build your bowers  
 High in the Future's towers,  
 Withered hopes on hopes are spread  
 Dying joys, choked by the dead,  
 Will serve your beaks for prey  
 Many a day.

## TO ———.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory —  
 Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,  
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
 Love itself shall slumber on.

## TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night !  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where all the long and lone daylight,  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
 Which make thee terrible and dear —  
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
 Star-inwrought !  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
 Then wander o'er city and sea and land,  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —  
 Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
 I sighed for thee ;  
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
 Lingering like an unloved guest,  
 I sighed for thee.

## THE FUGITIVES.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
 " Wouldst thou me ?"  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmured like a noontide bee,  
 " Shall I nestle near thy side ?  
 Wouldst thou me ?" — And I replied,  
 " No, not thee !"

Death will come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon —  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, belovèd Night—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon !



## THE FUGITIVES.

## I.

THE waters are flashing,  
 The white hail is dashing,  
 The lightnings are glancing,  
 The hoar spray is dancing —  
 Away !

The whirlwind is rolling  
 The thunder is tolling,  
 The forest is swinging,  
 The minster-bells ringing —  
 Come away !

The earth is like ocean,  
 Wreck-strewn and in motion :  
 Bird, beast, man and worm.  
 Have crept out of the storm —  
 Come away !

## II.

" Our boat has one sail,  
 And the helmsman is pale :  
 A bold pilot, I trow,  
 Who should follow us now !"  
 Shouted he —

And she cried, " Ply the oar :  
 Put off gayly from shore !"  
 As she spoke, bolts of death  
 Mixed with hail, specked their path  
 O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,  
 The blue beacon-cloud broke,  
 Though dumb in the blast,  
 The red cannon flashed fast  
 From the lee.

## III.

“ And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?  
 And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?  
 And drive we not free  
 O'er the terrible sea,  
 I and thou ? ”

One boat-cloak did cover  
 The loved and the lover —  
 Their blood beats one measure,  
 They murmur proud pleasure  
 Soft and low —

While around, the lashed ocean,  
 Like mountains in motion,  
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,  
 Sunk, shattered and shifted,  
 To and fro.

## IV.

In the court of the fortress  
 Beside the pale portress,  
 Like a bloodhound well beaten  
 The bridegroom stands, eaten  
 By shame ;

On the topmost watchturret,  
 As a death-boding spirit,  
 Stands the gray tyrant-father :  
 To his voice the mad weather  
 Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild  
 As ere clung to child,  
 He devotes to the blast  
 The best, loveliest and last  
 Of his name !

~~~~~  
 TO ———.

MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed ;
 Yes, I was firm — thus wert not thou ;
 My baffled looks did fear yet dread
 To meet thy looks : I could not know

How anxiously they sought to shine
With soothing pity upon mine.

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
Which preys upon itself alone ;
To curse the life which is the cage
Of fettered grief that dares not groan,
Hiding from many a careless eye
The scornèd load of agony.

While thou alone, then not regarded,
The [] thou alone should be.
To spend years thus, and be rewarded,
As thou, sweet love, requited me
When none were near. Oh ! I did wake
From torture for that moment's sake.

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
Of peace and pity fell like dew
On flowers half dead ; thy lips did meet
Mine tremblingly ; thy dark eyes threw
Their soft persuasion on my brain,
Charming away its dream of pain.

We are not happy, sweet ! our state
Is strange and full of doubt and fear ;
More need of words that ills abate ;
Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship — lest there be
No solace left for thou and me.

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
Nor can I live if thou appear
Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
Away from me, or stoop to wear
The mask of scorn, although it be
To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

~~~~~  
SONG.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight !  
Wherefore hast thou left me now  
Many a day and night ?  
Many a weary night and day  
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
Win thee back again ?  
With the joyous and the free  
Thou wilt scoff at pain.

Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
Of a trembling leaf,  
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;  
Even the sighs of grief  
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
To a merry measure :  
Thou wilt never come for pity —  
Thou wilt come for pleasure.  
Pity then will cut away  
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight !  
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,  
And the starry night ;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost :  
I love waves and winds and storms,  
Everything almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
And such society  
As is quiet, wise and good :  
Between thee and me  
What difference ? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings.  
And like light can flee,  
But, above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee :  
Thou art love and life ! O come,  
Make once more my heart thy home !



TO \_\_\_\_\_.

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,  
If tenderness and truth could last  
Or live, while all wild feelings keep  
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,  
I should not weep, I should not weep !

It were enough to feel, to see  
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,  
 And dream the rest — and burn and be  
 The secret food of fires unseen,  
 Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year  
 The woodland violets reappear,  
 All things revive in field or grove,  
 And sky and sea, but two, which move,  
 And for all others, life and love.



### LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF  
 NAPOLEON.

WHAT! alive and so bold, O Earth?  
 Art thou not over-bold?  
 What! leapest thou forth as of old  
 In the light of thy morning mirth,  
 The last of the flock of the starry fold?  
 Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?  
 Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,  
 And canst thou more, Napoleon being dead?

How! is not thy quick heart cold?  
 What spark is alive on thy hearth?  
 How! is not *his* death-knell knolled?  
 And livest *thou* still, mother Earth?  
 Thou wert warming thy fingers old  
 O'er the embers covered and cold  
 Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled —  
 What, mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

“Who has known me of old?” replied Earth,  
 “Or who has my story told?  
 It is thou who art over-bold.”  
 And the lightning of scorn laughed forth  
 As she sung, “To my bosom I fold  
 All my sons when their knell is knolled,  
 And so with living motion all are fed,  
 And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.”

“Still alive and still bold!” shouted Earth,  
 “I grow bolder, and still more bold.  
 The dead fill me ten thousand fold  
 Fuller of speed and splendor and mirth;  
 I was cloudy and sullen and cold,  
 Like a frozen chaos uprolled,



Till by the spirit of the mighty dead  
My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

“ Ay, alive, and still bold,” muttered Earth,  
“ Napoleon’s fierce spirit rolled,  
In terror and blood and gold,  
A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.  
Leave the millions who follow to mould  
The metal before it be cold,  
And weave into his shame, which like the dead  
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled.”

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## EVENING.

PONTE A MARE, PISA.

THE sun is set ; the swallows are asleep ;  
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air ;  
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,  
And Evening’s breath, wandering here and there  
Over the quivering surface of the stream,  
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,  
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees ;  
The wind is intermitting, dry and light ;  
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze  
The dust and straws are driven up and down,  
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river  
The wrinkled image of the city lay,  
Immovably unquiet, and for ever  
It trembles, but it never fades away ;  
Go to the [                                                 ]  
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut  
By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,  
Like mountain over mountain huddled — but  
Growing and moving upward in a crowd,  
And over it a space of watery blue,  
Which the keen evening-star is shining through.

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## A FRAGMENT.

As a violet’s gentle eye  
Gazes on the azure sky,

Until its hue grows like what it beholds ;  
 As a gray and empty mist  
 Lies like solid amethyst,  
 Over the western mountain it enfolds,  
 When the sunset sleeps  
 Upon its snow.

As a strain of sweetest sound  
 Wraps itself the wind around,  
 Until the voiceless wind be music too ;  
 As aught dark, vain and dull,  
 Basking in what is beautiful,  
 Is full of light and love.



## GINEVRA.\*

WILD, pale and wonder-stricken, even as one  
 Who staggers forth into the air and sun  
 From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,  
 Bewildered and incapable and ever  
 Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain  
 Of usual shapes, till the familiar train  
 Of objects and of persons passed like things  
 Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,  
 Ginevra from the nuptial altar went ;  
 The vows to which her lips had sworn assent  
 Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,  
 Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,  
 Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,  
 And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,  
 And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth —  
 And of the gold and jewels glittering there  
 She scarce felt conscious — but the weary glare  
 Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,  
 Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.  
 A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud  
 Was less heavenly fair — her face was bowed,  
 And as she passed, the diamonds in her hair  
 Were mirrored in the polished marble stair  
 Which led from the cathedral to the street ;  
 And even as she went her light fair feet  
 Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,  
 Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,

\* This fragment is part of a poem which Shelley intended to write, founded on a story to be found in the first volume of a book entitled 'L'Osservatore Fiorentino.'

Envyng the unenviable ; and others  
 Making the joy which should have been another's  
 Their own by gentle sympathy ; and some  
 Sighing to think of an unhappy home ;  
 Some few admiring what can ever lure  
 Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure  
 Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat ; a thing  
 Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.

But they are all dispersed — and lo ! she stands  
 Looking in idle grief on her white hands,  
 Alone within the garden now her own ;  
 And through the sunny air with jangling tone,  
 The music of the merry marriage-bells,  
 Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells ;  
 Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams  
 That he is dreaming, until slumber seems  
 A mockery of itself — when suddenly  
 Antonio stood before her, pale as she.  
 With agony, with sorrow and with pride,  
 He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,  
 And said, " Is this thy faith ? " and then as one  
 Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun  
 With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise  
 And look upon his day of life with eyes  
 Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,  
 Ginevra saw her lover, and forbore  
 To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood  
 Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued  
 Said, " Friend, if earthly violence or ill,  
 Suspicion, doubt or the tyrannic will  
 Of parents, chance or custom, time or change  
 Or circumstance or terror or revenge  
 Or wildered looks or words or evil speech,  
 With all their stings and venom can impeach  
 Our love — we love not : if the grave which hides  
 The victim from the tyrant, and divides  
 The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart  
 Imperious inquisition to the heart  
 That is another's, could dissever ours,  
 We love not." — " What ! do not the silent hours  
 Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed ?  
 Is not that ring " — a pledge, he would have said,  
 Of broken vows, but she with patient look  
 The golden circle from her finger took,  
 And said, " Accept this token of my faith,  
 The pledge of vows to be absolved by death :  
 And I am dead, or shall be soon — my knell  
 Will mix its music with that merry bell ;  
 Does it not sound as if they sweetly said,  
 ' We toll a corpse out of the marriage-bed ?'  
 The flowers upon my bridal-chamber strewn  
 Will serve unfaded for my bier — so soon

That even the dying violet will not die  
 Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy  
 Had made her accents weaker and more weak,  
 And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,  
 And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere  
 Round her, which chilled the burning noon with fear,  
 Making her but an image of the thought,  
 Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought  
 News of the terrors of the coming time.  
 Like an accuser branded with the crime  
 He would have cast on a beloved friend,  
 Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end  
 The pale betrayer — he then with vain repentance  
 Would share, he can not now avert, the sentence —  
 Antonio stood, and would have spoken, when  
 The compound voice of women and of men  
 Was heard approaching: he retired, while she  
 Was led amid the admiring company  
 Back to the palace — and her maidens soon  
 Changed her attire for the afternoon,  
 And left her at her own request to keep  
 An hour of quiet and rest: like one asleep  
 With open eyes and folded hands she lay,  
 Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,  
 And in the lighted hall the guests are met;  
 The beautiful looked lovelier in the light  
 Of love and admiration and delight,  
 Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes  
 Kindling a momentary paradise.  
 This crowd is safer than the silent wood,  
 Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;  
 On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine  
 Falls, and the dew of music more divine  
 Tempers the deep emotions of the time  
 To spirits cradled in a sunny clime:  
 How many meet, who never yet have met,  
 To part too soon, but never to forget!  
 How many saw the beauty, power and wit  
 Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet!  
 But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,  
 As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,  
 And unprophetic of the coming hours,  
 The matin winds from the expanded flowers  
 Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken  
 The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken  
 From every living heart which it possesses,  
 Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,  
 As if the future and the past were all  
 Treasured i' the instant — so Gherardi's hall  
 Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,  
 Till some one asked, "Where is the bride?" And then  
 A bride's-maid went — and ere she came again

A silence fell upon the guests — a pause  
 Of expectation, as when beauty awes  
 All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld ;  
 Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled :  
 For whispers passed from mouth to ear which drew  
 The color from the hearer's cheeks, and flew  
 Louder and swifter round the company ;  
 And then Gherardi entered with an eye  
 Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd  
 Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead ! if it be death  
 To lie without motion or pulse or breath,  
 With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff and white,  
 And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light  
 Mocked at the speculation they had owned.  
 If it be death, when there is felt around  
 A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,  
 And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair  
 From the scalp to the ankles, as it were  
 Corruption from the spirit passing forth,  
 And giving all it shrouded to the earth,  
 And leaving as swift lightning in its flight  
 Ashes and smoke and darkness : in our night  
 Of thought we know thus much of death — no more  
 Than the unborn dream of our life before  
 Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore.  
 The marriage-feast and its solemnity  
 Was turned to funeral pomp : the company,  
 With heavy hearts and looks, broke up ; nor they  
 Who loved the dead went weeping on their way  
 Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise  
 Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,  
 On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,  
 Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.  
 The lamps which half extinguished in their haste  
 Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,  
 Showed as it were within the vaulted room  
 A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom  
 Had passed out of men's minds into the air.  
 Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,  
 Friends and relations of the dead — and he,  
 A loveless man, accepted torpidly  
 The consolation that he wanted not,  
 Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.  
 Their whispers made the solemn silence seem  
 More still, some wept, [                    ]  
 Some melted into tears without a sob,  
 And some with hearts that might be heard to throb  
 Leaned on the table, and at intervals  
 Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls  
 And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came  
 Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame

Of every torch and taper as it swept  
 From out the chamber where the women kept ;  
 Their tears fell on the dear companion cold  
 Of pleasures now departed ; then was knolled  
 The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,  
 And finding death their penitent had shrived,  
 Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon  
 A vulture has just feasted to the bone.  
 And then the mourning-women came.—

\* \* \* \* \*

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THE DIRGE.

OLD Winter was gone  
 In his weakness back to the mountains hoar,  
 And the Spring came down  
 From the planet that hovers upon the shore  
 Where the sea of sunlight encroaches  
 On the limits of wintry night ;  
 If the land and the air and the sea  
 Rejoice not when Spring approaches,  
 We did not rejoice in thee,  
 Ginevra !

She is still, she is cold  
 On the bridal couch,  
 One step to the white death bed,  
 And one to the bier,  
 And one to the charnel — and one, oh where ?  
 The dark arrow fled  
 In the noon.

Ere the sun through heaven once more has rolled,  
 The rats in her heart  
 Will have made their nest,  
 And the worms be alive in her golden hair,  
 While the spirit that guides the sun  
 Sits throned in his flaming chair,  
 She shall sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*



TO-MORROW.

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow ?  
 When young and old, and strong and weak,  
 Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,  
 Thy sweet smiles we ever seek —  
 In thy place — ah ! well-a-day !  
 We find the thing we fled — To-day.

## A FRAGMENT.

THEY were two cousins, almost like two twins,  
 Except that from the catalogue of sins  
 Nature had razed their love — which could not be  
 But by dissevering their nativity.  
 And so they grew together, like two flowers  
 Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers  
 Lull or awaken in their purple prime,  
 Which the same hand will gather — the same clime  
 Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see  
 All those who love — and who ever loved like thee,  
 Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,  
 Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow  
 The ardors of a vision which obscure  
 The very idol of its portraiture;  
 He faints, dissolved into a sense of love;  
 But thou art as a planet sphered above,  
 But thou art Love itself — ruling the motion  
 Of his subjected spirit — such emotion  
 Must end in sin or sorrow, if sweet May  
 Had not brought forth this morn — your wedding-day.



## A BRIDAL SONG.

THE golden gates of sleep unbar  
 Where strength and beauty met together,  
 Kindle their image like a star  
 In a sea of glassy weather.  
 Night, with all thy stars, look down —  
 Darkness, weep thy holiest dew —  
 Never smiled the inconstant moon  
 On a pair so true.  
 Let eyes not see their own delight:  
 Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight  
 Oft renew.

Fairies, sprites and angels, keep her!  
 Holy stars, permit no wrong!  
 And return to wake the sleeper,  
 Dawn — ere it be long.  
 O joy! O fear! what will be done  
 In the absence of the sun!  
 Come along!

## A LAMENT.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,  
 Swifter far than youth's delight,  
 Swifter far than happy night,  
     Art thou come and gone ;  
 As the earth when leaves are dead,  
 As the night when sleep is sped,  
 As the heart when joy is fled,  
     I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,  
 The owlet Night resumes her reign,  
 But the wild swan Youth is fain  
     To fly with thee, false as thou.  
 My heart each day desires the morrow,  
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow.  
 Vainly would my winter borrow  
     Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,  
 Roses for a matron's head,  
 Violet's for a maiden dead,  
     Pansies let my flowers be ;  
 On the living grave I bear  
 Scatter them without a tear :  
 Let no friend, however dear,  
     Waste one hope, one fear for me.

~~~~~  
 TO _____.

ONE word is too often profaned
 For me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained
 For thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair
 For prudence to smother,
 And pity from thee more dear
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the Heavens reject not —
 The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

THE BOAT,

ON THE SERCHIO.

OUR boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,
 Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
 The helm sways idly, hither and thither ;
 Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,
 And the oars and the sails ; but 'tis sleeping fast,
 Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
 And the thin white moon lay withering there,
 To tower and cavern and rift and tree
 The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
 Day had kindled the dewy woods
 And the rocks above and the stream below,
 And the vapors in their multitudes,
 And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow,
 And clothed with light of aery gold
 The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,
 The lark and the thrush and the swallow free ;
 And the milkmaid's song and the mower's sythe,
 And the matin-bell and the mountain-bee ;
 Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
 Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
 Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :
 The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
 The crickets were still in the meadow and hill ;
 Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
 Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
 Fled from the brains which are their prey,
 From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each,
 Who shaped us to his ends and not our own ;
 The million rose to learn, and one to teach
 What none yet ever knew or can be known.

And many rose

Whose woe was such that fear became desire ;
 Melchior and Lionel were not among those ;
 They from the throng of men had stepped aside,
 And made their home under the green hillside.
 It was that hill, whose intervening brow
 Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,
 Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
 Like a wide lake of green fertility,
 With streams and fields and marshes bare,
 Divides from the far Apennines — which lie
 Islanded in the immeasurable air.

"What think you, as she lies in her green cove,
 Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of?
 If morning dreams are true, why I should guess
 That she was dreaming of our idleness,
 And of the miles of watery way
 We should have led her by this time of day." —

—— "Never mind," said Lionel,
 "Give care to the winds, they can bear it well
 About yon poplar tops; and see
 The white clouds are driving merrily,
 And the stars we miss this morn will light
 More willingly our return to-night.
 List, my dear fellow, the breeze blows fair;
 How it scatters Dominic's long black hair,
 Singing of us, and our lazy motions,
 If I can guess a boat's emotions." —

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,
 The living breath is fresh behind,
 As, with dews and sunrise fed,
 Comes the laughing morning wind:
 The sails are full, the boat makes head
 Against the Serchio's torrent fierce.
 Then flags with intermitting course,
 And hangs upon the wave,
 Which fervid from its mountain source
 Shallow, smooth and strong, doth come. —
 Swift as fire, tempestuously
 It sweeps into the affrighted sea;
 In morning's smile its eddies coil,
 Its billows sparkle, toss and boil,
 Torturing all its quiet light
 Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth
 Between the marble barriers which it clove
 At Ripafratta, leads through the dread chasm
 The wave that died the death which lovers love,
 Living in what it sought; as if this spasm
 Had not yet past, the toppling mountains cling,
 But the clear stream in full enthusiasm
 Pours itself on the plain, until wandering,
 Down one clear path of effluence crystalline
 Sends its clear waves, that they may fling
 At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine;
 Then, through the pestilential deserts wild
 Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted fir,
 It rushes to the ocean.

THE AZIOLA.

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
 Methinks she must be nigh" —
 Said Mary, as we sate
 In dusk, ere the stars were lit, or candles brought;
 And I, who thought
 This Aziola was some tedious woman,
 Asked, "Who is Aziola?" How elate
 I felt to know that it was nothing human,
 No mockery of myself to fear and hate!
 And Mary saw my soul,
 And laughed and said, "Disquiet yourself not,
 'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
 Thy music I had heard
 By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,
 And fields and marshes wide —
 Such as nor voice nor lute nor wind nor bird
 The soul ever stirred;
 Unlike and far sweeter than they all:
 Sad Aziola! from that moment I
 Loved thee and thy sad cry.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
 In the first sweet sleep of night,
 When the winds are breathing low,
 And the stars are shining bright.
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Has led me — who knows how? —
 To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream —
 The champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart,
 As I must die on thine,
 O, beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
 I die, I faint, I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.

My cheek is cold and white, alas !
 My heart beats loud and fast :
 Oh ! press it close to thine again,
 Where it will break at last !

MUSIC.

I PANT for the music which is divine,
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower ;
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;
 Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
 More, oh more ! I am thirsting yet,
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound
 Upon my heart, to stifle it ;
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,
 Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake.
 When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
 And mist there was none its thirst to slake —
 And the violet lay dead while the odor flew
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue —

As one who drinks from a charmèd cup
 Of foaming and sparkling and murmuring wine,
 Whom, a mighty enchantress filling up,
 Invites to love with her kiss divine.

* * * * *

* * * * *

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT ? ah ! no ; the hour is ill
 Which severs those it should unite ;
 Let us remain together still,
 Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,
 Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight ?
 Be it not said, thought, understood,
 Then it will be *good* night.

To hearts which near each other move
 From evening close to morning light,
 The night is good ; because, my love,
 They never *say* good-night.



A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before,
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more — oh never more !

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight ;
 Fresh spring and summer and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more — oh, never more !



STANZAS.

THE serpent is shut out from paradise,
 The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
 In which its heart-cure lies :
 The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower,
 Like that from which its mate with feignèd sighs,
 Fled in the April hour.
 I too must seldom seek again
 Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

Of hatred I am proud — with scorn content :
 Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown
 Itself indifferent.
 But, not to speak of love, pity alone
 Can break a spirit already more than bent.
 The miserable one
 Turns the mind's poison into food —
 Its medicine is tears, its evil good.

Therefore if now I see you seldomer,
 Dear, gentle friend ! know that I only fly
 Your looks, because they stir
 Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that can not die :
 The very comfort that they minister
 I scarce can bear, yet I,
 So deeply is the arrow gone,
 Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

When I return to my cold home, you ask
Why I am not as I have ever been.

You spoil me for the task
Of acting a forced part on life's dull scene—
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
Of author, great or mean.
In the world's carnival I sought
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot
With various flowers, and every one still said,
"She loves me—loves me not."*
And if this meant a vision long since fled—
If it meant fortune, fame or peace of thought—
If it meant—but I dread
To speak what you may know too well :
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home ;
No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,
Whence it no more would roam ;
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
Burst like a bursting heart, and die in peace,
And thus at length find rest.
Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where my weak heart and all its throbs shall cease.

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed
That I had resolution. One who had
Would ne'er have thus relieved
His heart with words—but what his judgement bade
Would do, and leave the scorner unreprieved.
These verses are too sad
To send to you, but that I know,
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

~~~~~

SONNET.

POLITICAL GREATNESS.

NOR happiness nor majesty nor fame  
Nor peace nor strength nor skill in arms or arts  
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame ;  
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,  
History is but the shadow of their shame,  
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts,  
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet  
Staining that heaven with obscene imagery  
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit

\* See 'Faust.'

By force or custom ? Man who man would be,  
 Must rule the empire of himself ; in it  
 Must be supreme, establishing his throne  
 On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy  
 Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.



## DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,  
 Come and sigh, come and weep !  
 Merry Hours, smile instead,  
 For the Year is but asleep.  
 See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
 Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corpse  
 In its coffin in the clay,  
 So white Winter, that rough nurse,  
 Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day ;  
 Solemn Hours ! wail aloud  
 For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways  
 The tree-swung cradle of a child,  
 So the breath of these rude Days  
 Rocks the Year : be calm and mild,  
 Trembling Hours ; she will arise  
 With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,  
 Like a sexton by her grave ;  
 February bears the bier,  
 March with grief doth howl and rave,  
 And April weeps — but, O ye Hours !  
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822.



### THE ZUCCA.\*

SUMMER was dead, and Autumn was expiring,  
And infant Winter laughed upon the land  
All cloudlessly and cold ; when I, desiring  
More in this world than any understand,  
Wept o'er the beauty, which, like sea retiring,  
Had left the earth bare as the waveworn sand  
Of my poor heart, and o'er the grass and flowers  
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering hours.

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep  
The instability of all but weeping ;  
And on the earth lulled in her winter sleep  
I wove, and envied her as she was sleeping.  
Too happy Earth ! over thy face shall creep  
The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping  
From unremembered dreams shalt [            ]  
No death divide thy immortality.

I loved — O no, I mean not one of ye,  
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear  
As human heart to human heart may be ;  
I loved, I know not what — but this low sphere,  
And all that it contains, contains not thee,  
Thou, whom seen nowhere, I feel everywhere,  
Dim object of my soul's idolatry.

By heaven and earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,  
Neither to be contained, delayed or hidden,  
Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,  
When for a moment thou art not forbidden  
To live within the life which thou bestowest,  
And leaving noblest things, vacant and chidden,

\* Pumpkin.



Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,  
Blank as the sun after the birth of Night.

In winds and trees and streams and all things common,  
In music and the sweet unconscious tone  
Of animals, and voices which are human,  
Meant to express some feelings of their own,  
In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,  
In flowers and leaves, and in the fresh grass shown,  
Or dying in the autumn, I the most  
Adore thee present or lament thee lost.

And thus I went, lamenting when I saw  
A plant upon the river's margin lie,  
Like one who loved beyond his nature's law,  
And in despair had cast him down to die :  
Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw,  
Had blighted as a heart which Hatred's eye  
Can blast not, but which Pity kills ; the dew  
Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth  
Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast

\* \* \* \* \*

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted  
It in a vase full of the lightest mould ;  
The winter beams which out of heaven slanted  
Fell through the window-panes, disrobed of cold,  
Upon its leaves and flowers ; the star which panted  
In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled  
Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light  
Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

The mitigated influences of air  
And light revived the plant, and from it grew  
Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,  
Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,  
O'erflowed with golden colors ; an atmosphere  
Of vital warmth infolded it anew,  
And every impulse sent to every part  
The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,  
Even if the sun and air had smiled not on it ;  
For one wept o'er it all the winter long  
Tears pure as heaven's rain, which fell upon it  
Hour after hour ; for sounds of softest song  
Mixed with the stringed melodies that won it  
To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,  
Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

640 THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT.

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers  
 On which he wept, the while the savage storm  
 Waked by the darkest of December's hours  
 Was raving round the chamber hushed and warm ;  
 The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,  
 The fish were frozen in the pools, the form  
 Of every summer plant was dead [       \*       \*       \*       \*       \* ]  
 While this

*January, 1822.*

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT.

SLEEP on ! sleep on ! forget thy pain :  
 My hand is on thy brow,  
 My spirit on thy brain ;  
 My pity on thy heart, poor friend !  
 And from my fingers flow  
 The powers of life, and like a sign,  
 Seal thee from thine hour of woe :  
 And brood on thee, but may not blend  
 With thine.

Sleep on ! sleep on ! I love thee not ;  
 But when I think that he  
 Who made and makes my lot  
 As full of flowers as thine of weeds,  
 Might have been lost like thee ;  
 And that a hand which was not mine,  
 Might then have chased his agony  
 As I another's — my heart bleeds  
 For thine.

Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of  
 The dead and the unborn :  
 Forget thy life and woe ;  
 Forget that thou must wake for ever ;  
 Forget the world's dull scorn ;  
 Forget lost health, and the divine  
 Feelings that die in youth's brief morn ;  
 And forget me, for I can never  
 Be thine.

Like a cloud big with a May shower,  
 My soul weeps healing rain  
 On thee, thou withered flower ;  
 It breathes mute music on thy sleep ;  
 Its odor calms thy brain !

Its light within thy gloomy breast  
 Speaks like a second youth again.  
 By mine thy being is to its deep  
 Possesst.

The spell is done. How feel you now ?  
 "Better — quite well," replied  
 The sleeper. What would do  
 You good when suffering and awake ?  
 What cure your head and side ? —  
 "'Twould kill me what would cure my pain ;  
 And as I must on earth abide  
 Awhile, yet tempt me not to break  
 My chain !"

~~~~~

WITH A GUITAR.

THE artist who this idol wrought,
 To echo all harmonious thought,
 Felled a tree, while on the steep
 The winds were in their winter sleep,
 Rocked in that repose divine
 On the wind-swept Apennine ;
 And dreaming some of Autumn past,
 And some of Spring approaching fast,
 And some of April buds and showers,
 And some of songs in July bowers,
 And all of love ; and so this tree —
 O that such our death may be ! —
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
 To live in happier form again ;
 From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
 The artist wrought that loved guitar,
 And taught it justly to reply,
 To all who question skillfully,
 In language gentle as its own,
 Whispering in enamored tone
 Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
 And summer winds in sylvan cells ;
 For it had learned all harmonies
 Of the plains and of the skies,
 Of the forest and the mountains,
 And the many-voicèd fountains ;
 The clearest echoes of the hills,
 The softest notes of falling rills,
 The melodies of birds and bees,
 The murmuring of summer seas,

AN ARIETTE FOR MUSIC.

And pattering rain and breathing dew,
 And airs of evening ; and it knew
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
 Which, driven in its diurnal round,
 As it floats through boundless day,
 Our world enkindles on its way —
 All this it knows, but will not tell
 To those who can not question well
 The spirit that inhabits it.
 It talks according to the wit
 Of its companions ; and no more
 Is heard than has been felt before
 By those who tempt it to betray
 These secrets of an elder day ;
 But sweetly as its answers will
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone,
 For our beloved friend alone.



AN ARIETTE FOR MUSIC.

TO A LADY SINGING TO HER ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE GUITAR.

As the moon's soft splendor
 O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
 Is thrown,
 So thy voice most tender
 To the strings without soul has given
 Its own.

The stars will awaken,
 Though the moon sleep a full hour later
 To-night ;
 No leaf will be shaken
 While the dews of thy melody scatter
 Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,
 Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
 A tone
 Of some world far from ours,
 Where music and moonlight and feeling
 Are one.

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART.

SHALL we roam, my love,
To the twilight grove,
 When the moon is rising bright ?
Oh, I'll whisper there,
In the cool night-air,
 What I dare not in broad daylight !

I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
 To being when thou art nigh ;
And thy beauty, more bright
Than the stars' soft light,
 Shall seem as a weft from the sky.

When the pale moonbeam
On tower and stream
 Sheds a flood of silver sheen,
How I love to gaze
As the cold ray strays
 O'er thy face, my heart's throned queen !

Wilt thou roam with me
To the restless sea,
 And linger upon the steep,
And list to the flow
Of the waves below
 How they toss and roar and leap ?

Those boiling waves
And the storm that raves
 At night o'er their foaming crest,
Resemble the strife
That, from earliest life,
 The passions have waged in my breast.

O, come then and rove
To the sea or the grove,
 When the moon is shining bright,
And I'll whisper there,
In the cool night-air,
 What I dare not in broad daylight !

FRAGMENTS

OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

THE following fragments are part of a drama, undertaken for the amusement of the individuals who composed our intimate society, but left unfinished. I have preserved a sketch of the story as far as it had been shadowed out in the poet's mind.

An enchantress, living in one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, saves the life of a pirate, a man of savage but noble nature. She becomes enamored of him; and he, inconstant to his mortal love, for awhile returns her passion; but at length, recalling the memory of her whom he left, and who laments his loss, he escapes from the enchanted island and returns to his lady. His mode of life makes him again go to sea, and the enchantress seizes the opportunity to bring him, by a spirit-brewed tempest, back to her island.

SCENE — *Before the Cavern of the Indian Enchantress. — The Enchantress comes forth.*

ENCHANTRESS.

HE came like a dream in the dawn of life,
 He fled like a shadow before its noon;
 He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
 And I wander and wane like the weary moon.
 O sweet Echo, wake,
 And for my sake
 Make answer the while my heart shall break!

But my heart has a music which Echo's lips,
 Though tender and true, yet can answer not,
 And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse
 Can return not the kiss by his now forgot;
 Sweet lips! he who hath
 On my desolate path
 Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death!

The Enchantress makes her spell: she is answered by a Spirit.

SPIRIT.

Within the silent centre of the earth
 My mansion is; where I have lived insphered
 From the beginning, and around my sleep
 Have woven all the wondrous imagery
 Of this dim spot, which mortals call the world;
 Infinite depths of unknown elements
 Massed into one impenetrable mask;
 Sheets of immeasurable fire, and veins
 Of gold and stone and adamantine iron.
 And as a veil in which I walk through heaven
 I have wrought mountains, seas, waves and clouds,

And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns
In the dark space of interstellar air.

A good spirit, who watches over the pirate's fate, leads, in a mysterious manner, the lady of his love to the enchanted isle. She is accompanied by a youth, who loves her, but whose passion she returns only with a sisterly affection. The ensuing scene takes place between them on their arrival at the isle.

INDIAN YOUTH AND LADY.

INDIAN.

And if my grief should still be dearer to me
Than all the pleasures in the world beside,
Why would you lighten it? —

LADY.

I offer only
That which I seek, some human sympathy
In this mysterious island.

INDIAN.

Oh! my friend,
My sister, my beloved! What do I say?
My brain is dizzy, and I scarce know whether
I speak to thee or her.

LADY.

Peace, perturbed heart!
I am to thee only as thou to mine.
The passing wind which heals the brow at noon,
And may strike cold into the breast at night,
Yet can not linger where it soothes the most,
Or long soothe could it linger.

INDIAN.

But you said
You also loved?

LADY.

Loved! Oh, I love. Methinks
This world of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
I have loved.

INDIAN.

And thou lovest not? If so
Young as thou art, thou canst afford to weep.

LADY.

Oh! would that I could claim exemption
From all the bitterness of that sweet name.
I loved, I love, and when I love no more
Let joys and grief perish, and leave despair
To ring the knell of youth. He stood beside me,
The embodied vision of the brightest dream,
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life;

The shadow of his presence made my world
 A paradise. All familiar things he touched,
 All common words he spoke, became to me
 Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.
 He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
 As terrible and lovely as a tempest ;
 He came, and went, and left me what I am.
 Alas! Why must I think how oft we two
 Have sate together near the river springs,
 Under the green pavilion which the willow
 Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain,
 Strewed by the nurslings that linger there,
 Over the islet paved with flowers and moss,
 While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
 Showered on us, and the dove mourned in the pine,
 Sad prophetess of sorrows not her own.

INDIAN.

Your breath is like soft music, your words are
 The echoes of a voice which on my heart
 Sleeps like a melody of early days.
 But as you said —

LADY.

He was so awful, yet
 So beautiful in mystery and terror,
 Calming me as the loveliness of heaven
 Soothes the unquiet sea ; and yet not so,
 For he seemed stormy, and would often seem
 A quenchless sun masked in portentous clouds ;
 For such his thoughts and even his actions were ;
 But he was not of them, nor they of him,
 But as they hid his splendor from the earth.
 Some said he was a man of blood and peril,
 And steeped in bitter infamy to the lips.
 More need was there I should be innocent,
 More need that I should be most true and kind,
 And much more need that there should be found one
 To share remorse and scorn and solitude
 And all the ills that wait on those who do
 The tasks of ruin in the world of life.
 He fled, and I have followed him.

INDIAN.

Such a one
 Is he who was the winter of my peace.
 But, fairest stranger, when didst thou depart
 From the far hills, where rise the springs of India ?
 How didst thou pass the intervening sea ?

LADY.

If I be sure I am not dreaming now,
 I should not doubt to say it was a dream.

THE ISLE.

THERE was a little lawny islet
 By anemone and violet,
 Like mosaic, paven :
 And its roof was flowers and leaves,
 Which the summer's breath enweaves,
 Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
 Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
 Each a gem engraven.
 Girt by many an azure wave
 With which the clouds and mountains pave
 A lake's blue chasm.

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 THE PINE FOREST

OF THE CASCINE, NEAR PISA.

DEAREST, best and brightest,  
     Come away  
 To the woods and to the fields !  
 Dearer than this fairest day,  
 Which like thee to those in sorrow,  
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
 To the rough year just awake  
 In its cradle in the brake.

The eldest of the hours of spring,  
 Into the winter wandering  
 Looks upon the leafless wood ;  
 And the banks all bare and rude  
 Found it seems this halcyon morn,  
 In February's bosom born,  
 Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,  
 Kissed the cold forehead of the earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free ;  
 And waked to music all the fountains,  
 And breathed upon the rigid mountains,  
 And made the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Radiant sister of the Day,  
 Awake ! arise ! and come away !  
 To the wild woods and the plains,  
 To the pools where winter rains  
 Image all the roof of leaves,  
 Where the pine its garland weaves,

Sapless, gray and ivy dun,  
 Round stones that never kiss the sun,  
 To the sandhills of the sea,  
 Where the earliest violets be.

Now the last day of many days,  
 All beautiful and bright as thou,  
 The loveliest and the last, is dead,  
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise,  
 And do thy wonted work and trace  
 The epitaph of glory fled :  
 For the Earth has changed its face,  
 A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wandered to the Pine Forest  
 That skirts the ocean's foam,  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the woods and on the deep  
 The smile of Heaven lay.

It seemed as if the day were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which shed to earth above the sun  
 A light of paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude,  
 With stems like serpents interlaced.

How calm it was! — the silence there  
 By such a chain was bound,  
 That even the busy woodpecker  
 Made stiller by her sound

The inviolable quietness ;  
 The breath of peace we drew,  
 With its soft motion made not less  
 The calm that round us grew.

It seemed that from the remotest seat  
 Of the white mountain's waste,  
 To the bright flower beneath our feet,  
 A magic circle traced ;

A spirit interfused around,  
 A thinking silent life,  
 To momentary peace it bound  
 Our mortal nature's strife. —

For still it seemed the centre of  
The magic circle there,  
Was one whose being filled with love  
The breathless atmosphere.

Were not the crocuses that grew  
Under that ilex-tree  
As beautiful in scent and hue  
As ever fed the bee ?

We stood beside the pools that lie  
Under the forest bough,  
And each seemed like a sky  
Gulfed in a world below ;

A purple firmament of light,  
Which in the dark earth lay,  
More boundless than the depth of night,  
And clearer than the day —

In which the massy forests grew  
As in the upper air,  
More perfect both in shape and hue  
Than any waving there.

Like one beloved, the scene had lent  
To the dark water's breast  
Its every leaf and lineament  
With that clear truth expressed.

There lay far glades and neighboring lawn,  
And through the dark-green crowd  
The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
Under a speckled cloud.

Sweet views, which in our world above  
Can never well be seen,  
Were imaged by the water's love  
Of that fair forest green.

And all was interfused beneath  
Within an Elysium air,  
An atmosphere without a breath,  
A silence sleeping there.

Until a wandering wind crept by,  
Like an unwelcome thought,  
Which from my mind's too faithful eye  
Blots thy bright image out.

For thou art good and dear and kind,  
 The forest ever green,  
 But less of peace in S——'s mind,  
 Than calm in waters seen.

*February 2, 1822*



## LINES

WHEN the lamp is shattered,  
 The light in the dust lies dead —  
 When the cloud is scattered,  
 The rainbow's glory is shed.  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
 When the lips have spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor  
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
 No song when the spirit is mute :  
 No song but sad dirges,  
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
 Or the mournful surges  
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
 Love first leaves the well-built nest :  
 The weak one is singled  
 To endure what it once possest.  
 O Love ! who bewailest  
 The frailty of all things here,  
 Why choose you the frailest  
 For your cradle, your home and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee,  
 As the storms rock the ravens on high :  
 Bright reason will mock thee,  
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
 From thy nest every rafter  
 Will rot, and thine eagle home  
 Leave the naked to laughter,  
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

## A SONG.

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her love  
 Upon a wintry bough ;  
 The frozen wind crept on above,  
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,  
 No flower upon the ground,  
 And little motion in the air  
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.



## FRAGMENTS.

## I.

I AM drunk with the honey wine  
 Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,  
 Which fairies catch in hyacinth-buds :  
 The bats, the dormice and the moles  
 Sleep in the walls or under the sward  
 Of the desolate castle-yard ;  
 And when 'tis spilt on the summer earth  
 Or its fumes arise among the dew,  
 Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,  
 They gibber their joy in sleep ; for few  
 Of the fairies bear those bowls so new !

## II.

And who feels discord now or sorrow ?  
 Love is the universe to-day —  
 These are the slaves of dim To-morrow,  
 Darkening Life's labyrinthine way.

## III.

And where is Truth ? On tombs ? for such to thee  
 Has been my heart — and thy dead memory  
 Has lain from childhood, many a changeful year —  
 Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

## IV. — TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

Thy little footsteps on the sands  
 Of a remote and lonely shore ;  
 The twinkling of thine infant hands  
 Where now the worm will feed no more :  
 Thy mingled look of love and glee  
 When we returned to gaze on thee.

## V.

Ye gentle visitations of calm thought —  
 Moods like the memories of happier earth,  
 Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,  
 Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,  
 But that the clouds depart and stars remain,  
 While they remain, and ye, alas ! depart.

## VI.

Through the mossy sods and stone,  
 Rain and streamlet, hurry down  
 A coming song, a rushing throng,  
 Beneath the vault of heaven is blown ;  
 Sweet notes of love, the speaking tone  
 Of this day of paradise,  
 Resound around, beneath, above ;  
 All we hope and all we love  
 Finds a voice in the sweet strain  
 Which wakens hill and wood and vale !—

## VII.— ON KEATS,

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD BE INSCRIBED —

“ Here lieth one whose name was writ on water !”  
 But ere the breath that could erase it blew,  
 Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter —  
 Death, the immortalizing writer — flew  
 Athwart the stream, and Time’s monthless torrent grew  
 A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name  
 Of Adonais !—

## VIII.

He wanders, like a day-appearing dream,  
 Through the dim wildernesses of the mind ;  
 Through desert woods and tracts, which seem  
 Like Ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

## IX.

The rude wind is singing,  
 The dirge of the music dead,  
 The cold worms are clinging  
 Where kisses were lately fed.

## X.

What art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest  
 The wreath to mighty poets only due ?  
 Even while like a forgotten moon thou wanest,  
 Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few,  
 Who wander o’er the paradise of fame,  
 In sacred dedication ever grew :  
 One of the crowd thou art without a name.

Ah! friend, 'tis the false laurel that I wear ;  
 Bright though it seem, it is not the same  
 As that which bound Milton's immortal hair ;  
 Its dew is poison, and the hopes that quicken  
 Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair,  
 Are flowers which die almost before they sicken.

## XI.

When soft winds and sunny skies  
 With the green earth harmonize,  
 And the young and dewy dawn,  
 Bold as an unhunted fawn,  
 Up the windless heaven is gone —  
 Laugh — for ambushed in the day,  
 Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey.  
 And that I walk thus proudly crowned withal  
 Is that 'tis my distinction ; if I fall,  
 I shall not weep out of the vital day,  
 To-morrow dust, nor wear a dull decay.

## XII.— EPITAPH.

These are two friends whose lives were undivided,  
 So let their memory be, now they have glided  
 Under the grave : let not their bones be parted,  
 For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.



## CHARLES THE FIRST.

## A FRAGMENT.

—  
ACT I.

SCENE I.— *The Pageant to celebrate the arrival of the Queen.*

## A PURSUIVANT.

PLACE for the marshal of the masque !

## FIRST SPEAKER.

What thinkest thou of this quaint masque, which turns  
 Like morning from the shadow of the night,  
 The night to day, and London to a place  
 Of peace and joy ?

## SECOND SPEAKER.

And hell to heaven.

Eight years are gone,  
 And they seem hours, since in this populous street  
 I trod on grass made green by summer's rain,  
 For the red plague kept state within that palace

Where now reigns vanity — in nine years more  
 The roots will be refreshed with civil blood ;  
 And thank the mercy of insulted Heaven  
 That sin and wrongs wound as an orphan's cry,  
 The patience of the great Avenger's ear.

THIRD SPEAKER (*a youth*).

Yet, father, 'tis a happy sight to see,  
 Beautiful, innocent and unforbidden  
 By God or man ; 'tis like the bright procession  
 Of skyey visions in a solemn dream  
 From which men wake as from a paradise,  
 And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life.  
 If God be good, wherefore should this be evil ?  
 And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw  
 Unseasonable poison from the flowers  
 Which bloom so rarely in this barren world ?  
 Oh, kill these bitter thoughts, which make the present  
 Dark as the future ! —

\* \* \* \* \*

When avarice and tyranny, vigilant fear,  
 And open-eyed conspiracy, lie sleeping  
 As on hell's threshold ; and all gentle thoughts  
 Waken to worship him who giveth joys  
 With his own gift.

SECOND SPEAKER.

How young art thou in this old age of time !  
 How green in this gray world ! Canst thou not think  
 Of change in that low scene, in which thou art  
 Not a spectator but an actor ?  
 The day that dawns in fire will die in storms,  
 Even though the noon be calm. My travel's done ;  
 Before the whirlwind wakes I shall have found  
 My inn of lasting rest, but thou must still  
 Be journeying on in this inclement air.

\* \* \* \* \*

FIRST SPEAKER.

Is the archbishop. That

SECOND SPEAKER.

Rather say the pope.  
 London will be soon his Rome : he walks  
 As if he trod upon the heads of men.  
 He looks elate, drunken with blood and gold ;  
 Beside him moves the Babylonian woman  
 Invisibly, and with her as with his shadow,  
 Mitred adulterer ! he is joined in sin,  
 Which turns Heaven's milk of mercy to revenge.

ANOTHER CITIZEN (*lifting up his eyes*)

Good Lord ! rain it down upon him !  
 Amid her ladies walks the papist queen,



As if her nice feet scorned our English earth.  
 There's old Sir Henry Vane, the earl of Pembroke,  
 Lord Essex and Lord Keeper Coventry,  
 And others who made base their English breed  
 By vile participation of their honors  
 With papists, atheists, tyrants and apostates.  
 When lawyers mask, 'tis time for honest men  
 To strip the vizard from their purposes.

\* \* \* \* \*

FOURTH SPEAKER (*a pursuivant*).

Give place, give place !  
 You torch-bearers advance to the great gate,  
 And then attend the marshal of the masque  
 Into the royal presence.

FIFTH SPEAKER (*a law student*).

What thinkest thou  
 Of this quaint show of ours, my agèd friend ?

FIRST SPEAKER.

I will not think but that our country's wounds  
 May yet be healed. The king is just and gracious,  
 Though wicked counsels now pervert his will :  
 These once cast off—

SECOND SPEAKER.

As adders cast their skins  
 And keep their venom, so kings often change ;  
 Councils and councillors hang on one another,  
 Hiding the loathsome [ ]  
 Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags.

THIRD SPEAKER.

Oh, still those dissonant thoughts !— List ! loud music  
 Grows on the enchanted air ! And see, the torches  
 Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided  
 Like waves before an admiral's prow !

\* \* \* \* \*

ANOTHER SPEAKER.

Give place—

To the marshal of the masque !

THIRD SPEAKER.

How glorious ! See those thronging chariots  
 Rolling like painted clouds before the wind :  
 Some are  
 Like curved shells dyed by the azure depths  
 Of Indian seas ; some like the newborn moon ;  
 And some like cars in which the Romans climbed  
 (Canopied by Victory's eagle-wings outspread)  
 The Capitolian. See how gloriously  
 The mettled horses in the torchlight stir  
 Their gallant riders, while they check their pride,  
 Like shapes of some diviner element !

## SECOND SPEAKER.

Ay, there they are —  
 Nobles and sons of nobles, patentees,  
 Monopolists and stewards of this poor farm,  
 On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.  
 Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,  
 Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.  
 These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,  
 Who toil not, neither do they spin — unless  
 It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.  
 Here is the surfeit which to them who earn  
 The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves  
 The tithe that will support them till they crawl  
 Back to its cold hard bosom. Here is health  
 Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,  
 Waste by lame famine, wealth by squalid want,  
 And England's sin by England's punishment.  
 And, as the effect pursues the cause forgone,  
 Lo, giving substance to my words, behold  
 At once the sign and the thing signified —  
 A troop of cripples, beggars and lean outcasts  
 Horsed upon stumbling shapes, carted with dung,  
 Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins  
 And rotten hiding-holes to point the moral  
 Of this presentiment, and bring up the rear  
 Of painted pomp with misery !

## SPEAKER.

'Tis but  
 The anti-masque, and serves as discords do  
 In sweetest music. Who would love May flowers  
 If they succeeded not to Winter's flaw ;  
 Or day unchanged by night ; or joy itself  
 Without the touch of sorrow ?

\* \* \* \* \*

## SCENE II.

*A Chamber in Whitehall.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, LAUD, WENTWORTH, and ARCHY.*

## KING.

THANKS, gentlemen. I heartily accept  
 This token of your service : your gay masque  
 Was performed gallantly.

## QUEEN.

And, gentlemen,  
 Call your poor queen your debtor. Your quaint pageant  
 Rose on me like the figures of past years,  
 Treading their still path back to infancy,

More beautiful and mild as they draw nearer  
 The quiet cradle. I could have almost wept  
 To think I was in Paris, where these shows  
 Are well devised — such as I was ere yet  
 My young heart shared with [ ] the task,  
 The careful weight of this great monarchy.  
 There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure  
 And that which it regards, no clamor lifts  
 Its proud interposition.

\* \* \* \* \*

KING.

My lord of Canterbury!

ARCHY.

The fool is here.

LAUD.

I crave permission of your majesty  
 To order that this insolent fellow be  
 Chastised: he mocks the sacred character,  
 Scoffs at the stake, and —

KING.

What, my Archy;  
 He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears,  
 Yet with a quaint and graceful license. — Prithee  
 For this once do not as Prynne would, were he  
 Primate of England.  
 He lives in his own world; and, like a parrot,  
 Hung in his gilded prison from the window  
 Of a queen's bower over the public way,  
 Blasphemes with a bird's mind: his words, like arrows  
 Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,  
 Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.

QUEEN.

Go, sirrah, and repent of your offense  
 Ten minutes in the rain: be it your penance  
 To bring news how the world goes there. Poor Archy!  
 He weaves about himself a world of mirth  
 Out of this wreck of ours.

LAUD.

I take with patience, as my Master did,  
 All scoffs permitted from above.

KING.

My lord,  
 Pray overlook these papers. Archy's words  
 Had wings, but these have talons.

QUEEN.

And the lion  
 That wears them must be tamed. My dearest lord,

I see the newborn courage in your eye  
 Armed to strike dead the spirit of the time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do thou persist: for, faint but in resolve,  
 And it were better thou hadst still remained  
 The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs  
 The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer;  
 And Opportunity, that empty wolf,  
 Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions  
 Even to the disposition of thy purpose.  
 And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel;  
 And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,  
 Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,  
 And not betray thee with a traitor's kiss.  
 And when she keeps the company of rebels,  
 Who think that she is Fear. This do, lest we  
 Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle  
 In a bright dream, and wake as from a dream  
 Out of our worshiped state.

\* \* \* \* \*

LAUD.

\* \* \* \* \* And if this suffice not.  
 Unleash the sword and fire, that in their thirst  
 They may lick up that scum of schismatics.  
 I laugh at those weak rebels who, desiring  
 What we possess, still prate of Christian peace,  
 As if those dreadful messengers of wrath,  
 Which play the part of God 'twixt right and wrong,  
 Should be let loose against innocent sleep  
 Of templed cities and the smiling fields,  
 For some poor argument of policy  
 Which touches our own profit or our pride,  
 Where indeed it were Christian charity  
 To turn the cheek even to the smiter's hand:  
 And when our great Redeemer, when our God  
 Is scorned in his immediate ministers,  
 They talk of peace!  
 Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now.

\* \* \* \* \*

QUEEN.

My belovèd lord,  
 Have you not noted that the fool of late  
 Has lost his careless mirth, and that his words  
 Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears?  
 What can it mean? I should be loth to think  
 Some factious slave had tutored him.

KING.

It partly is,  
 That our minds piece the vacant intervals  
 Of his wild words with their own fashioning;  
 As in the imagery of summer clouds,

Or coals in the winter fire, idlers find  
 The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts :  
 And partly, that the terrors of the time  
 Are sown by wandering Rumor in all spirits ;  
 And in the lightest and the least, may best  
 Be seen the current of the coming wind.

QUEEN.

Your brain is overwrought with these deep thoughts.  
 Come, I will sing to you ; let us go try  
 These airs from Italy — and you shall see  
 A cradled miniature of yourself asleep,  
 Stamped on the heart by never-erring love ;  
 Likier than any Vandyke ever made,  
 A pattern to the unborn age of thee,  
 Over whose sweet beauty I have wept for joy  
 A thousand times, and now should weep for sorrow,  
 Did I not think that after we were dead  
 Our fortunes would spring high in him, and that  
 The cares we waste upon our heavy crown  
 Would make it light and glorious as a wreath  
 Of heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.

KING.

Dear Henrietta !

\* \* \* \* \*

SCENE III.

HAMPDEN, PYM, CROMWELL, and the younger VANE.

HAMPDEN.

ENGLAND, farewell ! thou, who hast been my cradle,  
 Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave !  
 I held what I inherited in thee  
 As pawn for that inheritance of freedom  
 Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler's smile :  
 How can I call thee England, or my country ?  
 Does the wind hold ?

VANE.

The vanes sit steady  
 Upon the abbey-towers. The silver lightnings  
 Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,  
 Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air.  
 Mark too that flock of fleecy-winged clouds  
 Sailing athwart St. Margaret's.

HAMPDEN.

Hail, fleet herald  
 Of Tempest ! that wild pilot who shall guide  
 Hearts free as his, to realms as pure as thee,  
 Beyond the shot of Tyranny ! And thou,  
 Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,

Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm,  
 Bright as the path to a beloved home,  
 O light us to the isles of th' evening land!  
 Like floating Edens, cradled in the glimmer  
 Of sunset, through the distant mist of years  
 Tinged by departing Hope, they gleam! Lone regions,  
 Where Power's poor dupes and victims yet have never  
 Propitiated the savage fear of kings  
 With purest blood of noblest hearts; whose dew  
 Is yet unstained with tears of those who wake  
 To weep each day the wrongs on which it dawns;  
 Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo  
 Of formal blasphemies; nor impious rites  
 Wrest man's free worship from the God who loves  
 Toward the worm, who envies us his love,  
 Receive thou, young [ ] of paradise,  
 These exiles from the old and sinful world!  
 This glorious clime, this firmament, whose lights  
 Dart mitigated influence through the veil  
 Of pale-blue Atmosphere; whose tears keep green  
 The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth;  
 This vaporous horizon, whose dim round  
 Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,  
 Repelling invasion from the sacred towers;  
 Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,  
 A low dark roof, a damp and narrow vault:  
 The mighty universe becomes a cell  
 Too narrow for the soul that owns no master.

While the loathliest spot  
 Of this wide prison, England, is a nest  
 Of cradled peace built on the mountain-tops,  
 To which the eagle-spirits of the free,  
 Which range through heaven and earth, and scorn the storm  
 Of time, and gaze upon the light of truth,  
 Return to brood over the [ ] thoughts  
 That can not die, and may not be repelled.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task  
 Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth  
 Rejoicing in his splendor, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth—  
 The smokeless altars of the mountain-snows  
 Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,  
 To which the birds tempered their matin lay,  
 All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,  
Swinging their censers in the element,  
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent  
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air ;  
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear  
The form and character of mortal mould,  
Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old  
Took as his own and then imposed on them :  
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem  
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep  
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chestnut flung athwart the steep  
Of a green Apennine : before me fled  
The night ; behind me rose the day ; the deep

Was at my feet, and heaven above my head,  
When a strange trance over my fancy grew  
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent, that the scene came through  
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn  
O'er evening hills they glimmer ; and I knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn,  
Bathed in the same cold dew my brow and hair,  
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the selfsame bough, and heard as there  
The birds, the fountains and the ocean hold  
Sweet talk in music through the enamored air,  
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

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As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,  
This was the tenor of my waking dream :  
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick-strewn with summer dust, and a great stream  
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,  
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know  
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why  
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky  
 One of the million leaves of summer's bier ;  
 Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear  
 Some flying from the thing they feared, and some  
 Seeking the object of another's fear ;

And others as with steps toward the tomb,  
 Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,  
 And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked and called it death ;  
 And some fled from it as it were a ghost,  
 Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath :

But more with motions, which each other crost.  
 Pursued or spurned the shadows the clouds threw,  
 Or birds within the noon-day ether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,  
 And weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,  
 Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells for ever burst ;  
 Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told  
 Of grassy paths and woods, lawn-interspersed,

With over-arching elms and caverns cold,  
 And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they  
 Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way  
 The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June  
 When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,

And a cold glare intenser than the noon,  
 But icy cold, obscured with blinding light  
 The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon

When on the sunlit limits of the night  
 Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,  
 And while the sleeping tempest gathers might,

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear  
 The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form  
 Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair,—

So came a chariot on the silent storm  
 Of its own rushing splendor, and a Shape  
 So sate within, as one whom years deform,

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,  
 Crouching within the shadow of a tomb,  
 And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape



Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom  
Tempering the light upon the chariot beam ;  
A Janus-visaged shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-winged team ;  
The shapes which drew it in thick lightnings  
Were lost : — I heard alone on the air's soft stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.  
All the four faces of that charioteer  
Had their eyes banded ; little profit brings

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,  
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun  
Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere

Of all that is, has been, or will be done ;  
So ill was the car guided — but it past  
With solemu speed majestically on.

The crowd gave way, and I arose aghast,  
Or seemed to rise, so mighty was the trance,  
And saw, like clouds upon the thunder's blast,

The million with fierce song and maniac dance  
Raging around — such seemed the jubilee  
As when, to meet some conqueror's advance,

Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea  
From senate-house, and forum, and theatre,  
When [                                  ] upon the free

Had bound a yoke, which soon they stooped to bear.  
Nor wanted here the just similitude  
Of a triumphal pageant, for where'er

The chariot rolled, a captive multitude  
Was driven ; all those who had grown old in power  
Or misery, all who had their age subdued

By action or by suffering, and whose hour  
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,  
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower ;

All those whose fame or infamy must grow  
Till the great winter lay the form and name  
Of this green earth with them for ever low ;

All but the sacred few who could not tame  
Their spirits to the conquerors — but as soon  
As they had touched the world with living flame,

Fled back like eagles to their native noon,  
Or those who put aside the diadem  
Of earthly thrones or gems [                                  ]

Were there, of Athens or Jerusalem,  
 Were neither 'mid the mighty captives seen,  
 Nor 'mid the ribald crowd that followed them,

Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.  
 The wild dance maddens in the van, and those  
 Who lead it — fleet as shadows on the green,

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose  
 Mix with each other in tempestuous measure  
 To savage music, wilder as it grows,

They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,  
 Convulsed and on the rapid whirlwinds spun  
 Of that fierce spirit, whose unholy leisure

Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,  
 Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hair ;  
 And in their dance round her who dims the sun,

Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air  
 As their feet twinkle ; they recede, and now  
 Bending within each other's atmosphere

Kindle invisibly — and as they glow,  
 Like moths by light attracted and repelled,  
 Oft to their bright destruction come and go,

Till like two clouds into one vale impelled  
 That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle  
 And die in rain — the fiery band which held

Their natures, snaps — the shock still may tingle ;  
 One falls and then another in the path  
 Senseless — nor is the desolation single,

Yet ere I can say *where* — the chariot hath  
 Past over them — nor other trace I find  
 But as of foam after the ocean's wrath

Is spent upon the desert shore ; behind,  
 Old men and women foully disarrayed,  
 Shake their gray hairs in the insulting wind,

And follow in the dance, with limbs decayed,  
 Seeking to reach the light which leaves them still  
 Further behind and deeper in the shade.

But not the less with impotence of will  
 They wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose  
 Round them and round each other, and fulfil

Their part, and in the dust from whence they rose  
 Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,  
 And past in these performs what [         ] in those.

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,  
 Half to myself I said — And what is this ?  
 Whose shape is that within the car ? And why —

I would have added — is all here amiss ?  
 But a voice answered — “ Life ! ” — I turned, and knew  
 ( O Heaven, have mercy on such wretchedness ! )

That what I thought was an old root which grew  
 To strange distortion out of the hill-side,  
 Was indeed one of those deluded crew,

And that the grass, which methought hung so wide  
 And white, was but his thin discolored hair,  
 And that the holes it vainly sought to hide,

Were or had been eyes : — “ If thou canst, forbear  
 To join the dance, which I had well forborne ! ”  
 Said the grim Feature of my thought : “ Aware,

“ I will unfold that which to this deep scorn  
 Led me and my companions, and relate  
 The progress of the pageant since the morn

“ If thirst of knowledge shall not then abate,  
 Follow it thou even to the night, but I  
 Am weary.” Then like one who with the weight

Of his own words is staggered, wearily  
 He paused ; and, ere he could resume, I cried,  
 “ First, who art thou ? ” — “ Before thy memory,

“ I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did and died,  
 And if the spark with which heaven lit my spirit  
 Had been with purer sentiment supplied,

“ Corruption would not now thus much inherit  
 Of what was once Rousseau, nor this disguise  
 Stained that which ought to have disdained to wear it ;

“ If I have been extinguished, yet there rise  
 A thousand beacons from the spark I bore ” —  
 “ And who are those chained to the car ? ” — “ The wise,

“ The great, the unforgotten, they who wore  
 Mitres and helms and crowns, or wreaths of light,  
 Signs of thought's empire over thought — their lore

“ Taught them not this to know themselves ; their might  
 Could not repress the mystery within,  
 And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night

“ Caught them ere evening.” — “ Who is he with chin  
 Upon his breast, and hands crost on his chain ? ”  
 “ The child of a fierce hour ; he sought to win

"The world, and lost all that it did contain  
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed ; and more  
Of fame and peace than virtue's self can gain

"Without the opportunity which bore  
Him on its eagle pinions to the peak  
From which a thousand climbers have before

"Fallen, as Napoleon fell." I felt my cheek—  
Alter to see the shadow pass away,  
Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak,

That every pigmy kicked it as it lay ;  
And much I grieved to think how power and will  
In opposition rule our mortal day,

And why God made irreconcilable  
Good and the means of good ; and for despair  
I half disdained mine eyes' desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were  
And scarce have ceased to be.—"Dost thou behold,"  
Said my guide, "Those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire,

"Frederick, and Paul, Catherine, and Leopold,  
And hoary anarchs, demagogues and sage—  
— names which the world thinks always old,

"For in the battle, life and they did wage,  
She remained conqueror. I was overcome  
By my own heart alone, which neither age,

"Nor tears, nor infamy, nor now the tomb  
Could temper to its object."—"Let them pass,"  
I cried, "the world and its mysterious doom

"Is not so much more glorious than it was,  
That I desire to worship those who drew  
New figures on its false and fragile glass

"As the old faded."—"Figures ever new  
Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may ;  
We have but thrown, as those before us threw,

"Our shadows on it as it past away.  
But mark how chained to the triumphal chair  
The mighty phantoms of an elder day ;

"All that is mortal of great Plato there  
Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not :  
The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,

"And life, where long that flower of heaven grew not.  
Conquered that heart by love, which gold, or pain,  
Or age, or sloth, or slavery, could subdue not.

“ And near him walk the [            ] twain,  
The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion  
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.

“ The world was darkened beneath either pinion  
Of him whom from the flock of conquerors  
Fame singled out for her thunder-bearing minion ;

“ The other long outlived both woes and wars,  
Throned in the thoughts of men, and still had kept  
The jealous key of truth's eternal doors,

If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt  
Like lightning out of darkness — he compelled  
The Proteus shape of Nature as it slept

“ To wake, and lead him to the caves that held  
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.  
See the great bards of elder time, who quelled

“ The passions which they sung, as by their strain  
May well be known : their living melody  
Tempers its own contagion to the vein

“ Of those who are infected with it — I  
Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain,  
And so my words have seeds of misery !” —

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*  
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\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

[There is a chasm here in the MS. which it is impossible to fill up. It appears from the context, that other shapes pass, and that Rousseau still stood beside the dreamer, as]

——he pointed to a company.  
'Midst whom I quickly recognised the heirs  
Of Cæsar's crime, from him to Constantine ;  
The Anarch chiefs, whose force and murderous snares

Had founded many a sceptre-bearing line,  
And spread the plague of gold and blood abroad ;  
And Gregory and John, and men divine,

Who rose like shadows between man and God ;  
Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven,  
Was worshipped by the world o'er which they strode,

For the true sun it quenched — “ Their power was given  
But to destroy.” replied the leader : — “ I  
Am one of those who have created, even

“ If it be but a world of agony.” —  
“ Whence comest thou ? and whither goest thou ?  
How did thy course begin ?” I said, “ and why ?

" Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow  
Of people, and my heart sick of one sad thought—  
Speak!" — " Whence I am, I partly seem to know,

" And how and by what paths I have been brought  
To this dread pass, methinks even thou mayst guess;  
Why this should be my mind can compass not ;

" Whither the conqueror hurries me, still less ;  
But follow thou, and from spectator turn  
Actor or victim in this wretchedness,

" And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn  
From thee. Now listen :— In the April prime,  
When all the forest tips began to burn

" With kindling green, touched by the azure clime  
Of the young year's dawn, I was laid asleep  
Under a mountain, which from unknown time

" Had yawned into a cavern, high and deep ;  
And from it came a gentle rivulet,  
Whose water, like clear air, in its calm sweep

" Bent the soft grass, and kept for ever wet  
The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the grove  
With sounds, which whoso hears must needs forget

" All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love,  
Which they had known before that hour of rest ;  
A sleeping mother then would dream not of

" Her only child who died upon her breast  
At eventide — a king would mourn no more  
The crown of which his brows were dispossesed

" When the sun lingered o'er his ocean floor,  
To gild his rival's new prosperity.  
Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore

" Ills, which if ill can find no cure from thee,  
The thought of which no other sleep will quell,  
Nor other music blot from memory,

" So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell ;  
And whether life had been before that sleep  
The heaven which I imagine, or a hell

" Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep,  
I know not. I arose, and for a space  
The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep,

" Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace  
Of light diviner than the common sun  
Sheds on the common earth, and all the place

“ Was filled with magic sounds woven into one  
Oblivious melody, confusing sense  
Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun ,

“ And, as I looked, the bright omnipresence  
Of morning through the orient cavern flowed,  
And the sun's image radiantly intense

“ Burned on the waters of the well that glowed  
Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze  
With winding paths of emerald fire ; there stood

“ Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze  
Of his own glory, on the vibrating  
Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays,

“ A Shape all light, which with one hand did fling  
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,  
And the invisible rain did ever sing

“ A silver music on the mossy lawn ;  
And still before me on the dusky grass,  
Iris her many-colored scarf had drawn :

“ In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,  
Mantling with bright Nepenthe ; the fierce splendor  
Fell from her as she moved under the mass

“ Out of the deep cavern, with palms so tender,  
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow ;  
She glided along the river, and did bend her

“ Head under the dark boughs, till, like a willow,  
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream  
That whispered with delight to be its pillow.

“ As one enamored is upborne in dream  
O'er lily-paven lakes 'mid silver mist,  
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem

“ Partly to tread the waves with feet which kissed  
The dancing foam ; partly to glide along  
The air which roughened the moist amethyst,

“ Or the faint morning beams that fell among  
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees ;  
And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song

“ Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees,  
And falling drops moved to a measure new,  
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,

“ Up from the lake a shape of golden dew  
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,  
Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew ;

" And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune  
To which they moved, seemed as they moved to blot  
The thoughts of him who gazed on them; and soon

" All that was, seemed as if it had been not;  
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath  
Her feet like embers; and she, thought by thought,

" Trampled its sparks into the dust of death;  
As day upon the threshold of the east  
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath

" Of darkness re-illumine even the least  
Of heaven's living eyes — like day she came,  
Making the night a dream; and ere she ceased

" To move, as one between desire and shame  
Suspended, I said — ' If, as it doth seem,  
Thou comest from the realm without a name,

" ' Into this valley of perpetual dream,  
Show whence I came, and where I am, and why —  
Pass not away upon the passing stream.'

" ' Arise and quench thy thirst,' was her reply.  
And as a shut lily, stricken by the wand  
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,

" I rose; and, bending at her sweet command,  
Touched with faint lips the cup she raised,  
And suddenly my brain became as sand,

" Where the first wave had more than half erased  
The track of deer on desert Labrador;  
While the wolf, from which they fled amazed,

" Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore,  
Until the second bursts; so on my sight  
Burst a new vision, never seen before,

" And the fair shape waned in the coming light  
As veil by veil the silent splendor drops  
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

" Of sun-rise, ere it tinge the mountain tops;  
And as the presence of that fairest planet,  
Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes

" That his day's path may end as he began it,  
In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent  
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,



"Or the soft note in which his dear lament  
The Brescian shepherd breathes, or the caress  
That turned his weary slumber to content ;\*

"So knew I in that light's severe excess  
The presence of that shape which on the stream  
Moved, as I moved along the wilderness,

"More dimly than a day-appearing dream,  
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep ;  
A light of heaven, whose half-extinguished beam

"Through the sick day in which we wake to weep,  
Glimmers, for ever sought, for ever lost ;  
So did that shape its obscure tenor keep

"Beside my path as silent as a ghost ;  
But the new Vision, and the cold bright car,  
With solemn speed and stunning music, crost

"The forest, and as if some dread war  
Triumphantly returning, the loud million  
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

"A moving arch of victory, the vermillion  
And green and azure plumes of Iris had  
Built high over her wind-winged pavilion,

"And underneath ethereal glory clad  
The wilderness, and far before her flew  
The tempest of the splendor, which forbade

"Shadow to fall from leaf and stone ; the crew  
Seemed in that light, like atomies to dance  
Within a sunbeam ; — some upon the new

"Embroidery of flowers, that did enhance  
The grassy vesture of the desert, played,  
Forgetful of the chariot's swift advance ;

"Others stood gazing, till within the shade  
Of the great mountain its light left them dim ;  
Others outspeded it ; and others made

"Circles around it, like the clouds that swim  
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air ;  
And more did follow, with exulting hymn,

"The chariot and the captives fettered there : —  
But all like bubbles on an eddying flood  
Fell into the same track at last, and were

"Borne onward. I among the multitude  
Was swept — me, sweetest flowers delayed not long ;  
Me, not the shadow nor the solitude ;

\* The favorite song, 'Stanco di pascolar le peccorelle,' is a Brescian national air.

" Me, not that falling stream's Lethean song ;  
Me, not the phantom of that early form,  
Which moved upon its motion — but among

" The thickest billows of that living storm  
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime  
Of that cold light, whose airs too soon deform.

" Before the chariot had begun to climb  
The opposing steep of that mysterious dell  
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme

" Of him who from the lowest depths of hell,  
Through every paradise and through all glory,  
Love led serene, and who returned to tell

" The words of hate and care ; the wondrous story  
How all things are transfigured except Love ;  
For deaf as is a sea which wrath makes hoary,

" The world can hear not the sweet notes that move  
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers—  
A wonder worthy of his rhyme — the grove

" Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,  
The earth was gray with phantoms, and the air  
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers

" A flock of vampire-bats before the glare  
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,  
Strange night upon some Indian vale ; thus were

" Phantoms diffused around ; and some did fling  
Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,  
Behind them ; some like eaglets on the wing

" Were lost in the white day ; others like elves  
Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes  
Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves ;

" And others sate chattering like restless apes  
On vulgar hands, \* \* \*  
Some made a cradle of the ermined capes

" Of kingly mantles ; some across the tire  
Of pontiffs rode, like demons ; others played  
Under the crown which girt with empire

" A baby's or an idiot's brow, and made  
Their nests in it. The old anatomies  
Sate hatching their bare brood under the shade

" Of demon-wings, and laughed from their dead eyes  
To reassume the delegated power,  
Arrayed in which those worms did monarchise,

"Who made this earth their charnel. Others more  
Humble, like falcons, sat upon the fist  
Of common men, and round their heads did soar ;

"Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist  
On evening marshes, thronged about the brow  
Of lawyers, statesmen, priest, and theorist ;

"And others, like discolored flakes of snow  
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,  
Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow

"Which they extinguished ; and, like tears, they were  
A veil to those from whose faint lids they rained  
In drops of sorrow. I became aware

"Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stained  
The track in which we moved. After brief space,  
From every form the beauty slowly waned ;

"From every firmest limb and fairest face  
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left  
The action and the shape without the grace

"Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft  
With care ; and in those eyes where once hope shone,  
Desire, like a lioness bereft

"Of her last cub, glared ere it died ; each one  
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly  
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown

"In autumn evening from a poplar tree  
Each like himself and like each other were  
At first ; but some distorted seemed to be

"Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air ;  
And of this stuff the car's creative ray  
Wrapt all the busy phantoms that were there,

"As the sun shapes the clouds ; thus on the way  
Mask after mask fell from the countenance  
And form of all ; and long before the day

"Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance  
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died ;  
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,

"And fell, as I have fallen, by the way-side ;—  
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past,  
And least of strength and beauty did abide.

"Then, what is life ? I cried."—

## HYMN TO MERCURY.

TRASLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

## I.

SING, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,  
 The herald-child, king of Arcadia  
 And all its pastoral hills, whom in sweet love  
 Having been interwoven, modest May  
 Bore heaven's dread Supreme — an antique grove  
 Shadowed the cavern where the lovers lay  
 In the deep night, unseen by gods or men,  
 And white-armed Juno slumbered sweetly then.

## II.

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling,  
 And heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,  
 She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,  
 A schemer subtle beyond all belief;  
 A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing,  
 A night-watching and door-waylaying thief,  
 Who 'mong the gods was soon about to thieve,  
 And other glorious actions to achieve.

## III.

The babe was born at the first peep of day;  
 He began playing on the lyre at noon,  
 And the same evening did he steal away  
 Apollo's herds; the fourth day of the moon  
 On which him bore the venerable May,  
 From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,  
 Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,  
 But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

## IV.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering  
 He found a tortoise, and cried out, "A treasure!"  
 (For Mercury first made the tortoise sing)  
 The beast before the portal at his leisure  
 The flowery herbage was depasturing,  
 Moving his feet in a deliberate measure  
 Over the turf. Jove's profitable son  
 Eying him laughed, and laughing thus begun:

## V.

"A useful god-send are you to me now,  
 King of the dance, companion of the feast,  
 Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you  
 Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain-beast,  
 Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,  
 You must come home with me and be my guest;

You will give joy to me, and I will do  
All that is in my power to honor you.

## VI.

“ Better to be at home than out of door ;  
So come with me, and though it has been said  
That you alive defend from magic power,  
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead.”  
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,  
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,  
And grasping it in his delighted hold,  
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

## VII.

Then scooping with a chisel of gray steel,  
He bored the life and soul out of the beast —  
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal  
Darts through the tumult of a human breast  
Which thronging cares annoy — not swifter wheel  
The flashes of its torture and unrest  
Out of the dizzy eyes — than Maia's son  
All that he did devise hath featly done.

## VIII.

And through the tortoise's hard strong skin  
At proper distances small holes he made,  
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,  
And with a piece of leather overlaid  
The open space and fixed the cubits in,  
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o'er all  
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

## IX.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,  
He tried the chords, and made division meet  
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went  
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet  
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent  
A strain of unpremeditated wit  
Joyous and wild and wanton — such you may  
Hear among revelers on a holyday.

## X.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal  
Dallied in love not quite legitimate ;  
And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,  
And naming his own name, did celebrate ;  
His mother's cave and servant-maids he planned all  
In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,  
Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan —  
But singing he conceived another plan :

## X I.

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat,  
 He in his sacred crib deposited  
 The hollow lyre, and from the cavern sweet  
 Rushed with great leaps up to the mountain's head,  
 Revolving in his mind some subtle feat  
 Of thievish craft, such as a swindler might  
 Devise in the lone season of dun night.

## X I I.

Lo! the great Sun under the ocean's bed has  
 Driven steeds and chariot—the child meanwhile strode  
 O'er the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows,  
 Where the immortal oxen of the god  
 Are pastured in the flowering unmown meadows,  
 And safely stalled in a remote abode—  
 The archer Argicide, elate and proud,  
 Drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud.

## X I I I.

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way,  
 But, being ever mindful of his craft.  
 Backward and forward drove he them astray,  
 So that the tracks, which seemed before, were aft:  
 His sandals then he threw to the ocean-spray,  
 And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft  
 Of tamarisk and tamarisk-like sprigs,  
 And bound them in a lump with withy twigs.

## X I V.

And on his feet he tied these sandals light,  
 The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray  
 His track; and then, a self-sufficing wight,  
 Like a man hastening on some distant way,  
 He from Pieria's mountain bent his flight;  
 But an old man perceived the infant pass  
 Down green Onchestus, heaped like beds with grass.

## X V.

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine:  
 "Halloo! old fellow with the crooked shoulder!  
 You grub those stumps? Before they will bear wine  
 Methinks even you must grow a little older:  
 Attend, I pray, to this advice of mine,  
 As you would 'scape what might appall a bolder—  
 Seeing, see not—and hearing, hear not—and—  
 If you have understanding—understand."

## XVI.

So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast ;  
 O'er shadowy mountain and resounding dell,  
 And flower-paven plains, great Hermes past ;  
 Till the black night divine, which favoring fell  
 Around his steps, grew gray, and morning fast  
 Wakened the world to work, and from her cell,  
 Sea-strewn, the Pallantean Moon sublime  
 Into her watchtower just began to climb.

## XVII.

Now to Alpheus he had driven all  
 The broad-foreheaded oxen of the sun ;  
 They came unwearied to the lofty stall  
 And to the water-troughs which ever run  
 Through the fresh fields — and when with rushgrass tall  
 Lotus and all sweet herbage, every one  
 Had pastured been, the great god made them move  
 Toward the stall in a collected drove.

## XVIII.

A mighty pile of wood the god then heaped,  
 And having soon conceived the mystery  
 Of fire, from two smooth laurel-branches stripped  
 The bark, and rubbed them in his palms — on high  
 Suddenly forth the burning vapor leaped,  
 And the divine child saw delightedly —  
 Mercury first found out for human weal  
 Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint and steel.

## XIX.

And fine dry logs and roots innumerable  
 He gathered in a delve upon the ground —  
 And kindled them — and instantaneous  
 The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around :  
 And while the might of glorious Vulcan thus  
 Wrapped the great pile with glare and roaring sound,  
 Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud,  
 Close to the fire — such might was in the god.

## XX.

And on the earth upon their backs he threw  
 The panting beasts, and rolled them o'er and o'er,  
 And bored their lives out. Without more ado  
 He cut up fat and flesh, and down before  
 The fire on spits of wood he placed the two,  
 Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore  
 Pursued in the bowels ; and while this was done,  
 He stretched their hides over a craggy stone.

## X X I.

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then  
 Cut it up after long consideration —  
 But joyous-minded Hermes from the glen  
 Drew the fat spoils to the more open station  
 Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them ; and when  
 He had by lot assigned to each a ration  
 Of the twelve gods, his mind became aware  
 Of all the joys which in religion are.

## X X I I.

For the sweet savor of the roasted meat  
 Tempted him though immortal. Nathless  
 He checked his haughty will and did not eat,  
 Though what it cost him words can scarce express,  
 And every wish to put such morsels sweet  
 Down his most sacred throat, he did repress ;  
 But soon within the lofty portaled stall  
 He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

## X X I I I.

And every trace of the fresh butchery  
 And cooking the god soon made disappear,  
 As if it all had vanished through the sky ;  
 He burnt the hoofs and horns and head and hair —  
 The insatiate fire devoured them hungrily ;  
 And when he saw that everything was clear,  
 He quenched the coals and trampled the black dust,  
 And in the stream his bloody sandals tossed.

## X X I V.

All night he worked in the serene moonshine —  
 But when the light of day was spread abroad  
 He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine.  
 On his long wandering, neither man nor god  
 Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,  
 Nor house-dog had barked at him on his road ;  
 Now he obliquely through the keyhole passed,  
 Like a thin mist or an autumnal blast.

## X X V.

Right through the temple of the spacious cave  
 He went with soft light feet — as if his tread  
 Fell not on earth : no sound their falling gave ;  
 Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread  
 The swaddling-clothes about him ; and the knave  
 Lay playing with the covering of the bed  
 With his left hand about his knees — the right  
 Held his beloved tortoise-lyre tight.



## XXVI.

There he lay innocent as a newborn child,  
 As gossips say ; but, though he was a god,  
 The goddess, his fair mother, unbeguiled  
 Knew all that he had done, being abroad :  
 " Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,  
 You cunning rogue, and where have you abode  
 All the long night, clothed in your impudence ?  
 What have you done since you departed hence ?

## XXVII.

" Apollo soon will pass within this gate,  
 And bind your tender body in a chain  
 Inextricably tight, and fast as fate,  
 Unless you can delude the god again,  
 Even when within his arms — ah, runaway !  
 A pretty torment both for gods and men  
 Your father made when he made you !" — " Dear mother,"  
 Replied sly Hermes, " wherefore scold and bother ?

## XXVIII.

" As if I were like other babes as old,  
 And understood nothing of what is what ;  
 And cared at all to hear my mother scold.  
 I in my subtle brain a scheme have got  
 Which, while the sacred stars round heaven are rolled,  
 Will profit you and me — nor shall our lot  
 Be as you counsel, without gifts or food,  
 To spend our lives in this obscure abode.

## XXIX.

" But we will leave this shadow-peopled cave,  
 And live among the gods, and pass each day  
 In high communion, sharing what they have  
 Of profuse wealth and unexhausted prey :  
 And, from the portion which my father gave  
 To Phœbus, I will snatch my share away,  
 Which if my father will not — nathless I,  
 Who am the king of robbers, can but try.

## XXX.

" And if Latona's son should find me out,  
 I'll countermine him by a deeper plan ;  
 I'll pierce the Pythian temple-walls, though stout,  
 And sack the fane of everything I can —  
 Caldrons and tripods of great worth no doubt,  
 Each golden cup and polished brazen pan,  
 All the wrought tapestries and garments gay."  
 So they together talked : meanwhile the Day

## XXXI.

Ethereal-born arose out of the flood  
 Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men.  
 Apollo passed toward the sacred wood,  
 Which from the inmost depths of its green glen  
 Echoes the voice of Neptune — and there stood  
 On the same spot in green Onchestus then  
 That same old animal, the vine-dresser,  
 Who was employed hedging his vineyard there.

## XXXII.

Latona's glorious son began : " I pray  
 Tell, ancient hedger of Onchestus green,  
 Whether a drove of kine has passed this way,  
 All heifers with crooked horns ? for they have been  
 Stolen from the herd in high Pieria,  
 Where a black bull was fed apart, between  
 Two woody mountains in a neighboring glen,  
 And four fierce dogs watched there, unanimous as men.

## XXXIII.

" And, what is strange, the author of this theft  
 Has stolen the fatted heifers every one,  
 But the four dogs and the black bull are left :  
 Stolen they were last night at set of sun,  
 Of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft —  
 Now tell me, man born ere the world began,  
 Have you seen any one pass with the cows ?"  
 To whom the man of overhanging brows —

## XXXIV.

" My friend, it would require no common skill  
 Justly to speak of everything I see ;  
 On various purposes of good or ill  
 Many pass by my vineyard — and to me  
 'Tis difficult to know the invisible  
 Thoughts which in all those many minds may be :  
 Thus much alone I certainly can say,  
 I tilled these vines till the decline of day,

## XXXV.

" And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak  
 With certainty of such a wondrous thing,  
 A child, who could not have been born a week,  
 Those fair-horned cattle closely following,  
 And in his hand he held a polished stick ;  
 And, as on purpose, he walked wavering  
 From one side to the other of the road,  
 And with his face opposed the steps he trod."

## XXXVI.

Apollo, hearing this, passed quickly on :  
 No wingèd omen could have shown more clear  
 That the deceiver was his father's son.  
 So the god wraps a purple atmosphere  
 Around his shoulders, and like fire is gone  
 To famous Pylos, seeking his kine there,  
 And found their track and his, yet hardly cold,  
 And cried, " What wonder do mine eyes behold !

## XXXVII.

" Here are the footsteps of the hornèd herd  
 Turned back toward their fields of asphodel ;  
 But these are not the tracks of beast or bird,  
 Gray wolf or bear or lion of the dell,  
 Or manèd centaur : sand was never stirred  
 By man or woman thus ! Inexplicable !  
 Who with unwearied feet could e'er impress  
 The sand with such enormous vestiges ?

## XXXVIII.

" That was most strange, but this is stranger still !"  
 Thus having said, Phœbus impetuously  
 Sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill,  
 And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,  
 And where the ambrosial nymph with happy will  
 Bore the Saturnian's love-child, Mercury —  
 And a delightful odor from the dew  
 Of the hill-pastures, at his coming, flew.

## XXXIX.

And Phœbus stooped under the craggy roof  
 Arched over the dark cavern : Maia's child  
 Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,  
 About the cows of which he had been beguiled.  
 And over him the fine and fragrant woof  
 Of his ambrosial swaddling-clothes he piled —  
 As among firebrands lies a burning spark  
 Covered, beneath the ashes cold and dark.

## XL.

There, like an infant who had sucked his fill,  
 And now was newly washed and put to bed,  
 Awake, but courting sleep with weary will  
 And gathered in a lump, hands, feet and head,  
 He lay, and his belovèd tortoise still  
 He grasped and held under his shoulder-blade ;  
 Phœbus, the lovely mountain-goddess, knew,  
 Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

## X L I.

Lay swathed in his sly wiles. Round every crook  
 Of the ample cavern, for his kine Apollo  
 Looked sharp; and when he saw them not, he took  
 The glittering key, and opened three great hollow  
 Recesses in the rock — where many a nook  
 Was filled with the sweet food immortals swallow,  
 And mighty heaps of silver and of gold  
 Were piled within — a wonder to behold!

## X L I I.

And white and silver robes, all overwrought  
 With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet —  
 Except among the gods there can be naught  
 In the wide world to be compared with it.  
 Latona's offspring, after having sought  
 His herds in every corner, thus did greet  
 Great Hermes: "Little cradled rogue, declare,  
 Of my illustrious heifers, where they are!

## X L I I I.

"Speak quickly! or a quarrel between us  
 Must rise, and the event will be, that I  
 Shall haul you into dismal Tartarus,  
 In fiery gloom to dwell eternally!  
 Nor shall your father nor your mother loose  
 The bars of that black dungeon — utterly  
 You shall be cast out from the light of day,  
 To rule the ghosts of men, unblest as they!"

## X L I V.

To whom thus Hermes slyly answered: "Son  
 Of great Latona, what a speech is this!  
 Why come you here to ask me what is done  
 With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?  
 I have not seen them, nor from any one  
 Have heard a word of the whole business:  
 If you should promise an immense reward,  
 I could not tell more than you now have heard.

## X L V.

"An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,  
 And I am but a little newborn thing,  
 Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong:  
 My business is to suck and sleep and fling  
 The cradle-clothes about me all day long —  
 Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,  
 And to be washed in water clean and warm,  
 And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.

## XLVI.

“ Oh, let not e'er this quarrel be averred !  
 The astounded gods would laugh at you, if e'er  
 You should alledge a story so absurd,  
 As that a newborn infant forth could fare  
 Out of his home after a savage herd.  
 I was born yesterday : my small feet are  
 Too tender for the roads so hard and rough :  
 And if you think that this is not enough,

## XLVII.

“ I swear a great oath, by my father's head,  
 That I stole not your cows, and that I know  
 Of no one else who might or could or did.  
 Whatever things cows are I do not know,  
 For I have only heard the name.” This said,  
 He winked as fast as could be, and his brow  
 Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,  
 Like one who hears some strange absurdity.

## XLVIII.

Apollo gently smiled and said, “ Ay, ay —  
 You cunning little rascal, you will bore  
 Many a rich man's house, and your array  
 Of thieves will lay their siege before his door,  
 Silent as night, in night ; and many a day  
 In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore  
 That you or yours, having an appetite,  
 Met with their cattle comrade of the night !

## XLIX.

“ And this among the gods shall be your gift,  
 To be considered as the lord of those  
 Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift ;  
 But now if you would not your last sleep dose,  
 Crawl out !” Thus saying, Phœbus did uplift  
 The subtle infant in his swaddling-clothes,  
 And in his arms, according to his wont,  
 A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont.

## L.

\* \* \* \* \*

And sneezed and shuddered — Phœbus on the grass  
 Him threw, and while all that he had designed  
 He did perform — eager although to pass,  
 Apollo darted from his mighty mind  
 Toward the subtle babe the following scoff :  
 “ Do not imagine this will get you off,

## L I.

"You little swaddled child of Jove and May!"  
 And seized him: "By this omen I shall trace  
 My noble herds, and you shall lead the way."  
 Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,  
 Like one in earnest haste to get away,  
 Rose, and with hands lifted toward his face,  
 Round both his ears up from his shoulders drew  
 His swaddling-clothes, and — "What mean you to do

## L I I

"With me, you unkind god?" said Mercury;  
 "Is it about these cows you tease me so?  
 I wish the race of cows were perished! — I  
 Stole not your cows: I do not even know  
 What things cows are. Alas! I well may sigh,  
 That, since I came into this world of woe,  
 I should have ever heard the name of one:  
 But I appeal to the Saturnian's throne."

## L I I I.

Thus Phœbus and the vagrant Mercury  
 Talked without coming to an explanation,  
 With adverse purpose. As for Phœbus, he  
 Sought not revenge, but only information,  
 And Hermes tried with lies and roguery  
 To cheat Apollo. But when no evasion  
 Served — for the cunning one his match had found —  
 He paced on first over the sandy ground.

## L I V.

He of the silver bow, the child of Jove,  
 Followed behind, till to their heavenly sire  
 Came both his children, beautiful as Love,  
 And from his equal balance did require  
 A judgement in the cause wherein they strove,  
 O'er odorous Olympus and its snows  
 A murmuring tumult as they came arose:

## L V.

And from the folded depths of the great hill,  
 While Hermes and Apollo reverent stood  
 Before Jove's throne, the indestructible  
 Immortals rushed in mighty multitude;  
 And, while their seats in order due they fill,  
 The lofty Thunderer in a careless mood  
 To Phœbus said, "Whence drive you this sweet prey,  
 'This herald-baby, born but yesterday? —

## LVI.

“ A most important subject, trifter, this  
 To lay before the gods !” — “ Nay, father, nay,  
 When you have understood the business,  
 Say not that I alone am fond of prey.  
 I found this little boy in a recess  
 Under Cyllene’s mountains far away —  
 A manifest and most apparent thief,  
 A scandal-monger beyond all belief.

## LVII.

“ I never saw his like either in heaven  
 Or upon earth for knavery or craft :  
 Out of the field my cattle yester-even,  
 By the low shore on which the loud sea laughed,  
 He right down to the river-ford had driven ;  
 And mere astonishment would make you daft  
 To see the double kind of footsteps strange  
 He has impressed wherever he did range.

## LVIII.

“ The cattle’s track on the black dust full well  
 Is evident, as if they went towards  
 The place from which they came — that asphodel  
 Meadow, in which I feed my many herds ;  
*His* steps were most incomprehensible —  
 I know not how I can describe in words  
 Those tracks ; he could have gone along the sands  
 Neither upon his feet nor on his hands ;

## LIX.

“ He must have had some other stranger mode  
 Of moving on : those vestiges immense,  
 Far as I traced them on the sandy road,  
 Seemed like the trail of oak-toppings : but thence  
 No mark nor track denoting where they trod  
 The hard ground gave ; but, working at his fence,  
 A mortal hodger saw him as he past  
 To Pylos, with the cows, in fiery haste.

## LX.

“ I found that in the dark he quietly  
 Had sacrificed some cows, and before light  
 Had thrown the ashes all dispersedly  
 About the road ; then, still as gloomy night,  
 Had crept into his cradle, either eye  
 Rubbing, and cogitating some new sleight.  
 No eagle could have seen him as he lay  
 Hid in his cavern from the peering day.

## L X I.

" I taxed him with the fact, when he averred  
 Most solemnly that he did neither see  
 Nor even had in any manner heard  
 Of my lost cows, whatever things cows be :  
 Nor could he tell, though offered a reward,  
 Not even who could tell of them to me."  
 So speaking, Phœbus sate ; and Hermes then  
 Addressed the supreme Lord of gods and men :

## L X I I.

" Great father, you know clearly beforehand  
 That all which I shall say to you is sooth ;  
 I am a most veracious person, and  
 Totally unacquainted with untruth.  
 At sunrise Phœbus came, but with no band  
 Of gods to bear him witness, in great wrath  
 To my abode, seeking his heifers there,  
 And saying that I must show him where they are,

## L X I I I.

" Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss.  
 I know that every Apollonian limb  
 Is clothed with speed and might and manliness,  
 As a green bank with flowers — but unlike him  
 I was born yesterday, and you may guess  
 He well knew this when he indulged the whim  
 Of bullying a poor little newborn thing  
 That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

## L X I V.

" Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine ?  
 Believe me, dearest father, such you are,  
 This driving of the herds is none of mine ;  
 Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,  
 So may I thrive ! I reverence the divine  
 Sun and the gods, and I love you, and care  
 Even for this hard accuser — who must know  
 I am as innocent as they or you.

## L X V.

" I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals —  
 (It is, you will allow, an oath of might)  
 Through which the multitude of the immortals  
 Pass and repass for ever, day and night,  
 Devising schemes for the affairs of mortals —  
 That I am guiltless ; and I will requite,  
 Although mine enemy be great and strong,  
 His cruel threat : do thou defend the young !"



## L X V I.

So speaking, the Cyllenian Argiphont  
 Winked, as if now his adversary was fitted :  
 And Jupiter, according to his wont,  
 Laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted  
 Infant give such a plausible account,  
 And every word a lie. But he remitted  
 Judgement at present, and his exhortation  
 Was, to compose the affair by arbitration.

## L X V I I.

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden  
 To go forth with a single purpose both,  
 Neither the other chiding nor yet chidden :  
 And Mercury with innocence and truth  
 To lead the way, and show where he had hidden  
 The mighty heifers. Hermes, nothing loth,  
 Obedyed the Ægis-bearer's will ; for he  
 Is able to persuade all easily.

## L X V I I I.

These lovely children of heaven's highest Lord  
 Hastened to Pylos and the pastures wide  
 And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford.  
 Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied  
 With silent growth. While Hermes drove the herd  
 Out of the stony cavern, Phœbus spied  
 The hides of those the little babe had slain,  
 Stretched on the precipice above the plain.

## L X I X.

"How was it possible," then Phœbus said,  
 "That you, a little child, born yesterday,  
 A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed,  
 Could two prodigious heifers ever slay ?  
 E'en I myself may well hereafter dread  
 Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenian May,  
 When you grow strong and tall." He spoke, and bound  
 Stiff withy bands the infant's wrists around.

## L X X.

He might as well have bound the oxen wild ;  
 The withy bands, though starkly interknit,  
 Fell at the feet of the immortal child,  
 Loosened by some device of his quick wit.  
 Phœbus perceived himself again beguiled,  
 And stared : while Hermes sought some hole or pit,  
 Looking askance and winking fast as thought,  
 Where he might hide himself, and not be caught.

## LXXI.

Sudden he changed his plan, and with strange skill  
 Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might  
 Of winning music, to his mightier will ;  
 His left hand held the lyre, and in his right  
 The plectrum struck the chords — unconquerable  
 Up from beneath his hand in circling flight  
 The gathering music rose — and sweet as love,  
 The penetrating notes did live and move

## LXXII.

Within the heart of great Apollo — he  
 Listened with all his soul, and laughed for pleasure.  
 Close to his side stood harping fearlessly  
 The unabashed boy ; and to the measure  
 Of the sweet lyre, there followed loud and free  
 His joyous voice ; for he unlocked the treasure  
 Of his deep song, illustrating the birth  
 Of the bright gods and the dark desert earth ;

## LXXIII.

And how to the immortals every one  
 A portion was assigned of all that is ;  
 But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son  
 Clothe in the light of his loud melodies ;  
 And, as each god was born, or had begun,  
 He in their order due and fit degrees  
 Sung of his birth and being — and did move  
 Apollo to unutterable love.

## LXXIV.

These words were wingèd with his swift delight :  
 “ You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you  
 Deserve that fifty oxen should requite  
 Such minstrelsies as I have heard even now.  
 Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,  
 One of your secrets I would gladly know,  
 Whether the glorious power you now show forth  
 Was folded up within you at your birth,

## LXXV.

“ Or whether mortal taught or God inspired  
 The power of unpremeditated song ?  
 Many divinest sounds have I admired  
 The Olympian gods and mortal men among ;  
 But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,  
 And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,  
 Yet did I never hear except from thee,  
 Offspring of May, impostor Mercury !

## L X X V I.

“What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,  
 What exercise of subtlest art, has given  
 Thy songs such power? for those who hear may choose  
 From three, the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,  
 Delight and love and sleep — sweet sleep, whose dew  
 Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even :  
 And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo  
 Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow :

## L X X V I I.

“And their delight is dance, and the blithe noise  
 Of song and overflowing poesy ;  
 And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice  
 Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly ;  
 But never did my inmost soul rejoice  
 In this dear work of youthful revelry,  
 As now I wonder at thee, son of Jove :  
 Thy harpings and thy song are soft as love.

## L X X V I I I.

“Now since thou hast, although so very small,  
 Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear —  
 And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,  
 Witness between us what I promise here :  
 That I will lead thee to the Olympian hall,  
 Honored and mighty, with thy mother dear,  
 And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,  
 And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee.”

## L X X I X.

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech :  
 “Wisely hast thou inquired of my skill :  
 I envy thee no thing I know to teach  
 Even this day : for both in word and will  
 I would be gentle with thee ; thou canst reach  
 All things in thy wise spirit, and thy sill  
 Is highest in heaven among the sons of Jove,  
 Who loves thee in the fullness of his love.

## L X X X.

“The Counselor Supreme has given to thee  
 Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude  
 Of his profuse exhaustless treasury ;  
 By thee, 'tis said, the depths are understood  
 Of his far voice : by thee the mystery  
 Of all oracular fates — and the dread mood  
 Of the diviner is breathed up, even I —  
 A child — perceive thy might and majesty —

## LXXXI.

“ Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit  
 Can find or teach ; yet since thou wilt, come, take  
 The lyre — be mine the glory giving it —  
 Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake  
 Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit  
 Of trancèd sound — and with fleet fingers make  
 Thy liquid-voicèd comrade talk with thee —  
 It can talk measured music eloquently.

## LXXXII.

“ Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,  
 Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,  
 A joy by night or day ; for those endowed  
 With art and wisdom who interrogate  
 It teaches, babbling in delightful mood,  
 All things which make the spirit most elate,  
 Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,  
 Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay.

## LXXXIII.

“ To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,  
 Though they should question most impetuously  
 Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong —  
 Some senseless and impertinent reply.  
 But thou who art as wise as thou art strong  
 Can compass all that thou desirest. I  
 Present thee with this music-flowing shell,  
 Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

## LXXXIV.

“ And let us two henceforth together feed  
 On this green mountain-slope and pastoral plain,  
 The herds in litigation — they will breed  
 Quickly enough to recompense our pain,  
 If to the bulls and cows we take good heed ;  
 And thou, though somewhat overfond of gain,  
 Grudge me not half the profit.” Having spoke.  
 The shell he proffered, and Apollo took.

## LXXXV.

And gave him in return the glittering lash,  
 Installing him as herdsman : from the look  
 Of Mercury then laughed a joyous flash ;  
 And then Apollo with the plectrum strook  
 The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash  
 Of mighty sounds rushed up, whose music shook  
 The soul with sweetness, and like an adept  
 His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

## LXXXVI.

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead,  
 While these most beautiful sons of Jupiter  
 Won their swift way up to the snowy head  
 Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre  
 Soothing their journey; and their father dread  
 Gathered them both into familiar  
 Affection sweet; and then and now and ever  
 Hermes must love him of the golden quiver,

## LXXXVII.

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,  
 Which skillfully he held and played thereon.  
 He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded  
 The echo of his pipings; every one  
 Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded,  
 While he conceived another piece of fun,  
 One of his old tricks — which the god of Day  
 Perceiving, said, "I fear thee, son of May:

## LXXXVIII.

"I fear thee and thy sly chameleon spirit,  
 Lest thou should steal my lyre and crookèd bow;  
 This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,  
 To teach all craft upon the earth below:  
 Thieves love and worship thee: it is thy merit  
 To make all mortal business ebb and flow  
 By roguery: now, Hermes, if you dare  
 By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear,

## LXXXIX.

"That you will never rob me, you will do  
 A thing extremely pleasing to my heart."  
 Then Mercury sware by the Stygian dew,  
 That he would never steal his bow or dart,  
 Or lay his hands on what to him was due,  
 Or ever would employ his powerful art  
 Against his Pythian faue. Then Phæbus swore  
 There was no god or man whom he loved more.

## XC.

"And I will give thee as a good-will token  
 The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness;  
 A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,  
 Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless;  
 And whatsoever by Jove's voice is spoken  
 Of earthly or divine from its recess,  
 It like a loving soul to thee will speak,  
 And more than this do thou forbear to seek:

## X C I.

“ For, dearest child, the divinations high  
 Which thou requirest, 'tis unlawful ever  
 That thou, or any other deity,  
 Should understand ; and vain were the endeavor :  
 For they are hidden in Jove's mind, and I,  
 In trust of them, have sworn that I would never  
 Betray the counsels of Jove's inmost will  
 To any god : the oath was terrible.

## X C I I.

“ Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not  
 To speak the fates by Jupiter designed ;  
 But be it mine to tell their various lot  
 To the unnumbered tribes of human kind.  
 Let good to these and ill to those be wrought  
 As I dispense ; but he who comes consigned  
 By voice and wings of perfect augury  
 To my great shrine, shall find avail in me.

## X C I I I.

“ Him will I not deceive, but will assist ;  
 But he who comes relying on such birds  
 As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist  
 The purpose of the gods with idle words,  
 And deems their knowledge light, he shall have missed  
 His road — while I among my other hoards  
 His gifts deposit. Yet, O son of May,  
 I have another wondrous thing to say :

## X C I V.

“ There are three Fates, three virgin sisters, who,  
 Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings,  
 Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,  
 Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings  
 Its circling skirts : from these I have learned true  
 Vaticinations of remotest things. .  
 My father cared not. While they search out dooms,  
 They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

## X C V.

“ They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow  
 Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter  
 With earnest willingness the truth they know ;  
 But, if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter  
 All plausible delusions : these to you  
 I give : if you inquire, they will not stutter :  
 Delight your own soul with them : any man  
 You would instruct may profit if he can.

## XCVI.

“ Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia’s child —  
 O’er many a horse and toil-enduring mule,  
 O’er jagged-jawed lions, and the wild  
 White-tuskèd boars, o’er all, by field or pool,  
 Of cattle which the mighty mother mild  
 Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule :  
 Thou dost alone the veil of death uplift —  
 Thou givest not — yet this is a great gift.”

## XCVII.

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May  
 In truth, and Jove covered them with love and joy.  
 Hermes with gods and men even from that day  
 Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,  
 And little profit, going far astray  
 Through the dun night. Farewell, delightful boy,  
 Of Jove and Maia sprung — never by me.  
 Nor thou, nor other songs, shall unremembered be.

## TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

Τὰν ἄλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ὅταν ὤνεμος ἀτρέμα βύλλῃ,  
 κ. τ. λ.

WHEN winds that move not its calm surface sweep  
 The azure sea, I love the land no more :  
 The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep  
 Tempt my unquiet mind. But when the roar  
 Of ocean’s gray abyss resounds, and foam  
 Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,  
 I turn from the drear aspect to the home  
 Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,  
 When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody ;  
 Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,  
 Whose prey, the wandering fish, an evil lot  
 Has chosen. But I my languid limbs will fling  
 Beneath the plain, where the brook’s murmuring  
 Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

## SONNET. — FROM MOSCHUS.

PAN loved his neighbor Echo — but that child  
 Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping ;  
 The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild  
 The bright nymph Lyda : and so the three went weeping.

As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr ;  
 The Satyr, Lyda — and thus love consumed them.  
 And thus to each — which was a woeful matter —  
 To bear what they inflicted, justice doomed them ;  
 For, inasmuch as each might hate the lover.  
 Each, loving, so was hated. Ye that love not  
 Be warned — in thought turn this example over,  
 That, when ye love, the like return ye prove not.

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THE CYCLOPS :

A SATYRIC DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

SILENUS.
 CHORUS OF SATYRS.

ULYSSES.
 THE CYCLOPS.

—————
 |
 —————

SILENUS.

O BACCHUS, what a world of toil, both now
 And ere these limbs were overworn with age,
 Have I endured for thee ! First, when thou fled'st
 The mountain-nymphs who nursed thee, driven afar
 By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee ;
 Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,
 When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,
 No unpropitious fellow-combatant,
 And, driving through his shield my wingèd spear,
 Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now,
 Is it a dream of which I speak to thee ?
 By Jove, it is not, for you have the trophies !
 And now I suffer more than all before.
 For, when I heard that Juno had devised
 A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea
 With all my children quaint in search of you,
 And I myself stood on the beakèd prow
 And fixed the naked mast ; and all my boys,
 Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain
 Made white with foam the green and purple sea —
 And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
 Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose
 And drove us to this wild Ætnean rock ;
 The one-eyed children of the ocean-god,
 The man-destroying Cyclopes inhabit,
 On this wild shore, their solitary caves ;
 And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us
 To be his slaves ; and so, for all delight

Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
 We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.
 My sons indeed, on far declivities,
 Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep,
 But I remain to fill the water-casks,
 Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
 Some impious and abominable meal
 To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it!
 And now I must scrape up the littered floor
 With this great iron rake, so to receive
 My absent master and his evening sheep
 In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see
 My children tending the flocks hitherward.
 Ha! what is this? are your Sicinnian measures
 Even now the same as when with dance and song
 You brought young Bacchus to Athæa's halls?

* * * * *

CHORUS OF SATYRS.

STROPHE.

Where has he of race divine
 Wandered in the winding rocks?
 Here the air is calm and fine
 For the father of the flocks;
 Here the grass is soft and sweet,
 And the river-eddies meet
 In the trough beside the cave,
 Bright as in their fountain-wave.
 Neither here, nor on the dew
 Of the lawny uplands feeding?
 Oh, you come! — a stone at you
 Will I throw to mend your breeding;
 Get along, you hornèd thing,
 Wild, seditious, rambling!

EPODE.*

An Iacchic melody
 To the golden Aphrodite
 Will I lift, as erst did I
 Seeking her and her delight
 With the Mænads, whose white feet
 To the music glance and fleet.
 Bacchus, O beloved, where,
 Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
 Wanderest thou alone, afar?
 To the one-eyed Cyclops, we,
 Who by right thy servants are,
 Minister in misery,
 In these wretched goatskins clad,
 Far from thy delights and thee.

SILENUS.

Be silent, sons; command the slaves to drive
 The gathered flocks into the rock-roofed cave.

* The Antistrophe is omitted.

CHORUS.

Go! But what needs this serious haste, O father?

SILENUS.

I see a Grecian vessel on the coast,
 And thence the rowers, with some general,
 Approaching to this cave. About their necks
 Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
 And water-flasks. O miserable strangers!
 Whence come they, that they know not what and who
 My master is, approaching in ill hour
 The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
 And the Cyclopean jawbone, man-destroying?
 Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear,
 Whence coming, they arrive the Ætnean hill.

ULYSSES.

Friends, can you show me some clear water spring,
 The remedy of our thirst? Will any one
 Furnish with food seamen in want of it?
 Ha! what is this? We seem to be arrived
 At the blithe court of Bacchus. I observe
 This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.
 First let me greet the elder. — Hail!

SILENUS.

O stranger! tell thy country and thy race.

Hail thou,

ULYSSES.

The Ithacan Ulysses and the king
 Of Cephalonia.

SILENUS.

Oh! I know the man,
 Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sysiphus.

ULYSSES.

I am the same, but do not rail upon me.

SILENUS.

Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?

ULYSSES.

From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils.

SILENUS.

How touched you not at your paternal shore?

ULYSSES.

The strength of tempests bore me here by force.

SILENUS.

The selfsame accident occurred to me.

ULYSSES.

Were you then driven here by stress of weather?

SILENUS.

Following the pirates who had kidnapped Bacchus.

ULYSSES.

What land is this, and who inhabits it? —

SILENUS.

Ætna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.

ULYSSES.

And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns?

SILENUS.

There are not. These lone rocks are bare of men.

ULYSSES.

And who possess the land? the race of beasts?

SILENUS.

Cyclops, who live in caverns, not in houses.

ULYSSES.

Obeying whom? Or is the state popular?

SILENUS.

Shepherds: no one obeys any in aught.

ULYSSES.

How live they? do they sow the corn of Ceres?

SILENUS.

On milk and cheese, and on the flesh of sheep.

ULYSSES.

Have they the Bromian drink from the vine's stream?

SILENUS.

Ah! no; they live in an ungracious land.

ULYSSES.

And are they just to strangers? — hospitable?

SILENUS.

They think the sweetest thing a stranger brings,
Is his own flesh.

ULYSSES.

What, do they eat man's flesh?

SILENUS.

No one comes here who is not eaten up.

ULYSSES.

The Cyclops now — where is he? Not at home?

SILENUS.

Absent on Ætna, hunting with his dogs.

ULYSSES.

Know'st thou what thou must do to aid us hence?

SILENUS.

I know not: we will help you all we can.

ULYSSES.

Provide us food, of which we are in want.

SILENUS.

Here is not any thing, as I said, but meat.

ULYSSES.

But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.

SILENUS.

Cow's milk there is, and store of curdled cheese—

ULYSSES.

Bring out: I would see all before I bargain.

SILENUS.

But how much gold will you engage to give?

ULYSSES.

I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.

SILENUS.

O joy!

'Tis long since these dry lips were wet with wine.

ULYSSES.

Maron, the son of the god, gave it me.

SILENUS.

Whom I have nursed a baby in my arms.

ULYSSES.

The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.

SILENUS.

Have you it now? or is it in the ship?

ULYSSES.

Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.

SILENUS.

Why this would hardly be a mouthful for me.

ULYSSES.

Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence.

SILENUS.

You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.

ULYSSES.

Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?

SILENUS.

'Tis just—tasting invites the purchaser.

ULYSSES.

Here is the cup, together with the skin.

SILENUS.

Pour: that the draught may fillip my remembrance.

ULYSSES.

See!

SILENUS.

Papaiapæx! what a sweet smell it has!

You see it then?—
 ULYSSES.

SILENUS.
 By Jove, no! but I smell it.

ULYSSES.
 Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.

SILENUS.
 Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance!
 Joy! joy!

ULYSSES.
 Did it flow sweetly down your throat?

SILENUS.
 So that it tingled to my very nails.

ULYSSES.
 And in addition I will give you gold.

SILENUS.
 Let gold alone! only unlock the cask.

ULYSSES.
 Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.

SILENUS.
 That will I do, despising any master.
 Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give
 All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains.

* * * * *

CHORUS.
 Ye have taken Troy, and laid your hands on Helen?

ULYSSES.
 And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.

SILENUS.
 * * * * *

The wanton wretch! She was bewitched to see
 The many-colored anklets and the chain
 Of woven gold which girt the neck of Paris,
 And so she left that good man Menelaus.
 There should be no more women in the world
 But such as are reserved for me alone.—
 See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses
 Here are unsparing cheeses of pressed milk;
 Take them: depart with what good speed ye may;
 First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew
 Of joy-inspiring grapes.

ULYSSES.
 Ah me! Alas!
 What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!
 Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?

SILENUS.
 Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.

ULYSSES.

'Twere perilous to fly into the net.

SILENUS.

The cavern has recesses numberless :
Hide yourselves quick !

ULYSSES.

That will I never do !
The mighty Troy would be indeed disgraced
If I should fly one man. How many times
Have I withstood with shield immovable
Ten thousand Phrygians ! — If I needs must die,
Yet will I die with glory : if I live,
The praise which I have gained will yet remain.

SILENUS.

What, ho ! assistance, comrades, haste, assistance !

The CYCLOPS, SILENUS, ULYSSES ; CHORUS.

CYCLOPS.

What is this tumult ? Bacchus is not here,
Nor tympanies nor brazen castanets.
How are my young lambs in the cavern ? Milking
Their dams, or playing by their sides ? And is
The new cheese pressed into the bullrush baskets ?
Speak ! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears —
Look up, not downward, when I speak to you !

SILENUS.

See ! I now gape at Jupiter himself,
I stare upon Orion and the stars.

CYCLOPS.

Well, is the dinner fitly cooked and laid !

SILENUS.

All ready, if your throat is ready too.

CYCLOPS.

Are the bowls full of milk besides ?

SILENUS.

O'erbrimming :
So you may drink a tunfull if you will.

CYCLOPS.

Is it ewe's milk, or cow's milk, or both mixed ?

SILENUS.

Both, either ; only pray don't swallow me.

CYCLOPS.

By no means. —

* * * * *

What is this crowd I see beside the stalls ?
Outlaws or thieves ? for near my cavern home
I see my young lambs coupled two by two

With willow bands : mixed with my cheeses lie
 Their implements : and this old fellow here
 Has his bald head broken with stripes.

SILENUS.

Ah me !

I have been beaten till I burn with fever.

CYCLOPS.

By whom ? Who laid his fist upon your head ?

SILENUS.

Those men, because I would not suffer them
 To steal your goods.

CYCLOPS.

Did not the rascals know

I am a god, sprung from the race of heaven ?

SILENUS.

I told them so, but they bore off your things,
 And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,
 And carried out the lambs — and said, moreover,
 They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,
 And pull your vitals out through your one eye.
 Torture your back with stripes ; then, binding you,
 Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,
 And then deliver you, a slave, to move
 Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.

CYCLOPS.

In truth ? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly
 The cooking-knives, and heap upon the hearth,
 And kindle it, a great fagot of wood. —
 As soon as they are slaughtered, they shall fill
 My belly, broiling warm from the live coals,
 Or boiled and seethed within the bubbling caldron.
 I am quite sick of the wild mountain game :
 Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
 And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.

SILENUS.

Nay, master, something new is very pleasant
 After one thing for ever, and of late
 Very few strangers have approached our cave.

ULYSSES.

Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side :
 We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship
 Into the neighborhood of your cave, and here
 This old Silenus gave us in exchange
 These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank,
 And all by mutual compact, without force.
 There is no word of truth in what he says,
 For slyly he was selling all your store.

SILENUS.

I ? May you perish, wretch —

ULYSSES.

If I speak false !

SILENUS.

Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee,
By mighty Triton, and by Nereus old,
Calypso and the glaucous ocean-nymphs,
The sacred waves and all the race of fishes—
Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master,
My darling little Cyclops—that I never
Gave any of your stores to these false strangers.
If I speak false may those whom most I love,
My children, perish wretchedly !

CHORUS.

There stop !

I saw him giving these things to the strangers.
If I speak false, then may my father perish,
But do not thou wrong hospitality.

CYCLOPS.

You lie ! I swear that he is juster far
Than Rhadamanthus—I trust more in him.
But let me ask, whence have ye sailed, O strangers ?
Who are you ? and what city nourished ye ?

ULYSSES.

Our race is Ithacan. Having destroyed
The town of Troy, the tempests of the sea
Have driven us on thy land, O Polypheme.

CYCLOPS.

What, have ye shared in the unenvied spoil
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream ?

ULYSSES.

The same, having endured a woeful toil.

CYCLOPS.

O basest expedition ! sailed ye not
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake ?

ULYSSES.

'Twas the gods' work—no mortal was in fault.
But, O great offspring of the ocean-king !
We pray thee and admonish thee with freedom,
That thou dost spare thy friends who visit thee,
And place no impious food within thy jaws.
For in the depths of Greece we have upreared
Temples to thy great father, which are all
His homes. The sacred bay of Tænarus
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess
Scooped high on the Malean promontory,
And aery Sunium's silver-veined crag,
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept

From Phrygian contumely ; and in which
 You have a common care, for you inhabit
 The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots
 Of Ætna and its crags, spotted with fire.
 Turn then to converse under human laws ;
 Receive us shipwrecked suppliants, and provide
 Food, clothes and fire and hospitable gifts :
 Nor, fixing upon oxen-piercing spits
 Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
 Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough ;
 And weapon-winged murder heaped together
 Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless,
 And ancient women and gray fathers wail
 Their childless age ; if you should roast the rest,
 And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare,
 Where then would any turn ? Yet be persuaded ;
 Forego the lust of your jawbone ; prefer
 Pious humanity to wicked will ;
 Many have bought too dear their evil joys.

SILENUS.

Let me advise you : do not spare a morsel
 Of all his flesh. If you should eat his tongue,
 You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops !

CYCLOPS.

Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's god ;
 All other things are a pretence and boast.
 What are my father's ocean promontories,
 The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me ?
 Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt,
 I know not that his strength is more than mine.
 As to the rest, I care not. When he pours
 Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
 Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
 Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,
 And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
 Emulating the thunder of high Heaven.
 And when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
 I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
 Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
 The earth by force, whether it will or no,
 Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,
 Which, to what other god but to myself
 And this great belly, first of deities,
 Should I be bound to sacrifice. I well know
 The wise man's only Jupiter is this —
 To eat and drink during his little day,
 And give himself no care. And as for those
 Who complicate with laws the life of man,
 I freely give them tears for their reward.
 I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
 Or hesitate in dining upon you :
 And that I may be quit of all demands,

These are my hospitable gifts — fierce fire
 And yon ancestral caldron, which o'erbubbling
 Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
 Creep in! —

* * * * *

ULYSSES.

Ay, ay! I have escaped the Trojan toils,
 I have escaped the sea, and now I fall
 Under the cruel grasp of one impious man.
 O Pallas, mistress, goddess, sprung from Jove,
 Now, now, assist me! Mightier toils than Troy
 Are these: I totter on the chasms of peril;
 And thou who inhabitest the thrones
 Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove,
 Upon this outrage of thy deity,
 Otherwise be considered as no God.

CHORUS (*alone*).

For your gaping gulf and your gullet wide
 The ravine is ready on every side;
 The limbs of the strangers are cooked and done,
 There is boiled meat and roast meat and meat from the coal,
 You may chop it and tear it and gnash it for fun,
 A hairy goatskin contains the whole.
 Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
 The stream of your wrath to a safer shore.

The Cyclops Ætnean is cruel and bold,
 He murders the strangers
 That sit on his hearth,
 And dreads no avengers
 To rise from the earth.

He roasts the men before they are cold,
 He snatches them broiling from the coal,
 And from the caldron pulls them whole,
 And minces their flesh and gnaws their bone
 With his cursèd teeth, till all be gone.

Farewell, foul pavilion!
 Farewell, rites of dread!
 The Cyclops vermillion,
 With slaughter uncloying,
 Now feasts on the dead,
 In the flesh of strangers joying!

ULYSSES.

O Jupiter! I saw within the cave
 Horrible things: deeds to be feigned in words,
 But not believed as being done.

CHORUS.

What! sawest thou the impious Polypheme
 Feasting upon your loved companions now?

ULYSSES.

Selecting two, the plumpest of the crowd,
He grasped them in his hands. —

CHORUS.

Unhappy man!

* * * * *

ULYSSES.

Soon as we came into this craggy place,
Kindling a fire, he cast on the broad hearth
The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,
Three wagon-loads at least, and then he strewed
Upon the ground, beside the red firelight,
His couch of pine-leaves; and he milked the cows,
And pouring forth the white milk, filled a bowl
Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much
As would contain four amphoræ, and bound it
With ivy wreaths; then placed upon the fire
A brazen pot to boil, and made red hot
The points of spits, not sharpened with the sickle,
But with a fruit-tree bough, and with the jaws
Of axes for Ætnean slaughterings.*
And when this God-abandoned cook of hell
Had made all ready, he seized two of us,
And killed them in a kind of measured manner;
For he flung one against the brazen rivets
Of the huge caldron, and seized the other
By the foot's tendon, and knocked out his brains
Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone;
Then peeled his flesh with a great cooking-knife,
And put him down to roast. The other's limbs
He chopped into the caldron to be boiled.
And I, with the tears raining from my eyes,
Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him:
The rest, in the recesses of the cave,
Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear.
When he was filled with my companions' flesh,
He threw himself upon the ground, and sent
A loathsome exhalation from his maw.
Then a divine thought came to me: I filled
The cup of Maron, and I offered him
To taste, and said, "Child of the ocean-god,
Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,
The exultation and the joy of Bacchus!"
He, satiated with his unnatural food,
Received it, and at one draught drank it off,
And, taking my hand, praised me: "Thou hast given
A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest."
And I, perceiving that it pleased him, filled
Another cup, well knowing that the wine
Would wound him soon and take a sure revenge.
And the charm fascinated him, and I

* I confess I do not understand this. — *Note of the author.*

Plied him cup after cup, until the drink
 Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud
 In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen
 A hideous discord — and the cavern rung.
 I have stolen out, so that if you will
 You may achieve my safety and your own.
 But say, do you desire, or not, to fly
 This uncompanionable man, and dwell,
 As was your wont, among the Grecian nymphs,
 Within the fanes of your beloved god ?
 Your father there within agrees to it,
 But he is weak and overcome with wine,
 And caught as if with birdlime by the cup,
 He claps his wings and crows in doating joy.
 You who are young escape with me, and find
 Bacchus your ancient friend ; unsuited he
 To this rude Cyclops.

CHORUS.

O my dearest friend,
 That I could see that day, and leave for ever
 The inipious Cyclops.

* * * * *

ULYSSES.

Listen, then, what a punishment I have
 For this fell monster, how secure a flight
 From your hard servitude.

CHORUS.

Oh sweeter far
 Than is the music of an Asian lyre
 Would be the news of Polypheme destroyed.

ULYSSES.

Delighted with the Bacchic drink, he goes
 To call his brother Cyclops — who inhabit
 A village upon Ætna not far off.

CHORUS.

I understand : catching him when alone,
 You think by some measure to dispatch him,
 Or thrust him from the precipice.

ULYSSES.

O no ;
 Nothing of that kind ; my device is subtle.

CHORUS.

How, then ? I heard of old that thou wert wise.

ULYSSES.

I will dissuade him from this plan, by saying
 It were unwise to give the Cyclopes
 This precious drink, which if enjoyed alone
 Would make life sweeter for a longer time.
 When vanquished by the Bacchic power, he sleeps,

There is a trunk of olive wood within,
Whose point, having made sharp with this good sword,
I will conceal in fire, and when I see
It is alight, will fix it, burning yet,
Within the socket of the Cyclops' eye,
And melt it out with fire — as when a man
Turns by its handle a great augur round,
Fitting the framework of a ship with beams,
So will I in the Cyclops' fiery eye
Turn round the brand, and dry the pupil up.

CHORUS.

Joy! I am mad with joy at your device.

ULYSSES.

And then with you, my friends, and the old man,
We'll load the hollow depth of our black ship,
And row with double strokes from this dread shore.

CHORUS.

May I, as in libations to a god,
Share in the blinding him with the red brand?
I would have some communion in his death.

ULYSSES.

Doubtless: the brand is a great brand to hold.

CHORUS.

Oh! I would lift a hundred wagon-loads,
If like a wasp's nest I could scoop the eye out
Of the detested Cyclops.

ULYSSES.

Silence now!

Ye know the close device: and when I call,
Look ye obey the masters of the craft.
I will not save myself and leave behind
My comrades in the cave: I might escape,
Having got clear from that obscure recess,
But 'twere unjust to leave in jeopardy
The dear companions who sailed here with me.

CHORUS.

Come! who is first, that with his hand
Will urge down the burning brand
Through the lids, and quench the pierce
The Cyclops' eye so fiery fierce?

SEMICHORUS I. — *Song within.*

Listen! listen! he is coming,
A most hideous discord humming,
Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling,
Far along his rocky dwelling;
Let us with some comic spell
Teach the yet unteachable.
By all means he must be blinded,
If my counsel be but minded.

THE CYCLOPS.

SEMICHORUS II.

Happy those made odorous
 With the dew which sweet grapes weep,
 To the village hastening thus,
 Seek the vines that soothe to sleep
 Having first embraced thy friend,
 There in luxury without end,
 With the strings of yellow hair
 Of thy voluptuous leman fair,
 Shalt sit playing on a bed! —
 Speak, what door is openèd?

CYCLOPS.

Ha! ha! ha! I'm full of wine,
 Heavy with the joy divine,
 With the young feast oversated.
 Like a merchant's vessel freighted
 To the water's edge, my crop
 Is laden to the gullet's top.
 The fresh meadow-grass of spring
 Tempts me forth, thus wandering
 To my brothers on the mountains,
 Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains.
 Bring the cask, O stranger, bring!

CHORUS.

One with eyes the fairest
 Cometh from his dwelling;
 Some one loves thee, rarest,
 Bright beyond my telling.
 In thy grace thou shinest
 Like some nymph divinest,
 In her caverns dewy;
 All delights pursue thee,
 Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
 Shall thy head be wreathing.

ULYSSES.

Listen, O Cyclops! for I am well skilled
 In Bacchus, whom I gave thee of to drink.

CYCLOPS.

What sort of god is Bacchus then accounted?

ULYSSES.

The greatest among men for joy of life.

CYCLOPS.

I gulped him down with very great delight.

ULYSSES.

This is a god who never injures men.

CYCLOPS.

How does the god like living in a skin?

ULYSSES.

He is content wherever he is put.

CYCLOPS.

Gods should not have their body in a skin.

ULYSSES.

If he give joy, what is his skin to you ?

CYCLOPS.

I hate the skin, but love the wine within.

ULYSSES.

Stay here : now drink, and make your spirit glad.

CYCLOPS.

Should I not share this liquor with my brothers ?

ULYSSES.

Keep it yourself, and be more honored so.

CYCLOPS.

I were more useful, giving to my friends.

ULYSSES.

But village mirth breeds contests, broils and blows.

CYCLOPS.

When I am drunk none shall lay hands on me. —

ULYSSES.

A drunken man is better within doors.

CYCLOPS.

He is a fool, who drinking, loves not mirth.

ULYSSES.

But he is wise, who drunk, remains at home.

CYCLOPS.

What shall I do, Silenus ? Shall I stay ?

SILENUS.

Stay — for what need have you of pot-companions ?

CYCLOPS.

Indeed this place is closely carpeted
With flowers and grass.

SILENUS.

And in the sun-warm noon
'Tis sweet to drink. Lie down beside me now,
Placing your mighty sides upon the ground.

CYCLOPS.

What do you put the cup behind me for ?

SILENUS.

That no one here may touch it.

CYCLOPS.

Thievish one ?

You want to drink : here place it in the midst.
And thou, O stranger, tell how art thou called ?

ULYSSES.

My name is Nobody. What favor now
Shall I receive to praise you at your hands?

CYCLOPS.

I'll feast on you the last of your companions.

ULYSSES.

You grant your guest a fair reward, O Cyclops.

CYCLOPS.

Ha! what is this? Stealing the wine, you rogue!

SILENUS.

It was this stranger kissing me, because
I looked so beautiful.

CYCLOPS.

You shall repent
For kissing the coy wine that loves you not.

SILENUS.

By Jupiter! you said that I am fair.

CYCLOPS.

Pour out, and only give me the cup full.

SILENUS.

How is it mixed? Let me observe.

CYCLOPS.

Give it me so.

Curse you!

SILENUS.

Not till I see you wear
That coronal, and taste the cup to you,

CYCLOPS.

Thou wily traitor!

SILENUS.

But the wine is sweet.
Ay, you will roar if you are caught in drinking.

CYCLOPS.

See now, my lip is clean and all my beard.

SILENUS.

Now put your elbow right, and drink again.
As you see me drink— * * * *

CYCLOPS.

How now?

SILENUS.

Ye gods! what a delicious gulp!

CYCLOPS.

Guest, take it: you pour out the wine for me.

ULYSSES.

The wine is well accustomed to my hand.

CYCLOPS.

Pour out the wine !

ULYSSES.

I pour — only be silent.

CYCLOPS.

Silence is a hard task to him who drinks.

ULYSSES.

Take it and drink it off: leave not a dreg.
O that the drinker died with his own draught !

CYCLOPS.

Papai ! the vine must be a sapient plant.

ULYSSES.

If you drink much after a mighty feast,
Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well ;
If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.

CYCLOPS.

Ho ! ho ! I can scarce rise. What pure delight !
The heavens and earth appear to whirl about
Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove
And the clear congregation of the gods.
Now if the Graces tempted me to kiss,
I would not, for the loveliest of them all
I would not leave this Ganymede.

SILENUS.

Polypheme,

I am the Ganymede of Jupiter.

CYCLOPS.

By Jove you are ! I bore you off from Dardanus.

ULYSSES and the CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race,
This man within is folded up in sleep.
And soon will vomit flesh from his fell maw ;
The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke,
No preparation needs, but to burn out
The monster's eye : but bear yourselves like men.

CHORUS.

We will have courage like the adamant rock.
All things are ready for you here : go in,
Before our father shall perceive the noise.

ULYSSES.

Vulcan, Ætnean king ! burn out with fire
The shining eye of this thy neighboring monster !
And thou, O Sleep, nursling of gloomy Night,
Descend unmixed on this God-hated beast,
And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,
Returning from their famous Trojan toils,

To perish by this man, who cares not either
 For God or mortal : or I needs must think
 That Chance is a supreme divinity,
 And things divine are subject to her power.

CHORUS.

Soon a crab the throat will seize
 Of him who feeds upon his guest,
 Fire will burn his lamp-like eyes
 In revenge of such a feast !
 A great oak stump now is lying
 In the ashes yet undying.

Come, Maron, come !
 Raging let him fix the doom,
 Let him tear the eyelid up
 Of the Cyclops — that his cup
 May be evil !
 Oh, I long to dance and revel
 With sweet Bromian, long desired,
 In loved ivy-wreaths attired ;
 Leaving this abandoned home —
 Will the moment ever come ?

ULYSSES.

Be silent, ye wild things ! Nay, hold your peace,
 And keep your lips quite close ; dare not to breathe,
 Or spit, or e'en wink, lest ye wake the monster,
 Until his eye be tortured out with fire.

CHORUS.

Nay, we are silent, and we chew the air.

ULYSSES.

Come, now, and lend a hand to the great stake
 Within — it is delightfully red hot.

CHORUS.

You then command who first should seize the stake
 To burn the Cyclops' eye, that all may share
 In the great enterprise.

SEMICHORUS I.

We are too few ;
 We can not at this distance from the door
 Thrust fire into his eye.

SEMICHORUS II.

And we just now
 Have become lame : can not move hand nor foot.

CHORUS.

The same thing has occurred to us : our ancles
 Are sprained with standing here, I know not how.

ULYSSES.

What, sprained with standing still ?

CHORUS.

And there is dust
Or ashes in our eyes, I know not whence.

ULYSSES.

Cowardly dogs! ye will not aid me, then?

CHORUS.

With pitying my own back and my back-bone,
And with not wishing all my teeth knocked out,
This cowardice comes of itself — but stay,
I know a famous Orphic incantation
To make the brand stick of its own accord
Into the scull of this one-eyed son of earth.

ULYSSES.

Of old I knew ye thus by nature: now
I know ye better. I will use the aid
Of my own comrades — yet, though weak of hand,
Speak cheerfully, that so ye may awaken
The courage of my friends with your blithe words.

CHORUS.

This will I do with peril of my life,
And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.

Hasten and thrust,
And parch up to dust,
The eye of the beast
Who feeds on his guest.
Burn and blind
The Ætnean hind!
Scoop and draw,
But beware lest he claw
Your limbs near his maw!

CYCLOPS.

Ah me! my eyesight is parched up to cinders.

CHORUS.

What a sweet pæan! Sing me that again!

CYCLOPS.

Ah me! indeed, what woe has fallen upon me!
But, wretched nothings, think ye not to flee
Out of this rock: I, standing at the outlet,
Will bar the way, and catch you as you pass.

CHORUS.

What are you roaring out, Cyclops?

CYCLOPS.

I perish!

CHORUS.

For you are wicked.

CYCLOPS.

And besides miserable.

CHORUS.

What, did you fall into the fire when drunk?

CYCLOPS.

'Twas Nobody destroyed me.

CHORUS.

Why then no one
Can be to blame.

CYCLOPS.

I say 'twas Nobody
Who blinded me.

CHORUS.

Why, then, you are not blind !

CYCLOPS.

I wish you were as blind as I am.

CHORUS.

Nay,
It can not be that no one made you blind.

CYCLOPS.

You jeer me : where, I ask, is Nobody ?

CHORUS.

Nowhere, O Cyclops ! * * *

CYCLOPS.

It was that stranger ruined me ! The wretch
First gave me wine, and then burnt out my eye,
For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.
Have they escaped, or are they yet within ?

CHORUS.

They stand under the darkness of the rock,
And cling to it.

CYCLOPS.

At my right hand or left ?

CHORUS.

Close on your right.

CYCLOPS.

Where ?

CHORUS.

Near the rock itself.
You have them.

CYCLOPS.

Oh, misfortune on misfortune !
I've cracked my scull !

CHORUS.

Now they escape you there.

CYCLOPS.

Not there, although you say so.

CHORUS.

Not on that side.

Where then ?

CYCLOPS.

CHORUS.

They creep about you on your left.

CYCLOPS.

Ah ! I am mocked ! They jeer me in my ills.

CHORUS.

Not there ! he is a little there beyond you !

CYCLOPS.

Detested wretch ! where are you ?

ULYSSES.

Far from you

I keep with care this body of Ulysses.

CYCLOPS.

What do you say ? You proffer a new name.

ULYSSES.

My father named me so ; and I have taken
A full revenge for your unnatural feast ;
I should have done ill to have burned down Troy,
And not revenged the murder of my comrades.

CYCLOPS.

Ai ! ai ! the ancient oracle is accomplished :
It said that I should have my eyesight blinded
By you coming from Troy — yet it foretold
That you should pay the penalty for this
By wandering long over the homeless sea.

ULYSSES.

I bid thee weep — consider what I say :
I go toward the shore to drive my ship
To mine own land, o'er the Sicilian wave.

CYCLOPS.

Not so, if whelming you with this huge stone
I can crush you and all your men together ;
I will descend upon the shore, though blind,
Groping my way adown the steep ravine !

CHORUS.

And we, the shipmates of Ulysses now,
Will serve our Bacchus all our happy lives.

SONNET,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

DANTE ALIGHIERI TO GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

GUIDO, I would that Lappo, thou, and I,
 Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
 A magic ship, whose charmèd sails should fly
 With winds at will where'er our thoughts might wend,
 So that no change, nor any evil chance,
 Should mar our joyous voyage ; but it might be,
 That even satiety should still enhance
 Between our hearts their strict community ;
 And that the bounteous wizard then would place
 Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,
 Companions of our wandering, and would grace
 With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
 Our time, and each were as content and free
 As I believe that thou and I should be.

SPIRIT OF PLATO.

FROM THE GREEK.

EAGLE ! why soarest thou above that tomb ?
 To what sublime and starry-paven home
 Floatest thou ?
 I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,
 Ascending heaven — Athens does inherit
 His corpse below.

FROM THE GREEK.

A MAN who was about to hang himself,
 Finding a purse, then threw away his rope :
 The owner coming to reclaim his pelf,
 The halter found and used it. So is hope
 Changed for despair — one laid upon the shelf,
 We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
 Fortune is God : all you endure and do
 Depends on circumstance as much as you.

TO STELLA.

FROM PLATO.

THOU wert the morning star among the living,
 Ere thy fair light had fled :
 Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
 New splendor to the dead.



FROM PLATO.

KISSING Helena, together
 With my kiss, my soul beside it
 Came to my lips, and there I kept it —
 For the poor thing had wandered thither,
 To follow where the kiss should guide it :
 O, cruel I, to intercept it !



SCENES

FROM

THE 'MAGICO PRODIGIOSO' OF CALDERON.

CYPRIAN, *as a Student* ; CLARIN and MOSCON, *as poor Scholars, with books.*

CYPRIAN.

IN the sweet solitude of this calm place,
 This intricate wild wilderness of trees
 And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,
 Leave me ; the books you brought out of the house
 To me are ever best society.
 And while with glorious festival and song
 Antioch now celebrates the consecration
 Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
 And bears his image in loud jubilee
 To its new shrine, I would consume what still
 Lives of the dying day, in studious thought,
 Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
 Go and enjoy the festival ; it will
 Be worth the labor, and return for me
 When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,
 Which among dim gray clouds on the horizon
 Dance like white plumes upon a hearse : and here
 I shall expect you.

MOSCON.

I can not bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival
Certainly is, to leave you, sir, without
Just saying some three or four hundred words.
How is it possible that on a day
Of such festivity, you can bring your mind
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back
On all this mirth ?

CLARIN.

My master's in the right ;
There is not anything more tiresome
Than a procession-day, with troops of men,
And dances, and all that.

MOSCON.

From first to last,
Clarín, you are a temporizing flatterer ;
You praise not what you feel, but what he does :
Toadeater !

CLARIN.

You lie — under a mistake —
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

CYPRIAN.

Enough, you foolish fellows.
Puffed up with your own doting ignorance,
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go, and as I said, return for me
When night falls, vailing in its shadows wide
This glorious fabric of the universe.

MOSCON.

How happens it, although you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there ?

CLARIN.

Nay, the consequence
Is clear : who ever did what he advises
Others to do ? —

MOSCON.

Would that my feet were wings,
So would I fly to Livia. [Exit.

CLARIN.

To speak truth,
Livia is she who has surprised my heart ;
But he is more than half way there. — Soho !
Livia, I come : good sport, Livia, soho ! [Exit.

CYPRIAN.

Now, since I am alone, let me examine

The question which has long disturbed my mind
 With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
 The words of mystic import and deep sense
 In which he defines God. My intellect
 Can find no God with whom these marks and signs
 Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth
 Which I must fathom.

[Reads.]

Enter the DEVIL, as a fine Gentleman.

DEMON.

Search even as thou wilt,
 But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

CYPRIAN.

What noise is that among the boughs? Who moves?
 What art thou? —

DEMON.

'Tis a foreign gentleman.
 Even from this morning I have lost my way
 In this wild place, and my poor horse, at last
 Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon
 The enameled tapestry of this mossy mountain,
 And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
 Upon my way to Antioch upon business
 Of some importance, but wrapped up in cares
 (Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
 I parted from my company, and lost
 My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

CYPRIAN.

'Tis singular, that, even within the sight
 Of the high towers of Antioch, you could lose
 Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
 Of this wild wood, there is not one but leads,
 As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch:
 Take which you will you can not miss your road.

DEMON.

And such is ignorance! Even in the sight
 Of knowledge it can draw no profit from it.
 But, as it is still early, and as I
 Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
 Being a stranger there, I will even wait
 The few surviving hours of the day,
 Until the night shall conquer it. I see,
 Both by your dress and by the books in which
 You find delight and company, that you
 Are a great student: for my part, I feel
 Much sympathy with such pursuits.

CYPRIAN.

Studied much? —

Have you

DEMON.

No: and yet I know enough
 Not to be wholly ignorant.

CYPRIAN.

Pray, sir,
What science may you know ?

DEMON.

Many.

CYPRIAN.

Alas !

Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not : but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.

DEMON.

And with truth.
For, in the country whence I come, sciences
Require no learning — they are known.

CYPRIAN.

Ob, would

I were of that bright country ! for in this
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.

DEMON.

It is so true that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,
And obtained many votes : and though I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious than the failure
Could be dishonorable : if you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know best, and although I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

CYPRIAN.

The offer gives me pleasure. I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is racked with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.

DEMON.

It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, couched in these words :
“ God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance and one sense, all sight, all hands.”

CYPRIAN.

'Tis true.

DEMON.

What difficulty find you here ?

CYPRIAN.

I do not recognize among the gods
The God defined by Plinius : if he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter

Is not supremely good ; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness. In what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity ?

DEMON.

The wisdom
Of the old world masked with the names of gods
The attributes of nature and of man ;
A sort of popular philosophy.

CYPRIAN.

This reply will not satisfy me, for
Such awe is due to the high name of God,
That ill should never be imputed. Then,
Examining the question with more care,
It follows that the gods should always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How then does one will one thing — one another ?
And you may not say that I alledge
Poetical or philosophical learning :
Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues ; from two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end ? And, being opposite,
If one be good, is not the other evil ?
Evil in God is inconceivable ;
But supreme goodness fails among the gods
Without their union.

DEMON.

I deny your major.
These responses are means toward some end
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
They are the work of providence, and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,
Than victory advantage those who win.

CYPRIAN.

That I admit, and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory, it would be enough
To have permitted the defeat ; if God
Be all sight, God, who beheld the truth,
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplished ; thus, although
The Deity may according to his attributes
Be well distinguished into persons, yet,
Even in the minutest circumstance,
His essence must be one.

DEMON.

To attain the end,

The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

CYPRIAN.

But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed genii. good or evil —
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality :
Thus God might easily, without descending
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections by this mediation
To the just point.

DEMON.

These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity
Of the high gods ; in things of great importance
They still appear unanimous : consider
That glorious fabric, man — his workmanship
Is stamped with one conception.

CYPRIAN.

Who made man
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work, and being
All hands, according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made ?
If equal in their power, and only unequal
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror ?

DEMON.

On impossible
And false hypotheses, there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this ?

CYPRIAN.

That there must be a mighty God
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,
Without an equal and without a rival ;
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,
One power, one will, one substance and one essence.
And in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguished, one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,
One cause of all cause.

[*They rise.*]

DEMON.

How can I impugn
So clear a consequence ?

CYPRIAN.

Do you regret

My victory ?

DEMON.

Who but regrets a check
In rivalry of wit ? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.

CYPRIAN.

Go in peace !

DEMON.

Remain in peace ! Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought but of
A piece of excellent beauty ; and as I
Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeancees.

[*Exit.*]

CYPRIAN.

I never

Met a more learned person. Let me now
Revolve this doubt again with careful mind.

[*He reads.*]*Enter LELIO and FLORO.*

LELIO.

Here stop. These toppling rocks and tangled boughs,
Impenetrable by the noonday beam,
Shall be sole witnesses of what we —

FLORO.

Draw !

If there were words, here is the place for deeds.

LELIO.

Thou needest not instruct me : well I know
That in the field the silent tongue of steel
Speaks thus !

[*They fight.*]

CYPRIAN.

Ha ! what is this ? Lelio, Floro,
Be it enough that Cyprian stands between you,
Although unarmed.

LELIO.

Whence comest thou, to stand
Between me and my vengeance ?

FLORO.

From what rocks

And desert cells ?

Enter MOSCON and CLARIN.

MOSCON.

Run, run! for where we left my master,
We hear the clash of swords.

CLARIN.

I never
Run to approach things of this sort, but only
To avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! sir!

CYPRIAN.

Be silent, fellows! What! two friends who are
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch;
One of the noble men of the Colatti,
The other son of the governor, adventure
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,
Two lives, the honor of their country!

LELIO.

Cyprian,
Although my high respect toward your person
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of its scabbard.
Thou knowest more of science than the duel:
For when two men of honor take the field,
No counsel nor respect can make them friends,
But one must die in the pursuit.

FLORO.

I pray
That you depart hence with your people, and
Leave us to finish what we have begun
Without advantage.

CYPRIAN.

Though you may imagine
That I know little of the laws of duel
Which vanity and valor instituted,
You are in error. By my birth I am
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits
Of honor and of infamy, nor has study
Quenched the free spirit which first ordered them;
And thus to me, as one well experienced
In the false quicksands of the sea of honor,
You may refer the merits of the case;
And if I should perceive in your relation
That either has the right to satisfaction
From the other, I give you my word of honor
To leave you.

LELIO.

Under this condition then
I will relate the cause, and you will cede
And must confess th' impossibility
Of compromise; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.

FLORO.

It seems
Much to me that the light of day should look
Upon that idol of my heart — but he —
Leave us to fight, according to thy word.

CYPRIAN.

Permit one question further : is the lady
Impossible to hope or not ?

LELIO.

She is
So excellent, that if the light of day
Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were
Without just cause, for even the light of day
Trembles to gaze on her.

CYPRIAN.

Would you for your
Part marry her ?

FLORO.

Such is my confidence.

CYPRIAN.

And you ?

LELIO.

O, would that I could lift my hope
So high ! for, though she is extremely poor,
Her virtue is her dowry.

CYPRIAN.

And if you both
Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,
Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand
To slur her honor ? What would the world say
If one should slay the other, and if she
Should afterward espouse the murderer ?

*[The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to CYPRIAN,
who in consequence visits JUSTINA, and becomes
enamored of her : she disdains him, and he retires
to a solitary seashore.]*

SCENE II.

CYPRIAN.

O MEMORY ! permit it not
That the tyrant of my thought
Be another soul that still
Holds dominion o'er the will ;
That would refuse, but can no more,
To bend, to tremble and adore.
Vain idolatry ! — I saw,
And gazing, became blind with error ;

Weak ambition, which the awe
 Of her presence bound to terror !
 So beautiful she was — and I,
 Between my love and jealousy,
 Am so convulsed with hope and fear,
 Unworthy as it may appear ;
 So bitter is the life I live,
 That, hear me, Hell ! I now would give
 To thy most detested spirit
 My soul, for ever to inherit,
 To suffer punishment and pine,
 So this woman may be mine.
 Hear'st thou, Hell ! dost thou reject it ?
 My soul is offered !

DEMON (*unseen*).

I accept it !

[*Tempest, with thunder and lightning.*]

CYPRIAN.

What is this ? ye heavens, for ever pure,
 At once intensely radiant and obscure !
 Athwart the ethereal halls
 The lightning's arrow and the thunder-balls
 The day affright,
 As from the horizon round,
 Burst with earthquake-sound,
 In mighty torrents the electric fountains :
 Clouds quench the sun, and thunder-smoke
 Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
 Philosophy, thou canst not even
 Compel their causes underneath thy yoke,
 From yonder clouds even to the waves below
 The fragments of a single ruin choke
 Imagination's flight ;
 For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
 The ashes of the desolation cast
 Upon the gloomy blast,
 Tell of the footsteps of the storm.
 And nearer see the melancholy form
 Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
 Drives miserably !
 And it must fly the pity of the port,
 Or perish, and its last and sole resort
 Is its own raging enemy.

The terror of the thrilling cry
 Was a fatal prophecy
 Of coming Death, who hovers now
 Upon that shattered prow,
 That they who die not may be dying still.
 And not alone the insane elements
 Are populous with wild portents,
 But that sad ship is as a miracle

Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast
 It seems as if it had arrayed its form
 With the headlong storm.
 It strikes — I almost feel the shock —
 It stumbles on a jagged rock —
 Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast.

A Tempest. — All exclaim within,
 We are all lost !

DEMON (*within*).
 Now from this plank will I
 Pass to the land, and thus fulfill my scheme.

CYPRIAN.
 As in contempt of the elemental rage
 A man comes forth in safety, while the ship's
 Great form is in a watery eclipse
 Obliterated from the ocean's page,
 And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,
 A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
 Are heaped over its carcass, like a grave.

The DEMON enters, as escaped from the sea.

DEMON (*aside*).
 It was essential to my purposes
 To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean,
 That in this unknown form I might at length
 Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture
 Sustained upon the mountain, and assail
 With a new war the soul of Cyprian,
 Forging the instruments of his destruction
 Even from his love and from his wisdom. — O
 Beloved Earth, dear mother, in thy bosom
 I seek a refuge from the monster who
 Precipitates itself upon me.

CYPRIAN.
 Friend,
 Collect thyself ; and be the memory
 Of thy late suffering and thy greatest sorrow
 But as a shadow of the past — for nothing
 Beneath the circle of the moon but flows
 And changes, and can never know repose.

DEMON.
 And who art thou, before whose feet my fate
 Has prostrated me ?

CYPRIAN.
 One who moved with pity,
 Would soothe its stings.

DEMON.
 Oh ! that can never be !
 No solace can my lasting sorrows find.

CYPRIAN.

Wherefore ?

DEMON.

Because my happiness is lost.
 Yet I lament what has long ceased to be
 The object of desire or memory,
 And my life is not life.

CYPRIAN.

Now, since the fury
 Of this earthquaking hurricane is still,
 And the crystalline heaven has reëssumed
 Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems
 As if its heavy wrath had been awakened
 Only to overwhelm that vessel — speak,
 Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?

DEMON.

Far more
 My coming hither cost than thou hast seen
 Or I can tell. Among my misadventures
 This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear ?

CYPRIAN.

Speak.

DEMON.

Since thou desirest, I will then unvail
 Myself to thee — for in myself I am
 A world of happiness and misery ;
 This I have lost, and that I must lament
 For ever. In my attributes I stood
 So high and so heroically great,
 In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
 Which penetrated with a glance the world
 Beneath my feet, that won by my high merit
 A king — whom I may call the King of kings,
 Because all others tremble in their pride
 Before the terrors of his countenance,
 In his high palace roofed with brightest gems
 Of living light — call them the stars of Heaven —
 Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
 Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
 In mighty competition, to ascend
 His seat, and place my foot triumphantly
 Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
 The depth to which ambition falls ; too mad
 Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
 Repentance of the irrevocable deed :—
 Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
 Of not to be subdued, before the shame
 Of reconciling me with him who reigns
 By coward cession. Nor was I alone,
 Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone ;
 And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
 For many suffrages among his vassals

Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
 Are mine, and many more perchance shall be.
 Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
 I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
 Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
 With inauspicious thunderings shook heaven,
 Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
 And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
 Rapine, and death, and outrage. Then I sailed
 Over the mighty fabric of the world,
 A pirate ambushed in its pathless sands,
 A lynx crouched watchfully among its caves
 And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
 The expanse of these wide wildernesses
 In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
 In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
 And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
 Seeking ever a mountain, through whose forests
 I seek a man, whom I must now compel
 To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
 In tempest, and, although my power could well
 Bridle the forest winds in their career,
 For other causes I forbore to sooth
 Their fury to Favonian gentleness;
 I could and would not: (thus I wake in him
 A love of magic art.) Let not this tempest,
 Nor the succeeding calm excite thy wonder;
 For by my art the sun would turn as pale
 As his weak sister with unwonted fear.
 And in my wisdom are the orbs of heaven
 Written as in a record. I have pierced
 The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres,
 And know them as thou knowest every corner
 Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
 That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
 A charm over this waste and savage wood,
 This Babylon of crags and aged trees,
 Filling its leafy coverts with a horror
 Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
 Of these wild oaks and pines — and as from thee
 I have received the hospitality
 Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
 Of years of toil in recompense; whate'er
 Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
 As object of desire, that shall be thine.

* * * * *

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
 'Twixt thou and me be, that neither fortune,
 The monstrous phantom which pursues success,
 That careful miser, that free prodigal,
 Who ever alternates with changeful hand
 Evil and good, reproach and fame; nor Time,
 That loadstar of the ages, to whose beam

The winged years speed o'er the intervals
 Of their unequal revolutions; nor
 Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars
 Rule and adorn the world, can ever make
 The least division between thee and me,
 Since now I find a refuge in thy favor.

SCENE III.

The DEMON tempts JUSTINA, who is a Christian.

DEMON.

Abyss of Hell! I call on thee,
 Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy!
 From thy prison house set free
 The spirits of voluptuous death,
 That with their mighty breath
 They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts;
 Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
 Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
 Till her guiltless phantasy
 Full to overflowing be!
 And, with sweetest harmony,
 Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move
 To love, only to love.
 Let nothing meet her eyes
 But signs of Love's soft victories;
 Let nothing meet her ear
 But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow;
 So that from faith no succor may she borrow,
 But, guided by my spirit blind
 And in a magic snare entwined,
 She may now seek Cyprian.
 Begin, while I in silence bind
 My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast begun.

A VOICE WITHIN.

What is the glory far above
 All else in human life?

ALL.

Love! love!

[*While these words are sung, the DEMON goes out at one door, and JUSTINA enters at another.*]

THE FIRST VOICE.

There is no form in which the fire
 Of love its traces has impressed not.
 Man lives far more in love's desire
 Than by life's breath soon possessed not.
 If all that lives must love or die,
 All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
 With one consent to heaven cry
 That the glory far above
 All else in life is —

ALL.

Love! O love!

JUSTINA.

Thou melancholy thought which art,
 So fluttering and so sweet, to thee
 When did I give the liberty
 Thus to afflict my heart?
 What is the cause of this new power
 Which doth my fevered being move,
 Momently raging more and more?
 What subtle pain is kindled now
 Which from my heart doth overflow
 Into my senses?—

ALL.

Love! O love!

JUSTINA.

'Tis that enamored nightingale
 Who gives me the reply:
 He ever tells the same soft tale
 Of passion and of constancy
 To his mate, who, rapt and fond,
 Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale!— No more
 Make me think, in hearing thee
 Thus tenderly thy love deplore,
 If a bird can feel his so,
 What a man would feel for me.
 And, voluptuous wine, O thou
 Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
 To the trunk thou interlacest
 Art the verdure which embracest
 And the weight which is its ruin,—
 No more, with green embraces, vine,
 Make me think on what thou lovest,—
 For while thou thus thy boughs entwine,
 I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
 How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enamored sunflower, thou
 Who gazest ever true and tender
 On the sun's revolving splendor,
 Follow not his faithless glance
 With thy faded countenance,
 Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
 If leaves can mourn without a tear,
 How eyes must weep! O Nightingale,
 Cease from thy enamored tale,—
 Leafy vine, unwreath thy bower,
 Restless sunflower, cease to move—
 Or tell me all, what poisonous power
 Ye use against me—

ALL.

Love! love! love!

JUSTINA.

It can not be! — Whom have I ever loved?
 Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
 Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
 And Cyprian? —

[*She becomes troubled at the name of CYPRIAN.*

Did I not requite him
 With such severity, that he has fled
 Where none has ever heard of him again? —
 Alas! I now begin to fear that this
 May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,
 As if there were no danger. From the moment
 That I pronounced to my own listening heart,
 "Cyprian is absent, O miserable me!"
 I know not what I feel!

[*More calmly.*

It must be pity
 To think that such a man whom all the world,
 Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
 And I the cause.

[*She again becomes troubled.*

And yet if it were pity,
 Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
 For they are both imprisoned for my sake. [*Calmly.*
 Alas! what reasonings are these? It is
 Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,
 Without this ceremonious subtlety,
 And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
 Even should I seek him through this wide world!

Enter DEMON.

DEMON.

Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

JUSTINA.

And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither
 Into my chamber through the doors and locks?
 Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
 Has formed in the idle air?

DEMON.

No. I am one
 Called by the thought which tyrannizes thee
 From his eternal dwelling — who this day
 Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

JUSTINA.

So shall thy promise fail. This agony
 Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
 May sweep imagination in its storm;
 The will is firm.

DEMON.

Already half is done
 In the imagination of an act

The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains:
Let not the will stop half way on the road.

JUSTINA.

I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:
Thought is not in my power, but action is:
I will not move my foot to follow thee!

DEMON.

But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

JUSTINA.

By my free will.

DEMON.

I

Must force thy will.

JUSTINA.

It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.

[He draws, but can not move her.]

DEMON.

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

JUSTINA.

It were bought

Too dear.

DEMON.

'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

JUSTINA.

'Tis dread captivity.

DEMON.

'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

JUSTINA.

'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

DEMON.

But how

Canst thou defend thyself from that or me.
If my power drags thee onward?

JUSTINA.

My defence

Consists in God.

[He vainly endeavors to force her, and at last releases her.]

DEMON.

Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But since thou thus findest defence in God,

I will assume a feignèd form, and thus
 Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
 For I will mask a spirit in thy form
 Who will betray thy name to infamy,
 And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,
 First by dishonoring thee, and then by turning
 False pleasure to true ignominy.

[*Exit.*]

JUSTINA.

I

Appeal to Heaven against thee ; so that Heaven
 May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
 Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
 Even as flame dies in the envious air,
 And as the flow'ret wanes at morning frost,
 And thou shouldst never — But, alas ! to whom
 Do I still speak ? — Did not a man but now
 Stand here before me ? — No, I am alone,
 And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly ?
 Or can the heated mind engender shapes
 From its own fear ? Some terrible and strange
 Peril is near. Lisander ! father ! lord !
 Livia ! —

Enter LISANDER and LIVIA.

LISANDER.

O my daughter ! what ?

LIVIA.

What ?

JUSTINA.

Saw you

A man go forth from my apartment now ? —
 I scarce sustain myself !

LISANDER.

A man here ?

JUSTINA.

Have you not seen him ?

LIVIA.

No, lady.

JUSTINA.

I saw him.

LISANDER.

'Tis impossible : the doors
 Which led to this apartment were all locked.

LIVIA (*aside*).

I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
 For he was locked up in my room.

LISANDER.

It must

Have been some image of thy phantasy.
 Such melancholy as thou feedest is

Skillful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.

LIVIA.

My master's in the right.

JUSTINA.

Oh, would it were
Delusion ; but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart was torn in fragments ; ay.
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame ;
So potent was the charm, that had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps. — Livia, quick bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Which secretly the faithful worship.

LIVIA.

Here.

JUSTINA (*putting on her cloak*).

In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away !

LISANDER.

And I will go with thee !

LIVIA.

When I once see them safe out of the house,
I shall breathe freely.

JUSTINA.

So do I confide
In thy just favor, Heaven !

LISANDER.

Let us go.

JUSTINA.

Thine is the cause, great God ! Turn, for my sake
And for thine own, mercifully to me !

SCENES

FROM THE 'FAUST' OF GOETHE.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The LORD and the Host of Heaven.

Enter three Archangels.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun makes music as of old
 Amid the rival spheres of heaven,
 On its predestined circle rolled
 With thunder speed: the angels even
 Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
 Though none its meaning fathom may;
 The world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
 The adorned earth spins silently,
 Alternating Elysian brightness
 With deep and dreadful night; the sea
 Foams in broad billows from the deep
 Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean
 Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
 Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
 From land to sea, from sea to land;
 And, raging, weave a chain of power
 Which girds the earth as with a band.
 A flashing desolation there
 Flames before the thunder's way;
 But thy servants, Lord, revere
 The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The angels draw strength from thy glance,
 Though no one comprehend thee may:
 Thy world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as on creation's day.*

* RAPHAEL.

The sun sounds, according to ancient custom,
 In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres,
 And its fore-written circle
 Fulfills with a step of thunder,
 Its countenance gives the angels strength,
 Though no one can fathom it.
 The incredible high works
 Are excellent as at the first day.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As thou, O Lord, once more art kind enough
 To interest thyself in our affairs —
 And ask, "How goes it with you there below?"
 And as indulgently at other times
 Thou tookedst not my visits in ill part,
 Thou seest me here once more among thy household,
 Though I should scandalize this company,
 You will excuse me if I do not talk
 In the high style which they think fashionable;
 My pathos certainly would make you laugh too.
 Had you not long since given over laughing.
 Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;
 I observe only how men plague themselves;
 The little god o'er the world keeps the same stamp,
 As wonderful as on creation's day:
 A little better would he live hadst thou
 Not given him a glimpse of heaven's light
 Which he calls reason, and employs it only
 To live more beastily than any beast.
 With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken,
 He's like one of those long-legged grasshoppers
 Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever
 The same old song i' the grass. There let him lie,
 Burying his nose in every heap of dung.

THE LORD.

Have you no more to say? Do you come here
 Always to scold and cavil and complain?
 Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?

GABRIEL.

And swift, and inconceivably swift
 The adornment of earth winds itself round,
 And exchanges paradise-clearness
 With deep dreadful night.
 The sea foams in broad waves
 From its deep bottom up to the rocks,
 And rocks and sea are torn on together
 In the eternal swift course of the spheres.

MICHAEL.

And storms roar in emulation
 From sea to land, from land to sea,
 And make, raging, a chain
 Of deepest operation round about.
 There flames a flashing destruction
 Before the path of the thunderbolt.
 But thy servants, Lord, revere
 The gentle alternations of thy day.

CHORUS.

Thy countenance gives the angels strength,
 Though none can comprehend thee:
 And all thy lofty works
 Are excellent as at the first day.

Such is a literal translation of this astonishing chorus. It is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a caput mortuum. — *Author's note.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord ; I find all there, as ever, bad at best.
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow ;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.

THE LORD.

Knowest thou Faust ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The doctor ?

THE LORD.

Ay ; my servant Faust.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth

He serves you in a fashion quite his own,
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears ;
Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

THE LORD.

Though he now serves me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.
When trees look green, full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you bet ? — now I am sure of winning —
Only observe you give me full permission
To lead him softly on my path.

THE LORD.

As long

As he shall live upon the earth, so long
Is nothing unto thee forbidden. — Man
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thanks.

And that is all I ask ; for willingly
I never make acquaintance with the dead.
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me,
And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.
For I am like a cat — I like to play
A little with the mouse before I eat it.

THE LORD.

Well, well, it is permitted thee. Draw thou
His spirit from its springs ; as thou find'st power,
Seize him and lead him on thy downward path ;
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
Is well aware of the right way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well and good.
I am not in much doubt about my bet,
And, if I lose, then 'tis your turn to crow :
Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast.
Ay ; dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,
Like my old paramour, the famous Snake.

THE LORD.

Pray come here when it suits you ; for I never
Had much dislike for people of your sort.
And, among all the spirits who rebelled,
The knave was ever the least tedious to me.
The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon
He seeks unbroken quiet ; therefore I
Have given him the devil for a companion,
Who may provoke him to some sort of work,
And must create for ever. — But ye, pure
Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty :
Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love ;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

[Heaven closes : the archangels exeunt.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From time to time I visit the old fellow,
And I take care to keep on good terms with him.
Civil enough is this same God Almighty,
To talk so freely with the devil himself !

SCENE.

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

WOULD you not like a broomstick ? As for me,
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride :
For we are still far from th' appointed place.

FAUST.

This knotted staff is help enough for me,
While I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way ?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
In the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath :
Shall she not work also within our limbs ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
 My body is all wintry, and I wish
 The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
 But see, how melancholy rises now,
 Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
 The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
 And gives so bad a light, that every step
 One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission
 I'll call an ignis-fatuus to our aid :
 I see one yonder burning jollily.
 Halloo, my friend ! may I request that you
 Would favor us with your bright company ?
 Why should you blaze away there to no purpose ?
 Pray be so good as light us up this way.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

With reverence be it spoken, I will try
 To overcome the lightness of my nature ;
 Our course, you know, is generally zigzag.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha, ha ! your worship thinks you have to deal
 With men. Go straight on, in the devil's name,
 Or I shall puff your flickering life out.

IGNIS-FATUUS.

Well,

I see you are the master of the house ;
 I will accommodate myself to you.
 Only consider that to-night this mountain
 Is all-enchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern
 Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
 You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES and IGNIS-FATUUS, in alternate Chorus

The limits of the sphere of dream,
 The bounds of true and false, are past.
 Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
 Lead us onward, far and fast,
 To the wide, the desert waste.
 But see, how swift advance and shift
 Trees behind trees, row by row —
 How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
 Their frowning foreheads as we go !
 The giant-snouted crags, ho ! ho !
 How they snort and how they blow !

Through the mossy sods and stones,
 Stream and streamlet hurry down,
 A rushing throng ! A sound of song
 Beneath the vault of heaven is blown !
 Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
 Of this bright day, sent down to say
 That paradise on earth is known,

Resound around, beneath, above.
 All we hope and all we love
 Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
 Which wakens hill and wood and rill,
 And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
 And which Echo, like the tale
 Of old times, repeats again.

To whoo! to whoo! near, nearer now
 The sound of song, the rushing throng?
 Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
 All awake as if 'twere day?
 See, with long legs and belly wide,
 A salamander in the brake!
 Every root is like a snake,
 And along the loose hillside,
 With strange contortions through the night,
 Curls, to seize or to affright;
 And animated, strong, and many,
 They dart forth polypus antennæ,
 To blister with their poison spume
 The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
 The many-colored mice that thread
 The dewy turf beneath our tread,
 In troops each other's motions cross,
 Through the heath and through the moss;
 And in legions intertangled.
 The fire flies flit, and swarm, and throng,
 Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay?
 Shall we onward? Come along!
 Everything around is swept
 Forward, onward, far away!
 Trees and masses intercept
 The sight, and wisps on every side
 Are puffed up and multiplied.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
 This pinnacle of isolated crag.
 One may observe with wonder from this point
 How Mammon glows among the mountains.

FAUST.

Ay—

And strangely through the solid depth below
 A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
 Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss
 Of mountains, lighting hitherward; there, rise
 Pillars of smoke; here, clouds float gently by;
 Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
 Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
 And now it glides like tender colors spreading;

And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth ;
 And now it winds one torrent of broad light,
 Through the far valley with a hundred veins ;
 And now once more within that narrow corner
 Masses itself into intensest splendor.
 And near us see sparks spring out of the ground,
 Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness ;
 The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
 That hems us in are kindled.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rare, in faith !
 Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
 His palace for this festival — it is
 A pleasure which you had not known before.
 I spy the boisterous guests already.

FAUST.

How
 The children of the wind rage in the air !
 With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
 Beware ! for if with them thou warrest
 In their fierce flight toward the wilderness,
 Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
 Thy body to a grave in the abyss.

A cloud thickens the night.
 Hark ! how the tempest crashes through the forest !
 The owls fly out in strange affright ;
 The columns of the evergreen palaces
 Are split and shattered ;
 The roots creak, and stretch, and groan ;
 And, ruinously overthrown,
 The trunks are crushed and shattered
 By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
 Over each other crack and crash they all
 In terrible and intertangled fall ;
 And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
 The airs hiss and howl —
 It is not the voice of the fountain,
 Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.
 Dost thou not hear ?
 Strange accents are ringing
 Aloft, afar, anear ;
 The witches are singing !
 The torrent of a raging wizard's song
 Streams the whole mountain along.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
 Now to the Brocken the witches go ;
 The mighty multitude here may be seen
 Gathering, wizard and witch, below.

Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air ;
 Hey over stock ! and hey over stone !
 'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done ?
 Tell it who dare ! tell it who dare !

A VOICE.

Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,
 Old Baubo rideth alone.

CHORUS.

Honor her to whom honor is due —
 Old mother Baubo, honor to you !
 An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
 Is worthy of glory and worthy of honor !
 The legion of witches is coming behind,
 Darkening the night and outspeeding the wind —

A VOICE.

Which way comest thou ?

A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein ;
 The owl was awake in the white moonshine ;
 I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
 And she stared at me with her broad bright eye.

VOICES.

And you may now as well take your course on to hell,
 Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

A VOICE.

She dropped poison upon me as I past.
 Here are the wounds——

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come away ! come along !
 The way is wide, the way is long,
 But what is that for a Bedlam throng ?
 Stick with the prong and scratch with the broom.
 The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
 And the mother is clapping her hands. —

SEMICHORUS OF WIZARDS I.

We glide in
 Like snails when the women are all away ;
 And from a house once given over to sin
 Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

SEMICHORUS II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
 Where a man but a single spring will make.

VOICES ABOVE.

Come with us, come with us, from Felunsee.

VOICES BELOW.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky !

We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we ;
But our toil and our pain are for ever in vain.

BOTH CHORUSES.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead :
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
Come away !

VOICES BELOW.

Stay, oh stay !

VOICES ABOVE.

Out of the crannies of the rocks,
Who calls ?

VOICES BELOW.

Oh, let me join your flocks !
I three hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt and mount to heaven —
And still in vain. Oh, might I be
With company akin to me !

BOTH CHORUSES.

Some on a ram and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along ;
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

A HALF-WITCH BELOW.

I have been tripping this many an hour :
Are the others already so far before ?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad !
And less methinks is found by the road.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come onward, away ! aoint thee, aoint !
A witch to be strong must aoint — aoint —
Then every trough will be boat enough ;
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky,
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly ?

BOTH CHORUSES.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground ;
Witch-legions thicken around and around ;
Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over. [*They descend.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling !
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling !
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning !
As heaven and earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us :
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided :
Where are you ?

FAUST (*from a distance*).

Here !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What!

I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland! Pray make way, good people.
Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd:
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way: we shall slip down there in a minute.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction! Well, lead on—
'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humors of the time!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See yonder, round a many-colored flame
A merry club is huddled all together:
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone.

FAUST.

Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet

Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
'Tis an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a drachm of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments— one must
Get used to this damned scraping! Come, I'll lead you
Among them; and what there you do and see,
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.

How say you now? this space is wide enough—
Look forth, you can not see the end of it—
A hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable:
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than ~~this~~?

FAUST.

In introducing us, do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito ; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala-days.
I have no riband at my knee ; but here
At home, the cloven foot is honorable.
See you that snail there ? — she comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something :
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come, now, we'll go about from fire to fire,
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

*[To some old women, who are sitting round a heap of
glimmering coals.]*

Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here ?
You ought to be with the young rioters
Right in the thickest of the revelry —
But every one is best content at home.

GENERAL.

Who dare confide in right or a just claim ?
So much as I had done for them ! and now —
With women and the people 'tis the same,
Youth will stand foremost ever — age may go
To the dark grave unhonored.

MINISTER.

Now-a-days
People assert their rights : they go too far ;
But, as for me, the good old times I praise.
Then we were all in all : 'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star ;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

PARVENU.*

We, too, are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps ; and yet we now
Will seize, while all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

AUTHOR.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And ponderous volume ? 'Tis impertinence
To write what none will read, therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who at once appears to have grown very old*).

I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain ;
And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.

* A sort of fund-holder.

PEDDLER-WITCH.

Look here,

Gentlemen : do not hurry on so fast.
 And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.
 I have a pack full of the choicest wares
 Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
 Is nothing like what may be found on earth ;
 Nothing that in a moment will make rich
 Men and the world with fine malicious mischief. —
 There is no dagger drunk with blood ; no bowl
 From which consuming poison may be drained
 By innocent and healthy lips ; no jewel,
 The price of an abandoned maiden's shame ;
 No sword which cuts the bond it can not loose,
 Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back ;
 No —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip, you know little of these times.
 What has been, has been : what is done, is past.
 They shape themselves into the innovations
 They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
 The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us ;
 You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.

FAUST.

Who is that yonder ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well. It is

Lilith.

FAUST.

Who ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
 Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
 All women in the magic of her locks ;
 And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
 She will not ever set him free again.

FAUST.

There sit a girl and an old woman : they
 Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no rest to-night for any one :
 When one dance ends, another is begun ;
 Come, let us to it. We shall have rare fun !

[FAUST dances and sings with a girl, and MEPHISTOPHELES
 with an old woman.]

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

What is this cursèd multitude about ?
 Have we not long since proved to demonstration

That ghosts move not on ordinary feet ?
But these are dancing just like men and women.

THE GIRL.

What does he want then at our ball ?

FAUST.

Oh ! he

Is far above us all in his conceit :
While we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment ;
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be considered as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not ;
And, when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

Fly !

Vanish ! Unheard-of impudence ! What, still there ?
In this enlightened age too, since you have been
Proved not to exist ! — But this infernal brood
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.
Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted ?
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
Of superstition, and the world will not
Come clean with all my pains ! — it is a case
Unheard of !

THE GIRL.

Then leave off teasing us so.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

I tell you, spirits, to your faces now,
That I should not regret this despotism
Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
To-night I shall make poor work of it,
Yet I will take a round with you, and hope
Before my last step in the living dance
To beat the poet and the devil together.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last he will sit down in some foul puddle ;
That is his way of solacing himself ;
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
Cures him of spirits and the spirit together.

[To FAUST, who has seceded from the dance.

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sang so sweetly to you in the dance ?

FAUST.

A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprang from her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That was all right, my friend.

Be it enough that the mouse was not gray.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.

FAUST.

Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Seest thou not a pale
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I can not overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let it be — pass on —

No good can come of it — it is not well
To meet it — it is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with its numbing look,
It freezes up the blood of man: and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.

FAUST.

O, too true!

Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no belovèd hand has closed. Alas!
That is the breast which Margaret yielded to me —
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is all magic, poor deluded fool:
She looks to every one like his first love.

FAUST.

O what delight! what woe! I can not turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, she can carry

Her head under her arm upon occasion,
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion. — Gain this rising ground,
It is as airy here as in a []
And if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre. — What may this mean?

ATTENDANT.

Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 'tis
The custom now to represent that number.
'Tis written by a Dilettante, and
The actors who perform are Dilettanti ;
Excuse me, gentlemen ; but I must vanish.
I am a Dilettante curtain-lifter.

THE END.

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THE END.

Swell Foot the Tyrant
Peter Bell the Third







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