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47. 829.







**Some of these Poems have already appeared in
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.**

P O E M S

BY

JULIA DAY



LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING

1847





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POEMS.

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

DAY by day the woods among,
Silently he stole along,
Seeking treasure they did say,
That in secret buried lay ;
Yet at eve they watched him come
Empty-handed to his home.

Though no crock of gold had he,
Wealth he carried secretly,

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

Wisdom in still paths he found,
Peace he brought from shady ground ;
And his hoard within the door
Safe the treasure-seeker bore.





THE POET AND THE MAIDEN.

A POET loved a maiden once,
Whose looks were wondrous sweet,
And day by day 'twas all his joy
Her lovely smile to meet.

She seemed so artless in his eyes,
So innocent and kind,
So heedless of the praise she won,
And to her charms so blind !

A simple, guileless girl, he thought,
And timid as a fawn,
Who'd blush to hear that she was fair,
And rosy as the dawn.

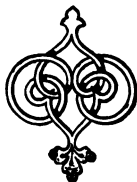
Full of these thoughts and many more,
One morn he sped to woo ;
She heard his step upon the stair,
And to the mirror flew.

Rehearsing there a witching glance,
She twined her locks with care,
And while upon her task intent,
The poet entered there.

Unseen himself, he clear beheld,
Fixed on the mirror bright,
The self-same soft enchanting gaze
That oft had charmed his sight.

The very smile that he had deemed
 Beamed but for him alone,
The very dimple that it woke,
 On the cold crystal shone.

The magic of that glass to her,
 Foretelling conquest gay,
To him the angel of his dreams
 Transformed to common clay.





NIGHT AND DEATH.

ON the blossoms, on the leaves,
The dewy grass, the golden sheaves,
On all things perishing and frail,
Lo, darkness spreads her solemn veil;
But the same hour reveals a scene
Imperishable, pure, serene,
Uncurtaining the starry height,
The far illimitable light:
O Life, *thy* glory dawns with night!



THE STORY OF A HEART.

A LADY in her spring-tide's sweetest prime,
When lay upon her cheek the rose leaf's
hue,

When her locks wore the golden light of time,
And on her lips the morn its freshness threw,

Loved—and as youth alone can love I ween,
From the fair fountain of a gushing joy,
Pouring the full tide of a bliss serene,
O'erflooding with its light all life's annoy.

And as the south wind sighs unto the rose,
And as the sunbeam wakes the lark's glad
strain,
And as the stream unto the bright wave flows,
So in her beauty was she loved again.

But being mortal, her beloved one changed,
She saw it not at first through her deep trust,
But came the hour she knew his faith estranged;
—An hour less bitter, mourned him in the dust.

Then like a troubled sea became her breast,
Where lay wild wrecks the gloomy depths
within,
Day brought no solace, and the night no rest,
The passion of her sorrow likened sin.

In time her heart, grown weary with its grief,
Fell into slumber that was long and deep,
'Twere hard to say if that it brought relief,
But woe grew silent, and she ceased to weep.

At last from the deep trance she slowly woke,
She stood once more in her accustomed place,
But like a slave with fetters newly broke,
Seemed she an alien 'mid a stranger race.

In her long slumber bloom her cheek had fled,
The shining locks had dulled upon her brow,
Some, after gazing on her long time, said
She called a memory up, they scarce knew how.

None knew her for the beautiful of old,
For her whose smile was deemed so rare a
boon,
The glance that fell upon her face was cold,
As on the wintry landscape gleams the moon.

Yet was there one who lingered by her side,
And none knew why—perchance he too had
grieved,

Perchance the sorrow that his soul had tried
Met sympathy, and solace so received.

There stirred no breath of love within his breast,
There gleamed no passion from his earnest
eyes,
There came from his calm lips no fond request,
The pale, sad cheek he gazed on woke no sighs

But to the lady's soul came back once more
The dream of her sweet youth—the chord long
mute
Was struck—as when the vagrant wind sweeps
o'er
The trembling strings of the neglected lute.



A VILLAGE SKETCH.

IT is a day of early March,
All blue and fair like a wide sea,
Whose waves in glassy slumber lie,
The sky o'er which no shadows fly,
Is shining clear and free.

And now on gaily painted wing,
Behold spring's first-born butterfly
Fluttering in the sunny glance ;
For very joy the daisies dance,
As the fresh breeze sweeps by.

Though the tall trees are leafless all,
And though the thorny hedge is brown,
O still it is a pleasant scene,
The sun is peering in between,
So bright as he looks down.

The dimpled stream all laughing strays,
And babbles like an infant gay,
And gambols on its bed of stone,
And makes sweet pastime of its own,
Just like an infant's play.

A carol glad upsprings from earth,
Then trills in the free air above,
It is, it is the gay sky lark,
The blithest bird of all the ark,
With song of happy love.

And now I see a fairy thing,
A village child in simple truth,
With pitcher coming to the rill,
'Tis little Nelly of the hill,
The orphan of poor Ruth.

A little gleeful sprite she is,
With lightsome step and joyous air,
A form all gay with nature's grace,
A spring-tide promise in her face,
A dawn of all that's fair.

Her hair is waving fair and bright,
The breeze blows bloom upon her cheek,
Her eyes are of the hazel hue,
So clear you seem to look them through,
And see the joy they speak.

I meet her often in my walks,
 This little creature glad and fair,
As she pulls sticks beneath the hedge,
Or stoops beside the pool's green edge,
 To gather cresses there.

And oft I hear her ringing voice,
 A wild and merry shout of glee,
It is a song of childish mirth,
The gayest sound that greets the earth,
 And music unto me.

Yon breezy hill she lightly mounts,
 Then runs to reach the vale again ;
It seems the little thing has wings,
So swiftly and so light she springs
 Upon the grassy plain.

Sometimes her tattered frock she spreads,
And then her curious sport begins,
And round and round she wheels so swift,
It seems the very breeze must lift,
And turn her as she spins.

But she has other things to do
Beside to sport the live-long day ;
With an old kinswoman she dwells,
Whose wrinkled brow long suffering tells,
In yonder hut of clay.

The aged woman, bowed and faint,
She tends with sweet and gentle cares,
The fagot's blaze she kneeling fans
By breathing through her little hands,
And the scant meal prepares.

And busy are her little feet,
And busy is her little hand,
Whilst yet her joyous voice is heard,
And carolling like any bird,
She strews the floor with sand.

The aged woman's eyes are dim,
Life's lamp is almost out with her,
Her words are weak, her limbs are chill,
Her very heart too would be still,
But love yet makes it stir.

Her love for this sweet little one,
Who hovers blithely round her hearth,
The only link in nature's chain
That draws her memory back again,
Or binds her heart to earth.

And little Nelly's ever gay,
From thought of care and sorrow free,
Her couch it is not warm or soft,
Her meal is all too scanty oft,
And yet she sings for glee.

Her gladness is like sunshine fair,
That's all abroad on summer day,
That falls as bright on barren rocks,
As upon pastures green, where flocks
To crop rich herbage stray.

Want casts no chill upon her smile,
And poverty may not alloy
The beam that plays upon her brow ;
We know not whence it comes, nor how—
A mystic gift is joy !



TO A BIRTHDAY.

OF old when you stood with your pack
Before the door, right glad were we :
You slipped within and cried, " Good lack,
How fair ye be !"

We could but give you welcome gay,
You looked so saucy and so sly,
And did such tempting wares display
Of rainbow dye.

And sooth the bawbles that you brought,
 Though wondrous fine, became us quite ;
Of merry mischief much we thought,
 When thus bedight.

We bartered in exchange, 'tis true,
 A hoard mayhap we prized too low ;
But then your merchandize was new,
 And glittered so.

The lasses cast disdainful looks,
 The lads all smiled as we passed by,
The school-master shut up his books,
 Old crones did sigh.

But by and by came colder cheer,
 The rain and snow fell fast and deep,
And so bedrenched our summer gear,
 We could but weep.

And now you come with heavy pack,
And knock more loudly than of yore,
And we are fain to drive you back,
And bar the door.

But faith, you will not be denied,
You lift the latch against our will,
The bitter wind sweeps in beside,
And snow-flake chill.

Your talk's of tempest and snow-drift,
You tempt no more with tinsels gay,
But slowly from your pack you lift
A mantle grey.



A MOTHER TO HER FORSAKEN CHILD.

MY child—my first-born, oh I weep
With bitter woe to think of thee ;
The meanest babe that lulled to sleep
Within its mother's arms I see,
Awakes a piercing pang within,
And calls to mind thy heavy wrong,
Alas, I weep not for my sin,
To thy chill fate these tears belong.

Thy little arms stretch forth in vain
To meet a mother's fond embrace,

Alas, in weariness or pain,
 Thou gazest on a hireling's face ;
I left thee in thy rosy sleep,
 I dared not then kneel down to bless,
Now, now, albeit thou may'st weep,
 Thou canst not to my bosom press.

My child, though beauty tint thy cheek,
 A deeper dye its bloom will claim,
When lips all pitiless shall speak
 Thy mournful legacy of shame.
Perchance when love shall gently steal
 To thy young heart all pure as snow,
This cruel thought shall wreck thy weal,
 The mother's guilt doth lurk below.



I WOULD not thy wild waters see,
Niagara afar,
This little brook contenteth me,
And yon fair evening star.

I would not hear the mighty roar
Of angry waters foam,
I would not stand upon a shore
That hath no silent home.

I would not seek the haunts of men,
The busy crowd of life,
I would not watch its toil again,
Nor listen to its strife.

This sky, this stream, this tranquil spot,
Sufficeth as 'tis given,
I would not ask a fairer lot
On this dark side of heaven.

I would have quiet joys alone,
And griefs, since griefs will come,
With not an echo to their moan
Beyond my heart's still home.





THE WIDOW.

A FAIR, lone girl, with sable robe
Folding her slender form around,
And smooth upon the marble brow
Her soft and sunny tresses bound ;—

Meeker than youth is wont to be,
And her sweet eyes more closely veiled
Beneath the lashes that droop low
O'er the soft cheek so newly paled ;—

A faint smile clinging to the lips,
With much of sweetness, but no pleasure,
Soft footsteps, moving as it seems
To music of a mournful measure;—

Her greeting calm, and very low,
A touch of languor in her mien,
A shadow lying on her youth,
A cloud upon the morning scene;—

Such is she now. Bowed by the storm,
Not broken; like a spring-tide flower,
The rain still wet upon its leaves,
And sweeter than before the shower.



WOE to the love that lives on
 When the rose on the cheek is dead,
When the glittering tresses are dulled,
 When the light of the smile hath fled.

Woe, woe to the desolate love,
 It shall dwell with its grief alone,
Rests the bird on the leafless bough,
 Its mate with the summer hath flown.

Woe to the fond heart, woe,
 'Tis a toy that is cast away,
'Tis a bawble that's crushed and broke,
 'Tis a gem that is trod to clay.



THE POET'S WREATH.

WON is the poet's crown of bay,
And calmly does he wear the wreath,
His brow was circled as he lay
Beneath the quiet shade of death.

Is this the guerdon for his woes,
The balm for misery's sharp stings?
What boots it to the trampled rose
That odour from the crushed leaf springs!



TO A BLIND GIRL.

I DO not sigh as some may sigh,
To see thee in thy darkness led
Along the path where sunbeams lie,
And bloom is shed.

I do not weep as some may weep,
Upon thy rayless brow to look,
A boon more rare 'twas thine to keep,
When light forsook.

A glorious boon! thou shalt not view
One treasure from the earth depart,
Its starry buds, its pearls of dew
Lie in thy heart.

No need to heed the frosty air,
No need to heed the blasts that chafe,
The scattered sheaf, the vintage spare,
Thy hoard is safe.

Thou shalt not mark the silent change
That falls upon the heart like blight,
'The smile that grows all cold and strange,
Blessed is thy night!

Thou shalt not watch the slow decay,
Nor see the ivy clasp the fane,
Nor trace upon the column gray
The mildew stain.

Ours is the darkness—thine the light,
Within thy brow a glory plays,
Shrine, blossom, dew-drop, all are bright
With quenchless rays.





STANZAS.

I WOULD that I were beautiful,
For thy dear sake alone,
I never craved so bright a gift
Until I was thine own ;
Now oft I feel with conscious shame,
While standing by thy side,
How fair should be the flower that clasps
The column in its pride.

What boots the vaunted dower I bring !
What is such dross to thee !

A bride to mate with thy high heart
Should nature's rarest be ;
I see her in my dreams by night,
And in my day dreams by,
And in the mirror oft I gaze,
And weeping turn away.

Yet, yet beneath the fairest breast
No warmer love could beat,
Than stirs my bosom when thy smile
My timid glances meet :
And sometimes when thine earnest gaze
Bends softly down on me,
My heart leaps up and dares to trust
It is not scorned by thee.



CORALI.

SOFT-BROWED, majestic Corali!
Thou like a memory serene
Seemest to me, or melody,
Or moonlight scene.

With thee life in soft plumage glides,
As on the ruffled lake the swan,
Whose downy breast the struggle hides
That speeds it on.

In thy fair presence wakes no care,
Harsh discords into music melt,
Thy harmony alone is there,
Alone is felt.

The heart unswayed by hope or dread,
Safe havened in a clime of balm,
Nor chained in ice, nor tempest sped,
Lies rocked in calm.





AH welladay! how sweet it were
To be once young again,
With lips as fresh, and cheeks as fair
As roses after rain.

With heart as blithe as any bird
That soars in sunshine fair,
And store of joys all garnered up
In castles of the air.

How sweet to feel the proud delight
That smiling glances ruled
Wild spirits in their boldest mood,
And hearts in wisdom schooled.

O what a reign of dazzling power
Is youth all fair and gay,
Alas, that we should live to see
That sceptre snatched away !





THE FISHERMAN.

IN days gone by I dwelt beside
A strand with pebbles bright o'erlaid,
Where night and day the flowing tide
Its tribute from the great deep paid.

And there were rocks, but they were small,
And seen but when the tide was out,
With sea-weeds they were covered all,
And there the shell-fish crept about.

And on this shore, a happy child,
I often wandered in my glee,
And after many a tempest wild,
I looked for treasures from the sea.

'Twas not for corals that I sought,
Nor pearls, nor any precious thing,
Nor relics from the wrecked ship brought,
That on the beach the waves might fling.

'Twas for bright weeds of many a shade,
The red, the purple, and the green,
And habitations lonely made,
Where late the little fish had been.

For with each storm such treasures came,
The shells and weeds in bright array,
And I have left the hearth's warm flame,
To seek them through the winter day.

I heeded not the cold wind's blast,
That roughly blew upon the shore,
Nor the thick spray that rained so fast,
And drenched me oft-times o'er and o'er.

Those weeds and shells, I have them yet,
They still are treasures in my eyes,
For scenes that I might else forget,
At sight of them will oft arise.

Again I see the daring boat
Put off the damaged ship to reach,
A doubtful craft she seemed to float,
First seen through spy-glass from the beach.

But now more near she draws, and now
You well may see her tattered sail,
Her splintered mast, and shattered prow,
Rude trophies of the last night's gale.

And Benjamin, I see thee too,
Thou fisherman so bluff and brave,
In battered skiff with much ado
Contending with the boisterous wave.

Thy ragged sail gave but false hope,
It does but make the bluster more,
And thou must coil it with a rope,
And labour with thy broken oar.

And firm the hold and strong the pull
Of Benjamin, though well I wot
He has seen seventy winters full,
With toil and hardship for their lot.

His curly hair is grizzled now,
And shaggy does it hang, and rough,
And furrows deep are on his brow,
Yet does he seem both hale and bluff.

Weather and time have worked their will
On his hard face in many a line,
But he is strong and hearty still,
And heeds not sun, rain, wind, or brine.

And now upon the shore he stands,
While to his knees the rough waves reach,
And with a rope in both his hands
He drags his boat upon the beach.

Now look into the little skiff,
And there safe at the bottom lie
Some scores of fish, not dead and stiff,
But all alive as you or I.

There the poor captives struggling are,
And Benjamin surveys with pride,
As conquerors gaze on prize of war,
His victims from the briny tide.

But long the hapless fish may not
 Make useless efforts to be free,
For one who will not mend their lot
 Is hastening towards the sea.

'Tis Barbara, the Fisher's wife,
 A comely dame, though aged now,
No sign of care, or woe, or strife,
 Is marked upon her open brow.

And bright is her blue eye and clear,
 And ruddy is her healthful cheek,
And listen when you may you'll hear
 A cheerful voice when she may speak.

A coif is on her head, snow-white,
 Her silver hair bound back with care,
Her ancient gown o'erflowered bright,
 Her kerchief and her apron fair.

And now her basket clean they fill,
The hapless fish arranged in rows,
Whilst flapping tail and gasping gill,
All mutely tell their dying throes.

Now Benjamin takes off his coat,
His coat well drenched with rain and sea,
And spreads his net, and mends his boat,
And few have blither hearts than he.

And Barbara goes quickly on
To sell her finny merchandize ;
The shining creatures soon are gone,
Not one within her basket lies.

For she is famed for bearing fish
Along the street, fresh from the strand,
And all who for such fare may wish
Will gladly purchase from her hand.

And then at evening Benjamin
Will hasten to his cottage door,
The latch is raised to let him in,
For his good wife is there before.

A cheerful welcome she has given,
A cheerful blaze the fagot sends,
Happy as any under heaven,
Beside it sit the aged friends.

He mends his net, whilst she employs
Her hands in household industry,
And then they talk upon their boys,
Three gallant shipmates far at sea.

They talk of them, but not with fear,
And with no boding voice of ill,
For, "as our boys were guarded here,
So heaven," they say, "can watch them still."

Nor dread they poverty or pain,
 Though age is come and death is nigh,
And doubtful is the morrow's gain :
 " All is in God's good hand," they cry.

And when the summer hours came round
 And earth and sea were brightened o'er,
This aged couple oft were found
 Sitting before their cottage door.

Ay, there they sat in calm delight,
 But not the while in idleness,
Industrious as in winter night,
 They laboured not one whit the less.

Her hands the knitting needles ply,
 That Benjamin new hose may get,
And he with bait and basket nigh,
 Is working at a fishing net.

I never saw a happier pair,
When at their cottage I've looked in,
Among the rich, the young, the fair,
Than Barbara and Benjamin.

One day, it was an Autumn day,
A day of sunshine and of shower,
Along the beach I took my way,
To loiter there the passing hour ;

When suddenly arose a squall,
And all the sky was blackened o'er,
And then upon the sea did fall
Torrents that from the clouds did pour.

The wind was like a whirlwind now,
Its fury I could scarce withstand,
Whilst driving rain upon my brow
Did blind me both to sea and strand.

But in a moment ceased the blast,
The sun a sudden radiance gave,
And then a glorious rainbow cast
Its image on the calmèd wave.

It was most beautiful to see
The momentary splendour given
To cliff, and wave, and tower, and tree,
And all beneath the shining heaven.

And then upon the tide was seen
Of fishing boats a little fleet,
It was a pleasant thing I ween,
So fair a sight as this to meet.

On—on they come in airy pride,
Those little boats in sunshine bright,
Floating upon the shining tide,
Their track seems one of peace and light.

This morning with a freshening gale,
That little fleet I paused to note,
And numbered o'er each passing sail,
And *ten* upon the waves did float.

Yet now but nine appear in view,
And gaze where'er I may or can,
Upon the waste of waters blue,
There's not another sail to scan.

Perchance one little boat put back,
When I yon hill was clambering,
I'll meet the fishers' homeward track,
Such tidings they no doubt will bring.

And now the boats approach the shore,
And now they almost touch the land,
And in another moment more
The fishermen are on the strand.

And yet no joyous shout I hear,
But all are silent, grave, and sad,
Like men who've seen a sight of fear,
Or some dark awful warning had.

For gloom on every brow is found,
Their voices too are strangely low ;
But soon the mournful tale goes round,
While tears o'er rugged cheeks roll slow.

Their morn had been all bright and fair,
No deadly peril seemed at hand,
Their nets full heavy laden were,
And all prepared to reach the strand,

They had not thought of danger nigh,
When that impetuous storm came on,
But when the tempest cleared the sky,
They marked one little skiff was gone.

They gazed around and hoped to save,
But not a struggle stirred the deep :
And Benjamin, that fisher brave,
Beneath the wave did sleep.

“ Poor Barbara,” one cried aloud,
“ This stroke will break her aged heart.”
And then some left the mournful crowd,
The heavy tidings to impart.

I saw her not for many a day,
Her cottage then once more I sought ;
There helpless on her bed she lay,
For grief its bitter work had wrought.

She shed no tear, she made no moan,
Nor spoke as one who would complain,
But calmly said, “ Now he is gone,
And I shall ne'er rise up again.”

Those words were true—no more she rose,
But palsied by the fatal blow
She lingered till death gave repose,
The sleep she prayed for in her woe.





THE RESCUE.

A WEDDED lady, young, and very fair ;
Her head bowed down, so that her tresses
fell

About her face, and partly veiled from light
The deepening flush it wore—with her small hand
Locked in a fervent grasp, sat listening
With a too throbbing heart to a deep vow,
More fondly breathed than his, who—woe for
her!

Had at the holy altar claimed her faith.

Alas! alas! a soft and dangerous joy

Steals to her breast, whilst now she knows that
she,

Unvalued and unloved by her stern lord,
Is to a nobler and more gifted soul
Dearer than life, or fame, or hope of heaven :
Will she not fly with him and leave to his
Cold mood and rude pursuits her graceless lord?
Will she not fly with him and dwell serene
In the fair haven of unchanging love?
Half yielding to the passionate appeal,
Her lips breathe no denial, and her cheek
Turns not aside to shun the soft caress,
When lo, with tottering steps draws softly near
A little child, with flaxen curls that fall
Full clustering down over the rosy cheeks,
And waxen shoulders bare,—and climbing to
The lady's knees, she looks into her eyes
With the pure gaze of perfect innocence ;
And higher climbs, and twines her loving arms

Round the fair neck, and nestles there to rest :
Then clasps the lady her sweet treasure close,
And all the mother wakens in her heart,
And with that holy shield upon her breast,
She passes guarded through that perilous hour,
Unharm'd and pure.





THE sorrow from the hour hath past,
The heavy gloom is rolled away,
Upon the brow no shade is cast
Of yesterday.

The cheek resumes its wonted glow,
The smile is sparkling as of yore,
The heart forgets the vanished woe,
And sighs no more.

The sunbeams play, the wave is hushed :
Ah say, wears life its *first* fair hue ?
With blight from off the blossom brushed,
Bloom passes too.



THE LADY MAUD.

THE Lady Maud hath flashing eyes,
Dark as the night, bright as the morn,
A lip bewitching in its mirth,
And yet most beautiful in scorn.

Tresses that float upon the brow
Like clouds across the summer light,
A rose-flush gleaming o'er the cheek,
As sunrise on the snow-crowned height.

A queenly stature, and a grace
Like music of a lofty chord,
A high-toned spirit breathing free
Its melody in glance and word.

She strikes the harp,—she leads the dance—
She vaults the steed that cleaves the air,—
Peerless in all,—a soul to sway
Hath dwelling in that temple fair.





MARY.

THEY tell me that she is not fair,
 This gentle love of mine,
It must be that their hearts are cool,
To me she is most beautiful,
 A creature half divine.

O what are all the dazzling charms
 That a vain world may seek!
Can they compare to aught so sweet
As those soft beaming looks that greet,
 And a kind welcome speak?

O see her tranquil smile to-night,
What though it be not gay!
'Tis like the moonlight on the earth,
A beam that wakens not to mirth,
It is too pure a ray.

I would not sweeter music hear
Than passing word of hers:—
O listen—and with me you'll say,
That more than far-famed warbled lay,
With love the breast it stirs.

I dare not tell her that I love,
It were too bold a theme;
And yet sometimes methinks that she
Might listen to such tale from me,
Or is it that I dream?



WITH every joy we haste to meet
 In hopefulness or pride,
There comes with pace as sure and fleet,
 A shadow by its side ;
And step by step that spectre chill
 With each fair bliss has sped,
And when the gladdened pulse should thrill,
 The stricken heart lies dead.

The poet's brow the wreath entwines,
 A blight falls on the breast ;
Upon the sword where glory shines,
 There stains of life-blood rest ;
Lo, where the rosiest sunbeam glows,
 There lies eternal snow ;
And Fame its brightest halo throws
 Where death lies chill below.



SECRET LOVE.

SHE loved him with a fervent love,
Deep in her breast that lay,
Like a rich jewel in the mine,
Beyond the light of day.

She felt no life when he was far,
No glory in noon's ray,
All nature seemed where he was not,
But as the soulless clay.

Him absent she bewailed with tears
Of passionate regret,
Yet wore her silent lips a smile
Cold, careless, when they met.

She could not, though the prize it won,
Enact a lowlier part,
And for the high reward she pined,
Betray her woman's heart.





THE CHILD'S REVERIE.

A LITTLE child hath lain him down
A purling stream beside,
A pleasant thing it is to him
To watch the ripples glide.

To see them catch a vagrant leaf
That on the breeze may stray,
And hold it gay in sport awhile,
Then whirl it swift away.

His hands have clasped the daisied turf,
His brow is to the breeze,
And on his ear the music steals
Of birds amid the trees.

That little child he wotteth not
What 'tis to muse or dream,
Yet who shall say his brain doth sleep,
Beside that purling stream?

And who shall say in after years,
And in life's noisy throng,
There shall not to his heart come back
Breeze, ripple, leaf, and song?



TO CLARA.

I WOULD not we should meet again,
We twain who loved so fond,
Although through years and years afar,
I wished for nought beyond.

Yet do I love thee none the less,
And aye to me it seems
There's not on earth so fair a thing
As thou art in my dreams.

All, all hath darkly changed beside,
Grown old, or stern, or chill.
All save one hoarded spring-tide gleam,
Thy smile is with me still.

My brow is but the register
Of youth's and joy's decline,
I would not trace such record too
Deep graven upon thine.

I would not *see* how rudely time
Hath dealt with all thy store
Of bloom and promise, 'tis enough
To know the harvest's o'er.

I would not that one glance to-day,
One glance through clouds and tears,
Should mar the image in my soul
That love hath shrined for years.



SONG.

THE breeze skims over the sparkling sea,
Like a joyous bird with its pinions free,
And the sail is fluttering broad and white,
And the pennon streams in the gay sunlight,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

On the stately deck is a gallant throng,
And the parting cheer it is bold and strong,
There's the glistening eye and the waving hand,
And the pealing shout from the peopled strand,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

On—on and away o'er the sounding deep,
Where the pearls lie hid, and the dolphins leap
On—on, and away to a radiant clime,
Where the summer tarries in golden prime,
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Our sunbeams fly, and our shores grow chill,
But our hearts keep warm, and our goblets fill,
And we'll welcome proudly the rovers bold,
When the gallant bark we again behold.
Hurrah! Hurrah!



LUCY AFTER THE BALL.

SHE is in her chamber still,
Close the lattice curtains meet,
Who had peered within I ween,
There had met a vision sweet.

All in due array are set
Toilet, cabinet, and chair,
And the couch o'erdraped with white,
Waiting for its tenant fair.

She has set the taper down,
That the mirror it may light,
And she looks therein to see
If the rose-wreath still be bright.

Now the girdle is unloosed,
That so trim hath bound her waist,
Now with taper fingers swift
Is the boddice all unlaced :

Now unclasped the necklace gay,
Lying on the bosom fair,
Now the rose-bud wreath untwined,
And let loose the shining hair.

All about her shoulders bare
Down the waving tresses fall,
That with such a world of care
She had braided for the ball.

With her cheek upon her hand,
Now to muse she doth begin,
At some soft remembered speech,
Blushing bright from brow to chin.

But anon a dreamy mood
Seems within her brain to creep,
Heavily the eyelids droop,
Half unrobed she falls asleep.





THE WISH.

I WOULD I had a quiet home
Beside the woods and streams,
With none to murmur at my mood,
Or chide me for my dreams.

Where I might weave my simple songs
From nature's simple flowers,
And feel no burthen in the air,
No weight upon the hours.

Where I might pass from life away,
As the free songsters fly,
Ere winter's touch had chilled the stream,
Or dulled the rosy sky.





THE LADY AND THE POET.

STRAYED a lady and a poet
On a terrace bright with flowers,
Rolled beneath the shining river,
Rose above the castle towers.

Glanced the sun on wave and willow,
Sailed the swan the waters bright,
In the breeze waved bough and blossom,
Leaped the fountains in the light.

Gracefully her sheeny mantle
O'er her vest the lady drew,
As it glittered in the sunbeam,
On its hues her glance she threw.

Then she fell to gay discoursing
Of the revel that had been,
Of the masque of peerless splendour,
Of the gorgeous palace scene.

Very courtly was her seeming,
Very perfect was her face,
Very gracious her soft speaking,
Very faultless her fair grace.

Mute beside her strayed the poet,
Love she vainly deemed his theme,
And she smiled with secret scorning,
At the boldness of the dream.

And the poet he was musing
Of the river as it strayed,
Of the green leaves as they quivered,
Now in light and now in shade.

While as one entranced with rapture,
As the lady spake he stood,
He in sooth enchanted listened
To the linnet in the wood.





SONG.

CAN you love me—can you love me,
As in days when I was fair,
When my eyes had known no weeping,
And my heart had felt no care?

Can you fold me to your bosom,
Can you give me shelter there,
From the cruel world's disdain,
As in days when I was fair?

Can you deem my heart a treasure,
Can you prize my love as rare,
Now none other strive to win it,
As in days when I was fair?

.





A MEDITATION.

SOME hidden disappointment clings
To all of man—to all his schemes,
And life has little fair it brings
Save idle dreams.

The peace that may be ours to-day
Scarce heed we, looking for the morrow,
The slighted moments steal away,
And then comes sorrow.

The light of promise that may glow
Where life shines fair in bud or bloom,
Ere fruit hath ripened forth to show,
Is quenched in gloom.

The rapture softest blush imparts,
Dies with the bloom that fades away,
And glory from the wave departs,
At close of day.

Where we have garnered up our hearts,
And fixed our earnest love and trust,
The very life-blood thence departs,
And all is dust.

Then, Nature, let us turn to thee,
For in thy countless changes, thou
Still bearest immortality
Upon thy brow.

Thy seasons, in their endless round
Of sunshine, tempest, calm, or blight,
Yet leave thee like an empress crowned
With jewels bright.

Thy very storms are life to thee,
'Tis but a sleep thy seeming death,
We see thee wake in flower and tree,
At spring's soft breath.

We view the ruin of our youth,
Decay's wan trace in all we cherish,
But thou in thine unfailing truth
Canst never perish.



THE RETURN.

COME, Amy, come, let's deck the room,
And make it gay and fair ;
See where the clustering roses bloom,
Go pluck the fairest there ;
We'll set them in the vases blue ;
And ope the lattice wide,
The air will blow so sweetly through,
The woodbine climbs outside.

I'd have this little chamber look
Just as it did of old,
So here we'll place that curious book
With its rare clasps of gold ;
Here let the ivory basket lie,
And there the shell that glows
With blushes of as bright a dye
As any living rose.

These gifts he brought from o'er the sea,
You've oft times wondered why
They drew so many tears from me,
And so I put them by ;
But now a happy day is come,
And they may see the light :
How long it is since our sweet home
Has looked so gay and bright !

Now Amy, dear, your locks smooth down,
And set your boddice straight ;
Put on your pretty broidered gown :
Haste, or you'll be too late.
How I shall laugh to see him now
My blooming sister greet ;
He'll stand and gaze and gravely bow,
And never guess the cheat.

You were indeed a tiny sprite,
When here he came to woo,
And at his call with gay delight,
Swift to his arms you flew ;
He used to give you kisses oft,
To give again to me,
And loving words to prattle soft,
Whilst climbing to my knee.

O Amy, is it true indeed
You have forgotten quite
His merry jests, his tender heed,
His smile so kind and bright?
Well, you must learn to love him now,
He's coming, sweet, to claim
A kiss he left upon your brow,
In a fond brother's name.

Stoop down your head, Dear, let me place
This rose amid your hair ;
Push back the ringlets from your face,
Your cheek is very fair !
Ah, he will know again that smile,
And guess at once the truth :
You must look staid and grave awhile,
A very nun in sooth.

Dear Amy, when I saw him first,
I numbered just your years ;
So timid was I that I durst
Scarce look up for my fears ;
But day by day more glad I felt
To hear his footsteps nigh,
And sooth my very heart did melt
When soft he said, “ *Good b’ye.*”

And then the very truth he guessed,
And straight his love revealed,
That love our gentle mother blessed,
And so our vows were sealed :
But parting came, and years and years
He has been far away :
And now you know why oft my tears
Have flowed whilst you were gay.

But no more weeping now for me :
 Dear Sister, do but think
How happy we shall be, all three
 Bound in one tender link
Of union fond.—Our mother sweet
 Will bend her gaze awhile,
From her high place, when thus we meet,
 Upon our bliss to smile.

See how the golden sunbeams play
 Along the western sky :
He said he'd come ere close of day,
 And now the hour is nigh.
Hist! hear you not a footstep swift ?
 Hist, hist, sweet Amy, now !
Ah no, 'tis but the breezes lift
 The blossoms on the bough.

How as they'd never been are past
The years of grief away !
It seems to me his whispers last,
I heard but yesterday ;
That 'tis no longer since I gazed
From out this lattice, Sweet,
And watched the signals that he raised
My parting glance to greet.

Hark ! 'tis the wicket latch I hear,
He comes, I know 'tis he,
He comes along the pathway near
The old bent hawthorn tree.
Dear Amy, look, my eyes are dim
With tears that will run o'er :
Stay, stay, no need to watch for him,
His step is at the door.



SUMMER NOONTIDE.

THERE'S not a ripple on the main,
 There's not a breath to stir the leaves,
The sunlight falls upon the plain,
 Amidst the silent sheaves.

The sky a floating cloud without,
 Shines glittering like a burnished shield ;
There's not a shadow creeps about
 The city or the field.

The drowsy herd forget to crop,
The bee is cradled in the balm ;
If but one little leaf should drop,
'Twould break the sacred calm.

So motionless the flowers fair
Around the marble column fall,
They might, but for their perfume rare,
Be painted blossoms all.

Like a fair saint in vision blest,
Lo, lovely Nature blissful lies,
Her rapture gleaming in her rest,
Her gaze upon the skies.



THE BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

WHAT a charming little wife,
 What a jewel, what a crown,
What a glorious little wife
 Hath good Master Brown !

Trim and comely is her shape,
 Though withal 'tis plump and round,
Sooth, the girdle that she wears,
 Venus might have bound.

Dainty is her little shoe,
For the little foot within,
You can nowhere find a match,
Saving in its twin.

Very rash 'twould be I trow,
If one strove to paint her face,
Though 'tis fresh and fair alway,
Flitting is its grace.

For the smiles they come and go,
Now without, and now within,
Lurking now behind a frown,
Dimpling now the chin.

And the little cap of lace,
With a most bewitching air,
Seems coquetting with the cheek,
And the braided hair.

Up the house, and down the house,
She is busy all the day,
But for Master Brown's return
Is a welcome gay.

What a ready hand she hath
For his cane and for his hat,
What a hearty kiss for him,
What a world of chat!

What a cheerful tidy hearth,
What a banquet on the board!
On the snow-white cloth is fare
Fit for any lord.

Bread she kneaded all herself,
Cheese and butter of her churn,
Hot potatoes from the hob,
Roasted to a turn.

Lettuce from the garden fresh,
Radishes beside, and salt,
And a jug of foaming ale,
With no lack of malt.

What a wife! and what a feast!
I am fain to hang or drown,
That they are not both for me,
But for Master Brown.





THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

LIKE a stage coach upon the road,
To view this body I'm inclined;
With bag and baggage safely stowed,
An inside passenger the mind.

And Time drives fast, he's charioteer,
Up hill and down this equipage;
The traveller within need fear
No loitering from stage to stage.

Out of the windows he may gaze,
And on the way the mile-stones tell,
Or doze and dream within the chaise,
Till some rude jolts may break the spell.

Full soon the place appears in view
Which he must reach at close of light,
The trees about it are of yew,
The buildings all are low and white.

And at this city of the stones,
The passenger must needs alight,
For at the sign of "the cross bones"
The coach puts up for the long night.



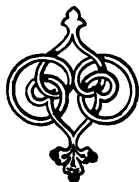
A MOTHER'S WOE.

MY child—my fair, fair child,
It cannot be that thou
Who late so guileless smiled,
Art shamed and fallen now ;
False tongues have wronged thee, sweet,
False hearts betrayed thee too ;
Blench not—the slander meet,
Stand forth—and *prove* thee true.

Ha! doth thine eyelid fall
 Beneath a mother's gaze?
Oh, 'tis in sorrow all,
 No proof of sinful ways.
Speak, speak, my child, and tell
 How pure, how wronged thou art;
Bid the stern world farewell,
 Come to thy mother's heart.

Nor word nor look replies—
 Oh God! this silence speaks—
Ay, more than death's wild cries,
 My sinking heart it breaks.
Yet would I fold thee still
 Unto my yearning breast,
No sin, no shame can chill
 That cradle of thy rest.

My child—my child—Oh God!
Canst thou thus turn from me?
Is the avenging rod
To strike me home in thee?
Insulted Heaven is just—
Oh woe—oh heavy woe!
The idol reared of dust,
Hath fallen and crushed me low.





LAMENT OF THE OLD YEAR.

I LIE dying of the cold,
 Bitter cold and famine sharp,
Round about dead leaves are rolled,
 And bleak winds the branches warp ;
Down the storm-cloud scuddeth fast,
 Through the darkness and the drear,
All the wold is overcast,
 Light hath fled for very fear.



SECLUSION.

THE heart in sacred peace may dwell,
 Apart from convent gloom,
To matins and to vespers rise,
 'Mid nature's song and bloom.

Or in the busy haunts of life,
 In gay or restless scene,
In sanctuary calm abide,
 As vestal saint serene.

It is the pure and holy thought,
The spotless veil within ;
That screens pollution from the breast,
And hides a world of sin.





THE POET'S BRIDE.

SAY, have you seen the poet's bride,
And is she wondrous fair,
Like flashing stars her radiant eyes,
Like rippled gold her hair?

And wears her brow a lofty light,
And hath she courtly grace,
A stately grandeur in her mien,
The pride of noble race?

And is she peerless in the crowd,
And seemeth she in sooth
The very miracle that he
Hath chanted all his youth?

“ Ay, I have seen the poet's bride,
And she is, so to speak,
But as the daisy among flowers,
As simple and as meek.”

Not one proud charm that he hath sung,
Is imaged in her face,
The shadow of a quiet mind,
Was all that I could trace.

I gazed, and marvelled at his choice,
I vainly strove to praise,
For in my brain was pictured yet
The goddess of his lays.

He stood and smiled, then uttered quaint,
As if my thought he guessed,
“The bird that highest soars in song,
Aye seeks a lowly nest.”





THE TITHE FEAST.

A FACT VERSIFIED.

A LEARNED Rector hereabout,
One Doctor Woodcock named,
For hospitality, the gout,
And wisdom justly famed :

Each year a plenteous board prepared
When tithe-tide welcomed he,
Nor ale, nor beef, nor jest he spared
To treat the company.

And to this ample feast that day
Did many a yeoman ride,
All in his Sunday garments gay,
With well filled pouch beside.

For well they knew who thronged the board,
Though they might eat amain,
And quaff the ale till they were floored,
The host was sure to gain.

And one that seemed a heavy clown,
Who was a merry wight,
Whene'er he to that feast sat down,
Brought wondrous appetite.

The Doctor eyed him for awhile,
As he devoured the food,
Then said, with a benignant smile,
Your appetite seems good.

The farmer grinned, then answered smart,
“ For eating I don’t care,
I lives by suction, bless your heart,
Just like a *Woodcock* there.”

The rustic chuckled at his jest,
Loud did the Doctor laugh,
Then called upon each grinning guest,
The joker’s health to quaff.





THE WEARY SPIRIT.

O STAY me not, for rest I long,
I cannot wait the harvest hymn,
I cannot toil amid the throng,
Until the sultry day-beams dim.

The gathered sheaf is in my hand,
O let the tired gleaner pass!
The noontide like a scorching brand
Falls fierce upon the withered grass.

Already many a one is gone,
Who at the morn went forth with me ;
Some scarce outstaid the rosy dawn,
And some but now departed free.

I know a tree whose shadow deep
Falls cool upon the turf below,
There would I lay me down to sleep ;
O stay me not, I fain would go.





LADY ANNE.

O THAT no jewelled circlet bound
That brow so fair!
O that a lighter wreath were found
To blossom there!
That rosy smile, that beams so gay,
Is not for courts,
Such bloom is meet for fields in May,
And breezy sports.

Sweet Lady Anne, sweet Lady Anne,
Had I thee seen
Where hawthorn bloomed, and streamlet ran,
And boughs waved green ;
With tresses loose, and russet gown,
And footstep free,
I could have cast away a crown
For love of thee !





SUNSET.

WHAT a pageant floats along
 With the dying sunset ray!
What a train of dazzling pomp!
 Glorious obsequies hath day!

Cloud on cloud a mighty host,
 Glittering in martial show,
Flame-red banners wide unfurled,
 Sailing through the ether slow.

Deep the solemn Orient mourns,
 Wrapped in dim religious gloom,
And afar the golden West
 Blazoneth a gorgeous tomb.





TREASURES ON THE DEEP.

MERCHANT, a monarch's wealth hast thou,
The sport of wave and wind,
'The far sought pearl, and coral bough,
And the red gold of Ind,
With spices gathered from the West,
A royal ransom worth,
And ermine for a kingly breast,
The tribute of the North.

Merchant, thy brow with care is crossed,
Unquiet is thy gaze :
Lo, the wide waves are rudely tossed,
The blasts their shouts upraise.
A deeper furrow ploughs thy brow,
A shadow clouds thy fate ;
What if he be a beggar now,
Who was of princely state !

Merchant, thy treasure on the deep
Is but as dross to mine ;
And when the angry billows leap,
My peril outweighs thine :
Should now thy noble argosy
This ruthless storm destroy,
How poor to mine thy woe would be ;
Lo, yonder sails my boy !



THE VIGIL.

HOW heavy seem the languid hours !
How slow they pass along !
The lamp is dim, and silent grows
The city's busy throng ;
And yet he comes not.—O how drear
This solitude appears !
I dare not weep lest he should jeer,
And mock me for my tears.

I cannot sleep—it is in vain
My tired eyes to close ;
There is a pain within my breast
That baffles all repose.
Ah me, ah me, this weary night,
This beating, beating heart !
I tremble at the faintest sound,
And at a shadow start.

Ah, if he knew how yet I love,
In spite of all his wrongs,
How with the tenderest memories
My mournful spirit throngs,
Would he thus leave me hour by hour
On newer charms to gaze?
Alas, alas ! how false hath proved
The dream of early days !

O my sweet home, that all at peace
Lies 'mid the quiet trees—
Fond mother—sisters far away
From my chill miseries—
How often your soft images
Before my spirit rise,
And bring a flood of gracious tears
Unto my weary eyes!

How pleasant were our wanderings
At early morn and eve!
We in those days of simple peace
Scarce knew what 'twas to grieve—
To sorrow for a moment's space
If the bud failed to blow,
Or if the feathered songster drooped
Was all our task of woe.

How lovely was that grassy dell,
I seem to see it yet,
Where poured the sun his golden beams
An hour before he set—
And that old tree with primrose tufts
Its knotted root around,
And the clear stream that trickled by
With such a silvery sound.

And then at home in winter nights
How cheerful was the hearth !
We had a hoard that never failed,
A store of simple mirth :
What laughter and what jests went round,
What merry tales were told,
Whilst safe and warm we nestled there,
Like lambs within the fold.

O if too much of bliss were mine
In those sweet early years,
Atonement hath been made full oft,
With bitter, bitter tears.
These desolate and restless hours,
This poor deserted breast!
Alas, more dreary seems the heart
For having once been blest.

Sweet sisters, little thought ye while
Ye decked me for a bride,
And when your loving task was done,
Gazed with such tender pride—
Ah, little thought ye that one hour
Of sparkling smiles and tears,
Wrought for the heart ye prized so well,
The wretchedness of years.

Fond mother—sisters—if my love
Were weaned from ye awhile,
If I forgot your life-long cares,
And lived but in his smile ;
Full penance hath been done for this
In many a heavy sigh,
When all my prayer hath been once more
To see ye—and to die.

I was a toy he cast aside
When its first gloss was gone,
A bauble that he prized no more
When it was all his own.—
And yet I loved him—love him still
Through all his chill disdain,
And gladly would I yield up life
To spare him but one pain.

Alas for me, I cannot win
His truant heart once more,
The bloom is faded on my cheek,
And its gay smiles are o'er ;
It is not time hath wrought the change,
It is a ruder stroke,
A chill that fell upon my breast
When from my dream I woke.

Sometimes methinks when I am gone
His heart may yet relent,
And when the grave hath shut me in
He may perchance lament ;
For I have been a patient wife,
Have meekly borne my woe,
And if my heart is breaking now,
'Tis silently and slow.



SONG OF THE NEW YEAR.

I COME, and ye hail me with song and with
wine,

With the blaze of the hearth, and the lamp's fes-
tive shine,

With the wreath on the brow, and the gem on
the breast,

The revel, the viol, the harp, and the guest.

Ye take me at once to your home and your heart,
And ye deck me out bravely with splendour and
art ;

And I wear the fair mask ye have painted so gay,
And ye dream not how soon I shall cast it away.

And ye drown with your mirth the wild song of
the blast,
And ye heed not how fiercely the tempest sweeps
past,
And ye fold the rich curtain and screen from
your sight
The flash of the storm, and the gloom of the night.

And ye dance in the hall, and ye feast at the
board,
And ye think of the vintage and harvest that's
stored,
Of the flock in the fold, of the ore in the mine,
And your bosom beats light as ye quaff off the
wine.

And ye gaze on the flush of the cheek that is nigh,
On the bloom of the lip, and the beam of the eye,
And ye hear the glad voices that gush forth in
 song,
And ye heed not the spectre that stands in the
 throng.

And ye see not the hand that is stretch'd forth
 to grasp
For the food of the worm the fond treasure ye
 clasp,
And amid the rich perfume that's scattered around
Ye scent not the taint in the charnel house found.

And ye mark the bright thought flashing forth
 from the brain,
And ye hear not the clank of the maniac's chain,
And ye gaze upon jewels that sparkle and shine,
And ye heed not the anguish that toils in the mine.

I come, the new circlet of Time ye behold,
And ye deem that it glitters with gems and with
gold,
But the baubles are false, they shall lose their
bright spell,
'They shall crumble to dust ere I bid ye farewell.





HE lieth dead—what words are these
 Upon the heart to fall !
They bring back long forgotten hours,
 And buried deeds recall.

They ring a knell upon the ear ;
 Ay, love is now in vain :
O that the heart we pierced so oft,
 Were beating once again !

Would we not pour a sacred balm
 Upon its heavy woe ?
Would we not bring the smile of peace
 Where tears had used to flow ?

Too late—too late our deep remorse !
Our sighs—our anguish—all !
Unheeded o'er the marble brow
Our tears repentant fall.

Too late—too late—this gives the pang
Whilst o'er the dead we bow ;
The stern resolve to sin no more
Can ne'er avail us now.

Oh dust,—oh silent, breathless dust,
How eloquent thou art !
No living lips like thine can move
To penitence the heart.



NIGHT.

WITH sable robe that sweeps the flood,
In queenly state forth issues Night,
Her solemn brow above the clouds
Wreathed with a diadem of light.

The rocks and the far isles wax faint,
The mountains hide themselves for fear,
The forests deep in gloom retire,
As the dread majesty draws near.

But see, her festal hour hath come ;

Lo, Night unveils her starry crown,
And from her silver goblet pours
A stream of radiance down.

Rolls, like a stone that closed the tomb,
Thick darkness from the cloud-capped height,
Mountain, and forest, field, and flood,
Leap from the gloom and quaff the light.





THE TEMPTER.

HE, the proud Noble, stood beside
A sweet one at the evening hour :
The moonbeam floating on the tide,
And glancing o'er each sleeping flower,
Not fairer than that fond girl seemed,
In the soft lustre of her youth ;
Not purer than the thoughts she dreamed,
Bright images of stainless truth.

He spoke—'twas but the same fond tale
His looks had oft revealed before :
The cheek he gazed on grew less pale,
The eyes a tenderer radiance wore ;
A proud soft shame her spirit stirred,
A strange delight not all of joy :
Like to a shy and fluttering bird
That captive heart—man's fragile toy.

But mark, a word, a sinful breath
Hath clouded o'er that halcyon scene :
Oh, had there tolled the knell of death
Not darker, sadder change had been !
The trust from that soft breast is fled,
The bandage from love's eyes unwound ;
Lo, where it seemed an angel led,
There is the wily serpent found.

She weeps not, nor upbraids—the doom,
As blight upon the summer tree,
That withers all its early bloom,
Falls on her spirit silently.
One look—'twas not of scorn but woe—
Upon the tempter meek she cast ;
A pang, the pure alone can know,
Told her young heart its faith was past.





MEMORY.

O MEMORY, thou hast thy moods,
Thy ready smiles, no less than tears :
A summer radiance gaily tints
The picture of our early years.

And with its bloom, and with its balm,
It wakes a thousand thoughts of love,
Whilst softly to the stricken breast
Flies peace, the long, long banished dove.

The garden blossoms as of old,
The May-bloom scents the roving wind ;
And we are strolling side by side
With merry hearts and voices kind.

And we are clasping loving hands,
And looking into loving eyes ;
The heart is desolate no more,
It hath again its gentle ties.

And though the vision fade away,
With all its bloom, with all its balm,
Whilst rainbow-like it melts in air,
It leaves a legacy of calm.



STRIVE not with the heart in anguish,
Leave it tears, and leave it free,
Let the stricken bosom languish,
And its vesture sackcloth be :
From the past no solace borrow,
In the future seek no grace,
Look through day upon thy sorrow,
Calmly, keenly, face to face.



THE FLOWER OF THE VILLAGE.

SHE, a cottage maiden born,
Stands her wedded lord beside,
'Mid the nobles of the state,
In a court of pomp and pride.

And the cheek that bloomed so fresh,
In the balmy woodland air,
Flushes all too deep a rose
In the gorgeous chambers there.

And her eyelids droop with shame ;
Where the kerchief used to fold,
Now the costly robe falls low,
And the gem shines over bold.

And the jewels vex her brow,
And it irks her thus to stand
With abashed and rustic air,
'Mid the lofty of the land.

And her peers gaze coldly down,
Sooth, the flower that bloomed so sweet
In the sunlight and the breeze,
Is not for the palace meet.

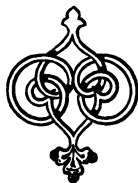
All too late so deems her lord,
As the changed, chill glance reveals ;
Pressing dull upon her heart,
Now the gilded yoke she feels.



A PORTRAIT.

THE pleasant Doctor D—— !
Whose sixtieth year instead of winter brings
A noble autumn in. O Jupiter !
How gay he looks ! what life is in his eyes !
What ease is in his gait ! whilst as he walks
His step still firm and quick with vigour moves.
How gallantly he bears himself withal,
To this dame now—now that ! when enters he
A drawing-room, what worlds of gracious things
He courteous says—he bows with such a smile,
Greeting on either hand the company,
Then slowly turns to speak of graver things.

He is the emperor of the banquet hall!
His taste and tact! gods, did you see him carve!
With grave and measured skill dissect the game,
And choicest morsels to his guests dispense.
How pleasant is his speech, and oft how droll!
His converse passes on from friend to friend,
Genial and gay, like many precious things,
Noyau, champagne, gold-wasser, and masdeu
That flow and sparkle at his festive board.





A SKETCH.

SLEEPING calm upon the hills,
Lie the winds soft breathing there,
And the while the tender eve
Feeds with dew the blossoms fair.

Lingers yet along the west,
Fading slow, a rosy gleam ;
On the peaceful sea the moon
Tracks a pathway with her beam.

Lonely on the shining waste,
Motionless a bark behold,
Half in shadow falls the sail,
Drooping with a heavy fold.

But a breath comes sighing fresh
O'er the billows as they sleep,
Into countless ripples swift
Breaks at once the glassy deep.

And the sail the breeze has caught,
All outspread it skims away,
Now in darkness cast, and now
Glancing in the moonlight ray.



THE CITY OF REFUGE.

STILL as a weary midnight camp,
Before me lies a city vast,
There clash no swords in battle strife,
There peals no trumpet blast.

Tired labourers of every clime
Are crowded close the gates within,
With folded hands upon their breasts,
They neither toil nor spin.

Mute is the thickly peopled way,
 Silent the thronged and narrow street,
There is no noise of forge or wheel,
 No sound of passing feet.

'The little child hath wandered there
 Unconscious where its footsteps led ;
From the rude spoiler's grasp escaped,
 There hath the maiden fled.

The poet, weary of his task,
 The yet unfinished scroll put down,
Unwitting of the glory gained,
 There hath received his crown.

The enemy hath gone to meet
 In concord there his bitter foe,
The mourner to lay down at last
 The burthen of his woe.

Waking the slave to work-day strife,
Through the closed windows steals no ray ;
There is no sound of matin-bell,
No call to rise and pray.

Deeper than Sabbath peace is there,
No song of praise, no prayer, no wail :
Hail, quiet city of the dead !
City of Refuge, hail !





THE BEE.

ALL alone o'er heath, o'er dell,
Wandereth the bee,
And within the drooping bell,
All alone sips he.

Follow, follow o'er the mead
Where the cowslips spring,
Homeward doth the rover speed
On his dusky wing.

Hist the murmur of the hive!
What a busy din!
How they labour! how they thrive!
How they crowd within.

All alone o'er heath, o'er dell,
Wandereth the bce,
And within the drooping bell,
All alone sips he.

Call you him a hermit then?
Do him no such wrong!
He's a hearty citizen,
Bustling in the throng.



LOVE.

WHIO grasps at crowns puts on the cowl,
The miser wears a tattered vest,
The sage hath aye in storm and shine,
A mantle folded o'er his breast.

Love, Love alone amid the masque,
Plays off his antics to the crowd,
A child, he tears the vizer down,
And laughs, and weeps, and babbles loud.



THE ANGRY WORD.

THE angry word, alas, 'tis spoken !
And lo, the tender trust of years,
Like a fair mirror rudely broken,
Shivered all ruthlessly appears.

And ah, those shattered fragments never
Care's willing hand shall now restore :
And passion's heedless mood may sever
What love can reunite no more.



TO ———

THOU'LT tend my flowers when I am gone,
Thou'lt heed my faithful dog's caress,
Thou'lt smile on those who loved me well,
And plead with those who prized me less.

Thou'lt keep the memory of hours
We shared beside sweet banks and streams,
Thou'lt let the sunlight and the showers
Remind thee of our early dreams.

Thou wilt not pine, nor droop, nor weep,
That I have passed away from earth,
But haply long-time thou wilt keep
My vacant place beside thy hearth.



I'M wandering over sunny hills,
I hear the lark's glad song,
Whilst in the vale beneath the rills
Flow peacefully along.

I gaze upon the woods so green,
With spring's first verdure gay,
But oh, amidst this gladsome scene,
My thoughts are far away.

Far, far away by the blue sea,
My native island's bound ;
Oh music, there is none to me
Sweet as the billow's sound !

And where the foaming waves advance,
Like white-plumed warriors gay,
And bounding meet the sun's bright glance,
There would I speed my way.

Yet now methinks that like a glass
The shining tide may look,
Unstirred by the light gales that pass
O'er yonder summer brook.

And calmed would be each troubled sigh,
Beside that halcyon peace,
There too the restless wish would die,
The bitter murmur cease.

Gazing upon its vast abyss,
On its blue boundless deep,
What transient joy can wake to bliss,
What woe can rouse to weep?



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GOD'S mercy fall on the ice-bound land,
On the waves that are tempest-driven,
On the mountain-path in the snow-fall lost,
On the pilgrim abroad unshriven.

God's mercy fall upon those who need,
Upon those who toil and weep,
On the dull vexed ear, and the spirit bruised,
And the eyelids that may not sleep.

God's mercy fall on the man at ease,
Full-fed at the plenteous board,
With the wine-cup red, and the merry guest,
And the wealth in the coffer stored.

O the heart grows hard that hath known no grief,
And gold like a wall doth close
The avenues leading to pity and love,
Where might enter a brother's woes.

And poverty dwells in the midst of wealth,
And the breast is a chamber drear,
Though 'tis swept and garnished and thronged
with guests,
If Charity come not there.

God's mercy fall on the maiden gay,
With the flashing and proud bright eye,
And the braided locks, and the jewelled arms,
And the brow where the roses lie.

O the flatterer's tongue drowns the still small
voice

In her bosom that faintly cries,
And the only whisper that meets her ear
Is the breath of her lovers' sighs.

God's mercy fall on the mother fond,
With the blooming child at her knee,
With the clustering curls, and the fair blue eyes,
And the voice that's attuned to glee.

O the rosy lip, and the laughing eye,
Draw the glance from heaven away,
And the twining arms are as chains to earth,
And an idol is made of clay.

God's mercy fall on the muser's soul
In its dim, deep solitude,
Whence the crowd of life seems a chafing sea,
And its strife but the billows rude.

God's mercy fall on the heart that beats,
And for fellowship vainly pines,
God's mercy fall on the desolate path
Which the child of genius finds.





A LEGEND.

HE sat beside me when the bees
Were humming in the flowers,
And when the leafy chestnut boughs
Half hid the city towers ;
When in the branches, far and near,
The birds sang sweet and strong,
And burnished with a golden gleam
The river flowed along.

The fragrance of a thousand flowers
Came floating on the air,
And the faint sound of far-off bells
That called to sabbath prayer ;
And that soft murmur which the breeze
Through all the summer land
Whispers as soft and musical
As waves upon the sand.

He sat beside me that fair noon,
Low breathing tender vows :
I started half in fear if but
A leaf stirred on the boughs ;
And half in shame I bent my head
To hide my blushes deep ;
I felt strange joy within my breast,
A joy that made me weep.

There was a tumult in my heart
That knew but calm before,
A wonder and a rapture vague,
All this I felt, and more :
The worm that bursts its dusky bonds,
And springs to light and power,
Hath an awaking not more wild
Than knew my heart that hour.

My childhood melted all away,
Like snow before the sun,
My eyes had lost their open gaze,
My lips' light laugh was done,
Yet blissful still, despite my tears,
Did these new moments seem,
For warmth and sweetness came the while,
Like summer's balm and beam.

He sat beside me—and I heard
 A language sweet and strange ;
I felt the blush upon my cheek
 To deeper crimson change :
I could not lift my downcast eyes
 His tender gaze to see,
But well I felt through all my frame,
 That it was fixed on me.

Song, beam, and bloom all mingled there
 In harmony with love,
There could not be upon the earth
 A bliss this bliss above.
O that sweet hour! those tender sighs!
 That newly wakened heart!
They seem amidst the coldness here,
 As things from life apart.

That summer noon lies far behind
In the still depth of years,
A picture of some foreign clime
Almost it now appears ;
And with this brow that care hath crossed,
This cheek of faded hue,
The blushing girl that listened there,
Seems like a stranger too.





WINTER.

THERE'S not a rose through all the land,
There's not a violet breathing sweet,
Summer hath closed her perfumed hand,
Autumn hath stored his wheat.

Earth hath a rude stern ruler now,
A conqueror from a savage shore,
Upon all frail delights, I trow,
He shuts, like death, the door.

He sweeps the flaunting flowers away,
He drives the idle songsters forth,
And lashes all the streams at play,
With scourges from the North.

The woods of trembling leaves he clears,
The trees like naked warriors stand,
With icicles for shining spears,
To guard the vanquished land.

His clouds do battle with the sun,
Beleaguering the vaulted sky,
And the faint beams, their valour done,
Fall on the plain and die.

His edict issues through the land,
And none the city gate may pass,
Although there strive an armed band,
Fast hold his bolts of glass.

He calls an ancient law to life,
He casts the weakly babe away,
And rears the hardy one for strife,
And who shall say him nay!

His sable flag floats o'er the sea,
He hails the bark upon the deep,
His trumpet sounds the stern decree,
Orphan and widow weep.

No monarch softly throned is he,
His camp is in the open field,
The stars through frosty midnight see
His glittering casque and shield.

THE END.



