



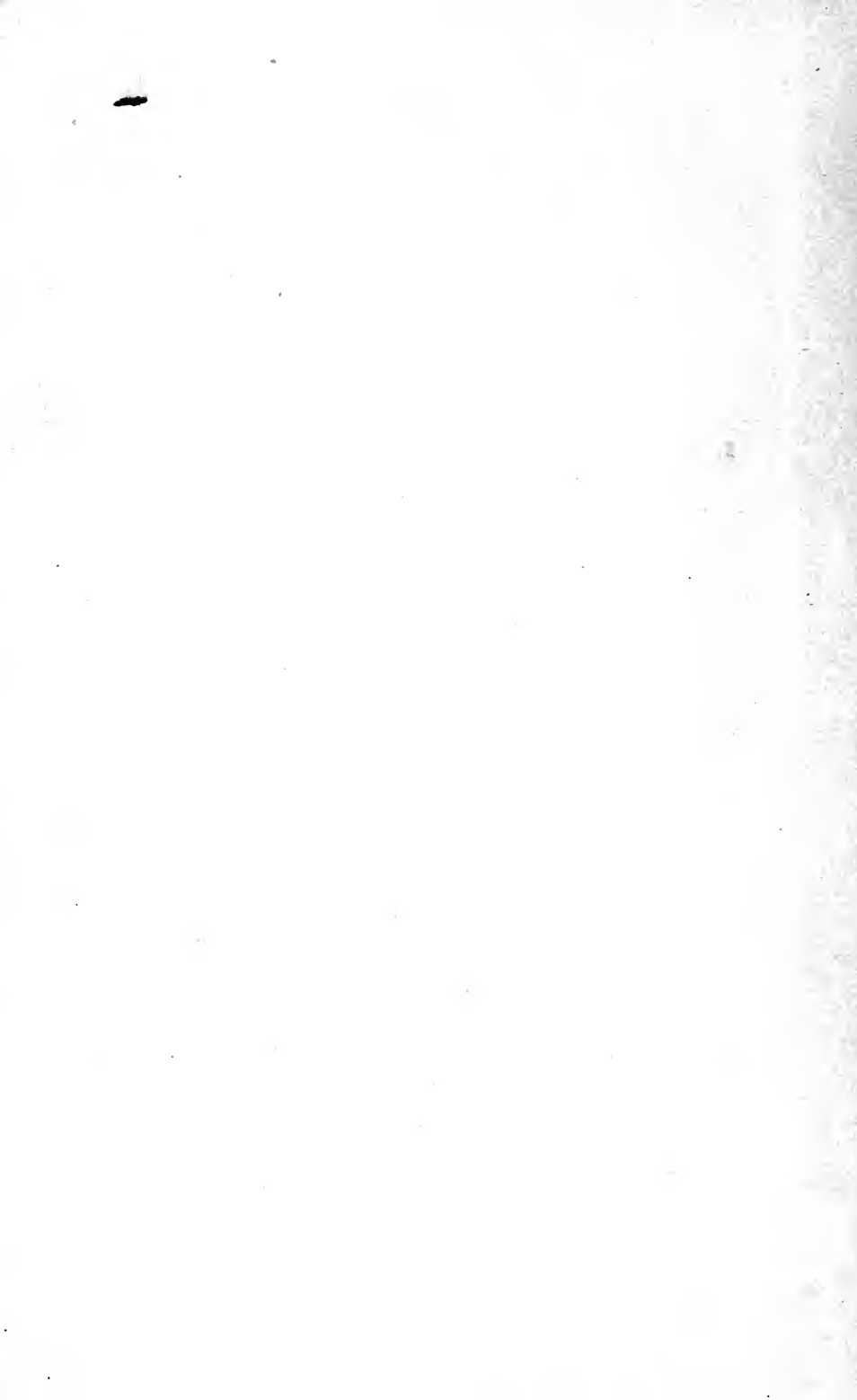
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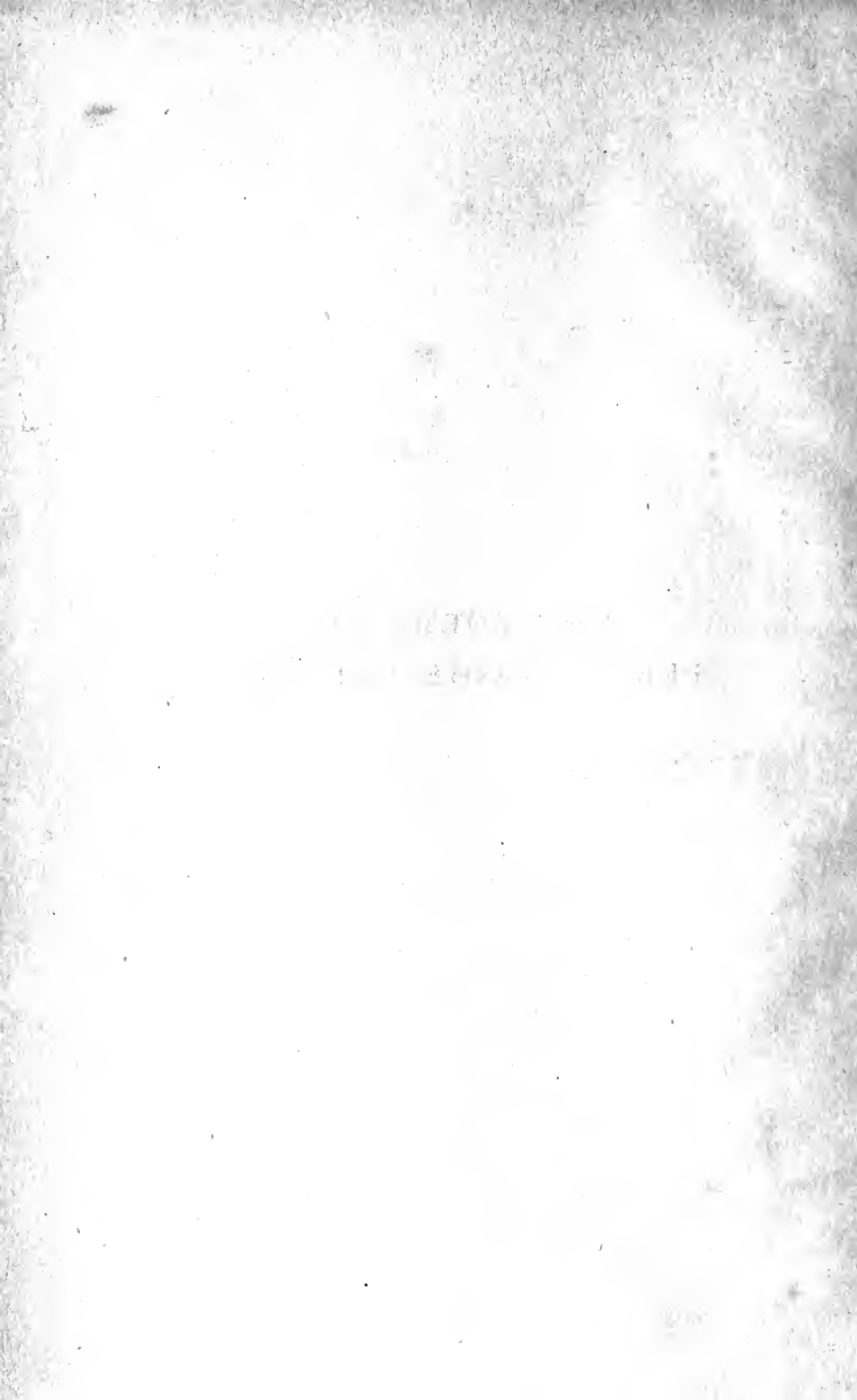
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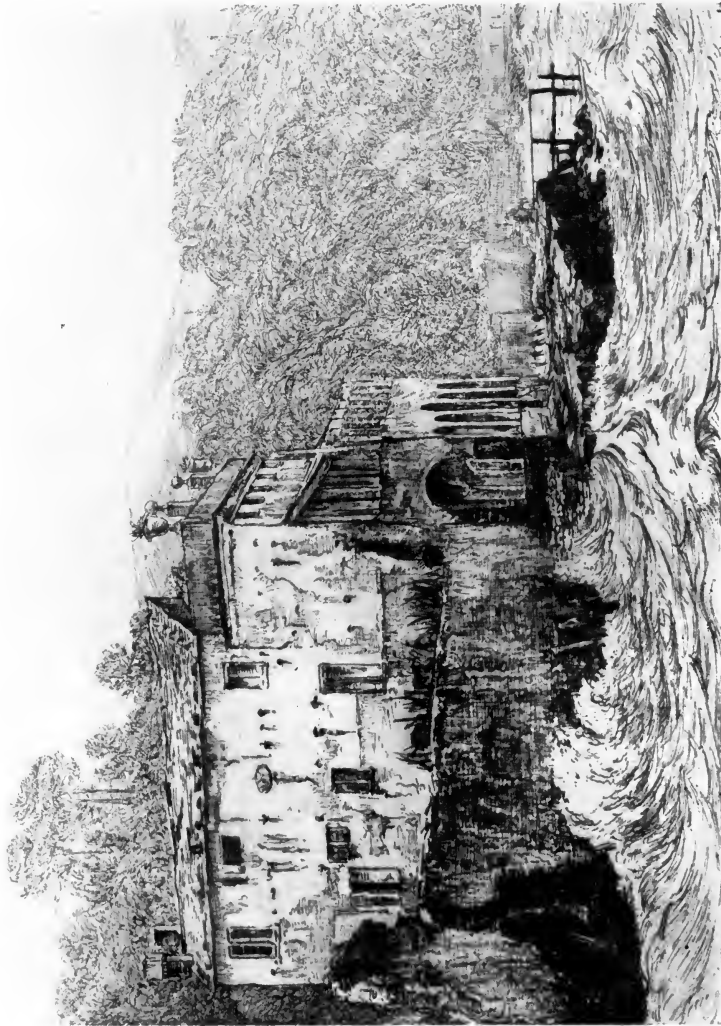




THE POEMS OF  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



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CASA MAGNI, SAN TERENZIO  
FROM AN ETCHING BY ARTHUR EVERSHED AFTER THE WATER COLOUR DRAWING BY HENRY RODERICK NEWMAN



THE POEMS OF  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

EDITED  
WITH NOTES BY  
C. D. LOCOCK

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
A. CLUTTON-BROCK

IN TWO VOLUMES



VOL. II

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

METHUEN AND CO. LTD.

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# CONTENTS

## PART I

(continued)

### PRINCIPAL POEMS 1821-22

	PAGE
EPIPSYCHIDION (1821) . . . . .	1
ADONAI8 (1821) . . . . .	22
PROLOGUE TO HELLAS . . . . .	41
HELLAS (1821) . . . . .	46
GINEVRA (1821) . . . . .	85
FRAGMENT OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA (1822) . . . . .	91
CHARLES I. (1822) . . . . .	98
✓ THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE (1822) . . . . .	125

## PART II

### SHORTER POEMS 1814-22

#### POEMS OF 1814-15

✓ STANZA, WRITTEN AT BRACKNELL (1814) . . . . .	141
STANZAS—(APRIL 1814) . . . . .	141
✓ TO HARRIET: "THY LOOK OF LOVE" (1814) . . . . .	142
✓ TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN (1814) . . . . .	143
✓ SONNET TO —: "YET LOOK ON ME" (1814?) . . . . .	144
ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΡΟΤΜΟΝ . . . . .	145
MUTABILITY: ("WE ARE AS CLOUDS") . . . . .	146
ON DEATH: ("THE PALE, THE COLD") . . . . .	147
A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCHYARD (1815) . . . . .	148
SONNET: TO WORDSWORTH . . . . .	149
FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL OF BONAPARTE . . . . .	149
✓ LINES: "THE COLD EARTH SLEPT BELOW" (1815 or 1816) . . . . .	149

\*

v

## POEMS OF 1816

	PAGE
✓ THE SUNSET . . . . .	151
✓ HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY . . . . .	152
MONT BLANC . . . . .	154
FRAGMENTS—	
✓ Home . . . . .	158
✓ Helen and Henry . . . . .	158

## POEMS OF 1817

✓ MARIANNE'S DREAM . . . . .	159
✓ TO CONSTANTIA, SINGING . . . . .	163
✓ FRAGMENT: TO ONE SINGING . . . . .	164
✓ TO CONSTANTIA . . . . .	165
✓ FRAGMENT: TO MUSIC ("SILVER KEY") . . . . .	165
✓ FRAGMENT: TO MUSIC ("NO, MUSIC") . . . . .	165
✓ TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR . . . . .	165
✓ TO WILLIAM SHELLEY . . . . .	168
✓ ON FANNY GODWIN . . . . .	170
✓ DEATH: ("THEY DIE—THE DEAD RETURN NOT") . . . . .	170
✓ LINES: "THAT TIME IS DEAD FOREVER, CHILD" . . . . .	170
✓ LINES TO A CRITIC: ("HONEY FROM SILKWORMS") . . . . .	171
✓ A HATE-SONG . . . . .	171
SONNET: OZYMANDIAS . . . . .	172
FRAGMENTS—	
✓ "Mighty Eagle" . . . . .	172
✓ Otho . . . . .	172
✓ The Soaring Mind . . . . .	173
✓ A Cloud-Chariot . . . . .	174
✓ To one freed from Prison . . . . .	174
✓ Satan at large . . . . .	174
✓ Unsatisfied Desire . . . . .	175
✓ Love Immortal . . . . .	175
✓ Elusive Thoughts . . . . .	175
✓ "Serene, in his unconquerable might" . . . . .	175
✓ "Soft pillows for the fiends" . . . . .	176
✓ Address to the Human Mind . . . . .	176
✓ To Mary . . . . .	176
✓ Nonsense Verses . . . . .	176

## POEMS OF 1818

✓ TO THE NILE . . . . .	177
✓ PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES . . . . .	177
✓ THE PAST . . . . .	178

# CONTENTS

vii

PAGE

✓	ON A FADED VIOLET . . . . .	178
✓	SONNET: "LIFT NOT THE PAINTED VEIL" . . . . .	178
✓	THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE . . . . .	179
✓	INVOCATION TO MISERY . . . . .	181
✓	STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES . . . . .	183
✓	SCENE FROM "TASSO" . . . . .	184
✓	SONG FOR "TASSO" . . . . .	185
	FRAGMENTS—	
✓	To Mary . . . . .	186
✓	Addressed to Byron . . . . .	187
✓	To Silence . . . . .	187
✓	The Stream's Margin . . . . .	187
✓	A Lost Leader . . . . .	187
✓	The Vine . . . . .	187
✓	"Great Spirit" . . . . .	188

## POEMS OF 1819

✓	LINES WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION . . . . .	189
✓	SONG TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND . . . . .	190
✓	TO SIDMOUTH AND CASTLEREAGH . . . . .	191
✓	SONNET: ENGLAND IN 1819 . . . . .	191
✓	FRAGMENT: TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND . . . . .	192
✓	A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM . . . . .	192
✓	AN ODE TO THE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY . . . . .	194
	ODE TO HEAVEN . . . . .	195
	AN EXHORTATION . . . . .	196
	ODE TO THE WEST WIND . . . . .	197
✓	ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI . . . . .	200
✓	THE INDIAN SERENADE . . . . .	201
✓	TO SOPHIA . . . . .	202
✓	LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY . . . . .	202
✓	TO WILLIAM SHELLEY ("MY LOST WILLIAM") . . . . .	203
✓	TO WILLIAM SHELLEY ("THY LITTLE FOOTSTEPS") . . . . .	204
✓	TO MARY SHELLEY ("MY DEAREST MARY") . . . . .	204
✓	TO MARY SHELLEY ("THE WORLD IS DREARY") . . . . .	204
	FRAGMENTS—	
	"Follow" . . . . .	204
✓	The Birth of Pleasure . . . . .	205
✓	To-day . . . . .	205
✓	"A gentle story" . . . . .	205
✓	Love's Atmosphere . . . . .	205
✓	The Poet's Lover . . . . .	206

*bound  
cont.*

FRAGMENTS—*continued*

	PAGE
✓ A Mystery . . . . .	206
✓ Forebodings . . . . .	206
✓ Transient Thoughts . . . . .	206
✓ Poetry and Music . . . . .	207
✓ The Tomb of Memory . . . . .	207
✓ Song of Furies . . . . .	207
✓ A Serpent Asleep . . . . .	207
✓ Rain and Wind . . . . .	208
✓ A Tale Untold . . . . .	208
✓ To Italy . . . . .	208
✓ Wine of Eglantine . . . . .	208
✓ A Roman's Chamber . . . . .	208
✓ Rome . . . . .	209
✓ O Pillow Cold . . . . .	209
✓ "When a Nation screams aloud"	209
✓ "The living frame" . . . . .	209

## POEMS OF 1820

A VISION OF THE SEA . . . . .	210
THE CLOUD . . . . .	214
TO A SKYLARK . . . . .	216
ARETHUSA . . . . .	219
SONG OF PROSERPINE . . . . .	221
HYMN OF APOLLO . . . . .	222
HYMN OF PAN . . . . .	223
THE QUESTION . . . . .	224
THE TWO SPIRITS . . . . .	225
TO — ("I FEAR THY KISSES, GENTLE MAIDEN") . . . . .	227
AUTUMN: A DIRGE . . . . .	227
STUDY FOR "AUTUMN, A DIRGE" (?) . . . . .	228
LIBERTY . . . . .	228
AN ALLEGORY . . . . .	229
THE TOWER OF FAMINE . . . . .	229
SONNET: "YE HASTEN TO THE GRAVE!" . . . . .	230
DEATH ("DEATH IS HERE AND DEATH IS THERE") . . . . .	230
SUMMER AND WINTER . . . . .	231
TIME LONG PAST . . . . .	231
GOOD-NIGHT . . . . .	232
BUONA NOTTE . . . . .	232
TO THE MOON ("ART THOU PALE FOR WEARINESS?") . . . . .	233
THE WANING MOON . . . . .	233
THE WORLD'S WANDERERS . . . . .	233
LINES TO A REVIEWER ("ALAS! GOOD FRIEND") . . . . .	234

# CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
✕ A SATIRE ON SATIRE . . . . .	234
✕ ORPHEUS . . . . .	235
✕ FIORDISPINA . . . . .	238
FRAGMENTS—	
✕ The Deserts of Sleep . . . . .	240
✕ Consequence . . . . .	241
✕ A Face . . . . .	241
✕ Torpor . . . . .	241
✕ Hope, Fear, and Doubt . . . . .	241
✕ Disappointment . . . . .	241
✕ Milton's Spirit . . . . .	242
✕ May . . . . .	242
✕ "Thy beauty hangs" . . . . .	242
✕ Fragment of an Ode . . . . .	242
✕ "And through the silent" . . . . .	242
✕ Fragment of a Translation (?) . . . . .	242

## POEMS OF 1821

✓ DIRGE FOR THE YEAR . . . . .	243
✓ TIME . . . . .	244
✓ TO NIGHT . . . . .	244
✓ TO EMILIA VIVIANI . . . . .	245
✓ FROM THE ARABIC . . . . .	245
✓ SONG: "RARELY, RARELY, COMEST THOU," . . . . .	246
✓ MUTABILITY ("THE FLOWER THAT SMILES TO-DAY") . . . . .	248
✓ LINES: "FAR, FAR AWAY, O YE" . . . . .	248
✓ A LAMENT . . . . .	249
✓ TO — ("MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE") . . . . .	249
✓ SONNET: POLITICAL GREATNESS . . . . .	249
✓ LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON . . . . .	250
✓ THE FUGITIVES . . . . .	251
✓ TO — ("ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED") . . . . .	253
✓ MUSIC ("I PANT FOR THE MUSIC WHICH IS DIVINE") . . . . .	253
✓ TO — ("WHEN PASSION'S TRANCE IS OVERPAST") . . . . .	254
✓ TO EDWARD WILLIAMS . . . . .	255
✓ REMEMBRANCE . . . . .	256
✓ A BRIDAL SONG . . . . .	257
" (second version) . . . . .	258
" (third version) . . . . .	259
✓ EVENING: PONTE A MARE, PISA . . . . .	260
✓ THE BOAT ON THE SERCHIO . . . . .	260
✓ FRAGMENT: "I WOULD NOT BE A KING" . . . . .	263

	PAGE
✓ THE AZIOLA . . . . .	264
✓ SONNET TO BYRON . . . . .	264
✓ ON KEATS . . . . .	265
FRAGMENTS—	
✓ A Dream . . . . .	265
✓ To-morrow . . . . .	265
✓ "If I walk in Autumn's even" . . . . .	265
✓ A Wanderer . . . . .	266
✓ From Rest to Rest . . . . .	266
✓ "I faint, I perish with my love!" . . . . .	266
✓ The Lady of the South . . . . .	266
✓ Zephyr . . . . .	266
✓ Rain-Wind . . . . .	267
✓ Hidden Dangers . . . . .	267
✓ "The rude wind is singing" . . . . .	267
✓ "O thou Immortal Deity" . . . . .	267
✓ Laurels . . . . .	267
✓ "And that I walk" . . . . .	268

## POEMS OF 1822

✓ THE ZUCCA . . . . .	269
✓ THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT . . . . .	271
✓ LINES: "WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED" . . . . .	273
✓ TO JANE: THE INVITATION . . . . .	274
✓ TO JANE: THE RECOLLECTION . . . . .	275
✓ WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE . . . . .	278
✓ TO JANE: "THE KEEN STARS WERE TWINKLING" . . . . .	280
✓ A DIRGE . . . . .	280
✓ LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI . . . . .	281
✓ LINES: "WE MEET NOT AS WE PARTED" . . . . .	282
✓ THE ISLE . . . . .	283
✓ TO THE MOON ("BRIGHT WANDERER") . . . . .	283
✓ EPITAPH . . . . .	283

## PART III

## TRANSLATIONS

## FROM HOMER—

## HYMNS—

To Mercury . . . . .	285
To Castor and Pollux . . . . .	307
To Minerva . . . . .	307
To the Sun . . . . .	308
To the Moon . . . . .	308



# CONTENTS

xi

	PAGE
<i>HYMNS—continued</i>	
To the Earth, Mother of All . . . . .	309
To Venus . . . . .	310
THE CYCLOPS OF EURIPIDES . . . . .	312
EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK—	
Spirit of Plato . . . . .	341
Circumstance . . . . .	341
To Stella . . . . .	341
Kissing Helena . . . . .	342
BION'S ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS . . . . .	342
FROM MOSCHUS—	
“When winds that move not its calm surface sweep”	343
Pan, Echo, and the Satyr . . . . .	344
Elegy on the Death of Bion . . . . .	344
FROM VIRGIL'S TENTH ECLOGUE . . . . .	344
FROM VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC . . . . .	345
FROM DANTE—	
Sonnet: Dante Alighieri to Guido Cavalcanti . . . . .	346
First Canzone of the Convito . . . . .	346
From the Purgatorio: Matilda gathering Flowers . . . . .	348
Fragment from the Vita Nuova . . . . .	350
SONNET: GUIDO CAVALCANTI TO DANTE ALIGHIERI . . . . .	350
FROM THE ITALIAN OF BRUNETTO LATINI: “LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR” . . . . .	350
SCENES FROM CALDERON'S MAGICO PRODIGIOSO . . . . .	352
SCENES FROM GOETHE'S FAUST . . . . .	375

## PART IV

QUEEN MAB: A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM . . . . .	394
POEMS FROM SHELLEY'S NOTES TO <i>Queen Mab</i> —	
Falsehood and Vice . . . . .	447
“Dark flood of Time” . . . . .	450
NOTES . . . . .	451
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . .	555
INDEX OF TITLES . . . . .	561

## FRONTISPIECE

CASA MAGNI, SAN TERENCE

Drawn in Water-Colours by HENRY RODERICK NEWMAN, and  
Etched by ARTHUR EVERSLED

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# SHELLEY'S POEMS

## EPIPSYCHIDION

(1821)

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND UNFORTUNATE LADY

EMILIA V——

NOW IMPRISONED IN THE CONVENT OF ——

L'anima amante si slancia fuori del creato, e si crea nell' infinito un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.

HER OWN WORDS.

**M**Y 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

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 realised 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<sup>1</sup> page is almost a literal translation from Dante's famous Canzone

*Voi, ch' intendendo, il terzo ciel movete, etc.*

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. S.

### 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 adorèd Nightingale! 10  
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,  
And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-wingèd Heart! who dost forever  
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,  
Till those bright plumes of thought, in which arrayed  
It oversoared 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. 20

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,  
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman  
All that is insupportable in thee  
Of light, and love, and immortality!

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* the nine lines on the preceding page.—ED.

Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse!  
 Veiled 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 30  
 In whom, as in the splendour 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. 40

I never thought before my death to see  
 Youth's vision thus made perfect. Emily,  
 I love thee; though the world by no thin 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 or the other true,  
 These names, though dear, could paint not, as is due, 50  
 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 grey 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 60  
 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, 70  
 And find—alas! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,  
 And lured me towards 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 ætherially light: the brightness  
 Of her divinest presence trembles through  
 Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew  
 Embodied in the windless Heaven of June, 80  
 Amid the splendour-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. 90  
 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,)— 100  
 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 odour is felt,  
 Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt 110  
 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 cannot die;  
 An image of some bright Eternity;

A shadow of some golden dream ; a Splendour  
 Leaving the third sphere pilotless ; a tender  
 Reflection of the eternal Moon of Love  
 Under whose motions life's dull billows move ;  
 A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning ; 120  
 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 130  
 Whose course has been so starless ! O too late  
 Belovèd ! O too soon adored, by me !  
 For in the fields of immortality  
 My spirit should at first have worshipped 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 140  
 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 150  
 Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,  
 And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend  
 To cold oblivion, though 'tis 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, 160  
 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 sun-like arrow  
 Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow  
 The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates, 170  
 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, 180  
 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 190  
 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 grey beak of some promontory  
 She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,  
 That I beheld her not. In solitudes 200  
 Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,  
 And from the fountains, and the odours 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 enamoured 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, 210  
 Sound, colour—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 sandalled with plumes of fire,  
 And towards the loadstar of my one desire  
 I fitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight 220  
 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,  
 Past, 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 230  
 Yawned like a gulph 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 controul  
 Over the sightless tyrants of our fate ; 240  
 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 worshipped 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, 250  
 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 nightshade 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, 260  
 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 grey  
 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 : 270  
 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 ; 280  
 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, 290  
 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 :— 300  
 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 cavern 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 ;— 310  
 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 staunchless tears. Weep not for me ! 320

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 splendour like the Morn's,  
 And from her presence life was radiated  
 Through the grey 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 330  
 By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,  
 So that the savage winds hung mute around ;  
 And odours warm and fresh fell from her hair  
 Dissolving the dull cold in the frore 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 340  
 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 350  
 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-wingèd showers ;  
 And, as those married lights, which from the towers  
 Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe  
 In liquid sleep and splendour, 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 360  
 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  
 Towards thine own ; till, wreckt in that convulsion, 370  
 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 worshipped by those sisters wild 380  
 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 whatsoever of dull mortality  
 Is mine, remain a vestal sister still ; 390  
 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, 400  
 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 it 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 harbour now,  
 A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow ;  
 There is a path on the sea's azure floor,— 410  
 No keel has ever ploughed 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, 420  
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.  
 It is an isle under Ionian skies,  
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,  
 And, for the harbours 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 girds this chosen home, 430  
 With ever-changing sound and light and foam  
 Kissing the sifted 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,) 440  
 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 eyelids like faint sleep ;  
 And from the moss violets and jonquils peep, 450  
 And dart their arrowy odour through the brain  
 Till you might faint with that delicious pain.  
 And every motion, odour, 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. 460  
 It is a favoured 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 winged storms, chaunting 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 470  
 There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,  
 Veil after veil, 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 th' Eternal, whose own smile  
 Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen 480  
 O'er the grey 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 height  
 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, 490  
 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 learnèd imagery  
 Has been erased, and in the place of it  
 The ivy and the wild-vine interknit 500  
 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 510  
 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 towards 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 520

The future from its cradle, and the past  
 Out of its grave, and make the present last  
 In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot 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 530  
 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. 540 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 possess by all that is  
 Within that calm circumference of bliss, 550  
 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 560  
 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 570  
 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 unconsumable:  
 In one another's substance finding food, 580  
 Like flames too pure and light and unimbued  
 To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,—  
 Which point to Heaven and cannot 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 winged words on which my soul would pierce  
 Into the height of Love's rare Universe,  
 Are chains of lead around its flight of fire . . . 590  
 I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!

---

Weak Verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,  
 And say:—"We are the masters of thy slave;  
 What wouldest 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 600  
 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.

## EARLY DRAFTS OF THE PREFACE

[From the Bodleian Manuscript.]

(1)

THE following Poem was found amongst other papers in  
 the Portfolio of a young Englishman with whom the Editor

had contracted an intimacy at Florence,—brief indeed, but sufficiently long to render the Catastrophe by which it terminated one of the most painful events of his life.—

The literary merit of the Poem in question may not be considerable; but worse verses are printed every day, and

He was an accomplished and amiable person; but his error was, *θνητὸς ὧν μὴ θνητὰ φρονεῖν*;—his fate is an additional proof that ‘The tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.’—He had framed to himself certain opinions, founded no doubt upon the truth of things, but built up to a Babel height; they fell by their own weight, and the thoughts that were his architects became unintelligible one to the other, as men upon whom confusion of tongues has fallen.

[These] verses seem to have been written as a sort of dedication of some work to have been presented to the person whom they address: but his papers afford no trace of such a work.—The circumstances to which [they] the poem allude, may easily be understood by those to whom [the] spirit of the poem itself is intelligible: a detail of facts, sufficiently romantic in [themselves, but] their combinations

The melancholy charge of consigning the body of my poor friend to the grave, was committed to me by his desolated family. I caused him to be buried in a spot selected by himself, and on the h

## (2)

[THE following Poem was found in the PF. of a young Englishman, who died on his passage from Leghorn to the Levant. He had bought one of the Sporades]. He was accompanied by a lady supposed to be his wife, and an effeminate-looking youth, to whom he shewed so excessive an attachment as to give rise to the suspicion that she was a woman. At his death this suspicion was confirmed;

object speedily found a refuge both from the taunts of the brute multitude, and from the of her grief in the same grave that contained her lover.—He had bought one of the Sporades, and fitted up a Saracenic castle, which accident had preserved in some repair, with simple elegance, and it was his intention to dedicate the remainder of his life to undisturbed intercourse with his companions.

These verses apparently were intended as a dedication of a longer poem or series of poems.

(3)

THE writer of these lines died at Florence in [January 1820] while he was preparing for one <of the> wildest of the Sporades, where he bought and fitted up the ruins of some old building.—His life was singular, less on account of the romantic vicissitudes which diversified it, than the ideal tinge which they received from his own character and feelings.

The verses were apparently intended by the writer to accompany some longer poem or collection of poems, of which there [are no remnants in his] portfolio.—

The editor is induced to

The present poem, like the Vita Nova 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 and ought ever to remain incomprehensible.—It was evidently intended to be prefixed to a longer poem or series of poems—but among his papers there are no traces of such a collection.

#### FRAGMENTS CONNECTED WITH EPIPSYCHIDION

(1)

HERE, my dear friend, is a new book for you;  
I have already dedicated two  
To other friends, one female and one male,—  
What you are is a thing that I must veil;  
What can this be to those who praise or rail?

Free love has this, different from gold and clay,  
That to divide is not to take away:—  
Like ocean, which the general north wind breaks  
Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes  
A mirror of the moon: like some great glass, 10  
Which did distort whatever form might pass,  
Dashed into fragments by a playful child,  
Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild;  
Giving for one, which it could ne'er express,  
A thousand images of loveliness.

If I were one whom the loud world held wise,  
I should disdain to quote authorities  
In commendation of this kind of love:—  
Why, there is first the God in Heaven above,

Who wrote a book called Nature,—'tis to be  
 Reviewed, I hear, in the next *Quarterly* ;  
 And Socrates, the Jesus Christ of Greece,  
 And Jesus Christ himself did never cease  
 To urge all living things to love each other,  
 And to forgive their mutual faults, and smother  
 The Devil of disunion in their souls.

## (2)

I LOVE you !—Listen, O embodied Ray  
 Of the great Brightness ; I must pass away  
 While you remain, and these light words must be  
 Tokens by which you may remember me.  
 Start not—the thing you are is unbetrayed,  
 If you are human ; and if but the shade  
 Of some sublimer Spirit,

## (3)

AND as to friend or mistress, 'tis a form ;  
 Perhaps I wish you were one. Some declare  
 You a familiar spirit, as you are ;  
 Others with a more inhuman  
 Hint that, though not my wife, you are a woman :—  
 “What is the colour of your eyes and hair ?”  
 Why, if you were a lady, it were fair  
 The world should know. But as, I am afraid,  
 The *Quarterly* would bait you if betrayed,  
 And as it will be sport to see them stumble  
 Over all sorts of scandals, hear them mumble  
 Their litany of curses,—some guess right,  
 And others swear you're a Hermaphrodite,  
 Like that sweet marble monster of both sexes,  
 With looks so sweet and gentle that it vexes  
 The very soul that the soul is gone  
 Which lifted from her limbs the veil of stone—

## (4)

It is a sweet thing, friendship, a dear balm,  
 A happy and auspicious bird of calm,  
 Which rides o'er life's ever-tumultuous Ocean ;  
 A God that broods o'er chaos in commotion ;  
 A flower which fresh as Lapland roses are,  
 Lifts its bold head into the world's frore air,  
 And blooms most radiantly when others die,—  
 Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity ;

And with the light and odour of its bloom,  
Shining within the dungeon and the tomb;

10

## (5)

IF I had but a friend! Why, I have three  
Even by my own confession; there may be  
Some more, for what I know, for 'tis my mind  
To call my friends all who are wise and kind,—  
And these, Heaven knows, at best are very few;  
But none can ever be more dear than you.  
Why should they be?

## (6)

To the oblivion whither I and thou,  
All loving and all lovely, hasten now  
With steps, ah, too unequal! May we meet  
In one Elysium or one winding-sheet!

If any should be curious to discover  
Whether to you I am a friend or lover,  
Let them read Shakspeare's sonnets, taking thence  
A whetstone for their dull intelligence  
That tears and will not cut; or let them guess  
How Diotima, the wise prophetess,  
Instructed the instructor, and why he  
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody  
On Agathon's sweet lips, which, as he spoke,  
Was as the lovely star when morn has broke  
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn,  
Half-hidden, and yet beautiful.

10

I'll pawn

My hopes of Heaven—you know what they are worth—  
That the presumptuous pedagogues of Earth,  
If they could tell the riddle offered here  
Would scorn to be, or being to appear  
What now they seem and are: but let them chide,—  
They have few pleasures in the world beside;  
Perhaps we should be dull were we not chidden;  
Paradise-fruits are sweetest when forbidden.  
Folly can season Wisdom, Hatred Love.

20

## (7)

I WILL not, as most dedicators do,  
Assure myself and all the world and you,

That you are faultless :—would to God they were  
 Who taunt me with your love! I then should wear  
 These heavy chains of life with a light spirit ;  
 And would to God I were,—or even as near it  
 As you, dear heart ! Alas ! what are we ? Clouds  
 Driven by the wind in warring multitudes ;  
 Which rain into the bosom of the earth,  
 And rise again, and in our death and birth, 10  
 And through our restless life, take as from Heaven  
 Hues which are not our own, but which are given,  
 And then withdrawn, and with inconstant glance  
 Flash from the spirit to the countenance.  
 There is a Power, a Love, a Joy, a God  
 Which makes in mortal hearts its brief abode,  
 A Pythian exhalation, which inspires  
 Love, only love : a wind which o'er the wires  
 Of the soul's giant harp  
 There is a mood which language faints beneath ; 20  
 You feel it striding, as Almighty Death  
 His bloodless steed.

## (8)

AND what is that most brief and bright delight  
 Which rushes through the touch and through the sight,  
 And stands before the spirit's inmost throne,  
 A naked seraph ? None hath ever known.  
 Its birth is darkness, and its growth desire ;  
 Untameable and fleet and fierce as fire,  
 Not to be touched but to be felt alone,  
 It fills the world with glory—and is gone.

## (9)

IT floats with rainbow pinions o'er the stream  
 Of life, which flows, like a dream  
 Into the light of morning, to the grave  
 As to an ocean.

## (10)

WHAT is that joy which serene infancy  
 Perceives not, as the hours content them by,  
 Each in a chain of blossoms, yet enjoys  
 The shapes of this new world, in giant toys  
 Wrought by the busy ever new ?  
 Remembrance borrows Fancy's glass, to shew

These forms more sincere  
 Than now they are,—than then, perhaps, they were,  
 When everything familiar seemed to be  
 Wonderful, and the immortality 10  
 Of this great world, which all things must inherit,  
 Was felt as one with the awakening spirit,  
 Unconscious of itself, and of the strange  
 Distinctions which in its proceeding change  
 It feels and knows, and mourns as if each were  
 A desolation.

## (11)

WERE it not a sweet refuge, Emily,  
 For all those exiles from the dull insane  
 Who vex this pleasant world with pride and pain,  
 For all that band of sister-spirits known  
 To one another by a voiceless tone?

## (12)

If day should part us—night will mend division,  
 And if sleep parts us—we will meet in vision;  
 And if life parts us—we will mix in death,  
 Yielding our mite of unreluctant breath.  
 Death cannot part us—we must meet again  
 In all, in nothing—in delight, in pain:  
 How, why, or when, or where—it matters not,  
 So that we share an undivided lot.

## (13)

[WHILE all things seem the shadow of thy soul  
 Harmonized by some unbeheld controul.]

## (14)

AND we will move, possessing and possest,  
 Wherever beauty on the earth's bare breast  
 Lies like the shadow of thy soul—till we  
 Become one being with the world we see.

# ADONAIS

(1821)

## AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS

AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION, ETC.

Ἄστηρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωούσιν ἑῷος·  
Νῦν δὲ, θανῶν, λάμπεις ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

PLATO

## PREFACE

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον εἶδες·

Πῶς τευ τοῖς χεῖλεσσι ποτέδραμε, κοῦκ ἐγλυκάνθη;

Τίς δὲ βροτὸς τοσσούτον ἀνάμερος, ἢ κεράσαι τοι,

\*Ἡ δοῦναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἐκφυγεν ᾧδάν.

MOSCHUS, *Ἐπίταφ. 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 modelled, 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 antient 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 blood-vessel 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 defects, 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. Barrett, 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 by 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!

## ADONAI8

## I.

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!

## II.

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 enamoured 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.

## III.

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.

## IV.

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 gulph of death ; but his clear Sprite  
 Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light.

## V.

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.

## VI.

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, nipt before they blew,  
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;  
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

## VII.

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.

## VIII.

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.

## IX.

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, or find a home again.

## X.

And one with trembling hands 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.

## XI.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
 Washed his light limbs as if embalming them ;  
 Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw  
 The wreath upon him, like an anadem,  
 Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;  
 Another in her wilful 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.

## XII.

Another Splendour 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 his icy lips;  
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
 Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,  
 It flushed through his pale limbs, and past to its eclipse.

## XIII.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,  
 Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
 Splendours, 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.

## XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought  
 From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,  
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,  
 Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;  
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,  
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
 And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

## XV.

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 she pined away  
 Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear  
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

## XVI.

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; odour, to sighing ruth.

## XVII.

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!

## XVIII.

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 Seasons' bier;  
 The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
 And build their mossy homes in field and brake;  
 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
 Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

## XIX.

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 steam 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.

## XX.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender  
 Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;  
 Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour  
 Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death  
 And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ;  
 Nought 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.

## XXI.

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.

## XXII.

*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, with 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 Splendour sprung.

## XXIII.

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,  
 Had 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.

## XXIV.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,  
 Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,  
 And human hearts, which to her æry tread  
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:  
 And barbèd 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.

## XXV.

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.

## XXVI.

"Stay yet awhile! 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 cannot thence depart!

## XXVII.

"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.



## XXVIII.

“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.

## XXIX.

“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 is it 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.”

## XXX.

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.

## XXXI.

'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.

## XXXII.

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 whilst 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.

## XXXIII.

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.

## XXXIV.

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 sung 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 !

## XXXV.

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, honoured the departed one,  
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs  
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

## XXXVI.

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.

## XXXVII.

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 thyself 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.

## XXXVIII.

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,  
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

## XXXIX.

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.

## XL.

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 grey in vain ;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

## XLI.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;  
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,  
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, 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 veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

## XLII.

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.

## XLIII.

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.

## XLIV.

The splendours 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 cannot 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.

## XLV.

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 reprovèd.

## XLVI.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,  
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot 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 an Heaven of song.  
 Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng !"

## XLVII.

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  
 Satiates 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.

## XLVIII.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre  
 Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought  
 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 cannot pass away.

## XLIX.

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.

## L.

And grey 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.

## LI.

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 ?

## LII.

The One remains, the many change and pass ;  
 Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;  
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured 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.

## LIII.

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.

## LIV.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
 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.

## LV.

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 ;  
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

## CANCELLED PASSAGES OF ADONAIS

## PASSAGES OF THE PREFACE

. . . . the expression of my indignation and sympathy. I will allow myself a first and last word on the subject of calumny as it relates to me. As an author I have dared and invited censure. If I understand myself, I have written neither for profit nor for fame. I have employed my poetical compositions and publications simply as the instruments of that sympathy between myself and others which the ardent and unbounded love I cherished for my kind incited me to acquire. I expected all sorts of stupidity and insolent contempt from those . . . .

These compositions (excepting the tragedy of *The Cenci*, which was written rather to try my powers, than to unburthen my full heart) are insufficiently commended than perhaps they deserve, even from their bitterest enemies; but they have not attained any corresponding popularity. As a man, I shrink from notice and regard; the ebb and flow of the world vexes me; I desire to be left in peace. Persecution, contumely, and calumny, have been heaped upon me in profuse measure; and domestic conspiracy and legal oppression have violated in my person the most sacred rights of nature and humanity. The bigot will say it was the recompense of my errors; the man of the world will call it the result of my imprudence; but never upon one head . . . .

Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic. But a young spirit panting for fame, doubtful of its powers, and certain only of its aspirations, is ill qualified to assign its true value to the sneer of this world. He knows not that such stuff as this is of the abortive and monstrous births which Time consumes as fast as it produces. He sees the truth and falsehood, the merits and demerits of his case, inextricably entangled. No personal offence should have drawn from me this public comment upon such stuff . . . .

The offence of this poor victim seems to have consisted solely in his intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Mr. Hazlitt, and some other enemies of despotism and superstition. My friend Hunt has a very hard skull to crack, and will take a deal of killing. I do not know much of Mr. Hazlitt, but . . . .



I knew personally but little of Keats; but on the news of his situation I wrote to him, suggesting the propriety of trying the Italian climate, and inviting him to join me. Unfortunately he did not allow me . . . .

## CANCELLED FRAGMENTS OF ADONAIS

## (1)

AND ever as he went he swept a lyre  
 Of unaccustomed shape, and strings  
 Now like the of impetuous fire,  
 Which shakes the forest with its murmurings,  
 Now like the rush of the aërial wings  
 Of the enamoured wind among the trees,  
 Whispering unimaginable things,  
 And dying on the streams of dew serene,  
 Which feed the unmown meads with ever-during green.

## (2)

AND the green Paradise which western waves  
 Embosom in their ever-wailing sweep,—  
 Talking of freedom to their tongueless caves,  
 Or to the spirits which within them keep  
 A record of the wrongs which, though they sleep,  
 Die not, but dream of retribution,—heard  
 His hymns, and echoing them from steep to steep,  
 Kept

\* \* \* \*

## (3)

AND then came one of sweet and earnest looks,  
 Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes  
 Were as the clear and ever-living brooks  
 Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise,  
 Shewing how pure they are: a Paradise  
 Of happy truth upon his forehead low  
 Lay, making wisdom lovely, in the guise  
 Of earth-awakening morn upon the brow  
 Of star-deserted Heaven, while ocean gleams below.

His song, though very sweet, was low and faint,  
 A simple strain

\* \* \* \*



# PROLOGUE TO HELLAS

## A FRAGMENT

(1821)

### HERALD OF ETERNITY

**I**T is the day when all the sons of God  
Wait in the roofless senate-house, whose floor  
Is Chaos, and the immoveable abyss  
Frozen by His steadfast word to hyaline

\* \* \* \*

The shadow of God, and delegate  
Of that before whose breath the universe  
Is as a print of dew.

Hierarchs and kings  
Who from your thrones pinnacled on the past  
Sway the reluctant present, ye who sit  
Pavilioned on the radiance or the gloom 10  
Of mortal thought, which like an exhalation  
Steaming from earth, conceals the of Heaven  
Which gave it birth, assemble here  
Before your Father's throne; the swift decree  
Yet hovers, and the fiery incarnation  
Is yet withheld, clothèd in which it shall  
annul

The fairest of those wandering isles that gem  
The sapphire space of interstellar air,  
That green and azure sphere, that Earth inwrapt 20  
Less in the beauty of its tender light  
Than in an atmosphere of living spirit  
Which interpenetrating all the  
it rolls from realm to realm  
And age to age, and in its ebb and flow  
Impels the generations  
To their appointed place,  
Whilst the high Arbiter  
Beholds the strife, and at the appointed time  
Sends his decrees veiled in eternal 30



A chaos of light and motion  
Upon that glassy ocean.

\* \* \* \*

The senate of the Gods is met,  
Each in his rank and station set ;

There is silence in the spaces—

Lo ! Satan, Christ, and Mahomet  
Start from their places !

## CHRIST

Almighty Father !

Low-kneeling at the feet of Destiny

\* \* \* \*

There are two fountains in which spirits weep 80  
When mortals err, Discord and Slavery named,  
And with their bitter dew two Destinies  
Filled each their irrevocable urns ; the third,  
Fiercest and mightiest, mingled both, and added  
Chaos and Death, and slow Oblivion's lymph,  
And hate and terror, and the poisoned rain

\* \* \* \*

The Aurora of the nations. By this brow  
Whose pores wept tears of blood, by these wide wounds,  
By this imperial crown of agony,  
By infamy and solitude and death,— 90  
For this I underwent ; and by the pain  
Of pity for those who would for me  
The unremembered joy of a revenge,—  
For this I felt ; by Plato's sacred light,  
Of which my spirit was a burning morrow ;  
By Greece and all she cannot cease to be,  
Her quenchless words, sparks of immortal truth,  
Stars of all night ; her harmonies and forms,  
Echoes and shadows of what Love adores  
In thee ;—I do compel thee, send forth Fate, 100  
Thy irrevocable child : let her descend  
A seraph-wingèd victory  
In tempest of the omnipotence of God  
Which sweeps through all things.

From hollow leagues, from Tyranny which arms  
Adverse miscreeds and emulous anarchies  
To stamp, as on a wingèd serpent's seed,  
Upon the name of Freedom ; from the storm  
Of faction, which like earthquake shakes and sickens

The solid heart of enterprise ; from all  
 By which the holiest dreams of highest spirits  
 Are stars beneath the dawn

110

She shall arise  
 Victorious as the world arose from Chaos !  
 And as the Heavens and the Earth arrayed  
 Their presence in the beauty and the light  
 Of thy first smile, O Father ; as they gather  
 The spirit of thy love which paves for them  
 Their path o'er the abyss, till every sphere  
 Shall be one living Spirit ; so shall Greece—

## SATAN

Be as all things beneath the empyrean,  
 Mine ! Art thou eyeless like old Destiny,  
 Thou mockery-king, crowned with a wreath of thorns ?  
 Whose sceptre is a reed, the broken reed  
 Which pierces thee ! whose throne a chair of scorn ?  
 For seest thou not beneath this crystal floor  
 The innumerable worlds of golden light  
 Which are my empire, and the least of them

120

which thou wouldst redeem from me ?  
 Know'st thou not them my portion ?  
 Or wouldst rekindle the strife  
 Which our great Father then did arbitrate  
 When he assigned to his competing sons  
 Each his apportioned realm ?

130

Thou Destiny,  
 Thou who art mailed in the omnipotence  
 Of Him who sends thee forth,—whate'er thy task,  
 Speed, spare not to accomplish ; and be mine  
 Thy trophies, whether Greece again become  
 The fountain in the desert whence the earth  
 Shall drink of freedom, which shall give it strength  
 To suffer, or a gulph of hollow death  
 To swallow all delight, all life, all hope.  
 Go, thou Vicegerent of my will, no less  
 Than of the Father's ; but less thou shouldst faint,  
 The wingèd hounds, Famine and Pestilence,  
 Shall wait on thee, the hundred-forkèd snake,  
 Insatiate Superstition, still shall  
 The earth behind thy steps, and War shall hover  
 Above, and Fraud shall gape below, and Change  
 Shall flit before thee on her dragon wings,  
 Convulsing and consuming ; and I add  
 Three vials of the tears which demons weep

140

150

When virtuous spirits through the gate of Death  
 Pass triumphing over the thorns of life,—  
 Sceptres and crowns, mitres and swords and snares,  
 Trampling in scorn, like Him and Socrates.  
 The first is Anarchy; when Power and Pleasure,  
 Glory and science and security,  
 On Freedom hang like fruit on the green tree,  
 Then pour it forth, and men shall gather ashes.  
 The second, Tyranny—

## CHRIST

Obdurate spirit!

160

Thou seest but the Past in the To-come.  
 Pride is thy error and thy punishment.  
 Boast not thine empire, dream not that thy worlds  
 Are more than furnace-sparks or rainbow-drops  
 Before the Power that wields and kindles them.  
 True greatness asks not space, true excellence  
 Lives in the Spirit of all things that live,  
 Which lends it to the worlds thou callest thine.

\* \* \* \*

## MAHOMET

\* \* \* \*

Haste thou and fill the waning crescent  
 With beams as keen as those which pierced the shadow 170  
 Of Christian night, rolled back upon the West,  
 When the orient moon of Islam rode in triumph  
 From Tmolus to the Acroceraunian snow.

\* \* \* \*

Wake, thou Word

Of God, and from the throne of Destiny  
 Even to the utmost limit of thy way  
 May Triumph

\* \* \* \*

Be thou a curse on them whose creed  
 Divides and multiplies the most high God.

# HELLAS

(1821)

A LYRICAL DRAMA

ΜΑΝΤΙΣ 'ΕΙΜ' 'ΕΣΘΑΩΝ 'ΑΓΩΝΩΝ

ŒDIP. COLON.

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.

## 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 waggon to an Athenian village at the Dionysiaca, 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 unfavourable 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 allege 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 shews 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 idolaters; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institution 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 cannot 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 *Anastasis* 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 Turk;—but when was the oppressor generous or just?

Should the English people ever become free, they will reflect upon the part which those who presume to represent their will have played in the great drama of the

revival of liberty, with feelings which it would become them to anticipate. This is the age of the war of the oppressed against the oppressors; and every one of those ringleaders of the privileged gangs of murderers and swindlers called Sovereigns, look to each other for aid against the common enemy, and suspend their mutual jealousies in the presence of a mightier fear. Of this holy alliance all the despots of the earth are virtual members. But a new race has arisen throughout Europe, nursed in the abhorrence of the opinions which are its chains; and she will continue to produce fresh generations to accomplish that destiny which tyrants foresee and dread.

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 the cunning of its opponents, and watches the moment of their approaching weakness and inevitable division to wrest the bloody sceptres from their grasp.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MAHMUD. HASSAN. DAOOD. AHASUERUS, *a Jew*.  
PHANTOM OF MAHOMET THE SECOND.

CHORUS of Greek Captive Women. Messengers, Slaves, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Constantinople. TIME.—Sunset.

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 stript from Orient bowers,  
By the Indian billow.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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.

10

## 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. 20

## 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 mightst 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!

30

## 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 splendour burst and shone :—  
 Thermopylæ and Marathon  
 Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,  
 The springing Fire.—The wingèd glory  
 On Philippi half alighted,  
 Like an eagle on a promontory.  
 Its unwearied wings could fan  
 The quenchless ashes of Milan.<sup>1</sup>  
 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,  
 Re-assuming 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.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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 80  
     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 nurslings prey,  
     And in the naked lightnings  
 Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.  
 Let Freedom leave—where'er she flies, 90  
 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 100  
 Re-appeareth, 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! 110  
 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 towards the Bosphorus  
 Cannot 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 120  
 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. 130

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 140  
 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<sup>1</sup>  
 To the winter wind :—but from his eye looks forth  
 A life of unconsumèd 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 150  
 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 160  
 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.<sup>2</sup>

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.

210

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 vapour 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.

220

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.

230

*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

240

Clamour 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<sup>3</sup>  
 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 sicklemen  
 Is as a grain to each.

MAHMUD

Then, take this signet;

250

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! 260  
 O faith in God! O power on earth! O word  
 Of the great Prophet, whose o'ershadowing 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 270  
 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 bear destroying lightning, and their step  
 Wakes earthquake to consume and overwhelm, 280  
 And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,  
 Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycale, roughen  
 With horrent arms ; and lofty ships even now,  
 Like vapours anchored to a mountain's edge,  
 Freighted 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 ! " 290  
 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-wingèd cities of the sea, 300  
 To speak in thunder to the rebel world.  
 Like sulphurous 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 310  
 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,  
 'Mid seas and mountains, and a mightier brood

Crouch round. 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? 320  
 Our arsenals and our armouries are full ;  
 Our forts defy assault ; 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 330  
 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 ! 340  
 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 : 350  
 The spirit that lifts the slave before his lord  
 Stalks through the capitals of armèd 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 the 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 appal !  
 Or Danger, when Security looks pale !  
 How said the messenger—who, from the fort  
 Islanded in the Danube, saw the battle  
 Of Bucharest ?—that—

360

HASSAN

Ibrahim's scimitar  
 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 thunderstone alit.  
 One half the Grecian army made a bridge  
 Of safe and slow retreat, with Moslem dead ;  
 The other—

370

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 sickleman,  
 The band, intrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,

380

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;      390  
 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 darest 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 dishonourable,      400  
 Met in triumphant death; and when our army  
 Closed in, while yet wonder, and awe, and shame,  
 Held back the base hyænas 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 saviours 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      410  
 Creating what it feigned;—I cannot 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;—      420  
 Progenitors of all that yet is great,  
 Ascribe to your bright senate, oh, 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      430  
 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 house-tops,  
 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! 44c  
 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, 45c  
 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! Oh live! outlive  
 Me and this sinking empire. But the fleet—

## HASSAN

Alas!—

## MAHMUD

The fleet which, like a flock of clouds 46c  
 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! Repulse is 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— 470

## MAHMUD

The caves of the Icarian isles  
 Told 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 dardest 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 day-break from the North, and hung  
 As multitudinous on the ocean line,  
 As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind. 480  
 Our squadron, convoying ten thousand men,  
 Was stretching towards 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, 490  
 And shook Heaven's roof of golden morning clouds,  
 Poised on an hundred azure mountain-isles.  
 In the brief of trances of the artillery,  
 One cry from the destroyed and the destroyer  
 Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapt  
 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 500  
 The abhorred cross glimmered behind, before,  
 Among, around us ; and that fatal sign  
 Dried with its beams the strength in 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 ; 510  
 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 legions in the air,  
 Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind ;  
 They, screaming from their cloudy mountain-peaks,  
 Stooped thro' the sulphurous battle-smoke and perched  
 Each on the weltering carcass that we loved,  
 Like its ill angel or its damned soul, 520  
 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,  
 And with night, with 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 530  
 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. 540  
 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 550  
 Past 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 made 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 ; 560  
 And if you buy him not, your treasury  
 Is empty even of promises—his own coin.  
 The freedman of a western poet-chief <sup>4</sup>  
 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 ; 570  
 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, 580  
 Tremble ;—the Arab menaces Medina ;  
 The Æthiop 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, 590  
 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, learnèd in the Koran, preaches  
 That it is written how the sins of Islam  
 Must raise up a destroyer even now.  
 The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west,<sup>5</sup>  
 Who shall not come, men say, in clouds and glory,  
 But in the omnipresence of that Spirit 600  
 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——

610

*Enter a* FOURTH MESSENGER.

MAHMUD

And thou, pale ghost, dim shadow  
 Of some untimely rumour, speak !

FOURTH MESSENGER

One comes  
 Fainting with toil, covered with foam and blood :  
 He stood, he says, upon Chelonites'  
 Promontory, which o'erlooks the isles that groan  
 Under the Briton's frown, and all their waters  
 Then trembling in the splendour of the moon ;  
 When, as the wandering clouds unveiled or hid  
 Her boundless light, he saw two adverse fleets  
 Stalk thro' 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 abhorrèd cross——

620

630

*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

640

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 deep-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, 680  
 Scorn thy controul!

## 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, 690  
 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, 700  
 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?

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones  
 Of Slavery? Argos, Corinth, Crete  
 Hear, and from their mountain-thrones  
 The dæmons and the nymphs repeat  
 The harmony.

## SEMICHORUS I

I hear! I hear!

710

## 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-wingèd Victory sits  
 At her right hand? what Shadow flits  
 Before? what Splendour 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.

720

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 the guilty mind,  
 And Conscience feeds them with despair.

730

## 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.

740

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 honour 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 unveil? Nor thou, nor I, nor any  
Mighty or wise. I apprehended 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 contempest.

750

760

AHASUERUS

Disdain thee?—not the worm beneath thy 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 cannot change—the One,  
 The unborn and the undying. Earth and ocean,  
 Space, and the isles of life or light that gem 770  
 The sapphire floods of interstellar air,—  
 This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,  
 With all its cressets of immortal fire,  
 Whose outwall, 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 780  
 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 eternal flight—they have no being:  
 Nought is, but that which 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, 790  
 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, cannot die;  
 They are—what that which they regard appears—  
 The stuff whence mutability can weave  
 All that it hath dominion o'er, worlds, worms, 800  
 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 810  
How what was born in blood must die?

MAHMUD

Have power on me! I see—— Thy words

AHASUERUS

What hearest thou?

MAHMUD

A far whisper——  
Terrible silence.

AHASUERUS

What succeeds?

MAHMUD

The sound <sup>6</sup>

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 enginery,  
The clash of wheels, and clang of armed hoofs, 820  
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  
“*Ἐν τούτῳ νίκη*”—“Allah-illa-Allah”?

AHASUERUS

The sulphurous mist is raised—thou seest—

## MAHMUD

A chasm, 830

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 kingly 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!

840

## AHASUERUS

What thou seest

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 850  
 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 860  
 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 soothe my supreme repose,  
 Wailing for glory never to return.—

A later Empire nods in its decay: 870

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 880

Boundless and mute ; and for thy subjects thou,  
 Like us, shalt 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 890

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, 900

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 grey 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 910  
 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? 920  
 It matters not!—for nought 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! 930  
 [*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 Thulé 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, 940  
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! 950  
Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

## SEMICHORUS II

Thou voice which art  
The herald of the ill in splendour hid!  
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 earthquake, 'mid  
The momentary oceans of the lightning;  
Or to some toppling promontory proud 960  
Of solid tempest whose black pyramid,  
Riven, overhangs the founts intensely brightning  
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! 970  
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, 980  
 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! 990  
 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 1000  
 When ye desert the free.  
 If Greece must be  
 A wreck, yet shall its fragments re-assemble,  
 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 1010  
 With our ruin, our resistance, and our name!



## SEMICHORUS II

Our dead shall be the seed of their decay,  
 Our survivors be the shadow of their pride,  
 Our adversity a dream to pass away—  
 Their dishonour 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. Oh keep holy 1020  
 This jubilee of unrevengèd 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! 1030

## 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 1040  
 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 ardour 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  
 Prankt on the sapphire sea.

## SEMICHORUS I

Through the sunset of hope, 1050  
 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 dream, or like Heaven on death,  
 Through the walls of our prison;  
 And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

## CHORUS

The world's great age begins anew,<sup>7</sup> 1060  
 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 serener far;  
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains  
 Against the morning-star.  
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep 1070  
 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.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,  
 If earth Death's scroll must be!  
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy 1080  
 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 splendour of its prime;  
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
 All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose<sup>8</sup> 1090  
 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.

Oh 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,— 1100  
 Oh, might it die or rest at last!

## FRAGMENTS WRITTEN FOR HELLAS

## (1)

FAIREST of the Destinies,  
 Disarray thy dazzling eyes :  
 Keener far their lightnings are  
 Than the wingèd thou bearest,  
 And the smile thou wearest  
 Wraps thee as a star  
 Is wrapt in light.

## (2)

COULD Arethuse to her forsaken urn  
 From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run,  
 Or could the morning shafts of purest light  
 Again into the quivers of the Sun  
 Be gathered: could one thought from its wild flight  
 Return into the temple of the brain  
 Without a change, without a stain,—  
 Could aught that is, ever again  
 Be what it once has ceased to be,—  
 Greece might again be free! 10

## (3)

A STAR has fallen upon the Earth  
 'Mid the benighted nations,  
 A quenchless atom of immortal light,  
 A living spark of Night,  
 A cresset shaken from the constellations,—

Swifter than the thunder fell  
 To the heart of Earth, the well  
 Where its pulses flow and beat ;  
 And unextinct in that cold source  
 Burns, and on course 1c  
 Guides the sphere which is its prison,  
 Like an angelic spirit pent  
 In a form of mortal birth ;—  
 Till, as a spirit half arisen  
 Shatters its charnel, it has rent,  
 In the rapture of its mirth,  
 The thin and painted garment of the Earth,  
 Ruining its chaos : a fierce breath  
 Consuming all its forms of living death.

### SHELLEY'S NOTES ON HELLAS

<sup>1</sup> *The quenchless ashes of Milan.* [line 60].

Milan was the centre of the resistance of the Lombard league against the Austrian tyrant. Frederick Barbarossa burnt the city to the ground, but liberty lived in its ashes, and it rose like an exhalation from its ruin. See Sismondi's *Histoires des Républiques Italiennes*, a book which has done much towards awakening the Italians to an imitation of their great ancestors.

<sup>2</sup> *The Chorus.* [line 197 et seq.].

The popular notions of Christianity are represented in this chorus as true in their relation to the worship they superseded, and that which in all probability they will supersede, without considering their merits in a relation more universal. The first stanza contrasts the immortality of the living and thinking beings which inhabit the planets, and to use a common and inadequate phrase, *clothe themselves in matter*, with the transience of the noblest manifestations of the external world.

The concluding verses indicate a progressive state of more or less exalted existence, according to the degree of perfection which every distinct intelligence may have attained. Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatize upon a subject, concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar assertions. The received hypothesis of a Being resembling men in the moral attributes of his nature, having called us out of non-existence, and after inflicting on us the misery of the commission of error, should superadd that of the punishment and the privations consequent upon it, still would remain inexplicable and incredible. That there is a true solution of the riddle, and that in our present state that solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain ; meanwhile, as it is the province of the poet to attach himself to those ideas which exalt and ennoble humanity, let him be permitted to have conjectured the condition of that futurity towards which we are all impelled by an inextinguishable thirst for immortality. Until better arguments can be produced than sophisms which disgrace the cause, this desire itself must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being.

<sup>3</sup> *No hoary priests after that Patriarch.* [line 245].

The Greek Patriarch, after having been compelled to fulminate an anathema against the insurgents, was put to death by the Turks.

Fortunately the Greeks have been taught that they cannot buy security by degradation; and the Turks, though equally cruel, are less cunning than the smooth-faced tyrants of Europe.

As to the anathema, his Holiness might as well have thrown his mitre at Mount Athos for any effect that it produced. The chiefs of the Greeks are almost all men of comprehension and enlightened views on religion and politics.

<sup>4</sup> *The freedman of a western poet-chief.* [line 563].

A Greek who had been Lord Byron's servant commands the insurgents in Attica. This Greek, Lord Byron informs me, though a poet and an enthusiastic patriot, gave him rather the idea of a timid and unenterprising person. It appears that circumstances make men what they are, and that we all contain the germ of a degree of degradation or of greatness, whose connexion with our character is determined by events.

<sup>5</sup> *The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west.* [line 598].

It is reported that this Messiah had arrived at a sea-port near Lacedæmon in an American brig. The association of names and ideas is irresistibly ludicrous, but the prevalence of such a rumour strongly marks the state of popular enthusiasm in Greece.

<sup>6</sup> *The souna*  
*As of the assault of an Imperial City.* [line 815].

For the vision of Mahmud of the taking of Constantinople in 1453, see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. xii. p. 223.

The manner of the invocation of the spirit of Mahomet the Second will be censured as over-subtle. I could easily have made the Jew a regular conjuror, and the Phantom an ordinary ghost. I have preferred to represent the Jew as disclaiming all pretension, or even belief, in supernatural agency, and as tempting Mahmud to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensations, through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and the excess of passion animating the creations of imagination.

It is a sort of natural magic, susceptible of being exercised in a degree by any one who should have made himself master of the secret associations of another's thoughts.

<sup>7</sup> *The Chorus.* [line 1060 *et seq.*].

The final Chorus is indistinct and obscure, as the event of the living drama whose arrival it foretells.

Prophecies of wars, and rumours of wars, etc., may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age; but to anticipate, however darkly, a period of regeneration and happiness is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which bards possess or feign. It will remind the reader, "*magno nec proximus intervallo*" of Isaiah and Virgil, whose ardent spirits, overleaping the actual reign of evil which we endure and bewail, already saw the possible and perhaps approaching state of society in which the "*lion shall lie down with the lamb,*" and "*omnis feret omnia tellus,*" Let these great names be my authority and my excuse,

¶ *Saturn and Love their long repose Shall burst.* [line 1090].

Saturn and Love were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. *All those who fell*, or the Gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt; the *One who rose*, or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of the Pagan World were amerced of their worship; and *the many unsubdued*, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity. The Grecian gods seem indeed to have been personally more innocent, although it cannot be said, that as far as temperance and chastity are concerned, they gave so edifying an example as their successor. The sublime human character of Jesus Christ was deformed by an imputed identification with a power who tempted, betrayed, and punished the innocent beings who were called into existence by his sole will; and for the period of a thousand years, the spirit of this most just, wise, and benevolent of men, has been propitiated with myriads of hecatombs of those who approached the nearest to his innocence and wisdom, sacrificed under every aggravation of atrocity and variety of torture. The horrors of the Mexican, the Peruvian, and the Indian superstitions are well known.

## GINEVRA

(1821)

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 past like things  
Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,—  
Genevra from the nuptial altar went ;  
The vows to which her lips had sworn assent                   10  
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.                   20  
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud  
Was less heavenly fair : her face was bowed,  
And as she past, the diamonds in her hair  
Were mirrored in the polished marble stair  
Which led from the cathedral to the street ;  
And ever 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,  
Envyng the unenviable ; and others                   30  
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 ; 40  
 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 50  
 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 60  
 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 ? 70  
 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 80  
 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. 90

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 cannot 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 100  
 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 110  
 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 120  
 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 130  
 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 past from mouth to ear which drew  
 The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew 140  
 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 150  
 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. 160

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,  
 In 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, 170  
 Shewed as it were within the vaulted room  
 A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom  
 Had past 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, 180  
 Some melted into tears without a sob,  
 And some with hearts that might be heard to throb  
 Leant 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 190  
 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

\* \* \* \*

#### 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 200  
 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.

## FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA

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 !

10

*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, and waves, and clouds,  
And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns  
In the dark space of interstellar air.

20

## ANOTHER SCENE

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.

30

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 cannot linger where it soothes the most,  
Or long soothe could it linger.

INDIAN

But you said  
You also loved?

40

LADY

Loved! Oh, I love. Methinks  
This word 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 50  
 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. 60  
 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,  
 Strewn by the nurselings that linger there,  
 Over that 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 ?  
 The crane returned to her unfrozen haunt, 70  
 And the false cuckoo bade the spray good morn ;  
 And on a wintry bough the widowed bird,  
 Hid in the deepest night of ivy-leaves,  
 Renewed the vigils of a sleepless sorrow.  
 I, left like her, and leaving one like her,  
 Alike abandoned and abandoning  
 (Oh ! unlike her in this !) the gentlest youth,  
 Whose love had made my sorrows dear to him,  
 Even as my sorrow made his love to me !

## INDIAN

One curse of Nature stamps in the same mould 80  
 The features of the wretched ; and they are  
 As like as violet to violet,  
 When memory, the ghost, their odours keeps  
 'Mid the cold relics of abandoned joy.—  
 Proceed.

## LADY

He was a simple innocent boy.  
 I loved him well, but not as he desired ;  
 Yet even thus he was content to be :—  
 A short content, for I was . . .

INDIAN (*aside*)

God of Heaven!

From such an islet, such a river-spring . . . !  
 I dare not ask her if there stood upon it 90  
 A pleasure-dome surmounted by a crescent,  
 With steps to the blue water. [*Aloud.*] It may be  
 That Nature masks in life several copies  
 Of the same lot, so that the sufferers  
 May feel another's sorrow as their own,  
 And find in friendship what they lost in love.  
 That cannot be: yet it is strange that we,  
 From the same scene, by the same path to this  
 Realm of abandonment . . . But speak! your breath—  
 Your breath is like soft music, your words are 100  
 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, 110  
 But as they hid his splendour 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.

Methought a star came down from Heaven,  
And rested 'mid the plants of India,  
Which I had given a shelter from the frost,  
Within my chamber. There the meteor lay, 130  
Panting forth light among the leaves and flowers,  
As if it lived, and was outworn with speed ;  
Or that it loved, and passion made the pulse  
Of its bright life throb like an anxious heart,  
Till it diffused itself, and all the chamber  
And walls seemed melted into emerald fire  
That burned not ; in the midst of which appeared  
A Spirit like a child, and laughed aloud  
A thrilling peal of such sweet merriment  
As made the blood tingle in my warm feet : 140  
Then bent over a vase, and murmuring  
Low, unintelligible melodies,  
Placed something in the mould like melon-seeds,  
And slowly faded ; and in place of it  
A soft hand issued from the veil of fire,  
Holding a cup like a magnolia-flower,  
And poured upon the earth within the vase  
The element with which it overflowed,  
Brighter than morning light, and purer than  
The water of the springs of Himalah. 150

## INDIAN

You waked not ?

## LADY

Not until my dream became  
Like a child's legend on the tideless sand,  
Which the first foam erases half, and half  
Leaves legible. At length I rose, and went,  
Visiting my flowers from pot to pot, and thought  
To set new cuttings in the empty urns ;  
And when I came to that beside the lattice,  
I saw two little dark-green leaves  
Lifting the light mould at their birth, and then  
I half remembered my forgotten dream. 160  
And day by day, green as a gourd in June,  
The plant grew fresh and thick, yet no one knew  
What plant it was ; its stem and tendrils seemed

Like emerald snakes, mottled and diamonded  
 With azure mail and streaks of woven silver ;  
 And all the sheaths that folded the dark buds  
 Rose like the crest of cobra-di-capel,  
 Until the golden eye of the bright flower  
 Through the dark lashes of those veined lids,  
     disencumbered of their silent sleep, 170  
 Gazed like a star into the morning light.  
 Its leaves were delicate,—you almost saw  
 The pulses  
 With which the purple velvet flower was fed  
 To overflow, and like a poet's heart  
 Changing bright fancy to sweet sentiment,  
 Changed half the light to fragrance. It soon fell,  
 And to a green and dewy embryo-fruit  
 Left all its treasured beauty. Day by day  
 I nursed the plant, and on the double flute 180  
 Played to it on the sunny winter days  
 Soft melodies, as sweet as April rain  
 On silent leaves, and sang those words in which  
 Passion makes Echo taunt the sleeping strings ;  
 And I would send tales of forgotten love  
 Late into the lone night, and sing wild songs  
 Of maids deserted in the olden time,  
 And weep like a soft cloud in April's bosom  
 Upon the sleeping eyelids of the plant,  
 So that perhaps it dreamed that Spring was come, 190  
 And crept abroad into the moonlight air,  
 And loosened all its limbs, as, noon by noon,  
 The sun averted less his oblique beam.

## INDIAN

And the plant died not in the frost ?

## LADY

It grew ;  
 And went out of the lattice which I left  
 Half open for it, trailing its quaint spires  
 Along the garden and across the lawn,  
 And down the slope of moss and through the tufts  
 Of wild-flower roots, and stumps of trees o'ergrown  
 With simple lichens, and old hoary stones, 200  
 On to the margin of the glassy pool,  
 Even to a nook of unblown violets  
 And lilies-of-the-valley yet unborn,  
 Under a pine with ivy overgrown.

And there its fruit lay like a sleeping lizard  
 Under the shadows ; but when Spring indeed  
 Came to unswathe her infants, and the lilies  
 Peeped from their bright-green masks to wonder at  
 This shape of Autumn couched in their recess,  
 Then it dilated, and it grew until 210  
 One half lay floating on the fountain wave,  
 Whose pulse, elapsed in unlike sympathies,  
 Kept time

Among the snowy water-lily buds.  
 Its shape was such as summer melody  
 Of the south wind in spicy vales might give  
 To some light cloud, bound from the golden dawn  
 To fairy isles of evening ; and it seemed  
 In hue and form that it had been a mirror  
 Of all the hues and forms around it and 220  
 Upon it pictured by the sunny beams  
 Which, from the bright vibrations of the pool,  
 Were thrown upon the rafters and the roof  
 Of boughs and leaves, and on the pillared stems  
 Of the dark sylvan temple, and reflections  
 Of every infant flower and star of moss  
 And veined leaf in the azure odorous air.  
 And thus it lay in the Elysian calm  
 Of its own beauty, floating on the line  
 Which, like a film in purest space, divided 230  
 The Heaven beneath the water from the Heaven  
 Above the clouds ; and every day I went  
 Watching its growth and wondering ;  
 And as the day grew hot, methought I saw  
 A glassy vapour dancing on the pool,  
 And on it little quaint and filmy shapes,  
 With dizzy motion, wheel and rise and fall,  
 Like clouds of gnats with perfect lineaments.

\* \* \* \*

O friend, sleep was a veil uplift from Heaven—  
 As if Heaven dawned upon the world of dream— 240  
 When darkness rose on the extinguished day  
 Out of the eastern wilderness.

#### INDIAN

I too

Have found a moment's paradise in sleep  
 Half compensate a hell of waking sorrow.

# CHARLES THE FIRST

(1819-1822)

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING CHARLES I.	ST. JOHN
QUEEN HENRIETTA.	ARCHY, <i>the Court Fool</i>
LAUD, <i>Archbishop of Canterbury.</i>	HAMPDEN.
WENTWORTH, <i>Earl of Strafford.</i>	PYM.
LORD COTTINGTON.	CROMWELL.
LORD WESTON.	CROMWELL'S DAUGHTER.
LORD COVENTRY.	SIR HARRY VANE <i>the younger.</i>
WILLIAMS, <i>Bishop of Lincoln.</i>	LEIGHTON.
Secretary LYTTTELTON.	BASTWICK.
JUXON.	PRYNNE.

*Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, Citizens, Pursuivants, Marshalsmen,  
Law Students, Judges, Clerk.*

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Masque of the Inns of Court.*

A PURSUIVANT

PLACE, for the Marshal of the Masque!

FIRST CITIZEN

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 CITIZEN

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 that vanity reigns. In nine years more 10  
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.

## A YOUTH

Yet, father, 'tis a happy sight to see,—  
Beautiful, innocent, and unforbidden  
By God or man ;—'tis like the bright procession  
Of skiey visions in a solemn dream  
From which men wake as from a paradise,  
And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life. 20  
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, 30  
With his own gift.

## SECOND CITIZEN

How young art thou in this old age of time !  
How green in this grey world ! Canst thou discern  
The signs of seasons, yet perceive no hint  
Of change in that stage-scene in which thou art  
Not a spectator but an actor ? or  
Art thou a puppet moved by  
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 40  
My inn of lasting rest, but thou must still  
Be journeying on in this inclement air.  
Wrap thy old cloak about thy back ;  
Nor leave the broad and plain and beaten road,  
Although no flowers smile on the trodden dust,  
For the violet paths of pleasure. This Charles the First  
Rose like the equinoctial sun  
By vapours, through whose threatening ominous veil  
Darting his altered influence he has gained  
This height of noon—from which he must decline 50  
Amid the darkness of conflicting storms,  
To dank extinction and to latest night ..



## LEIGHTON

I was Leighton : what

I am thou seest. And yet turn thine eyes,  
 And with thy memory look on thy friend's mind,  
 Which is unchanged, and where is written deep 90  
 The sentence of my judge

## THIRD CITIZEN

Are these the marks with which

Laud thinks to improve the image of his Maker  
 Stamped on the face of man? Curses upon him,  
 The impious tyrant!

## SECOND CITIZEN

It is said besides

That lewd and papist drunkards may profane  
 The Sabbath with their  
 And has permitted that most heathenish custom  
 Of dancing round a pole dressed up with wreaths  
 On May-day.  
 A man who thus twice crucifies his God 100  
 May well his brother.—In my mind, friend,  
 The root of all this ill is prelacy.  
 I would cut up the root.

## THIRD CITIZEN

And by what means?

## SECOND CITIZEN

Smiting each Bishop under the fifth rib.

## THIRD CITIZEN

You seem to know the vulnerable place  
 Of these same crocodiles.

## SECOND CITIZEN

I learnt it in

Egyptian bondage, sir. Your worm of Nile  
 Betrays not with its flattering tears like they;  
 For, when they cannot kill, they whine and weep.  
 Nor is it half so greedy of men's bodies 110  
 As they of soul and all; nor does it wallow  
 In slime as they in simony and lies  
 And close lusts of the flesh.

## A MARSHALSMAN

Give place, give place!—

You torch-bearers, advance to the great gate,  
And then attend the Marshal of the Masque  
Into the Royal presence.

## A LAW STUDENT

What thinkest thou

Of this quaint shew of ours, my agèd friend?  
Even now we see the redness of the torches  
Inflame the night to the eastward, and the clarions  
Gasp to us on the wind's wave. It comes! 120  
And their sounds, floating hither round the pageant,  
Rouse up the astonished air.

## FIRST CITIZEN

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 CITIZEN

As adders cast their skins

And keep their venom, so kings often change;  
Councils and counsellors hang on one another,  
Hiding the loathsome  
Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags. 130

## THE YOUTH

Oh, still those dissonant thoughts. List how the music  
Grows on the enchanted air! And see, the torches  
Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided  
Like waves before an Admiral's prow.

## A MARSHALSMAN

Give place

To the Marshal of the Masque!

## A PURSUIVANT

Room for the King!

## THE YOUTH

How glorious! See those thronging chariots  
Rolling like painted clouds before the wind,



Behind their solemn steeds : how some are shaped  
 Like curved sea-shells dyed by the azure depths  
 Of Indian seas ; some like the new-born moon ; 140  
 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  
 Than English air, and beings nobler than  
 The envious and admiring multitude.

## SECOND CITIZEN

Ay, there they are—  
 Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees, 150  
 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 160  
 Back to her 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 foregone,  
 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 jades, carted with dung,  
 Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins 170  
 And rotten hiding-holes, to point the moral  
 Of this presentment, and bring up the rear  
 Of painted pomp with misery !

## THE YOUTH

'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 ?

SECOND CITIZEN

I and thou——

A MARSHALSMAN

Place, give place!

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Whitehall. Enter the KING, QUEEN, LAUD, LORD STRAFFORD, LORD COTTINGTON, and other Lords; ARCHY; also ST. JOHN, with some Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.*

KING

Thanks, gentlemen. I heartily accept  
This token of your service: your gay masque  
Was performed gallantly. And it shews well  
When subjects twine such flowers of observance  
With the sharp thorns that deck the English crown.  
A gentle heart enjoys what it confers,  
Even as it suffers that which it inflicts,  
Though Justice guides the stroke.  
Accept my hearty thanks.

QUEEN

And, gentlemen,  
Call your poor Queen your debtor. Your quaint pageant 10  
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 shews  
Are well devised—such as I was ere yet  
My young heart shared a portion of the burthen,  
The careful weight, of this great monarchy.  
There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure  
And that which it regards, no clamour lifts 20  
Its proud interposition.  
In Paris ribald censors dare not move  
Their poisonous tongues against these sinless sports;  
And *his* smile  
Warms those who bask in it, as ours would do  
If . . . Take my heart's thanks: add them, gentlemen,  
To those good words which, were he King of France,  
My royal lord would turn to golden deeds.

ST. JOHN

Madam, the love of Englishmen can make  
 The lightest favour of their lawful king 30  
 Outweigh a despot's.—We humbly take our leaves,  
 Enriched by smiles which France can never buy.

[*Exeunt* ST. JOHN and the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.]

KING

My Lord Archbishop,  
 Mark you what spirit sits in St. John's eyes?  
 Methinks it is too saucy for this presence.

ARCHY

Yes, pray your Grace look: for, like an unsophisticated  
 sees everything upside down, you who are  
 wise will discern the shadow of an idiot in lawn sleeves  
 and a rochet setting springes to catch woodcocks in hay-  
 making time. Poor Archy, whose owl-eyes are tempered 40  
 to the error of his age, and because he is a fool, and by  
 special ordinance of God forbidden ever to see himself  
 as he is, sees now in that deep eye a blindfold devil  
 sitting on the ball, and weighing words out between king  
 and subjects. One scale is full of promises, and the other  
 full of protestations: and then another devil creeps be-  
 hind the first out of the dark windings <of a> pregnant  
 lawyer's brain, and takes the bandage from the other's  
 eyes, and throws a sword into the left-hand scale, for  
 all the world like my Lord Essex's there. 50

STRAFFORD

A rod in pickle for the Fool's back!

ARCHY

Ay, and some are now smiling whose tears will make  
 the brine; for the Fool sees——

STRAFFORD

Insolent! You shall have your coat turned and be  
 whipped out of the palace for this.

ARCHY

when all the fools are whipped, and all  
 the Protestant writers, while the knaves are whipping the

fools ever since a thief was set to catch a thief. If all turncoats were whipped out of palaces, poor Archy would be disgraced in good company. Let the knaves whip the fools, and all the fools laugh at it. <Let the> wise and godly slit each other's noses and ears (having no need of any sense of discernment in their craft); and the knaves, to marshal them, join in a procession to Bedlam, to entreat the madmen to omit their sublime Platonic contemplations, and manage the state of England. Let all the honest men who lie penned up at the prisons or the pillories, in custody of the pursuivants of the High-Commission Court, marshal them.

*Enter Secretary LYTTTELTON, with papers.*

KING (*looking over the papers*)

These stiff Scots  
 His Grace of Canterbury must take order  
 To force under the Church's yoke.—You, Wentworth,  
 Shall be myself in Ireland, and shall add  
 Your wisdom, gentleness, and energy,  
 To what in me were wanting.—My Lord Weston,  
 Look that those merchants draw not without loss  
 Their bullion from the Tower; and, on the payment  
 Of shipmoney, take fullest compensation  
 For violation of our royal forests,  
 Whose limits, from neglect, have been o'ergrown  
 With cottages and cornfields. The uttermost  
 Farthing exact from those who claim exemption  
 From knighthood: that which once was a reward  
 Shall thus be made a punishment, that subjects  
 May know how majesty can wear at will  
 The rugged mood.—My Lord of Coventry,  
 Lay my command upon the Courts below  
 That bail be not accepted for the prisoners  
 Under the warrant of the Star Chamber.  
 The people shall not find the stubbornness  
 Of Parliament a cheap or easy method  
 Of dealing with their rightful sovereign:  
 And doubt not this, my Lord of Coventry,  
 We will find time and place for fit rebuke.—  
 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 state, and——

KING

What, my Archy?

He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears, 100  
Yet with a quaint and graceful license. Prithee  
For this once do not as Prynne would, were he  
Primate of England. With your Grace's leave,  
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.

(To ARCHY)

Go, sirrah, and repent of your offence 110  
Ten minutes in the rain : be it your penance  
To bring news how the world goes there. [Exit ARCHY.  
Poor Archy!

He weaves about himself a world of mirth  
Out of the 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 new-born courage in your eye 120  
Armed to strike dead the spirit of the time,  
Which spurs to rage the many-headed beast.  
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 ; 130  
 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,  
 As 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 worshipped state.

## KING

Belovèd friend,  
 God is my witness that this weight of power,  
 Which he sets me my earthly task to wield 140  
 Under his law, is my delight and pride  
 Only because thou lovest that and me.  
 For a king bears the office of a God  
 To all the under-world ; and to his God  
 Alone he must deliver up his trust,  
 Unshorn of its permitted attributes.  
 <It seems> now as the baser elements  
 Had mutinied against the golden sun  
 That kindles them to harmony, and quells  
 Their self-destroying rapine. The wild million 150  
 Strike at the eye that guides them ; like as humours  
 Of the distempered body that conspire  
 Against the spirit of life throned in the heart,—  
 And thus become the prey of one another,  
 And last of death.

## STRAFFORD

That which would be ambition in a subject  
 Is duty in a sovereign ; for on him,  
 As on a keystone, hangs the arch of life,  
 Whose safety is its strength. Degree and form,  
 And all that makes the age of reasoning man 160  
 More memorable than a beast's, depend  
 On this—that Right should fence itself inviolably  
 With power ; in which respect the state of England,  
 From usurpation by the insolent commons,  
 Cries for reform.  
 Get treason, and spare treasure. Fee with coin

The loudest murmurers ; feed with jealousies  
 Opposing factions,—be thyself of none ;  
 And borrow gold of many, for those who lend  
 Will serve thee till thou payest them ; and thus 170  
 Keep the fierce spirit of the hour at bay,  
 Till Time, amid its coming generations  
 Of nights and days unborn, bring some one chance,

\* \* \* \*

Or war or pestilence or Nature's self,  
 By some distemperature or terrible sign,  
 Be as an arbiter betwixt themselves.

Nor let your Majesty

Doubt here the peril of the unseen event.  
 How did your brother kings, coheritors  
 In your high interest in the subject earth, 180  
 Rise past such troubles to that height of power  
 Where now they sit, and awfully serene  
 Smile on the trembling world? Such popular storms  
 Philip the second of Spain, this Lewis of France,  
 And late the German head of many bodies,  
 And every petty lord of Italy,  
 Quelled or by arts or arms. Is England poorer  
 Or feebler? or art thou who wield'st her power  
 Tamer than they? or shall this island be—  
 by its inviolable waters— 190  
 To the world present and the world to come  
 Sole pattern of extinguished monarchy?  
 Not if thou dost as I would have thee do.

#### KING

Your words shall be my deeds :  
 You speak the image of my thought. My friend  
 (If kings can have a friend, I call thee so),  
 Beyond the large commission which  
 Under the great seal of the realm, take this :  
 And, for some obvious reasons, let there be  
 No seal on it, except my kingly word 200  
 And honour as I am a gentleman.  
 Be—as thou art within my heart and mind—  
 Another self, here and in Ireland :  
 Do what thou judgest well, take amplest license,  
 And stick not even at questionable means.  
 Hear me, Wentworth. My word is as a wall  
 Between thee and this world thine enemy—  
 That hates thee, for thou lovest me.

## STRAFFORD

I own

No friend but thee, no enemies but thine :  
 Thy lightest thought is my eternal law.  
 How weak, how short, is life to pay——

21c

## KING

Peace, peace !

Thou ow'st me nothing yet.—

(To LAUD)

My lord, what say

Those papers ?

## LAUD

Your Majesty has ever interposed,  
 In lenity towards your native soil,  
 Between the heavy vengeance of the Church  
 And Scotland. Mark the consequence of warming  
 This brood of northern vipers in your bosom.  
 The rabble, instructed no doubt  
 By Loudon, Lindsay, Hume, and false Argyll  
 (For the waves never menace Heaven until  
 Scourged by the wind's invisible tyranny),  
 Have in the very temple of the Lord  
 Done outrage to his chosen ministers.  
 They scorn the liturgy of the holy Church,  
 Refuse to obey her canons, and deny  
 The apostolic power with which the Spirit  
 Has filled its elect vessels, even from him  
 Who held the keys with power to loose and bind,  
 To him who now pleads in this royal presence.—  
 Let ampler powers and new instructions be  
 Sent to the High Commissioners in Scotland.  
 To death, imprisonment, and confiscation,  
 Add torture, add the ruin of the kindred  
 Of the offender, add the brand of infamy,  
 Add mutilation : 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 arbitrating messengers  
 Which play the part of God 'twixt right and wrong  
 Should be let loose against the innocent sleep

220

230

240



Of templed cities and the smiling fields,  
 For some poor argument of policy  
 Which touches our own profit or our pride,  
 Where it indeed were Christian charity  
 To turn the cheek even to the smiter's hand :  
 And when our great Redeemer, when our God,  
 When he who gave, accepted, and retained 250  
 Himself in propitiation of our sins,  
 Is scorned in his immediate ministry,  
 With hazard of the inestimable loss  
 Of all the truth and discipline which is  
 Salvation to the extremest generation  
 Of men innumerable—they talk of peace!  
 Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now :  
 For, by that Christ who came to bring a sword,  
 Not peace, upon the earth, and gave command  
 To his disciples at the passover 260  
 That each should sell his robe and buy a sword,—  
 Once strip that minister of naked wrath,  
 And it shall never sleep in peace again  
 Till Scotland bend or break.

## KING

My Lord Archbishop,  
 Do what thou wilt and what thou canst in this.  
 Thy earthly even as thy heavenly King  
 Gives thee large power in his unquiet realm.  
 But we want money, and my mind misgives me  
 That for so great an enterprise, as yet,  
 We are unfurnished.

## STRAFFORD

Yet it may not long 270  
 Rest on our wills.

## COTTINGTON

The expenses  
 Of gathering shipmoney, and of distraining  
 For every petty rate (for we encounter  
 A desperate opposition inch by inch  
 In every warehouse and on every farm),  
 Have swallowed up the gross sum of the imposts ;  
 So that, though felt as a most grievous scourge  
 Upon the land, they stand us in small stead  
 As touches the receipt.

## STRAFFORD

'Tis a conclusion  
 Most arithmetical: and thence you infer 280  
 Perhaps the assembling of a parliament.  
 Now, if a man should call his dearest enemies  
 To sit in licensed judgment on his life,  
 His Majesty might wisely take that course.

[*Aside to COTTINGTON.*]

It is enough to expect from these lean impostors  
 That they perform the office of a scourge,  
 Without more profit. (*Aloud.*) Fines and confiscations,  
 And a forced loan from the refractory City,  
 Will fill our coffers: and the golden love 290  
 Of loyal gentlemen and noble friends  
 For the worshipped father of our common country,  
 With contributions from the catholics,  
 Will make Rebellion pale in our excess.  
 Be these the expedients until time and wisdom  
 Shall frame a settled state of government.

## LAUD

And weak expedients they! Have we not drained  
 All, till the which seemed  
 A mine exhaustless——

## STRAFFORD

And the love which *is*,  
 If loyal hearts could turn their blood to gold——

## LAUD

Both now grow barren: and I speak it not 300  
 As loving parliaments, which, as they have been  
 In the right hand of bold bad mighty kings  
 The scourges of the bleeding Church, I hate.  
 Methinks they scarcely can deserve our fear.

## STRAFFORD

O my dear liege, take back the wealth thou gavest:  
 With that, take all I held but as in trust  
 For thee, of mine inheritance: leave me but  
 This unprovided body for thy service,  
 And a mind dedicated to no care  
 Except thy safety:—but assemble not 310  
 A parliament. Hundreds will bring, like me,  
 Their fortunes, as they would their blood, before——

KING

No! thou who judgest them art but one. Alas!  
 We should be too much out of love with Heaven,  
 Did this vile world shew many such as thee,  
 Thou perfect, just and honourable man!  
 Never shall it be said that Charles of England  
 Stripped those he loved for fear of those he scorns;  
 Nor will he so much misbecome his throne  
 As to impoverish those who most adorn 320  
 And best defend it. That you urge, dear Strafford,  
 Inclines me rather——

QUEEN

To a parliament?  
 Is this thy firmness? and thou wilt preside  
 Over a knot of censurers,  
 To the unswearing of thy best resolves,  
 And choose the worst, when the worst comes too soon?  
 Plight not the worst before the worst must come.  
 Oh, wilt thou smile whilst our ribald foes,  
 Dressed in thine own usurped authority,  
 Sharpen their tongues on Henrietta's fame?  
 It is enough! Thou lovest me no more! 330  
 [*Weeps.*]

KING

Oh, Henrietta!

[*They talk apart.*]COTTINGTON (*to LAUD*)

Money we have none:  
 And all the expedients of my Lord of Strafford  
 Will scarcely meet the arrears.

LAUD

Without delay  
 An army must be sent into the north;  
 Followed by a Commission of the Church,  
 With amplest power to quench in fire and blood,  
 And tears and terror, and the pity of hell,  
 The intenser wrath of Heresy. God will give  
 Victory; and victory over Scotland give 340  
 The lion England tamed into our hands.  
 That will lend power, and power bring gold.

## COTTINGTON

Meanwhile

We must begin first where your Grace leaves off.  
Gold must give power, or——

## LAUD

I am not averse

From the assembling of a parliament.  
Strong actions and smooth words might teach them soon  
The lesson to obey. And are they not  
A bubble fashioned by the monarch's mouth,  
The birth of one light breath? If they serve no purpose,  
A word dissolves them.

## STRAFFORD

The engine of parliaments 350

Might be deferred until I can bring over  
The Irish regiments: they will serve to assure  
The issue of the war against the Scots.  
And, this game won—which if lost, all is lost—  
Gather these chosen leaders of the rebels,  
And call them, if you will, a parliament.

## KING

Oh, be our feet still tardy to shed blood,  
Guilty though it may be! I would still spare  
The stubborn country of my birth, and ward  
From countenances which I loved in youth 360  
The wrathful Church's lacerating hand.

*(To LAUD)*

Have you o'erlooked the other articles?

[*Re-enter* ARCHY.]

## LAUD

Hazlerig, Hampden, Pym, young Harry Vane,  
Cromwell, and other rebels of less note,  
Intend to sail with the next favouring wind  
For the Plantations.

## ARCHY

Where they think to found  
A commonwealth like Gonzalo's in the play,  
Gynæcocœnic and pantisocratic.

KING

What's that, sirrah?

ARCHY

New devil's politics.

Hell is the pattern of all commonwealths : 370

Lucifer was the first republican.

Will you hear Merlin's prophecy, how three poets

“ In one brainless skull, when the whitethorn is full,  
 Shall sail round the world, and come back again :  
 Shall sail round the world in a brainless skull,  
 And come back again when the moon is at full : ”—

When, in spite of the Church, they will hear homilies  
 of whatever length or form they please.

COTTINGTON (?)

So please your Majesty to sign this order  
 For their detention. 380

ARCHY

If your Majesty were tormented night and day by  
 fever, gout, rheumatism, and stone, and asthma, etc.,  
 and you found these diseases had secretly entered into  
 a conspiracy to abandon you, should you think it  
 necessary to lay an embargo on the port by which they  
 meant to dispeople your unquiet kingdom of man?

KING

If fear were made for kings, the Fool mocks wisely ;  
 But in this case . . . (*writing*). Here, my lord, take  
 the warrant,  
 And see it duly executed forthwith.— 390  
 That imp of malice and mockery shall be punished.

[*Exeunt all but KING, QUEEN, and ARCHY.*]

ARCHY

Ay, I am the physician of whom Plato prophesied,  
 who was to be accused by the confectioner before a  
 jury of children, who found him guilty without  
 waiting for the summing-up, and hanged him without  
 benefit of clergy. Thus Baby Charles, and the  
 Twelfth-night Queen of Hearts, and the over-grown  
 schoolboy Cottington, and that little urchin Laud—  
 who would reduce a verdict of “ guilty, death,” by

famine, if it were impregnable by composition—all 400  
 impannelled against poor Archy for presenting them  
 bitter physic the last day of the holidays.

QUEEN

Is the rain over, sirrah?

KING

When it rains  
 And the sun shines, 'twill rain again to-morrow:  
 And therefore never smile till you've done crying.

ARCHY

But 'tis all over now: like the April anger of  
 woman, the gentle sky has wept itself serene.

QUEEN

What news abroad? how looks the world this morning?

ARCHY

Gloriously as a grave covered with virgin flowers. 410  
 There's a rainbow in the sky. Let your Majesty look  
 at it, for

“A rainbow in the morning  
 Is the shepherd's warning;”

and the flocks of which you are the pastor are scattered  
 among the mountain-tops, where every drop of water  
 is a flake of snow, and the breath of May pierces  
 like a January blast.

KING

The sheep have mistaken the wolf for their shep-  
 herd, my poor boy; and the shepherd, the wolves 420  
 for the watchdogs.

QUEEN

But the rainbow was a good sign, Archy: it says  
 that the waters of the deluge are gone, and can return  
 no more.

ARCHY

Ay, the salt-water one: but that of tears and blood  
 must yet come down, and that of fire follow, if there  
 be any truth in lies.—The rainbow hung over the city  
 with all its shops, and churches, from north to  
 south, like a bridge of congregated lightning pieced

by the masonry of Heaven—like a balance in which the angel that distributes the coming hour was weighing that heavy one whose poise is now felt in the lightest hearts, before it bows the proudest heads under the meanest feet. 430

QUEEN

Who taught you this trash, sirrah?

ARCHY

A torn leaf out of an old book trampled in the dirt.—But for the rainbow. It moved as the sun moved, and until the top of the Tower of a cloud through its left-hand tip, and Lambeth Palace look as dark as a rock before the other. Methought I saw a crown figured upon one tip, and a mitre on the other. So, as I had heard treasures were found where the rainbow quenches its points upon the earth, I set off, and at the Tower—. But I shall not tell your Majesty what I found close to the closet-window on which the rainbow had glimmered. 440

KING

Speak: I will make my Fool my conscience.

ARCHY

Then conscience is a fool.—I saw there a cat caught in a rat-trap. I heard the rats squeak behind the wainscots: it seemed to me that the very mice were consulting on the manner of her death. 450

QUEEN

Archy is shrewd and bitter.

ARCHY

Like the season,

So blow the winds.—

But at the other end of the rainbow, where the grey rain was tempered along the grass and leaves by a tender interfusion of violet and gold in the meadows beyond Lambeth, what think you that I found instead of a mitre?

KING

Vane's wits perhaps.

## ARCHY

Something as vain. I saw  
 a gross vapour hovering in a stinking ditch over the 460  
 carcass of a dead ass, some rotten rags, and broken  
 dishes—the wrecks of what once administered to the  
 stuffing-out and the ornament of a worm of worms.  
 His Grace of Canterbury expects to enter the New  
 Jerusalem some Palm Sunday in triumph on the ghost  
 of this ass.

## QUEEN

Enough, enough! Go desire Lady Jane  
 She place my lute, together with the music  
 Mari received last week from Italy,  
 In my boudoir, and—— [Exit ARCHY.]

## KING

I'll go in.

## QUEEN

My beloved lord, 470  
 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

Oh no!  
 He is but Occasion's pupil. Partly 'tis  
 That our minds piece the vacant intervals  
 Of his wild words with their own fashioning,—  
 As in the imagery of summer clouds,  
 Or coals of the winter fire, idlers find 480  
 The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts:  
 And partly, that the terrors of the time  
 Are sown by wandering Rumour 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, as we pass



The gallery, we'll decide where that Correggio  
 Shall hang—the Virgin Mother 490  
 With her child, born the King of Heaven and earth,—  
 Whose reign is men's salvation. 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 500  
 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.—*The Star Chamber.* LAUD, JUXON, STRAFFORD,  
*and others, as Judges.* PRYNNE *as a Prisoner, and then*  
 BASTWICK.

LAUD

Bring forth the prisoner Bastwick: let the clerk  
 Recite his sentence.

CLERK

“That he pay five thousand  
 Pounds to the king, lose both his ears, be branded  
 With red-hot iron on the cheek and forehead,  
 And be imprisoned within Lancaster Castle  
 During the pleasure of the Court.”

LAUD

Prisoner,

If you have aught to say wherefore this sentence  
 Should not be put into effect, now speak.

JUXON

If you have aught to plead in mitigation,  
 Speak.

## BASTWICK

Thus, my lords. If, like the prelates, I 10  
 Were an invader of the royal power,  
 A public scorner of the word of God,  
 Profane, idolatrous, popish, superstitious,  
 Impious in heart and in tyrannic act,  
 Void of wit, honesty, and temperance ;  
 If Satan were my lord, as theirs,—our God  
 Pattern of all I should avoid to do ;  
 Were I an enemy of my God and King  
 And of good men, as ye are ;—I should merit  
 Your fearful state and gilt prosperity, 20  
 Which, when ye wake from the last sleep, shall turn  
 To cowls and robes of everlasting fire.  
 But, as I am, I bid ye grudge me not  
 The only earthly favour ye can yield,  
 Or I think worth acceptance at your hands,—  
 Scorn, mutilation, and imprisonment.  
                                 even as my Master did,  
 Until Heaven's kingdom shall descend on earth,  
 Or earth be like a shadow in the light  
 Of Heaven absorbed. Some few tumultuous years 30  
 Will pass, and leave no wreck of what opposes  
 His will whose will is power.

## LAUD

Officer, take the prisoner from the bar,  
 And be his tongue slit for his insolence.

## BASTWICK

While this hand holds a pen—

## LAUD

Be his hands—

## JUXON

Stop!

Forbear, my lord! The tongue, which now can speak  
 No terror, would interpret, being dumb,  
 Heaven's thunder to our harm ;  
 And hands, which now write only their own shame,  
 With bleeding stumps might sign our blood away. 40

## LAUD

Much more such "mercy" among men would be,  
 Did all the ministers of Heaven's revenge

Flinch thus from earthly retribution. I  
 Could suffer what I would inflict.

[*Exit BASTWICK guarded.*  
 Bring up

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.—

(*To STRAFFORD*)

Know you not  
 That, in distraining for ten thousand pounds  
 Upon his books and furniture at Lincoln,  
 Were found these scandalous and seditious letters  
 Sent from one Osbaldistone, who is fled?  
 I speak it not as touching this poor person; 50  
 But of the office which should make it holy,  
 Were it as vile as it was ever spotless.  
 Mark too, my lord, that this expression strikes  
 His Majesty, if I misinterpret not.

*Enter BISHOP WILLIAMS guarded.*

STRAFFORD

'Twere politic and just that Williams taste  
 The bitter fruit of his connection with  
 The schismatics. But you, my Lord Archbishop,  
 Who owed your first promotion to his favour,  
 Who grew beneath his smile——

LAUD

Would therefore beg  
 The office of his judge from this High Court,— 60  
 That it shall seem, even as it is, that I,  
 In my assumption of this sacred robe,  
 Have put aside all worldly preference,  
 All sense of all distinction of all persons,  
 All thoughts but of the service of the Church.—  
 Bishop of Lincoln!

WILLIAMS

Peace, proud hierarch!  
 I know my sentence, and I own it just.  
 Thou wilt repay me less than I deserve,  
 In stretching to the utmost

\* \* \* \*

SCENE IV.—HAMPDEN, PYM, CROMWELL, *his Daughter*,  
and *young* SIR HARRY 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. 10  
Mark too that fleet of fleecy-wingèd clouds  
Sailing athwart St. Margaret's.

HAMPDEN

Hail, fleet herald  
Of tempest! that rude pilot who shall guide  
Hearts free as his, to realms as pure as thee,  
Beyond the shot of tyranny,  
Beyond the webs of that swoln spider  
Beyond the curses, calumnies, and  
Of atheist priests!                   And thou,  
Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,  
Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm, 20  
Bright as the path to a belovèd home,  
Oh, light us to the isles of the Evening land!  
Like floating Edens, cradled in the glimmer  
Of sunset, through the distant mist of years  
Touched 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; 30  
Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo  
Of formal blasphemies; nor impious rites

Wrest man's free worship, from the God who loves,  
 To the poor 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 their veil  
 Of pale-blue atmosphere ; whose tears keep green  
 The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth ; 40

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 wall :  
 The boundless universe  
 Becomes a cell too narrow for the soul  
 That owns a master ; while the loathliest ward  
 Of this wide prison, England, is a nest  
 Of cradling peace built on the mountain-tops,— 50  
 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 on thoughts that cannot die  
 And cannot be repelled.

Like eaglets floating in the Heaven of time,  
 They soar above their quarry, and shall stoop  
 Through palaces and temples thunder-proof.

## SCENE V.

ARCHY

I'll go live under the ivy that overgrows the terrace,  
 and count the tears shed on its old as the  
 plays the song of

“ A widow bird sate mourning  
 Upon a wintry bough.”

[Sings]

Heigho ! the lark and the owl !

One flies the morning, and one lulls the night :—  
 Only the nightingale, poor fond soul,  
 Sings like the Fool through darkness and light.

“ A widow bird sate mourning for her love  
Upon a wintry bough ;  
The frozen wind crept on above,  
The freezing stream below.

10

“ 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.”

## THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

(1822)

**S**WIFT as a spirit hastening to his task  
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth,  
Rejoicing in his splendour, 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, 10  
Swinging their censers in the element,  
With orient incense lit by the new ray,

Burned slow and unconsumably, 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 20  
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 chesnut 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 30

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 self-same bough, and heard as there  
The birds, the fountains and the ocean hold  
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air ;  
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

40

---

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,  
This was the tenour 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

50

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 towards 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 :

60

But more, with motions which each other crost,  
Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,  
Or birds within the noonday æther 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 forever burst ;  
 Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told  
 Of grassy paths and wood-lawns interspersed 70

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 80  
 Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,  
 And whilst 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 æther from her infant's chair,—

So came a chariot on the silent storm  
 Of its own rushing splendour, 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 ; 90  
 And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint ætherial gloom  
 Tempering the light. Upon the chariot-beam  
 A Janus-visaged Shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-wingèd 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 100

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



## THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

129

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose  
 Mix with each other in tempestuous measure  
 To savage music ; wilder as it grows, 140

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 150  
 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—while the shock still may tingle ;  
 One falls and then another in the path  
 Senseless—nor is the desolation single ; 160

Yet ere I can say '*Ware*, 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 grey hairs in the insulting wind,

And follow in the dance, with limbs decayed,  
 Seeking to reach the light which leaves them still  
 Farther behind and deeper in the shade.

But not the less with impotence of will 170  
 They wheel—though ghastly shadows interpose  
 Round them and round each other—and fulfil

Their work, 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 180  
 (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 that deluded crew,

And that the grass, which methought hung so wide  
 And white, was but his thin discoloured 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, 190

"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; 200  
 And if the spark with which Heaven lit my spirit  
 Had been with purer nutriment supplied,

"Corruption would not now thus much inherit  
 Of what was once Rousseau,—nor this disguise  
 Stain 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, 210  
 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 220

“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 pygmy 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 230  
 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 anarchists, 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 240  
 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,

250

“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.

260

“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,

270

“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—

280

Even as the deeds of others, not as theirs.”  
And then he pointed to a company,

'Midst whom I [quickly] recognized 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, 290  
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 camest 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, 300

"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 310  
Of the young season, 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 forever 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 ;      320  
A sleeping mother then would dream not of

“ Her only child who died upon the breast  
At eventide ; a king would mourn no more  
The crown of which his brows were dispossess

“ 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,—      330

“ 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      340  
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      350  
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-coloured scarf had drawn :

“ In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,  
Mantling with bright Nepenthe ; the fierce splendour  
Fell from her as she moved under the mass 360

“ Of the deep cavern, and with palms so tender  
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow,  
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 enamoured 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 370  
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 in 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 ; 380

“ 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 390

“ 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,  
Shew 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,

400

“ 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 ;  
Whilst 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 ;

410

“ And the fair Shape waned in the coming light,  
As veil by veil the silent splendour drops  
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

“ Of sunrise, 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,

420

“ 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, 430  
Glimmers, forever sought, forever lost ;  
So did that Shape its obscure tenour 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 from some dread war  
Triumphantly returning, the loud million  
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

“ A moving arch of victory the vermilion  
And green and azure plumes of Iris had 440  
Built high over her wind-wingèd pavilion,

“ And, underneath, ætherial glory clad  
The wilderness, and far before her flew  
The tempest of the splendour, 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 ; 450

“ 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 460  
Was swept : me, sweetest flowers delayed not long ;  
Me, not the shadow nor the solitude ;

“ Me, not that falling stream’s Lethæan 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

470

“ Of him whom from the lowest depths of hell,  
 Through every paradise and through all glory,  
 Love led serene, and who returned to tell,

“ In words of hate and awe, 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

480

“ Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,  
 The earth was grey 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 isle ;—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 ;

490

“ And others sate chattering like restless apes  
 On vulgar hands,  
 Some made a cradle of the ermined capes

“ Of kingly mantles ; some across the tiar  
 Of pontiffs sate like vultures ; 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 broods under the shade 500

“ Of demon wings, and laughed from their dead eyes  
 To re-assume the delegated power  
 Arrayed in which those worms did monarchize

“ Who made this earth their charnel. Others more  
 Humble, like falcons, sate 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 ;— 510

“ And others, like discoloured 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 520  
 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 530  
 At first ; but some, distorted, seemed to be

“ Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air ;  
 And of this stuff the car’s creative ray  
 Wrought 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,

540

“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.—The cripple cast  
His eye upon the car, which now had rolled  
Onward, as if that look must be the last,

And answered, “Happy those for whom the gold  
Of”

#### CANCELLED OPENING OF THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

Out of the eastern shadow of the Earth  
Amid the clouds upon its margin grey,  
Scattered by Night to swathe in its bright birth

In gold and fleecy snow the infant Day,  
The glorious Sun arose; beneath his light  
The earth and all

## POEMS OF 1814-15

### STANZA, WRITTEN AT BRACKNELL

(MARCH 1814)

THY dewy looks sink in my breast ;  
Thy gentle words stir poison there ;  
Thou hast disturbed the only rest  
That was the portion of despair !  
Subdued to Duty's hard controul,  
I could have borne my wayward lot :  
The chains that bind this ruined soul  
Had cankered then—but crushed it not.

### STANZAS.—APRIL, 1814

I.

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 tear 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.

II.

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.

## III.

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.

## TO HARRIET

(MAY 1814)

## I.

**T**HY look of love has power to calm  
The stormiest passion of my soul ;  
Thy gentle words are drops of balm  
In Life's too bitter bowl ;  
No grief is mine, but that alone  
These choicest blessings I have known.

## II.

Harriet ! if all who long to live

In the warm sunshine of thine eye,  
That price beyond all pain must give,—

Beneath thy scorn to die ;

Then hear thy chosen own too late

His heart most worthy of thy hate.



III.

Be thou, then, one among mankind  
 Whose heart is harder not for state,—  
 Thou only virtuous, gentle, kind,  
 Amid a world of hate ;  
 And by a slight endurance seal  
 A fellow-being's lasting weal.

IV.

For pale with anguish is his cheek,  
 His breath comes fast, his eyes are dim,  
 Thy name is struggling ere he speak,  
 Weak is each trembling limb ;  
 In mercy let him not endure  
 The misery of a fatal cure.

V.

Oh, trust for once no erring guide !  
 Bid the remorseless feeling flee ;  
 'Tis malice, 'tis revenge, 'tis pride,  
 'Tis anything but thee ;  
 Oh, deign a nobler pride to prove,  
 And pity if thou canst not love.

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT  
 GODWIN

(JUNE 1814)

I.

**M**INE eyes were dim with tears unshed ;  
 Yes, I was firm—thus wert not thou ;—  
 My baffled looks did yearn yet dread  
 To meet thy looks—I could not know  
 How anxiously they sought to shine  
 With soothing pity upon mine.

II.

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 :—

## III.

Whilst 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.

## IV.

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.

## V.

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 thee and me.

## VI.

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.

## TO ———

**Y**ET look on me—take not thine eyes away,  
 Which feed upon the love within mine own,  
 Which is indeed but the reflected ray  
 Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.  
 Yet speak to me : thy voice is as the tone  
 Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear  
 That thou yet lovest me ; yet thou alone

Like one before a mirror, without care  
Of aught but thine own features, imaged there,

\* \* \* \*

And yet I wear out life in watching thee,—  
A toil so sweet at times ; and thou indeed  
Art kind when I am sick, and pityest me.

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ

I.

O H, there are spirits of 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.

II.

With mountain winds, and babbling springs,  
And moonlight 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.

III.

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 ?

IV.

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 ?

## V.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled  
 Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted ;  
 The glory of the moon is dead ;  
 Night's ghosts and dreams have now departed ;  
 Thine own soul still is true to thee,  
 But changed to a foul fiend through misery.

## VI.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever  
 Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,  
 Dream not to chase ;—the mad endeavour  
 Would scourge thee to severer pangs.  
 Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,  
 Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.

## MUTABILITY

## I.

WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon ;  
 How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,  
 Striking the darkness radiantly !—yet soon  
 Night closes round, and they are lost forever :

## II.

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.

## III.

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 :

## IV.

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 ;  
 Nought may endure but Mutability.

## ON DEATH

There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.—*Ecclesiastes.*

## I.

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.

## II.

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.

## III.

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.

## IV.

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.

## V.

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 ?

## A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCH-YARD

LECHDALE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

(SEPT. 1815)

## I.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere  
 Each vapour 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.

## II.

They breathe their spells towards 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 church-tower grass  
 Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

## III.

Thou too, aërial 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.

## IV.

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.

## V.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild  
 And terrorless as this serenest night :  
 Here could I hope, like some enquiring 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.

## TO WORDSWORTH

**P**OET 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 honoured 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 unambitious 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 has swept  
 In fragments towards 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,  
 That Virtue owns a more eternal foe  
 Than Force or Fraud : old Custom, legal Crime,  
 And bloody Faith the foulest birth of Time.

## LINES

(Nov. 1815 or 1816)

I.

**T**HE 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.

## II.

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.

## III.

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 raven hair  
That shook in the wind of night.

## IV.

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.



## POEMS OF 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, 10  
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.— 20  
“ 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, 30  
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 eyes were black and lustreless and wan,  
 Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,  
 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale;  
 Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins 40  
 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!” 50  
 This was the only moan she ever made.

## HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY

### I.

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power  
 Floats, though unseen, amongst 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.

### II.

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 forever  
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;  
 Why aught should fail and fade that once is shewn;

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.

III.

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 endeavour :  
 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.

IV.

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.

V.

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 !

## VI.

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 give whate'er these words cannot express.

## VII.

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 or 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 humankind.

## MONT BLANC

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI

(JULY 1816)

## I.

THE everlasting Universe of Things  
 Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,  
 Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—  
 Now lending splendour, 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 forever,  
 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-coloured, many-voicèd vale,  
 Over whose pines, and crags, and caverns sail  
 Fast cloud-shadows and sunbeams: awful scene,  
 Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down  
 From the ice-gulphs that gird his secret throne,  
 Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame  
 Of lightning thro' the tempest;—thou dost lie,  
 Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging, 20  
 Children of elder time, in whose devotion  
 The chainless winds still come and ever came  
 To drink their odours, 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,— 30  
 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 phantasy,  
 My own, my human mind, which passively  
 Now renders and receives fast influencings,  
 Holding an unremitting interchange 40  
 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, 50  
 And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber  
 Of those who wake and live.—I look on high;  
 Has some unknown Omnipotence unfurled

The veil of life and death? or do I lie  
 In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep  
 Spread 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, 60  
 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, 70  
 Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.—Is this the scene  
 Where the old Earthquake-dæmon 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 repeal 80  
 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 90  
 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 primæval mountains,  
 Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep 100  
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,  
 Slow 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 strewing  
 Its destined path, or in the mangled soil 110  
 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 forever 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 120  
 Shine in the rushing torrents' 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, forever  
 Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,  
 Breathes its swift vapours 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, 130  
 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 star-beams 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 vapour broods  
 Over the snow. The secret Strength of Things  
 Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome 140  
 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?

#### CANCELLED PASSAGE OF MONT BLANC

THERE is a voice, not understood by all,  
 Sent from these desert caves. It is the roar  
 Of the rent ice-cliff which the sunbeams call,  
 Plunging into the vale—it is the blast  
 Descending on the pines: the torrents pour

\* \* \* \*

#### FRAGMENT : HOME

**D**EAR home, thou scene of earliest hopes and joys,  
 The least of which wronged Memory ever makes  
 Bitterer than all thine unremembered tears.

#### FRAGMENT : HELEN AND HENRY

\* \* \* \*

A shovel of his ashes took  
 From the hearth's obscurest nook,  
 Muttering mysteries as she went.  
 Helen and Henry knew that Granny  
 Was as much afraid of ghosts as any,  
 And so they followed hard—  
 But Helen clung to her brother's arm,  
 And her own spasm made her shake.



POEMS OF 1817

MARIANNE'S DREAM

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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 golden sun shone forth on high.

IV.

And as towards 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.

## v.

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 or sound of dread,  
 But that black Anchor floating still  
 Over the piny eastern hill.

## vi.

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.

## vii.

There was a mist in the sunless air,  
 Which shook as it were with an earthquake 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.

## viii.

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 mist their domes did quiver.

## ix.

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.

## x.

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.

## xi.

But still the Lady heard that clang  
Filling the wide air far away ;  
And still the mist whose light did hang  
Among the mountains shook away,  
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,  
As half in joy, and half aghast,  
On those high domes her look she cast.

## xii.

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 overhead  
Among those mighty towers and fanes  
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains  
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

## xiii.

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."

## xiv.

And now those raging billows came  
Where that fair Lady sate, and she  
Was borne towards the showering flame  
By the wild waves heaped tumultuously,  
And on a little plank, the flow  
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

## xv.

The flames 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.

## xvi.

The plank whereon that Lady sate  
 Was driven thro' the chasms, about and about,  
 Between the peaks so desolate  
 Of the drowning mountains, in and out,  
 As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails—  
 While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

## xvii.

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 appal  
 To hear the fire roar and hiss  
 Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

## xviii.

The eddy whirled her round and round  
 Before a gorgeous gate, which stood  
 Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound  
 Its æry arch with light like blood ;  
 She looked on that gate of marble clear,  
 With wonder that extinguished fear.

## xix.

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,  
 Of forms most beautiful and strange,  
 Like nothing human, but the fairest  
 Of wingèd shapes, whose legions range  
 Throughout the sleep of those that are,  
 Like this same Lady, good and fair.

## xx.

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.

## XXI.

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.

## XXII.

And their lips moved ; one seemed to speak,—  
When suddenly the mountain crackt,  
And through the chasm the flood 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.

## XXIII.

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.

## TO CONSTANTIA, SINGING

## I.

**C**EASE, cease!—for such wild lessons madmen learn.  
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 its voice that were  
Between [thy] lips are laid to sleep,  
Within thy breath, and on thy hair  
Like odour it is [lingering] 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 !

## II.

A breathless awe, like the swift change  
 Of dreams unseen, but felt in youthful slumbers,  
 Wild, sweet, yet 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.

## III.

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.

## IV.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,  
 Whilst, 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.

## FRAGMENT : TO ONE SINGING

**M**Y spirit like a charmed bark doth swim  
 Upon the liquid waves of thy [sweet singing],  
 Far, far away into the regions dim

Of rapture—as <a> boat, with swift sails winging  
 Its way adown some many-winding river,  
 Speeds thro' dark forests o'er the waters swinging.

TO CONSTANTIA

I.

THE red rose that drinks the fountain-dew  
 In the fragrant 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 borrowed light.

II.

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

FRAGMENT : TO MUSIC

SILVER key of the fountain of tears,  
 Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild ;  
 Softest grave of a thousand fears,  
 Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,  
 Is laid asleep in flowers.

ANOTHER FRAGMENT TO MUSIC

NO, Music, thou are not the 'food of Love,'  
 Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,  
 Till it becomes all Music murmurs of.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR

I.

THY country's curse is on thee, darkest crest  
 Of that foul, knotted, many-headed worm,  
 Which rends our Mother's bosom!—Priestly Pest!  
 Masked Resurrection of a buried Form!

## II.

Thy country's curse is on thee ! Justice sold,  
 Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks overthrown,  
 And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,  
 Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.

## III.

And whilst that slow sure Angel, which aye stands  
 Watching the beck of Mutability,  
 Delays to execute her high commands,  
 And, though a nation weeps, spares thine and thee,

## IV.

Oh let a father's curse be on thy soul,  
 And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb,  
 And both on thy grey head a leaden cowl,  
 To weigh thee down to thine approaching doom !

## V.

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 griefs which thy stern nature never crost :

## VI.

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 promise of a lovely birth :

## VII.

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 ! Oh grief and shame !

## VIII.

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 :



## IX.

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

## X.

By the false cant, which on their innocent lips  
Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,  
By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse  
Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb :

## XI.

By thy most impious Hell, and all its terror,  
By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt  
Of thine impostures, which must be their error,—  
That sand on which thy crumbling power is built :

## XII.

By thy complicity with lust and hate,  
Thy thirst for tears, thy hunger after gold,  
The ready frauds which ever on thee wait,  
The servile arts in which thou hast grown old :

## XIII.

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile,  
By all the snares and nets of thy black den,  
And—for thou canst outweep the crocodile—  
By thy false tears—those millstones braining men :

## XIV.

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—

## XV

Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,  
And cry, " My children are no longer mine ;  
The blood within those veins may be mine own,  
But, Tyrant, their polluted souls are thine : "—

## XVI

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 !

## TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

## I.

THE billows on the beach 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, 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.

## II.

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,  
 They have made them unfit for thee ;  
 They have withered the smile and dried the tear  
 Which should have been sacred to me.  
 To a blighting faith and a cause of crime  
 They have bound them slaves in youthly prime,  
 And they will curse my name and thee  
 Because we fearless are and free.

## III.

Come thou, belovèd as thou art ;  
 Another sleepeth still  
 Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,  
 Which thou with joy shalt fill,  
 With fairest smiles of wonder thrown  
 On that which is indeed our own,  
 And which in distant lands will be  
 The dearest playmate unto thee.

## IV.

Fear not the tyrants will rule forever,  
 Or the priests of the evil faith ;  
 They stand on the brink of that raging river,  
 Whose waves they have tainted with death.

It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,  
 Around them it foams and rages and swells ;  
 And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,  
 Like wrecks on the surge of Eternity.

## v

Rest, rest, shriek not, thou gentle child !  
 The rocking of the boat thou fearest,  
 And the cold spray and the clamour 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.

## vi.

This hour will in thy memory  
 Be a dream of days forgotten long ;  
 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 !

CANCELLED PASSAGES OF THE POEM  
 TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

## (1)

THE world is now our dwelling-place ;  
 Where'er the earth one fading trace  
 Of what was great and free does keep,  
 That is our home !  
 Mild thoughts of man's ungentle race  
 Shall our contented exile reap :  
 For who that in some happy place  
 His own free thoughts can freely chase  
 By woods and waves, can clothe his face  
 In cynic smiles ? Child ! we shall weep

(2)

this lament ;  
 The memory of thy grievous wrong  
 Will fade  
 But Genius is omnipotent  
 To hallow

## ON FANNY GODWIN

**H**ER 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

I.

**T**HEY 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 the 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.

II.

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

(Nov. 5, 1817)

**T**HAT time is dead forever, child,  
 Drowned, frozen, dead forever!  
 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.

### LINES TO A CRITIC

**H**ONEY 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  
Cannot divided be ;  
I hate thy want of truth and love—  
How ſhould I then hate thee ?

### A HATE-SONG

**A** HATER he came and ſat by a ditch,  
And he took out an old cracked lute ;  
And he ſang a ſong which was more of a ſcreech  
'Gainſt a woman that was a brute.

## OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller 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."

## OZYMANDIAS

(FRAGMENT OF AN EARLIER DRAFT)

[THERE stands by Nile a single pedestal,  
 On] which two trunkless legs of crumbling stone  
 Quiver thro' sultry mist; beneath the sand  
 Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
 And wrinkled lips impatient of command  
 Betray some sculptor's art, whose

## FRAGMENT: "MIGHTY EAGLE"

MIGHTY eagle! thou that soarest  
 O'er the misty mountain forest,  
 And amid the light of morning  
 Like a cloud of glory hiest,  
 And when night descends defiest  
 The embattled tempests' warning!

## FRAGMENT: OTHO

I.

THOU wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be,  
 Last of the Romans,—though thy memory claim  
 From Brutus his own glory, and on thee  
 Rests the full splendour of his sacred fame;

Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail  
 Amid his cowering senate with thy name,—  
 Though thou and he were great; it will avail  
 To thine own fame that Otho's should not fail.

## II.

'Twill wrong thee not—thou wouldst, if thou couldst feel,  
 Abjure such envious fame: great Otho died  
 Like thee—he sanctified his country's steel,  
 At once the tyrant and tyrannicide,  
 In his own blood. A deed it was to bring  
 Tears from all men—though full of gentle pride,  
 Such pride as from impetuous love may spring,  
 That will not be refused its offering.

\* \* \* \*

## FRAGMENTS

PROBABLY INTENDED FOR OTHO

## (1)

THOSE whom nor power, nor lying faith, nor toil,  
 Nor Custom, queen of many slaves, makes blind,  
 Have ever grieved that man should be the spoil  
 Of his own weakness, and with earnest mind  
 Fed hopes of its redemption; these recur  
 Chastened by deathful victory now, and find  
 Foundations in this foulest age, and stir  
 Me whom they cheer to be their minister.

## (2)

DARK is the realm of grief; but human things  
 Those may not know who cannot weep for them.

## FRAGMENT: THE SOARING MIND

ONCE more descend  
 The shadows of my soul upon mankind;—  
 For to those hearts with which they never blend,  
 Thoughts are but shadows which the flashing mind  
 From the swift clouds which track its flight of fire,  
 Casts on the gloomy world it leaves behind.

## FRAGMENT : A CLOUD-CHARIOT

OH that a chariot of cloud were mine!  
 Of cloud which the wild tempest weaves in air,  
 When the moon over the ocean's line  
 Is spreading the locks of her bright grey hair.  
 Oh that a chariot of cloud were mine!  
 I would sail on the waves of the billowy wind  
 To the mountain peak and the rocky lake,  
 And the

FRAGMENT : TO ONE FREED FROM  
PRISON

FOR me, my friend, if not that tears did tremble  
 In my faint eyes, and that my heart beat fast  
 With feelings which make rapture pain resemble,  
 Yet, from thy voice that Falsehood starts aghast  
 I thank thee. Let the tyrant keep  
 His chains and tears; yea, let him weep  
 With rage to see thee freshly risen,  
 Like strength from slumber, from the prison,  
 In which he vainly hoped the soul to bind  
 Which on the chains must prey that fetter humankind.

## FRAGMENT : SATAN AT LARGE

A GOLDEN-WINGÈD Angel stood  
 Before the Eternal Judgment-seat:  
 His looks were wild, and Devils' blood  
 Stained his dainty hands and feet.  
 the Father and the Son  
 Knew that strife was now begun.  
 They knew that Satan had broken his chain,  
 And with millions of demons in his train,  
 Was ranging over the world again.  
 Before the Angel had told his tale,  
 A sweet and a creeping sound  
 Like the rushing of wings was heard around;  
 And suddenly the lamps grew pale—  
 The lamps, before the Archangels seven,  
 That burn continually in Heaven.



## FRAGMENT : UNSATISFIED DESIRE

TO thirst and find no fill—to [wail] and wander  
 With short unsteady steps—to pause and ponder—  
 To feel the blood run thro' the veins, and tingle  
 Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle;  
 To nurse the image of unfelt caresses  
 Till [dizzy] imagination just possesses  
 The half-created shadow:—then all the night  
 Sick

## FRAGMENT : LOVE IMMORTAL

WEALTH and dominion fade into the mass  
 Of the great sea of human right and wrong,  
 When once from our possession they must pass;  
 But love, though misdirected, is among  
 The things which are immortal, and surpass  
 All that frail stuff which will be, or which was.

## FRAGMENT : ELUSIVE THOUGHTS

MY thoughts arise and fade in solitude;  
 The verse that would invest them melts away  
 Like moonlight in the Heaven of spreading day;  
 How beautiful they were! how firm they stood,  
 Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl!

## FRAGMENTS

## FROM THE BODLEIAN MS.

(1)

SERENE, in his unconquerable might  
 Endued, the Almighty King,—his steadfast throne  
 Encompassed unapproachably with power  
 And darkness and deep solitude and awe,—  
 Stood like a black cloud on some aëry cliff  
 Embosoming its lightning: in his sight  
 Unnumbered glorious spirits trembling stood  
 Like slaves before their Lord: prostrate around  
 Heaven's multitudes hymned everlasting praise.

(2)

SOFT pillows for the fiends,  
Of power to renovate their blighted pinions  
For

(3)

## ADDRESS TO THE HUMAN MIND

THOU living light, that in thy rainbow hues  
Clothest this naked world ; and over Sea  
And Earth and air, and all the shapes that be  
In peopled darkness of this wondrous world,  
The Spirit of thy glory dost diffuse ;  
truth thou Vital Flame,  
Mysterious Thought, that in this mortal frame  
Of things, with unextinguished lustre burnest,  
Now pale and faint, now high to Heaven upcurled ;  
That e'er as thou dost languish, still returnest, 10  
And ever

Before the before the Pyramids

So soon as from the Earth formless and rude  
One living step had chased drear Solitude,  
Thou wert, Thought ; thy brightness charmed the lids  
Of the vast snake Eternity, who kept  
The tree of good and evil.—

(4)

ARISE, sweet Mary, rise—  
For the time is passing now

(5)

HEIGH-HO, wisdom and folly :  
Heigh-ho, Edward and Molly :  
He'll wear the willow and she'll wear the holly.  
There's dear Mr. Mag going wild for our Dolly ;  
Let us follow him out to his in the colly  
And bother him out of his melancholy.

## POEMS OF 1818

### TO THE NILE

**M**ONTH after month the gathered rains descend  
Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,  
And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles  
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend  
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.  
Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells  
By Nile's aerial urn, with rapid spells  
Urging those waters to their mighty end.  
O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level,  
And they are thine, O Nile: and well thou knowest 10  
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil  
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.  
Beware, O Man—for knowledge must to thee  
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

### PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES

**L**ISTEN, 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 grey,  
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;  
But when night comes, a chaos dread 10  
On the dim starlight then is spread,  
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm,  
Shrouding

## THE PAST

## I.

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.

## II.

Forget the dead, the past? Oh 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.

## ON A FADED VIOLET

## I.

THE odour from the flower is gone,  
 Which like thy kisses, breathed on me...  
 The colour from the flower is flown,  
 Which glowed of thee, and only thee!

## II.

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,  
 It lies on my abandoned breast—  
 And mocks the heart which yet is warm,  
 With cold and silent rest.

## III.

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 colours 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. 10  
 Through the unheeding many he did move,  
 A splendour among shadows, a bright blot  
 Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove  
 For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

## 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  
 Sate 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,— 10  
 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, 20  
 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,

30

Itself how low, how high beyond all height  
The Heaven where it would perish!—and every form  
That worshipped in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm  
Girt as with an interminable zone,  
Whilst 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.

\* \* \* \*

And so this man returned with axe and saw  
At evening close from killing the tall treen,  
The soul of whom by Nature's gentle law

40

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green  
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,  
Chequering 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

50

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,

60

Odours 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.

\* \* \* \*

The world is full of Woodmen who expel  
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,  
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

70

## INVOCATION TO MISERY

### I.

✓  
COME, be happy!—sit by me,  
Shadow-vested Misery:  
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,  
Mourning in thy robe of pride,  
Desolation—deified!

### II.

Come, be happy!—sit near me:  
Sad as I may seem to thee,  
I am happier far than thou,  
Lady, whose imperial brow  
Is endiademed with woe.

### III.

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.

### IV.

'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.

## v.

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!

## vi.

There our tent shall be the willow,  
And thine arm shall be my pillow;  
Sounds and odours sorrowful  
Because they once were sweet, shall lull  
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

## vii.

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter  
With a love thou daarest not utter.  
Thou art murmuring—thou art weeping:  
Was thine icy bosom leaping  
While my burning heart was sleeping?

## viii.

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.

## ix.

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.

## x.

Clasp me till our hearts be grown  
Like two lovers into one;  
Till this dreadful transport may  
Like a vapour fade away,  
In the sleep that lasts alway.

## xi.

We may dream, in that long sleep,  
That we are not those who weep;



Even as Pleasure dreams of thee,  
 Life-deserting Misery,  
 Thou mayst dream of her with me.

## XII.

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,  
 At all shadows on the Earth,  
 As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,  
 Which, like spectres wrapt in shrouds,  
 Pass o'er night in multitudes.

## XIII.

All the wide world, beside us  
 Shew like multitudinous  
 Puppets passing from a scene ;  
 What but mockery can they mean,  
 Where I am—where Thou hast been ?

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES

## I.

✓  
**T**HE 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 might ;  
 The breath of the moist earth 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.

## II.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
 With green and purple sea-weeds 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

## III.

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.

## IV.

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.

## V.

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.

## SCENE FROM "TASSO"

MADDALO, *a Courtier.*  
 MALPIGLIO, *a Poet.*

PIGNA, *a Minister.*  
 ALBANO, *an Usher.*

MADDALO

NO access to the Duke! You have not said  
 That the Count Maddalo would speak with him?

PIGNA

Did you inform his Grace that Signor Pigna  
 Waits with state-papers for his signature?

## MALPIGLIO

The Lady Leonora cannot know  
 That I have written a sonnet to her fame,  
 In which I Venus and Adonis.  
 You should not take my gold and serve me not.

## ALBANO

In truth I told her, and she smiled and said,  
 "If I am Venus, thou, coy Poesy,  
 Art the Adonis whom I love, and he  
 The Erymanthian boar that wounded him."  
 Oh, trust to me, Signor Malpiglio,  
 Those nods and smiles were favours worth the zechin.

10

## MALPIGLIO

The words are twisted in some double sense  
 That I reach not: the smiles fell not on me.

## PIGNA

How are the Duke and Duchess occupied?

## ALBANO

Buried in some strange talk. The Duke was leaning,  
 His finger on his brow, his lips unclosed.  
 The Princess sate within the window-seat,  
 And so her face was hid; but on her knee  
 Her hands were clasped, veined and pale as snow,  
 And quivering. Young Tasso, too, was there.

20

## MADDALO

Thou seest on whom from thine own worshipped Heaven  
 Thou drawest down smiles: they did not rain on thee.

## MALPIGLIO

Would they were parching lightnings, for his sake  
 On whom they fell!

## SONG FOR "TASSO"

## I.

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 shews, and more.

## II.

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.

## III.

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.

## FRAGMENT : TO MARY ———

OH, 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 whilst thou art far ;  
As sunset to the spherèd moon,  
As twilight to the western star,  
Thou, belovèd, art to me.

Oh, Mary dear, that you were here ;  
The Castle echo whispers " Here ! "

## FRAGMENT : ADDRESSED TO BYRON

O MIGHTY mind, in whose deep stream this age  
Shakes like a reed in the unheeding storm,  
Why dost thou curb not thine own sacred rage?

## FRAGMENT : TO SILENCE

SILENCE! Oh well are Death and Sleep and Thou  
Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged  
Of one abyss, where life, and truth, and joy  
Are swallowed up. Yet spare me, Spirit—pity me!—  
Until the sounds I hear become my soul,  
And it has left these faint and weary limbs,  
To track along the lapses of the air  
This wandering melody, until it rests  
Among lone mountains in some

## FRAGMENT : THE STREAM'S MARGIN

THE fierce beasts of the woods and wildernesses  
Track not the steps of him who drinks of it;  
For the light breezes, which for ever fleet  
Around its margin, heap the sand thereon.

## FRAGMENT : A LOST LEADER

MY head is wild with weeping for a grief  
Which is the shadow of a gentle mind.  
I walk into the air, (but no relief  
To seek,—or haply, if I sought, to find;  
It came unsought); to wonder that a chief  
Among men's spirits should be cold and blind.

## FRAGMENT : THE VINE

FLOURISHING vine, whose kindling clusters glow  
Beneath the autumnal sun, none taste of thee;  
For thou dost shroud a ruin, and below  
The rotting bones of dead antiquity

FRAGMENT : "GREAT SPIRIT" <sup>1</sup>

**G**REAT Spirit whom the sea of boundless mind  
Nurtures within its unimagined caves ;  
In which thou sittest solemnly reclined,  
Giving a voice to its mysterious waves :  
Which breathes within the winds that wake mankind  
Like golden-wingèd Love, whose footstep paves

<sup>1</sup> Hitherto placed among Poems of 1821. The last two lines, and two corrections in lines 1 and 3, are from the Bodleian MS.—Ed.

## POEMS OF 1819

### LINES WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION

#### I.

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 death-white shore  
Of Albion, free no more.

#### II.

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.

#### III.

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.

#### IV.

Hearst thou the festival din  
Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,  
And Wealth crying *Havock!* within ?  
'Tis the Bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb—  
Thine Epithalamium.

#### V.

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife !  
Let Fear, and Disquiet, and Strife  
Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life :  
Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant ! and Hell be thy guide  
To the bed of the bride !

## SONG

## TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND

## I.

**M**EN of England, wherefore plough  
 For the lords who lay ye low?  
 Wherefore weave with toil and care,  
 The rich robes your tyrants wear?

## II.

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,  
 From the cradle to the grave,  
 Those ungrateful drones who would  
 Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

## III.

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
 Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,  
 That these stingless drones may spoil  
 The forced produce of your toil?

## IV.

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
 Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?  
 Or what is it ye buy so dear  
 With your pain and with your fear?

## V.

The seed ye sow, another reaps;  
 The wealth ye find, another keeps;  
 The robes ye weave, another wears;  
 The arms ye forge, another bears.

## VI.

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap;  
 Find wealth,—let no impostor heap;  
 Weave robes,—let not the idle wear;  
 Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

## VII.

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.



## VIII.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,  
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,  
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair  
England be your sepulchre.

## TO SIDMOUTH AND CASTLEREAGH

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 yew,  
Through the night to frighten it,  
When the moon 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.

## 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 liberticide 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.

## FRAGMENT : TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

PEOPLE of England, ye who toil and groan,  
 Who reap the harvests which are not your own,  
 Who weave the clothes which your oppressors wear,  
 And for your own take the inclement air ;  
 Who build warm houses  
 And are like gods who give them all they have,  
 And nurse them from the cradle to the grave ;

\* \* \* \*

What men gain fairly—that they should possess,  
 And children may inherit idleness  
 From him who earns it. This is understood ;  
 Private injustice may be general good.  
 But he who gains by base and armed wrong,

Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,  
 May be despoiled ; even as a stolen dress  
 Is stript from a convicted thief, and he  
 Left in the nakedness of infamy.

## A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

I.

GOD prosper, speed, and save,  
 God raise from England's grave  
 Her murdered Queen !  
 Pave with swift victory  
 The steps of Liberty,  
 Whom Britons own to be  
 Immortal Queen.

## II.

See, she comes throned on high,  
On swift Eternity!

God save the Queen!

Millions on millions wait

Firm, rapid, and elate,

On her majestic state!

God save the Queen!

## III.

She is thine own pure soul  
Moulding the mighty whole,—

God save the Queen!

She is thine own deep love

Rained down from Heaven above,—

Wherever she rest or move,

God save our Queen!

## IV.

'Wilder her enemies

In their own dark disguise,—

God save our Queen!

All earthly things that dare

Her sacred name to bear,

Strip them, as kings are, bare;

God save the Queen!

## V.

Be her eternal throne

Built in our hearts alone,—

God save the Queen!

Let the oppressor hold

Canopied seats of gold;

She sits enthroned of old

O'er our hearts Queen.

## VI.

Lips touched by seraphim

Breathe out the choral hymn

“God save the Queen!”

Sweet as if Angels sang,

Loud as that trumpet's clang

Wakening the world's dead gang,—

God save the Queen!

## AN ODE

WRITTEN OCTOBER, 1819, BEFORE THE SPANIARDS HAD  
RECOVERED THEIR LIBERTY

## I.

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?

## II.

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.

## III.

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 defence whose children ye are.

## IV.

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.

## V.

Bind, bind every brow  
With crownals of violet, ivy, and pine:  
Hide the blood-stains now  
With hues which sweet Nature has made divine—

## ODE TO HEAVEN

195

Green strength, azure hope, and eternity :  
But let not the pansy among them be ;  
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

### VI.

[Gather, oh gather,  
Foeman and friend in love and peace !  
Waves sleep together  
When the blasts that called them to battle cease.  
For fangless Power, grown tame and mild,  
Is at play with Freedom's fearless child,—  
The dove and the serpent reconciled !]

## ODE TO HEAVEN

### CHORUS OF SPIRITS

#### FIRST SPIRIT

**P**ALACE-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 30  
 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 noontday 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 40  
 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 : 50  
 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 <sup>1</sup>

## I.

CAMELIONS feed on light and air :  
 Poets' 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 camelions do,  
 Suiting it to every ray  
 Twenty times a day?

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps written in 1820.—Ed.

## II.

Poets are on this cold earth,  
 As camelions might be,  
 Hidden from their early birth  
 In a cave beneath the sea ;  
 Where light is, camelions change :  
 Where love is not, poets do :  
 Fame is love disguised : if few  
 Find either, never think it strange  
 That poets range.

## III.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power  
 A poet's free and heavenly mind :  
 If bright camelions 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<sup>1</sup>

## 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

<sup>1</sup> 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 vapours 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.

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

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours plain and hill.

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

## II.

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 vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

## III.

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 grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

## IV.

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 skiey 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?

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO  
DA VINCI

IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY

I.

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 shine,  
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,  
The agonies of anguish and of death.

II.

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 hues of beauty thrown  
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,  
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

III.

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 shew  
Their mailèd radiance, as it were to mock  
The torture and the death within, and saw  
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

IV.

And from a stone beside, a poisonous eft  
Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes ;  
Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft  
Of sense, has fitted 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.

## v.

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror ;  
 For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare  
 Kindled by that inextricable error,  
 Which makes a thrilling vapour 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.

## THE INDIAN SERENADE

## i.

**I** ARISE from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are burning bright:  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Hath led me—who knows how?  
 To thy chamber window, sweet !

## ii.

The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream ;  
 The Champak odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must die on thine,  
 Oh, belovèd as thou art !

## iii.

Oh 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.

## TO SOPHIA

## I.

THOU art fair, and few are fairer  
 Of the nymphs of earth or ocean.  
 They are robes that fit the wearer—  
 Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion  
 Ever falls and shifts and glances,  
 As the life within them dances.

## II.

Thy deep eyes, a double planet,  
 Gaze the wisest into madness  
 With soft clear fire. The winds that fan it  
 Are those thoughts of tender gladness  
 Which, like zephyrs on the billow,  
 Make thy gentle soul their pillow

## III.

If whatever face thou paintest  
 In those eyes, grows pale with pleasure,  
 If the fainting soul is faintest  
 When it hears thy harp's wild measure,  
 Wonder not that when thou speakest,  
 Of the weak my heart is weakest.

## IV.

As dew beneath the wind of morning,  
 As the sea which whirlwinds waken  
 As the birds at thunder's warning,  
 As aught mute yet deeply shaken,  
 As one who feels an unseen spirit,  
 Is my heart when thine is near it.

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

## I.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
 And the rivers with the ocean ;  
 The winds of Heaven mix forever  
 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 ?

## II.

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 ?

## TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

(With what truth may I say—  
 Roma ! Roma ! Roma !  
 Non è più come era prima !)

## I.

**M**Y 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.

## II.

Where art thou, my gentle child ?  
 Let me think thy spirit feeds,  
 With 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 sweet flowers and sunny grass,  
 Into their hues and scents may pass  
 A portion

## TO WILLIAM SHELLEY

**T**HY 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 :

## TO MARY SHELLEY

**M**Y dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,  
 And left me in this dreary world alone !  
 Thy form is here indeed—a lovely one—  
 But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,  
 That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode ;  
 Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,  
 where  
 For thine own sake I cannot follow thee.

## TO MARY SHELLEY

**T**HE world is dreary,  
 And I am weary  
 Of wandering on without thee, Mary ;  
 A joy was erewhile  
 In thy voice and thy smile,  
 And 'tis gone, when I should be gone too, Mary.

## FRAGMENT : " FOLLOW "

\* \* \* \* \*  
**F**OLLOW to the deep wood's weeds,  
 Follow to the wild-briar dingle,  
 Where we sink to intermingle,  
 And the violet tells her tale  
 To the odour-scented gale,  
 For they two have enough to do  
 Of such work as I and you.

## THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE

**A**T the creation of the Earth  
 Pleasure, that divinest birth,  
 From the soil of Heaven did rise,  
 Wrapt in sweet wild melodies—  
 Like an exhalation wreathing  
 To the sound of air low-breathing  
 Through Æolian pines, which make  
 A shade and shelter to the lake  
 Whence it rises soft and slow ;  
 Her life-breathing did flow  
 In the harmony divine  
 Of an ever-lengthening line  
 Which enwrapt her perfect form  
 With a beauty clear and warm.

## FRAGMENT : TO-DAY

**A**ND 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.

## FRAGMENT : "A GENTLE STORY

**A**GENTLE story of two lovers young,  
 Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,  
 And of one selfish heart, whose rancour clung  
 Like curses on them ; are ye slow to borrow  
 The lore of truth from such a tale ?  
 Or in this world's deserted vale,  
 Do ye not see a star of gladness  
 Pierce the shadows of its sadness,  
 When ye are told that love is a light sent  
 From Heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the  
 innocent ?

## FRAGMENT : LOVE'S ATMOSPHERE

**T**HERE is a warm and gentle atmosphere  
 About the form of one we love, and thus  
 As in a tender mist our spirits are  
 Wrapt in the of that which is to us  
 The health of life's own life.

## FRAGMENT : THE POET'S LOVER

I AM as a spirit who has dwelt  
 Within his heart of hearts ; and I have felt  
 His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known  
 The inmost converse of his soul,—the tone  
 Unheard but in the silence of his blood,  
 When all the pulses in their multitude  
 Image the trembling calm of summer seas.  
 I have unlocked the golden melodies  
 Of his deep soul, as with a master-key,  
 And loosened them and bathed myself therein—  
 Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist,  
 Clothing his wings with lightning,

## FRAGMENT : A MYSTERY

IS it that in some brighter sphere  
 We part from friends we meet with here ?  
 Or do we see the Future pass  
 Over the Present's dusky glass ?  
 Or what is that that makes us seem  
 To patch up fragments of a dream,  
 Part of which comes true, and part  
 Beats and trembles in the heart ?

## FRAGMENT : FOREBODINGS

IS not to-day enough ? Why do I peer  
 Into the darkness of the day to come ?  
 Is not to-morrow even as yesterday ?  
 And will the day that follows change thy doom ?  
 Few flowers grow upon thy wintry way ;  
 And who waits for thee in that cheerless home  
 Whence thou hast fled, whither thou must return  
 Charged with the load that makes thee faint and mourn ?

## FRAGMENT : TRANSIENT THOUGHTS

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 !



FRAGMENT : POETRY AND MUSIC

HOW sweet it is to sit and read the tales  
 Of mighty poets, and to hear the while  
 Sweet music, which when the attention fails  
 Fills the dim pause

FRAGMENT : THE TOMB OF MEMORY

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.

FRAGMENT : SONG OF FURIES

I.

WHEN a lover clasps his fairest,  
 Then be our dread sport the rarest.  
 Their caresses were like the chaff  
 In the tempest, and be our laugh  
 His despair—her epitaph!

II.

When a mother clasps her child,  
 Watch till dusty Death has piled  
 His cold ashes on the clay;  
 She has loved it many a day—  
 She remains,—it fades away.

FRAGMENT : A SERPENT ASLEEP

WAKE the serpent not—lest he  
 Should not know the way to go;—  
 Let him crawl, which yet lies sleeping,  
 Through the deep grass of the meadow!  
 Not a bee shall hear him creeping,  
 Not a may-fly shall awaken  
 From its cradling blue-bell shaken,  
 Not the starlight as he's sliding  
 Through the grass with silent gliding.

## FRAGMENT : RAIN AND WIND

THE fitful alternations of the rain,  
 When the chill wind, languid as with pain  
 Of its own heavy moisture, here and there  
 Drives through the grey and beamless atmosphere.

## FRAGMENT : A TALE UNTOLD

ONE sung of thee who left the tale untold,  
 Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting :  
 Like empty cups of wrought and dædal gold,  
 Which mock the lips with air, when they are thirsting.

## FRAGMENT : TO ITALY

AS the sunrise to the night,  
 As the north wind to the clouds,  
 As the earthquake's fiery flight,  
 Ruining mountain solitudes,  
 Everlasting Italy,  
 Be those hopes and fears on thee.

## FRAGMENT : WINE OF EGLANTINE

I AM drunk with the honey-wine  
 Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,  
 Which fairies catch in hyacinth bowls :—  
 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 !

## FRAGMENT : A ROMAN'S CHAMBER

IN the cave which wild weeds cover  
 Wait for thine ætherial lover ;  
 For the pallid moon is waning,  
 O'er the spiral cypress hanging,  
 And the moon no cloud is staining.

It was once a Roman's chamber,  
 Where he kept his darkest revels,  
 And the wild weeds twine and clamber;  
 It was then a chasm for devils.

## FRAGMENT : ROME AND NATURE

R OME has fallen,—ye see it lying  
 Heaped in undistinguished ruin:  
 Nature is alone undying.

## FRAGMENT : O PILLOW COLD

O PILLOW cold and wet with tears,  
 Thou breathest sleep no more!

## FRAGMENTS

## FROM THE BODLEIAN MS.

(1)

W HEN a Nation screams aloud  
 Like an eagle from the cloud,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Watch the look askance and old—  
 See neglect and falsehood fold

(2)

THE [living frame which sustains my soul]  
 Is [sinking beneath the fierce controul]:  
 Down through the lampless deep of song  
 I am drawn and driven along.

## POEMS OF 1820

### A VISION OF THE SEA

**T**IS the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail  
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale :  
From the stark night of vapours 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 10  
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 splendour and terror the black ship environ, 20  
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. 30  
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 by the waters below,  
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow

O'er the lakes of the desert! Who sits 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, 40  
 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-coloured fog gathered up from the deep,  
 Whose breath was quick pestilence; then, the cold sleep 50  
 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 grave-clothes un-  
 bound,

And were glutted 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, 60  
 But seven remained. Six the thunder has 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 70  
 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;  
 Whilst 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, 80  
 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 fall'n shower?"

Lo! the ship 90

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  
 Bursts 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 100

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, 110

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 past,  
 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. 120

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 vapours 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, 130  
 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 140  
 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  
 Swoln 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-wingèd tomb of the victor. The other 150  
 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, 160  
 With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death, Fear,  
 Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere,  
 Which trembles and burns with the fervour 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 ere the storm. Like a sister and brother  
 The child and the ocean still smile on each other,  
 Whilst

### THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the seas and the streams ;  
 I bear light shade 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, 10  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

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 skiey bowers,  
 Lightning my pilot sits ;  
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,—  
 It struggles and howls at fits ; 20  
 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,  
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

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 ardours of rest and of love, 40



And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of Heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

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, 50  
 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.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ; 60  
 The volcanos 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-coloured bow ; 70  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
 While the moist Earth was laughing below.

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 cannot 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, 80  
 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 bright'ning,  
 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 high-born 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 unbeholden  
 Its aërial 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 those 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 chaunt,  
 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 cannot 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.

## ARETHUSA

## I.

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 leapt 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 towards the deep.

## II.

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 unsealed behind  
 The urns of the silent snow,  
 And earthquake and thunder  
 Did rend in sunder  
 The bars of the springs below :  
 And 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.

## III.

“ 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 depth 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.

## IV.

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 net-work of coloured light ;  
 And under the caves  
 Where the shadowy waves  
 Are as green as the forest's night :—  
 Outspeeding the shark,  
 And the sword-fish dark,—  
 Under the Ocean's foam,  
 And up through the rifts  
 Of the mountain cliffs  
 They past to their Dorian home.

## v.

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.

## SONG OF PROSERPINE

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE  
PLAIN OF ENNA

## I.

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.

## II.

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.

## HYMN OF APOLLO

## I.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,  
 Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries.  
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,  
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—  
 Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,  
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

## II.

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.

## III.

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.

## IV.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers  
 With their ætherial colours ; 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.



## v.

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 ?

## vi.

I am the eye with which the Universe  
 Beholds itself and knows it is divine ;  
 All harmony of instrument or verse,  
 All prophecy, all medicine is mine,  
 All light of art or nature ;—to my song,  
 Victory and praise in its own right belong.

## HYMN OF PAN

## I.

FROM the forests and highlands  
 We come, we come ;  
 From the river-girt islands,  
 Where loud waves are dumb  
 Listening 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 my sweet pipings.

## II.

Liquid Penëus was flowing,  
 And all dark Tempe lay  
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
 The light of the dying day,  
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.  
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,  
 And the Nymphs of the woods and the 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.

## III.

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,—  
 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.

## THE QUESTION

## I.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
 Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,  
 And gentle odours 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.

## II.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets ;  
 Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets ;  
 Faint oxlips ; tender bluebells, at whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets—  
 Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—  
 Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

## III.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-coloured 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.

## IV.

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.

## V.

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?

## 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 ! 20  
 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 ; 30  
 My moon-like 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 wingèd shape forever flies  
 Round those hoar branches, aye renewing  
 Its aëry fountains. 40

Some say, when nights are dry and clear,  
 And the death-dews sleep on the morass,  
 Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,  
 Which make 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.

TO ———

I.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,  
 Thou needest not fear mine ;  
 My spirit is too deeply laden  
 Ever to burthen thine.

II.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,  
 Thou needest not fear mine ;  
 Innocent is the heart's devotion  
 With which I worship thine.

## AUTUMN

## A DIRGE

I.

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.

II.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt 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 grey ;  
 Let your light sisters play :—  
 Ye, follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold Year,  
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

## STUDY FOR "AUTUMN, A DIRGE" (?)

FROM THE BODLEIAN MS.

THE death-knell is ringing,  
 The raven is singing,  
 The earth-worm is creeping,  
 The mourners are weeping,—  
 Ding-dong, bell.

## LIBERTY

## I.

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 throne  
 When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

## II.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,  
 Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around ;  
 Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,  
 An hundred are shuddering and tottering ; the sound  
 Is bellowing underground.

## III.

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 volcanos ; the sun's bright lamp  
 To thine is a fen-fire damp.

## IV.

From billow and mountain and exhalation  
 The sunlight is darted through vapour 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.

## AN ALLEGORY

I.

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant  
 Stands yawning on the highway of the life  
 Which we all tread,—a tavern 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.

II.

And many pass it by with careless tread,  
 Not knowing that a shadowy  
 Tracks every traveller even to where the dead  
 Wait peacefully for their companion new ;  
 But others, by more curious humour 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 TOWER OF FAMINE

A MID 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 10  
 And sacred domes ; each marble-ribbed roof,  
 The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers

Of solitary wealth,—the tempest-proof  
 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, wrapt 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

**Y**E hasten to the grave! 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 pale Expectation feigneth fair!  
 Thou vainly curious Mind which wouldest guess  
 Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go,  
 And all that 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 grey Death?  
 O Heart, and Mind, and Thoughts! what thing do you  
 Hope to inherit in the grave below?

## DEATH

### I.

**D**EATH is here and Death is there,  
 Death is busy everywhere;  
 All around, within, beneath,  
 Above is Death—and we are Death.

### II.

Death has set his mark and seal  
 On all we are and all we feel,  
 On all we know and all we fear,

\* \* \* \*

### III.

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.



## IV.

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.

## SUMMER AND WINTER

**I**T was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
 Towards 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 corn-fields, and the reeds ;  
 The willow-leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
 And the firm foliage of the larger trees. 10

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 !

## TIME LONG PAST

## I.

**L**IKE the ghost of a dear friend dead  
 Is Time long past.  
 A tone which is now forever fled,  
 A hope which is now forever past,  
 A love so sweet it could not last,  
 Was Time long past.

## II.

There were sweet dreams in the night  
 . Of Time long past :  
 And, was it sadness or delight,

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Each day a shadow onward cast  
Which made us wish it yet might last—  
That Time long past.

## III.

There is regret, almost remorse,  
For Time long past.  
'Tis like a child's belovèd corse  
A father watches, till at last  
Beauty is like remembrance, cast  
From Time long past.

## GOOD-NIGHT

## I.

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.

## II.

How can I call the lone night good,  
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight!  
Be it not said, thought, understood,—  
That it will be—*good* night.

## III.

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.

## BUONA NOTTE

## I.

“BUONA notte, buona notte!”—Come mai  
La notte sarà buona senza te?  
Non dirmi buona notte,—chè tu sai,  
La notte sà star buona da per sè.

See  
515

## II.

Solinga, scura, cupa, senza speme,  
 La notte quando Lilla m'abbandona ;  
 Pei cuori che si batton insieme  
 Ogni notte, senza dirla, sarà buona.

## III.

Come male buona notte si suona  
 Con sospiri e parole interrotte!--  
 Il modo di aver la notte buona  
 E mai non di dir la buona notte.

## TO THE MOON

## I.

**A**RT 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 ?

## II.

Thou chosen sister of the spirit,  
 That gazes on thee till in thee it pities

## THE WANING MOON

**A**ND like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
 Who totters forth, wrapt 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 east,  
 A white and shapeless mass.

## THE WORLD'S WANDERERS

## I.

**T**ELL me, thou star, whose wings of light  
 Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
 In what cavern of the night  
 Will thy pinions close now ?

## II.

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey  
 Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,  
 In what depth of night or day  
     Seekest thou repose now?

## III.

Weary wind, who wanderest  
 Like the world's rejected guest,  
 Hast thou still some secret nest  
     On the tree or billow?

## LINES TO A REVIEWER

**A**LAS! 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 cannot 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.

## FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE ON SATIRE

**I**F gibbets, axes, confiscations, chains,  
 And racks of subtle torture,—if the pains  
 Of shame, of fiery Hell's tempestuous wave,  
 Seen through the caverns of the shadowy grave  
 Hurling the damned into the murky air  
 While the meek blest sit smiling; if Despair  
 And Hate, the rapid bloodhounds with which Terror  
 Hunts through the world the homeless steps of Error,  
 Are the true secrets of the commonweal  
 To make men wise and just;

10

And not the sophisms of revenge and fear,  
 Bloodier than is revenge

Then send the priests to every hearth and home  
 To preach the burning wrath which is to come,  
 In words like flakes of sulphur, such as thaw  
 The frozen tears

\*            \*            \*            \*

If Satire's scourge could wake the slumbering hounds  
 Of Conscience, or erase the deeper wounds,  
 The leprous scars of callous Infamy ;  
 If it could make the present not to be,            20  
 Or charm the dark past never to have been,  
 Or turn regret to hope ; who that has seen  
 What Southey is and was, would not exclaim,  
 "Lash on !            be the keen verse dipped in flame ;  
 Follow his flight with wingèd words, and urge  
 The strokes of the inexorable scourge  
 Until the heart be naked, till his soul  
 See the contagion's spots            foul ;  
 And from the mirror of Truth's sun-like shield,  
 From which his Parthian arrow            30  
 Flash on his sight the spectres of the past,  
 Until his mind's eye paint thereon

Let scorn like            yawn below,  
 And rain on him like flakes of fiery snow."  
 This cannot be, it ought not, evil still—  
 Suffering makes suffering, ill must follow ill.  
 Rough words beget sad thoughts,            and, beside,  
 Men take a sullen and a stupid pride  
 In being all they hate in others' shame,  
 By a perverse antipathy of fame.            40  
 'Tis not worth while to prove, as I could, how  
 From the sweet fountains of our nature flow  
 These bitter waters ; I will only say,  
 If any friend would take Southey some day,  
 And tell him, in a country walk alone,  
 Softening harsh words with friendship's gentle tone,  
 How incorrect his public conduct is,  
 And what men think of it,—'twere not amiss.  
 Far better than to make innocent ink

## ORPHEUS

## A

NOT far from hence. From yonder pointed hill,  
 Crowned with a ring of oaks, you may behold  
 A dark and barren field, through which there flows,

Sluggish and black, a deep but narrow stream,  
 Which the wind ripples not, and the fair moon  
 Gazes in vain, and finds no mirror there.  
 Follow the herbless banks of that strange brook  
 Until you pause beside a darksome pond,  
 The fountain of this rivulet, whose gush  
 Cannot be seen, hid by a rayless night 10  
 That lives beneath the overhanging rock  
 That shades the pool: an endless spring of gloom,  
 Upon whose edge hovers the tender light,  
 Trembling to mingle with its paramour,—  
 But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so Night flies Day,  
 Or, with most sullen and regardless hate,  
 Refuses stern her Heaven-born embrace.  
 On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill  
 There is a cave, from which there eddies up  
 A pale mist, like aërial gossamer, 20  
 Whose breath destroys all life: awhile it veils  
 The rock—then, scattered by the wind, it flies  
 Along the stream, or lingers on the clefts,  
 Killing the sleepy worms, if aught bide there.  
 Upon the beetling edge of that dark rock  
 There stands a group of cypresses; not such  
 As, with a graceful spire and stirring life,  
 Pierce the pure Heaven of your native vale,  
 Whose branches the air plays among, but not  
 Disturbs, fearing to spoil their solemn grace; 30  
 But blasted and all wearily they stand,  
 One to another clinging; their weak boughs  
 Sigh as the wind buffets them, and they shake  
 Beneath its blasts—a weather-beaten crew!

## CHORUS

What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,  
 But more melodious than the murmuring wind  
 Which through the columns of a temple glides?

## A

It is the wandering voice of Orpheus' lyre,  
 Borne by the winds, who sigh that their rude king  
 Hurries them fast from these air-feeding notes; 40  
 But in their speed they bear along with them  
 The waning sound, scattering it like dew  
 Upon the startled sense.

CHORUS

Does he still sing?  
 Methought he rashly cast away his harp  
 When he had lost Eurydice.

A

Ah no!

Awhile he paused.—As a poor hunted stag  
 A moment shudders on the fearful brink  
 Of a swift stream—the cruel hounds press on  
 With deafening yell, the arrows glance and wound, —  
 He plunges in: so Orpheus, seized and torn 50  
 By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,  
 Mænad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,  
 And wildly shrieked, “Where she is, it is dark!”  
 And then he struck from forth the strings a sound  
 Of deep and fearful melody. Alas!  
 In times long past, when fair Eurydice  
 With her bright eyes sat listening by his side,  
 He gently sang of high and heavenly themes.  
 As in a brook, fretted with little waves,  
 By the light airs of Spring, each ripplet makes 60  
 A many-sided mirror for the sun,  
 While it flows musically through green banks,  
 Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,  
 So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy  
 And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,  
 The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food.  
 But that is past. Returning from drear Hell,  
 He chose a lonely seat of unhewn stone,  
 Blackened with lichens, on a herbless plain.  
 Then from the deep and overflowing spring 70  
 Of his eternal ever-moving grief  
 There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song.  
 ’Tis as a mighty cataract that parts  
 Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,  
 And casts itself with horrid roar and din  
 Adown a steep; from a perennial source  
 It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air  
 With loud and fierce, but most harmonious roar,  
 And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray  
 Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light. 80  
 Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief  
 Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words  
 Of poesy. Unlike all human works,  
 It never slackens, and through every change

Wisdom and beauty and the power divine  
 Of mighty poesy together dwell,  
 Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen  
 A fierce south blast tear thro' the darkened sky,  
 Driving along a rack of wingèd clouds,  
 Which may not pause, but ever hurry on, 90  
 As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,  
 Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes :  
 Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome  
 Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,  
 Shuts in the shaken earth ; or the still moon  
 Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,  
 Rising all bright behind the eastern hills——  
 I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not  
 Of song ; but would I echo his high song,  
 Nature must lend me words ne'er used before, 100  
 Or I must borrow from her perfect works,  
 To picture forth his perfect attributes.  
 He does no longer sit upon his throne  
 Of rock upon a desert herbless plain ;  
 For the evergreen and knotted ilexes,  
 And cypresses that seldom wave their boughs,  
 And sea-green olives with their grateful fruit,  
 And elms dragging along the twisted vines,  
 Which drop their berries as they follow fast,  
 And blackthorn bushes with their infant race 110  
 Of blushing rose-blooms ; beeches, to lovers dear,  
 And weeping willow-trees,—all swift or slow,  
 As their huge boughs or lighter dress permit,  
 Have circled in his throne, and Earth herself  
 Has sent from her maternal breast a growth  
 Of star-like flowers and herbs of odour sweet,  
 To pave the temple that his poesy  
 Has framed, while near his feet grim lions couch,  
 And kids, fearless from love, creep near his lair.  
 Even the blind worms seem to feel the sound. 120  
 The birds are silent, hanging down their heads,  
 Perched on the lowest branches of the trees ;  
 Not even the nightingale intrudes a note  
 In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.

### FIORDISPINA

**T**HE season was the childhood of sweet June,  
 Whose sunny Hours from morning until noon  
 Went creeping through the day with silent feet,  
 Each with its load of pleasure, slow yet sweet ;



Like the long years of blest Eternity,  
 Never to be developed. Joy to thee,  
 Fiordispina, and thy Cosimo,  
 For thou the wonders of the depth canst know  
 Of this unfathomable flood of hours,  
 Sparkling beneath the Heaven which embowers 10

\* \* \* \*

They were two cousins, almost like two twins,  
 Except that from the catalogue of sins  
 Nature had rased 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 20  
 All those who love,—and who e'er loved like thee,  
 Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,  
 Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow  
 The ardours of a vision which obscure  
 The very idol of its portraiture ;  
 He faints, dissolved into a sea 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. 30

\* \* \* \*

“Lie there ; sleep awhile in your own dew,  
 Ye faint-eyed children of the Hours,”  
 Fiordispina said, and threw the flowers  
 Which she had from the breathing

A table near of polished porphyry.  
 They seemed to wear a beauty from the eye  
 That looked on them—a fragrance from the touch  
 Whose warmth checked their life ; a light such  
 As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love,  
 which did reprove 40  
 The childish pity that she felt for them ;  
 And a remorse that from their stem  
 She had divided such fair shapes made  
 A feeling in the which was a shade  
 Of gentle beauty on the flowers : there lay  
 All gems that make the earth's dark bosom gay :

rods of myrtle-buds and lemon-blooms,  
 And that leaf tinted lightly which assumes  
 The livery of unremembered snow :  
 Violets whose eyes have drunk

50

\* \* \* \*

Fiordispina and her nurse are now  
 Upon the steps of the high portico ;  
 Under the withered arm of Media  
 She flings her glowing arm

\* \* \* \*

step by step and stair by stair,  
 That withered woman, grey and white and brown—  
 More like a trunk by lichens overgrown  
 Than anything which once could have been human.  
 And ever as she goes, the palsied woman

\* \* \* \*

“ How slow and painfully you seem to walk,  
 Poor Media ! you tire yourself with talk.”

60

“ And well it may,

Fiordispina, dearest—well-a-day !  
 You are hastening to a marriage-bed ;  
 I to the grave !”—“ And if my love were dead,  
 Unless my heart deceives me, I would lie  
 Beside him in my shroud as willingly  
 As now in the gay night-dress Lilla wrought.”  
 “ Fie, child ! Let that unseasonable thought

Not be remembered till it snows in June ;

70

Such fancies are a music out of tune  
 With the sweet dance your heart must keep to-night.  
 What ! would you take all beauty and delight  
 Back to the Paradise from which you sprung,  
 And leave to grosser mortals

And say, sweet lamb, would you not learn the sweet  
 And subtle mystery by which spirits meet ?

Who knows whether the loving game is played,  
 When, once of mortal disarrayed,

The naked soul goes wandering here and there

80

Through the wide deserts of Elysian air ?  
 The violet dies not till it ”

## FRAGMENT : THE DESERTS OF SLEEP

I WENT into the deserts of dim sleep—  
 That world which, like an unknown wilderness,  
 Bounds this with its recesses wide and deep.

## FRAGMENT: CONSEQUENCE

THE viewless and invisible Consequence  
 Watches thy goings-out and comings-in,  
 And hovers o'er thy guilty sleep,  
 Unveiling every new-born deed, and thoughts  
 More ghastly than those deeds.

## FRAGMENT: A FACE

HIS face was like a snake's—wrinkled and loose  
 And withered.

## FRAGMENT: TORPOR

MY head is heavy, my limbs are weary,  
 And it is not life that makes me move;  
 And my way

## FRAGMENT: HOPE, FEAR, AND DOUBT

SUCH hope, as is the sick despair of good,  
 Such fear, as is the certainty of ill,  
 Such doubt, as is pale Expectation's food  
 Turned while she tastes to poison, when the will  
 Is powerless, and the spirit

## FRAGMENT: DISAPPOINTMENT

ALAS! this is not what I thought life was.  
 I knew that there were crimes and evil men,  
 Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass  
 Untouched by suffering, through the rugged glen.  
 In mine own heart I saw as in a glass  
 The hearts of others And when  
 I went among my kind, with triple brass  
 Of calm endurance my weak breast I armed,  
 To bear scorn, fear, and hate, a woful mass!

## FRAGMENT : MILTON'S SPIRIT

I DREAMED that Milton's spirit rose, and took  
 From life's green tree his Uranian lute ;  
 And from his touch sweet thunder flowed, and shook  
 All human things built in contempt of man,—  
 And sanguine thrones and impious altars quaked,  
 Prisons and citadels

## FRAGMENTS

## FROM THE BODLEIAN MS.

(1)

WHEN May is painting with her colours gay  
 The landscape sketched by April her sweet twin,

(2)

Thy beauty hangs around thee like  
 Splendour around the moon :  
 Thy voice, as silver bells that strike  
 Upon

(3)

I stood upon a Heaven-cleaving turret  
 Which overlooked a wide Metropolis—  
 And in the temple of my heart my Spirit  
 Lay prostrate, and with parted lips did kiss  
 The dust of Desolation's [altar]—  
 And with a voice too faint to falter  
 It shook that trembling fane with its weak prayer.  
 'Twas noon,—the sleeping skies were blue,  
 The city

(4)

And through the silent interstellar air

(5)

## FRAGMENT OF A TRANSLATION (?)

DELUGE and dearth, ardours and frosts and earthquake,  
 Fire from high mountains, winds and rain and lightning,  
 New pestilences and epidemics,  
 Death           seditious acts and transmigrations

## POEMS OF 1821

### DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

#### I.

“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.”

#### II.

“As an earthquake rocks a corse  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So white Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the death-cold Year to-day ;  
Solemn Hours ! wail aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.”

#### III.

“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.

#### IV.

January grey 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.”

## 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 ?

## TO NIGHT

## I.

SWIFTLY walk o'er 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 !

## II.

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,  
 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 !

## III.

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.

## IV.

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!"

## V.

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, beloved Night,—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon!

## TO EMILIA VIVIANI

**M**ADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me  
 Sweet-basil and mignonette?  
 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.  
 Send the stars light, but send not love to me,  
 In whom love ever made  
 Health like a heap of embers soon to fade.

10

## FROM THE ARABIC

## AN IMITATION

## I.

**M**Y 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.

## II.

Ah! fleeter 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.

## SONG

## I.

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.

## II.

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.

## III.

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.



## IV.

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.

## V.

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.

## VI.

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.

## VII.

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.

## VIII.

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 ! Oh come,  
Make once more my heart thy home.

## MUTABILITY

## I.

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.

## II.

Virtue, how frail it is !  
 Friendship how 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.

## III.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
 Whilst flowers are gay,  
 Whilst eyes that change ere night  
 Make glad the day ;  
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep  
 Then wake to weep.

## LINES

## I.

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.

## II.

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.

## 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!

## TO ———

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory;  
 Odours, 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.

## 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  
 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.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE  
DEATH OF NAPOLEON

## I.

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 move, Napoleon being dead?

## II.

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?

## III.

“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.

## IV.

“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 splendour, 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.

## V.

“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.”

## 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 gaily 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,  
 And though dumb in the blast,  
 The red cannon flashed fast  
 From the lea.

## 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 watch-turret,  
 As a death-boding spirit,  
 Stands the grey tyrant father,—  
 To his voice the mad weather  
     Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild  
 As e'er clung to child,  
 He devotes to the blast  
 The best, loveliest and last  
     Of his name !

TO ———

I.

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.

II.

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 ?

MUSIC

I.

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.

## II.

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.

## III.

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 odour flew  
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue:—

## IV.

As one who drinks from a charmed cup  
 Of foaming, and sparkling and murmuring wine,  
 Whom a mighty Enchantress, filling up,  
 Invites to love with her kiss divine

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*

## TO \_\_\_\_\_

## I.

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,  
 If tenderness and truth could last  
 Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep  
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,  
 I should not weep, I should not weep!

## II.

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.

## III.

After the slumber of the year  
 The woodland violets re-appear;



All things revive in field or grove,  
 And sky and sea, but two, which move,  
 And form all others, life and love.

## TO EDWARD WILLIAMS

## I.

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.

## II.

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content ;  
 Indifference, which once hurt me, is now 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.

## III.

Therefore, if now I see you seldomer,  
 Dear friends, dear *friend* ! know that I only fly  
 Your looks because they stir  
 Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot 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.

## IV.

When I return to my cold home, you ask  
 Why I am not as I have lately been.  
 You spoil me for the task  
 Of acting a forced part in 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.

## v.

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.

## vi.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home ;  
 No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,  
 When it no more would roam ;  
 The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast  
 Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,  
 And thus at length find rest :  
 Doubtless there is a place of peace  
 Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

## vii.

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 judgment bade  
 Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.  
 These verses were too sad  
 To send to you, but that I know,  
 Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

## REMEMBRANCE

## i.

**S**WIFTER far than Summer's flight,  
 Swifter far than youth's delight,  
 Swifter far than happy night,  
 Art thou come and gone :  
 As the wood when leaves are shed,  
 As the night when sleep is fled,  
 As the heart when joy is dead,  
 I am left lone, alone.

## II.

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.

## III.

Lilies for a bridal bed,  
 Roses for a matron's head,  
 Violets 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.

## A BRIDAL SONG

## I.

**T**HE 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.

## II.

Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her !  
 Holy stars, permit no wrong !  
 And return to wake the sleeper,  
     Dawn,—ere it be long !  
 Oh joy ! Oh fear ! what will be done  
 In the absence of the sun !  
     Come along !

## A SECOND VERSION OF THE SAME

NIGHT, with all thine eyes look down!  
 Darkness shed its holiest dew!  
 When ever smiled the inconstant moon  
 On a pair so true?  
 Hence, coy Hour! and quench thy light,  
 Lest eyes see their own delight!  
 Hence, swift Hour! and thy loved flight  
 Oft renew.

## Boys

Oh joy! Oh fear! what may be done  
 In the absence of the sun?  
 Come along!

10

The golden gates of sleep unbar!  
 When Strength and Beauty meet together,  
 Kindles their image like a star  
 In a sea of glassy weather.  
 Hence, coy Hour! and quench thy light,  
 Lest eyes see their own delight!  
 Hence, swift Hour! and thy loved flight  
 Oft renew.

## GIRLS

Oh joy! Oh fear! what may be done  
 In the absence of the sun?  
 Come along!

20

Fairies! sprites! and angels keep her!  
 Holiest powers, permit no wrong!  
 And return, to wake the sleeper,  
 Dawn, ere it be long.  
 Hence, swift Hour! and quench thy light,  
 Lest eyes see their own delight!  
 Hence, coy Hour! and thy loved flight  
 Oft renew.

30

## BOYS AND GIRLS

Oh joy! Oh fear! what will be done  
 In the absence of the sun?  
 Come along!

## A THIRD VERSION OF THE SAME

## BOYS SING

NIGHT! with all thine eyes look down!  
 Darkness! weep thy holiest dew!  
 Never smiled the inconstant moon  
 On a pair so true.  
 Haste, coy Hour! and quench all light,  
 Lest eyes see their own delight!  
 Haste, swift Hour! and thy loved flight  
 Oft renew!

## GIRLS SING

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!  
 Holy stars! permit no wrong! 10  
 And return to wake the sleeper,  
 Dawn, ere it be long!  
 Oh joy! Oh fear! there is not one  
 Of us can guess what may be done  
 In the absence of the sun:—  
 Come along!

## BOYS

Oh! linger long, thou envious eastern lamp  
 In the damp  
 Caves of the deep!

## GIRLS

Nay, return, Vesper! urge thy lazy car! 20  
 Swift unbar  
 The gates of Sleep!

## CHORUS

The golden gate of sleep unbar,  
 When Strength and Beauty, met together,  
 Kindle their image, like a star  
 In a sea of glassy weather.  
 May the purple mist of love  
 Round them rise, and with them move,  
 Nourishing each tender gem  
 Which, like flowers, will burst from them. 30  
 As the fruit is to the tree  
 May their children ever be!

## EVENING: PONTE A MARE, PISA

## I.

THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;  
 The bats are flitting fast in the grey 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 summer dream.

## II.

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.

## III.

Within the surface of the fleeting river  
 The wrinkled image of the city lay,  
 Immoveably unquiet, and forever  
 It trembles, but it never fades away;  
 Go to the  
 You, being changed, will find it then as now.

## IV.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut  
 By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,  
 Like mountain over mountain huddled—but  
 Growing and moving upwards in a crowd;  
 And over it a space of watery blue,  
 Which the keen evening star is shining through.

## 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. 10  
 Day had kindled the dewy woods,  
     And the rocks above and the stream below,  
 And the vapours in their multitudes,  
     And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow,  
 And clothed with light of aëry 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 scythe,  
 And the matin-bell and the mountain bee : 20  
 Fire-flies 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,  
 Flew 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, 30  
     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 hill-side.  
 It was that hill, whose intervening brow  
     Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye,— 40  
 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 50  
 We should have led her by this time of day.”—

["Of us and of our lazy motions,"  
 Impatiently said Melchior,  
 "If I can guess a boat's emotions;  
 And how we ought, two hours before,  
 To have been the devil knows where."  
 And then, in such transalpine Tuscan  
 As would have killed a Della-Cruscan,]<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \*

"Never mind," said Lionel,  
 "Give care to the winds,—they can bear it well 60  
 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.—  
 How it whistles, Dominic's long black hair!  
 List my dear fellow; the breeze blows fair:  
 Hear how it sings into the air."

So Lionel according to his art  
 Weaving his idle words, Melchior said:  
 "She dreams that we are not yet out of bed; 70  
 We'll put a soul into her, and a heart  
 Which like a dove chased by a shall beat."

\* \* \* \*

"Ay, heave the ballast overboard,  
 And stow the eatables in the aft locker."  
 "Would not this keg be best a little lowered?"  
 "No, now all's right."—"Those bottles of warm tea—  
 (Give me some straw)—must be stowed tenderly;  
 Such as we used, in Summer after six,  
 To cram in great-coat pockets, and to mix 80  
 Hard eggs and radishes and rolls at Eton,  
 And, couched on stolen hay in those green harbours  
 Farmers called gaps, and we schoolboys called arbours,  
 Would feast till eight."

\* \* \* \*

With a bottle in one hand,  
 As if his very soul were at a stand,  
 Lionel stood—when Melchior brought him steady:—  
 "Sit at the helm—fasten this sheet—all ready!"

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,  
 The living breath is fresh behind;  
 As with dews and sunrise fed, 90  
 Comes the laughing morning wind;—

<sup>1</sup> Apparently an alternative version of lines 48-51.—Ed.



FRAGMENT: "I WOULD NOT BE A KING" 263

The sails are full, the boat makes head  
Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,  
Then flags with intermitting course,  
And hangs upon the wave, and stems  
The tempest of the  
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.

100

\* \* \* \*

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

110

Pours itself on the plain, then wandering  
Down one clear path of effluence crystalline  
Sends its superfluous 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 pine,  
It rushes to the Ocean.

FRAGMENT: "I WOULD NOT BE A  
KING"

I WOULD not be a king—enough  
Of woe it is to love ;  
The path to power is steep and rough,  
And tempests reign above.  
I would not climb the imperial throne ;  
'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun  
Thaws in the height of noon.  
Then farewell, king ! Yet, were I one,  
Care would not come so soon.  
Would he and I were far away  
Keeping flocks on Himalay !

## THE AZIOLA

## I.

"DO you not hear the Aziola cry?  
 Methinks she must be nigh,"  
 Said Mary, as we sate  
 In dusk, ere 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 or hate!  
 And Mary saw my soul,  
 And laughed, and said, "Disquiet yourself not;  
 'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

## II.

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 them all.  
 Sad Aziola! from that moment I  
 Loved thee and thy sad cry.

## SONNET TO BYRON

IF I esteemed you less, Envy would kill  
 Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair  
 The ministration of the thoughts that fill  
 The mind which, like a worm whose life may share  
 A portion of the unapproachable,  
 Marks your creations rise as fast and fair  
 As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.  
 But such is my regard that nor your power  
 To soar above the heights where others <climb>,  
 Nor fame, that shadow of the unborn hour  
 Cast from the envious future on the time,  
 Moves one regret for his unhonoured name  
 Who dares these words:—the worm beneath the sod  
 May lift itself in homage of the God.

Move  
 elsewhere

## FRAGMENT ON KEATS,

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD  
BE INSCRIBED—

“ **H**ERE 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 Winter, flew  
Athwart the stream; Time’s printless torrent grew  
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name  
Of Adonais!—

## FRAGMENT: A DREAM

**M**ETHOUGHT I was a billow in the crowd  
Of common men, that stream without a shore,  
That ocean which at once is deaf and loud;  
That I, a man, stood amid many more  
By a wayside which the aspect bore  
Of some imperial metropolis,  
Where mighty shapes—pyramid, dome, and tower—  
Gleamed like a pile of crags.

## TO-MORROW

**W**HERE 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.

## STANZA

**I**F I walk in Autumn’s even  
While the dead leaves pass,  
If I look on Spring’s soft Heaven,  
Something is not there which was.  
Winter’s wondrous frost and snow,  
Summer’s clouds, where are they now?

## FRAGMENT : A WANDERER

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.

## FRAGMENT : FROM REST TO REST

THE babe is at peace within the womb,  
 The corpse is at rest within the tomb;  
 We begin in what we end.

FRAGMENT : "I FAINT, I PERISH  
 WITH MY LOVE !"

I FAINT, I perish with my love ! I grow  
 Frail as a cloud whose pale  
 Under the evening's ever-changing glow :  
 I die like mist upon the gale,  
 And like a wave under the calm I fail.

FRAGMENT : THE LADY OF THE  
 SOUTH

FAINT with love, the Lady of the South  
 Lay in the paradise of Lebanon  
 Under a Heaven of cedar-boughs ; the drouth  
 Of love was on her lips ; the light was gone  
 Out of her eyes.

## FRAGMENT : ZEPHYR

COME, thou awakener of the spirit's ocean,  
 Zephyr, whom to thy cloud or cave  
 No thought can trace ! speed with thy gentle motion !

## FRAGMENT : RAIN-WIND

THE gentleness of rain was in the wind.

## FRAGMENT : HIDDEN DANGERS

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.

FRAGMENT : "THE RUDE WIND  
 IS SINGING"

THE rude wind is singing  
 The dirge of the music dead ;  
 The cold worms are clinging  
 Where kisses were lately fed.

FRAGMENT : "O THOU IMMORTAL  
 DEITY"

O THOU immortal deity  
 Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,  
 I do adjure thy power and thee  
 By all that man may be, by all that he is not,  
 By all that he has been and yet must be !

## FRAGMENT : LAURELS

"WHAT art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest  
 The wreath to mighty poets only due,  
 Even whilst 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 ;      10  
 Its dew is poison, and the hopes that quicken  
 Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair,  
 Are flowers which die almost before they sicken."

FRAGMENT : "AND THAT I WALK  
 THUS PROUDLY CROWNED"

**A**ND 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.

## POEMS OF 1822

### THE ZUCCA

#### I.

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 wave-worn sand  
Of my lorn heart, and o'er the grass and flowers  
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering Hours.

#### II.

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 woke, 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 see  
No death divide thy immortality.

#### III.

I loved—oh 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 ;  
From Heaven and Earth, and all that in them are,  
Veiled art thou, like a star :

## IV.

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,  
 Neither to be contained, delayed, nor 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,  
 Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,  
 Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

## V.

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 grass fresh-shewn,  
 Or dying in the Autumn, I the most  
 Adore thee present or lament thee lost.

## VI.

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, like a heart which hatred's eye  
 Can blast not, but which pity kills ; the dew  
 Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

## VII.

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth  
 Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast.

\* \* \* \*

## VIII.

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.



IX.

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 colours ; an atmosphere  
 Of vital warmth infolded it anew,  
 And every impulse sent to every part  
 The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

X.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,  
 Even if the air and sun 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 stringèd melodies that won it  
 To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,  
 Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept :—

XI.

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 and chill,  
 Whilst this tear-nurtured still.

\* \* \* \*

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER  
 PATIENT

I.

“ SLEEP, 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.

## II.

“Sleep, 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 charmed his agony  
 As I another’s—my heart bleeds  
     For thine.

## III.

“ Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of  
     The dead and the unborn  
     Forget thy life and love ;  
 Forget that thou must wake forever ;  
     Forget the world’s dull scorn ;  
     Forget lost health, and the divine  
     Feelings which died in youth’s brief morn ;  
 And forget me, for I can never  
     Be thine.

## IV.

“ 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 odour calms thy brain ;  
     Its light within thy gloomy breast  
     Spreads like a second youth again.  
 By mine thy being is to its deep  
     Possest.

## V.

“ 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 ? ”—  
     “ What would cure, that would kill me, Jane :  
     And as I must on earth abide  
 Awhile, yet tempt me not to break  
     My chain.”

LINES: “WHEN THE LAMP IS  
SHATTERED”

I.

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 notes are remembered not ;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

II.

As music and splendour  
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 in a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III.

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 chose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

IV.

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 thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

## TO JANE : THE INVITATION

**B**EST and brightest, come away!  
 Fairer far than this fair Day,  
 Which, like thee to those in sorrow,  
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
 To the rough Year just awake  
 In its cradle on the brake.  
 The brightest Hour of unborn Spring,  
 Through the winter wandering,  
 Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn  
 To hoar February born ; 10  
 Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,  
 It kissed the forehead of the Earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free,  
 And waked to music all their fountains,  
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
 And like a prophetess of May,  
 Strewed flowers upon the barren way,  
 Making the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear. 20

Away, away, from men and towns,  
 To the wild wood and the downs :  
 To the silent wilderness  
 Where the soul need not repress  
 Its music lest it should not find  
 An echo in another's mind,  
 While the touch of Nature's art  
 Harmonizes heart to heart.  
 I leave this notice on my door  
 For each accustomed visitor :— 30  
 "I am gone into the fields  
 To take what this sweet Hour yields ;—  
 Reflection, you may come to-morrow,  
 Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.—  
 You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—  
 You tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—  
 I will pay you in the grave,—  
 Death will listen to your stave.  
 Expectation too, be off!  
 To-day is for itself enough ; 40  
 Hope, in pity mock not Woe  
 With smiles, nor follow where I go ;

Long having lived on thy sweet food,  
 At length I find one moment's good  
 After long pain : with all your love,  
 This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
 Awake ! arise ! and come away !  
 To the wild woods and the plains,  
 And the pools where winter rains  
 Image all their roof of leaves,  
 Where the pine its garland weaves  
 Of sapless green, and ivy dun,  
 Round stems that never kiss the sun ;  
 Where the lawns and pastures be  
 And the sandhills of the sea ;  
 Where the melting hoar-frost wets  
 The daisy-star that never sets,  
 And wind-flowers and violets  
 Which yet join not scent to hue,  
 Crown the pale Year weak and new ;  
 When the night is left behind  
 In the deep east, dun and blind,  
 And the blue noon is over us,  
 And the multitudinous  
 Billows murmur at our feet,  
 Where the earth and ocean meet,  
 And all things seem only one,  
 In the universal sun.

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## TO JANE: THE RECOLLECTION

## I.

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 !  
 Up to thy wonted work ! come, trace  
 The epitaph of glory fled :  
 For now the Earth has changed its face,  
 A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

## II.

We wandered to the Pine Forest  
 That skirts the Ocean's foam ;  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The whispering waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the bosom of the deep  
 The smile of Heaven lay.  
 It seemed as if the hour were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which scattered from above the sun  
 A light of Paradise.

## III.

We paused amid the Pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
 As serpents interlaced,  
 And soothed by every azure breath,  
 That under Heaven is blown,  
 To harmonies and hues beneath,  
 As tender as its own ;  
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,  
 Like green waves on the sea,  
 As still as in the silent deep  
 The ocean woods may be.

## IV.

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.  
 There seemed from the remotest seat  
 Of the white mountain-waste,  
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
 A magic circle traced,—  
 A spirit interfused around,  
 A thrilling silent life,—  
 To momentary peace it bound  
 Our mortal nature's strife.—  
 And still I felt the centre of  
 The magic circle there,  
 Was one fair form that filled with love  
 The lifeless atmosphere.

## v.

We paused beside the pools that lie  
     Under the forest bough ;  
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky  
     Gulphed in a world below ;—  
 A firmament of purple light,  
     Which in the dark earth lay,  
 More boundless than the depth of night,  
     And purer than the day :  
 In which the lovely forests grew,  
     As in the upper air,  
 More perfect both in shape and hue  
     Than any spreading there.  
 There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,  
     And through the dark green wood  
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
     Out of 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  
     With an elysian glow,  
 An atmosphere without a breath,  
     A softer day below.  
 Like one beloved, the scene had lent  
     To the dark water's breast  
 Its every leaf and lineament  
     With more than truth expressed.  
 Until an envious wind crept by,  
     Like an unwelcome thought,  
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
     Blots one dear image out.  
 Though thou art ever fair and kind,  
     The forests ever green,  
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind,  
     Than calm in waters seen.

## CANCELLED PASSAGE

WERE not the crocuses that grew  
     Under that ilex-tree,  
 As beautiful in scent and hue  
     As ever fed the bee ?

## WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

**A**RIEL to Miranda.—Take  
 This slave of Music, for the sake  
 Of him who is the slave of thee,  
 And teach it all the harmony  
 In which thou canst, and only thou,  
 Make the delighted spirit glow,  
 Till joy denies itself again,  
 And, too intense, is turned to pain ;  
 For by permission and command  
 Of thine own Prince Ferdinand, 10  
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
 Of love that never can be spoken ;  
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,  
 From life to life, must still pursue  
 Your happiness ;—for thus alone  
 Can Ariel ever find his own.  
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
 As the mighty verses tell,  
 To the throne of Naples, he  
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea, 20  
 Flitting on, your prow before,  
 Like a living meteor.  
 When you die, the silent Moon,  
 In her interlunar swoon,  
 Is not sadder in her cell  
 Than deserted Ariel.  
 When you live again on earth,  
 Like an unseen star of birth  
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
 Of life from your nativity. 30  
 Many changes have been run,  
 Since Ferdinand and you begun  
 Your course of love, and Ariel still  
 Has tracked your steps, and served your will ;  
 Now, in humbler, happier lot,  
 This is all remembered not ;  
 And now, alas ! the poor sprite is  
 Imprisoned, for some fault of his,  
 In a body like a grave ;—  
 From you he only dares to crave, 40  
 For his service and his sorrow,  
 A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.



The artist who this idol wrought,  
To echo all harmonious thought,  
Felled a tree, while on the steep  
The woods 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, 50  
And some of April buds and showers,  
And some of songs in July bowers,  
And all of love ; and so this tree,—  
Oh 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 this loved Guitar,  
And taught it justly to reply,  
To all who question skilfully, 60  
In language gentle as thine own ;  
Whispering in enamoured tone  
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;  
For it had learnt all harmonies  
Of the plains and of the skies,  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many-voicèd fountains ;  
The clearest echoes of the hills,  
The softest notes of falling rills, 70  
The melodies of birds and bees,  
The murmuring of summer seas,  
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
And airs of evening ; and it knew  
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
Which, driven on 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 cannot question well 80  
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 Jane alone. 90

TO JANE : "THE KEEN STARS WERE  
TWINKLING"

## I.

THE keen stars were twinkling,  
And the fair moon was rising among them,  
Dear Jane!  
The guitar was tinkling,  
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them  
Again.  
As the moon's soft splendour  
O'er the faint cold starlight of Heaven  
Is thrown,  
So your voice most tender  
To the strings without soul had then given  
Its own.

## II.

The stars will awaken,  
Though the moon sleep a full hour later  
To-night ;  
No leaf will be shaken  
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter  
Delight.  
Though the sound overpowers,  
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing  
A tone  
Of some world far from ours,  
Where music and moonlight and feeling  
Are one.

## A DIRGE

ROUGH wind, that moanest loud  
Grief too sad for song ;  
Wild wind, when sullen cloud  
Knells all the night long ;  
Sad storm, whose tears are vain,  
Bare woods, whose branches strain,  
Deep caves and dreary main,  
Wail, for the world's wrong !

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF  
LERICI

**S**HE left me at the silent time  
 When the moon had ceased to climb  
 The azure path of Heaven's steep,  
 And, like an albatross asleep,  
 Balanced on her wings of light,  
 Hovered in the purple night,  
 Ere she sought her ocean nest  
 In the chambers of the west.  
 She left me, and I stayed alone,  
 Thinking over every tone, 10  
 Which, though silent to the ear,  
 The enchanted heart could hear,  
 Like notes which die when born, but still  
 Haunt the echoes of the hill ;  
 And feeling ever—oh, too much !—  
 The soft vibration of her touch,  
 As if her gentle hand even now  
 Lightly trembled on my brow ;  
 And thus, although she absent were,  
 Memory gave me all of her 20  
 That even Fancy dares to claim :—  
 Her presence had made weak and tame  
 All passions, and I lived alone  
 In the time which is our own ;  
 The past and future were forgot,  
 As they had been, and would be, not.  
 But soon, the guardian angel gone,  
 The dæmon re-assumed his throne  
 In my faint heart. I dare not speak  
 My thoughts ; but thus disturbed and weak 30  
 I sat, and saw the vessels glide  
 Over the ocean bright and wide,  
 Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent  
 O'er some serenest element  
 For ministrations strange and far ;  
 As if to some Elysian star  
 They sailed for drink to medicine  
 Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.  
 And the wind that winged their flight  
 From the land came fresh and light ; 40  
 And the scent of wingèd flowers,  
 And the coolness of the hours

Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,  
 Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay;  
 And the fisher, with his lamp  
 And spear, about the low rocks damp  
 Crept, and struck the fish which came  
 To worship the delusive flame.  
 Too happy they, whose pleasure sought  
 Extinguishes all sense and thought  
 Of the regret that pleasure leaves,—  
 Destroying life alone, not peace!

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LINES: "WE MEET NOT AS WE  
 PARTED"

## I.

WE meet not as we parted,  
 We feel more than all may see;  
 My bosom is heavy-hearted,  
 And thine full of doubt for me.  
 One moment has bound the free.

## II.

That moment is gone forever,  
 Like lightning that flashed and died,  
 Like a snowflake upon the river,  
 Like a sunbeam upon the tide,  
 Which the dark shadows hide.

## III.

That moment from time was singled  
 As the first of a life of pain;  
 The cup of its joy was mingled—  
 Delusion too sweet though vain!  
 Too sweet to be mine again.

## IV.

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden  
 That its life was crushed by you,  
 Ye would not have then forbidden  
 The death which a heart so true  
 Sought in your briny dew.

v.

\* \* \* \* \*

Methinks too little cost  
For a moment so found, so lost!

## THE ISLE

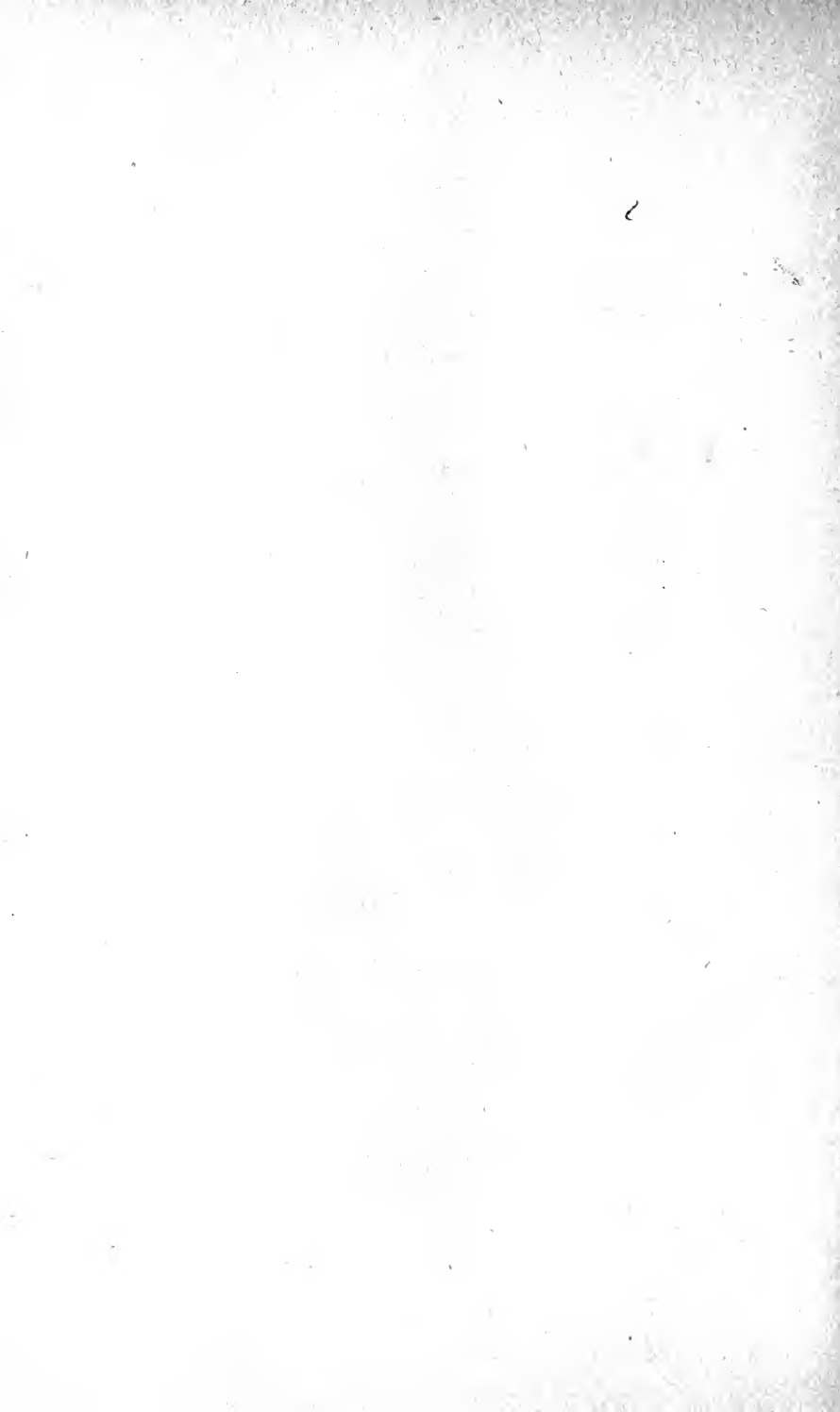
**T**HERE was a little lawny islet  
By anemone and violet,  
Like mosaic, paven :  
And its roof was flowers and leaves  
Which the Summer's breath enweaves,  
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze  
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,—  
Each a gem engraven :  
Girt by many an azure wave  
With which the clouds and mountains pave 10  
A lake's blue chasm.

## FRAGMENT : TO THE MOON

**B**RIGHT wanderer, fair coquette of Heaven,  
To whom alone it has been given  
To change and be adored forever,  
Envy not this dim world, for never  
But once within its shadow grew  
One fair as

## EPITAPH

**T**HESE 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.



## TRANSLATIONS

### HYMN TO MERCURY

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER

(1820)

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 'mongst 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 his 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 honour 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 grey 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  
 Al that he did devise hath featly done.



## VIII.

\*            \*            \*            \*

And through the tortoise's hard stony 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 chords 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 revellers on a holiday.

## 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.

## XI.

\*            \*            \*            \*

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.

## XII.

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.

## XIII.

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.

## XIV.

\* \* \* \*

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.

## XV.

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine :  
 "Halloo ! old fellow with the crookèd 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 appal 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 favouring fell  
 Around his steps, grew grey, and morning fast  
 Wakened the world to work, and from her cell  
 Sea-strewn, the Pallantean Moon sublime  
 Into her watch-tower 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  
 Towards 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 stript  
 The bark, and rubbed them in his palms,—on high  
 Suddenly forth the burning vapour leapt,  
 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 innumeros  
 He gathered in a delve upon the ground—  
 And kindled them—and instantaneous  
 The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around :  
 And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus  
 Wrapt 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.

## XXI.

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.

## XXII.

For the sweet savour of the roasted meat  
 Tempted him though immortal. Nathelesse  
 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-portalled stall  
 He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

## XXIII.

And every trace of the fresh butchery  
 And cooking, the God soon made disappear,  
 As if it all had vanished through the sky ;  
 He burned 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.

## XXIV.

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 key-hole past,  
 Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.

## XXV.

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 new-born 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, runagate!  
 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 whilst 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 wills not—nathelless 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—

Cauldrons 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.

Ætherial-born arose out of the flood  
 Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men.  
 Apollo past toward the sacred wood,  
 Which from the inmost depth 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, antient hedger of Onchestus green,  
 Whether a drove of kine has past 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 neighbouring 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 begun,  
 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, past quickly on—  
 No winged omen could have shewn 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 horned herd  
 Turned back towards their fields of asphodel ;—  
 But *these* are not the tracks of beast or bird,  
 Grey wolf, or bear, or lion of the dell,  
 Or maned 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 odour 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 fire-brands 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 beloved tortoise still  
 He grasped and held under his shoulder-blade.  
 Phœbus the lovely mountain-goddess knew,  
 Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

## XLI.

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!

## XLII.

And white and silver robes, all overwrought  
 With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet;  
 Except among the Gods there can be nought  
 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!

## XLIII.

"Speak quickly! or a quarrel between us  
 Must rise, and the event will be, that I  
 Shall hurl you into dismal Tartarus,  
 In fiery gloom to dwell eternally;  
 Nor shall your father or 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."



## XLIV.

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.

## XLV.

" An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,  
 And I am but a little new-born 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 allege a story so absurd,  
 As that a new-born 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 doze,  
 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 whilst all that he had designed  
 He did perform,—eager although to pass,  
 Apollo darted from his mighty mind  
 Towards the subtle babe the following scoff :—  
 “ Do not imagine this will get you off,

## LI.

“ 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 towards his face,  
 Round both his ears up from his shoulders drew  
 His swaddling-clothes, and—“ What mean you to do

## LII.

“ 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.”

## LIII.

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.

## LIV.

\*            \*            \*            \*

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 judgment in the cause wherein they strove.  
 O'er odorous Olympus and its snows  
 A murmuring tumult as they came arose,—

## LV.

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 whilst 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, trifler, 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 or track denoting where they trod  
 The hard ground gave :—but, working at his fence,  
 A mortal hedger 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.

## LXI.

“I taxed him with the fact, when he averred  
 Most solemnly that he did neither see  
 Or 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 :—

## LXII.

“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 shew him where they are,

## LXIII.

“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 new-born thing  
 That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

## LXIV.

“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.

## LXV.

“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 forever, 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

## LXVI.

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  
 Judgment at present—and his exhortation  
 Was, to compose the affair by arbitration.

## LXVII.

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 shew where he had hidden  
 The mighty heifers.—Hermes, nothing loth,  
 Obeyed the Ægis-bearer's will—for he  
 Is able to persuade all easily.

## LXVIII.

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. Whilst 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.

## LXIX.

"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 flay?  
 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.

## LXX.

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-killing 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 shew 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!

## LXXVI.

“What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,  
 What exercise of subtle 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 dews  
 Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even:—  
 And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo  
 Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow:

## LXXVII.

“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.

## LXXVIII.

“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,  
 Honoured 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.”

## LXXIX.

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech:—  
 “Wisely hast thou enquired 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 fulness of his love,



## LXXX.

“The Counsellor 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 tranced 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  
 Canst 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 over-fond 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, as of an adept ;  
 His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

## LXXXVI.

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead,  
 Whilst 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 skilfully 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 camelion 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 fane. Then Phœbus 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 living soul to thee will speak,  
 And more than this do thou forbear to seek.

## XCI.

“For, dearest child, the divinations high  
 Which thou requirest, ’tis unlawful ever  
 That thou, or any other deity  
 Should understand—and vain were the endeavour ;  
 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.

## XCII.

“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 humankind.  
 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.

## XCIII.

“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—whilst I among my other hoards  
 His gifts deposit. Yet, O son of May,  
 I have another wondrous thing to say.

## XCIV.

“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. Whilst they search out dooms,  
 They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

## XCV.

“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 enquire, 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-tusked 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 from 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 their love with joy.  
 Hermes with Gods and men even from that day  
 Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,  
 And little profit, wandering 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.

HOMER'S HYMN TO CASTOR AND  
POLLUX

**Y**E wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove,  
 Whom the fair-ankled Leda, mixed in love  
 With mighty Saturn's Heaven-obscurer Child,  
 On Taygetus, that lofty mountain wild,  
 Brought forth in joy,—mild Pollux void of blame,  
 And steed-subduing Castor, heirs of fame.  
 These are the Powers who earth-born mortals save  
 And ships, whose flight is swift along the wave.  
 When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea  
 Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly 10  
 Call on the Twins of Jove with prayer and vow,  
 Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,  
 And sacrifice with snow-white lambs,—the wind  
 And the huge billow bursting close behind  
 Even then beneath the weltering waters bear  
 The staggering ship,—they suddenly appear,  
 On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky,  
 And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity,  
 And strew the waves on the white ocean's bed,  
 Fair omen of the voyage ; from toil and dread, 20  
 The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,  
 And plough the quiet sea in safe delight.

## HOMER'S HYMN TO MINERVA

**I** SING the glorious Power with azure eyes,  
 Athenian Pallas ! tameless, chaste, and wise,  
 Tritogenia, town-preserving maid,  
 Revered and mighty ; from his awful head  
 Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armour drest,  
 Golden, all-radiant ! wonder strange possessed  
 The everlasting Gods that shape to see,  
 Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously  
 Rush from the crest of Ægis-bearing Jove ;  
 Fearfully Heaven was shaken, and did move 10  
 Beneath the might of the Cerulean-eyed ;  
 Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide,  
 And, lifted from its depths, the sea swelled high  
 In purple billows, the tide suddenly  
 Stood still, and great Hyperion's son long time  
 Checked his swift steeds, till where she stood sublime,

Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw  
 The arms divine ; wise Jove rejoiced to view.  
 Child of the Ægis-bearer, hail to thee !  
 Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be. 20

## HOMER'S HYMN TO THE SUN

OFFSPRING of Jove, Calliope, once more  
 To the bright Sun, thy hymn of music pour ;  
 Whom to the child of star-clad Heaven and Earth  
 Euryphaëssa, large-eyed nymph, brought forth ;  
 Euryphaëssa, the famed sister fair  
 Of great Hyperion, who to him did bear  
 A race of loveliest children ; the young Morn,  
 Whose arms are like twin roses newly born,  
 The fair-haired Moon, and the immortal Sun,  
 Who, borne by heavenly steeds his race doth run 10  
 Unconquerably, illuming the abodes  
 Of mortal men and the eternal gods.

Fiercely look forth his awe-inspiring eyes,  
 Beneath his golden helmet, whence arise  
 And are shot forth afar, clear beams of light ;  
 His countenance with radiant glory bright,  
 Beneath his graceful locks far shines around,  
 And the light vest with which his limbs are bound,  
 Of woof ætherial, delicately twined  
 Glows in the stream of the uplifting wind. 20  
 His rapid steeds soon bear him to the west ;  
 Where their steep flight his hands divine arrest,  
 And the fleet car with yoke of gold, which he  
 Sends from bright Heaven beneath the shadowy sea.

## HOMER'S HYMN TO THE MOON

DAUGHTERS of Jove, whose voice is melody,  
 Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy !  
 Sing the wide-wingèd Moon. Around the earth,  
 From her immortal head in Heaven shot forth  
 Far light is scattered—boundless glory springs ;  
 Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings  
 The lampless air glows round her golden crown.

## HYMN TO THE EARTH, MOTHER OF ALL 309

But when the Moon divine from Heaven is gone  
Under the sea, her beams within abide,  
Till, bathing her bright limbs in Ocean's tide, 10  
Clothing her form in garments glittering far,  
And having yoked to her immortal car  
The beam-invested steeds, whose necks on high  
Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky,  
A western Crescent, borne impetuously.  
Then is made full the circle of her light,  
And as she grows, her beams more bright and bright  
Are poured from Heaven, where she is hovering then,  
A wonder and a sign to mortal men.

The Son of Saturn with this glorious Power 20  
Mingled in love and sleep—to whom she bore  
Pandeia, a bright maid of beauty rare  
Among the Gods, whose lives eternal are.

Hail Queen, great Moon, white-armed Divinity,  
Fair-haired and favourable! thus with thee  
My song beginning, by its music sweet  
Shall make immortal many a glorious feat  
Of demigods,—with lovely lips so well  
Which minstrels, servants of the Muses, tell.

## HOMER'S HYMN TO THE EARTH, MOTHER OF ALL

**O** UNIVERSAL Mother, who dost keep  
From everlasting thy foundations deep,  
Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee ;  
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,  
All things that fly, or on the ground divine  
Live, move, and there are nourished—these are thine ;  
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain ; from thee  
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree  
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity !

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway 10  
Is held ; thy power both gives and takes away !  
Happy are they whom thy mild favours nourish,—  
All things unstinted round them grow and flourish.  
For them, endures the life-sustaining field  
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield  
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.  
Such honoured dwell in cities fair and free,  
The homes of lovely women, prosperously ;

Their sons exult in youth's new-budding gladness,  
 And their fresh daughters free from care or sadness, 20  
 With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,  
 On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,  
 Leap round them sporting:—such delights by thee  
 Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,  
 Farewell! be thou propitious, and be given  
 A happy life for this brief melody!  
 Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

## HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS

[Vv. 1-55, with some omissions.]

(1818)

**M**USE, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite,  
 Who wakens with her smile the lulled delight  
 Of sweet desire, taming the eternal kings  
 Of Heaven, and men, and all the living things  
 That fleet along the air, or whom the sea,  
 Or Earth with her maternal ministry  
 Nourish innumerable; thy delight  
 All seek                    O crownèd Aphrodite.

Three spirits canst thou not deceive or quell,—  
 Minerva, child of Jove, who loves too well 10  
 Fierce war and mingling combat, and the fame  
 Of glorious deeds, to heed thy gentle flame.  
 Diana                    golden-shafted queen,  
 Is tamed not by thy smiles; the shadows green  
 Of the wild woods, the bow, the  
 And piercing cries amid the swift pursuit  
 Of beasts among waste mountains,—such delight  
 Is hers, and men who know and do the right.  
 Nor Saturn's first-born daughter, Vesta chaste,  
 Whom Neptune and Apollo wooed the last,— 20  
 Such was the will of ægis-bearing Jove;  
 But sternly she refused the ills of Love,  
 And by her mighty father's head she swore  
 An oath not unperformed, that evermore  
 A virgin she would live 'mid deities  
 Divine; her father, for such gentle ties



Renounced, gave glorious gifts ; thus in his hall  
 She sits and feeds luxuriously ; o'er all,  
 In every fane, her honours first arise  
 From men—the eldest of Divinities.

30

These Spirits she persuades not, nor deceives,  
 But none beside escape,—so well she weaves  
 Her unseen toils ; nor mortal men, nor gods  
 Who live secure in their unseen abodes.  
 She won the soul of him whose fierce delight  
 Is thunder—first in glory and in might ;  
 And, as she willed, his mighty mind deceiving,  
 With mortal limbs his deathless limbs inweaving,  
 Concealed him from his spouse and sister fair,  
 Whom to wise Saturn antient Rhea bare.

40

but in return,

In Venus Jove did soft desire awaken,  
 That by her own enchantments overtaken,  
 She might, no more from human union free,  
 Burn for a nursling of mortality.  
 For once, amid the assembled Deities,  
 The laughter-loving Venus from her eyes  
 Shot forth the light of a soft starlight smile,  
 And boasting said, that she, secure the while,  
 Could bring at will to the assembled gods  
 The mortal tenants of Earth's dark abodes,  
 And mortal offspring from a deathless stem  
 She could produce in scorn and spite of them.  
 Therefore he poured desire into her breast  
 Of young Anchises,  
 Feeding his herds among the mossy fountains  
 Of the wide Ida's many-folded mountains ;  
 Whom Venus saw, and loved, and the love clung  
 Like wasting fire her senses wild among.

50

# THE CYCLOPS

## A SATYRIC DRAMA

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES

(1819)

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 nurst 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, 10  
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,— 20  
And so we sought you, king. We were sailing  
Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,  
And drove us to this waste 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. 30  
 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 40  
 My children tending the flocks hitherward.  
 Ha! what is this? are you Sicinnian measures  
 Even now the same, as when with dance and song  
 You brought young Bacchus to Althæa'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 50  
 In the troughs 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 60  
 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 belovèd, 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 goat-skins clad,  
 Far from thy delights and thee.

70

## SILENUS

Be silent, sons; command the slaves to drive  
 The gathered flocks into the rock-roofed cave.

## 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.—Oh, 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 Cyclopiian jaw-bone, man-destroying?  
 Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear  
 Whence coming, they arrive the Ætnean hill.

80

## 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  
 A crowd of Satyrs peeping from the caves.  
 First let me greet the elder.—Hail!

90

## SILENUS

Hail thou,  
 O Stranger! tell thy country and thy race.

## ULYSSES

The Ithacan Ulysses and the king  
 Of Cephalonia.

## SILENUS

Oh! I know the man,  
 Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sisypus.

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.

100

SILENUS

How, touched you not at your paternal shore?

ULYSSES

The strength of tempests bore me here by force.

SILENUS

The self-same 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 inhabit 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?

110

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? 120

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 anything, 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 130

SILENUS

But how much gold will you engage to give?

ULYSSES

I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.

SILENUS

Oh 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. 140

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

Papaiax ! what a sweet smell it has !

ULYSSES

You see it then ?—

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 ? 150

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 160  
 The many-coloured 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! 170  
 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 immoveable,  
 Ten thousand Phrygians!—If I needs must die, 180  
 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 bulrush baskets?  
 Speak! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears.  
 Look up, not downwards when I speak to you. 190

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

So you may drink a tunful if you will. O'er-brimming;

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? 200  
 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? 210

## 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,  
 Furrow 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 220  
 The cooking-knives, and heap upon the hearth,  
 And kindle it, a great faggot 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 cauldron.  
 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 man.

## SILENUS

Nay, master, something new is very pleasant  
 After one thing forever, and of late  
 Very few strangers have approached our cave. 230

## ULYSSES

Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.  
 We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship  
 Into the neighbourhood 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! 240

## 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. 250  
 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      260  
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream ?

## ULYSSES

The same, having endured a woful toil.

## CYCLOPS

Oh, 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      270  
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 aëry Sunium's silver-veinèd 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      280  
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-wingèd murder heaped together  
Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless,      290  
And antient women and grey 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 jaw-bone ; 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. 300

## 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, 310  
 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 320  
 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 cauldron, which o'er-bubbling 330  
 Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.  
 Creep in !—

## ULYSSES

Ai! ai! 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.

340

CHORUS (*alone*)

For your gaping gulph, and your gullet wide  
 The ravin 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 goat's-skin 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 cauldron 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 vermilion,  
     With slaughter uncloying,  
     Now feasts on the dead,  
 In the flesh of strangers joying!

350

360

## ULYSSES

O Jupiter! I saw within the cave  
 Horrible things; deeds to be feigned in words,  
 But not to be believed as being done.

## CHORUS

What, sawest thou the impious Polypheme  
Feasting upon your loved companions now?

37e

## 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 waggon-loads at least, and then he strewed  
Upon the ground, beside the red fire-light,  
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 ten 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.<sup>1</sup>  
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 cauldron, and [he] 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 cauldron 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

38o

39o

40o

<sup>1</sup> I confess I do not understand this.



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, 410  
 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 grant a sure revenge.  
 And the charm fascinated him, and I  
 Plied him cup after cup, until the drink  
 Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud  
 In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen 420  
 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 belovèd God?  
 Your father there within agrees to it,  
 But he is weak and overcome with wine,  
 And, caught as if with bird-lime by the cup, 430  
 He claps his wings and crows in doating joy.  
 You who are young escape with me, and find  
 Bacchus your antient friend ; unsuited he  
 To this rude Cyclops.

## CHORUS

O my dearest friend,  
 That I could see that day, and leave forever  
 The impious 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 440  
 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 measures to dispatch him,  
Or thrust him from the precipice.

## ULYSSES

Oh 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 450  
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 460  
Turns by its handle a great auger 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,

## THE CYCLOPS

329

Share in the blinding him with the red brand?  
I would have some communion in his death.

470

ULYSSES

Doubtless: the brand is a great brand to hold.

CHORUS

Oh! I would lift a hundred waggon-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 the obscure recess,  
But 'twere unjust to leave in jeopardy  
The dear companions who sailed here with me.

480

CHORUS

Come! who is first, that with his hand  
Will urge down the burning brand  
Through the lids, and quench and pierce  
The Cyclops' eye so fierce and fierce?

*[A Song is heard within.]*

SEMICHORUS I

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.

490

SEMICHORUS II

Happy thou 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,  
Thou, in luxury without end,

500

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-vessel freighted  
 To the water's edge, my crop  
 Is laden to the gullet's top. 510  
 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 520  
 Like some nymph divinest,  
 In her caverns dewy:—  
 All delights pursue ye;  
 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 gulpt him down with very great delight. 530

## 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 gives 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 honoured so.

CYCLOPS

I were more useful, giving to my friends.

540

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, 550  
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 favour 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! 560

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? lèt me observe.

CYCLOPS

Give it mè 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. 570

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.  
Oh that the drinker died with his own draught ! 580

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 ought, 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 590  
I would not leave this Ganymede.

\* \* \* \* \*

SILENUS

O great 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. 600  
 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 neighbouring 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 610  
 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; 620  
 Let him tear the eyelid up  
 Of the Cyclops—that his cup  
 May be evil!  
 Oh, I long to dance and revel  
 With sweet Bromius, 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, 630  
 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 chaw 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 far . . .

We cannot at this distance from the door  
 Thrust fire into his eye.

## SEMICHORUS II

And we just now

Have become lame; cannot move hand or foot. 640

## CHORUS

The same thing has occurred to us,—our ankles  
 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 650  
 To make the brand stick of its own accord  
 Into the skull 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 I will do with peril of my life,  
 And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops. 660  
     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 eye-sight is parched up to cinders.

## CHORUS

What a sweet pæan ! sing me that again ! 670

## 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. 680

CYCLOPS

I wish you were as blind as I am.

CHORUS

Nay,  
It cannot be that no one made you blind.

CYCLOPS

You jeer me ; where I ask, is Nobody ?

CHORUS

No where, O Cyclops.

CYCLOPS

It was that stranger ruined me :—the wretch  
First gave me wine and then burnt out my eye.

CHORUS

For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.

CYCLOPS

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?

69c

CHORUS

Close on your right.

CYCLOPS

Where?

CHORUS

Near the rock itself.

You have them.

CYCLOPS

Oh, misfortune on misfortune!  
I've cracked my skull.

CHORUS

Now they escape you—there.

CYCLOPS

Not there, although you say so.

CHORUS

Not on that side.

CYCLOPS

Where then?

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. 700

## 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 antient 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. 710  
I go towards 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.

## EPIGRAMS

### SPIRIT OF PLATO

FROM THE GREEK

“**E**AGLE! why soarest thou above that tomb?  
To what sublime and star-y-paven home  
Floatest thou?”  
“I am the image of swift Plato’s spirit,  
Ascending Heaven: Athens doth inherit  
His corpse below.”

### CIRCUMSTANCE

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

**T**HOU wert the morning star among the living,  
Ere thy fair light had fled;—  
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving  
New splendour to the dead.

## KISSING HELENA

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,  
 Oh, cruel I, to intercept it!

FRAGMENT OF THE ELEGY ON  
THE DEATH OF ADONIS

FROM THE GREEK OF BION

I MOURN Adonis dead—loveliest Adonis—  
 Dead, dead Adonis—and the Loves lament.  
 “Sleep no more, Venus, wrapt in purple woof:  
 Wake violet-stolèd queen, <and> beat your breast  
 ’tis Misery calls,—for he is dead.

“The lovely one lies wounded in the mountains,  
 His white thigh struck with the white tooth; he scarce  
 Yet breathes; and Venus hangs in agony there.  
 The dark blood wanders o’er his snowy limbs,  
 His eyes beneath their lids are lustreless, 10  
 The rose has fled from his wan lips, and there  
 That kiss is dead, which Venus [gathers yet.]

“A deep, deep wound Adonis  
 A deeper Venus bears within her heart.  
 See, his belovèd dogs are gathering round—  
 The Oread nymphs are weeping; Aphrodite  
 With hair unbound is wandering thro’ the woods,  
 Wildered, ungirt, unsandalled—the thorns pierce  
 Her hastening feet and drink her sacred blood.  
 Bitterly screaming out she is driven on 20  
 Through the long vales; and her Assyrian boy,  
 Her love, her husband calls; the purple blood  
 From her struck thigh stains her white navel now,  
 Her bosom, and her neck before like snow.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In this and the previous line “her” should have been “his.”—Ed.







Of Syracusan waters, mayst thou flow  
 Unmingled with the bitter Dorian dew!  
 Begin, and whilst the goats are browsing now

The soft leaves, in our song let us pursue  
 The melancholy loves of Gallus. List!  
 We sing not to the deaf: the wild woods knew 10

His sufferings, and their echoes answer  
 Young Naiades, in what far woodlands wild  
 Wandered ye, when unworthy love possessed

Our Gallus? Nor where Pindus is up-piled  
 Nor where Parnassus' sacred mount, nor where  
 Aonian Aganippe spreads its

\* \* \* \*

The laurels and the myrtle-copses dim,  
 The pine-encircled mountain, Mænalus,  
 The cold crags of Lycæus weep for him.

\* \* \* \*

"What madness is this, Gallus? thy heart's care,  
 Lycoris, 'mid rude camps and Alpine snow,  
 With willing step pursues another there." 20

\* \* \* \*

And Sylvan, crowned with rustic coronals,  
 Came shaking in his speed the budding wands  
 And heavy lilies which he bore: we knew  
 Pan the Arcadian with

and said,

"Wilt thou not ever cease? Love cares not.  
 The meadows with fresh streams, the bees with thyme,  
 The goats with the green leaves of budding Spring 30  
 Are saturated not—nor Love with tears."

## FROM VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC

(Lines 360, etc.)

AND the cloven waters like a chasm of mountains  
 Stood, and received him in its mighty portal,  
 And led him through the deep's untrampled fountains.

He went in wonder through the path immortal  
 Of his great Mother, and her humid reign,  
 And groves profaned not by the step of mortal,

Which sounded as he past, and lakes which rain  
 Replenished not, girt round by marble caves:  
 by the watery motion of the main

Half wildered, he beheld the bursting waves  
 Of every stream beneath the mighty earth,—  
 Phasis and Lycus which the sand paves,  
 The chasm where old Enipeus has its birth,  
 And father Tyber and Aniena's glow,  
 And whence Caicus, Mysian stream, comes forth  
 And rock-resounding Hypanis, and thou,  
 Eridanus, who bear'st like empire's sign  
 Two golden horns upon thy taurine brow,—  
 Thou than whom none of the streams divine,  
 Through garden-fields and meads, with fiercer power 20  
 Burst in their tumult on the purple brine.

## SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE

DANTE ALIGHIERI TO GUIDO CAVALCANTI

GUIDO, I would that Lapo, thou, and I,  
 Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend  
 A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly  
 With winds at will, where'er our thoughts might wend,  
 And 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.

THE FIRST CANZONE OF THE  
CONVITO

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE

(1820)

I.

YE who intelligent the Third Heaven move,  
 Hear the discourse which is within my heart,  
 Which cannot be declared, it seems so new;  
 The Heaven whose course follows your power and art,

Oh, gentle creatures that ye are! me drew,  
 And therefore may I dare to speak to you,  
 Even of the life which now I live: and yet  
 I pray that ye will hear me when I cry  
 And tell of mine own heart this novelty;  
 How the lamenting spirit moans in it, 10  
 And how a voice there murmurs against her  
 Who came on the refulgence of your sphere.

## II.

A sweet Thought, which was once the life within  
 This heavy heart, many a time and oft  
 Went up before our Father's feet, and there  
 It saw a glorious Lady throned aloft;  
 And its sweet talk of her my soul did win,  
 So that I said, "Thither I too will fare."  
 That Thought is fled, and one doth now appear  
 Which tyrannizes me with such fierce stress, 20  
 That my heart trembles—ye may see it leap—  
 And on another Lady bids me keep  
 Mine eyes, and says—"Who would have blessedness  
 Let him but look upon that Lady's eyes;  
 Let him not fear the agony of sighs."

## III.

This lowly Thought, which once would talk with me  
 Of a bright seraph sitting crowned on high,  
 Found such a cruel foe it died, and so  
 My spirit wept,—the grief is hot even now—  
 And said, "Alas for me! how swift could flee 30  
 That piteous Thought which did my life console!"  
 And the afflicted one questioning  
 Mine eyes, if such a Lady saw they never,  
 And why they would  
 I said, "Beneath those eyes might stand forever  
 He whom regards must kill with  
 To have known their power stood me in little stead,—  
 Those eyes have looked on me, and I am dead."

## IV.

"Thou art not dead, but thou hast wanderèd,  
 Thou soul of ours, who thyself dost fret," 40  
 A Spirit of gentle love beside me said;  
 "For that fair Lady, whom thou dost regret,  
 Hath so transformed the life which thou hast led,  
 Thou scornest it,—so worthless art thou made.

And see how meek, how pitiful, how staid,  
Yet courteous, in her majesty she is.

And still call thou her 'Woman' in thy thought;  
Her whom, if thou thyself deceivest not,  
Thou wilt behold decked with such loveliness,  
That thou wilt cry '<Love>', only Lord, lo here 50  
Thy handmaiden! do what thou wilt with her.'"

## v.

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. 60

## MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS

FROM THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE, CANTO XXVIII, ll. 1-51

AND earnest to explore within, around,  
The divine wood, whose thick green living woof  
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound

Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,  
With slow soft steps leaving the mountain's steep,  
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof

Against the air, that in that stillness deep  
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare  
The slow soft stroke of a continuous

In which the leaves tremblingly were 10  
All bent towards that part where earliest  
The sacred hill obscures the morning air.

Yet were they not so shaken from their rest,  
But that the birds, perched on the utmost spray,  
Incessantly renewing their blithe quest,

With perfect joy received the early day,  
Singing within the glancing leaves, whose sound  
Kept a low burden to their roundelay,

Such as from bough to bough gathers around  
 The pine-forest on bleak Chiassi's shore, 20  
 When Æolus Sirocco has unbound.

My slow steps had already borne me o'er  
 Such space within the antique wood, that I  
 Perceived not where I entered any more,

When, lo! a stream whose little waves went by,  
 Bending towards the left through grass that grew  
 Upon its bank, impeded suddenly

My going on. Water of purest hue  
 On earth, would appear turbid and impure  
 Compared with this, whose unconcealing dew, 30

Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure  
 Eternal shades, whose interwoven looms  
 No ray of moon or sunshine will endure.

I moved not with my feet, but 'mid the glooms  
 Pierced with my charmed eye, contemplating  
 The mighty multitude of fresh May blooms

Which starred that night, when, even as a thing  
 That suddenly for blank astonishment  
 Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing,—

A solitary woman! and she went 40  
 Singing and gathering flower after flower,  
 With which her way was painted and besprent.

“Bright lady, who, if looks had ever power  
 To bear true witness of the heart within,  
 Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower

“Towards this bank. I prithee let me win  
 This much of thee, to come, that I may hear  
 Thy song; like Proserpine in Enna's glen

“Thou seemest to my fancy, singing here  
 And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when 50  
 She lost the Spring, and Ceres her more dear.”

## FRAGMENT

ADAPTED FROM DANTE'S VITA NUOVA

WHAT Mary is when she a little smiles  
 I cannot even tell or call to mind,  
 It is a miracle, so new, so rare.

## SONNET

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CAVALCANTI

GUIDO CAVALCANTI TO DANTE ALIGHIERI

(1815)

RETURNING from its daily quest, my Spirit  
 Changed thoughts and vile in thee doth weep to find:  
 It grieves me that thy mild and gentle mind  
 Those ample virtues which it did inherit  
 Has lost. Once thou didst loathe the multitude  
 Of blind and madding men: I then loved thee—  
 I loved thy lofty songs and that sweet mood  
 When thou wert faithful to thyself and me.  
 I dare not now, through thy degraded state,  
 Own the delight thy strains inspire—in vain  
 I seek what once thou wert—we cannot meet  
 As we were wont. Again and yet again  
 Ponder my words: so the false Spirit shall fly  
 And leave to thee thy true integrity.

## LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LATINI

(1821)

\* \* \* \* \*  
 AND many there were hurt by that strong boy;  
 His name, they said, was Pleasure.  
 And near him stood, glorious beyond measure,  
 Four Ladies who possess all empery  
 In earth and air and sea:  
 Nothing that lives from their award is free.  
 Their names will I declare to thee,—  
 Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear,  
 And they the regents are



LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR 351

Of the four elements that frame the heart ; 10  
 And each diversely exercised her art  
 By force or circumstance or sleight  
 To prove her dreadful might  
 Upon that poor domain.

Desire presented her glass, and then  
 The spirit dwelling there  
 Was spell-bound to embrace what seemed so fair  
 Within that magic mirror ;  
 And dazed by that bright error,  
 It would have scorned the of the avenger, 20  
 And death, and penitence, and danger,  
 Had not then silent Fear  
 Touched with her palsying spear,  
 So that, as if a frozen torrent,  
 The blood was curdled in its current ;  
 It dared not speak, even in look or motion,  
 But chained within itself its proud devotion.

Between Desire and Fear thou wert  
 A wretched thing, poor Heart !  
 Sad was his life who bore thee in his breast, 30  
 Wild bird for that weak nest.

Till Love even from fierce Desire it bought,  
 And from the very wound of tender thought  
 Drew solace ; and the pity of sweet eyes  
 Gave strength to bear those gentle agonies,—  
 Surmount the loss, the terror, and the sorrow.  
 Then Hope approached, she who can borrow  
 For poor To-day, from rich To-morrow ;  
 And Fear withdrew, as night when day  
 Descends upon the orient ray ; 40  
 And after long and vain endurance  
 The poor Heart woke to her assurance.

At one birth these four were born  
 With the world's forgotten morn,  
 And from Pleasure still they hold  
 All its circles, as of old.  
 When, as Summer lures the swallow,  
 Pleasure lures the heart to follow—  
 O weak Heart of little wit !  
 The fair hand that wounded it, 50  
 Seeking, like a panting hare,  
 Refuge in the lynx's lair,—  
 Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear,  
 Ever will be near.

SCENES FROM THE "MAGICO  
 PRODIGIOSO" OF CALDERON

(MARCH 1822)

SCENE I.—*Enter CYPRIAN dressed as a Student ; CLARIN  
 and MOSCON as poor Scholars, with books.*

CYPRIAN

I N 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 whilst 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 10  
 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 your pains. You may return for me  
 When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,  
 Which among dim grey clouds on the horizon  
 Dance like white plumes upon a hearse ;—and here  
 I shall expect you.

MOSCON

'I cannot bring my mind,  
 Great as my haste to see the festival  
 Certainly is, to leave you, Sir, without 20  
 Just saying some three or four thousand words.  
 How is it possible that on a day  
 Of such festivity, you can be content  
 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, and priests,  
 And dances, and all that.

MOSCON

From first to last,  
 Clarin, you are a temporizing flatterer ; 30  
 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 know  
 Say what I think.

CYPRIAN

Enough, you foolish fellows !  
 Puffed up with your own dotting ignorance,  
 You always take the two sides of one question.  
 Now go, and as I said, return for me  
 When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide  
 This glorious fabric of the universe. 40

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 50  
 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 enamelled 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 wrapt 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.

60

70

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 cannot miss your road.

DEMON

And such is ignorance! Even in the sight  
 Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it.  
 But as it still is 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.

80

CYPRIAN

Have you  
Studied much?—

DEMON

No,—and yet I know enough  
Not to be wholly ignorant.

CYPRIAN

Pray, Sir,  
What science may you know?—

DEMON

Many.

CYPRIAN

Alas! 90  
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

Oh, 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 100  
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 dishonourable: if you believe not,  
Let us refer it to dispute respecting  
That which you know the 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 110  
 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 120  
 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 130  
 That ill should never be imputed. Then,  
 Examining the question with more care,  
 It follows, that the Gods would always will  
 That which is best, were they supremely good.  
 How then does one will one thing—one another ?  
 And that you may not say that I allege  
 Poetical or philosophic learning,  
 Consider the ambiguous responses

Of their oracular statues ; from two shrines  
 Two armies shall obtain the assurance of 140  
 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 towards some end  
 Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.  
 They are the work of Providence, and more 150  
 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 had beheld the truth,  
 Would not have given assurance of an end  
 Never to be accomplished ; thus, although 160  
 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 170  
 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 180  
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, unequal only  
In opportunity, which of the two  
Will remain conqueror ?

DEMON

On impossible  
And false hypothesis there can be built  
No argument. Say, what do you infer 190  
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 200  
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! [*Aside*] 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. 210

[*Exit.*]

CYPRIAN

I never  
Met a more learnèd 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. 220

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, I now hear the clash of swords.

CLARIN

I never run to approach things of this sort,  
But only to avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! sir! 230

CYPRIAN

Be silent, fellows! What! two friends who are  
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch,—  
One, of the noble race of the Colalti,  
The other, son o' the Governor, adventure  
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,  
Two lives, the honour of their country?

LELIO

Cyprian!

Although my high respect towards 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; 240  
For when two men of honour take the field,  
No counsel nor respect can make them friends,  
But one must die in the dispute.

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 valour instituted,

You are in error. By my birth I am  
 Held no less than yourselves to know the limits 250  
 Of honour and of infamy, nor has study  
 Quenched the free spirit which first ordered them ;  
 And thus to me, as to one well experienced  
 In the false quicksands of the sea of honour,  
 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 honour  
 To leave you.

LELIO

Under this condition then  
 I will relate the cause, and you will cede 260  
 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 270  
 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

Oh, 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 honour? What would the world say  
If one should slay the other, and if she  
Should afterwards espouse the murderer?

280

[*The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to CYPRIAN; who  
in consequence visits JUSTINA, and becomes enamoured  
of her: she disdains him, and he retires to a solitary  
sea-shore.*

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, forever 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!

10

20

DEMON (*unseen*)

I accept it.

[*Tempest, with thunder and lightning.*

## CYPRIAN

What is this? ye Heavens forever pure,  
 At once intensely radiant and obscure!  
     Athwart the ætherial 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;— 30  
     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, 40  
     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 50  
     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,— 60  
 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 fulfil 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  
Is heaped over its carcase, like a grave. 70

*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  
Belovèd Earth, dear mother, in thy bosom  
I seek a refuge from the monster who 80  
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. 90

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 re-assumed  
 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 100  
 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 unveil  
 Myself to thee ;—for in myself I am  
 A world of happiness and misery ;  
 This I have lost, and that I must lament  
 Forever. In my attributes I stood  
 So high and so heroically great,  
 In lineage so supreme, and with a genius 110  
 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 120  
 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 ; 130  
 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 140  
 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 150  
 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 soothe  
 Their fury to Favonian gentleness ;  
 I could and would not ; (thus I wake in him [*Aside.*  
 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 160  
 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 agèd 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 thee 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 wingèd 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 favour.

### 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 succour she may borrow,

But, guided by my spirit blind  
 And in a magic snare entwined, 20  
 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. 30  
 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 ! Oh, love !

JUSTINA

Thou melancholy thought which art  
 So flattering 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, 40  
 Momently raging more and more ?  
 What subtle pain is kindled now  
 Which from my heart doth overflow  
 Into my senses ?—

ALL

Love ! Oh, love !

## JUSTINA

'Tis that enamoured 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. 50

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 Vine, 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,— 60  
 No more, with green embraces, Vine,  
 Make me think on what thou lovest,—  
 For whilst thus thy boughs entwine,  
 I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,  
 How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted Sunflower, thou  
 Who gazest ever true and tender  
 On the sun's revolving splendour !  
 Follow not his faithless glance  
 With thy faded countenance, 70  
 Nor teach my beating heart to fear,  
 If leaves can mourn without a tear,  
 How eyes must weep ! O Nightingale,  
 Cease from thy enamoured tale,—  
 Leafy Vine, unwreathe thy bower,  
 Restless Sunflower, cease to move,—  
 Or tell me all, what poisonous power  
 Ye use against me.

## ALL

Love ! love ! love !

## JUSTINA

It cannot be !—Whom have I ever loved ?  
 Trophies of my oblivion and disdain, 80  
 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 me miserable!  
 I know not what I feel!

It must be pity, [*More calmly.* 90  
 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.  
 Alas! what reasonings are these? It is [*Calmly.*  
 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. 100

*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 110  
 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.

120

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

Must force thy will.

I

JUSTINA.

It is invincible ;  
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.  
*[He draws, but cannot move her.]*

DEMON

Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

JUSTINA

Too dear.

It were bought

DEMON

'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

JUSTINA

'Tis dread captivity.

DEMON

'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

130

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 endeavours 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 dishonouring thee, and then by turning  
False pleasure to true ignominy.

140

*[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 !—

150

*Enter LISANDER and LIVIA.*

LISANDER

Oh, 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.

160

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  
Skilful 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 were 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  
 Where 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!      180

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 favour, 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

(1822)

## 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, 10  
 Alternating Elysian brightness  
 With deep and dreadful night ; the sea  
 Foams in broad billows from its 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.— 20  
 A flashing desolation there  
 Flames before the thunder's way ;  
 But thy servants, Lord, reverse  
 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.<sup>1</sup>

*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?"

30

<sup>1</sup> RAPHAEL

The sun sounds, according to antient custom,  
 In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres,  
 And its fore-written circle  
 Fulfils 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.

## 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, reverse  
 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*.

And as indulgently at other times  
 Thou tookest 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' 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 beastlily 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 forever  
 The same old song i' the grass. There let him lie,  
 Burying his nose in every heap of dung.

40

50

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 ?

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

60

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. 70  
 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. 80  
 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. 90

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 100  
 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 forever.—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<sup>1</sup> thoughts  
 The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

[*Heaven closes ; the ARCHANGELS exeunt.*]

## MEPHISTOPHELES

From time to time I visit the old fellow, 110  
 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.

## MAY-DAY NIGHT

SCENE.—*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 the appointed place.

## FAUST

This knotted staff is help enough for me,  
 Whilst 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 these rocks, where ever-babbling springs  
 Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,  
 Is the true sport that seasons such a path. 10  
 Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,

<sup>1</sup> A mistranslation.—Ed.

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 20  
 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 favour 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 zig-zag. 30

## 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  
 Shews 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, 40  
 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! 50

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, 60  
 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-who! to-who! 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! 70  
 Every root is like a snake,  
 And along the loose hill-side,  
 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-coloured mice, that thread  
 The dewy turf beneath our tread, 80  
 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 90

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, lightning hitherward: there rise 100  
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 colours 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 splendour.  
And near us, see, sparks spring out of the ground, 110  
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. 120  
Beware! for if with them thou warrest  
In their fierce flight towards 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; 130  
 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? 140  
 Strange accents are ringing  
 Aloft, afar, anear;  
 The witches are singing!  
 The torrent of a raging wizard-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 Urian is sitting aloft in the air; 150  
 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

Honour her, to whom honour is due!  
 Old mother Baubo, honour to you!  
 An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,  
 Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour!  
 The legion of witches is coming behind, 160  
 Darkening the night, and outspeeding the wind.



## 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, 190  
 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 : 200  
 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 ! aroint thee, aroint !  
 A witch to be strong must anoint—anoint—  
 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. 210  
[*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 220  
 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 humours of the time. 230

## MEPHISTOPHELES

See yonder, round a many-coloured flame  
 A merry club is huddled altogether :  
 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! 240  
 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 dram 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, 250  
 As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.  
 How say you now? this space is wide enough—  
 Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—  
 An 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? 260

## 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 ribbon at my knee; but here  
 At home, the cloven foot is honourable.  
 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. 270  
     *[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 unhonoured.

## MINISTER

Now-a-days

People assert their rights: they go too far; 280  
 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<sup>1</sup>

We too are active, and we did and do  
 What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now  
 Will seize, whilst 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 290  
 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.

## PEDLAR-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 300  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> A sort of fundholder.

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 cannot loose,  
 Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back ;<sup>1</sup>  
 No——

## MEPHISTOPHELES

Gossip, you know little of these times. 310  
 What has been, has been ; what is done, is past.  
 They shape themselves into the innovations  
 They breed, and innovation drags us with it.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \*

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, 320  
 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.

<sup>1</sup> A mistranslation.—Ed.

[FAUST dances and sings with a Girl, and MEPHISTOPHELES  
with an Old Woman]

## FAUST

I had once a lovely dream  
In which I saw an apple-tree,  
Where two fair apples with their gleam  
To climb and taste attracted me.

330

## THE GIRL

She with apples you desired  
From Paradise came long ago •  
With joy I feel that if required,  
Such still within my garden grow.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

[I had once a ghastly dream  
In which a shattered tree did seem  
To bear a        upon its bough ;  
'Twas like —— you understand me now !

## THE OLD WOMAN

My best kiss, and this to boot,  
To the Knight of the cloven foot !]

340

\*            \*            \*            \*

## PROCTO-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 :  
Whilst 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,

350



He says that you go wrong in all respects,  
Especially if you congratulate him  
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

## PROCTO-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. 360  
Are we so wise, and is 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.

## PROCTO-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, 370  
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 sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

## FAUST

A red mouse in the middle of her singing  
Sprung from her mouth.

## MEPHISTOPHELES

That was all right, my friend: 380  
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.

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 cannot 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.

390

FAUST

Oh, 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.

400

FAUST

Oh, what delight! what woe! I cannot 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 ?

410

## 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.

# QUEEN MAB

## A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM

(1813)

ECRASEZ L'INFAME!

*Correspondance de Voltaire.*

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante  
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;  
Atque haurire: juvatque novos decerpere flores.

Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.  
Primum quod magnis doceo de rebus; et arctis  
Religionum animos nodis exsolvere pergo.

LUCRET. lib. iv.

Δὸς ποῦ στῶ, καὶ κόσμον κινήσω.

ARCHIMEDES.

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 unto thy breast this pledge of love,  
And know, though time may change and years may roll,  
Each flowret gathered in my heart  
It consecrates to thine.

## QUEEN MAB

## I

**H**OW 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 10  
 Seized on her sinless soul ?  
 Must then that peerless form  
 Which love and admiration cannot 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 ? 20  
 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 Ianthe wake again,  
 And give that faithful bosom joy  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life and rapture from her smile ? 30

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 : 40

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 ; 50  
 '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 ; 60  
 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 70  
 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 maiden's sleep.

The broad and yellow moon  
 Shone dimly through her form— 80  
 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, 90  
 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, 100  
 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, 110  
 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 height,  
 Let even the restless gossamer 120  
 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 130  
 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 140  
 Wrapt 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 self-same 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, 150  
 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 an 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, 160  
 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, 170  
 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 180  
 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 190  
 Beneath a wakened giant's strength.  
 She knew her glorious change,  
 And felt in apprehension uncontroled  
 New raptures opening round:  
 Each day-dream of her mortal life,  
 Each frenzied 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; 200  
 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 210

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. 220

Far, far below the chariot's path,  
 Calm as a slumbering babe,  
 Tremendous Ocean lay.  
 The mirror of its stillness shewed  
 The pale and waning stars,  
 The chariot's fiery track,  
 And the grey light of morn  
 Tinging those fleecy clouds  
 That canopied the dawn. 230  
 Seemed it, that the chariot's way  
 Lay through the midst of an immense concave,  
 Radiant with million constellations, tinged  
 With shades of infinite colour,  
 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 240  
 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 250  
 The smallest light that twinkles in the Heaven ;  
 Whilst round the chariot's way  
 Innumerable systems rolled,  
 And countless spheres diffused  
 An ever-varying glory.

It was a sight of wonder : some  
 Were hornèd 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,      260  
 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 lightest leaf  
 That quivers to the passing breeze      270  
 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.

## 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      10  
 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      20  
 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 faëry Hall! 30  
 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 ;  
 Whilst 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. 40  
 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. 50  
 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 60  
 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! 70  
 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, 80  
 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. 90  
 But matter, space and time  
 In those ærial 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, 100  
 Seemed like an anthill'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!— 110  
 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.

120

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!

130

“ 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.

140

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 hath given  
 A special sanction to the trade of blood?

150

His name and theirs are fading, and the tales  
 Of this barbarian nation, which imposture  
 Recites till terror credits, are pursuing 160  
 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 antient fanes,  
 Now crumbling to oblivion ;  
 The long and lonely colonnades,  
 Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks ;  
 Seem like a well-known tune, 170  
 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 180  
 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, 190  
 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 200  
 Strangers, and ships, and merchandise :  
 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.

210

“ 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 Libyan monsters yell,  
 From the most gloomy glens  
 Of Greenland’s sunless clime,  
 To where the golden fields  
 Of fertile England spread  
 Their harvest of the day,  
 Thou canst not find one spot  
 Whereon no city stood.

220

“ 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.”

230

240

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.

250

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.

## 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.”

10

## MAB

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.

20

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  
Cannot 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

30

That binds his soul to abjectness, the fool  
 Whom courtiers nickname monarch, whilst 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 40  
 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, 50  
 Unfeeling, stubborn vice, converteth not  
 Its food to deadliest venom ; then that king  
 Is happy ; and the peasant who fulfils  
 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, 60  
 And conscience, that undying serpent, calls  
 Her venomous brood to their nocturnal task.  
 Listen ! he speaks ! oh ! mark that frenzied eye—  
 Oh ! mark that deadly visage.

#### KING

No cessation !  
 Oh ! must this last forever ! 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 lurkest  
 With danger, death, and solitude ; yet shunn'st 70  
 The palace I have built thee ? Sacred Peace !

Oh visit me but once, but pitying shed  
One drop of balm upon my withered soul.

## MAB

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.

80

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?

90

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!

100

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 labour: the starved hind  
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield  
Its unshared harvests; and yon squalid form,  
Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes

113

A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,  
 Drags out in labour a protracted death,  
 To glut their grandeur; many faint with toil,  
 That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.

Whence, think'st thou, kings and parasites arose?  
 Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap  
 Toil and unvanquishable penury 120  
 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; 130  
 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; whilst 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 140  
 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 150  
 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 ;  
 Sunk Reason's simple eloquence, that rolled 160  
 But to appal 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 ; 170  
 The subject, not the citizen : for kings  
 And subjects, mutual foes, forever 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, 180  
 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 ;  
 Think'st 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, 190  
 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 fulfil the works of love and joy,—  
 All but the outcast Man. He fabricates  
 The sword which stabs his peace ; he cherisheth 200  
 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?

210

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 shew of human justice,  
 As God surpasses man.

220

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.

230

240

## 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 had spread  
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;  
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend, 10  
 So stainless, that their white and glitterings spires  
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,  
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn 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 20  
 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, 30  
 With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;  
 The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave  
 Beneath its jagged gulph.

Ah! whence yon 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! 40  
 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 50  
 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  
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The grey morn

Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous smoke  
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away, 60  
 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 ? 70  
 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, 80  
 Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,  
 Whose grandeur his debasement. Let the axe  
 Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall ;  
 And where its venom'd exhalations spread  
 Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay  
 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 90  
 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 100  
 The meteor happiness, that shuns his grasp,  
 But serving on the frightful gulph 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 110  
 His baby-sword even in a hero's mood.  
 This infant arm becomes the bloodiest scourge  
 Of devastated Earth ; whilst specious names,  
 Learnt 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,  
 Stiffing with rudest grasp all natural good. 120

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 130  
 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 140  
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. 150  
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, 160  
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 170  
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, frenzy, woe and penury breathe.  
These are the hired bravos who defend  
The tyrant's throne—the bullies of his fear:  
These are the sinks and channels of worst vice, 180

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,  
 Honour 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, 190  
 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 200  
 Their pitiless tread lies torn and trampled, where  
 Honour sits smiling at the sale of truth.

Then grave and hoary-headed hypocrites,  
 Without a hope, a passion, or a love,  
 Who, through a life of luxury and lies,  
 Have crept by flattery to the seats of power,  
 Support the system whence their honours flow . . .  
 They have three words :—well tyrants know their use,  
 Well pay them for the loan, with usury  
 Torn from a bleeding world !—God, Hell, and Heaven. 210  
 A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,  
 Whose mercy is a nick-name for the rage  
 Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.  
 Hell, a red gulph of everlasting fire,  
 Where poisonous and undying worms prolong  
 Eternal misery to those hapless slaves  
 Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.  
 And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie  
 Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe  
 Before the mockeries of earthly power. 220

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 scythe.  
 It fades, another blossoms : yet behold !  
 Red glows the tyrant's stamp-mark on its bloom, 230  
 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 240  
 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 !  
 Ay, 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 250  
 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 judgment, 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 260  
 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 fruit 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, 10  
 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, whilst from the soil  
 Shall spring all virtue, all delight, all love,  
 And judgment cease to wage unnatural war 20  
 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 30  
 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, 40  
 And natural kindness hasten to supply  
 From the full fountain of its boundless love,  
 Forever 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, 50

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. 60  
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 70  
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  
Yields to the wealth of nations ; that which lifts 80  
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, 90  
The grovelling 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 100  
 Amid the horrors of a limb-strewn field,  
 With desolated dwellings smoking round.  
 The man of ease, who, by his warm fire-side,  
 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 110  
 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  
 Forever meets, and the proud rich man's eye  
 Flashing command, and the heart-breaking scene  
 Of thousands like himself;—he little heeds 120  
 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 130  
 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 past by,  
 Stifing the speechless longings of his heart,  
 In unremitting drudgery and care!  
 How many a vulgar Cato has compelled 140

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, 150  
 Were but a weak and inexperienced boy,  
 Proud, sensual, unimpassioned, unimbued  
 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 eye-beam,) might alone subdue.  
 Him, every slave now dragging through the filth  
 Of some corrupted city his sad life, 160  
 Pining with famine, swoln 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 170  
 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, 180  
 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 ; whilst the pestilence that springs  
 From unenjoying sensualism, has filled  
 All human life with hydra-headed woes.

190

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.

200

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 a patriot mob,  
 For the vile gratitude of heartless kings,  
 And for a cold world's good word,—viler still !

210

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 ;  
 Imbues 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.

220

230

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, 240  
 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 : 250  
 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.

## 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  
 Re-images the eastern gloom,  
 Mingling convulsively its purple hues  
 With sunset's burnished gold. 10

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? 30  
 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; 30  
 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 changeless Nature coalescing,  
 Will undertake regeneration's work,  
 When its ungenial poles no longer point  
 To the red and baleful sun  
 That faintly twinkles there. 40

"Spirit! on yonder Earth,  
 Falsehood now triumphs; deadly Power  
 Has fixed its seal upon the lip of Truth!  
 Madness and misery are there! 50  
 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.

"Now, to the scene I shew, in silence turn,  
 And read the blood-stained charter of all woe,  
 Which Nature soon, with re-creating hand,  
 Will blot in mercy from the book of Earth.

How bold the flight of Passion's wandering wing,  
 How swift the step of Reason's firmer tread,  
 How calm and sweet the victories of life, 60  
 How terrorless the triumph of the grave—  
 How powerless were the mightiest monarch's arm,  
 Vain his loud threat, and impotent his frown,  
 How ludicrous the priest's dogmatic roar,  
 The weight of his exterminating curse  
 How light,—and his affected charity,  
 To suit the pressure of the changing times,  
 What palpable deceit—but for thy aid,  
 Religion! but for thee, prolific fiend,  
 Who peopled earth with demons, hell with men, 70  
 And Heaven with slaves!

“Thou taintest all thou look'st upon!—the stars,  
 Which on thy cradle beamed so brightly sweet,  
 Were gods to the distempered playfulness  
 Of thy untutored infancy: the trees,  
 The grass, the clouds, the mountains, and the sea,  
 All living things that walk, swim, creep, or fly,  
 Were gods: the sun had homage, and the moon  
 Her worshipper. Then thou becam'st, a boy,  
 More daring in thy frenzies: every shape, 80  
 Monstrous or vast, or beautifully wild,  
 Which, from sensation's relics, fancy culls;  
 The spirits of the air, the shuddering ghost,  
 The genii of the elements, the powers  
 That give a shape to Nature's varied works,  
 Had life and place in the corrupt belief  
 Of thy blind heart: yet still thy youthful hands  
 Were pure of human blood. Then manhood gave  
 Its strength and ardour to thy frenzied brain;  
 Thine eager gaze scanned the stupendous scene, 90  
 Whose wonders mocked the knowledge of thy pride:  
 Their everlasting and unchanging laws  
 Reproached thine ignorance. Awhile thou stood'st  
 Baffled and gloomy; then thou didst sum up  
 The elements of all that thou didst know;  
 The changing seasons, Winter's leafless reign,  
 The budding of the Heaven-breathing trees,  
 The eternal orbs that beautify the night,  
 The sunrise, and the setting of the moon,  
 Earthquakes and wars, and poisons and disease; 100  
 And all their causes, to an abstract point  
 Converging, thou didst bend and called it God!  
 The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,

The merciful, and the avenging God!  
 Who, prototype of human misrule, sits  
 High in Heaven's realm, upon a golden throne,  
 Even like an earthly king; and whose dread work,  
 Hell, gapes forever for the unhappy slaves  
 Of fate, whom he created in his sport,  
 To triumph in their torments when they fell! 110  
 Earth heard the name; Earth trembled, as the smoke  
 Of his revenge ascended up to Heaven,  
 Blotting the constellations; and the cries  
 Of millions, butchered in sweet confidence  
 And unsuspecting peace, even when the bonds  
 Of safety were confirmed by wordy oaths  
 Sworn in his dreadful name, rung through the land;  
 Whilst innocent babes writhed on thy stubborn spear,  
 And thou didst laugh to hear the mother's shriek  
 Of maniac gladness, as the sacred steel 120  
 Felt cold in her torn entrails!

“Religion! thou wert then in manhood's prime:  
 But age crept on: one God would not suffice  
 For senile puerility; thou framedst  
 A tale to suit thy dotage, and to glut  
 Thy misery-thirsting soul, that the mad fiend  
 Thy wickedness had pictured, might afford  
 A plea for sating the unnatural thirst  
 For murder, rapine, violence, and crime,  
 That still consumed thy being, even when 130  
 Thou heard'st the step of Fate;—that flames might light  
 Thy funeral scene, and the shrill horrent shrieks  
 Of parents dying on the pile that burned  
 To light their children to thy paths, the roar  
 Of the encircling flames, the exulting cries  
 Of thine apostles, loud commingling there,  
 Might sate thine hungry ear  
 Even on the bed of death!

“But now contempt is mocking thy grey hairs;  
 Thou art descending to the darksome grave, 140  
 Unhonoured and unpitied, but by those  
 Whose pride is passing by like thine, and sheds,  
 Like thine, a glare that fades before the sun  
 Of Truth, and shines but in the dreadful night  
 That long has lowered above the ruined world.

“Throughout these infinite orbs of mingling light,  
 Of which yon Earth is one, is wide diffused

A Spirit of activity and life,  
 That knows no term, cessation, or decay ;  
 That fades not when the lamp of earthly life, 150  
 Extinguished in the dampness of the grave,  
 Awhile there slumbers, more than when the babe  
 In the dim newness of its being feels  
 The impulses of sublunary things,  
 And all is wonder to unpractised sense :  
 But, active, steadfast, and eternal, still  
 Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,  
 Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,  
 Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease ;  
 And in the storm of change, that ceaselessly 160  
 Rolls round the eternal universe, and shakes  
 Its undecaying battlement, presides,  
 Apportioning with irresistible law  
 The place each spring of its machine shall fill ;  
 So that, when waves on waves tumultuous heap  
 Confusion to the clouds, and fiercely driven  
 Heaven's lightnings scorch the uprooted ocean-fords,  
 Whilst, to the eye of shipwrecked mariner,  
 Lone sitting on the bare and shuddering rock,  
 All seems unlinked contingency and chance,— 170  
 No atom of this turbulence fulfils  
 A vague and unnecessitated task,  
 Or acts but as it must and ought to act.  
 Even the minutest molecule of light,  
 That in an April sunbeam's fleeting glow  
 Fulfils its destined, though invisible work,  
 The universal Spirit guides ; nor less,  
 When merciless ambition, or mad zeal,  
 Has led two hosts of dupes to battle-field,  
 That, blind, they there may dig each other's graves, 180  
 And call the sad work glory, does it rule  
 All passions : not a thought, a will, an act,  
 No working of the tyrant's moody mind,  
 Nor one misgiving of the slaves who boast  
 Their servitude, to hide the shame they feel,  
 Nor the events enchaining every will,  
 That from the depths of unrecorded time  
 Have drawn all-influencing virtue, pass  
 Unrecognized, or unforeseen by thee,  
 Soul of the Universe ! eternal spring 190  
 Of life and death, of happiness and woe,  
 Of all that chequers the phantasmal scene  
 That floats before our eyes in wavering light,  
 Which gleams but on the darkness of our prison,

Whose chains and massy walls  
We feel, but cannot see.

“Spirit of Nature! all-sufficing Power,  
Necessity! thou mother of the world!  
Unlike the God of human error, thou  
Requirest no prayers or praises; the caprice 200  
Of man’s weak will belongs no more to thee  
Than do the changeful passions of his breast  
To thy unvarying harmony: the slave,  
Whose horrible lusts spread misery o’er the world,  
And the good man, who lifts, with virtuous pride,  
His being, in the sight of happiness,  
That springs from his own works; the poison-tree,  
Beneath whose shade all life is withered up,  
And the fair oak, whose leafy dome affords  
A temple where the vows of happy love 210  
Are registered, are equal in thy sight:  
No love, no hate thou cherishest; revenge  
And favouritism, and worst desire of fame  
Thou knowest not: all that the wide world contains  
Are but thy passive instruments, and thou  
Regard’st them all with an impartial eye:  
Whose joy or pain thy nature cannot feel,  
Because thou hast not human sense,  
Because thou art not human mind.

“Yes! when the sweeping storm of time 220  
Has sung its death-dirge o’er the ruined fanes  
And broken altars of the almighty fiend,  
Whose name usurps thy honours, and the blood  
Through centuries clotted there, has floated down  
The tainted flood of ages, shalt thou live  
Unchangeable! A shrine is raised to thee,  
Which, nor the tempest-breath of Time,  
Nor the interminable flood,  
O’er Earth’s slight pageant rolling,  
Availeth to destroy,— 230  
The sensitive extension of the world:  
That wondrous and eternal fane,  
Where pain and pleasure, good and evil join,  
To do the will of strong Necessity,  
And life, in multitudinous shapes,  
Still pressing forward where no term can be,  
Like hungry and unresting flame  
Curls round the eternal columns of its strength.”

## VII

## SPIRIT

I WAS an infant when my mother went  
 To see an atheist burned. She took me there :  
 The dark-robed priests were met around the pile ;  
 The multitude was gazing silently ;  
 And as the culprit passed with dauntless mien,  
 Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye,  
 Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth :  
 The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs ;  
 His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon ;  
 His death-pang rent my heart ! the insensate mob      10  
 Uttered a cry of triumph, and I wept.  
 " Weep not, child ! " cried my mother, " for that man  
 Has said, ' There is no God. ' "

## FAIRY

There is no God !

Nature confirms the faith his death-groan sealed :  
 Let Heaven and Earth, let man's revolving race,  
 His ceaseless generations tell their tale ;  
 Let every part depending on the chain  
 That links it to the whole, point to the hand  
 That grasps its term ! let every seed that falls  
 In silent eloquence unfold its store      20  
 Of argument : infinity within,  
 Infinity without, belie creation ;  
 The ex-terminable spirit it contains  
 Is Nature's only God ; but human pride  
 Is skilful to invent most serious names  
 To hide its ignorance.

The name of God

Has fenced about all crime with holiness ;  
 Himself the creature of his worshippers ;  
 Whose names and attributes and passions change—  
 Seeva, Buddh, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord—      30  
 Even with the human dupes who build his shrines ;  
 Still serving o'er the war-polluted world  
 For Desolation's watch-word ; whether hosts  
 Stain his death-blushing chariot-wheels, as on  
 Triumphantly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise  
 A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans ;  
 Or countless partners of his power divide  
 His tyranny to weakness ; or the smoke



Of burning towns, the cries of female helplessness,  
 Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy, 40  
 Horribly massacred, ascend to Heaven  
 In honour of his name ; or, last and worst,  
 Earth groans beneath Religion's iron age,  
 And priests dare babble of a God of peace,  
 Even whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood,  
 Murdering the while, uprooting every germ  
 Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,  
 Making the earth a slaughter-house !

O Spirit ! through the sense  
 By which thy inner nature was apprised 50  
 Of outward shews, vague dreams have rolled,  
 And varied reminiscences have waked  
 Tablets that never fade ;  
 All things have been imprinted there,  
 The stars, the sea, the earth, the sky,  
 Even the unshapeliest lineaments  
 Of wild and fleeting visions  
 Have left a record there  
 To testify of earth.

These are my empire, for to me is given 60  
 The wonders of the human world to keep,  
 And fancy's thin creations to endow  
 With manner, being, and reality ;  
 Therefore a wondrous phantom, from the dreams  
 Of human error's dense and purblind faith,  
 I will evoke, to meet thy questioning.  
 Ahasuerus, rise !

A strange and woe-worn wight  
 Arose beside the battlement,  
 And stood unmoving there. 70  
 His inessential figure cast no shade  
 Upon the golden floor ;  
 His port and mien bore mark of many years,  
 And chronicles of untold antientness  
 Were legible within his beamless eye :  
 Yet his cheek bore the mark of youth ;  
 Freshness and vigour knit his manly frame ;  
 The wisdom of old age was mingled there  
 With youth's primæval dauntlessness ;  
 And inexpressible woe, 80  
 Chastened by fearless resignation, gave  
 An awful grace to his all-speaking brow.

## SPIRIT

Is there a God?

## AHASUERUS

Is there a God!—ay, an almighty God,  
 And vengeful as almighty! Once his voice  
 Was heard on earth: earth shuddered at the sound;  
 The fiery-visaged firmament expressed  
 Abhorrence, and the grave of Nature yawned  
 To swallow all the dauntless and the good  
 That dared to hurl defiance at his throne,  
 Girt as it was with power. None but slaves  
 Survived,—cold-blooded slaves, who did the work  
 Of tyrannous omnipotence; whose souls  
 No honest indignation ever urged  
 To elevated daring, to one deed  
 Which gross and sensual self did not pollute.  
 These slaves built temples for the omnipotent fiend,  
 Gorgeous and vast: the costly altars smoked  
 With human blood, and hideous pæans rung  
 Through all the long-drawn aisles. A murderer heard  
 His voice in Egypt, one whose gifts and arts  
 Had raised him to his eminence in power,—  
 Accomplice of omnipotence in crime,  
 And confidant of the all-knowing one.  
 These were Jehovah's words.

“From an eternity of idleness  
 I, God, awoke; in seven days' toil made Earth  
 From nothing; rested, and created man:  
 I placed him in a paradise, and there  
 Planted the tree of evil, so that he  
 Might eat and perish, and my soul procure  
 Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn,  
 Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,  
 All misery to my fame. The race of men  
 Chosen to my honour, with impunity  
 May sate the lusts I planted in their heart.  
 Here I command thee hence to lead them on,  
 Until, with hardened feet, their conquering troops  
 Wade on the promised soil through woman's blood,  
 And make my name be dreaded through the land.  
 Yet ever-burning flame and ceaseless woe  
 Shall be the doom of their eternal souls,  
 With every soul on this ungrateful earth,

Virtuous or vicious, weak or strong,—even all  
 Shall perish, to fulfil the blind revenge  
 (Which you, to men, call justice) of their God.”

The murderer's brow

Quivered with horror.

“God omnipotent,  
 Is there no mercy? must our punishment  
 Be endless? will long ages roll away, 130  
 And see no term? Oh! wherefore hast thou made  
 In mockery and wrath this evil earth?  
 Mercy becomes the powerful—be but just:  
 O God! repent and save.”

“One way remains:

I will beget a son, and he shall bear  
 The sins of all the world; he shall arise  
 In an unnoticed corner of the earth,  
 And there shall die upon a cross, and purge  
 The universal crime; so that the few  
 On whom my grace descends, those who are marked 140  
 As vessels to the honour of their God,  
 May credit this strange sacrifice, and save  
 Their souls alive: millions shall live and die,  
 Who ne'er shall call upon their Saviour's name,  
 But, unredeemed, go to the gaping grave.  
 Thousands shall deem it an old woman's tale,  
 Such as the nurses frighten babes withal:  
 These in a gulph of anguish and of flame  
 Shall curse their reprobation endlessly,  
 Yet tenfold pangs shall force them to avow, 150  
 Even on their beds of torment, where they howl,  
 My honour, and the justice of their doom.  
 What then avail their virtuous deeds, their thoughts  
 Of purity, with radiant genius bright,  
 Or lit with human reason's earthly ray?  
 Many are called, but few will I elect.  
 Do thou my bidding, Moses!”

Even the murderer's cheek

Was blanched with horror, and his quivering lips  
 Scarce faintly uttered—“O almighty one,  
 I tremble and obey!” 160

O Spirit! centuries have set their seal  
 On this heart of many wounds, and loaded brain,  
 Since the Incarnate came: humbly he came,  
 Veiling his horrible Godhead in the shape  
 Of man, scorned by the world, his name unheard.

Save by the rabble of his native town,  
 Even as a parish demagogue. He led  
 The crowd; he taught them justice, truth, and peace,  
 In semblance; but he lit within their souls  
 The quenchless flames of zeal, and blest the sword 170  
 He brought on earth to satiate with the blood  
 Of truth and freedom his malignant soul.  
 At length his mortal frame was led to death.  
 I stood beside him: on the torturing cross  
 No pain assailed his unterrestrial sense;  
 And yet he groaned. Indignantly I summed  
 The massacres and miseries which his name  
 Had sanctioned in my country, and I cried,  
 "Go! go!" in mockery.

A smile of godlike malice re-illuminated  
 His fading lineaments.—"I go," he cried,  
 "But thou shalt wander o'er the unquiet earth  
 Eternally."——The dampness of the grave  
 Bathed my imperishable front. I fell,  
 And long lay tranced upon the charmed soil.  
 When I awoke hell burned within my brain,  
 Which staggered on its seat; for all around  
 The mouldering relics of my kindred lay,  
 Even as the Almighty's ire arrested them,  
 And in their various attitudes of death 190  
 My murdered children's mute and eyeless skulls  
 Glared ghastly upon me.

But my soul,  
 From sight and sense of the polluting woe  
 Of tyranny, had long learned to prefer  
 Hell's freedom to the servitude of Heaven.  
 Therefore I rose, and dauntlessly began  
 My lonely and unending pilgrimage,  
 Resolved to wage unweariable war  
 With my almighty tyrant, and to hurl  
 Defiance at his impotence to harm 200  
 yond the curse I bore. The very hand  
 That barred my passage to the peaceful grave  
 Has crushed the earth to misery, and given  
 Its empire to the chosen of his slaves.  
 These have I seen, even from the earliest dawn  
 Of weak, unstable and precarious power;  
 Then preaching peace, as now they practise war;  
 So, when they turned but from the massacre  
 Of unoffending infidels, to quench  
 Their thirst for ruin in the very blood 210  
 That flowed in their own veins, and pitiless zeal

Froze every human feeling, as the wife  
 Sheathed in her husband's heart the sacred steel,  
 Even whilst its hopes were dreaming of her love ;  
 And friends to friends, brothers to brothers stood  
 Opposed in bloodiest battle-field, and war,  
 Scarce satiable by Fate's last death-draught, waged,  
 Drunk from the winepress of the Almighty's wrath ;  
 Whilst the red cross, in mockery of peace,  
 Pointed to victory ! When the fray was done, 220  
 No remnant of the exterminated faith  
 Survived to tell its ruin, but the flesh,  
 With putrid smoke poisoning the atmosphere,  
 That rotted on the half-extinguished pile.

Yes ! I have seen God's worshippers unsheathe  
 The sword of his revenge, when grace descended,  
 Confirming all unnatural impulses,  
 To sanctify their desolating deeds ;  
 And frantic priests waved the ill-omened cross  
 O'er the unhappy earth : then shone the sun 230  
 On showers of gore from the upflashing steel  
 Of safe assassination, and all crime  
 Made stingless by the Spirits of the Lord,  
 And blood-red rainbows canopied the land.

Spirit ! no year of my eventful being  
 Has passed unstained by crime and misery,  
 Which flows from God's own faith. I've marked his slaves  
 With tongues whose lies are venomous, beguile  
 The insensate mob, and, whilst one hand was red  
 With murder, feign to stretch the other out 240  
 For brotherhood and peace ; and that they now  
 Babble of love and mercy, whilst their deeds  
 Are marked with all the narrowness and crime  
 That Freedom's young arm dare not yet chastise,  
 Reason may claim our gratitude, who now  
 Establishing the imperishable throne  
 Of truth, and stubborn virtue, maketh vain  
 The unprevailing malice of my foe,  
 Whose bootless rage heaps torments for the brave,  
 Adds impotent eternities to pain, 250  
 Whilst keenest disappointment racks his breast  
 To see the smiles of peace around them play,  
 To frustrate or to sanctify their doom.

Thus have I stood,—through a wild waste of years  
 Struggling with whirlwinds of mad agony,

Yet peaceful, and serene, and self-enshrined,  
 Mocking my powerless tyrant's horrible curse  
 With stubborn and unalterable will,  
 Even as a giant oak, which Heaven's fierce flame  
 Had scathèd in the wilderness, to stand 260  
 A monument of fadeless ruin there ;  
 Yet peacefully and movelessly it braves  
 The midnight conflict of the wintry storm,  
 As in the sunlight's calm it spreads  
 Its worn and withered arms on high  
 To meet the quiet of a summer's noon.

The Fairy waved her wand  
 Ahasuerus fled  
 Fast as the shapes of mingled shade and mist,  
 That lurk in the glens of a twilight grove, 270  
 Flee from the morning beam :  
 The matter of which dreams are made  
 Not more endowed with actual life  
 Than this phantasmal portraiture  
 Of wandering human thought.

## 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 !" 10

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 ; 20  
 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.      30

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.      40

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      50  
 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 midst the ebb and flow of human things,  
 Shews 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 snowstorms round the poles,      60  
 Where matter dared not vegetate or 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, 70  
 Whose age-collected fervours 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,  
 Corn-fields and pastures and white cottages ;  
 And where the startled wilderness beheld  
 A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood,  
 A tigress satiating with the flesh of lambs  
 The unnatural famine of her toothless cubs, 80  
 Whilst 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, 90  
 Whilst 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. 100  
 Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,  
 With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,  
 And fertile valleys, resonant with bliss,  
 Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,  
 Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore,  
 To meet the kisses of the flowrets there.

"All things are re-created, 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, 110



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, 120  
 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 : 130  
 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, 140  
 The burthen 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, 150  
 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 meagre 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                   160  
 Long on the mind—whilst 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 ;  
 One curse alone was spared—the name of God.

“ 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                         170  
 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                   180  
 Of all-polluting luxury and wealth,  
 Which doubly visits on the tyrants' heads  
 The long-protracted fulness 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                   190  
 Availed to arrest its progress, or create  
 That peace which first in bloodless victory waved  
 Her snowy standard o'er this favoured 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 adorning  
 This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind ;  
 Blest from his birth with all bland impulses, 200  
 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 lore of human weal  
 Dawns 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 210  
 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 humours 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, 220  
 Flee from the form of man ; but gather round,  
 And prune their sunny feathers on the hands  
 Which little children stretch in friendly sport  
 Towards these dreadless partners of their play,  
 All things are void of terror : man has lost  
 His terrible prerogative, and stands  
 An equal amidst 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, 230  
 Reason and passion cease to combat there ;  
 Whilst each unfettered o'er the earth extend  
 Their all-subduing energies, and wield  
 The sceptre of a vast dominion there ;  
 Whilst 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.

## IX

" 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 forever there:  
 Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place!  
 Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,  
 Languor, disease, and ignorance dare not come: 10  
 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, 20  
 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. 30  
 Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp,  
 Was but the mushroom of a summer day,  
 That his light-wingèd 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: 40  
 First, Crime triumphant o'er all hope careered  
 Unblushing, undisguising, bold and strong;  
 Whilst 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,

Nor searing Reason with the brand of God.  
 Then steadily the happy ferment worked ;  
 Reason was free ; and wild though Passion went 50  
 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, 60  
 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 worshippers.  
 How vigorous then the athletic form of age !  
 How clear its open and unwrinkled brow !  
 Where neither avarice, cunning, pride, or care,  
 Had stamped the seal of grey deformity  
 On all the mingling lineaments of time.  
 How lovely the intrepid front of youth ! 70  
 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 80  
 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 venomed bane  
 Poisoned the springs of happiness and life ;  
 Woman and man, in confidence and love,  
 Equal and free and pure, together trod 90  
 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 tear,  
 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 100  
 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 110  
 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 120  
 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 : 130  
 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 charmed sight. My task is done : 140  
 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 unsubdued 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 150  
 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 shews, 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 ; 160  
 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 favourite flower,  
 That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,  
 Lighting the greenwood with its sunny smile. 170

" 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 gulph-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 180  
 Of linked and gradual being has confirmed ?  
 Whose stings had 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 190  
 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, 200  
 Free from heart-withering Custom's cold controul,  
 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 210  
 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 220  
 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, 230  
 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. 240

## POEMS FROM SHELLEY'S NOTES TO "QUEEN MAB"

### I. FALSEHOOD AND VICE

#### A DIALOGUE

**W**HILST monarchs laughed upon their thrones  
 To hear a famished nation's groans,  
 And hugged the wealth wrung from the woe  
 That makes its eyes and veins o'erflow,—  
 Those thrones, high built upon the heaps  
 Of bones where frenzied Famine sleeps,  
 Where Slavery wields her scourge of iron,  
 Red with mankind's unheeded gore,  
 And War's mad fiends the scene environ,  
 Mingling with shrieks a drunken roar,— 10  
 There Vice and Falsehood took their stand,  
 High raised above the unhappy land.

#### FALSEHOOD

Brother! arise from the dainty fare,  
 Which thousands have toiled and bled to bestow ;  
 A finer feast for thy hungry ear  
 Is the news that I bring of human woe.

## VICE

And, secret one, what hast thou done,  
 To compare, in thy tumid pride, with me?  
 I, whose career, through the blasted year,  
 Has been tracked by despair and agony

20

## FALSEHOOD

What have I done!—I have torn the robe  
 From baby Truth's unsheltered form,  
 And round the desolated globe  
 Borne safely the bewildering charm:  
 My tyrant-slaves to a dungeon-floor  
 Have bound the fearless innocent,  
 And streams of fertilizing gore  
 Flow from her bosom's hideous rent,  
 Which this unfailing dagger gave. . . .  
 I dread that blood!—No more!—this day  
 Is ours, though her eternal ray  
 Must shine upon our grave.  
 Yet know, proud Vice, had I not given  
 To thee the robe I stole from Heaven,  
 Thy shape of ugliness and fear  
 Had never gained admission here.

30

## VICE

And know, that had I disdained to toil,  
 But sate in my loathsome cave the while,  
 And ne'er to these hateful sons of Heaven,  
 GOLD, MONARCHY, and MURDER, given;  
 Hadst thou with all thine art essayed  
 One of thy games then to have played,  
 With all thine overweening boast,  
 Falsehood! I tell thee thou hadst lost!—  
 Yet wherefore this dispute?—we tend,  
 Fraternal, to one common end;  
 In this cold grave beneath my feet,  
 Will our hopes, our fears, and our labours, meet.

40

## FALSEHOOD

I brought my daughter, RELIGION, on earth:  
 She smothered Reason's babes in their birth;  
 But dreaded their mother's eye severe,—  
 So the crocodile slunk off slyly in fear,  
 And loosed her bloodhounds from the den. . . .  
 They started from dreams of slaughtered men,

50

And, by the light of her poison eye,  
 Did her work o'er the wide earth frightfully :  
 The dreadful stench of her torches' flare,  
 Fed with human fat, polluted the air :  
 The curses, the shrieks, the ceaseless cries  
 Of the many-mingling miseries, 60  
 As on she trod, ascended high  
 And trumpeted my victory !—  
 Brother, tell what thou hast done.

## VICE

I have extinguished the noontday sun,  
 In the carnage-smoke of battles won :  
 Famine, murder, hell and power  
 Were glutted in that glorious hour  
 Which searchless Fate had stamped for me  
 With the seal of her security. . . .  
 For the bloated wretch on yonder throne 70  
     Commanded the bloody fray to rise ;  
 Like me he joyed at the stifled moan  
     Wrung from a nation's miseries ;  
 While the snakes, whose slime even him *defiled*,  
 In ecstasies of malice smiled :  
 They thought 'twas theirs,—but mine the deed !  
 Theirs is the toil, but mine the meed—  
 Ten thousand victims madly bleed.  
 They dream that tyrants goad them there  
 With poisonous war to taint the air : 80  
 These tyrants, on their beds of thorn,  
     Swell with the thoughts of murderous fame,  
     And with their gains to lift my name  
 Restless they plan from night to morn :  
 I—I do all ; without my aid  
 Thy daughter, that relentless maid,  
 Could never o'er a death-bed urge  
 The fury of her venom'd scourge.

## FALSEHOOD

Brother, well :—the world is ours ;  
     And whether thou or I have won, 90  
 The pestilence expectant lowers  
     On all beneath yon blasted sun.  
 Our joys, our toils, our honours meet  
 In the milk-white and wormy winding-sheet :  
 A short-lived hope, unceasing care,  
 Some heartless scraps of godly prayer,

A moody curse, and a frenzied sleep  
 Ere gapes the grave's unclosing deep,  
 A tyrant's dream, a coward's start,  
 The ice that clings to a priestly heart, 100  
 A judge's frown, a courtier's smile,  
 Make the great whole for which we toil ;  
 And, brother, whether thou or I  
 Have done the work of misery,  
 It little boots : thy toil and pain,  
 Without my aid, were more than vain ;  
 And but for thee I ne'er had sate  
 The guardian of Heaven's palace-gate.

## II. "DARK FLOOD OF TIME"

**D**ARK flood of Time !  
 Roll as it listeth thee—I measure not  
 By months or moments thy ambiguous course.  
 Another may stand by me on the brink  
 And watch the bubble whirled beyond his ken  
 That pauses at my feet. The sense of love,  
 The thirst for action, and the impassioned thought  
 Prolong my being : if I wake no more,  
 My life more actual living will contain  
 Than some grey veterans' of the world's cold school, 10  
 Whose listless hours unprofitably roll,  
 By one enthusiast feeling unredeemed.



[The following editions and manuscripts, etc., are thus referred to in the Notes:—

- A. The First Edition published in Shelley's lifetime.
  - B. The Shelley Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.
  - C<sub>1</sub>. Mrs. Shelley's first Collected Edition of 1839.
  - C<sub>2</sub>. Mrs. Shelley's second Collected Edition of 1839.
- Ellis. *A Lexical Concordance to Shelley's Poetical Works*, by F. S. Ellis, 1892.<sup>1</sup>
- H. Shelley's MS. Notebook in the Library of Harvard University.
  - P. *Posthumous Poems*, published by Mrs. Shelley in 1824.
  - T. The particular transcript mentioned in the first note to a poem. 1862. *Relics of Shelley*, published by Dr. Garnett in 1862.
- Asterisks denote undeciphered or doubtful words: square brackets denote words cancelled in the MS.]

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ellis must not be held responsible for all the opinions expressed in his invaluable work.

## NOTES

### EPIPSYCHIDION

*Epipsychidion* was written early in 1821 (probably in the first half of February), and published in pamphlet form by Messrs. Ollier in the same year. The edition was limited to one hundred copies at 2s. each, and it is doubtful whether any were sold. Three of the connected fragments 1-11 were given in Mrs. Shelley's Second Collected Edition, and the remainder in the *Relics of Shelley*. One of the Shelley Notebooks in the Bodleian Library contains three versions, more or less incomplete, of the Preface, a version in ink and pencil, much cancelled, of the last 80 lines of the poem, and some additional lines (Fragments 12, 13 and 14) which did not appear in the printed text. For the uncanceled portions of the prefaces, and a transcription of the rough draft of the 80 lines of verse, given precisely as Shelley first wrote them, the reader is referred to *An Examination of the Shelley MSS. etc.* (Clarendon Press). A facsimile reprint of the original edition, with an introduction by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, was published for the Shelley Society in 1887.

The meaning of the title has been much discussed. Forman's interpretation—"a little poem about a soul"—cannot etymologically be correct. The word is formed on the analogy of "epicycle," and would mean literally "A little additional soul," or, as Shelley himself puts it (l. 238), "this soul out of my soul." (Compare also his *Essay on Love*—"A miniature as it were of our entire self," and "A soul within our soul.")

Much of the poem—more particularly the earlier part and the wonderfully peaceful 'Conclusion"—shows the influence of Dante. It should be compared with Shelley's prose fragment *Una Favola*.

The lady addressed is Emilia Viviani, and the Convent that of St. Anne, Pisa. The Italian motto is from Emilia's *Il Vero Amore*, quoted in full by Medwin (*Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. pp. 67-69).

1-2. Shelley's holograph MS. of *The Masque of Anarchy* contains a translation into Italian of these two lines :—

Anima dolce, che sei la sorella  
Di quella orfana anima che regge  
Il nome e la forma mia, nella

This is, no doubt, the commencement of a *terza rima* translation designed for Emilia's benefit, and may be the origin of Trelawny's strange assertion that *Epipsychidion* was first written in Italian. Rossetti compares Petrarch's—

Spirto gentil che quelle membra reggi,  
and points out to me that the natural interpretation of Shelley's Italian lines and their Petrarchian model is evidence against Garnett's

generally accepted explanation—that the “orphan one” is Mary Shelley. No doubt it was Emilia’s custom to address Mary as “Cara Sorella,” but this would not preclude a similarly imaginative relationship with Shelley. The “name,” as Garnett says, is Shelley’s own (cf. 46). The expression seems curious, and an appeal to Mr. Rossetti as to the possibility of any Italian play upon words elicited the interesting suggestion that “biscelle” (*Bysshe Shelley*) (“little snakes”) might meet the case. It is well known that Byron called Shelley “the snake,” and this suggestion may explain the origin of the name.

4. *withered memory*.—Referring to the autobiographical character of the poem (Woodberry).

5. *Poor captive bird*.—For the metaphor, and indirectly (as Dowden points out) for the whole poem, we are indebted to Professor Pacchiani, “the devil of Pisa,” who introduced Emilia to the Shelleys:—“Poverina, she pines like a bird in a cage—ardently longs to escape from her prison-house.” To help beguile the captive hours the Shelleys sent her presents of books and birds.

21-4.—Ackermann compares Dante’s *Vita Nuova*, xix. 43-4—

Dice di lei Amor: Cosa mortale  
Come esser può sì adorna e sì pura?

and xlii. 7, 8—

E luce sì, che per lo suo splendore  
Lo peregrino spirito la mira.

and *Convito* iii. 59-60—

Elle soverchian lo nostro intelletto,  
Come raggio di Sole un fragil viso.

Compare also with l. 23 *Prometheus Unbound*, II. v. 17, and with l. 25 *Adonais*, liv. 3.

30-2. Cf. *Vita Nuova*, xxi.—

Per che si fa gentil ciò ch’ ella mira,  
*Fiordispina*, 36, and the fragment *On Love*—“a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness.”

Compares also Shakespeare’s Sonnet, xx.—

An eye . . . . .

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth.

33-4.—Cf. *Alastor*, 707 (note), and Shakespeare’s Sonnet, xvii.—

. . . it is but as a tomb

Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.

38. *lights*.—Cf. 87, 557.

42. *Youth’s vision*.—The vision of *Alastor* (Woodberry).

43. *thin name*.—Sc. delicate phrase.—*unvalued*.—Sc. to which the poet is indifferent.

49. *or conj.*: and *A vulg.* The meaning is “yet, were the second supposition lawful, or the first true.” Since the one could not be lawful and the other true at the same time, I have assumed that Shelley’s “or” was mistaken for his abbreviated “and,” which it often greatly



resembles. The "names" in the next line are those of "Sister" and "Spouse."

61. Sc. the only star which does not move.

65. Cf. Agathon's speech in Plato's *Symposium*—"Everyone . . . becomes a poet as soon as he is touched by Love, a sufficient proof that Love is a great poet, and well skilled in that science according to the discipline of music" (Shelley's translation).

68. *wingless* :—And so lasting (Woodberry).

72. *She* :—The eternal Loveliness. There is little personal application to Emilia herself; no doubt, as Woodberry suggests, much of the poem was written, or at any rate was in Shelley's mind, before he had ever heard of Emilia. This must certainly have been the case with some of the Connected Fragments, and probably with ll. 147-89.

77-8. For the long *i* assonance see *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 224 (note).

83-4. Ackermann again compares Dante (*Vita Nuova*, xxi. 9-10, xxvi. 12-14, *Convito*, Second Canzone, 2), but the resemblance is not striking.

85. *stops* :—Sc. notes (Ellis); apparently the act of applying the stops.

91. *thence* :—From her eyes.

96-7. The earlier editions give no punctuation, leaving the meaning more than ambiguous. I take the construction to be—"the outlines . . . glowing around her cheeks . . . mingle with the blood."

100. *morning A* : morn may *Rossetti*; an emendation very likely to be correct, though the construction would be more Shelley-like than the rhythm. I have added a dash to show that "prolonged" in the next line refers back to "outlines." The whole passage may be compared with the "Life of life" lyric in *Prometheus Unbound*, II. v.

117. *the third sphere* :—Venus; cf. the quotation in Shelley's "Advertisement" (from the First Canzone of the *Convito*).

118. *of A* : on C.

126-9. Cf. *Sonnet to Byron*, 13-4.

130. Cf. 45-51. In earlier years Shelley used to refer to Miss Hitchener as "a sister of my soul."

142. Cf. *On Love*—"a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own."

144. *difference* :—Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, III. iii. 39 (note).

147-89. Cf. Plato's *Symposium*, 210-11. This passage is in the style of the Connected Fragments, and clashes with that of the rest of the poem.

153. *'tis 1862* : it is *AC*. The passage in *Relics of Shelley* is a part of the Connected Fragment (1), which I have not thought it necessary to print twice in this edition. The omitted passage, as also others left out for the same reason, gives some verbal variations of little interest.

161. *divide* :—Sc. distribute; cf. 178 etc.

169-73. Cf. Keats' letter to George and Georgiana Keats (Oct. 1818)—"The mighty abstract Idea I have of Beauty in all things stifles the

more divided and minute domestic happiness . . . I must have a thousand of these beautiful particles to fill up my heart."

185. *unenvied*.—Because common to all.

190. *a Being*.—"The vision of *Alastor*, and also the 'awful shadow of some unseen power,' of the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*" (Woodberry) It becomes realized in *Emily* (348).

196. *wonder-level*.—Ellis explains this as "on a par with miracles."

228. *cone*.—See *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 444 (note).

236. *tongueless wind*.—The phrase occurs in the *Fragment On Love*. The passage may be compared with Wordsworth's *Excursion*, iii. 686 etc.—

I called on dreams and visions to disclose  
That which is veiled from waking thought ; conjured  
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost  
To appear and answer ; to the grave I spake  
Imploringly ;—looked up and asked the Heavens etc.

Cf. also Milton's *Lycidas*, 91-4.

239-40. Cf. *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, v.

240. *sightless*.—Sc. unseen, as in *Prometheus Unbound*, etc.

249. Cf. *Una Favola*.

256. *One*.—Venus Pandemos (Todhunter) ; cf. *Symposium*, 180.

268. *shadow*.—Sc. mortal realization ; cf. 137. Various attempts have been made to supply names to fit the next three lines. Rossetti and Todhunter select the Boinville family, viz. 1. Cornelia Newton, 2. Mrs. Boinville, 3. Mrs. Taylor. Ackermann's choice falls on 1. Harriet Shelley, 2. Miss Hitchener, 3. Mrs. Taylor. Number 3 might also be Harriet Grove (cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, Dedication, vi. 6 (note)). In the other cases the use of the plurals "some . . . others" may indicate that the poet was thinking of no one in particular. Ackermann remarks that Shelley follows his model Dante in intentionally obscuring or veiling some of the features of his characters.

272-3. Cf. *Adonais*, xxxi. 8-9.

277. *One*.—Mary Shelley ; cf. the opening of her proposed biography of Shelley, quoted in the Preface to Hogg's *Life of Shelley*—"moonshine may be united to her planet, and wander no more, a sad reflection of all she loved on earth."

286. Cf. Keats' *Lamia*, i. 265—"a descended Pleiad."

301-3. Cf. *Una Favola*.

313. *The Planet of that hour*.—Todhunter considers this a reference to the mysterious English lady of Naples ; Ackermann suggests Fanny Godwin. The "Tempest" and the "Planet," usually supposed to be one and the same, are not necessarily so.

334. *frore*] froze AC.

335-6. Cf. *Adonais*, xx. 3, 4.

345. *Twin A* : Thin C. Mary Shelley is the Moon, Emilia the Sun, and Shelley the Earth.

355-67. With Rossetti I regard "Govern" (361) and "Light" (366) as the imperative mood, and have punctuated l. 367 accordingly. In any case the "And" in l. 355 is superfluous.

360. *bright regents* :—Cf. Spenser's *Colin Clout*—

His liege, his Ladie, and his life's Regent.

362-3. For the two unemphatic rhymes see ll. 19-20 and the last stanza of the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*.

368. *O Comet* :—Here there must be some particular allusion. Ackermann disapproves of Todhunter's explanation, that Harriet Shelley is referred to, but regards the possibility of an allusion to Claire Clairmont as "too bold."

374. *love's folding star* :—Cf. *Hellas*, 1029.

405. *it A : he C*.

422 etc. With the description of the isle and the proposed journey to it Ackermann compares *The Isle* (1822), the Sonnet *Dante to Guido*, translated by Shelley in 1816, the concluding passage of *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*, and, less aptly, Canto II. of *Don Juan*. That the Dante Sonnet was in Shelley's mind when he wrote the last part of *Epipsychidion* is shown by the Bodleian MS., where the original of the last line of that Sonnet is written across the rough draft of the poem. Woodberry regards the isle as allegorical of the realm of poetry, citing, in proof of its ideal nature, ll. 411, 477-9. He compares also Prospero's isle in *The Tempest*.

445. *airs* :—Sc. breezes (Ellis); but I am convinced that the word is used in its musical sense, with a reference to the preceding lines. Compare *The Triumph of Life*, 339, and Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, I. ii. This interpretation accords better with "peopled," and introduces a far more magical effect.

451-2. Cf. Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, ii. 215, Letter to Peacock, Mar. 23, 1819, ("Odour which . . . produces sensations of voluptuous faintness"), and Letter to Claire, Jan. 16, 1821 ("the smell of a flower affects me with violent emotions").

454. All other editions except Woodberry's give a comma at the end of the line.

457. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorph.* xv. 39-40—

Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque fretumque

Caelestesque plagas,

a description imitated by Pope (*Dunciad*, ii. 83)—

A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,

473. *draw*] draws *Rossetti*.

494-5. Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, VII. xiii.

501. *many-twining C<sub>1</sub>* : many twining *A*. The passage may be compared with *Alastor*, 444 etc.

504. *winter-woof*] interwoof *cj. Rossetti*.

525. Here the rough draft in the Bodleian Library begins.

531. An unmetrical line ; *B* has nothing better.

540. *Conscious* :—Sc. one in thought.

542. Cf. *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, 147.

583. The one weak line in this magnificent climax. There is a slight resemblance about here—hardly an indebtedness—to the close of Cynthia's speech to Endymion in Book II. of Keats' *Endymion*.

584-5. Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, II. iv. 19—

Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will.

591. "The one true love of human life is then ideal, not in the world of the senses at all, and cannot be realised or satisfied by anything or anyone on earth" (Stopford Brooke).

592 etc. Cf. *Vita Nuova*, XII., Ballata, 35-40—

E di' a colui . . . . .

E de tuo servo, ciò che vuoi, ragiona,

and XXXII., Canzone, 71-4—

Pietosa mia canzone . . . . .

E ritrova le donne e le donzelle,

A cui le tue sorelle

Erano usate di portar letizia.

600. *Over the hearts of men* :—Cf. *Adonais*, xxiv. 3.

601. Cf. l. 10 of Dante's Sonnet referred to above. Marina is Mary Shelley, Vanna (Giovanna) Jane Williams, and Primus, no doubt, as Rossetti and Ackermann agree, Edward Williams. The name Primus is imitated from the *Vita Nuova*, where Dante continually speaks of Guido as his "first friend."

#### FRAGMENTS CONNECTED WITH EPIPSYCHIDION

Nos. (1), (4) and (5) are from  $C_2$ , Nos. (12), (13) and (14) from  $B$ , and the remainder from *Relics of Shelley* (1862), where some of them were printed under the title *To his Genius*.

(1) 2, 3. *Two* :—*The Revolt of Islam*, to Mrs. Shelley: and *The Cenci*, to Leigh Hunt (Garnett).

9. *each one makes* :—Sc. makes each one.

18. *commendation* 1862 : the support of  $C_2$ .

22. Rossetti follows 1862 in putting a semicolon at the end of the line, thereby altering the sense.

(3) 8-10. 1862 gives—

. . . . but, as I am afraid,

The Quarterly would bait you if betrayed;

And if, as etc.

The omission of "if" is due to Rossetti, the other changes being my own.

16. The line is incomplete, and the sentence left unfinished

(4) 6. *frore* Rossetti conj. : pure 1862.

(6) 10. Cf. Plato's *Symposium*, 201. After this fragment 1862 gives another line and a half—

Farewell, if it can be to say farewell

To those who—

(10) 2. *content them by* :—Forman interprets “pass by contentedly” ; but probably Garnett was right in suspecting his own accuracy in deciphering the line. Dowden compares the passage with Wordsworth’s Ode.

8. 1862 and most editors give a full stop at the end of the line.

## ADONAI8

*Adonais* was composed in May and early June of 1821 and printed at Pisa, “with the types of Didot,” in the following month. The author himself has left on record that the poem was printed correctly ; but he subsequently made two or three alterations which were incorporated in Mrs. Shelley’s Collected Edition of 1839. The “London edition” referred to in the Preface was never published. An edition purporting to be an exact reprint of the original edition (“a few typographical errors only being corrected”) was issued at Cambridge in 1829. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has edited the poem with introductions and elaborate notes (Clarendon Press, 1891 and 1903).

Shelley describes *Adonais* as “perhaps the least imperfect” of his compositions : “It is a highly wrought *piece of art*, and perhaps better, in point of composition, than anything I have written.” And again, “I confess I should be surprised if *that* poem were born to an immortality of oblivion.” It is in fact the most widely read of Shelley’s compositions, the more so, perhaps, because what was written for Keats is so strangely applicable to Shelley himself. In detail it is not flawless throughout—less so perhaps than *Epipsyehidion*—while the numerous adaptations from Bion and Moschus weaken considerably its claims to originality. But, as in *Prometheus*, the classical allusions are all in the earlier portion of the poem, ceasing almost entirely in the second and greater half, when Urania’s grief for the loss of Adonais gives place as a theme to the poet’s own yearnings for immortality.

The poem, as originally completed, consisted of “about forty stanzas” (Shelley to Ollier, June 8, 1821), and was to have been preceded by a criticism of *Hyperion*. The Cancelled Passages are from *Relics of Shelley* (1862).

MOTTO FROM THE POET PLATO.—Translated by Shelley (see *Translations*). The idea is developed in Stanza xlvi., and that of the quotation from Moschus in Stanza xxxvi.

PREFACE.—p. 22, l 6. *prove AC* : proves Rossetti.

l. 11. The date was Feb. 23, Keats being in his twenty-sixth year. With the remainder of the paragraph compare the Letter to Peacock, Dec. 22, 1818.

P. 23. l. 5. *The savage criticism . . . in the Quarterly Review* :—Shelley not only exaggerated the effect of that criticism but omitted to mention the far more savage attack in *Blackwood’s Magazine*. Of

this latter article he was probably not aware, whereas the *Quarterly* critique was known to him in the summer and elicited his well-known unfinished letter to the magazine in defence of Keats. A passage in Keats' letter to Leigh Hunt, of May 10, 1817, seems curiously prophetic:—"Tell him [Shelley] there are strange stories of the deaths of poets."

l. 9. *more candid critics*:—Rossetti instances Jeffrey's article in the *Edinburgh Review* of August, 1820.

l. 15. *a heart made callous by many blows*:—Shelley refers here to himself; cf. his letter to the *Quarterly Review*—"I am not in the habit of permitting myself to be disturbed by what is said or written of me."

l. 17. *a most base and unprincipled calumniator*:—The reviewer of *Laon and Cythna*, whom Shelley supposed to be Milman. He had at first suspected Southey. The reviewer, according to Medwin, was Coleridge, the late Judge.

ll. 21-2. "Mr. Barrett" was the author of "*Woman*." Rossetti's edition of *Adonais* should be consulted for details of those "illustrious obscure" whose names Shelley has here made immortal. In addition to the information there given Rossetti has since identified the "Syrian Tale" as *Ilderim: A Syrian Tale*, by Gally Knight. The "parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron" has not been traced.

l. 42. *those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care*:—The accusation, based on a letter from Col. Finch to John Gisborne, appears to be undeserved. Possibly George Keats and Haydon are referred to (Rossetti).

i. 1. Cf. Bion's *Elegy on Adonis*, 1-2.

5. *obscure*:—Sc. hidden (Ellis), as in *The Revolt of Islam*, VIII. xiv. 9. Rossetti gives two other but, I think, less likely interpretations.

ii. 1. Rossetti compares Milton's *Lycidas*, 50-1, Theocritus, i. 66—  
 πᾶ ποκ' ἄρ' ἦθ', ὄκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο, πᾶ ποκα, νύμφαι;  
 and Virgil, *Eclogue* x. 9-10. Ackermann traces the parallel back to Bion. The "Mighty Mother" is Aphrodite Urania, ("representing spiritual or intellectual aspiration, the love of abstract beauty, the divine element in song"), rather than the Muse of Astronomy (Rossetti).

2. *the shaft which flies In darkness*:—Anonymous criticism (Rossetti).

7. Woodberry compares Moschus' *Elegy on Bion*, 53.

iii. 6-8. Cf. Bion, 55, 96, and *Romeo and Juliet*, v. iii. (Rossetti).

iv. 1. *Most musical*:—λιγυρώτατε (Moschus, 70). Ackermann compares Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 62—

Most musical, most melancholy.

2. *He*:—Milton. The punctuation of the first edition—commas at the end of ll. 5, 6—obscures the sense; "pride" is of course the object of the verbs "Trampled and mocked."

9. *the third*:—Cf. *A Defence of Poetry* (1821)—"Homer was the first and Dante the second epic poet . . . Milton was the third epic poet."

## v. 3. Rossetti compares Virgil's

O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint.

The same critic traces the idea of l. 5 to Buffon's *Théorie de la Terre*, which Shelley read in 1817.

vi. 3. The reference is to Keats' *Isabella* (Rossetti).

4. Cf. *The Zucca*, vi. 8. I have added the hyphen suggested by Rossetti.

vii. 1. *Capital*.—Rome. The progression of time in this and the next seven stanzas "is indicated by successive epithets and phrases: 'blue Italian day,' 'twilight chamber,' 'moonlight wings,' 'starry dew,' the image at the end of Stanza xii., 'Morning sought her eastern watch-tower'" (Rossetti).

## 7. Cf. Bion, 71.

viii. 5. *His*.—That of Adonais. "Hunger" in the next line is Corruption; Rossetti compares *A Vision of The Sea*, 33.

## 9. So C; A gives—

Of mortal change, shall fill the grave which is her maw.

ix. 1. *Dreams*.—Sc. poetical conceptions.3. Rossetti compares Moschus—*ποιμαίνεται ἔθνος οὐνείρων*.

## 9. or A: nor C.

x. 1. *hands* A: hand 1829 Woodberry. Cf. Bion 85—

ὄς δ' ὄπιθεν περὺγεσσιν ἀναψύχει τὸν Ἄδωνιν.

7. *a ruined Paradise*.—The mind of Adonais. Rossetti, who compares the whole passage with Keats' *Endymion*, ii. 418-27, cites here Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*, xxx.

## xi. 1-2. Cf. Bion 83-4—

χῶ μὲν ἔλυσε πέδιλλον Ἀδώνιδος, οἱ δὲ λέβητ' ἔς κρωσσοῖσιν φορέουσιν ὕδωρ, ὃ δὲ μηρὸν λαίνει.

## 3-8. Cf. Bion, 80-2—

ἀμφὶ δέ μιν κλαίοντες ἀναστενάχουσιν Ἐρωτες  
κειράμενοι χαίτας ἐφ' Ἀδώνιδι· χῶ μὲν οἰστώσ,  
ὄς δ' ἐπὶ τόξον ἔβαιν', ὄς δ' ἐπτέρνισθε φαρέτραν.

xii. 3. *guarded wit*.—Sc. unreceptive minds.5. *the damp death*.—Sc. the dampness of death.6. *his* A: its C.

## xiii. Cf. Moschus, 26-9.

2. *Winged Persuasions*.—ἔπεα πτερόεντα.

## 8. The repetition of "pomp" was no doubt accidental.

xiv. 9. *round* A: around C.

## xv. 6. Cf. Moschus, 30-1—

Ἄχῶ δ' ἐν πέτρῃσιν ὄδυρεται, ὅτι σιωπῇ  
κοῦκέτι μιμείται τὰ σὰ χεῖλα.

7. *she* A: they C. The reference is to Narcissus.

xvi. 1-3. There is similarity here to both Bion and Moschus. Probably Shelley supposed Keats to have died in the Spring (Rossetti).

## 5-6. Cf. Moschus, 6, 7, 32.

8. *faint companions* C : drooping comrades *A*. In Bion's *Elegy* the flowers "flush red for anguish"; in that of Moschus they "breathe themselves away."

xvii. 1. *the lorn nightingale* :—Cf. Moschus, 38–48, 87–93. There may be a special reference to Keats' *Ode to the Nightingale*.

2–3. *such . . . so* :—To be taken in connection with l. 7.

4–5. Cf. *Hellas*, 76, and Milton's *Areopagitica*, and for the next line Æschylus' *Agamemnon*, 49–56, and Homer's *Odyssey*, xvi. 216 (Rossetti).

xviii. Cf. Moschus, 101–6.

5. *Seasons'* :—Rossetti suggests "Season's."

7. *brere* :—Spenserian for "briar."

xix. 4. Cf. *Hellas*, 46.

5. *steam* AC : stream 1829 Woodberry.

xx. Ackermann compares Moschus—*Αἰᾶ ται μαλάχαι κ.τ.λ.*

3. *incarnations of the stars* :—Cf. *Epipsychidion*, 335.

6–8. Rossetti compares *A Defence of Poetry*—"Poetry is a sword of lightning, ever unsheathed, which consumes the scabbard that would contain it." For "sightless" see *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 281 (note).

xxi. 6. "The phenomena of life are but like a transitory loan from the great emporium, death" (Rossetti).

7–9. Rossetti compares Lucretius, ii. 578–81—

Nec nox ulla diem neque noctem aurora secutast

Quae non audierit mixtos vagitibus aegris

Ploratus mortis comites et funeris atri.

xxii. 3–4. The pointing of *A*—commas at "slake" and "core," and none at "his"—obscures the sense.

xxiv. Cf. Bion, 21–2—

πειθαλία, νήπαστος, ασάνδαλος, αἱ δε βᾶτοι νιν

ἐρχομένην κείρουσι καὶ ἱερὸν αἶμα δρέπονται,

and 65—

αἶμα ῥόδον τίκτει, τὰ δὲ δάκρυα τὰν ἀνεμώναν.

3. *And human hearts* :—The same paradoxical climax is used in *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 589.

xxvi. The stanza is practically a translation from Bion, 43 etc.

3. *heartless* :—Having bestowed her whole heart on Adonais (Rossetti).

xxvii. 1–4. Cf. Bion 60–1—

. . . τί γὰρ τολμαρὲ κυναγεῖς ;

καλὸς ἔων τί τοσοῦτον ἐμήναο θηρὶ παλαίειν ;

5. All other editions give a comma at "wert."

6. The reference is to the story of Perseus and the Medusa.

7. *Or* :—Perhaps this should be "Oh."

xxviii. 5. Rossetti compares Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, ii. 1.—

Thus, like the sad presaging raven that . . .

Doth shake contagion from her sable wings.



Ackermann compares Milton's "foul contagion," and with "herded wolves" his "grim wolf" (*Lycidas*).

7. The reference is to Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

9. *lying low C*: as they go *A*. If the reading of *A* be kept, "they" would mean "Byron's feet."

xxix. The whole stanza is obscure. Rossetti takes the "reptiles" and "insects" as synonymous with the "herded wolves" of the previous stanza, i.e. the reviewers. These depend on the sun (the godlike mind) for their life. When the sun sets, the insects which obscured it die, and the immortal stars (preceding poets, whose fame has been temporarily eclipsed by the sun) shine forth again as its equals. The point of the stanza is that when the godlike mind sinks, its place is taken by other immortal minds, not by the critics.

7. *bare*:—Ellis interprets "destitute of value, desolate, wretched." I think the meaning is rather "bright, unclouded."

xxx. 2. *magic mantles*:—The reference is to Prospero (Woodberry).

3. *The Pilgrim of Eternity*:—Byron, the "Pilgrim" of *Childe Harold*. For the various fluctuations in Shelley's estimate of Byron see Cordy Jeaffreson's *The Real Shelley*, ii. 269-75. In the next line "living" is emphatic. Rossetti takes "like Heaven is bent" as a simile of the rainbow bent over the expanse of heaven; but the thing bent may be the vault of Heaven itself.

8. *sweetest lyrist*:—Moore. Rossetti notes that Moore's sympathy with Keats is entirely imaginary on Shelley's part.

xxx. 1. *one frail Form*:—Shelley.

8-9. Cf. *Epipsychidion*, 272-3.

xxxii. 6. *A breaking billow*:—Cf. Wordsworth, *A Poet's Epitaph*, 58—"weak as is a breaking wave." Shelley transcribed several stanzas of this poem for Elizabeth Hitchener in 1812.

xxxiii. 1-2. Cf. *Remembrance*, iii., and *Hamlet*, iv. v. Dowden (*Life of Shelley*, ii. 120) quotes Miss Rose's description of Shelley at Marlow—" . . . sometimes he was rather fantastically arrayed; . . . on his head would be a wreath of what in Marlow we call 'old man's beard' and wild flowers intermixed."

3. *a light spear*:—The thyrsus.

9. *A herd-abandoned deer*:—Rossetti compares *As You Like It*, II. i. and Cowper's *Task*, iii.—

I was a stricken deer that left the herd etc.

xxxiv. 1. *partial*:—Cf. l. 3.

4. *unknown*:—Sc. to Urania.

5. *sung A*: sang 1829 *C*. Unless "As" stands for "As if," one of the semicolons should be a comma.

9. Ackermann compares Byron, *Childe Harold*, i. 83—"Cain's doom on his faded brow."

xxxv. It is now generally agreed that the stanza refers to Leigh Hunt.

4. *In mockery of*:—Sc. resembling in its stillness.

xxxvi. 1-5. Cf. Moschus, 111-14, one of the mottoes prefixed to *Adonais*.

6. *prelude*:—Rossetti interprets specifically as *Endymion*, but the phrase may include all Keats' poems.

xxxvii. Cf. Byron's denunciation of Alfonso in *Childe Harold*, IV. xxxvii.—xxxviii.

xxxviii. 1-3. Ackermann compares Spenser, *The Shepheard's Calendar*, xi. 173 etc.—

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,  
As if some evil were to her betight?

She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes etc.

4. Founded on Milton's "there sitting where we durst not soar" (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 829), quoted by Shelley in his *Defence of Poetry*, and again in his letter addressed to the *Quarterly Review*.

9. Cf. xl. 9.

xxxix. 1-2. Cf. Milton's *Lycidas*, 165-85. Ackermann compares also his *Epitaphium Demonis*, 202-7, and Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar*, xi. The idea is common in Greek literature.

3-6. Rossetti compares the conclusion of *The Sensitive Plant*.

xli. 2. *Thou young Dawn*:—Cf. xiv. 3, and, for the rhyme, *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 1 (note).

3. Woodberry compares Coleridge's *The Nightingale*, 30-3.

xlii. 5. *from*:—Sc. arising from.

6. *that Power*:—The "burning fountain" of xxxviii. 6.

9. *kindles*:—Cf. liv. 1. Woodberry notes—"The pantheistic suggestion in this and the following stanzas is strong; but it cannot be held that Shelley commits himself definitely to the theory of pantheism here any more than to the theory of individual immortality in xlv. and elsewhere."

xliii. 3. *the one Spirit's plastic stress*:—Cf. Coleridge's *Sonnet to W. L. Bowles*—

As the great SPIRIT erst with plastic sweep

Moved on the darkness of the unform'd deep

"Plastic" is used in its active sense.

7. *as each mass may bear*:—Sc. as far as each mass of dross can bear the process; cf. liv. 7.

9. *Heaven's A: Heavens' C*.

xliv. 7-8. *in it . . . there*:—Sc. in the young heart. For the contention of Love and Life cf. *Una Favola*. In *The Sunset*, 4, the conflict is between Genius and Death, and in *The Revolt of Islam*, Dedication, x. 9. between Death and Love. The form of these expressions may be derived from *Macbeth*, II. ii.—"death and nature do contend about them."

xlv. Rossetti compares *Isaiah* xiv. 9, 10; I would add *The Revolt of Islam*, I. liv.

8. Lucan, of whose verse Shelley held at one time an exaggerated opinion, died by suicide. Rossetti notes that the descriptive phrase "appears to be suggested by Lucan himself, who, in describing the death of Pompey, writes, viii. 620—'Seque probat moriens.'"

9. The imperfections of the line are obvious. The repetition of the rhymes of Stanza xlv. must also be regarded as a blemish.

xlvi. 7. *blind*.—Sc. unlighted.

9. Cf. Plato's Epigram, used as the motto of the poem.

xlvii. 2. *Fond wretch*.—Possibly Shelley himself: cf. liii. 1.

3-7. Rossetti thus explains this difficult passage:—"He calls upon the mourner to consider (1) the magnitude of the planet earth; then, using the earth as his centre, to consider (2) the whole universe of worlds, and the illimitable void of space beyond all worlds; next he is to consider (3) what he himself is—he is confined within the day and night of our planet, and even within those restricted limits he is but an infinitesimal point."

9. *the brink*.—Sc. of the precipice of Death.

xliv. 7. *a slope of green access*.—The old Protestant Cemetery.

l. 3. *one keen pyramid*.—The tomb of Caius Cestius, Tribune of the People.

li. 3-5. The allusion is to William Shelley, who died in June, 1819, and was buried here.

lii. 1. The doctrine of Parmenides: cf. *Hellas*, 768, and Plato, *Phaedrus*, 266.

3. *many-coloured*.—Sc. by its prismatic refraction of the white light (Rossetti); cf. *The Triumph of Life*, 248-9. But the ordinary "stained glass" interpretation is also possible, and perhaps more consistent with the "painted veil" metaphor employed elsewhere.

7-9. Sc. "only in the realm of the Eternal can the sights and sounds of Rome be realised in full." A rearrangement of the punctuation ("music,—words are weak") would simplify the sentence but destroy what little point it has.

liv. 3. Cf. *Epipsychidion*, 25.

7. *each are*.—For the grammatical license see *The Revolt of Islam*, III. xiv. 9 (note).

lv. *The breath*.—Sc. of the spirit of the Universe.

#### CANCELLED PASSAGES OF ADONAI

PREFACE.—27. *an unsuccessful author turns critic*.—Here Shelley has anticipated the well-known definition, just as in his Dedication to *Peter Bell the Third* he anticipated Macaulay's "New Zealander."

FRAGMENTS.—(1). Usually regarded as a continuation of Stanza xxxiii.; but Rossetti, who notes that Shelley could hardly be represented as carrying a spear and sweeping a lyre simultaneously, places it after Stanza xxx., referring to Moore.

- (2). This must also refer to Moore.  
 (3). An alternative version of Stanza xxxv.  
 (4). Forman, comparing *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, 202 etc., regards Coleridge as the subject of the fragment. Rossetti thinks that it relates to "some abstract impersonation—perhaps Death, or else Eternity."

For l. 3 cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii.—

Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear.

In diction, apart from metre, Fragments (4) and (5) appear to me to resemble the *Prologue to Hellas* rather than *Adonais*.

### PROLOGUE TO HELLAS

This Fragment was first printed by Dr. Garnett in *Relics of Shelley* (1862). Probably it was originally intended for the drama on *Job* which Shelley had long contemplated. At any rate the incongruity of the opening with *Hellas* is obvious enough, as also the reminiscences of *Prometheus Unbound*. The "Prologue in Heaven" of Goethe's *Faust* is also based on the First Chapter of *Job*.

8. *your* 1862 : *yon* Forman Dowden.

15-6. A reminiscence of *Prometheus Unbound*, III. i.

20. *green and azure sphere* :—Also from *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 459.

48. *A fourth* :—Of which the Turks are to be the instruments. For the other three see 82-6.

50. Garnett compares Johnson's account of Dryden's projected epic.

82. *two Destinies* :—Alluding to the Persian and Macedonian invasions, the "third" being the Roman conquest of Greece.

87. *The Aurora of the nations* :—Hellas.

93. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 71.

102. Garnett filled the gap with "[arrayed]".

112. *Are* :—I suspect that Shelley wrote "As."

117. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 522.

151. *demons* 1862 : *dæmons* Forman Hutchinson.

165. *kindles* :—Cf. *Adonais* xlii. 9, liv. 1.

### HELLAS

*Hellas*, the last work published by Shelley, was written at Pisa in the early autumn of 1821, and was issued by C. & J. Ollier in the following spring, together with the Lines *Written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon*. The drama was transcribed, and the title suggested, by Edward Williams. Shelley described it as "prettily printed, and with fewer mistakes than any poem I ever published"; but his own very incomplete list of *errata* hardly bears out this statement. A

facsimile reprint of the First Edition, with an introduction by Mr. T. J. Wise, was issued by the Shelley Society in 1887.

*Hellas* was Shelley's last finished poem of any considerable length. He describes it as "a sort of lyrical, dramatic, nondescript piece of business," and in his Preface, as "a mere improvise." Naturally therefore it is very unequal in merit, and the author has often borrowed ideas not only, as Professor Woodberry points out, from Æschylus, Virgil, and Shakespeare, but to a great extent from his own earlier poems, and notably from the *Prometheus*. Most of the lyrical passages are of a very high order, but Mrs. Shelley's judgment in singling out for special mention the conclusion of the final Chorus may be disputed. The Chorus itself, as Shelley remarks in his notes, is "indistinct and obscure," while the similarity to Byron's *Isles of Greece* is rather too obvious. The blank verse is more variable in quality; much of it is merely—to use Shelley's own phrase—"newspaper erudition" cut into lengths; other passages are of great beauty, notably the description of Ahasuerus (ll. 137-84), the battle-scene (385-424), and some shorter passages.

MOTTO.—Shelley wrote to Peacock, March 21, 1821—"I want you . . . to get me two seals engraved and set, one smaller and the other handsomer: the device a dove with outspread wings, and this motto round it:

Μάντις εἶμ' ἐσθλῶν ἀγώνων."

DEDICATION.—Cf. Trelawny's letter to Mrs. Shelley, April 30, 1824:—"A word as to your wooden God, Mavrocordato. He is a miserable Jew, and I hope, ere long, to see his head removed from his worthless and heartless body. He is a mere shuffling soldier, an aristocratic brute—wants Kings and Congresses; a poor, weak, shuffling, intriguing, cowardly fellow.

PREFACE.—P. 47, l. 1. In *Hellas* Shelley follows his classical model far more closely than usual. Throughout the poem the general structure runs parallel with the *Persæ*.

l. 15. *the prize of the goat*:—The first prize.

l. 18. *goat-song*:—Sc. tragedy (cf. Plato's *Cratylus*, 408. Shelley refers to *The Cenci*).

l. 45. *institution*] institutions *C*.

P. 48, l. 19. Anastasius:—*Anastasius*; or, *Memoirs of a Greek*, by Thomas Hope (1819).

l. 43. *Turk*] Turks *C*.

l. 45. *Should the English people* etc.:—This paragraph was omitted by Shelley's publishers, who had his permission to suppress any alarming passages in the *Notes*. It was restored by Forman (1892) from a proof copy of *Hellas*.

P. 49, l. 25. *and the cunning*] and cunning *C*.

## HELLAS

1. Ackermann compares the opening scene of Phrynichus' *Phænissæ*, from which Æschylus too probably borrowed for his *Persæ*. He remarks that in all three dramas the scene is laid in the enemy's country, but that in *Hellas* alone the Chorus is hostile to the protagonists. Woodberry compares Calderon's *El Principe Constante*, i.

5-7. The Chorus hope that he will never wake again.

✓ 46. Cf. *Adonais*, xix. 4.

✓ 55-6. Cf. Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 272-5, and *Ode to Liberty*, xiii.

67. Sc. in a direction contrary to that of the diurnal revolution and the ordinary progress of civilisation.

✓ 70. *Atlantis*:—America: cf. 993.

87. *prey*] play C.

88. *lightnings* Rossetti: lightnings A. Shelley habitually spelt the word with an 'e.'

95. *thy*:—Freedom's.

111. *Ye that love not*:—Cf. note on l. 1.

✓ 119-20. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, III. i. 78-9.

127. *And these are of them*:—Sc. and these dreams of mine are such warning shadows of coming events. The same five words begin a line in *Macbeth*.

✓ 128. Ackermann compares *Persæ*, 178—

πολλοῖς μὲν αἰὲ νυκτέροις ὀνείρασι

ξύνειμ' . . .

ἀλλ' οὔτι πω τοιόνδ' ἐναργὲς εἰδόμεν,

ὡς τῆς πάροιθεν εὐφρόνης.

✓ 150. *for*:—On account of. The Jew is Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, who appears also in *Queen Mab*.

164. *the Demonesi*:—Islands in the Sea of Marmora.

✓ 192. Woodberry compares Plato's *Republic*, vi.

✓ 195-6. Cf. Bacon's *Essay Of Empire*—"Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration but no rest."

✓ 202. *birth's orient portal*:—Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iii. 96.

✓ 209. Sc. the shapes which they receive in each new incarnation correspond in character with those which they have last discarded. The discarded robes no longer clothe life, but death.

✓ 211. *a Power*:—Christ.

✓ 224. *the cross*:—Of Constantine (Woodberry). The line is a foot too long.

✓ 230-1. Woodberry compares Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*, xix.-xxi.

✓ 238. Cf. 1061. If the standard reached in this first scene had been maintained throughout, *Hellas* would take high rank among Shelley's greatest poems.

✓ 240. DAOOD:—Commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces.

- ✓ 246. *bent* :—Cf. *Rosalind and Helen*, 861.
253. *spoil* A : spoils C.
256. *their* :—Sc. “their own.” Rossetti italicizes the word.
- ✓ 266. Quoted from *Prologue to Hellas*, 172.
279. *bear*] have C.
300. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iv. 93.
303. *the Queen of Ocean* :—England.
308. Cf. *Persæ*, 207–12, and *Prometheus Unbound*, III. i. 72–4.
317. ‘*Mid*] Amid A.
322. *assault*] assaults C.
351. *his*] its C.
356. *of the earth*] of earth C.
- 359–60. The question-marks at the end of these two lines in Shelley’s edition do not bring out the sense. The notes of exclamation are borrowed from Rossetti’s edition.
373. Ackermann shows that for this battle-scene Shelley has borrowed some details from Æschylus’ description of the battle of Salamis (*Persæ*, 355–432).
384. *band*] bands C.
398. *dead earth upon the earth* :—The phrase is repeated from *The Masque of Anarchy*, xxxiii. 2.
- 410–11. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 573 ; “what it feigned” is the power of resurrection.
419. The fame of which clime, though earth expose to view the mortal remains which it (earth) clasped, lies sepulchred, etc.
422. *Ascribe to* :—Enrol among.
- 448–50. The lines are taken almost verbatim from the *Prologue*, 102–4.
456. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 254.
461. *flies* :—Sc. flies from. Forman, who retains a full stop at the end of the line, regards ll. 460–1 as an “amplifying affirmation” of Mahmud’s previous question, and would seem to take “flies” in its other sense.
466. *Repulse is* Shelley’s list of errata : Repulsed on AC.
472. *Told* Shelley’s list of errata : Hold AC. Rossetti previously made the change on his own conjecture.
474. *A punctuates*—
- . . . and, then,  
Thou darest to speak—
- but clearly the sentence is broken off at the end of 474.
- 486–7. Cf. *Persæ*, 410—
- εὐθὺς δὲ ναῦς ἐν νηϊ χαλκῆρη στόλον  
ἔπαισειν.
503. *in*] of C. Cf. *Persæ*, 503—
- . . . φόβος δὲ πᾶσι βαρβάρους παρῆν  
γνώμης ἀποσφαλεῖσιν.

510. *even to the water's level*:—Sc. until they sank.
518. *thro']* through *A*. I have made the same change, *metri causa*, in l. 626.
527. *And]* As *C*.
531. *the Hippodrome*:—Sc. of Constantinople.
532. *Panic were tamer*:—Sc. there would be less panic than there is now.
533. *planet-struck*:—"Astounded by a meteor" (Ellis); but perhaps literally struck by a meteor or thunderbolt.
536. *Its*:—Sc. Stamboul's.
551. *Past*:—Sc. killed (Ellis).
563. *freedman]* freeman *C*.
566. *The aged Ali*:—Ali Pasha, described by Byron as one of the mildest men he ever saw. He had made himself independent of the Sultan, and was being besieged in Yanina by the Turks. He was assassinated in February, 1822.
567. *empire*:—For the trisyllabic scansion see *Prometheus Unbound*, l. 15 (note).
577. *Ypsilanti*:—One of the Grecian liberators.
- 581-4. The Egyptians, though engaged on the side of the Turks, were in a semi-rebellious state.
- 587-9. Cf. 55 (note).
591. *Santons*:—A Moslem sect.
620. *Chelonites'* Rossetti: Chelonite's *Shelley's list of errata*; Clelonite's *A*; Clelonite's *C*.
- 623-4. The pointing is Rossetti's. *A* gives only a comma at "moon," and no stop at "When."
637. *perhaps*:—The word seems more out of place if the commas which precede and follow it in *A* are retained.
657. *deep* Shelley's list of errata: *om. A*.
692. *thou*:—Mahmud.
701. Cf. *Prologue*, 9.
711. Cf. *Prologue*, 121, *The Triumph of Life*, 99.
728. *For MS. AC: Fear Forman Dowden (ex. conj. Fleay)*. The line is rhymeless.
729. Cf. Æschylus' *Agamemnon*, 734-5, quoted by Shelley in a letter Aug. 10, 1821—τὸ δυσσεβὲς . . . μέτα μὲν πλείονα τίκτει, σφετέρᾳ δ' εἰκότα γέννα.
735. Cf. *Acts* xvii. 23. *Stage-direction*—It is clear from ll. 741-61 that Mahmud and Ahasuerus have been conversing together for some time.
- 752-3. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 62.
755. *apprehended* Shelley's list of errata: apprehend *AC*.
759. *A* has a dash after "present." It seems likely that Shelley used here his favourite "three-dots" pause, expressing an interval for thought.



762. *thy*] my *C Forman Dowden*.

768. *the One* :—Cf. *Adonais*, lii. 1 (note).

771. Cf. *Prologue*, 19. In the remainder of the speech there is an obvious indebtedness to Shakespeare.

785. *which*] it *C*.

792-5. Cf. Shelley's letter to T. L. Peacock, May 16, 1820 :—  
"A theory I once imagined, that in everything any man ever wrote, spoke, acted, or imagined, is contained, as it were, an allegorical idea of his own future life, as the acorn contains the oak."

795-7. The same five abstractions are mentioned together in *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iv. 10-2.

813-4. Possibly we have here two alternative commencements of a line.

832-40. Cf. Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. lxxviii. ; especially "the sultan himself on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand . . . the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye."

843. *less* :—Sc. less a dream. Much of the fifty lines which follow seems to me to resemble the style of *Queen Mab*.

855. *which was ere thou*] [whose child thou art] *MS.(Garnett)*.

861. PHANTOM :—Cf. the phantom of Darius in the *Persæ*.

879-80. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 195 etc.

882. *shalt*] shall *C*.

906-8. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 772 (note).

926. Cf. *The Cenci*, III. i. 247 etc.

943. *pyramid of night* :—Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 444 (note).

958. *earthquake*] earthquakes *C*.

965. In this rather obscure Semichorus the "VOICE without," announcing the defeat of the Greeks, is apparently invoked in the form of a clap of thunder—the herald of the lightning which will complete their destruction. It seems strange that an obviously hostile voice should thus be called upon to rescue the Greek captives.

985. Woodberry notes that the reference is to Arthur's shield in Book I. of the *Faërie Queene*. Cf. also *Ode to Naples*, 77.

988. *with plumes from conquest torn* :—Sc. swift as Victory. The reference is to Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

1030. *the Evening land* :—America. In this and the following Semichorus Shelley attains almost his highest lyrical level.

1034. One more reminiscence of *Prometheus Unbound* (IV. 493).

1038. *from awakening night* :—Sc. from the East.

1045-6. The Mediterranean ; cf. *Ode to the West Wind*, iii. 1-2.

1054. *Their shadows more clear* :—Sc. their images, growing more distinct.

1057. *dream*] dreams *C*.

1060. The final Chorus describes the future Hellas in America. Medwin noted the resemblance to Byron's *Isles of Greece* ; Woodberry compares also Virgil's *Fourth Eclogue*.

1068. *his*] its C.

1069. *Against*.—Sc. towards.

1078-9. Sc., perhaps, "let us have no more tales of wars, since they make earth a burial ground for death." Rossetti suggests to me another interpretation—"If earth is to be a scene of death and carnage . . . the tale of Troy becomes a mere obsolete trifle in comparison." But, as he remarks, the stanza would run rather counter to the other adjacent stanzas.

1080. *Laiian rage*.—Laius, father of Œdipus, was killed by his son, in accordance with the Delphic oracle. "Laiian rage" might stand loosely for Œdipean rage; or it might allude to the command of Laius that his infant son should be put to death. Probably, as Rossetti suggests, it means simply "rage of the Laiian period," the allusion being to the Sphinx, who was sent by Heré to desolate Thebes.

1091-3. *more* . . . *unsubdued* C. In A asterisks were substituted, no doubt by Ollier. Cf. Shelley's Note (8).

1091. *bright* C: wise 1829 (*Galignani*) 1834 (*Ascham*).

1092. *unsubdued* C: unwithstood 1829 1834.

1095. *votive* AC: native 1829 1834.

#### FRAGMENTS WRITTEN FOR HELLAS

Published by Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862.

(1) 2. *disarray*.—Sc. "divest of error or blindness" (Ellis). I take the meaning to be "unveil."

4. Garnett filled the gap with "[bolts]".

(3) 5-8. The punctuation is Rossetti's; 1862 gives a full stop at the end of 5, and a comma at the end of 8.

#### SHELLEY'S NOTES ON HELLAS

(2). Paragraph 2, l. 8. *and*] who *Rossetti*.

(4). The Greek was Demetrius Zografio.

(6) l. i. 1453] 1445 A.

(8) ll. 3, 4. *the One* . . . *worship om. A.*

ll. 12-20. *so edifying* . . . *torture*] very edifying examples A.

#### GINEVRA

This was written at Pisa in 1821 and published by Mrs. Shelley in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The story is taken from *l'Observatore Fiorentino sugli edifizii della sua Patria*, of which a third edition was printed in 1821. Probably Shelley had in his mind the approaching marriage of Emilia Viviani. The poem shows in a marked degree the influence of Byron's style.

1-3. Cf. *Alastor*, 517, and *The Waning Moon*.

5. *comments* :—Sc. conclusions (Ellis) ; but the meaning seems rather to be “false ideas” (Latin *commentum*).

20. *undelight* :—Cf. *Hellas*, 945. Milton uses “undelightened.”

22. *Was*] Were *Rossetti*.

26. *ever* P : even C.

37. *Bitter* C : Better P.

52. All other editions place the comma at “voice.”

62. With Rossetti I omit the comma at “looks.”

63. *and venom om.* P.

92. ‘B.V.’ remarked that the words “would have” and “branded with the crime” are inconsistent with the idea intended. But it seems possible that Shelley means that the friend has discovered his betrayer, and so branded him with the crime, though he does not actually tax him with it. The accuser’s attempt has accordingly failed, so that “would have” becomes correct.

103. A. C. Bradley proposes to omit “and.”

118-9. The couplet sounds like unadulterated Byron.

122. In P there is only a comma at the end of this line. Rossetti and Woodberry give the full stop.

129. *winds* :—Forman has suggested “lands,” Rossetti “waves” “sands” or “strands,” and Dowden “woods.” Of the five suggestions Forman’s seems certainly the best, both in sound and in sense.

130-1. Cf. 124.

145. *if it be death* :—Rossetti takes this as a hint that Ginevra was not really dead. He points out that in the Italian story referred to in the preliminary note she recovered, and that in a comedy on the subject acted in 1546 she came to life after burial.

149. *speculation* :—Cf. *Macbeth*, III. iv.—

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes.

160. Cf. *Time* ; “dream” is of course a verb.

167. In Rossetti conj. : On P.

188. For the intransitive use of “keep” cf. *Rosalind and Helen*,

745.

196-8. The metre is—

Óld~ | Wintēr wäs | góne

And the | Spríng~ | cáme~ | dówn

The lyric, though clearly unfinished (there are no rhymes to lines 201, 207, 214, 215, 219), ranks among Shelley’s greatest.

The first two lines are almost a word for word rendering of Goethe’s—

Der alte Winter in seiner Schwäche

Zog sich in rauhe Berge zurück.

216. Forman points out that “golden” is inconsistent with “dark locks” (l. 16).

## FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA

These fragments were written at Pisa early in 1822. Lines 1-14, 28-69, 100-20 and 15-27 appeared in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Dr. Garnett gave ll. 127-238 in *Relics of Shelley* under the title of *The Magic Plant*. Lines 70-99, 120-26 and 239-44 were first published by Rossetti in 1870 from a transcription by Dr. Garnett.

Mrs. Shelley gives the following preliminary note:—"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 enamoured of him; and he, inconstant to his mortal love, for a while returns her passion: but at length, recalling the memory of her whom he left, and who laments his loss, he escapes from the enchanted isle, 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."

And again after l. 27—

"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 this lady, but whose passion she returns only with a sisterly affection. The ensuing scene takes place between them on their arrival at the Isle."

The drama was probably intended to set forth the adventures of Edward Trelawny, one of Shelley's most intimate friends at Pisa.

8. *my om.* P.

10. Sc. his shadow which accompanies me in his absence.

11. *his*.—Sc. his lips.

15-27. In *P* these lines are printed independently as *Song of a Spirit*. Compare the opening lines of Milton's *Comus*.

16. *have om.* P.

20-4. A reminiscence of *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 280 etc.

25. *seas, and waves* P: seas, waves C.

28. The Youth in this scene does not recognize the Lady.

29. *pleasures* C: pleasure P.

32-41. In *P* these lines are assigned to the Indian.

41-2. The style is evidently Shakespearian.

51. *He*.—The Pirate.

58-9. Cf. *A Lover's Complaint*, xv.—

His qualities were beauteous as his form,

For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;

Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm etc.

64. *unbroken fountain*.—Sc. calm-surfaced pool.

65. *nurselings*.—Sc. dead leaves and flowers: cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, VI. xxviii. The spelling is borrowed from Rossetti, who suspects that ll. 65-6 should follow l. 67; but even so the sense is not quite

perfect. Forman places a note of interrogation at the end of l. 65 and a comma at the end of l. 69, with considerable detriment to the sense.

69. *her*] our *P.* 1870

71. *spray*] Spring *P.* Rossetti gave the emendation on Garnett's authority. The next three lines are amplified in the Song at the end of *Charles the First*.

75-9. The sentence is unfinished. I take l. 75 to mean "I, left by the Pirate, as the bird was by her mate, and leaving one as gentle as her (the Youth)."

85. *He* :—The Youth.

90. Forman compares *Kubla Khan*.

103. *He* :—The Pirate.

127. This episode of the "Magic Plant" may be compared with *The Zucca* (1822). Cf. also Shelley's letter to Peacock (Jan. 1822)—"Our windows are full of plants, which turn the sunny winter into spring."

133. *Or that it loved* :—The syntax is not quite regular.

151. INDIAN] YOUTH 1862.

177. Cf. *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*, 290 (note).

212. *elapsed* :—Slipping by. The phrase "elapsed in unlike sympathies," means, I suppose, "beating in alternate rhythm."

215-8. Compare the picture in *The Triumph of Life*, 378-81.

218-24. Cf. *To Jane*, *The Recollection*, v.

225. *reflections* :—Syntactically this is parallel with "hues and forms" (220).

229. *its own beauty* :—Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iv. 136 (note).

*floating on the line* :—Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, XII. xl.

## CHARLES THE FIRST

Most of this Fragment was written in 1822, though the "elements" of it were in existence during most of the previous year, and the idea had been formed as early as 1818, when Mrs. Shelley seems to have contemplated a play on the subject. The greater part of the drama was first published by Mr. Rossetti from his own transcription in 1870, the remainder having previously appeared in *Posthumous Poems*, with the exception of sc. iii. 27-32, which was given in the *Relics of Shelley*. I have not thought it necessary to particularize more fully the sources of every passage. A manuscript Note-book formerly belonging to Dr. Garnett, but now in America, contains an abstract of the intended plot of the first two Acts.

The list of Dramatis Personæ is due to Mr. Buxton Forman.

### SCENE I.

2. FIRST CITIZEN :—In Mrs. Shelley's editions "SPEAKER" in most cases takes the place of "CITIZEN." Some other titles are also altered.

10. *that vanity reigns* 1870 : reigns vanity *P*.

33-6. *P* gives—

. . . Canst thou not think  
Of change in that low scene, in which thou art  
Not a spectator but an actor? [     ].

37. *om.* *P*. Rossetti ends the line with “[enginery]”—presumably a conjecture.

41. *My inn of lasting rest* :—The metaphor is Spenserian.

43. Cf. *Othello*, II. iii.—“Then take thine auld cloak about thee.”

46. *This Charles the First* :—The use of the numeral is evidently an anachronism.

53. I follow Forman in making one complete line out of two fragments.

59. Cf. *Hellas*, 908, and *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 772 (note).

72. *make P* : made *C* 1870.

85-6. Rossetti points out to me that Shelley is here unduly severe in his estimate of the character of this particular King of France.

91. *The sentence of my judge* :—I am indebted also to Rossetti for the suggestion that this phrase may signify “The sentence *on* my judge.” Possibly, since the line is a foot too long, there may be some deficiency in the text.

104. This reads like a literal translation of a line in a Greek play.

108. *bondage* Forman conj. : bondages 1870.

120. *Gasp* :—Rossetti, who deciphered this portion of the manuscript, was doubtful of this word. B. A. P. Van Dam argues in favour of “Gossip”—a word used by Shelley of the lyre (Homer’s *Hymn to Mercury*, lxxxiii. 3).

131. *how the* 1870 : loud *P*.

139. *sea-shells* 1870 : shells *P*.

161. *her* 1870 : its *P*.

169. *jades* 1870 : shapes *P*.

172. *presentment* 1870 : presentiment *C*.

176. *Winter’s flaw* :—Ellis explains as “damage, injury,” but see *Faërie Queene*, v. v. 6, *Hamlet*, v. i., and Keats’ sonnet *On a Dream*.

#### SCENE II.

4. *observance* :—The word is not clear in the MS.

17. *a portion of the burthen* 1870 : with [     ] the task *P*.

37. Rossetti fills the gap with “eye.” Archy’s prose speeches abound in blank verse, as if the author had not yet decided which medium to employ. None of the prose is in Mrs. Shelley’s editions.

65-6. Cf. Plato’s *Republic*, v. 473 etc.

67. *penned* :—In 1870 the word is “pinched”; it was altered to “penned” in Rossetti’s later editions.

99. *state* 1870 : stake *P*.

110-4. Assigned to the Queen in Mrs. Shelley’s editions.

114. *the* 1870 : this *P*.

120. *your P* : thine 1870.

159. Either the relative is misplaced, "whose" referring back to the "keystone," or "is" stands for "lies in."

161-2. Forman's re-arrangement of the lines (the first ending at "depend") is certainly very tempting, and has been generally adopted. It may be assumed, however, that Rossetti would have been the first to adopt that arrangement if the MS. had warranted it.

166. *Get treason, and spare treasure* :—Ellis explains this as "Beget treason, and save expenditure of treasure," meaning, presumably, "If you save expenditure of treasure, you will beget treason." I think it more probable that the beginning of the sentence is missing, and that the sense is "You cannot catch treason and at the same time save expenditure of treasure."

172. *amid*] Hutchinson follows Forman (1877) in reading "and."

190. Rossetti inserts "[Girdled]".

197. Rossetti ends the line with "belongs," but marks the word as doubtful.

222. *wind's invisible tyranny* :—A noticeable instance of Shelley's favourite *Y* assonance : see *Alastor*, 291 (note).

241. *arbitrating messengers* 1870 : messengers of wrath *P*.

252. *ministry* 1870 : ministers *P*.

256. *they talk of peace!*—The long sentence beginning at l. 239 ends irregularly, the skeleton construction being—"As if those dreadful arbitrating messengers should be let loose and . . . they talk of peace." Strictly the sentence should end, "there should be peace."

271. "our" is emphatic.

288. *the refractory City* :—The City of London, as I have indicated by the added capital.

293. *excess* :—Ellis interprets as "violence"; I think it is rather "abundance."

298-9. I have substituted dashes for the question-mark and full stop which end the speeches of Laud and Strafford in all other editions. Both speeches seem to me to be interrupted.

321. *That* :—Sc. that which.

328. The word "smile" appears to have the value of a disyllable.

329. *thine* 1870 : their *vulg.*

367. *Gonzalo's* 1870 : Gonzaga's *MS.* Cf. *The Tempest*, II. i.

371. *poets* Forman conj. : posts (?) 1870. The allusion is to the "pantisocratic" scheme (1794) of Southey, Coleridge and another (perhaps Wordsworth), who planned the founding of a colony, consisting of themselves, nine other "gentlemen of good education and liberal principles, and twelve ladies," in "some delightful part of the new back settlements of America." The produce of the colony was to be common property, but it was not yet settled "whether the marriage contract shall be dissolved, if agreeable to one or both parties."

377-8. All other editions print this as three lines of fragmentary verse.

386. *man* 1870 : them *Forman*.

392-6. Cf. Plato's *Gorgias*, 521 E.

421. *the*] their *Dowden Hutchinson*.

429. *pieced*] pierced *Forman*.

476. *Partly 'tis* 1870 : It partly is *P* (printed as the beginning of a line).

480. *of* 1870 : in *P*. In the next line Rossetti gives "shadow" for "shadows."

SCENE III.

27-32. From *Relics of Shelley* : placed here by Rossetti.

51. *it* :—Sc. "this poor person," the Bishop.

53. *this expression* :—Pointing to a passage in one of the letters.

SCENE IV.

11. *fleet* 1870 : flock *P*. Forman prefers "flock" in order to avoid the accidental play upon the word "fleet" in the next line. But perhaps the play was intentional ; cf. four lines above, and ii. 459.

13. *rude* 1870 : wild *P*.

17. Rossetti ends the line with "lies (?)".

19-22. Cf. *Hellas*, 1041 etc.

25. *Touched* 1870 : Tinged *P*.

26. *yet . . . never* :—Sc. never yet ; see *The Revolt of Islam*, Dedication, vi. 6 (note).

34. *To the poor* 1870 : Towards the *P*. In *P* there is only a comma at "love," "Lone regions" (l. 25), being mistaken for the vocative case.

38. *their* 1870 : the *P*.

45. *wall* 1870 : vault *P*.

46-8. In *P* these lines read—

The mighty universe becomes a cell

Too narrow for the soul that owns no master.

. . . While the loathliest spot

48. *a* 1870 : no *P*. Forman, who argues in favour of "no," has persuaded all other modern editors. But if "no" be read, I fail to see any sense in the next few lines. The argument surely is that the universe itself is a prison to the soul that owns a master, while to the free the veriest dungeon is a home of liberty. Compare Hamlet's "I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space."

50. *cradling* 1870 : cradled *P*.

54-5. *P* gives—

Return to brood over the [ ] thoughts

That cannot die, and may not be repelled.

57. *Stoop* :—Spenserian for "swoop" ; cf. *Hellas*, 310, 518 etc.

SCENE V.

Rossetti remarks—"This fragment of a scene appears to belong to a much later portion of the drama . . . perhaps to the period of King Charles' captivity, or even after his death." The first nine



lines are not in the text of *Posthumous Poems*, the two concluding stanzas of the song being printed therein as an independent lyric.

2. *count* Forman conj. : court 1870, where the two gaps are filled with "roots (?)" and "[wind?]".

12. *crept* 1870 : kept *P*. The reading of *P* was altered to "crept" in later editions.

## THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

Shelley's last great work, begun at Pisa, was mostly written in the early summer of 1822. "At night," wrote Mrs. Shelley, "he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves" bordering on the Bay of Spezzia, "and sitting beneath their shelter wrote *The Triumph of Life*." Much of it too was composed on board the new yacht *Ariel*, "as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him."

*The Triumph of Life* appeared in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Owing to its fragmentary state, and Mrs. Shelley's confession that she arranged it in its present form with the greatest difficulty, it may afford some scope for the emendator.

The concluding lines of the poem have not appeared in any previous edition. They were communicated to me by Dr. Garnett, who took them from the manuscript. Todhunter notes that the pessimistic tone of the poem, and Dowden that the Dantesque manner shown in the details of its imagery, are foreign to Shelley's usual style. "Triumph" is, I imagine, usually interpreted as "triumphal procession," but Rossetti compares the *Trionfi* (masques, pageants) of Petrarch. See also Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, ii. 506. The poem is the last and, on the whole, the most successful of Shelley's numerous experiments in *terza rima*.

11-12. I have added a comma at the end of l. 12, to bring out the sense—"Swinging in the air their censers filled with orient incense lighted by the newly risen sun." Ellis interprets "orient" as "eastern"; it might signify "morning" or simply "rising" (cf. 14). Compare, however, Spenser's "orient hew" of flowers (*Hymn in honour of Beautie*). In l. 344 the word means "facing the east."

18-9. Cf. *The Boat on the Serchio*, 30.

23. *The cone of night* :—Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 444 (note).

31-9. Compare Shelley's account (Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, i. 87) of the scene near Oxford which impressed him as a dream-scene of long ago.

35. *Bathed* PC<sub>1</sub>C<sub>2</sub>. Later editions read "Bathe," omitting the comma at "dawn."

43. Medwin (*Athenæum*, Aug. 25, 1832) compares the opening of the poem with a passage in Cardan which he thinks that Shelley had not seen. "Cardan, in his chaste Latinity, says—

“ Illuscente Aurora visus sum toto humano genere maximaque turba mulierum . . . juxta radicem montis qui mihi a dextera erat, currere. Cum, admiratione captus, unum a turba interrogarem, quonam omnes tam præcipiti cursa tenderemus ; *Ad montem* respondit.”

49. *so* :—Sc. in such manner.

63. *shunned* MS.(Garnett) : spurned *PC*.

67. *the fountains* :—Sc. of ideal life (Todhunter).

70. *wood-lawns interspersed* MS.(Garnett) : wood, lawn-interspersed, *P later editions* : wood-lawn-interspersed *C*.

78. *blinding* *C* : [blinding] *P*.

79–85. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 206–13.

84. *form* *C* : frown *P*.

87. *a Shape* :—Sc. Phenomenal Life (the lower life) (Todhunter). The Shape is feminine (cf. 240).

93. The full stop at “light” is due to Rossetti.

94. The Shadow is Destiny (Todhunter); cf. *Hellas*, 711, “The world’s eyeless charioteer, Destiny.”

96. *it om. P. lightenings* Rossetti : lightnings *PC*.

102. Rossetti, who gives a colon at the end of the line, and italicizes “that” in the next line, explains the passage thus :—“Speed in the van [the steeds drawing the chariot], along with blindness in the rear [the hood-winked charioteer], is of little profit : and then [in such case of bandaged eyes] the beams that quench the sun [the brilliant light accompanying the chariot] are of no avail : if otherwise [if his eyes were free], that [charioteer] with bandaged eyes would,” etc.

Woodberry endorses this explanation, and Hutchinson has adopted a similar method of pointing. I cannot think that the expression “that with banded eyes” could have been used by Shelley for “that charioteer with banded eyes,” and would suggest instead the following explanation :—The beams which quench the sun [the keen eyes of the charioteer] and which, even though the eyes are banded, could pierce the sphere etc., are of no avail for guiding the car. Destiny may know the past, the present, and the future, but cannot guide the course of Life in accordance with his knowledge.

The repetition of “banded” is evidently weak. Possibly it is a corruption of some such word as “bared.”

105. *So ill was the car guided* :—Cf. Spenser’s *Faërie Queene*, I. iv. 19—

May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd

When such an one had guiding of the way.

109. Mrs. Shelley’s editions give “thunder’s blast” : Garnett found “thunder blast” in the MS.

112. *greet* MS.(Garnett) : meet *PC*.

129. *conqueror* Rossetti conj. : conquerors *PC*. I have no hesitation in adopting the emendation. The “conqueror” is Life : cf. 239, 304.

133. *till the last*.—Dr. Garnett communicated to me these three words, which partly fill the gap left in all previous editions, but are of little help towards the intended sense.

134. *and* MS.(Garnett) : or *PC*. This also is a novelty, and if my informant was correct, disposes of Rossetti's ingenious proposal to substitute "Whether" for "Were there" (reading also "For" for "Or" two lines previously). The reference is to Socrates and Jesus Christ (Dowden), but, failing a rediscovery of the lost manuscript, the construction of the sentence seems beyond remedy.

142. In *P* there are commas only at "music" and "grows." Rossetti puts a full stop at "grows," and is followed by Woodberry. Forman suggested that the longer pause should be at "music."

145. *that fierce Spirit*.—Sc. Venus Pandemos (Todhunter) : see *Prince Athanase* (preliminary note).

151. *Bending*.—Perhaps this should be "Blending."

158. *while* MS.(Garnett) : *om. P*. I take the construction to be "die in rain while the shock of their impact still tingles," the intervening parenthesis explaining why the clouds died in rain. Woodberry nevertheless removes the two dashes, while Rossetti places "like . . . rain" in brackets, apparently applying the remainder to the maidens and youths. For "*may tingle*" see *The Revolt of Islam*, II. xxi. 3 (note).

160. *nor is the desolation single*.—Evidently a stopgap.

161. *'Ware conj. : where P vulg.* Many will think the emendation over-bold ; but I fail to see any point in the old reading.

167. *P* gives here—

To seek, to [     ], to strain with limbs decayed,  
Limping.

Rossetti retains "Limping."

184. *that* Rossetti conj. : those *PC vulg.*

187. *it* *PC* : he *Forman Dowden Woodberry Hutchinson.*

190. In *P* the line reads—

Said the grim Feature of my thought : "Aware  
which is manifest nonsense. The later reading—

Said the grim Feature, (of my thought aware) ;  
due to the conjecture of Robert Browning, is generally supposed to have been first printed in 1870. It may be found in Mrs. Shelley's edition of 1847. The present scheme of punctuation, of which the main points are the omission of the comma at "canst," and the substitution of a comma for the semicolon at "aware," is due to a recent suggestion by A. C. Bradley (*Notes on Passages in Shelley*, 1905).

Forman notes that "Feature" (*factura*, creature) is used in this sense by Chaucer, Ben Jonson and Milton (*Paradise Lost*, x. 279).

202. *nutriment* MS.(Garnett) : sentiment *PC*.

205. *Stain* 1870 : Stained *PC*.

213. *the mystery within*.—Sc. of their own hearts (cf. 240, 274).

215. *ere evening*:—Sc. before the close of the pageant (cf. 193–5).
217. *The Child of a fierce hour*:—Napoleon. The capital, which is wanting in all modern editions, is restored from *P*.
219. *in its hope destroyed*:—Sc. by the destruction of its hope; cf. *Lines written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon*, v.
238. *names which the C*:— name the *P Rossetti*. I have struck out the dash at the end of the previous line, “sage” being clearly an adjective.
249. *paint*:—Sc. colour them in your thoughts, conceive of them.
252. *how PC*: now *conj. Forman*.
255. *his master knew not*:—Socrates, because he did not love (Woodberry).
260. *him C*: *om. P*. “The tutor and his pupil” are Aristotle and Alexander (Woodberry).
265. Bradley supports Forman’s proposal to omit “out.”
270. *He*:—Sc. Bacon. All editions except Rossetti’s have a dash only at “darkness.”
- 281–2. *Even . . . then MS.*(Garnett): *om. PC*. Mrs. Shelley prints asterisks, and states that “There is a chasm here in the MS. which it is impossible to fill up.” The sense appears to be complete, but there are two redundant rhymes. Bradley suggests that Shelley meant to strike out the words between “known” and “I” (276–8) and to fill up the gap in such a way that “I” would be the last word of l. 276. This would set the metre right. By “theirs” I understand “the words of the bards.”
283. *quickly*, 285. *chiefs*:—I understand from Dr. Garnett that these words were either not in the MS. or were cancelled therein.
290. *that eclipse*:—Sc. the Papacy (Woodberry).
293. *replied the leader*:—Forman remarks that there was nothing to reply to. The “leader” is Rousseau; Todhunter compares Dante’s use of “lo duca.”
296. *camest MS.*(Garnett): *comest PC*.
309. *forest tips*:—Perhaps this should be “forest tops” as in *The Witch of Atlas*, xxxix. 2, and *The Woodman and the Nightingale*, 46. Shelley’s ‘o’s are often so attenuated as to be indistinguishable from ‘i’s.
311. *young season MS.*(Garnett): *year’s dawn PC*.
320. *they*] *he Rossetti*; but see *The Woodman and the Nightingale*, 49 (note).
322. *the MS.*(Garnett) (?): *her PC*. I am reluctant to disturb the text reading, now generally accepted, but Dr. Garnett informed me that the line really runs in the MS.—
- The only child who died upon her breast*
331. *oblivious*:—Sc. causing oblivion, as in ll. 341, 539.
333. *imagine*:—I suspect that this should be “imagined” (sc. “in my sleep”). In the next line Bradley suggests “woke” for “wake.”

To avoid an unpleasant assonance this would almost necessitate another change—"knew" for "know"—in the next line. Cf. also l. 430.

336. *seemed*]. Misprinted "seem" in the 1847 edition.

349-51. Mrs. Shelley's later editions, followed by Rossetti, add dashes after "sun" and "rays," thereby compelling the reader to take "on the vibrating Floor" etc. with the "sun" rather than with the "Shape." The "Shape," according to Todhunter, is the Spirit of Nature or Eternal Beauty, the equivalent of Asia in *Prometheus Unbound*; but ll. 386-8 and 394 seem to me against this view. Rossetti suggests to me that the Shape is rather "the emotional and ideal perception of and response to Nature and Beauty, which may be termed 'Sensibility';" in his letter of July 12, 1816, Shelley credits Rousseau with 'sublimest genius and more than human sensibility.'

356-7. The meaning seems to be that Iris had drawn her scarf, and that the scarf was continually present.

361. In Mrs. Shelley's editions the line stands—

Out of the deep cavern, with palms so tender.

The correction is from the MS.(Garnett). For "palms" in the sense of "soles of the feet," see *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 123, *Adonais*, xxiv. 5.

363. *Glided* MS.(Garnett) : She glided *PC*.

377. *in* MS.(Garnett) : to *PC*.

392. Rossetti and Woodberry follow the example of Mrs. Shelley's later editions in ending the sentence at "eyes."

401. Forman notes that "And" is superfluous.

406. *had* :—I suspect that this, as in other cases, is a misreading of "has."

411. *a new vision* :—Life (cf. 434).

420. *jonquil* :—The word has the same accent in Wordsworth's sonnet *To a Snowdrop*.

423. Mrs. Shelley notes at this point—"The favourite song, '*Stanco di pascolar le pecorelle*' is a Brescian national air."

427. *a day-appearing dream* :—The phrase occurs in the fragment *A Wanderer* (1821).

439-50. Dr. Garnett informed me that these twelve lines were written on the back of a letter bearing postmark "May 15."

464. *that early form* :—Sc. the *first* Shape, which moved on the stream's motion. Forman suggests "aëry" for "early."

472. *who* *PC* : whom *Rossetti*. The allusion is to Dante.

475. *In words of hate and awe* :—Mrs. Shelley gave "The words of hate and care." Forman (1877) reads "The words of hate and awe," presumably on Dr. Garnett's authority, but Dr. Garnett told me that the manuscript reading is that given in the text. The next line—a wonderful example of rhythm—is explained in the remainder of the poem.

477-9. The argument seems to be that, since men are deaf to the

music of Love, it needed a Dante to tell them of it. "The Sphere" is the "Third Heaven" (Venus): cf. Dante's *First Canzone*.

481. The "shadows" are the masks (strength, beauty, etc.) which fell from the forms and faces of the crowd (cf. 518 etc.). The allegory here developed seems to be an amplification of ll. 120-4.

486. *isle* MS.(Garnett): vale *PC*. Miss Blind (*Westminster Review*, July, 1870) remarks:—"The correction is significant from the fact that these countless swarms of bats are found in the Indian Archipelago, not upon the continent. The idea was probably suggested to Shelley by Trelawny's narratives of his adventures in these regions."

496. *tiar* 1870: *tire PC*.

497. *sate like vultures* MS.(Garnett): rode, like demons *PC*.

498. *empire*:—For the scansion see *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 15 (note).

502. *demon*:—Forman and Hutchinson alter to "dæmon,"—wrongly, as I think.

505. *made*] make *P*: a variation unnoticed by modern editors. Mrs. Shelley made the correction.

510. *lawyers, statesmen*, *PC*: lawyer, statesman, *Rossetti*.

511-6. Todhunter remarks that these lines refer "not merely to nuns, but to other women whom an external code of morality, which veils their real nature, compels to live, possibly 'lamenting some enforced chastity,' and certainly stunted in spiritual and intellectual growth."

518-37. The transfiguration is precisely the opposite of that described in *Prometheus Unbound*, III. iv. 65 etc.

530. *and like each other*] and each like other, *Rossetti*; but see *The Revolt of Islam*, III. xiv. 9 (note). The meaning is that each shadow resembled the original form from which it fell, and also the other shadows which fell from that same form.

534. *Wrought* MS.(Garnett): *Wrapt PC*.

542-3. Those who were most highly endowed with strength and beauty were the first to shed them and to succumb. Cf. the prose fragment *Una Favola*.

544-8. *The cripple . . . gold Of*:—These lines, which have not hitherto appeared in print, were communicated to me by Dr. Garnett, who also discovered the Cancelled Opening of the poem.

#### POEMS OF 1814-15

STANZA WRITTEN AT BRACKNELL.—First printed in Hogg's *Life of Shelley* (ii. 516). It was contained in a letter to Hogg dated March 16, 1814, and was apparently addressed either to Mrs. Boinville, in whose house Shelley was staying shortly before his separation from Harriet, or, more probably, to her daughter Cornelia Turner. Shelley, in sending it to Hogg, remarked that it had "no meaning."

STANZAS (APRIL, 1814).—Composed at Bracknell, and first published in the *Alastor* volume (1816). The lines are generally supposed to have been addressed to Shelley himself on his farewell to Mrs. Boinville and her daughter.

The metre of the poem has been elaborately discussed in modern textbooks. The indentations, which are identical with those in the *Alastor* volume, are in accordance with the view that the first line consists of *seven* iambic feet, a "silent foot" being interpolated after "Away," and again after "moor." The *Alastor* version, followed by Mrs. Shelley, consists of three stanzas; Forman and Hutchinson divide it into six.

i. 2. *drunk* C: drank *A*.

5. *the time is past*:—Since the Boinville household, according to Hogg, were accustomed to all-night conversaciones, we must suppose some special reason for Shelley's departure before midnight. Dowden (*Life of Shelley*, ii. 549) refuses credit to Claire Clairmont's statement that Shelley at Bracknell fell in love with Mrs. Turner, and that Mrs. Boinville and Mrs. Turner were indignant and broke off his acquaintance. Quoting from Mrs. Boinville's letter to Hogg of April 18, he remarks, "It does not look as if any breach had taken place between Shelley and the Boinville household." But that very quotation—"Shelley is again a widower; his beauteous half went to town on Thursday"—seems to fix the date of the poem as *late* in April (see note on l. 8): nor do ll. 5-7 seem intelligible except on the supposition of some sort of quarrel.

6. *tear* A: glance C.

8. *solitude*:—Literally: since Harriet was away from home in the latter part of April. Dobell interprets "dereliction" as "fear of dereliction," presumably by Harriet. I think that it alludes to Shelley's present dereliction by Cornelia Turner.

ii. 7. *or this world*:—Both metre and sense would be complete without these words. Is it possible that Shelley wrote "thy soul," adding in the margin "or, this world"—as an alternative reading,—and that the printer put in both?

iii. 1-4. Cf. *To Edward Williams*, vi. *in the deep*:—below the sea level.

6. Cf. Shelley's letter to Hogg dated "Bracknell, March 16, 1814":—"I have felt myself translated to a paradise, which has nothing of mortality but its transitoriness; my heart sickens at the view of that necessity which will quickly divide me from the delightful tranquillity of this happy home—for it has become my home. The trees, the bridge, the minutest objects, have already a place in my affections."

8. It is possible that the category includes Mrs. Newton, who was staying with her sister Mrs. Boinville at, or shortly before, the date of the poem. The "one sweet smile" is almost certainly that of Cornelia Turner; cf. T. Constable's *Memoir of Rev. C. de Boinville*, p. 365—

“Her smile was as sunlight, and radiated the love of which it was the expression directly into the hearts of those who looked on her.” She died in 1874, nearly sixty years after Mrs. Newton’s death.

TO HARRIET.—Written in May, 1814, and first printed in Dowden’s *Life of Shelley*, 1887.

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.—Composed in June, 1814, and published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), where it is classed among the poems of 1821, under the title “TO —”.

Mrs. Shelley was apparently under the impression that the lines were written for Jane Williams. Dr. Garnett gave the now accepted date and title (*Relics of Shelley*, p. 160 etc.), but did not state his authority. It certainly seems curious that Mrs. Shelley in 1824 should have failed to recognize a poem addressed to herself in 1814.

i. 2. *wert* C : did P.

3. *yearn* conj. Rossetti : fear PC. Dowden has suggested as an alternative “veer.” The simpler change “fear yet,—dread” would also make sense, but clumsily.

iii. 2. The gap may have been deliberately made by Mrs. Shelley, under the impression referred to above. In any case the sentence is clearly broken off, or there may be some corruption of the text. Rossetti substitutes a full stop for the authorized comma at the end of this line. My punctuation supposes that the latter part of the gap would have been filled by a relative pronoun.

iv. 4. *thy dark eyes* :—Mary Godwin’s eyes are described by Shelley as brown, and by Trelawny as grey. No doubt this stanza reminded Mrs. Shelley of the “Magnetic Lady,” Jane Williams.

iv. 5. *Their* C : Thy P.

v. 6. *thee* C : thou P.

vi. 2. *can I* C : I can P.

6. *feel’st* C : feel P. I have little doubt that Shelley wrote “feel,” the verb being quite naturally attracted into the mood of “be” and “appear.”

TO —.—First printed in C<sub>2</sub>, where it is given among Mrs. Shelley’s notes to the Poems of 1817 with the remark “I do not know the date when it was written—but it was early.” Dowden supposes that it was addressed to Mary Godwin in June, 1814; Woodberry’s suggestion that Harriet was the person addressed seems far more probable. The poem, described by Mrs. Shelley as a “fragment of a song,” and printed by her in three quatrains, is apparently an unfinished sonnet; but, whereas Forman and Rossetti consider that the gap is at the end, I have indicated it where the sense seems to me plainly to require it. Bradley regards the metre as Spenserian, with the Alexandrine in the ninth line “reduced.” I have seen a draft of the poem in Shelley’s writing, but have been unable to obtain permission to quote from it.



i. *Yet*:—Sc. “Still,” as also in ll. 5 and 7 (first half). The two subsequent instances are probably adversative.

12. *pityest* Rossetti : pity *C*<sub>2</sub> *vulg.*

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ.—Published with *Alastor* under this title (from Euripides' *Hippolytus*). Later editions substitute the title *To Coleridge*, Mrs. Shelley having stated that the poem “was addressed in idea to Coleridge, whom he never knew.” Modern critics agree with B. Dobell, that the person addressed is Shelley himself. ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ is misprinted ΔΑΚΡΥΕΙ in *A*.

i. 1. *of A* : in *C*. Cf. Wordsworth's *Address to Kilchurn Castle* (pub. 1827)—

Oh ! there is life that breathes not ; Powers there are  
That touch each other to the quick in modes  
Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,  
No soul to dream of.

Wordsworth's influence is seen in the next stanza and throughout the poem. Compare also Keats' *Endymion*, iii. 23 etc.

ii. 2. *moonlight A* : mountain *C*.

iii. 1. *starry eyes*:—Cf. the “dewy looks” of the *Stanza written at Bracknell*. The allusion may be to one of the Bracknell party.

MUTABILITY.—This and the next four poems were included in the *Alastor* volume of 1816.

ii. 1. *forgotten lyres*:—Cf. *Alastor*, 42, 667.

ON DEATH.—The first draft was composed before 1813.

iv. 2.—Sc. “All but the physical body will eventually travel to the realm of Death.”

v. 4. *caves A* : cave *Facsimile Reprint* (both editions).

A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCHYARD.—Written in Sept. 1815.

i. 3-4. Cf. *Alastor*, 337, *A Vision of the Sea*, 67, *To Night*, ii.

5. Cf. *Alastor*, 455.

iv. 2. For the inversion of “as” cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, vi. liiii. 4, *Prometheus Unbound*, III. iv. 106.

v. 5-6. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 449.

TO WORDSWORTH.—Forman compares Browning's *The Lost Leader*. The allusion in l. 3 is to the famous *Ode*.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ETC.—The first half of the Sonnet may be compared with Stanza ii. of Byron's *Ode on the same subject*, composed Apr. 10, 1814 :

With might unquestioned,—power to save,—  
Thine only gift hath been the grave,  
To those that worshipped thee ;

Nor till thy fall could mortals gues  
Ambition's less than littleness.

3. *shouldst*] should *Rossetti*.

7-8. I have added the dashes. Rossetti put a comma after "this," taking probably "For" in the sense of "in return for."

LINES.—First published in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* (1823), where they are dated "Nov. 1815." But if the poem refers to the death of Harriet Shelley, the date is at least a year too early, since that event occurred on or after Nov. 9, 1816. The metre is very similar to that of *That Time is Dead* (1817). Stanzas i. and ii. may be regarded as the germ of the Widow-Bird Lyric at the end of *Charles the First*.

iii. 6. *raven*] tangled *P*. Harriet's hair was light brown.

iv. 1. There is no rhyme to this line.

#### POEMS OF 1816

THE SUNSET.—Composed at Bishopgate in the spring, and published (with the exception of l. 37) in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Lines 9-20 and 28-42 appeared the year before in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book*, under the titles *Sunset* and *Grief*. The poem is interesting as being the only piece of blank verse between *Alastor* and *Prometheus Unbound*. Rossetti regards it as personal to Shelley and Mary, written at a time when he was expecting that his life would soon be terminated by consumption.

4. *death C*: youth *P*. Cf. the prose fragment *Una Favola*, and *Adonais*, xlv. 7.

9-20. H. Clutton-Brock regards these lines as a study in the observation of detail, in the manner of Coleridge.

22. *sun . . . walk*] Forman suggests sunrise . . . wake. I take the meaning to be "I never saw the sun *set to-night*." The sunset had been visible, since the field was open to the western sky, but the youth—strangely, as he says—had not observed it.

32. *were* is emphatic.

36. *wisdom-working grief*:—Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, II. xix. 6 (note).

37. *om.* PC.

HYMNO TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.—Composed in Switzerland during the summer, and first printed in the "Examiner" (Jan. 19, 1817). It was included in the *Rosalind and Helen* volume of 1819. The "Examiner" version is disfigured by numerous dashes which in *A* are replaced by other points. I have retained these in cases where they seem desirable. Dr. Garnett furnished me with a list of a dozen verbal variations from Shelley's rough draft.

- i. 1. Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, vi. xxxvii. 1.
2. *Floats*] Walks *MS.* amongst "Examiner" among *A.*
7. *heart*] mind *MS.*
9. *widely*] wildly *MS.*
- ii. 1. *dost A*: *doth* "Examiner." Forman (1876) erroneously states the opposite.
3. *thought*] mind *MS.*
5. *This*] *A MS.*
6. *sunlight . . . Weaves*] sunbeams . . . Weave *MS.*
- iii. 2. *sage or poet*] wisest poets *MS.*
3. *Demon, Ghost*] Ghost and God *MS.*
10. *strings of some still*] some unconscious *MS.*
- iv. This stanza is not in the original draft.
7. *lovers*] lover's "Examiner" *A.*
8. *art* "Examiner": are *A.*
- v.-vi. Cf. Dedication to the *Revolt of Islam*, iii.-v. Stanzas v. and vi. are transposed in the original draft.
- v. 1. *While*] When *MS.*
4. *poisonous*] the false *MS.*
- 8-10. Cf. Wordsworth's *To the Small Celandine*, 17-8—  
 Soon as gentle breezes bring  
 News of winter's vanishing.

MONT BLANC.—Written in July, and published in the Shelleys' *History of a Six Weeks' Tour* (1817). It was included also in *Posthumous Poems*. Though obscure in parts the poem reaches at times a higher level than any yet attained by Shelley. It was not written during the "Six weeks' tour," which took place in 1814, but during the second tour of 1816.

2. *the mind* :—The universal mind : cf. *The Daemon of the World*, ii. 248-50.

7. *assume* :—Sc. appear to cause. Cf. Shelley's Letter to Peacock (Chamouni, July 22, 1816): "They were no more than mountain rivulets, but the height from which they fell . . . made them assume a character inconsistent with the smallness of their stream."

A clear understanding of the opening section is necessary for the comprehension of the stupendous second section—stupendous almost as Mont Blanc itself, and ever increasing in difficulty as the climax is approached. In the first section Shelley compares three physical phenomena with three metaphysical conceptions :—

(1) The Ravine, corresponding with the *universal* mind.

(2) The Arve, corresponding with the everlasting Universe of Things.

(3) The feeble brook, corresponding with *individual human* mind, which borrows its inspiration from the everlasting Universe. This last is the idea developed in the next section : cf. also 139-40.

Dowden (*Life of Shelley*, ii. 31) gives a different interpretation :—

"Vast and wonderful as the material universe is . . . it borrows its greatness and glory from what is spiritual ; it is but like a river flowing through a world of Thought, the hues and forms of which it mirrors."

15. *cloud-shadows*] cloud shadows *A* : cloud, shadows *P* : clouds, shadows *C*. Cf. *Stanzas, April 1814*, iii. 1.

27-9. Rossetti remarks that these two and a half lines seem to have no defined syntactical position.

30. I have added the dash. Rossetti puts no stop, taking "echoing" in an active sense.

32. After the long parenthesis the construction of l. 12 is here resumed.

41. *one legion of wild thoughts* :—In apposition with "influencings" or "interchange." These are the thoughts caused by the Universe of Things, the thoughts of Nature's mind.

42. *above thy darkness* :—Such thoughts are beyond the reach of the individual human mind.

43. *that or thou* :—The first real difficulty begins here. Evidently "thou" is the Ravine,—a welcome guest in the Cave of Poetry because it is a fit subject for poetical description ; "that" must, I suppose, be the poet's "own separate phantasy." The two are not mutually exclusive, "or" being put for "and" for the sake of the rhyme. I have substituted a semicolon for a comma at the end of the next line.

45. *seeking* :—This may be taken with "phantasy," or, more loosely, with "mè" (understood). I have added dashes at the end of the line and in the middle of the next (in place of a comma). The cave is a revival of Plato's cave (*Republic*, 515 etc.), where human beings sit bound, with their backs to the light, seeing only the shadows cast on the inner end of the cave by the passers by. This gazing at shadows has been interpreted as the study of poetry.

47-8. So far the sense of the passage beginning at l. 32 may be summed up as follows :—"The Ravine is the path of the Arve's un-resting sound. The poet, gazing on the Ravine, thinks of his own feeble imagination inspired by the untamed thoughts of the everlasting Universe. These thoughts of Nature's Mind seem sometimes to float above the Ravine (the Universal Mind), beyond his reach, sometimes to dwell in the cave of Poesy, where the poet's imagination seeks, among the ghosts (*idéa*) passing by the cave, some faint reflected image to express his conception of the Ravine." The next line and a half, difficult enough in themselves, are curiously obscured by the misprint "fed" for "fled" in Rossetti's edition. I take the "breast" to be the mind of the Universe of Things (Nature), and "there" to mean "outside the cave of Poesy." The sense then continues—"Till Nature recalls these phantoms which are her thoughts, the phantom or Idea of the Ravine is within sight of the Cave of Poesy, and therefore accessible to the poet and describable by him." An interpretation which Rossetti has recently suggested to me may be simpler :—"Until my breast

recalls certain other shadows which lately fled from it, thou art there (in my breast or mind). Though the last line is rhymeless it makes a not ineffective conclusion."

49. *remoter*:—Sc. future (Ellis); but probably the meaning is merely "beyond our ken."

53. *unfurled*:—This must be taken to mean "drawn aside." 'B.V.' suggested "upfurled."

62. Another rhymeless line, as also are ll. 65, 108, 113, 133.

63. *around*:—"round" has been suggested, but the extra syllable fits the picture.

69. *tracks her there* P: tracts her there A: watches her MS. (Garnett). Cf. *Marenghi*, xvii. 6.

79. *But for such faith*] In such a faith MS. (Garnett). J. L. Walker explains the text reading as "only to obtain such faith"; but such a use of "But" would be intolerable, and "may be" becomes wrong. The ordinary meaning of the words gives a quite possible sense:—"The wilderness teaches doubt in the current beliefs; or, at the most, a faith in them so mild, so undemonstrative, that if man can only rid himself of these remaining traces of faith he may be made one with Nature."

94. The comma at "breathe" is due to Rossetti. The alteration in sense gives the required contrast with 96.

105. *distinct*:—See *The Revolt of Islam*, I. lv. 3 (note).

117. *So much*:—I take this to mean "That amount." Woodberry alters the construction, putting a comma at "spoil" and a semicolon at "gone."

121. *torrents'* Rossetti: torrent's APC.

126. Throughout this section Shelley has relapsed into his old *Queen Mab* style, of which the last two lines are especially characteristic.

139-40. Cf. the penultimate stanza of the *Ode to Heaven* (1819).

144. *vacancy*:—Sc. not inhabited by the Spirit of the Universe.

The *Cancelled Passage* and the two Fragments which follow are from *Relics of Shelley* (1862). The first of them, Garnett notes, is the only passage in which Shelley alludes to his home.

## POEMS OF 1817

MARIANNE'S DREAM.—Written at Marlow, and published in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* (1819), and again in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Marianne is Mrs. Leigh Hunt, who told the dream to Shelley.

iii. 6. *golden*] gold PC.

x. 6, 7. *or . . . its*] a . . . their Rossetti conj. No satisfactory explanation of the text is possible.

xii. 1. *that*] each 'B.V.' conj.

xv. 1. *flames* Rossetti: waves 1819 PC.

xvi. 4. *mountains* 1819: mountain *PC*.

xvii. 3. *flood*:—'B.V.' conjectured "flames"; but the text reading is defensible on the assumption that "almost" = almost in *height*.

xxi. 5-6. Cf. *The Sensitive Plant*, ii. 8, *Ode to Liberty*, iv. 9.

TO CONSTANTIA, SINGING.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), but our text follows the version of the extraordinarily untidy first draft in the Bodleian Library, since that alone yields four stanzas consistent in metre. There is another MS. of the poem at Harvard University. "Constantia" stands for Claire Clairmont.

i. 1. This line is in *B* and *H*, but is omitted in all editions.

5. *its voice that were* *B*: which were thy voice, which burn *P*.

7-8. In the printed texts these two lines are merged into one portentous whole.

11. *om.* *H*, where this stanza comes last.

ii. 2. *Of dreams om.* *P*.

3. *yet incommunicably*] but uncommunicably *P*.

iii. 2. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, i. 774 etc.

TO ONE SINGING.—Published among the notes in Mrs. Shelley's first Collected Edition of 1839 (*C*<sub>1</sub>). The Bodleian MS. is written on the back of the last stanza of *To Constantia, Singing*, and the additional line there given shows the metre—as is so often the case with Shelley's fragments—to be *terza rima*. The fragment is the germ of Asia's song at the end of *Prometheus Unbound*, Act II.

3. *far* *B*: *om.* *C*.

4. *a om.* *B*.

6. *om.* *C*. Cf. Letter to Peacock (July 12, 1816)—"passing with great speed mighty forests which overhung the lake."

TO CONSTANTIA.—Published in *C*<sub>1</sub>. Our text follows *B*.

i. 1. *red om.* *C*.

2. *fragrant*] pleasant *C*.

6. *with borrowed*] with her borrowed *C*.

The two FRAGMENTS TO MUSIC which follow are also from Mrs. Shelley's notes to *C*<sub>1</sub> and exist in MS.

No 1.—1. *Silver* MS.: The silver *C*<sub>1</sub>.

No. 2.—1. "*food of Love*" Forman: god of Love *C*: "God of Love" MS.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.—Stanzas v.-ix., xiv. and xvi. appeared first in Mrs. Shelley's notes to *C*<sub>1</sub>, and the whole poem in the notes to *C*<sub>2</sub>. The rough draft, in Shelley's hand, is in the Harvard Library; in addition, no less than four transcripts by Mrs. Shelley are in existence. Two of these have been collated by Forman, and some of the readings from them are taken from his edition.

Forman, Rossetti and Woodberry all assign the date of composition to August or September, 1817, on the ground that Lord Eldon's decree, depriving Shelley of the custody of his children by Harriet, was pronounced in August. That decree, however, was pronounced on March 17 or 27—the documents vary between the two dates—so that the poem must be ascribed to April at the latest, being written, Mrs. Shelley says, "in his first resentment against the Chancellor." For the source of much of the poem see note to the last stanza.

i. 4. *a buried Form*:—The Star Chamber (Mrs. Shelley).

iii. 1. *slow sure*:—So  $C_2$  and one transcript. All other modern editors prefer "sure slow," the reading of another transcript. *Angel, which aye*:—So  $C_2$ ; "Fate which ever" is a correction made by Shelley in one of the transcripts.

iv. 3. *And*  $C_2$  and one transcript. All other modern editors, except Rossetti, prefer "Be," the reading of another transcript. *leaden cowl*:—Woodberry compares Dante's *Inferno*, xxiii.

v. 3. *prove*:—Sc. feel, as in *Lines to a Critic*, iv. 1, *Pan, Echo and the Satyr*, 12.

4. *griefs*  $C_2$ : grief  $C_1$ .

vi. 4. *promise of a*  $C_2$ : promises of  $C_1$ .

vii. According to T. W. Higginson (*Book and Heart*) the Harvard MS. gives two interesting cancelled attempts at this stanza:—

## (1)

[By that sweet voice which who could understand  
To frame to sounds of love and love (? lore) divine,  
Not thou.]

## (2)

[By those pure accents which at my command  
Should have been framed to love and lore divine,  
Now like a lute, fretted by some rude hand,  
Uttering harsh discords, they must echo thine.]

ix. 1. *an* Transcripts: a  $C_1C_2$ .

xi. 1, 3. *terror . . . error* Transcripts: terrors . . . errors  $C_2$ .

3. *which must be their error*:—Sc. from which they will form a wrong opinion of their father.

xiii. 2. *snares and nets* Two transcripts: snares and arts  $H$ : arts and snares *Another transcript*: acts and snares  $C_2$ . With Rossetti I regard the physical image as the better, more particularly since "arts" was used two lines above.

4. Cf. *The Masque of Anarchy*, iv. 4, and *Œdipus Tyrannus*, I. 334 (note).

xiv. 3. *that*  $C_1C_2$ . All modern editors read "which," without naming their authority.

xvi. 2-3. This and much of the foregoing seem to be taken from

the Incantation in Byron's *Manfred* (l. i.). *Manfred* was begun in Switzerland during the summer tour of 1816, when Shelley was with Byron. Moreover, since this particular part of *Manfred* was finished and sent to Byron's publisher in London, with the third canto of *Childe Harold*, during this summer, there is every likelihood that Byron would have shown to Shelley his latest completed work. Shelley himself took back to England one MS. copy of this third canto, and corrected the proofs for Byron in London. I give here part of the Incantation, which Byron intended to apply to his wife:—

From thy false tears I did distil  
An essence which hath strength to kill ;

By the cold breast and serpent smile,  
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,  
By that most seeming-virtuous eye,  
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy ;  
By the perfection of thine art  
Which passed for human thine own heart ;  
By thy delight in others' pain,  
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,  
I call upon thee ! and compel  
Thyself to be thy proper Hell.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.—Stanzas i., v., vi. were printed in  $C_1$ , and the whole in  $C_2$ , in both cases among the notes. Some readings are taken from a transcript (here called 'T') in Mrs. Shelley's writing, collated by Forman. Mrs. Shelley's note gives the origin of the poem :—“At one time, while the question (of the Chancery case) 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 away from us. He did not hesitate to resolve, if such were menaced, to abandon country, fortune, everything, and to escape with his child ; and I find some unfinished stanzas addressed to this son, whom afterwards we lost at Rome, written under the idea that we might suddenly be forced to cross the sea, so to preserve him.”

The first line of the second stanza shows that the Chancellor's decree had been pronounced, so that the date of the poem must be between March 17 (or 27) and Sept. 2, when Clara Shelley was born.

- i. 1. *on the beach om.*  $C_1$ .
5. *me, delightful* T : me, thou delightful C.
8. *the*  $TC_1$  : *om.*  $C_2$ .
- ii. 6. *prime* T : *time*  $C_2$ .
8. *fearless are*  $C_2$  : *are fearless* T.
- iii. 2. The reference is to the unborn Clara,
4. *shalt* T : *wilt*  $C_2$ .



iv. *om.* T. Cf. *Rosalind and Helen*, 894-901.

v. 1. *rest, shriek* C<sub>1</sub>C<sub>2</sub>: *rest, and shriek* T. All other modern editions except Rossetti's adopt the reading of T.

9. *us* TC<sub>1</sub>: *thee* C<sub>2</sub>.

vi. With Rossetti I follow the pointing of both Mrs. Shelley's editions. Other modern editors adopt in three places the inferior punctuation of T.

1. *will in* TC<sub>2</sub>: *will sometime in* C<sub>1</sub>.

2. *long add.* T.

7. *those* TC<sub>1</sub>: *their* C<sub>2</sub>.

10. *by such name*:—Sc. "by invoking the name of one of the heroes old."

CANCELLED PASSAGES.—These are from *Relics of Shelley*, where they are dated "1818"—presumably a slip. It will be noticed that the metre is quite different from that of the poem itself.

(1) 9. The comma is restored from 1862.

10. The fragment ends with a full stop in 1862. Rossetti italicizes "we."

(2) 1. *this lament*;] This lament, 1862.

3. *Genius is omnipotent* 1862: *genius is Omnipotent* Forman Woodberry. I quote this merely to show how slight errors may become perpetuated.

ON FANNY GODWIN.—From C<sub>1</sub>, where it is headed "On F. G." Fanny Godwin, Mary Shelley's half-sister, had poisoned herself on Oct. 9 of the previous year. Her last meeting with Shelley was probably on Sept. 24, 1816 (Dowden).

4. Cf. Fanny Godwin's letter to Mary (Oct. 3, 1816)—"I either related my story very ill to Shelley, or he, *paying little regard to what I might say*, chose to invent a story out of his own imagination" etc.

6. Sc. there is too much room for misery in the world.

DEATH.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

i. 5. *calls* C: *called* P.

ii. 3. *thy*:—Rossetti suspects that this should be "their" or "my." 'B.V.' proposed to alter "my" to "thy" in the penultimate line of each stanza.

5. *but transitory*:—The adjective seems to be used almost adverbially, the transitory things being the brightness and calmness, rather than the spot.

LINES.—Published in *Posthumous Poems*, with the date "Nov. 5, 1817."

i. 5. *ghast*] wild *Fleay conj.* Certainly "ghast" is not used else-

where by Shelley, and "wild" would make the two stanzas symmetrical, though inferior in sound.

ii. 6. *flee*] fly *Rossetti*. This emendation of Fleay's gives a closer rhyme to "by," but robs the line of its chief beauty. One of the peculiar charms of Shelley's poetry lies in the absence of machine-like accuracy in rhyming.

LINES TO A CRITIC.—Published by Leigh Hunt in *The Liberal*, No. III. (1823), and reprinted in *Posthumous Poems*, where it is dated December, 1817.

iii. 4. *P* gives a Shelleyan comma after "me."

A HATE-SONG.—Published by W. M. Rossetti (1870), to whom it was repeated by Robert Browning, who had it from Leigh Hunt. Rossetti's note is:—"It seems that Hunt and Shelley were talking one day (probably in or about 1817) concerning Love-songs; and Shelley said that he didn't see why Hate-songs also should not be written, and that he could do them; and on the spot he improvised these lines of doggrel."

2. *out om.* Forman Woodberry Hutchinson.

OZYMANDIAS.—Printed in Hunt's *Examiner* (Jan. 1818), and reproduced at the end of the *Rosalind and Helen* volume (1819). Some of the punctuation is taken from a Bodleian MS. Horace Smith published in 1821 a sonnet on the same subject.

5. *lip*] lips *B*.

8. The comma (from *B*) in the middle of the line is really necessary, since the "hand" and the "heart" belonged to different persons. This use of "mock," in the sense of "imitate," is quite common in Shelley; cf. especially *Ode to Liberty*, v. 13. The same sentiment is found in *Queen Mab*, ix. 29-30.

9. *these words appear*] this legend clear *B*. The Fragment of an earlier draft is from *B*, first printed by Julius Zupitza. It has not appeared in any previous edition.

MIGHTY EAGLE.—Published by H. Buxton Forman in 1882, and dated by him "1817." Forman supposes the fragment to be addressed to William Godwin. Rossetti has given me strong evidence, derived from his examination of Dr. Garnett's MS. Shelley Note-books, that the lines have been antedated by two years. Whether this be so or not, I should imagine that the person addressed is Byron; cf. the "tempest-cleaving Swan" (*Lines written among the Euganean Hills*).

OTHO.—Published in *C*<sub>1</sub> among Mrs. Shelley's notes. She describes the two stanzas as the opening of a poem inspired by the pages of Tacitus. Hogg tells a story of a poet who dined with Shelley and discoursed the whole time of Otho and suicide.

i. 2. *Last of the Romans* :—Cf. Brutus' funeral oration. The change of mood from "claim" to "Rests" is noticeable.

5. *Nor he* :—Sc. Nor was *he* the last. Rossetti puts a semicolon at the end of the next line, and a comma at "great."

ii. 5. *bring* Garnett conj. : buy C.

OTHO FRAGMENTS.—From *Relics of Shelley* (1862). Dr. Garnett originally assigned the second only to *Otho*. Rossetti disagrees with Forman's view that No. (1) is connected with the same subject.

(1) 4. *weakness*] meekness *Forman* (1877), evidently a misprint.

THE SOARING MIND.—From *Relics of Shelley*. The title is my own. Forman connects the fragments with *Otho*, but I have little doubt that it is another case of *terza rima*.

5, 6. Cf. *The Two Spirits*, i.

A CLOUD CHARIOT.—From *Relics of Shelley*. The title was given by Dowden (1891), who has given me permission to use it and some other titles given by him to various Fragments.

TO ONE FREED FROM PRISON.—From *Relics of Shelley*. I adopt Dowden's title. If, as Rossetti plausibly suggested, the lines refer to Leigh Hunt's release from prison, the date must be wrong, since that event took place in February, 1815. Having regard to the metre I cannot understand Forman's supposition that "the lines may possibly have been rejected from *Rosalind and Helen*." See also note on *A Gentle Story* (1819).

1. *if not that tears did tremble* :—Sc. "were it not that" etc.

4. Such inversions as this are usually confined by Shelley to temporal or relative clauses.

10. *prey* :—Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, VII. xxviii. 6.

SATAN AT LARGE.—Published by W. M. Rossetti (1870), from a transcription by Dr. Garnett. The title is Dowden's.

UNSATISFIED DESIRE —Published in  $C_1$  (notes). Some emendations are given from *B*. Again the metre is against Forman's supposition—that "it might almost be a rejected passage from *Julian and Maddalo*."

2. *unsteady*  $BC_1$  : uneasy *Forman Woodberry*. This latter is not, as Hutchinson states, the reading of  $C_1$ .

4. *Where*] When *perhaps B*.

6. [*dizzy*] :—The cancelled word is doubtful in *B*, but it can hardly be "dim" as given in  $C_1$ .

7, 8. *then all the night Sick om.*  $C_1$ . For the last three lines cf. *The Cenci*, II. ii. 142.

LOVE IMMORTAL.—This also is from Mrs. Shelley's notes in C<sub>1</sub>. The Bodleian draft gives no variations. I have adopted Dowden's title.

ELUSIVE THOUGHTS.—From the same source as the foregoing. The title is my own.

1. Cf. Shelley's letter to Hogg (June 16, 1811)—"The ideas here rise in solitude ; they pass through a mind as solitary."

2. Cf. *Alastor*, 707 (note).

FRAGMENTS FROM THE BODLEIAN MS.—From *An Examination of the Shelley MSS.* (1903).

(1). Hutchinson places this and the next conjecturally among the poems of 1820. I have thought 1817 safer, because all the known short poems in "MS. Shelley, e4," from which I took it, are, with one exception, of that year, the single exception—*Passage of the Apennines*—belonging to the early part of 1818. Perhaps these may be the opening lines of that drama founded on the Book of Job which, according to Mrs. Shelley, the poet meditated writing at the time of his arrival in Italy. This was early in 1818, and does not preclude the possibility of the drama having previously been begun. Biographers of Shelley may be able to settle the question of date from the address "No. 30 Francis St., Bedford Square" which Shelley wrote on the same page as these lines.

2. *Endued* :—The word is doubtful in *B*, and there is no comma.

(2). This is on the same page as (1) and may well be connected with it. *B* has no comma after "fiends," which may be doubtful.

(3) ADDRESS TO THE HUMAN MIND.—Dr. Garnett, probably nearly half a century ago, also transcribed this. I note, below, the places where our transcriptions differ. The lines are preceded in *B* by the following analysis :—"Address to the human mind ; representation of its being a perpetual flame Burning on the altars of Greece and Rome and Egypt Gods its ministering Powers [Hours *G*]. Temples, Jugernaut, China, Sanctuary. [Garnett omits the last word, which is very doubtful. It has a strong resemblance to "Something."]

2. Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, IX. xxviii. 5.

3. *be* :—The word is so hopelessly blotted as to be practically a conjecture.

7. *this* :—Or "the."

9. *high to Heaven upcurled*] *om. G.* The words are more illegible than any four consecutive words that I have seen in Shelley's writing.

10. *That e'er*] And ever *G.*

16. Cf. *The Daemon of the World*, i. 100.

(5) 4. The first half of the line is doubtful.

5. The blank represents a word which I failed to decipher : perhaps—speaking from memory—"cave." I do not know whether the

“colly” can be short for the Coliseum. If so, the date here assigned to the lines is probably too early.

## POEMS OF 1818

TO THE NILE.—This sonnet, the last poem completed by Shelley in England, was first printed in the *St. James's Magazine*, March, 1876, and was published, with a facsimile of the MS., in Forman's edition of 1877. The sonnet was composed on Feb. 4, 1818, in friendly competition with Keats and Leigh Hunt. Of the three, that of Leigh Hunt, who probably took the most trouble, and may even have exceeded the time-limit, is certainly the best.

The last six lines are a recantation of the idea expressed in *The Revolt of Islam*, vi. xli., and I am inclined to suspect the existence of a friendly by-competition, limited perhaps to Keats and Shelley, concerned with the relative merits of knowledge and indolence. It looks as if each had undertaken to express the other's views: cf. the tenth line of Keats' sonnet—

'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste  
Of all beyond itself,

and compare it with his poem *What the Thrush said*, sent in a letter to Reynolds within the next fortnight—

O fret not after knowledge,  
and with the letter itself. However this may be, it is clear that the similarity in diversity of the conclusions to the two sonnets—the one comparing the Nile to knowledge, and the other to ignorance—must be the result of something more than mere coincidence.

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES.—Composed May 4, on the journey from Bologna to Pisa, and published in *Posthumous Poems*. The MS. is in the Bodleian Library.

9. *lay*:—Sc. lie. For the opposite mistake cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, III. xxx. 9, VII. xxxiii. 7.

13. *Shrouding add. B*, showing that the poem is a fragment. Perhaps, as in other cases alluded to in these notes, Shelley was overcome with horror at the image in his mind; compare also the unfinished state of the *Medusa* fragment, *The Tower of Famine* and *A Vision of the Sea*.

THE PAST.—Published in *Posthumous Poems*. It will be noticed that the two stanzas are not quite symmetrical.

ii. Cf. *That Time is Dead* (1817), ii., and Byron's *The Giaour*—

My memory now is but the tomb  
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:  
Thou better to have died with those  
Than bear a life of lingering woes.

ON A FADED VIOLET.—First printed in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* (1821); reprinted in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), and, with several variations, in Mrs. Shelley's first Collected Edition of 1839 (*C*<sub>1</sub>). Two manuscripts are in existence, viz. (1) A sheet of notepaper in the Bodleian Library; (2) The draft contained in a note sent by Shelley to Miss Sophia Stacey (March 7, 1820), wherein he describes them as "a few old stanzas." This MS. agrees for the most part with *P*, while *C*<sub>1</sub> follows *B*.

ON A FADED VIOLET *C*: SONG, ON A FADED VIOLET *P*: ON A DEAD VIOLET TO — *Stacey MS*: TO A FADED VIOLET *B*.

- i. 1. *odour* Hunt *P* *Stacey MS*. : colour *BC*.
2. *kisses breathed* Hunt *P* *Stacey MS*. : sweet eyes smiled *BC*. The punctuation is from *B*, as is also that of some of the rest.
3. *colour* Hunt *P* *Stacey MS*. : odour *BC*.
4. *glowed* Hunt *P* *Stacey MS*. : breathed *BC*.
- ii. 1. *shrivelled* Hunt *P* *Stacey MS*. : withered *BC*.
4. *cold and*] its cold *Stacey MS*.

SONNET.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), and reprinted in *C*<sub>1</sub> which our text follows.

- 1-4 Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, III. iii. 113, IV. 190.
- 3, 4. *believe . . . spread*:—The pointing is from *P*.
6. *P* gives—  
The shadows, which the world calls substance, there.
7. *had om*. *P*.

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), with the exception of the last three lines, which are from *Relics of Shelley* (1862).

2. *yet never*:—See Dedication to *The Revolt of Islam*, vi. 6 (note).

4. *interfluuous*:—*Sc*. thickly growing (*Ellis*). *Rossetti* suggests to me another meaning—"free for the passage of air, light, sound etc." A third meaning might be possible—"intersected by streams," and a fourth, "intersected by paths": cf. *Mary Shelley's* letter of June 15, 1818, to Mrs. Gisborne, describing the scenery near the Baths of Lucca—"the woods are intersected with narrow paths in every direction."

8. *as a tuberose*:—*Bradley* very plausibly suggests that "or" has been omitted.

13. *may fail*:—Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, II. xxi. 3 (note).

26. *one who loves too fair*:—It is easy to give a sense to the words, but more than doubtful whether the words can convey it; moreover the clipping of the first syllable of "Aspiring" is very unlike Shelley. Much more like him would be the scansion of the word as a quadri-syllable (see note on *The Revolt of Islam*, VIII. x. 2). Both difficulties

would disappear if "too fair" were omitted. Yet the phrase "too fair, too far" is, in its way, so effective, that I am reluctant to suggest that it may be wrong. As to "too far," perhaps Shelley had Tasso in his mind; cf. Byron's *Lament of Tasso* (1817)—

I was indeed delirious in my heart  
To lift my love so lofty as thou art.

29. Almost identical with *Epipsychidion*, 224.

39. In order to secure a rhyme to "zone" and "oblivion" I have indicated a gap at the beginning of the line, instead of at its end as in all other editions.

49. *their*] her *Rossetti*. But see *The Revolt of Islam*, IV. xxix. 8, *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*, 43, and *The Triumph of Life*, 320.

59. The dash after "religion" in *P* and most editions is misleading. Rossetti puts a comma and dash at the end of the previous line.

66. *One tone, which never can recur*.—Since the leaves of the felled tree can never join in it.

INVOCATION TO MISERY.—Printed in the *Athenæum*, Sept. 8, 1832, and again, without alteration, in Medwin's *Shelley Papers* (1833). Mrs. Shelley included it in *C*<sub>1</sub> under the title *Misery,—A Fragment*. One of the *Prometheus* Note-books in the Bodleian contains a pencil draft, agreeing generally with Mrs. Shelley's version. Medwin ascribes the poem to the death of the mysterious "Lady of Naples."

✓ i. 1. *by* 1832: near *BC*.

✓ ii. 3. *happier far*] merrier yet *B*.

✓ iii. 5. *Hours or ages* *BC*: Years and ages 1832.

✓ iv. 2. *best* *BC*: most 1832.

✓ 3. *can live* *C*: lives *B* 1832.

✓ 4. *two om.* 1832.

✓ vi. 2. *thine* . . . *my* 1832: mine . . . *thy* *BC*.

✓ vii. 4. *om.* 1832.

4, 5. *Was* . . . *was* *B*: *Is* . . . *lies* *C*. In *B* "is" is twice altered to "was."

5. 1832 gives—

Whilst my burning bosom's leaping.

viii. 4, 5. *B* has a cancelled variation—

. . . weak

And thy tears upon my cheek

Burn, as it were with frost—o speak

Forman finds a difficulty in "frozen lead"; but cold burns as well as heat. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 33, and Wordsworth's "Heavy as frost."

✓ ix. 4. *be*] is *B*.

x. 2. *lovers* *B* 1832: shadows *C*.

5. *that*] which *B*. In *B* this stanza was interpolated in ink.

xi. 4. *Life-deserting*:—Sc. shunning life or pleasure (Ellis). But possibly it might stand for “life-desolating.”

xii. 2. *all . . . on B* : the . . . of 1832 *C*.

4. *Which BC* : That 1832.

xiii. 2. *Shew*] Are *B* 1832.

3. *Puppets passing C* : Shadows passing *B* : Shadows shifting 1832.

4. *can BC* : may 1832.

5. *Where I am, BC* : Where am I?— 1832. The poet and Misery are imagined as being “underneath the grave” (ix. 2), whence “all the shews o’ the world” seem unreal mockery. I cannot explain “hast been” otherwise than as a poetical license for “art,” or perhaps for “art and hast been.”

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.—Printed in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), with the date “December, 1818.” The Bodleian MS., from which Dr. Garnett gave some important corrections, is on the same paper as the lines *On a Faded Violet*. I have adopted from it some improvements in punctuation. An extract from Shelley’s letter to Peacock dated “Naples, December 22, 1818” may be compared with the title:—“I have depression enough of spirits, and not good health, though I believe the warm air of Naples does me good. We see absolutely no one here.”

i. 4. *might B* : light *PC*.

5. *om. P. earth B* : air *C*.

9. *soft*:—The comma is restored from *P*.

iv. 6. *might steal*:—See *The Revolt of Islam*, II. xxi. 3 (note).

9. *dying*:—Medwin (1847) gave “outworn,” and Garnett has seen “failing” in some MS., which gives also “sound murmuringly” for “monotony.”

SCENE FROM “TASSO.”—From *Relics of Shelley* (1862), where Garnett quotes Shelley’s letter to Peacock dated “Milan, April 20, 1818”—“I have devoted this summer, and indeed the next year, to the composition of a tragedy on the subject of Tasso’s madness.” It is possible, as Dowden conjectures, that some portion of the abandoned drama may have been adapted to the purposes of *Julian and Maddalo* (1818), among the unconnected ravings of the “cultivated Maniac.” In one of the Bodleian Note-books may be found the following sketch of the plot:—

*Drama of Tasso*

*Scene where he reads the sonnet which he wrote to Leonora to herself  
as composed at the request of another—*

*Scene with his sister—*

*To consider Laura the Poetess—*

*Sorrentum*

*Character of M— the malvaggio*



*Opening scene spring*

*His disguising himself in the habit of a shepherd and questioning his sister in that disguise concerning himself and then unveiling himself.*

18. *leaning*:—The comma is not in 1862, but is supplied by all modern editors without comment. I follow them with some doubt.

SONG FOR "TASSO."—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

iii. 1, 2. Cf. *The Two Spirits*, 45.

TO MARY —.—Printed in *Posthumous Poems*, with the date "Este, September, 1818." Shelley was expecting Mary's arrival from the Baths of Lucca at the beginning of September. The villa lent them by Byron faced the hill on which stood the ruins of the ancient castle of Este.

FRAGMENT, ADDRESSED TO BYRON.—From *Relics of Shelley* (1862). The title is Rossetti's.

TO SILENCE.—Also from *Relics of Shelley*. A transcript (*T*) in Mrs. Shelley's writing is extant.

4. *Spirit* 1862 : O spirit *T*.

8. *This wandering melody* 1862 : These wandering melodies *T*. The transcript omits the remainder.

THE STREAM'S MARGIN.—This and the next three were first published by W. M. Rossetti (1870) from transcriptions by Dr. Garnett. The title is Dowden's. The picture here given was afterwards introduced into the *Ode to Liberty*, xv., and *The Witch of Atlas*, lxxii.

A LOST LEADER.—This fragment probably refers to Wordsworth. The title was given by Woodberry, as also the next.

4. *find*:—Bradley suspects that the semicolon should be struck out. The omission seems to result in an "Irish Bull"—a figure of speech of which I have noted only one instance in Shelley's poetry (*The Revolt of Islam*, v. xxxviii. 5—xxxix. 3).

THE VINE.—4. I omit the full stop at the end, the sentence being clearly unfinished.

"GREAT SPIRIT."—Hitherto printed among poems of 1821, but the Bodleian MS. (in pencil) belongs to the same note-book as *Prince Athanase*, *Marenghi*, etc. The MS. is very illegible, and the lines have hitherto been incorrectly printed. Two new lines show the metre once more to be *terza rima*.

1. *mind*] thought 1870. In *B* "thought" is cancelled.

2. *B* gives the semicolon in ink.

3. *solemnly reclined*] sole as in my mind 1870. This remarkable

error is due to the erratic spacing of *B*, and the omission of the second '1' in "solemnly."

5. *within*.—Doubtful perhaps in *B*, where it is written over "among." Some partly cancelled lines follow.

6. The first four words are in ink. Part of a line follows, referring to Proteus.

### POEMS OF 1819

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION.—Printed in the *Athenæum* (Dec. 8, 1832), and again in Medwin's *Shelley Papers* (1833). Two drafts in Shelley's hand are in America,—one in the Harvard Library, the other in the possession of Mr. C. W. Frederickson. The six political poems placed first under this year—of which this is certainly the most powerful—were probably intended for "a little volume of *popular songs*, wholly political," of which Shelley, in May, 1820, was contemplating the publication. The punctuation and capitalization adopted are mainly Medwin's.

i. 4. *death-white* MSS. : white 1832 1833 C.

iv. 1. *festival* MSS. C : festal 1832 1833.

4. *which*] that Frederickson MS.

v. 2. *Disquiet*] Disgust 1832 1833.

4. *Hell* Frederickson MS. : God *H* 1832 1833 C.

5. *the bride* MSS. C : thy bride 1832 1833.

TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.—From *C*<sub>1</sub>. The metre is that of *The Masque of Anarchy*, of the same year. Nearly all the Harvard MS. is missing.

TO SIDMOUTH AND CASTLEREAGH.—Printed by Medwin in the *Athenæum*, Aug. 25, 1832, and again in his *Shelley Papers* (1833), under the title *Similes*. Mrs. Shelley added in *C*<sub>2</sub> the words "for two political characters of 1819." The title here adopted is found abbreviated in the Harvard Note-book.

ii. 2. *yew* 1832 : hue 1833 C. Robert Browning suggested the emendation to Rossetti.

4. *moon* Rossetti : morn 1832 1833 C. Cf. *The Witch of Atlas*, iii. 6.

ENGLAND IN 1819.—From *C*<sub>1</sub>. The postscript of Shelley's letter to Leigh Hunt dated "Florence, Nov. 23, 1819" runs—"I send you a *sonnet*. I don't expect you to publish it, but you may shew it to whom you please."

4. *Rulers*.—The comma is valuable; Woodberry alone retains it.

9. *Makes*] Rossetti alters to "Make"; but "liberticide and prey"

may fairly be regarded as one subject. Forman omits the stop at the end of the line.

10. *Golden and sanguine*.—Sc. based on gold and blood.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.—The first seven lines are from *Relics of Shelley* (1862), the remainder from  $C_2$ ; Forman first connected the two fragments. I have indicated a gap after l. 12.

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.—From Mrs. Shelley's notes in  $C_2$ . The title is Dowden's.

iii. 6. *Wherever*.—Probably Forman is right in suggesting "Where'er."

vi. 4. *Angels*.—The capital is restored from  $C_2$ .

AN ODE ETC.—Published with *Prometheus Unbound* (1820). In Mrs. Shelley's editions the title is *An Ode to the Assertors of Liberty*. The concluding stanza first appeared in the "Times." The subject of the poem is not Spain but the "Peterloo massacre."

ODE TO HEAVEN.—Published with *Prometheus Unbound* (1820). The Harvard MS. is dated "Florence, December, 1819." I have taken two or three minor details from the Bodleian MS.

SECOND SPIRIT] A Remoter Voice *B*.

THIRD SPIRIT] A louder and still remoter Voice *B*. The First Spirit sings the eternity of the physical universe, the Second Spirit that of the human mind. The Third Spirit denies the immortality of both; Heaven, with its suns and spheres, and the mind of man, are merely drops of Nature's blood. All alike must depart; Heaven itself is merely a globe of dew, ultimately, like ten million other Heavens, to disappear. The Spirit of Nature is alone immortal.

AN EXHORTATION.—Published with *Prometheus Unbound* (1820). The Harvard MS. is dated "Pisa, April, 1820," a date which agrees well with Rossetti's supposition that this is the poem referred to in Shelley's letter to Mrs. Gisborne of May 8, 1820:—"I send a little thing about poets, which is itself a kind of excuse for Wordsworth." It would certainly appear that Mrs. Shelley was wrong in classing it with the poems of 1819.

ii. 2. *on A*: in *H*. The logic of these six lines is rather obscure. We must understand, I suppose, that the state of a submarine camelion is an unnatural state, which will immediately result in change of hue as soon as the camelion comes to the light.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.—Published with *Prometheus Unbound* (1820). The date of composition was Oct. 25. The metre is *terza rima*, each stanza being terminated by a couplet. Woodberry compares with the whole poem *The Revolt of Islam*, IX. xxi.—xxv.

iii. 5. *old*] dim *MS.*(*Garnett*). I am uncertain whether this is a cancelled reading.

v. 5. *though*] thought *Forman* (1876)—a misprint.

7-11. Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, II. xxx., IX. xxiii. 3-4

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.—Written at Florence in the latter part of 1819, and published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The picture is now in the Uffizi, and is no longer attributed to Leonardo.

i. 3. It would be possible to give to the comma after "Below" the value of a short syllable, and to scan the line—

Belów | —fár | lands are | seen tremb | lingly ;

but there can be no doubt that Shelley's scansion was—

Below | far lands | are seen | trembl[e] | ingly ;

cf. the scansion of "emblems" as a trisyllable in *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 294, of "rambling" in the *Cyclops Translation*, 57 (both written in this year), and Shakespeare's use of "disabled" as a quadrisyllable (*Sonnet lxvi.*)—

And Strength by limping Sway dísábléd.

6. *shine*] shrine *PC.* Mrs. Shelley made the correction in her later editions.

ii. 5. *itself*.—Sc. the gazer's spirit.

6. *hues*] hue *P.* Mrs. Shelley made this correction also in her later editions, but Rossetti alone has adopted it.

8. *strain*.—Sc. subject, theme (Ellis) ; but "strain" in this sense is not elsewhere used by Shelley (now that we have got rid of the word in *Prometheus Unbound*, II. ii. 34), and I certainly think that the meaning here is "stress" (cf. i. 5—"struggling underneath").

v. 3. *error*.—Sc. hallucination (Ellis). I am inclined to regard "inextricable error" as identical with the "unending involutions" of Stanza iii. This is not the only place where Shelley's favourite triple rhyme ("terror," "error," "mirror") lands us in a difficulty and himself in an unfinished poem ; (cf. the concluding lines of *The Tower of Famine*). But see also note at the end of *Passage of the Apennines* (1818).

4. *a thrilling*.—I suspect that Shelley wrote, or meant to write, "the . . . thrilling."

THE INDIAN SERENADE.—Published in the second number of *The Liberal* (1822), under the title *Song, written for an Indian air*, and again in *Posthumous Poems*, as *Lines to an Indian air*. The present title is derived from a manuscript found on Shelley's body after his death, and transcribed by Robert Browning. Rossetti saw a copy of this MS. Another MS. is preserved at Harvard, and Dr. Garnett saw "several fragmentary versions"

With so many authorities to choose from I have, as in other cases, followed no one version in particular. Mrs. Shelley assigns 1821 as the

date of the poem, but Rossetti has seen a copy of one version of it given by Shelley to Sophia Stacey in 1819. A. Clutton-Brock remarks that the poem was intended to be an imitation of Moore. In 1820 Shelley wrote that he considered Moore a better poet than himself (Letter to Medwin, Apr. 16).

- i. 2. *In*] From *Rossetti MS.*
3. *When om.* H.
4. *burning* H 1822 : shining *PC.*
7. *Hath led* Browning MS. 1822 : Has led *PC* : Has borne *H.*
- ii. 3. *The Champak odours* H 1822 P : And the Champak's odours *Browning MS.* : The odours of my chaplet *Garnett MS.* The line is rhymeless, but few would care to adopt Allingham's suggestion "pine" for "fail."
4. Cf. *The Boat on the Serchio*, 2 (1821).
7. *die om.* 1822 P. I prefer the line without it, but its presence in *H* and *C*<sub>1</sub> can hardly be disregarded.
8. *Oh*, HC Browning MS. : *om.* 1822 P.
- iii. 7. *press it close to thine* HPC : press it to thine own *Browning MS.* : press me to thine own 1822.
8. *will*] must *Rossetti MS.*

TO SOPHIA.—First published by W. M. Rossetti (1870). Forman gave some corrections from the MS. in the appendix to vol. iv. of his 1877 edition.

"Sophia" was Sophia Stacey, ward of an uncle by marriage of Shelley.

- ii. 4. *tender* MS. : gentle 1870.
- iii. 2. The comma after "eyes" was in Rossetti's 1870 edition, and probably in the MS., but has disappeared from most modern editions. It prevents any mistake as to the meaning of "paintest."
- iv. 4. *yet* MS. : but 1870.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.—Published in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* for Dec. 22, 1819. In *Posthumous Poems* it is assigned to the year 1820 ; in the Harvard MS., under the title *An Anacreontic*, it is dated "Florence, January, 1820." Shelley wrote a copy of the poem for Miss Stacey at the end of 1820. J. H. Dixon (*Notes and Queries*, Jan. 1868) traces the poem to a French source—

Les vents baissent les nuages etc.

E. de Sélincourt compares Keats' *Endymion*, i. 835-42.

- i. 3. *mix forever*] melt together *H.*
8. *another's being*] spirit meet and *Stacey MS.*
- ii. 3. *sister*] leaf or 1819.
4. *disdained*] to kiss *add.* 1819.
7. *are all these kissings* 1819 P : is all this sweet work *Stacey MS.* : were these examples *H.*

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY (1).—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The MS. is at Harvard.

*Motto* 1. *may I H* : I may *P*. Byron quotes, in his Dedication to Canto IV. of *Childe Harold*, this "simple lament of the labourers' chorus."

ii. 3. *with H* : within *PC*. The mistake was corrected in Mrs. Shelley's later editions.

7. *Of sweet H* : Of the sweet *PC*.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY (2).—From *C*<sub>1</sub>. The two fragments to Mary Shelley written at the Villa Valsovano, Leghorn, are from *C*<sub>2</sub>, where they are dated "July, 1819." In the last line of the second of them Rossetti suggests most plausibly "where" for "when," i.e. "to the tomb." Cf. Mary Shelley's Journal of May 31, 1823:—"Four years ago we lost our darling William; four years ago, in excessive agony, I called for death to free me from all I felt that I should suffer here."

"FOLLOW."—This (as also the next) is from *Relics of Shelley* (1862), where it was very incorrectly given. I regret that I have been unable to obtain permission to correct the numerous verbal errors which an examination of the MS. formerly belonging to Dr. Garnett reveals.

TO-DAY.—From *C*<sub>1</sub>.

"A GENTLE STORY."—This and the next are from *C*<sub>2</sub>.

9. *told* Bradley conj. : cold *vulg.* Prof. Bradley, whose emendation I have little hesitation in adopting, notes that the poem is in the same metre as *To a Friend freed from Prison* (1817), and may refer to Hunt's *Story of Rimini* (1816). In that case the poem has been considerably post-dated.

THE POET'S LOVER.—This and the next two are from *Relics of Shelley* (1862). The titles are respectively Woodberry's, my own, and Dowden's.

A MYSTERY.—2. *part* :—Sc. have parted.

FOREBODINGS.—1. The line is rhymeless.

TRANSIENT THOUGHTS.—From *C*<sub>1</sub>; I have supplied the title. Both idea and metre are similar to *Elusive Thoughts* (1817).

POETRY AND MUSIC.—From *C*<sub>2</sub>; the title is Forman's.

THE TOMB OF MEMORY.—From *C*<sub>1</sub>; the title is Dowden's.

SONG OF FURIES.—This and the next three are from *C*<sub>2</sub>. The titles are Woodberry's (slightly altered), my own, and Dowden's (the two last). Bradley is inclined to regard the first as a rejected part of

the *Invocation to Misery*. Rossetti dates it 1821, in order to connect it with *Hidden Dangers*.

A SERPENT ASLEEP.—First printed, and very incorrectly, in *C*<sub>2</sub>. It must remain so at present, for the reason given in the note on "*Follow*" (above).

TO ITALY.—From *Relics of Shelley* (1862). The title is Forman's, as are also mainly those of the next three.

WINE OF EGLANTINE.—3. *bowls* MS.(Garnett) : buds *C*.

A ROMAN'S CHAMBER.—7-8. I follow Rossetti (1878) in transposing these two lines, and *C*<sub>2</sub> in not dividing the poem into stanzas.

O PILLOW COLD.—Published in 1870 by W. M. Rossetti, who connects it with *The Indian Serenade*.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE BODLEIAN MS.—The date of composition is conjectural, but both fragments are taken from one of the *Prometheus* Note-books. Zupitza printed the first of them in the *Archiv für das Studien der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*. It resembles *Hidden Dangers*, assigned to 1821 by Mrs. Shelley. Hutchinson erroneously gives the title "Cancelled Fragments of the *Ode to Heaven*."

#### POEMS OF 1820

A VISION OF THE SEA.—Published with *Prometheus Unbound* (1820). A transcript at Harvard in Mrs. Shelley's writing gives the date "Pisa, Apr. 1820" in Shelley's hand, but this may be only the date of the transcript. From the fact that it is the only poem published by Shelley in an unfinished state, from its inferiority to all the other contents of the volume, and from the Moore-Byron metre, which was not used by Shelley in any poem later than 1810, I should suspect the poem to have been of much earlier date, and to have been published in an unfinished state because Shelley did not think it worth finishing. Forman suspects the date from its inferiority and from the spelling "tyger," which he states "does not occur elsewhere in the *Prometheus* volume." This last argument is valueless, since it could only occur once (*Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 501), and in that passage it does occur in Shelley's MS. It is found too in the Harvard transcript. The resemblance to Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, both in the general idea and in some particulars, points also to an earlier date, perhaps even as early as 1816. The inclusion of the poem in Shelley's MS. note-book in the Garnett sale of December 6, 1906, may seem to be against this view, since that note-book was supposed to contain poems of 1819 only. But one pencil fragment therein, erroneously described in the catalogue as "unpublished," is the

poem *To*— of 1814, written on the page next to the cover. Probably therefore this was an old note-book, taken into use again in 1819.

5. The phrase "trunk of a waterspout" occurs in Shelley's prose criticism of *The Minerva* at Florence.

6. *ruining* HC : raining *A*.

7. Rossetti alters the sense, putting a full stop at the end of the line, and a comma for the colon in the next line.

8. *sunk* HC : sank *A*.

18, 19. *a rout Of death-flames* :—Cf. *The Ancient Mariner*, 127—

About, about, in reel and rout

The death-fires danced at night.

24. *cope* :—Sc. stroke (*coup*) (Forman).

25. *As* :—Sc. as if ; cf. *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*,

113. The ellipsis is common in Spenser.

35. *by* H : from *AC*.

38. *that*] who *H*. With this and l. 66 compare *The Ancient Mariner*, 187—

And is that Woman all her crew ?

39. *Are those Twin tigers* :—Sc. "Are they all" ? The full stop at the end of l. 44 in *A* obscures the sense. Rossetti was the first to substitute a dash. The breaking loose of a tiger during a storm at sea was reported in the papers last autumn.

47. *cast no shadow at noon* :—Being overhead ; cf. *The Ancient Mariner*, 111—

All in a hot and copper sky,

The bloody Sun, at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand.

61. *has A* : had *C*.

67. *Heaven*] 'B.V.' suggested "Even" ; cf. *Alastor*, 337 (note).

87. *that smiling*] the smiling *H*.

104. With Rossetti I have substituted a comma for the full stop at the end of the line.

110. *The dome of the tempest* :—Cf. *Ode to the West Wind*, ii.

116. *through* H : from *AC*. Mrs. Shelley made the correction in her later editions.

121. *away* :—Bradley suggests "always."

122. *cloud* HC : clouds *A*. This and the reading from *H* referred to in l. 116 are not mentioned in Woodberry's Notes on the Harvard MS. The description of calm after storm may be compared with the opening stanzas of *The Revolt of Islam*.

134. The comma at the end of the line is from *C*<sub>1</sub> ; *A* has a full stop.

144. *Swoln* *A*. Rossetti alone retains the spelling.

160. *impetuously* AC : convulsively *H*.

169. "Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror." The phrase used by Shelley in 1816 may serve to explain the unfinished state of this and some other fragments.



THE CLOUD.—Published with *Prometheus Unbound* (1820). Mrs. Shelley, in the Preface to her editions, says—"There are others, such as the 'Ode to the Sky Lark,' and 'The Cloud,' which, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird, aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames." Rossetti infers from this that *The Cloud* must have been written while Shelley was in England, i.e. early in 1818 at the latest, being finished perhaps in Italy in 1820. On this Forman remarks that Mrs. Shelley "certainly does not say that this particular poem called *The Cloud* was written during the time of residence near the Thames." It seems to me that she does imply that, whether correctly or not, just as much as she implies that the ode to the "bird" was written in Italy. There is more justice in Forman's argument from the similarity in style and metre of *The Cloud* and *Arethusa*.

3. *shade* A : shades C.

6. *buds* C : birds A.

17-20. These lines formed the subject of a picture in the Royal Academy some few years ago.

27. With Rossetti I have struck out two misleading commas.

34. All the earlier editions give a full stop at the end of the line.

39. *may breathe* :—See *The Revolt of Islam*, II. xxi. 3 (note).

58. *the moon and these* :—The termination of the stanza is most striking : the nearest approach to it that I know of is Tennyson's "They sigh'd for the dawn and thee."

TO A SKYLARK.—Written at Leghorn in the spring of 1820, and published with *Prometheus Unbound*. A draft in Shelley's hand is at Harvard University. From the fact that on p. 2 Shelley's usual abbreviated "and" is twice altered to the full word, I should judge that this draft was originally intended for the printer. I have taken from it one verbal correction and a large number of minor details.

ii. 3. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 157. Rossetti formerly, on Prof. Craik's recommendation, put the semicolon a line earlier. *H* gives no punctuation of any kind, probably because the stanza is there misplaced.

iii. 4. *Thou dost*] *over cancelled* Thy wings *H*.

5. *unbodied* HAC :—*H* gives the final blow to "embodied," once introduced by the authorities mentioned above.

iv. 5. "yet" is temporal. In *H* "shrill" is over cancelled "blithe."

xi. 5. *those* *H* : these *AC*. In *H* the word is over cancelled "the," and "faint" over cancelled "sick."

xv. 2. *happy*] *over cancelled* drunken (?) *H*.

xvi. 5. *knew* :—For "knew'st."

xviii. 5. Cf. *Julian and Maddalo*, 546.

xxi. 4. *would*] should *H*. Critics were for many years so impressed

with Mrs. Shelley's dictum on the merits of the *Skylark* and *The Cloud* that they feared apparently to risk finding any blemish in either of them. *The Cloud* was the first to fall, but one latter-day critic has boldly taken for the subject of an essay the many "imperfections of the *Skylark*."

ARETHUSA.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). This lyric and the next are taken from the two-act drama *Proserpine*, of which a fair copy, in Mrs. Shelley's hand, is in the Bodelian Library. The lyrics alone are by Shelley, and, with the next two, were written, Mrs. Shelley informs us, at the request of "a friend," the author of the drama. This "friend," I am inclined to think, was Mrs. Shelley herself, and Dr. Garnett has informed me that this conjecture is supported by Medwin's MS. notes for a proposed second edition of his *Life of Shelley*. Medwin's note, as transcribed by Dr. Garnett, is as follows:—

"Mrs. Shelley had at this time (the winter of 1820) been writing some little dramas on classical subjects, one of which was the Rape of Proserpine, a very graceful composition, which she never published. Shelley contributed to this the exquisite fable of Arethusa and the invocation to Ceres. She also wrote one on Midas, into which was introduced by Shelley the contest between Pan and Apollo." Forman and Woodberry state definitely that the companion drama *Midas*, which contains the Hymns of *Apollo* and *Pan*, was the work of E. E. Williams, and Woodberry makes the same assertion with regard to *Proserpine*. It is conceivable, of course, that Mrs. Shelley might have copied out dramas for Williams; but since the Shelley and Williams families did not become acquainted till 1821, nearly a year after the probable date of the lyrics, the theory is only possible on the assumption that the two dramas were deliberately "written round" Shelley's lyrics. This is not only unlikely in itself, but hardly agrees with Mrs. Shelley's statement that the two Hymns were "written at the request of a friend, to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas."

The Bodleian manuscript furnishes some important emendations, most of which were first published by Zupitza in Germany.

ii. 8. *unsealed* B : concealed P. The new reading makes sense out of what previously was nonsense. For this use of "urns" see *The Revolt of Islam*, I. xxv. 3 (note).

13. *And* B : *om.* P.

iv. 6. *unvalued*:—Sc. invaluable; cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 281 (note).

15. *Ocean's* B : *ocean* P. Zupitza did not mention this variation.

SONG OF PROSERPINE.—Published in C<sub>1</sub> (1838). See the preliminary note on the previous poem.

HYMN OF APOLLO.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). This and the *Hymn of Pan* are from the drama *Midas*, of which a fair copy, in

Mrs. Shelley's hand, is in the Bodleian; see preliminary note on *Arethusa*. In the MS. they are headed "Apollo (sings)" and "Pan (sings)".

i. 3. *B* does not help to fill the gap here indicated.

vi. 2. *it is B*: itself *P*.

4. *is B*: are *P*.

6. *its B*: their *P*. Rossetti conjectured the true reading and printed it in 1870.

HYMN OF PAN.—This is from the same sources as the *Hymn of Apollo*, which it follows immediately in *B* (*vide* ii. 11).

i. 5. *Listening my B*: Listening to my *P*. In *B* "to" is deliberately cancelled; cf. 12.

11. *Tmolus* :—Not the king of Lydia, as Ellis states, but the god of Mount Tmolus,—umpire in this contest between Apollo and Pan.

12. *Listening my B*: Listening to my *P*.

ii. 3. *Pelion* :—J. G. Jennings has pointed out that "Ossa" would be geographically more correct.

*outgrowing* :—Sc. encroaching on (Ellis). I suspect the truer meaning would be "ever lengthening as the light faded."

7. *and the waves B*: and waves *P*. Zupitza does not mention this variation.

8. *To the edge* :—Sc. apparently "The nymphs of the woods and the waves, whose realm extended up to the edge" etc. A somewhat easier sense would be given if we could transpose the stops at the end of ll. 4 and 5, so as to obtain the construction "speeded . . . to the edge"; but Mrs. Shelley's manuscript gives no authority for such a change.

iii. 4. *B* omits the third "and."

7. *a maiden* :—Syrinx: cf. *Orpheus*, 15.

11. *envy or age* :—Sc. Apollo's envy and Tmolus' age.

THE QUESTION.—Published in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* (1821) under the title *A Dream*, and reprinted in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The Harvard transcript, in Mrs. Shelley's hand, gives the older title. There is another transcript among the Ollier MSS., and a third was formerly at Boscombe.

i. 8. *mightest* :—The line would scan more normally if we read "mightst." The two consecutive elisions are un-Shelley-like.

ii. 3. Cf. *To Jane: The Invitation*, 58. The analogy must not be pressed too closely, since Arcturus would sometimes set in all latitudes south of 70°. At Pisa, I am informed by the Secretary of the Astronomical Society, Arcturus would sometimes be as much as 26° below the horizon.

6. *om.* Ollier MS. 1822 P.

7. *Heaven's collected* H Ollier MS. 1822: heaven-collected *P*.

Woodberry compares Coleridge's "the rock's collected tears" (*To a Young Friend*, 37).

v. 5. "children" is the subject of "kept." In the preceding lines it is possible to interpret—"the same hues . . . and the like array"; but I think it more probable that the syntax is irregular and that "the like array" is explanatory of "the same hues."

THE TWO SPIRITS.—This and the two next are from *Posthumous Poems* (1824). I have omitted the numerous commas inserted in later and all modern editions.

2. *wouldst* C : would P.

6. There is no rhyme to this line.

31. *moonlike* P : moonlight C.

44. *make*] makes PC. Mrs. Shelley made the correction in her later editions.

45. Cf. *Song for "Tasso,"* iii. 2. The line is a foot too long. The signification of the two concluding stanzas is obscure. The first of them apparently describes the eternal punishment of the too aspiring Spirit, and may be supposed to represent the "First Spirit's" point of view. The final stanza is more hopeful. The traveller, one who has "loved too fair, too far," falls asleep out of doors, and is consoled by the vision of his lost love. That love is the subject of the Allegory seems to me clear from ll. I and II.

STUDY FOR "AUTUMN, A DIRGE" (?).—Hutchinson assigns this to 1821, and suggests that it may be part of a projected *Fit v.* of *The Fugitives*.

LIBERTY.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The metre is irregular, and probably the poem was never revised by Shelley.

i. 4. *throne*]zone PC. Mrs. Shelley subsequently made the correction.

AN ALLEGORY.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

i. 5. I have indicated a gap here, since clearly a line is missing.

ii. i. *pass* Rossetti (*ex. conj.* Fleay) : passed PC.

THE TOWER OF FAMINE.—Published by Mrs. Shelley in *The Keepsake* (1829). "Mr. C. W. Frederickson of Brooklyn possesses a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting" (Hutchinson). The "Tower of Famine" is at Pisa.

7. *For* C : With 1829, and a transcript seen by Rossetti. I do not know whether this is the transcript alluded to above.

13. *solitary wealth*.—Some of Mrs. Shelley's editions give a note of exclamation here, which may well be right. In that case "roof" "temples" and "bowers" might go with "amid," leaving "pavilions" as the sole subject of "are dimmed." Rossetti suspects an extensive corruption of the text.

21. *error*.—Sc. misdoing, folly (Ellis); but I think that the meaning is “intricacy”; cf. *On the Medusa* etc. v. 3.

SONNET.—First published in Hunt’s *Literary Pocket-Book*. Several corrections are taken from the Ollier MS., and one from a transcript at Harvard.

1. *grave* Ollier MS.: dead *H Hunt PC*. In the Ollier MS. “dead” is cancelled.

4. *pale Expectation* Ollier MS.: anticipation *H Hunt PC*.

7. *must* H: may’st P: mayest C.

8. *all that* Ollier MS.: that which *PC*. wouldst C: would *HP*.

DEATH.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

SUMMER AND WINTER.—From the same sources as *The Tower of Famine*.

3. Rossetti questions the metre; but by scanning—

Whén | the nóρθ | wind etc.

it becomes fairly normal.

11. *birds die* C: birds do die 1829.

13. *stiffened in the translucent ice*.—The possibility of the phenomenon has been questioned, but apparently without cause. It is said to be an everyday sight in Canada

TIME LONG PAST.—First published by W. M. Rossetti (1870), from a manuscript presented by Shelley to Miss Stacey at the end of 1820.

iii. 5. The comma is from the MS. *cast*.—Sc. like a shadow. There is no difficulty in the interpretation if one is content to regard the “child” simile as abandoned after the word “watches.”

GOOD-NIGHT.—Published in Hunt’s *Literary Pocket-Book* (1822). One MS. is at Harvard; another was presented to Miss Stacey with that of *Time Long Past* and *Love’s Philosophy*. This latter differs considerably from the other versions. In *Posthumous Poems* the lines are dated 1821.

i. *I. ah, no! the hour*] no, love! the night *Stacey MS*.

ii. *I. can I call the lone night*] were the night without thee *Stacey MS*.

iii. The Stacey MS. gives—

The hearts that on each other beat  
From evening close to morning light  
Have nights as good as they are sweet,  
But never say good-night.

BUONA NOTTE.—Shelley sent this in a letter to Leigh Hunt (Aug. 26, 1821), describing it as “an Italian impromptu of mine. Correct the language, if there should be errors, and do what you will

with it." It was first printed in Medwin's *The Angler in Wales* (1834). Shelley's MS. is in the note-book containing *Charles the First*.

- i. 2. *sarà* Rossetti : *sia* 1834.
4. *buona* Rossetti : *bene* 1834.
- ii. 3. *che* Rossetti : *chi* 1834.
- iii. *Come* Medwin's *Life of Shelley* : *Quanto* 1834.

TO THE MOON.—The first stanza is from *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The other two lines were published by W. M. Rossetti (1870) from a manuscript.

THE WANING MOON.—This and the next are from *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The MS. was formerly at Boscombe.

1. Cf. *Alastor*, 517, and the opening lines of *Ginevra*.
5. *in . . . east* MS.(Garnett) : *in . . . earth* PC : *on . . . earth* Mrs. Shelley's later editions.

LINES TO A REVIEWER.—Published in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* (1823). In *Posthumous Poems* the title is "Sonnet III."

2. *a C* : *an P*.
3. *where* PC : *when* 1823.

A SATIRE ON SATIRE.—Published by Prof. Dowden in *Correspondence of Robert Southey and Caroline Bowles* (1880). Cf. Shelley's letter to Leigh Hunt : "I began once a satire on satire, which I meant to be very severe ; it was full of *small knives*, in the use of which practice would have soon made me very expert."

4. *grave* :—I omit the comma, since "Seen" and "Hurling" appear to go together.

24. I regard the speech as continuing as far as l. 34. Hutchinson confines it to the words "Lash on !"

35. *evil* :—I strongly suspect that this should be "ever," and that the dash should be placed after "not." The pleonasm "ever still" is common in Shelley, especially at the end of a line.

39-40. The interpretation is rather difficult. Prof. Dowden has suggested to me—"Men, perversely unwilling to possess the glory of magnanimous charity, take a stupid pride in returning a like hatred with that which they condemn in their antagonist."

The concluding lines show Shelley's not very highly developed sense of humour at its best.

ORPHEUS.—Published in *Relics of Shelley* (1862), and revised and enlarged by W. M. Rossetti (1870) from the transcript in Mrs. Shelley's writing used by Dr. Garnett. From its inferiority to Shelley's other blank verse the poem is generally considered to be an improvisation in the style of Sgricci, the renowned *improvvisatore* whom Shelley heard several times in the winter of 1820, or possibly a translation from the

Italian. Dr. Garnett told me that he had often been inclined to regard *Orpheus* as either the composition of Mrs. Shelley, or an attempt by her to reproduce one of Sgricci's improvisations. In his note to the poem in *Relics of Shelley*, he regards Mrs. Shelley's remark (in Italian)—"I await the descent of the flood, and then I endeavour to embank his words"—as a "playful allusion to her toils as an amanuensis," meaning presumably "Shelley's amanuensis." But her application of the same metaphor to Sgricci, in her diary for Dec. 20, 1820, makes it more probable that the eloquence complained of was not Shelley's but Sgricci's. Perhaps the poem, whether the work of Shelley or Mrs. Shelley, or the two combined, was the result of a private performance by Sgricci at the Shelleys' house, where he was a frequent visitor in Dec. 1820.

1. *hill*] hills 1862.

2. *oaks*] oak 1862.

16, 17. *om.* 1862.

31. *they*] these 1862.

37. *Which*] That 1862.

45-55. Ah . . . melody *om.* 1862.

61. *A many-sided mirror*:—The phrase occurs in *Prometheus Unbound*, iv. 382, and in Shelley's prose *Defence of Poetry*.

66. *om.* 1862.

88 98. *thro'*] through 1862.

91. *while*] whilst 1862.

92. *the*] their 1862.

94. *with fiery*] with its fiery 1862.

102. *picture*] image 1862. Presumably the latter word is cancelled in the transcript. *his*] its *Rossetti (ex conj.)*.

112. *willow-trees*] willows, too 1862.

113. *huge*] long 1862.

116. *star-like*] starry 1862.

123-4. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. ii. (end).

FIORDISPINA.—Ll. 11-30 were published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), and the remainder in *Relics of Shelley* (1862), where Dr. Garnett conjectures that the fragment, written probably during the first days of Shelley's acquaintance with Emilia Viviani, may be regarded as an unconscious study for *Epipsychidion*.

11. *two* C 1862 : to P.

20. *e'er* 1862 : ever PC.

24. Here, as also in ll. 15 and 20, I have restored the pointing of P.

25. *sea* 1862 ; sense PC.

36. Cf. *Epipsychidion*, 32 (note).

57. Cf. the description of Rousseau in *The Triumph of Life*, 182 etc.

THE DESERTS OF SLEEP.—This and the next two fragments were first published by W. M. Rossetti (1870),—the two first from transcriptions by Dr. Garnett. The titles are Forman's.

TORPOR.—The first two lines were given in *Relics of Shelley* (1862); I found the other three words in the Bodleian MS. The title is Woodberry's.

HOPE, FEAR AND DOUBT.—From *Relics of Shelley* (1862). The title is Forman's.

3. *pale Expectation* —Cf. the Sonnet of the same year—*Ye hasten to the grave* etc., 5.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—From Mrs. Shelley's notes in C<sub>1</sub>. Forman connects with the preceding, to form an irregular sonnet. The title is mine.

MILTON'S SPIRIT.—Published by W. M. Rossetti (1870). The title is Forman's.

2. *Uranian lute* :—Bradley suggests "lute Uranian."

FRAGMENTS FROM THE BODLEIAN MS.—Hutchinson assigns the three first to 1821.

(3). This might almost be a first attempt at the *Ode to Liberty*.

6. [*altar*] :—This is cancelled in favour of "hearth," leaving the line rhymeless.

(4). Possibly connected with the above, or with *The Witch of Atlas*.

(5). *B* is a very illegible pencil draft, of which every other word may be doubtful. I was unable to decipher the missing word.

#### POEMS OF 1821

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824), where it is dated "Jan. 1, 1821." I have adopted the inverted commas given by Rossetti.

ii. 5. *wail C* : wait *P*.

TIME.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

7. Cf. *Ginevra*, 160.

TO NIGHT.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The Harvard Note-book contains a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's writing.

i. 1. *d'er H* ; over *PC*.

ii. 1-3. Cf. *Alastor*, 337 (note).

iii. 5. *his*] her *Rossetti*. But the "Day" of this stanza may, as Forman seems to suggest, stand for Apollo.

TO EMILIA VIVIANI.—Ll. 1-11 appeared in *Posthumous Poems* (1824) with the title "To E\*\*\* V\*\*\*," and the date "March, 1821"; l. 12 in *Relics of Shelley* (1862), and ll. 13-4 in Forman's edition of



1877. These last three lines are generally regarded as the opening of an unfinished second stanza. Rossetti alone makes no such distinction, and certainly the poem seems to end satisfactorily enough. Apart from the MS. seen by Dr. Garnett, two unfinished rough drafts are extant, one in the Bodleian, the other in a Note-book formerly in Dr. Garnett's possession. Both differ considerably from the printed texts.

8. *fragrance*] fragrance *P*, and in l. 2 "mignonette."

FROM THE ARABIC.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). There is a draft of the poem in the Bodleian Library. Forman (1877) quotes Medwin's statement that the lines are almost a translation from a passage in Terrick Hamilton's *Antar, a Bedoween Romance* (1819-20).

i. 3. *at noon*] cancelled in *B*.

5. *feet*] hoofs *B*.

6. *me om.* *B*.

7. *were*] grew *B*.

ii. 1. *Ah*] *O B*.

4. *of om.* *B*.

SONG.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The Harvard Note-book contains a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's hand, with the date "Pisa, May, 1820" in Shelley's hand. Probably, as in some other cases, Shelley's date is incorrect. He was at Pisa in May of both the years in question.

MUTABILITY.—This and the next four are from *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Dr. Garnett saw a draft of the poem among the Boscombe MSS. I have restored in three places the pointing of *Posthumous Poems* (i. 3, 4, ii. 6).

ii. 2. *how* MS. : too *PC*.

5. Rossetti suggests either "so" for "though" or "we" for "they." Neither emendation seems quite so satisfactory as the sense "though they soon fall, *we* have to live on, surviving our joy in them."

A LAMENT.—The most fashionable of Shelley's lyrics among latter-day critics. The sentiments and diction are to a great extent Wordsworthian.

8. Rossetti at one time inserted "Autumn" after "Summer." The line may be scanned—

˘Frésh | ˘Spríng, | and Sum | mer, and Win | ter hoar.

To —.

2. *vibrates*]. Dr. Garnett informed me that he had seen the reading "lingered" (cancelled) in a MS. The concluding lines may be compared with the end of Shakespeare's Sonnet (liv.)—

. . . Sweet Roses do not so ;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,

When that shall vade, my verse distils your truth.

SONNET : POLITICAL GREATNESS.—The Harvard MS. is headed "To the Republic of Benevento." Dr. Garnett appears to have seen another MS.

3. Rossetti notes the grammatical license.

6. *the*] its *H*.

14. *being* HP ; ruling *Garnett MS*.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.—Published with *Hellas* (1821).

v. 7, 8. The idea is obscurely expressed, the sense being perhaps "And to weave into the robe of his shame—which is like a shroud on him and on me—the hopes of regeneration which refused to be woven into the robe of his ambition."

THE FUGITIVES.—This and the next three are from *Posthumous Poems* (1824). These poor stanzas have had the honour of being included in a selection of poetry which contained only one other poem by Shelley.

III. The inverted commas, necessary for the clear understanding of the passage, are due to Rossetti.

To —.—This is evidently addressed to Jane Williams.

MUSIC.— $C_2$  contains two versions of this. In one of them Stanzas i. and ii. are transposed, and the last four lines are omitted. The description of the power of music, inspired here probably by Jane Williams, does not rise to the level attained in *To Constantia, Singing* (1817). Shelley, as is well known, had little or no ear for music. In a letter to John Gisborne (June 18, 1822) he wrote "you know my gross ideas on music."

i. 5, 6. Cf. Wordsworth's *Excursion*, i. 68—

A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,  
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed  
As cool refreshing water, by the care  
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused  
Through a parched meadow-ground, in time of drought.

ii. 3. *has* :—One of the  $C_2$  versions gives "had," which may be the better reading. Shelley's final 'd' occasionally resembles an 's', noteworthy instances being "tracked" in *Marengi* (Bodleian MS.) and "headed" in *To a Skylark* (Harvard MS.).

iii. 5. The expected half-way rhyme is missing. Some of the tenses are irregular, and the stanza was clearly unrevised.

iv. 3. All editors except Rossetti retain the punctuation of *P*—a comma at "Whom" and none at "Enchantress."

To —.—ii. 1. With Woodberry alone I retain the punctuation of *P*. The rhyme-scheme differs from that of the other stanzas.

iii. 3. *or* :—It is possible that Shelley's abbreviation for "and" was here, as in other cases, mistaken for "or."

5. *form* 1862 : for *PC*.

TO EDWARD WILLIAMS.—Published in Ascham's Edition of 1834, and again in Mrs. Shelley's Collected Editions of 1839, under the title "STANZAS." The Trelawny MS., Rossetti states, is headed "To —," but is accompanied by the following letter from Shelley :—"My dear Williams, Looking over the portfolio in which my friend used to keep his verses, and in which those I sent you the other day were found, I have lit upon these ; which, as they are too dismal for *me* to keep, I send you. If any of the stanzas should please you, you may read them to Jane, but to no one else. And yet, on second thoughts, I had rather you would not. Yours ever affectionately, P. B. S." The fictitious "portfolio" is evidently the one alluded to in the cancelled Prefaces to *Epipsychidion*, as belonging to the "young Englishman with whom the Editor had contracted an intimacy at Florence" and who "died on his passage from Leghorn to the Levant." The other verses alluded to are *Remembrance*, unfortunately misplaced in our text.

i. 1. *The serpent* :—Byron's nickname for Shelley.

2. *herb* Trelawny MS. Ascham C : herd *Mrs. Shelley's later editions*. The metaphor is common in Elizabethan poetry ; cf. Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, v. i.—

. . . The forest deer, being struck,

Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds.

ii. 2. *which . . . is now* Trelawny MS. : that . . . now is *Ascham C*.

iii. 2. *Dear friends, dear friend* Trelawny MS. C<sub>2</sub> : Dear, gentle friend *Ascham C<sub>1</sub>*.

7–8. For the rhyme see *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 1 (note).

iv. 2. *lately* Trelawny MS. : ever *Ascham C*.

4. *in* Trelawny MS. : on *Ascham C*.

v. 3. Ascham and C give a note here—"See *Faust*."

vi. 3. *When* C<sub>2</sub> : Whence *Ascham C<sub>1</sub>*. The idea of the stanza is similar to that of *Stanzas*, April, 1814, iii.

5. *foam* C<sub>2</sub> : peace *Ascham C<sub>1</sub>*.

8. *will* C<sub>2</sub> : shall *Ascham C<sub>1</sub>*.

vii. 5. *unrelieved* Trelawny MS. C<sub>2</sub> : unreprieved *Ascham C<sub>1</sub>*.

6. *were* Trelawny MS. : are *Ascham C*.

REMEMBRANCE.—This appeared in *Posthumous Poems* (1824) with the title "*A Lament*." Four manuscripts are extant, viz. (1) The Trelawny MS. ; (2) The Harvard MS. ; (3) The Houghton MS., written by Shelley in a copy of *Adonais* ; (4) The Garnett MS. The two first give the present title. The poem was enclosed by Shelley in a note to Jane Williams, in which he describes it as a "melancholy *old* song."

. . . Do not say it is mine to any one, even if you think so : indeed, it is from the torn leaf of a book out of date." Possibly this is no fiction : the lines may have previously done duty for Emilia Viviani ; cf. Shelley's letter to Ollier (Feb. 16, 1821) where he describes *Epipsychidion* as "the production of a portion of me already dead." I have restored in many cases the pointing and capitalization of *P*.

i. 2-3. Transposed by Rossetti (1870), presumably on the authority of the Trelawny MS.

i. 5-7. This is the reading of the Houghton MS. The other MSS. and Mrs. Shelley's editions give—

As the earth when leaves are dead,  
As the night when sleep is sped,  
As the heart when joy is fled,

8. *lone*] alone *Rossetti* ; perhaps a misprint, but possibly from the Trelawny MS.

ii. 2. *her* H Trelawny MS. (?) PC : his *Houghton MS.*

5. *each day desires the morrow*] to-day desires to-morrow *Trelawny MS.*

8. The singular effect of this line appears to be due as much to the absence of stress on such a word as "bough" as to the echo "Sunny"—"any." For a similar echo cf. *To Jane : The Recollection*, v. 12—

Than any spreading there.

iii. 4. The Trelawny MS. gives instead—

Sadder flowers find for me.

5. Cf. *With a Guitar, To Jane*, 40.

8. *one hope, one fear*] a hope, a fear *Trelawny MS.*

A BRIDAL SONG.—"In this perfect union of folk-song and classical music Shelley reminds us of Ben Jonson, whom perhaps he took for his model and certainly surpassed" (H. Clutton-Brock). The first version is from *Posthumous Poems* (1824), the second from Medwin's *Life of Shelley* (1847), where it has the title *Epithalamium*, and the third from W. M. Rossetti's edition of 1870. The poem was written by Shelley for insertion in E. E. Williams' play *The Promise; or, a Year, a Month, and a Day*. Medwin states that the first version was "incorrectly published" ; but the version actually in the MS. is the third.

*Second Version.*—17. *Lest*] Let *Medwin*.

EVENING : PONTE A MARE.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Dr. Garnett saw the MS. at Boscombe. The style of the poem reminds one strongly of *A Summer-Evening Churchyard*.

i. 6. *summer* C<sub>2</sub> : silent PC<sub>1</sub> ; cf. *Ode to the West Wind*, 29. Here and in the next stanza may be traceable some reminiscences of the opening of Keats' *Hyperion*.

iii. 1-4. The debt here is to Shelley's own *Ode to Liberty*, vi.

iv. 2. *cinereous* MS. : enormous PC. The phrase "enormous

barrier" occurs in Wordsworth's *Fidelity*, and "enormous clouds" in his *Night-Piece*.

THE BOAT ON THE SERCHIO.—Ll. 1-52, 59-66, and 88-118 appeared in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), with the date "July, 1821." The remainder was published by W. M. Rossetti (1870) from the MS. note-book containing *Charles the First*.

1. on C : in P. For the next line cf. *The Indian Serenade*, ii. 4.

4. *Dominic* :—Perhaps Domenico Beni, who was sent early in 1822 to attend Miss Clairmont to Pisa (Dowden).

18. *free* :—Rossetti suggests "blithe" to rhyme with "scythe." I cannot help thinking that the irregular rhyme-scheme is preferable here. The double alternate alliteration in the next two lines is perhaps unique.

30. Cf. *The Triumph of Life*, 15-20, and Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, v. v. 1—

So soone as day forth dawning from the East  
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,  
And earely calling forth both man and beast  
Comaunded them their daily works renew.

33. or PC : nor Rossetti.

34. P indicates clearly enough that this is the conclusion, not the commencement of a line, as it is usually printed.

36. *Melchior and Lionel* :—Williams and Shelley. Perhaps "Melchior" is a kind of rough anagram on Williams' second name "Elliker" or "Ellerker," with the initial 'M' prefixed.

39, 40. Cf. Dante's *Inferno*, Canto xxxiii., a passage translated by Medwin with some help from Shelley.

43. The hiatus at the beginning of the line, as also that in the middle of l. 50, has not previously been indicated.

46-7. The question may be supposed to come from Lionel, and the answer from Melchior. Rossetti first made the necessary change in the inverted commas.

52-8. These lines, as Rossetti points out, are evidently an alternative version of ll. 48-51. They appear to have been misplaced in the MS. and in most modern editions.

65-7. Mrs. Shelley's editions give instead—

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.

68. I have removed the comma after "So," given in all editions, since "So" clearly goes with "Weaving."

72. The gap is filled in the MS. by a second "dove," conjectured by Rossetti to be a slip on Shelley's part.

74. Nearly all editions have failed to recognize this as a blank verseline.

83. The syntax of this speech is clearly irregular.

90. With Forman and Woodberry I alter the sense by omitting the comma after "As."

95-6. *and stems The tempest of the om.* PC.

112. *then* MS. : until PC.

114. *superfluous* MS. : clear PC.

117. *pine* MS. : fir PC. The *terza rima* concludes curiously a poem of many metres. Probably Matthew Arnold had this passage in his mind when he wrote the conclusion of *Sohrab and Rustum*.

I WOULD NOT BE A KING.—From *C*<sub>2</sub>. Rossetti suggests that it was intended for the *Unfinished Drama*.

THE AZIOLA.—Published by Mrs. Shelley in *The Keepsake* (1829).

i. 4. *ere stars*] ere the stars C.

9. *or*] and C.

12. *downy owl* :—Cf. Keats' *Ode on Melancholy*.

ii. 6. The line is neither metrical nor grammatical; perhaps it should be "In the soul" etc.

7. *them*] they C. The line is rhymeless. Dr. Dobbin proposed to Rossetti a change in the previous line to—

Soul ever stirred withal.

But "stirred" seems clearly intended to rhyme with "bird" and "heard."

SONNET TO BYRON.—Ll. 1-7 were first published by Medwin in the *Athenæum* (1832), and reprinted in *The Shelley Papers* (1833). Ll. 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, were added in Medwin's *Life of Shelley* (1847). The version in the text is that given by W. M. Rossetti from the MS. notebook containing *Charles the First*. It is there preceded by the words "I am afraid these verses will not please you, but," sometimes rather curiously printed as part of the Sonnet. Shelley's extraordinary admiration for the poet whose proofs he corrected for the press, and for whom he transcribed *Mazepa*, is well known. Within two or three months of his death he wrote to Horace Smith—"I do not write; I have lived too long near Lord Byron, and the sun has extinguished the glow-worm; for I cannot hope, with St. John, that '*the light came into the world, and the world knew it not.*'" For Byron's praise of Shelley after his death, see *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*, 205 (note).

1. *you*] him 1832 : thee 1847.

4. The *Athenæum* version gives—

My soul, which, as a worm may haply share  
and Medwin's *Life of Shelley*—

My soul, which even as a worm may share

6. *your*] his 1832 : thy 1847. Dr. Garnett pointed out that Marmion Herbert quotes the line in Beaconsfield's *Venetia*. See also Shelley's letter to J. Gisborne (Jan. 12, 1822)—"Space wondered less at the swift

and fair creations of God when he grew weary of vacancy, than I at the late works of this spirit of an angel in the mortal paradise of a decaying body":—the reference being, as Dowden remarks, to the rapid succession of *Cain, Heaven and Earth* and the *Vision of Judgment*.

8, 9. *om.* 1832 ; 1847 gives—

But not the blessings of thy happier lot,

Nor thy well won prosperity and fame.

10, 11. *om.* 1832 1847.

12-4. *om.* 1832.

12. *Moves*] Hitherto printed "Move." The sense appears to be "Moves any regret in me for the fact that my name is unhonoured in comparison with yours." The rhyming of "time" with "name," if such was intended, would doubtless have been removed on revision. The two concluding lines are almost identical with *Episychidion*, 128-9.

ON KEATS.—Published in *C*<sub>1</sub>. I have restored in three places the pointing of that edition. The metre is probably Spenserian.

4. *Winter*.—No editor has thought it worth while to point out that the reading of the first edition is not "winter" but "writer." It is seldom that a misprint, if it was a misprint, is so plausible.

5. *stream*; *Time's Forman* conj.: stream, and time's *C*<sub>1</sub>. *printless* Boscombe MS.: mouthless *C*.

A DREAM.—Published by W. M. Rossetti (1870) from a transcription by Dr. Garnett. Again the metre is Spenserian, as also the phrase "amid many more" in l. 4. Woodberry gave the title.

TO-MORROW.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824), where it is very incorrectly given.

1. *beloved*.—*P* adds a comma, completely altering the sense.

2. *When*] Whom *P*.

5. *well-a-day*.—'B.V.' suggested "well-a-way," to give a better rhyme.

STANZA.—Published by W. M. Rossetti (1870) from a transcription by Dr. Garnett. Forman and Dowden connect it with the preceding, but Rossetti points out the "considerable break of continuity" between the ideas of the two poems. It looks to me like a first study for *A Lament*.

A WANDERER.—From *C*<sub>1</sub>; the title is Dowden's. I have altered the pointing of ll. 1-2, to bring out the sense first supplied by Forman. *C*<sub>1</sub> gives a comma at the end of 1, and a semicolon at the end of 2. In l. 3 I have indicated a probable hiatus.

FROM REST TO REST.—From *C*<sub>2</sub>; the title is mine.

"I FAINT, I PERISH."—This and the next three fragments were published by W. M. Rossetti (1870) after transcriptions by Dr. Garnett from MSS. formerly at Boscombe. Two of the titles were supplied by Woodberry.

2. The gap is filled with "[splendours]" in all editions; but this may have been an interpolation.

THE LADY OF THE SOUTH.—3. *drouth* Forman conj.: drought 1870. Rossetti subsequently adopted the conjecture.

HIDDEN DANGERS.—This and the next are from  $C_1$ ; the title is mine.

O THOU IMMORTAL DEITY.—From  $C_2$ .

LAURELS.—From  $C_1$ ; the title is Woodberry's. A manuscript formerly belonging to Dr. Garnett contains at least two verbal variations, which I am not permitted to mention. The fragment is *terza rima*, but I see no reason for Forman's proposal to connect it with *The Triumph of Life*. The date (1821 at the latest), and the obvious application of the lines to Shelley himself, are both against the supposition.

Some light may be thrown on the idea of the lines by the descriptions given of Shelley at Marlow:—"On his head would be a wreath of what we call at Marlow 'old man's beard'": and again, "the strange gentleman, bareheaded, with eyes like a deer's, and with the pale-green leaves of wild clematis wound about him."

AND THAT I WALK ETC.—From  $C_1$ , where it is printed as a continuation of *Hidden Dangers*. The text is obviously corrupt, but for reasons already mentioned I am precluded from giving the correct readings.

#### POEMS OF 1822

THE ZUCCA.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), where it is dated "January, 1822." Dr. Garnett in 1862 and W. M. Rossetti in 1870 introduced some emendations from the MS. note-book containing *Charles the First*. Mrs. Shelley explains that "Zucca" means "Pumpkin." The opening of the poem may be compared with the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, and the latter half to the conclusion of the *Unfinished Drama*.

i. 7. *lorn* MS. : poor PC.

iii. 7-8. *P* gives here—

Dim object of my soul's idolatry.

Veiled art thou like—

Rossetti fills the gap in the text with "[storm-benighted?]", but I



cannot say whether this is a cancelled or a doubtful MS. reading. Rossetti gives no stop at the end of the stanza; all other editors a full stop.

iv. 2. *nor* 1870: or *PC*.

4-5. These lines explain "lowest."

v. 6. *grass fresh-shewn* 1862: fresh grass shewn *PC*.

vi. 1. *went*:—I restore the comma from *P*.

6. *like* 1870: as *PC*.

7. Cf. *To Edward Williams*, ii.

8. Cf. *Adonais*, vi. 4.

x. 2. *air and sun* 1870: sun and air *PC*; a reading which one may well suppose that Shelley cancelled. The personal allusions in this stanza are to Shelley and Jane Williams.

xi. 7-8. The additions "and chill," "tear-nurtured" and "still" were communicated to me by Dr. Garnett.

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT.—Published by Medwin in the *Athenæum* (Aug. 11, 1832), and again in *The Shelley Papers* (1833). Some emendations from the Trelawny MS., which is headed "For Jane and Williams only to see," were supplied by W. M. Rossetti in 1870. For the story of the mesmeric trances into which Shelley was thrown by Medwin, and afterwards by Jane Williams, see Medwin's *Memoir of Shelley*, pp. 63-5.

i. 1. *Sleep* Trelawny MS.  $C_2$ : Sleep on 1832 1833  $C_1$ . The same variation occurs in ii. 1.

ii. 2. *he*:—Edward Williams.

7. *charmed* Trelawny MS.: chased 1832 1833  $C$ .

iii. 3. *love*  $C_2$ : woe 1832 1833  $C_1$ .

7. *which*  $C_2$ : *that* 1833  $C_1$ .

*died*] die 1833.

iv. 7. *spreads*  $C_2$ : speaks 1833  $C_1$ .

v. 6. So the Trelawny MS. Medwin and Mrs. Shelley gave—

'Twould kill me what would cure my pain.

8. Bradley suggests putting the comma after "yet"; but the inversions "yet . . . not" and "yet . . . never" are common in Shelley's poetry. Cf. *The Question*, iii. 4, *To Jane: The Invitation*, 60, *The Woodman and the Nightingale*, 2 etc.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Three emendations given by W. M. Rossetti in 1870 from the Trelawny MS. have not been accepted by other editors.

i. 6. *notes* 1870: tones *PC*.

7. *have spoken*:—A latinism, signifying "speak no more."

ii. 6. *in* 1870: through *PC*.

7. *dead* *PC*: lost *MS*.

iii. 7. *chose* 1870: choose *PC*.

iv. *om.* Trelawny MS.

7. *thee* C<sub>2</sub> : the PC<sub>1</sub>.

TO JANE: THE INVITATION.—In *Posthumous Poems* (1824) and C<sub>1</sub> (1839) a portion of this, consisting of 32 lines in all, with several variations, was combined with the next poem under the single title THE PINE FOREST *Of the Cascine near Pisa*, with the date “February 2, 1822.” In C<sub>2</sub> the two poems are printed separately under the titles *The Invitation* and *The Recollection*, the text agreeing for the most part with the Trelawny MS., on which the present text is mainly based. In these circumstances it is perhaps unnecessary to specify all the numerous variations of the earlier editions. Ll. 21–46 are not there represented, and some will prefer the poem without them. We learn from Williams’ diary that the “invitation” was accepted by Mrs. Shelley, as well as by Jane Williams.

34. *with* Trelawny MS. : of C<sub>2</sub>. The word “fire” here is probably a disyllable, as in *Marianne’s Dream*, xvii. ; see note on *The Revolt of Islam*, VIII. x. 2. The next three lines may be compared with Byron’s *Don Juan*, x. xxxviii.—

Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week

His bills in, and however we may storm

They must be paid.

39–40. Cf. the fragment *To-Day* (1819).

44. *moment’s* Trelawny MS. : moment C<sub>2</sub>.

50. *And* Trelawny MS. : To C<sub>2</sub>.

58. Cf. *The Question*, ii. 3.

63. *dun* Trelawny MS. : dim C<sub>2</sub>. The same mistake occurred in *Marenghi*.

TO JANE: THE RECOLLECTION.—See preliminary note on the preceding. The Trelawny MS. is inscribed “To Jane: not to be opened unless you are alone, or with Williams.” Again I need not mention the numerous variations of the early text.

i. 3. There is no authority for more than a comma at the end of the line. Perhaps therefore “Now” (l. 1) is equivalent to “Now that.”

6. *fled* PC<sub>1</sub> later editions : dead *Trelawny MS.* C<sub>2</sub>.

iii. 5–12. *om.* P. Bradley suspects that the comma in l. 4 and the semicolon in l. 8 should change places, so that “soothed” may refer not to “Pines” (l. 1) but to “tree-tops” (l. 9). The change would, I think, greatly increase the rhythmic beauty of the passage. Line 5 is taken direct from the *Faërie Queene*, I. vii. 32.

v. 34. *The forests* C<sub>2</sub> : And forests *Trelawny MS.* : The forest P.

35. *Shelley’s* Rossetti : S——’s P. The Trelawny MS. gives a blank.

36. *waters* PC : water *Trelawny MS.*

*Cancelled passage.*—In the *Posthumous Poems* version this comes between Stanzas iv. and v.

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE.—Ll. 43–90 were printed in the *Athenæum*, Oct. 20, 1832, and again in *C*<sub>1</sub>, the opening 42 lines appearing first in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1833, being there entitled "To A. B., with a Guitar." Mrs. Shelley printed the whole poem in *C*<sub>2</sub> with the title "*To a Lady with a Guitar*." The present title was first given by W. M. Rossetti from the Trelawny MS. The Guitar, of which the front portion, Dr. Garnett notes, is made of Swiss pine, is preserved in the Bodleian Library. For other circumstances connected with the poem and its composition, Trelawny's *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* should be consulted.

i. Hogg states that Shelley was "invariably a special favourite of the fair sex" and "was often called by names of endearment, as Ariel, Oberon."

12. *love that never* 1833 : more than ever *C*<sub>2</sub>.

24. *Fraser's Magazine* quotes here from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*—  
And silent as the moon,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

38. In the *Tempest* Ariel is imprisoned for "a dozen years."

46. *woods C*<sub>2</sub> : winds *Athenæum C*.

58. *this C*<sub>2</sub> : that *Athenæum C*.

61. *thine C*<sub>2</sub> : its *Athenæum C*.

76. *on C*<sub>2</sub> : in *Athenæum C*.

75–8. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 186–8.

90. *Jane* Trelawny MS. : friend *Athenæum C*. The idea of the conclusion is borrowed from Homer's *Hymn to Mercury*, lxxxii., lxxxiii.

TO JANE.—Published by Medwin, without the first half-stanza, in the *Athenæum* (Nov. 17, 1832), and again in *The Shelley Papers* (1833). Medwin's title is *An Ariette for Music. To a Lady Singing to her Accompaniment on the Guitar*, and his version and title were reproduced in *C*<sub>1</sub>. In *C*<sub>2</sub> the whole was given under the title "*To —*". The present title was given by W. M. Rossetti (1870) from the Trelawny MS. I follow *C*<sub>2</sub> in dividing the poem into two stanzas instead of the usual four.

i. 3. *Jane* MS : \* \* \* *C*<sub>2</sub>.

10. *your C*<sub>2</sub> : thy *Medwin C*<sub>1</sub>.

11. *had then C*<sub>2</sub> : has *Medwin C*<sub>1</sub>.

ii. 2. The misleading comma generally placed at the end of this line is not given by Medwin.

5. *your C*<sub>2</sub> : thy *Medwin C*<sub>1</sub>.

8. *your dear C*<sub>2</sub> : thy sweet *Medwin C*<sub>1</sub>.

A DIRGE.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). *C* omits it.

6. *strain* conj. Rossetti : stain *P*.

8. Rossetti alters the sense by omitting the comma.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI.—Published by Dr. Garnett

in *Macmillan's Magazine* (June, 1862), and again in *Relics of Shelley*. It has been very inaccurately printed in modern editions. From astronomical considerations based on ll. 1-8, Dr. Garnett deduced the date of composition to be May 1 or 2, 1822. The subject of the poem is again Jane Williams.

11. *though silent* 1862 : though now silent *Macmillan*.

19. *although she absent were* :—Another instance of the Shelleyan subjunctive.

31. *saw* 1862 : watched *Macmillan*.

37. *They add.* Rossetti.

45-8. Shelley and Williams were fishing on the rocks on May 2 and 4.

49. *they* :—Sc. the fish. The rhyming of the final couplet is a license, even for Shelley.

"WE MEET NOT AS WE PARTED."—From *Relics of Shelley* (1862). One of the MS. note-books formerly owned by Dr. Garnett gives some variations and additions which I am not permitted to utilize. The lines, if correctly dated, are presumably addressed to Jane Williams ; but see below.

ii. 3. Shelley, in his letter to Hogg of March 16, 1814, quotes from Burns—

Pleasures are like poppies spread :  
 You seize the flower—the bloom is fled ;  
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
 A moment white—then lost for ever.

It should be noted that this same letter contained the *Stanza written at Bracknell* (March, 1814), which strongly resembles the present poem. I infer from this that there may be a mistake of eight years in the presumed date (1822), and that the Lines may have been addressed to one of the Bracknell household, probably Cornelia Turner, in the spring of 1814. I have already mentioned that one of the Garnett note-books, the contents of which are almost entirely of the date 1819, contains the poem To —— ("Yet look on me" etc.), which is universally ascribed to 1814.

4-5. Cf. the same letter to Hogg :—"a transient sunbeam which the next cloud shall obscure for ever."

THE ISLE.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Dr. Garnett conjectured that the fragment was intended as a song for the Lady in the *Unfinished Drama* (cf. l. 66). The conjecture derives some confirmation from the juxtaposition of the two poems in Mrs. Shelley's later editions.

6, 7. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. ii. 5-6.

TO THE MOON.—From *Relics of Shelley* (1862).

EPITAPH.—From *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The date of composition is quite uncertain.

## TRANSLATIONS

HOMER'S HYMN TO MERCURY.—This was written in July 1820 and first published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). The Manuscript (here referred to as *H*) is in the Library of Harvard University. Fragments of a draft of this and the other Homeric Hymns formerly existed at Boscombe.

Dr. Garnett found among Shelley's MSS. the following self-depreciatory comment on the *Hymn to Mercury*:—"This translation is as bad as Pope's; it has, that is, all its faults and none of its merits. I beg those critics who mean to speak unfavourably of it to copy this sentence into their reviews, unless they can find a severer one." Nevertheless it is a most spirited translation; in this respect, at any rate, fulfilling Shelley's wish that it should be "legible—a quality much to be desired in translations." The metre and general style are that of *The Witch of Atlas*, which immediately succeeded it.

ii. 5. The metre is defective: "cattle-stealing" may have been intended.

iii. 7. *his* H: the *P*.

viii. 1. *stony* MS.: strong *P*.

5. *cubits*:—Sc. wedges (Ellis): the "arms," made of wood or goat's horn.

ix. 2. *division*:—Not "spaces" (as Ellis interprets it), but "a rapid passage," a "run." Cf. Spenser's use of "divide" in the *Faërie Queene*, I. v. 17.

xiv. 5. *Pieria's*] *Piera's* *HP*.

7. *heaped like beds with grass*:—λεχεποιήν means rather "grown with grass fit for making beds."

xxix. 7. *wills* H: will *P*.

xxx. 4. *depth* H: depths *P*.

xxxii. 7. *neighbouring*] neighbor *H*. The pamphlet from which I derive the reading is perhaps responsible for the Americanism.

8. *unanimous as men*:—The sense should be "like men (in cleverness), and of one mind."

xxxvii. 3. *these* Rossetti: these! *PC*.

xxxviii. 7. *delightful* *PC*: delighted *later edd. Rossetti*.

xl. 3. *hurl* H: haul *P*. Cf. lxiii. 1.

5. *or* H: nor *P*.

li. 2. *this omen*:—The sneeze.

8. *Round* C: Roused *P*. The punctuation of *P* is also misleading—no stop at "face," and a dash at "ears." It was corrected in Mrs. Shelley's later editions.

lii. 2. *tease*] teize *P*: teaze *C*.

liv. 1. The punctuation is that of Mrs. Shelley's later editions.

According to *P* "the child of Jove" is the object of "followed behind." The original gives no clue to the sense intended.

lix. 5. *or P* : nor *C*.

lxi. 3. *Or HP* : Nor *C*.

4. *whatever things cows be* :—Cf. lii. 4.

lxii. 6. *in great wrath P* : of the truth *MS.*(*Garnett*) : in great ruth *H*. Again the original is no help.

lxvi. 2. *fitted* :—*Sc.* answered suitably, fitly punished. The word occurs in Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*, and in Miss Burney's *Cecilia* (1809) (*Murray*).

lxviii. 4. *wealth* :—*Sc.* cattle.

lxxiv. 2. *-killing H* : *-stealing P*. In Homer the word is *βουφόνε*.

lxxvii. 7. The full stop at "now" is from *H*. *P* gives no stop.

lxxviii. 8. A curiously literal translation of *καὶ ἐς τέλος οὐκ ἀπατήσω*.

lxxix. 3. *Sc.* "I grudge teaching thee nothing that I know." Cf. *The Faërie Queene*, II. vii. 8.

lxxxii. From this stanza and the next may be derived the concluding lines of *With a Guitar, To Jane*.

lxxxiii. 3. *gossips* :—Shelley seems to have confused the verbs *θρυλέω* and *θρυλίζω*. The latter is the word in the original, meaning to give a false note. See note on *Charles the First*, i. 120.

6. *Canst* later editions : Can *PC*.

lxxxiv. 3. *in litigation* :—*Sc.* in question.

lxxxv. 7. *as of HP* : and like *C*.

lxxxvi. 1. *divine* :—For the scansion see *Alastor*, 159 (note).

lxxxviii. 2. *should PC* : shouldst 1847 *Forman*.

lxxxix. The rhyme-scheme of ll. 1, 3, 5 is remarkable.

xc. 7. *living Rossetti* (ex. conj.) : loving *PC*. The word is not represented in the original.

xciii. 5. *missed*] mist *HPC*.

xcv. 8. The characteristic commas, dropped in all modern editions, are restored from *P*.

xcvi. 7. *from H* : of *PC*.

xcvii. 2. *their love with H* : them with love and *PC*.

5. *wandering H* : going *PC*. Cf. xlvi. 8.

HYMN TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.—This and the next four Hymns were translated in 1818 (probably), and first published in Mrs. Shelley's Second Collected Edition of 1839 (*C*<sub>2</sub>).

6. *stead-subduing Rossetti* (ex. conj.) : steel-subduing *C*<sub>2</sub>.

13-6. The pointing of *C*<sub>2</sub>—commas at "lamb" and "behind"—is misleading.

HYMN TO MINERVA.—3. *Tritogenia Rossetti* : Trilogenia *C*<sub>2</sub>.

6. *all-radiant* :—*παμφανώοντα*. I have introduced the hyphen.

17-8. There is a mistranslation here. The word represented by "threw" is *εἶλετ*.

HYMN TO THE SUN.—18–20. Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, IV. 223 (note).

HYMN TO THE EARTH.—27. The comma at the end of the line, given in all editions except Rossetti's, does not adequately represent the colon in the original, and might induce an entirely wrong interpretation.

HYMN TO VENUS.—This was written in 1818 and published by Garnett (*Relics of Shelley*, 1862). The semicolons in ll. 7–21, 27, 28 are represented by commas in the MS.

6. Or] And Rossetti.

48. *startlight smile* :—Cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, II. i. 1, *Rosalind and Helen*, 480. The phrase has no counterpart in the original.

THE CYCLOPS OF EURIPIDES.—The *Cyclops* translation was made in 1819, at a time when Shelley "could absolutely do nothing else," and appeared in *Posthumous Poems*, where it is especially excepted from the list of works which "may be considered as having received the author's ultimate corrections." The Bodleian Library contains a very legible and nearly complete draft of the translation, differing largely from the printed version. Seventeen of its variations have been adopted in the present text. For the most part, however, the Bodleian readings are manifestly inferior to the *Posthumous Poems* version, and I have not thought it necessary to mention all of them. They are given in full in *An Examination of the Shelley MSS.* (Clarendon Press, 1903).

As it seems unlikely that Shelley would have made a fair copy of a translation by which he set so little store, it is possible that some of the points set right in the *Posthumous Poems* version may be due to "ultimate corrections" by some other hand than the author's. Even as it is, the mistranslations—partly, no doubt, as Swinburne supposed, due to the use by Shelley of an inferior Greek text—are numerous enough. Some of these, as well as some of the gaps in the translation, were pointed out in Swinburne's *Essays and Studies*.

15. *B* has a cancelled attempt at ll. 12–3 of the original.

18. *And fixed the naked mast* :—A mistranslation of ἡθυνον ἀμφήρες δόρυ. Perhaps Shelley took ἀμφήρες for ἀφάρές.

21. The metre is defective.

23. *waste* B : wild P. Cf. l. 26, where "waste" was cancelled for "wild."

28. *for* :—Sc. instead of.

42–4. *B* has only a very crude attempt at these lines.

44. *Althæa* Forman : Athæa PC.

45–8. Swinburne remarks that Shelley appears to have overlooked the sex of the goat.

51. *troughs* (probably) B : trough P. The Greek is πίτρας.

57. *Get along* :—Swinburne remarks that this should rather be "Come along," "as the shout is not meant to scare, but to reclaim."

But it seems possible that the Satyr may now be driving the goat before him. The threatened stone would be more likely to drive forward than to reclaim.

58. *rambling*:—For the trisyllabic scansion see *On the Medusa*, i. 3 (note). *B* has no space reserved for the missing antistrophe (ll. 55–68 in the Greek).

61. *Will I lift*:—Swinburne notes that this should be the present tense.

71. The line is rhymeless.

76. *Grecian vessel on C* : Grecian ship upon *B* : Greek ship's boat upon *P*.

92. *A crowd of Satyrs peeping from B* : This sportive band of Satyrs near *P*.

101. The important comma is from *B*.

111. *Cyclops*:—Rossetti substitutes "Cyclopes" here and elsewhere where the word is plural.

112. *the state*:—Cancelled in *B*. Evidently the line might be improved.

124. *B* reads—

How shall we scape from this                    land?

134. The metre is again defective. The interrogation-mark in the next line is from the Greek.

140. Sc. "Nay, I have twice as much" etc.

146. *Papaiax* Forman : *Papaiapax* (or *Papaiapæx*) *B* : *Papaiapæx C*.

157. *B* reserves a space for the eleven lines here missing.

158–9. *B* reads—

Ye have taen Troy and the old widow Helen?

#### ULYSSES

And overthrown the realm of Priam old.

#### SIL

Why not then since the girl is caught again

followed by two lines representing ll. 180–1 of the original. Swinburne first pointed out that Shelley followed the older editions in giving these and the next six lines to Silenus instead of to the Chorus. The mis-translation "old widow" was evidently due to the confusion of *χειρίαν* with *χήραν*. The asterisks before l. 160, correctly given by Mrs. Shelley, are wrongly placed in most modern editions.

163. *man*:—Cancelled in *B*, no doubt on account of "men" following.

177–8. *B* reads—

The [mighty] Troy were space not wide enough

For he who flies one man—

Where *στένοι* is evidently confused with *στενός*. The cancelling of



“mighty,” which Mrs. Shelley retains, seems to show that the poet had at least suspicions as to the gender of *μεγάλα*.

183. Shelley follows the Greek MSS. and earlier editions in giving this line to Silenus. It should belong to the Cyclops.

184–8. *B* gives an ingenious perversion of these lines.

199. *B* leaves space for the missing line.

216. *Furrow B* : Torture *P*. The word in *B* was likely to be misread.

228. [*men*] *man* (probably) *B* : men *P*.

265. *Gods' C* : gods *B* : God's *P*.

299. *B* gives here—

Of all that flesh. What would you eat your words  
And be a vain and babbling boaster, Cyclops.

This mistranslation may account for the redundant interrogation-mark in *P*.

332. *B* has space for the missing lines.

333. *Ai! ai!* Rossetti : Ay! ay! *BP*.

339. *B* gives “And [o] thou who.”

344. *ravin* Rossetti : ravine *BPC*. See *Prometheus Unbound*, I. 619 (note).

348. *A BC* : An *P*.

369. *to be B* Rossetti : *om. PC*.

373. *B* leaves space for the missing line.

382. *ten* Swinburne conj. : four *PC*. In *B* “four” (or “five”) appears to be cancelled by a wavering line which might conceivably represent “ten.” The word “amphoræ” is underlined, and the whole line marked with a “?”.

386–7. Shelley's footnote appears in *B*. The reading of the Greek MSS. and earlier editions is quite unintelligible. *B* has a marginal note—perhaps “artist-like,” referring to l. 390.

392. [*he*] *B* : *om. PC*.

416. *grant B* : take *PC*. In *B* both words are uncanceled.

422. Another unmetrical line.

436. *B* has space for the missing lines, marked with a large “?”.

446. *measures B* : measure *PC*. A marginal note in *B* perhaps indicates that Shelley read, instead of *δρυμοῖσι*, either *ῥυθμοῖσι* or *ῥυσμοῖσι*.

464. Shelley makes no attempt to bring out the pun (*κυκλώσω Κύκλωπος*) in the original.

473. *a BC* : an *P*.

480. *the B* : that *PC*. A blot above the word gives it some resemblance to “that.”

495. *thou B* (?) Rossetti (*ex. conj.* Swinburne) : those *PC*.

497. *village* :—Rossetti conjectured “vintage,” but Shelley has evidently confused *κῶμον* with *κῶμην*. Swinburne (*Essays and Studies*) points out other misrenderings here and in the Chorus at l. 516.

500. *thou* B : there *PC*. Swinburne first gave the true reading.
508. *merchant* B : merchant's *PC*.
523. *ye* B : thee *PC*. The necessary rhyme is now forthcoming.
535. *gives* BP : give *C*.
537. *P* has no stop at "now." In *B* there is a full stop.
567. *so* :—*Sc*. unmixed.
568. *to you* :—Perhaps Shelley read *τέ σοι* for *τ' ἔτι*.
570. A mistranslation, as Rossetti points out, of—  
*ἀπομυκτέον δέ σοί γ', ὅπως λήψει πιεῖν.*
573. *B* supplies the missing half-line—"So you will not vomit"—a curious rendering of *ὥσπερ οὐκ ἐμέ*.
581. *vine* BC : wine *P*.
591. *O great* B : *om. PC*. *B* translates the lines represented by the asterisks, and for that version the words "O great" are necessary. Properly speaking they do not belong to l. 591, but I have been reluctant to disturb the usual numbering. Swinburne notes that a point of interrogation is missed after "Ganymede." It is not in *B*.
593. Here again *B* gives four lines representing the missing verses.
602. *perceive the noise* :—Shelley's marginal note, *ἀλάλαγγον*—perhaps his conjecture for *ἀπάλαμνον*—throws light on the misrendering.
625. *Bromius* B : Bromian *PC*. Rossetti conjectured the reading of *B*.
638. *far* B Rossetti : few *PC*.
641. *or* BP : nor *C*.
- 647-9. The meaning of the original is—"Is it to be reckoned as cowardice that we pity" etc.
686. *eye* C : eyes *BP*.
687. In all other editions this line forms part of the Cyclops' speech.
693. The dash is from *B*.

SPIRIT OF PLATO.—This and the next three are from *C*<sub>1</sub>. The original is in *Anthologia Palatina*, vi. 62.

5. *doth* MS. : does *C*.

CIRCUMSTANCE.—From *Anthologia Palatina*, ix. 46. The last four and a half lines are original with Shelley.

TO STELLA.—The original appears on the title-page of *Adonais*.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.—Published by Forman (1877) from a transcription by Garnett. I have supplied the inverted commas throughout.

4. *beat your breast* :—This interprets the original and is uncanceled in the MS. All other editions prefer the cancelled version—"weave the crown Of Death."

13. *κατὰ μηρὸν* is left untranslated.

14. *within* Forman : upon *Dowden Woodberry Hutchinson*. The Greek is *πρικάρδιον*.

23-4. *her* :—Shelley's mistake for "his" in all four cases. Modern editors correct the first instance, leaving the other three uncorrected.

30. *Ai! ai!* Forman : *Ay ay MS*. Shelley spelt it both ways in his *Cyclops MS*.

44. Cf. *Adonais*, xxvi. 2.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.—Published in the *Alastor* volume (1816).

PAN, ECHO, AND THE SATYR.—Published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), where it is described as a sonnet. A rough draft is on the back of the *Adonis* translation.

4. *so MS.P* : the *C*.

6. *so MS* : thus *PC*.

7. Rossetti reduces the syntax to order by placing the dash after "each" two lines earlier. The *MS*., however, does not support the alteration.

9. *in as much* Rossetti (ex. conj.) : *inasmuch PC*. The *MS*. does not definitely decide the question.

12. *prove* :—*Sc*. experience.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BION.—Published by Forman (1877) from the Hunt *MS*. Hunt published a translation of the same idyll in 1818, both translations being, no doubt, as Forman suggests, the result of that friendly emulation between Shelley, Keats, and Hunt which led to the "Nile" Sonnets of 1818.

12. "*Ah! alas!*" —Cf. *Prometheus Unbound*, II. i. 140 (note).

13. Forman fills the gap with "sweetest singer."

FROM VIRGIL'S TENTH ECLOGUE.—Published by Rossetti (1870) from a transcription by Dr. Garnett, who made use of both the existing drafts. My collation of the same drafts in 1903 resulted in several corrections and additions.

6. *Dorian B* : *Doric 1870*.

8. *song B* : *way 1870*.

10. *deaf B* : *dead 1870*.

11. *answer om.* 1870.

12. *Naiades B* : *Naiads 1870*. *woodlands wild*] *woodland wilds B*.

14. *Our B* (probably) : *Your 1870*. *Nor B* : *Not 1870*.

16. *spreads its B* : *expands 1870*.

17. 1870 gave a full stop at the end of the line.

21. *om.* 1870.

22. *step B* : *steps 1870*.

23. Misplaced in 1870.

26. *with om.* 1870.

28-31. *om.* 1870. The last three lines were used as a motto for *Julian and Maddalo*.

FROM VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC.—Published in *An Examination of the Shelley MSS.* (1903).

8. *girt round by marble* :—*B* gives an alternative—"enclosed in glimmering."

12. The undeciphered word looks like "vaned" (possibly "waved" or "veined").

19. *Thou* :—Perhaps cancelled in *B*.

SONNET : DANTE TO GUIDO.—Published with *Alastor* (1816).

1. *Lapo*] Lappo *A*.

5. *And*] So *C*.

10. The line makes no sense, since Bice was Dante's "gentle love." Forman suggested "thy," and Rossetti "his" for "my"; but there is a simpler explanation. "Bice," in the original, is a mistake for "Lagia," which is found in the best MSS.

14. The Italian original is quoted in the Bodleian rough draft of *Epipsychidion*.

TRANSLATION FROM THE CONVITO.—Published by Garnett in *Relics of Shelley* (1862).

1. *the Third Heaven* :—Of Venus; cf. *The Triumph of Life*, 479.

3. *be declared* :—*Sc.* to others.

5. *me drew* :—The Italian means "draws me to the state in which I find myself." Rossetti points out that "gentle" should rather be "noble."

7. *yet* :—A modern meaning of "pero," which here, however, must mean "therefore."

9-10. By "novelty" is meant "singular condition" (Rossetti). As Dante explains in his *Vita Nuova*, the heart stands for Appetite, and the spirit or soul for Reason. Rossetti has suggested to me that Shelley was possibly not aware that the inner meaning of the poem deals with Philosophy and Orators, rather than with love.

12. *came* :—*Sc.* descended to earth; "her" is the soul or spirit.

14. The comma seems to have the metrical value of a syllable.

16. *a glorious Lady* :—Beatrice; "glorious" should rather be "glorying."

22. *another Lady* :—Philosophy (Garnett).

25. *Sc.* "if he does not fear" etc.

26. *This lowly thought* :—The thought mentioned in l. 13. "This" should rather be "The," or even "That."

28. *a cruel foe* :—The thought mentioned in l. 20.

32-6. The literal meaning of the original is :—"Of my eyes says this distressful one [the soul], 'What an hour was that when such a lady

saw them! And why did they not credit me concerning her? I [the soul] said, Truly in the eyes of this one must be he who slays my fellows: And it availed me not to have discussed that, so that I should not gaze on one such that I have died of it” (Rossetti).

35-8. Rossetti notes that the speaker should be, not Dante, but the “Spirit” of l. 29.

39. *hast wanderèd*:—Sc. art dazed (Rossetti).

44. The sense is again missed. Lyell translates—

“That thou art spiritless and fearest her.”

47. The original means “And think of calling her ‘mistress’ henceforth” (Rossetti).

52-60. Subsequently used as an introduction to *Epipsychidion*.

MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS.—Ll. 1-8 and 22-51 were published in Medwin’s *The Angler in Wales* (1834), and again in his *Life of Shelley* (1847). The remainder first appeared in *Relics of Shelley* (1862).

2. *The 1862*: That *1834*.

4-5. So *1862*; *1834* gives—

Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof,  
With slow slow steps.

6. *inmost 1862*: leafy *1834*.

9. Rossetti fills the gap with “sleep,” the 1834 version reading—

Like the sweet breathing of a child in sleep:

remarking, however, that there is nothing about sleep in the original.

13. *their Rossetti* (ex. conj.): the *1862*.

22-7. *1834* gives—

Already I had lost myself so far  
Amid that tangled wilderness, that I  
Perceived not where I entered, but no fear

Of wandering from my way disturbed, when nigh  
A little stream appeared; the grass that grew  
Thick on its banks impeded suddenly

25. A very Spenserian line.

26. *through*:—Rossetti suggests “the,” which agrees better with the original.

28. *hue 1862*: dew *1834*.

30. *dew 1862*: hue *1834*.

32. *Eternal shades 1862*: Of the close boughs *1834*.

33. So *1834*; *1862* gives the very inferior line—

The rays of moon or sunlight ne’er endure.

34-5. So *1862*; *1834* gives—

My feet were motionless, but mid the glooms  
Darted my charmed eyes

37. *Which 1834*: That *1862*.

39. So 1834; 1862 gives an unfinished line—  
Dissolves all other thought,
40. So 1862; 1834 gives—  
Appeared a solitary maid—she went
46. *Towards* 1862: Unto 1834.
47. *thee, to come*, 1862: thee. O come 1834.
48. In 1862 there is a full stop at the end of the line.

FRAGMENT FROM THE VITA NUOVA.—Published in 1877 by Forman, who states that they were scratched by Shelley on a window-pane in London.

SONNET: GUIDO TO DANTE.—Published by Forman (1877) from the Hunt MS., and assigned by him to the year 1815.

LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE AND FEAR.—Published by Garnett in *Relics of Shelley* (1862). Professor A. C. Bradley was the first to point out that the poem is a free paraphrase of a portion of the *Tesoretto* of Brunetto Latini, Dante's contemporary. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has kindly given me the following literal translation of the original:—

“And I saw many people, some joyous and some sorrowful; and before the Lord [*i.e.* Love] it seemed that another troop made a great noise, and in great hurry. I saw standing upright naked a fresh-hued child, who had a bow and arrows, and he had plumes and wings: but he saw nothing, and he often drew great bow-shots: and there where he shoots them must needs appear openly he who is in peril from them. And this [child], to tell the very truth, bore the name of Pleasure. And when I was near, I saw around him four puissant ladies holding over the people all seignory. And of their dominance I saw the how much and the how: and I know the name of them, Fear and Desire and Attraction and Hope. And each severally practises her art and strength and knowledge for all that she is worth. For Desire pricks the mind, and pierces it, and grievously struggles to have forthwith the thing desired: and she is so astray that she cares not for honour, nor death nor rumour, nor peril that may come, nor aught that she may endure. Were it not that Fear plucks at her every hour, so that she dares not go, nor speak a single word, nor even venture a look: so that the spirited lover is in excessive fright. Truly he has a hard life who is thus balanced between Fear and Desire. But keen Attraction solaces the pain of great Desire, and makes to appear sweet and light to sustain the travail and troublousness, and the sorrow and disappointment. On the other side Hope supplies great confidence against Fear, and always assures him [the lover] that he will have a good fulfilment of his enamouring. And these four states are born of Pleasure. They are themselves conjoint, so that nor hour nor moments couldst thou count between the begetting of them: for,

when a man falls in love, I say that at that hour he desires, and has fear and hope and attraction as to the person that pleases him."

15. 1862 fills the gap here with "[false]", and that in l. 20 with "[shafts]".

### SCENES FROM THE MAGICO PRODIGIOSO.

This translation was published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). It appears to have been written as late as March, 1822, and did not receive the author's ultimate corrections. Like the *Faust* translation, these scenes were intended as the basis of an essay to appear in *The Liberal*—a journal founded by Shelley, Byron and Leigh Hunt shortly before Shelley's death. A transcript of the first scene, in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting, herein referred to as *T*, provides a large number of verbal variations, which are set forth in Forman's edition of 1877. I have made use of these whenever they have seemed manifestly superior to the readings of the printed texts, but in doubtful cases preference has been given to the text of the *Posthumous Poems*. Shelley found a striking similarity between Calderon's drama and the *Faust* of Goethe, part of which he translated shortly afterwards.

#### SCENE I.

6. *whilst* P : while *Forman*, presumably from *T*.

14. So *T*; *P* gives—

Be worth the labour, and return for me

16-7. So *P*; *T* gives—

Hid among dim grey clouds on the horizon,  
Which dance like plumes etc.

21. *thousand* T : hundred *P*.

23. *be content* T : bring your mind *P*.

28. *and priests* T : of men *P*.

36. *doting ignorance* T : ignorance and pride *P*.

46. *speak truth* P : speak the truth *T*. *T* omits the next three lines with the exception of the first word.

52. Medwin notes that this same passage in Pliny was what first set Shelley himself on the track of sceptical speculation (Rossetti).

55. *signs* P : mysteries *T*.

57. STAGE-DIRECTION.—So *P*; *T* gives—"CYPRIAN reads; the DÆMON, dressed in a Court dress, enters."

59. *moves* P : goes there *T*.

72. *could lose* P : thus have lost *T*.

73. *green paths* P : vallies *T*.

75. *walls* P : town *T*.

86. *for my part* P : and in truth *T*.

87. *with* P : in *T*.

95. *come the sciences* T : come, sciences *P*.

96. *Oh*, P : O ! T.  
 102. *And obtained many votes* :—So P ; T reads—  
     And thought to carry it  
     For I had many votes etc.  
 106. *the om.* P.  
 115. *one supreme* P : highest T.  
 126. *masked with* P : under T, which omits the next line.  
 133. *would* T : should P.  
 136. *And that you Rossetti (ex. conj. Fleay)* : And you TP.  
 142. *never* P : ever T.  
 152. *advantage* P : advantages T.  
 153. *should* P : ought T. I take “that” to be the demonstrative pronoun.  
 157. *had om.* P.  
 160. *his* P : its T.  
 172. *descending* P : descent T.  
 179. *his workmanship* :—Sc. the workmanship displayed in making *him*.  
 180. *Who made man* P : If this be the work of one, man’s maker T.  
 182. *they not* P : not they T.  
 186. *unequal only* T : and only unequal P.  
 192. *goodness* P : power T.  
 196. P has a full stop at the end of the line.  
 200. *all cause* P : all things T.  
 211. *A piece of excellent beauty* :— Cf. *The Cenci*, v. ii. 168 (note).  
 217–8. Cf. *The Cenci*, III. i. 265 (note).  
 220. *here* P : this T. Rossetti italicizes “there.”  
 223. *speaks* P : speak Forman, presumably a misprint.  
 228. *now om.* P. The arrangement of ll. 227–30 is due to Forman, who has another misprint in l. 228.  
 233. *race* T : men P. *Colalti* T (probably) : Colatti P. Forman remarks that the plural termination is Italian rather than Spanish.  
 234. *o’* T : of P. The next line is again reminiscent of *The Cenci* (v. iv. 21).  
 239. *of its* P : of the T.  
 242. *No counsel nor* C : No reasoning or T : No [     ] or P.  
 243. *dispute* T : pursuit P.  
 248. *Which* P : That T.  
 253. *as to one* 1847 Rossetti : as one P. In ll. 253–66 T gives numerous variations, leaving the sense in some cases incomplete.  
 265. *but he!*—The note of exclamation is Rossetti’s. The sense is “But that he should look upon her!”  
 270. *were* P : is T.  
 279. *slur* P : stain T, which omits the two final lines.  
 SCENE II.  
 27. P gives a full stop at the end of the line.



30. The line is rhymeless, as also ll. 35 and 68.

34. *P* has a comma at the end of the line.

52. *die* :—Mrs. Shelley's later editions give "died." By "may be dying still" Shelley seems to mean "may yet be experiencing all the horrors of death." But the translation seems to be a very free one.

70. *Is* 1847 : Are *PC*.

146. Rossetti fills the gap with "glassy," which represents the sense of the original.

150. *ever* :—Forman's suggestion "forever" does not seem to me to improve the rhythm.

154. *forest* :—Rossetti suggests "fiercest," but see l. 150. In the original three winds are mentioned by name—"al Euro, al Cierzo, y al Noto." Dr. Garnett suggested to me that Shelley might have written "four," followed by some monosyllabic adjective.

179. *thee* MS.(Garnett) : thou *PC*. Forman suggests "Be between thee and me," in order to set right the metre. My text indicates another possible way.

#### SCENE III.

8. This and l. 16 have no rhymes. Rossetti suggests "sphere" for "deep."

18. *she may* *P* : may she *C*.

23. *begun* *C* : began *P*.

36. *flattering* MS.(Garnett) : fluttering *PC*.

58. *To the trunk* :—Sc. "Who to the trunk," which Rossetti, who notes the violation of grammar in the next line, suspects to be the true reading.

63. *whilst thus* Rossetti : whilst thou thus *PC*.

82. As in some other instances, the dash seems to have the metrical value of a syllable.

89. *me miserable* *P* : miserable me *C*.

99. *And om*. Rossetti, who suggests a reconstruction of this and the next line. I should be inclined rather to omit "now." The next line is regular enough if "Even" be given its full value as a disyllable.

121. *a far* *C* : far a *P*.

123. *inclines*] inclines to *cj. Rossetti*. No doubt Shelley, having written "to that," thought that he had introduced the necessary "to."

143. *False pleasure* :—Sc. pleasure experienced in our feigned forms.

158. *sustain* *P* : contain *misprint by Forman, etc.* The Spanish is "resists." This and the next line are defective in metre.

170. *were* *P*. Forman, etc., follow Mrs. Shelley's later editions in reading "was."

179. *Where* Rossetti (ex. conj.) : Which *PC*.

183. *I once* *P* : once I *Rossetti*.

## SCENES FROM GOETHE'S FAUST

This translation was made in the Spring of 1822. The "May-Day Night" scene was printed by Hunt in the first number of *The Liberal* (1822), and the whole translation appeared in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Some new readings are given in the present text, chiefly on Dr. Garnett's authority, and obvious mistranslations are pointed out in the notes. Rossetti quotes in his edition certain extracts from a literal translation of the opening portion of *Faust*, made by Shelley when he began learning German in 1815.

## PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

13. *its* MS.(Garnett) : the *P*.

33. *tookest* Rossetti : tookst MS.(Garnett) : tookedst *P*.

38. *certainly would* C : would certainly *P*.

43. *wonderful* :—Sc. odd, strange ; "as on creation's day" parodies the Archangels' songs.

47. *beastlily* P : beastily *C*.

52-3. The point of the original is missed here :—"Why can't he too keep still in the grass, instead of poking his nose into every rubbish-heap?"

56. No doubt, as Rossetti suggests, Shelley intended to cancel the last two words.

73. *What will you bet?*—Cf. *Job* i. 11—"Was *gill's?*" in the German version. The remainder of the line means in the original "but you are sure to lose *him*."

86. *from its springs* :—Sc. from its original goodness.

90. *Well and good* :—The original adds "But it does not last long."

92-3. Another misinterpretation :—"If I succeed in my object you must allow me to crow."

98. *who rebelled* :—Who are a negation of the good (original).

104. *And must create forever* :—The original means—"And, being the Devil, cannot help creating."

108. *seize* :—This is the imperative, as I have endeavoured to show by means of the dash added just before. The correct interpretation of the original would be "make fast," while "melancholy" is a misrendering of "dauernden" (ever-during), which Shelley has confused with the impersonal verb "dauern."

## MAY-DAY NIGHT

SCENE.—*a desolate Country* :—Apparently a mistranslation of "*Schierke und Elend*," the names of two villages—now railway stations.

8. *these*] those *P*. The emendation, representing "diesen" in the

original, is mine. For "babbling" perhaps Shelley wrote "bubbling," which represents the German more closely.

10. *Is* P : In C.

17. I restore from *P* the comma after "see," dropped in all modern editions.

33. *shall puff* P : will blow *The Liberal*.

48. *frowning* P : fawning *The Liberal Rossetti*.

49. *The giant-snouted crags* :—Two granite rocks near Schierke called the *Schnarckerklippen* ("snore-cliffs").

51-64. It does not seem to be generally known that Mrs. Shelley's first Collected Edition of 1839 contains another version of this stanza, accidentally placed among the original Fragments :—

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 !—

56. *this bright day* :—"Those bright days" (the days when Faust and Margaret were together) would be nearer the sense of the original.

70. *brake* PC : lake *The Liberal*.

86-7. The German means "Are we standing still or moving?" The mistranslation led Rossetti to assign the stanza to *Ignis-Fatuus*, whose share in the Chorus must be ll. 45-50.

91. *wisps* :—Will-o'-the-wisps.

100. *hitherward* :—A mistranslation of "hinein." *there*] here *MS.* (*Garnett*).

101. *clouds float gently*] tender clouds float *MS.*(*Garnett*).

102. *as the enkindled*] as enkindled *MS.*(*Garnett*). In the next line "*Flor*" (fog) is mistranslated "flowers."

104. *colours* :—Shelley has evidently mistaken "Faden" (thread) for "Farben" (colours).

107. I add a comma to show that the "hundred veins" belong to the "torrent of light" and not to the "far valley."

115-6. The original means "it is lucky you have seen it."

117. *How*] Now *The Liberal*.

132. *shattered* :—A repetition instead of a rhyme, but the word is clear in the *MS.*

138-9. These two lines have no foundation in the original.

150. *Urian* :—Sc. Satan.

165. *Eyne* C<sub>2</sub> : Eye *The Liberal* PC<sub>1</sub>.

171. This makes good enough sense, but is not the meaning of the original.

172. This should be "The prong pricks, the broom scrapes" (i.e. owing to the crowd).

173. The "child" should not be "in the cradle at home." The next line is also mistranslated.

176. Both sense and metre indicate something wrong here. The German means: "We [male wizards] creep along like the snail in its shell; the women are all in front of us. For when the way is to the abode of evil, the woman is always a thousand steps ahead."—"We do not lay too much stress on that: the woman does the journey in a thousand steps; but, be she as quick as she can, the man does it in a single jump."

180. *Felsensee* 1862: Felumee *The Liberal*; Felunsee *PC*. Rossetti points out that the word is not a strict proper name. The "lake among the rocks" is the abode of Critics, who purify all (including themselves), but can produce nothing original. "VOICES," here and in the rest of the passage, should rather be "A VOICE."

183. *are C*: is *The Liberal P*.

191-5. Scientific humanism is here referred to.

199. The Half-witch typifies the dilettanti,—the men with half a talent.

208-10. The sense is missed here. The choruses of witches taunt the Half-witch with keeping to the ground while they themselves are flying in the air.

217. *What! om. The Liberal*.

219. *young Voland*:—Rather "Squire (*Junker*) Voland," one of Satan's many names.

226. The line is identically rendered in Anster's translation, some extracts from which were published in 1820, and the remainder in 1835.

233-4. *such little*:—"So few" would be nearer the meaning of the original: "on a small scale one is not alone." Cf. 242-3.

237. *the evil ones*:—Perhaps Shelley wrote "the evil one," which would correspond with the German.

254. *An P*: *A C*.

264. *my om. The Liberal*.

266. *creeping up*] crawling this way *MS.(Garnett)*. The snail may be interpreted as the *laudator temporis acti*.

268. *mask myself here*] hide myself now *MS.(Garnett)*.

272. *gentlewomen*:—They are not women in the original.

274. The German means "There is plenty of time to be alone when you are at home."

275. *right*] night *The Liberal*.

280. The original means "Everything is far from right nowadays."

285. The footnote, which appears in all editions, was presumably written by Shelley, but perhaps not for publication.

287-8. The sense is again missed :—"But now everything is whirling round and round, just when we wanted to keep it steady."

290. *ponderous*] wonderful *The Liberal*. Goethe's "Author" complains that even the youngest reader thinks himself too clever to read him.

STAGE-DIRECTION.—Forman inserts "all" after "who."

294. *Since I last came up* :—This should be "Since I am coming up for the last time."

302-3.—Here the translator has altogether missed the sense ; "gerecht" is rendered "make rich," the literal meaning of the original being "there is nothing that did not tend to the vast harm of men and the world." The word "nicht" is omitted half-a-dozen times in the remainder of the Pedlar-witch's speech, which is thus made to convey a meaning precisely opposite to that intended by the author.

312-13. This also is a quite unintelligible perversion, the literal sense of the German being "Rely on novelties ! only novelties attract us." Two lines spoken by Faust, which follow in the original, are omitted :—"Oh that I may not forget who I am : but really I call this as good as a Fair."

327-34. First published by Miss Blind (*Westminster Review*, July, 1870) from a transcription by Dr. Garnett.

332-3. The German means—"You men always want apples, from the days of Paradise until now."

333. *joy* cj. Zupitza : you *Westminster Review*.

335-40. First printed in the present edition. The lines were communicated to me by Dr. Garnett.

341. *Procto*-] Brocto- *The Liberal PC*. Nicolai, the well-known bookseller and critic, is intended.

346. The German means simply "Oh, he is everywhere."

351-6. This should be—"He is most annoyed when we go straight forward ; but if you would go round in a circle, as he does in his old mill, he might perhaps just give his approval, especially if you should acknowledge your indebtedness to him."

361. The blank is in the MS., being filled in the printed texts with "the *pond*." In the original the word is "Tegel," the name of a village where a spectre had recently appeared. Miss Blind supposes that the blank was filled by the person who edited Shelley's MS. for *The Liberal*,—a view which Forman does not endorse. But whoever the said person may have been, the method which resulted in the introduction of "*pond*" is surely unique. "Tegel" not being discoverable in the dictionary, the word which, had it been present, would have followed it was selected to take its place, and this word happened to be "*Teich*" (pond).

365. *teasing* :—"boring" would be nearer the mark.

367-8. The original means "I have no patience with this spirit-despotism ; my own spirit cannot practise it."

369. Rossetti suggests "I shall *but* make."

370. *And here* :—"But I always take my *Journey* with me"—an allusion to Nicolai's "*Description of a Journey through Germany and Switzerland*," in 12 volumes.

375. Nicolai is said to have used leeches to cure himself of his visions.

378. *sung* P : sang C.

379-81. The soul of a sleeping witch was supposed to go about in the form of a red mouse. When the witch was dead the mouse was grey.

380. *sprung* P : sprang C.

392. *idol* :—Sc. phantom (εἰδωλον).

398. *breast* C : heart *The Liberal* P.

408. *These pleasures End in delusion* :—This should be "Always taking pleasure in illusion !"

410. "Shelley has mistaken 'lustig' (jovial) for 'luftig' (airy). The original means 'It is as jovial here as in the Prater'" (Rossetti).

417. *gentlemen* *The Liberal* C : gentleman P. Shelley omits the last two lines of the Scene.

### QUEEN MAB

Though in every sense of the word a juvenile production, *Queen Mab* is included in this edition on account of its historical importance. I have followed Mr. Buxton Forman's example in printing it as a kind of Appendix, instead of forcing it on the reader's attention by giving it the leading place among Shelley's poems. The poem was composed in 1812-3, and printed for private circulation in the summer of 1813. It was reprinted by W. Clarke in 1821. Shelley's mature opinion of the poem is indicated by the fact that only two sections of it—and those in a very different form—were thought worth revising for inclusion in the *Alastor* volume of 1816. His letter to the "Examiner" in 1821 shows still more clearly what store he set by the work :—"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." Mr. Bernard Shaw has placed it above *The Cenci*.

*Queen Mab* in its original form was accompanied by prose notes almost as long as the poem itself, Greek, Latin and French authors being freely drawn on. Some of these are rather essays than notes, and are identical with prose writings published under separate titles, e.g. *The Necessity of Atheism* (1811)—the pamphlet which led to Shelley's expulsion from Oxford—portions of the *Letter to Lord Ellenborough*

(1812), and *A Vindication of Natural Diet* (1813). The "Notes" are omitted from this edition, but two poems included in them are given after *Queen Mab*.

For the authorities for the text and some of the explanatory notes, see notes to *The Dæmon of the World*.

DEDICATION TO HARRIET \*\*\*\*\*

Medwin (*Life of Shelley*, i. 68) states that the poem was dedicated to Harriet Grove; but Shelley himself, in a letter to Ollier of June 11, 1821, speaks of "a foolish dedication to my late wife." The dedicatory stanzas, deliberately cut out by Shelley after his separation from his first wife, are missing from some of the extant copies, and for that reason, no doubt, have been incorrectly printed in most modern editions. Rossetti and Woodberry alone have retained Shelley's comma in the middle of line 1.

9. *Harriet!*—I know of no authority for the capitals introduced by Forman and followed by all except the two editors mentioned above.

13. *unto* A: into C *vulg.* All modern editors change Shelley's comma into a semicolon.

15. *flowret* A: flow'ret C: floweret *vulg.*

i. 1. "The didactic is in blank heroic verse, and the description in blank lyrical measure" (Shelley to Hogg, Feb. 7, 1813).

54. Cf. 62.

78. *maiden's sleep*] sleeping maid C.

83. Sc. by refraction.

133-4. The first edition, followed also by Mrs. Shelley, Forman and Hutchinson, has a full stop at "frame" and a comma at "grace,"—punctuation which evidently yields no sense.

150. Forman and others follow Mrs. Shelley in adding two hyphens which are not in the first edition.

155. *an*] a C *Rossetti*.

180. *yet* :—Sc. apparently, "in addition to this."

260. I suspect that "athwart" should be "athwart the night," as in the corresponding passage of *The Dæmon of the World*.

ii. 52. *for* :—Sc. on account of. The "privilege" is that of resisting "pleasurable impulses."

171. One of Shelley's favourite similes; cf. *The Revolt of Islam*, I. 21, and *Prometheus Unbound*, II. iv. 18 (note).

188. *Metropolis of the western continent* :—Shelley is thinking of the old civilizations of Mexico or Peru (Rossetti).

iii. 74. MAB :—In the first edition there is a space left for the speaker's name. Most editors insert "*The Fairy*."

112. *Its unshared harvests* :—Cf. iii. 208.

117. *few* :—Sc. the few.

151. *Who*] As *Rossetti*.

212. *that*] the *Rossetti*; probably a misprint. As B. Dobell points out, the main idea of some of the latter part of this section may be found in a letter to Elizabeth Hitchener dated Feb. 14, 1812, where it is expressed in blank verse disguised as prose.

iv. The opening lines show the influence of Byron:

7. *had*] has *Rossetti*.

102. *But* :—Sc. merely.

103. *Nature* ?] Nature ! *vulg.*

115. *Sanctifies* :—Evidently *Rossetti*, who suggests “*Sanctify*,” is right in his supposition that “*names*” rather than “*manhood*” is the subject of the verb. Probably Shelley had in his thoughts one name only.

140-1. The first edition has a comma at “*element*” and a full stop at “*remained*.” The emendation was proposed by J. R. Tutin and has been adopted by Dowden and Hutchinson.

176. *Secure* C : *Secures* A.

199. The first edition gives two misleading commas after “*And*” and “*wrong*.”

202. *Honour* :—Sc. those in authority.

203-20. om. C<sub>1</sub>.

259. *After the miserable interest* :—Sc. has ceased.

v. 1. Shelley’s Note quotes *Ecclesiastes* i., and three lines later, Homer’s *Iliad*, Z. 146-9 :—

οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιῆδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν κ.τ.λ.

9. Most modern editors substitute a comma for the full stop. The change is tempting but not absolutely essential.

34. *impassive* :—Sc. impassable. I have found no other instance of such a use.

48. A comma in *A* at the end of this line is removed to the beginning of l. 51. The sense was further obscured by the use of “*To*” in different senses in ll. 49 and 50. For the metaphor in ll. 51-2 cf. *Julian and Maddalo*, 302 (note).

80. *Yields* A : *Yield* C *Rossetti*.

90. *self* :—Dr. Dobbin suggested “*pelf*.”

106. *prejudice* :—Sc. conventionality. This favourite word of Shelley’s earlier years is not to be found in any poem later than *Queen Mab*.

116. *offspring’s* C : *offsprings* A.

130. The necessary commas here and in l. 193 are due to *Rossetti*.

197-204. The passage is rather obscure. The argument of the first six lines seems to be :—“The slavish priest is content to lie merely for the sake of money, in the interests of the tyrant. They need nothing but the flattery of souls so servile that Cowardice itself could take them prisoners : so miserable that even the rarely bestowed mite of Avarice could bribe them.” But the chief difficulty is “their languid zeal.” Strictly speaking, “their” must refer to Cowardice and



Avarice ; but it seems much simpler to take "their" as a slip for "his" (the priest's), adding perhaps a comma at "bribe."

219. *Its*] His *Rossetti*.

222. *Its* :—Sc. Virtue's.

vi. 4. *periods* :—Sc. sentences : Ellis explains it as "recurring times."

18-9. The metre is irregular. Perhaps Shelley wrote—

Interminably, still *illumining*

The *midnight* of so many wretched souls ;

cf. v. 146.

40. Forman alone retains a comma after "spirits."

45. *the red and baleful sun* :—The pole-star, as Shelley explains in a note.

54-238. om. *C*<sub>1</sub>.

72-101. These thirty lines were included in the *Alastor* volume under the title *Superstition*.

74. *distempered* :—Sc. unrestrained (Ellis).

101-3. A very difficult passage to reduce to order. The first edition, followed by Forman, gives—

. . . . disease,

And all their causes, to an abstract point,

Converging, thou didst bend and called it GOD !

Rossetti, who substitutes "call" for "called," reads—

. . . . disease ;

And, all their causes to an abstract point

Converging, thou didst bend, and call it God !

This is perfectly intelligible, whether "converging" be taken transitively, or whether the clause from "all" to "converging" be regarded as an ablative absolute (a rather rare construction in Shelley's poetry).

In *Superstition*, an extract printed independently in the *Alastor* volume, there is no comma at "point," the reading being—

And all their causes, to an abstract point

Converging, thou did'st give it name, and form,

Intelligence, and unity, and power.

Woodberry follows the pointing of *Superstition*, but omits the comma at "converging," which he places instead at "bend." I do not understand what interpretation this change is meant to convey.

Except for the semicolon at "disease" the present text follows *Superstition*, but assumes a change of construction at the end of the sentence, viz. :—"And all their causes, which converged to an abstract point, bending the knee thou didst call God," "point" taking the place of "causes" as the object of "called."

Further alternatives would be (1) To take "bend" transitively (i.e. "bend the causes to one point"); (2) To regard "called it" as a mistake for "calledst"; (3) To regard "bend" as a printer's error for "blend." The emendation would destroy the antithesis with "stood'st" (l. 93), but it is to be noted that this antithesis is not present in the

*Superstition* version. I have suggested the same change in *The Triumph of Life*, 151.

126. *the mad fiend*:—Sc. religious persecution.

134. Noteworthy as one of the few really striking lines in *Queen Mab*.

137. *thine* AC<sub>1</sub> : thy C<sub>2</sub>.

188. *virtue*:—Ellis interprets this as “rectitude”; but Shelley’s note to l. 198 seems to point to “strength” as the meaning:—“Every human being is irresistibly impelled to act precisely as he does act: in the eternity which preceded his birth a chain of causes was generated” etc.

229. *O'er*:—All editions read “Over.”

231. Editors who follow Forman give a full stop (not in the first edition) at the end of this line. Ellis interprets “sensitive extension” as “living (or feeling) increase”; Murray, more correctly, as “extended body or space,” in the sense used by Locke and Hume.

vii. The whole of this section was omitted from Mrs. Shelley’s first Collected Edition.

19. *its term*:—Sc. an end of the endless chain.

23. *exterminable*:—Sc. without term or end, limitless.

39. The double feminine ending is very rare in Shelley’s poetry. There is an instance in *Prometheus Unbound*, II. v. 33, and perhaps in *Charles the First*, II. 162. Also three or four in *Hellas*.

100. *A murderer*:—Moses.

117. *hence*:—Sc. out of Egypt. Ellis gives the word its temporal meaning.

126. *call*:—This may be the imperative.

180. *reilluminated* A : reilluminated C<sub>2</sub> *Rossetti Hutchinson*.

192. *ghastily* A : ghastly C<sub>2</sub>.

208–9. This appears to mean—“So also have I seen them when they turned from the massacre of mere strangers” etc. In the first edition there is a comma only at the end of l. 207. Rossetti, accordingly, ingeniously suggested “To when” for “So, when.”

233. *Spirits* A : Spirit *Rossetti*.

237. *flows*:—Rossetti suggested “flow.”

241 etc. Sc. “And we have to thank the progress of Reason for the fact that they do now at least have to make some pretence of love and mercy, though their deeds are still marked” etc.

244. *dare* A : dares C<sub>2</sub> *Rossetti*. Another instance of the Shelleyan subjunctive.

270. The metre is irregular.

viii. 18. The line is almost identical with vi. 41.

56. *shews* Rossetti : shew A. It will be noticed that every word begins with a sibilant, but the effect is by no means unpleasing.

58. The portions selected for Part ii. of *The Daemon of the World* begin here, and have already been annotated under that poem.

61. *or* A : *nor* C.

81. *whilst* A : *While* C.

161. *Long* :—Sc. long ago. I have added the two dashes.

165. *om.* C<sub>1</sub>.

182. *their* :—Rossetti substitutes "his."

204-5. See *The Dæmon of the World*, Part ii. 145 (note).

232. For the syntax see *The Revolt of Islam*, III. xiv. 9 (note).

ix. Some of the lines in this section are adapted from Shelley's letter to Miss Hitchener of Feb. 14, 1812.

29-30. Cf. *Ozymandias*, 7-8.

38. *gradual* :—E. de Sélincourt, who notes the adverbial use of "gradual" by Thomson and Keats, remarks that he "cannot parallel this use exactly in any other author."

48. *om.* C.

67. *or* A : *nor* C *vulg.*

72. *a name* :—Sc. of "Atheism," "Lawlessness" etc.

82. *undoubting* AC : *undoubted* Forman Dowden Hutchinson.

139. *past* A : *future* Rossetti. In *The Dæmon of the World*, 231, I regarded the emendation as necessary, but in this place the text reading may just stand.

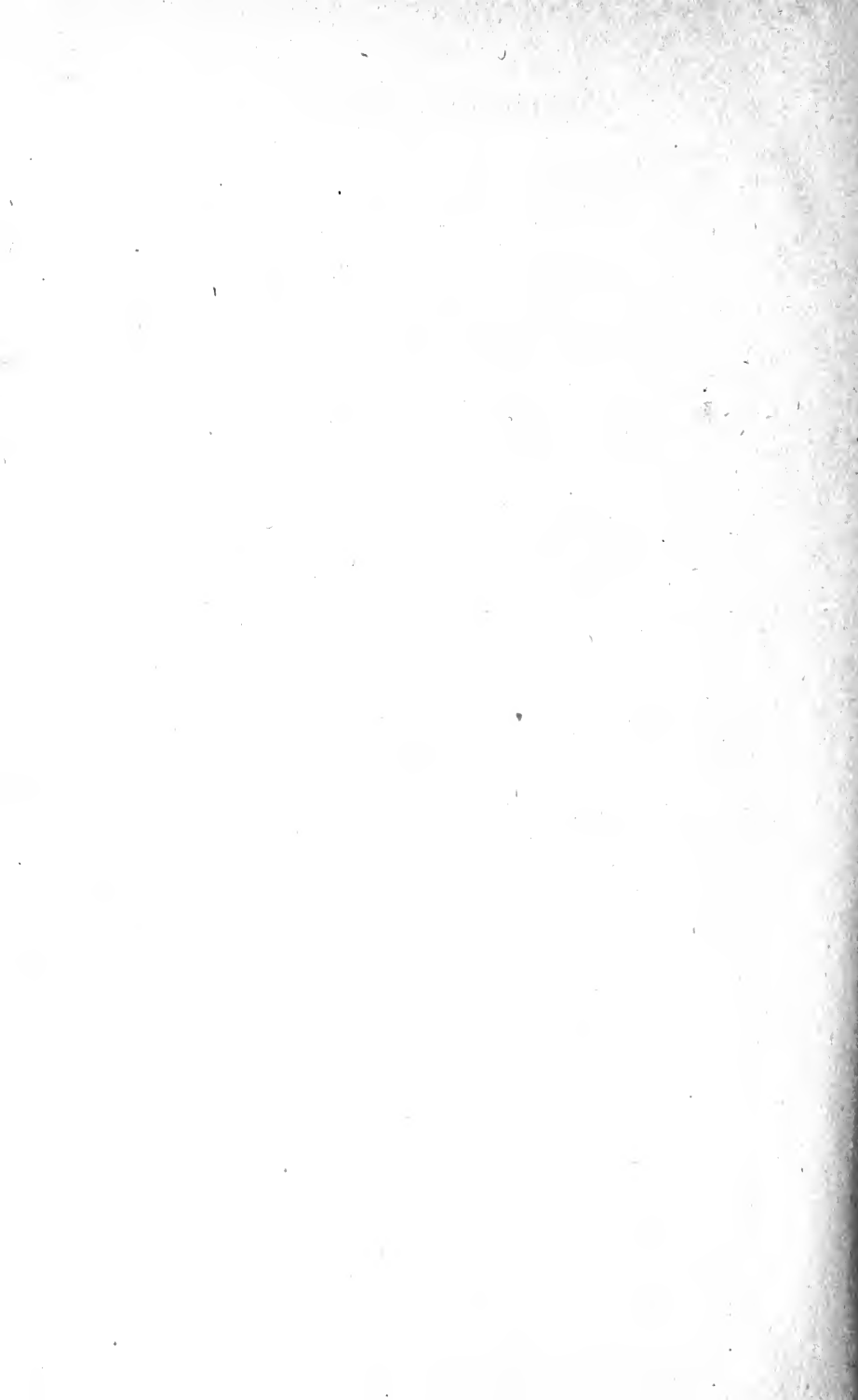
#### POEMS FROM SHELLEY'S NOTES TO QUEEN MAB

FALSEHOOD AND VICE.—Coleridge's "War Eclogue," *Fire, Famine and Slaughter*, is, no doubt, the inspiration of this Dialogue.

30. *No more!*—Sc. "I will say no more about that." I have introduced the long dash and capital.

74. *defiled* :—The irony is even greater than if "him" had been the word italicized.

DARK FLOOD OF TIME.—This is part of a long poem *To Harriet*, written probably in 1812, and printed entire by Dowden (*Life of Shelley*, i. 286).



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

*[Including the first lines of some independent Songs contained  
in the longer poems]*

	VOL.	PAGE
A colourless and shapeless mist that hovers . . . . .	I.	175
A gentle story of two lovers young . . . . .	II.	205
A glorious people vibrated again . . . . .	I.	468
A golden-winged Angel stood . . . . .	II.	174
A Hater he came and sat by a ditch . . . . .	II.	171
A man who was about to hang himself . . . . .	II.	341
A mighty Phantasm, half concealed . . . . .	II.	40
A pale Dream came to a Lady fair . . . . .	II.	159
A portal as of shadowy adamant . . . . .	II.	229
A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew . . . . .	I.	458
A shovel of his ashes took . . . . .	II.	158
A star has fallen upon the Earth . . . . .	II.	81
A widow bird sate mourning for her love . . . . .	II.	124
A woodman whose rough heart was out of tune . . . . .	II.	179
Alas! good friend, what profit can you see . . . . .	II.	234
Alas! this is not what I thought life was . . . . .	II.	241
Amid the desolation of a city . . . . .	II.	229
An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king . . . . .	II.	191
And as to friend or mistress, 'tis a form . . . . .	II.	18
And earnest to explore within, around . . . . .	II.	348
And ever as he went he swept a lyre . . . . .	II.	39
And like a dying lady, lean and pale . . . . .	II.	233
And like a sudden meteor, which outstrips . . . . .	II.	40
And many there were hurt by that strong boy . . . . .	II.	350
And Peter Bell, when he had been . . . . .	I.	431
And that I walk thus proudly crowned withal . . . . .	II.	268
And the cloven waters like a chasm of mountains . . . . .	II.	345
And the green Paradise which western waves . . . . .	II.	39
And then came one of sweet and earnest looks . . . . .	II.	39
And through the silent interstellar air . . . . .	II.	242
And we will move, possessing and possess . . . . .	II.	21
And what is that most brief and bright delight . . . . .	II.	20
And where is truth? On tombs? for such to thee . . . . .	II.	207
And who feels discord now or sorrow . . . . .	II.	205
Arethusa arose . . . . .	II.	219
Ariel to Miranda.—Take . . . . .	II.	278
Arise, arise, arise . . . . .	II.	194
Arise, sweet Mary, rise . . . . .	II.	176
Art thou pale for weariness . . . . .	II.	233
As a violet's gentle eye . . . . .	I.	330
As from an ancestral oak . . . . .	II.	191
As I lay asleep in Italy . . . . .	I.	415
As the sunrise to the night . . . . .	II.	208

	VOL.	PAGE
At the creation of the Earth . . . . .	II.	205
Away ! the moor is dark beneath the moon . . . . .	II.	141
Before those cruel Twins, whom at one birth . . . . .	I.	485
Best and brightest, come away . . . . .	II.	274
Bright wanderer, fair coquette of Heaven . . . . .	II.	283
"Buona notte, buona notte!"—Come mai . . . . .	II.	232
Calm art thou as yon sunset ! swift and strong . . . . .	I.	102
Camelions feed on light and air . . . . .	II.	196
Cease, cease !—for such wild lessons madmen learn . . . . .	II.	163
Come, be happy !—sit by me . . . . .	II.	181
Come hither, my sweet Rosalind . . . . .	I.	188
Come, thou awakener of the spirit's ocean . . . . .	II.	266
Corpses are cold in the tomb . . . . .	II.	189
Could Arethuse to her forsaken urn . . . . .	II.	81
Dark flood of Time . . . . .	II.	450
Darkness has dawned In the East . . . . .	II.	79
Daughters of Jove, whose voice is melody . . . . .	II.	308
Dear home, thou scene of earliest hopes and joys . . . . .	II.	158
Death is here and Death is there . . . . .	II.	230
Deluge and dearth, ardours and frosts and earthquake . . . . .	II.	242
Do you not hear the Aziola cry . . . . .	II.	264
Eagle ! why soarest thou above that tomb . . . . .	II.	341
Earth, Ocean, Air, beloved brotherhood . . . . .	I.	2
Faint with love, the Lady of the South . . . . .	II.	266
Fairest of the Destinies . . . . .	II.	81
False friend, wilt thou smile or weep . . . . .	I.	409
Far, far away, O ye . . . . .	II.	248
Flourishing vine, whose kindling clusters glow . . . . .	II.	187
Follow to the deep wood's weeds . . . . .	II.	204
For me, my friend, if not that tears did tremble . . . . .	II.	174
From the cities where from caves . . . . .	I.	427
From the forests and highlands . . . . .	II.	223
God prosper, speed, and save . . . . .	II.	192
Good-night ? ah, no ! the hour is ill . . . . .	II.	232
Great Spirit whom the sea of boundless mind . . . . .	II.	188
Guido, I would that Lapo, thou, and I . . . . .	II.	346
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit . . . . .	II.	216
He came like a dream in the dawn of life . . . . .	II.	91
He wanders, like a day-appearing dream . . . . .	II.	266
Heigh-ho, wisdom and folly . . . . .	II.	176
Heigho ! the lark and the owl . . . . .	II.	123
Her voice did quiver as we parted . . . . .	II.	170
"Here lieth One whose name was writ on water" . . . . .	II.	265
Here, my dear friend, is a new book for you . . . . .	II.	17
His face was like a snake's—wrinkled and loose . . . . .	II.	241
Honey from silkworms who can gather . . . . .	II.	171
How, my dear Mary ? are you critic-bitten . . . . .	I.	484
How sweet it is to sit and read the tales . . . . .	II.	207
How to recount the melancholy end . . . . .	I.	233
How wonderful is Death . . . . .	I.	19
How wonderful is Death . . . . .	II.	395

	VOL.	PAGE
I am as a spirit who has dwelt . . . . .	II.	206
I am drunk with the honey-wine . . . . .	II.	208
I arise from dreams of thee . . . . .	II.	201
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers . . . . .	II.	214
I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way . . . . .	II.	224
I dreamed that Milton's spirit rose, and took . . . . .	II.	242
I faint, I perish with my love ! I grow . . . . .	II.	266
I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden . . . . .	II.	227
I hated thee, fallen tyrant ! I did groan . . . . .	II.	149
I leaped on the wings of the Earth-star damp . . . . .	I.	328
I love you !—Listen, O embodied Ray . . . . .	II.	18
I loved—alas ! our life is love . . . . .	II.	185
I met a traveller from an antique land . . . . .	II.	172
I mourn Adonis dead—loveliest Adonis . . . . .	II.	342
I pant for the music which is divine . . . . .	II.	253
I placed it in his choice to be . . . . .	I.	328
I rode one evening with Count Maddalo . . . . .	I.	219
I sing the glorious Power with azure eyes . . . . .	II.	307
I stood upon a Heaven-cleaving turret . . . . .	II.	242
I stood within the City disinterred . . . . .	I.	504
I weep for Adonais—he is dead . . . . .	II.	24
I went into the deserts of dim sleep . . . . .	II.	240
I will not, as most dedicators do . . . . .	II.	19
I would not be a king—enough . . . . .	II.	263
If day should part us—night will mend division . . . . .	II.	21
If gibbets, axes, confiscations, chains . . . . .	II.	234
If I esteemed you less, Envy would kill . . . . .	II.	264
If I had but a friend ! Why, I have three . . . . .	II.	19
If I walk in Autumn's even . . . . .	II.	265
In the cave which wild weeds cover . . . . .	II.	208
In the great morning of the world . . . . .	II.	51
In the sweet solitude of this calm place . . . . .	II.	352
Is it that in some brighter sphere . . . . .	II.	206
Is not to-day enough ? Why do I peer . . . . .	II.	206
It floats with rainbow pinions o'er the stream . . . . .	II.	20
It is a sweet thing, friendship, a dear balm . . . . .	II.	18
It is the day when all the sons of God . . . . .	II.	41
It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky . . . . .	II.	200
It was a bright and cheerful afternoon . . . . .	II.	231
Kissing Helena, together . . . . .	II.	342
Let those who pine in pride or in revenge . . . . .	I.	243
Lift not the painted veil which those who live . . . . .	II.	178
Lift up thine eyes, Panthea : they pierce, they burn . . . . .	I.	329
Like the ghost of a dear friend dead . . . . .	II.	231
Listen, listen, Mary mine . . . . .	II.	177
Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me . . . . .	II.	245
Maiden, the world's supremest Spirit . . . . .	I.	21
Many a green isle needs must be . . . . .	I.	234
Melodious Arethusa, o'er my verse . . . . .	II.	344
Men of England, wherefore plough . . . . .	II.	190
Methought I was a billow in the crowd . . . . .	II.	265
Mighty eagle ! thou that soarest . . . . .	II.	172
Mine eyes were dim with tears unshed . . . . .	II.	143
Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits . . . . .	I.	253

	VOL.	PAGE
Month after month the gathered rains descend . . . . .	II.	177
Muse, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite . . . . .	II.	310
Music, when soft voices die . . . . .	II.	249
My dearest Mary, wherefore has thou gone . . . . .	II.	204
My faint spirit was sitting in the light . . . . .	II.	245
My head is heavy, my limbs are weary . . . . .	II.	241
My head is wild with weeping for a grief . . . . .	II.	187
My lost William, thou in whom . . . . .	II.	203
My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few . . . . .	II.	1
My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim . . . . .	II.	164
My thoughts arise and fade in solitude . . . . .	II.	175
Night, with all thine eyes look down . . . . .	II.	258
Night ! with all thine eyes look down . . . . .	II.	259
No access to the Duke ! You have not said . . . . .	II.	184
No, Music, thou art not the " food of Love " . . . . .	II.	165
Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame . . . . .	II.	249
Not far from hence. From yonder pointed hill . . . . .	II.	235
Now the last day of many days . . . . .	II.	275
O Bacchus, what a world of toil, both now . . . . .	II.	312
O mighty mind, in whose deep stream this age . . . . .	II.	187
O pillow cold and wet with tears . . . . .	II.	209
O thou immortal deity . . . . .	II.	267
O thou, who plumed with strong desire . . . . .	II.	225
O universal Mother, who dost keep . . . . .	II.	309
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being . . . . .	II.	197
O world ! O life ! O time . . . . .	II.	249
Offspring of Jove, Calliope, once more . . . . .	II.	308
Oh, Mary dear, that you were here . . . . .	II.	186
Oh that a chariot of cloud were mine . . . . .	II.	174
Oh, there are spirits of the air . . . . .	II.	145
Old Winter was gone . . . . .	II.	89
Once more descend . . . . .	II.	173
One sung of thee who left the tale untold . . . . .	II.	208
One word is too often profaned . . . . .	II.	253
Or looks which tell that while the lips are calm . . . . .	I.	329
Orphan Hours, the Year is dead . . . . .	II.	243
Our boat is asleep on Serchio's stream . . . . .	II.	260
Out of the eastern shadow of the Earth . . . . .	II.	140
Palace-roof of cloudless nights . . . . .	II.	195
Pan loved his neighbour Echo—but that child . . . . .	II.	344
People of England, ye who toil and groan . . . . .	II.	192
Perhaps the only comfort which remains . . . . .	I.	233
Peter Bells, one, two and three . . . . .	I.	430
Place, for the Marshal of the Masque . . . . .	II.	98
Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know . . . . .	II.	149
Rarely, rarely, comest thou . . . . .	II.	246
Returning from its daily quest, my Spirit . . . . .	II.	350
Rome has fallen, ye see it lying . . . . .	II.	209
Rough wind, that moanest loud . . . . .	II.	280
Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth . . . . .	II.	221
Serene, in his unconquerable might . . . . .	II.	175
She left me at the silent time . . . . .	II.	281
Silence ! Oh well are Death and Sleep and Thou . . . . .	II.	197



	VOL.	PAGE
Silver key of the fountain of tears . . . . .	II.	165
Sing, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove . . . . .	II.	285
Sleep, sleep on ! forget thy pain . . . . .	II.	271
So now my summer task is ended, Mary . . . . .	I.	42
Soft pillows for the fiends . . . . .	II.	176
Such hope, as is the sick despair of good . . . . .	II.	241
Summer was dead and Autumn was expiring . . . . .	II.	269
Sweet Spirit ! Sister of that orphan one . . . . .	II.	2
Swift as a spirit hastening to his task . . . . .	II.	125
Swifter far than Summer's flight . . . . .	II.	256
Swiftly walk o'er the western wave . . . . .	II.	244
Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light . . . . .	II.	233
That matter of the murder is hushed up . . . . .	I.	337
That time is dead forever, child . . . . .	II.	170
The awful shadow of some unseen Power . . . . .	II.	152
The babe is at peace within the womb . . . . .	II.	266
The billows on the beach are leaping around it . . . . .	II.	168
The cold earth slept below . . . . .	II.	149
The death-knell is ringing . . . . .	II.	228
The everlasting Universe of Things . . . . .	II.	154
The fierce beasts of the woods and wildernesses . . . . .	II.	187
The fiery mountains answer each other . . . . .	II.	228
The fitful alternations of the rain . . . . .	II.	208
The flower that smiles to-day . . . . .	II.	248
The fountains mingle with the river . . . . .	II.	202
The gentleness of rain was in the wind . . . . .	II.	267
The golden gates of sleep unbar . . . . .	II.	257
The keen stars were twinkling . . . . .	II.	280
The living frame which sustains my soul . . . . .	II.	209
The odour from the flower is gone . . . . .	II.	178
The pale, the cold, and the moony smile . . . . .	II.	147
The red rose that drinks the fountain-dew . . . . .	II.	165
The rude wind is singing . . . . .	II.	267
The season was the childhood of sweet June . . . . .	II.	238
The serpent is shut out from paradise . . . . .	II.	255
The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie . . . . .	II.	222
The spider spreads her webs, whether she be . . . . .	I.	476
The sun is set ; the swallows are asleep . . . . .	II.	260
The sun is warm, the sky is clear . . . . .	II.	183
The sun makes music as of old . . . . .	II.	375
The viewless and invisible Consequence . . . . .	II.	241
The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing . . . . .	II.	227
The waters are flashing . . . . .	II.	251
The wind has swept from the wide atmosphere . . . . .	II.	148
The world is dreary . . . . .	II.	204
The world is now our dwelling-place . . . . .	II.	169
The world's great age begins anew . . . . .	II.	80
There is a voice, not understood by all . . . . .	II.	158
There is a warm and gentle atmosphere . . . . .	II.	205
There late was One within whose subtle being . . . . .	II.	151
There stands by Nile a single pedestal . . . . .	II.	172
There was a little lawny islet . . . . .	II.	283
There was a youth, who, as with toil and travel . . . . .	I.	176
These are two friends whose lives were undivided . . . . .	II.	283
They die—the dead return not. Misery . . . . .	II.	170
Those whom nor power, nor lying faith, nor toil . . . . .	II.	173

	VOL.	PAGE
Thou art fair, and few are fairer . . . . .	II.	202
Thou living light, that in thy rainbow hues . . . . .	II.	176
Thou supreme Goddess ! by whose power divine . . . . .	I.	510
Thou wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be . . . . .	II.	172
Thou wert the morning star among the living . . . . .	II.	341
Thy beauty hangs around thee like . . . . .	II.	242
Thy country's curse is on thee, darkest crest . . . . .	II.	165
Thy dewy looks sink in my breast . . . . .	II.	141
Thy little footsteps on the sands . . . . .	II.	204
Thy look of love has power to calm . . . . .	II.	142
'Tis the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail . . . . .	II.	210
To the oblivion whither I and thou . . . . .	II.	19
To thirst and find no fill—to [wail] and wander . . . . .	II.	175
Unfathomable Sea, whose waves are years . . . . .	II.	244
Unrisen splendour of the brightest sun . . . . .	I.	475
Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream . . . . .	II.	77
Wake the serpent not—lest he . . . . .	II.	207
We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon . . . . .	II.	146
We meet not as we parted . . . . .	II.	282
We strew these opiate flowers . . . . .	II.	49
Wealth and dominion fade into the mass . . . . .	II.	175
Were it not a sweet refuge, Emily . . . . .	II.	21
Were not the crocuses that grew . . . . .	II.	277
What ! alive and so bold, O Earth . . . . .	II.	250
What art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest . . . . .	II.	267
What is that joy which serene infancy . . . . .	II.	20
What Mary is when she a little smiles . . . . .	II.	350
What think you the dead are . . . . .	I.	233
When a lover clasps his fairest . . . . .	II.	207
When a Nation screams aloud . . . . .	II.	209
When May is painting with her colours gay . . . . .	II.	242
When passion's trance is overpast . . . . .	II.	254
When soft winds and sunny skies . . . . .	II.	267
When the lamp is shattered . . . . .	II.	273
When the last hope of trampled France had failed . . . . .	I.	45
When thou descend'st each night with open eyes . . . . .	I.	328
When winds that move not its calm surface sweep . . . . .	II.	343
Where art thou, beloved To-morrow . . . . .	II.	265
While all things seem the shadow of thy soul . . . . .	II.	21
Whilst monarchs laughed upon their thrones . . . . .	II.	447
Whose is the love that, gleaming through the world . . . . .	II.	394
Wild, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one . . . . .	II.	85
Wilt thou forget the happy hours . . . . .	II.	178
Within a cavern of man's trackless spirit . . . . .	I.	475
Worlds on worlds are rolling ever . . . . .	II.	55
Would I were the wingèd cloud . . . . .	II.	68
Ye Dorian woods and waves lament aloud . . . . .	II.	344
Ye gentle visitations of calm thought . . . . .	II.	206
Ye hasten to the grave ! What seek ye there . . . . .	II.	230
Ye who intelligent the Third Heaven move . . . . .	II.	346
Ye wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove . . . . .	II.	307
Yet look on me—take not thine eyes away . . . . .	II.	144
You said that Spirits spoke, but it was thee . . . . .	I.	330

## INDEX OF TITLES

	VOL.	PAGE
"A Gentle Story" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	205
Adonais . . . . .	II.	22
Adonis, Bion's Elegy on the death of . . . . .	II.	342
Alastor ; or, The Spirit of Solitude . . . . .	I.	I
Allegory, An . . . . .	II.	229
Anarchy, The Masque of . . . . .	I.	415
"And through the silent" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	242
Anthem, A New National . . . . .	II.	192
Apennines, Passage of the . . . . .	II.	177
Apollo, Hymn of . . . . .	II.	222
Arethusa . . . . .	II.	219
Assertors of Liberty, Ode to the . . . . .	II.	194
Athanase, Prince . . . . .	I.	176
Atlas, The Witch of . . . . .	I.	484
Autumn : A Dirge . . . . .	II.	227
Autumn : A Dirge, Study for (?) . . . . .	II.	228
Aziola, The . . . . .	II.	264
Bion, Elegy of . . . . .	II.	342
— Elegy on the Death of : Translation from Moschus . . . . .	II.	344
Birth of Pleasure, The (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	205
Blanc, Mont . . . . .	II.	154
Boat on the Serchio, The . . . . .	II.	260
Bonaparte, Feelings of a Republican on the Fall of . . . . .	II.	149
Bracknell, Stanza written at . . . . .	II.	141
Bridal Song, A . . . . .	II.	257
— — Second Version . . . . .	II.	258
— — Third Version . . . . .	II.	259
Buona Notte . . . . .	II.	232
Byron, To (Sonnet) . . . . .	II.	264
— To ("O mighty mind") (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	187
Calderon's Magico Prodigioso, Scenes from . . . . .	II.	352
Castlereagh Administration, Lines written during the . . . . .	II.	189
Castor and Pollux, Homer's Hymn to . . . . .	II.	307
Cavalcanti, Sonnet from the Italian of . . . . .	II.	350
Cenci, The . . . . .	I.	331
Chamouni, Lines written in the Vale of . . . . .	II.	154
Charles the First . . . . .	II.	98
Circumstance . . . . .	II.	341
Cloud, The . . . . .	II.	214
Cloud-Chariot, A (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	174
Consequence (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	241
Constantia, To . . . . .	II.	165

	VOL. PAGE
Constantia Singing, To . . . . .	II. 163
Convito, Translation from Dante's First Canzone . . . . .	II. 346
Critic, Lines to a . . . . .	II. 171
Cyclops, The : Translation from Euripides . . . . .	II. 312
Dæmon of the World, The . . . . .	I. 19
ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΗΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΗΟΤΜΟΝ . . . . .	II. 145
Dante, Translations from—	
First Canzone of the Convito . . . . .	II. 346
Fragment of the Vita Nuova . . . . .	II. 350
Scene from the Purgatorio : Matilda gathering Flowers . . . . .	II. 348
Sonnet : Dante Alighieri to Guido Cavalcanti . . . . .	II. 346
"Dark flood of Time" : From Queen Mab . . . . .	II. 450
Death ("Death is here and Death is there") . . . . .	II. 230
— ("They die—the dead return not") . . . . .	II. 170
Dejection, Stanzas written in . . . . .	II. 183
Deserts of Sleep, The (Fragment) . . . . .	II. 240
Dirge, A . . . . .	II. 280
— for the Year . . . . .	II. 243
Disappointment (Fragment) . . . . .	II. 241
Dream, A (Fragment) . . . . .	II. 265
Earth, Homer's Hymn to . . . . .	II. 309
Edward Williams, To . . . . .	II. 255
Elusive Thoughts (Fragment) . . . . .	II. 175
Emilia Viviani, To . . . . .	II. 245
England in 1819 (Sonnet). . . . .	II. 191
England, To the People of . . . . .	II. 192
Epigrams from the Greek—	
Circumstance . . . . .	II. 341
Kissing Helena . . . . .	II. 342
Spirit of Plato . . . . .	II. 341
To Stella . . . . .	II. 341
Epipsychidion . . . . .	I. 1
Epitaph . . . . .	II. 283
Euganean Hills, Lines written among the . . . . .	I. 234
Euripides, The Cyclops of . . . . .	II. 312
Evening : Ponte a Mare, Pisa . . . . .	II. 260
Exhortation, An . . . . .	II. 196
Face, A (Fragment) . . . . .	II. 241
Faded Violet, On a . . . . .	II. 178
Falsehood and Vice : From Queen Mab . . . . .	II. 447
Famine, The Tower of . . . . .	II. 229
Fanny Godwin, On . . . . .	II. 170
Faust, Scenes from Goethe's . . . . .	II. 375
Feelings of a Republican on the Fall of Bonaparte . . . . .	II. 149
Fiordispina . . . . .	II. 238
First Canzone of the Convito, The . . . . .	II. 346
"Follow" (Fragment) . . . . .	II. 204
Forebodings (Fragment) . . . . .	II. 206
Fragment of an Ode ("I stood upon a Heaven-cleaving turret") . . . . .	II. 242
Fragment of a Translation (?) ("Deluge and Dearth," etc.) . . . . .	II. 242
Fragments of an Unfinished Drama . . . . .	II. 91
From the Arabic . . . . .	II. 245
From Rest to Rest (Fragment) . . . . .	II. 266
Fugitives, The . . . . .	II. 251

	VOL.	PAGE
Ginevra . . . . .	II.	85
Godwin, On Fanny . . . . .	II.	170
Goethe's Faust, Scenes from . . . . .	II.	375
Good-night . . . . .	II.	232
"Great Spirit" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	188
Guido to Dante : Translation from Cavalcanti . . . . .	II.	350
Harriet, To ("Thy Look of Love"). . . . .	II.	142
Hate-Song, A . . . . .	II.	171
Heaven, Ode to . . . . .	II.	195
Helen and Henry (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	158
Helen, Rosalind and . . . . .	I.	187
Helena, Kissing . . . . .	II.	342
Hellas . . . . .	II.	46
— Fragments written for . . . . .	II.	81
— Prologue to . . . . .	II.	41
Hidden Dangers (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	267
Home (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	158
Homer, Translations from—		
Hymn to Castor and Pollux . . . . .	II.	307
— to the Earth, Mother of all . . . . .	II.	309
— to Mercury . . . . .	II.	285
— to Minerva . . . . .	II.	307
— to the Moon . . . . .	II.	308
— to the Sun . . . . .	II.	308
— to Venus . . . . .	II.	310
Hope, Fear, and Doubt (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	241
Human Mind, Address to the (Fragment). . . . .	II.	176
Hymn of Apollo . . . . .	II.	222
— to Intellectual Beauty . . . . .	II.	152
— of Pan . . . . .	II.	223
"I faint, I perish with my love!" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	266
"I would not be a King" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	263
"If I walk in Autumn's even" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	265
Imitation, An : From the Arabic . . . . .	II.	245
Indian Serenade, The . . . . .	II.	201
Intellectual Beauty, Hymn to . . . . .	II.	152
Invocation to Misery . . . . .	II.	181
Islam, The Revolt of . . . . .	I.	34
Isle, The . . . . .	II.	283
Italy, To (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	208
Jane, To : The Invitation . . . . .	II.	274
— To : The Recollection . . . . .	II.	275
— To ("The keen stars were twinkling") . . . . .	II.	280
— To, with a Guitar . . . . .	II.	278
Julian and Maddalo . . . . .	I.	218
Keats, On . . . . .	II.	265
Kissing Helena . . . . .	II.	342
Lady of the South, The (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	266
Lament, A . . . . .	II.	249
Latini, Translation from . . . . .	II.	350
Laurels (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	267
Leonardo da Vinci, On the Medusa of . . . . .	II.	200

	VOL.	PAGE
Lerici, Bay of, Lines written in the . . . . .	II.	281
Letter to Maria Gisborne . . . . .	I.	476
Liberty . . . . .	II.	228
— Ode to . . . . .	I.	468
Life, The Triumph of . . . . .	II.	125
“Lift not the painted veil” (Sonnet) . . . . .	II.	178
Lines (“Far, far away, O ye”) . . . . .	II.	248
— (“That time is dead forever, child”) . . . . .	II.	170
— (“The cold earth slept below”) . . . . .	II.	149
— (“We meet not as we parted”) . . . . .	II.	282
— (“When the Lamp is shattered”) . . . . .	II.	273
— to a Critic . . . . .	II.	171
— to a Reviewer . . . . .	II.	234
— written among the Euganean Hills . . . . .	I.	234
— written during the Castlereagh Administration . . . . .	II.	189
— written in the Bay of Lerici . . . . .	II.	281
— written in the Vale of Chamouni . . . . .	II.	154
— written on hearing the news of the Death of Napoleon . . . . .	II.	250
Lord Chancellor, To the . . . . .	II.	165
Lost Leader, A (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	187
Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear: Translation from Latini . . . . .	II.	350
Love Immortal (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	175
Love's Atmosphere (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	205
Love's Philosophy . . . . .	II.	202
Maddalo, Julian and . . . . .	I.	218
Magico Prodigioso, Scenes from Calderon's . . . . .	II.	352
Magnetic Lady to her Patient, The . . . . .	II.	271
Marenghi. . . . .	I.	243
Maria Gisborne, Letter to . . . . .	I.	476
Marianne's Dream . . . . .	II.	159
Mary, To (“Oh, Mary dear, that you were here”) (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	186
— To (“Arise, Sweet Mary, Rise”) (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	176
— Shelley, To (“My Dearest Mary”) . . . . .	II.	204
— Shelley, To (“The World is dreary”) . . . . .	II.	204
— Wollstonecraft Godwin, To . . . . .	II.	143
Masque of Anarchy . . . . .	I.	415
Matilda gathering Flowers: Translation from Dante's Purgatorio . . . . .	II.	348
May (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	242
Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci, On the . . . . .	II.	200
Men of England, Song to the . . . . .	II.	190
Mercury, Homer's Hymn to . . . . .	II.	285
“Mighty Eagle” (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	172
Milton's Spirit (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	242
Minerva, Homer's Hymn to . . . . .	II.	307
Misery, Invocation to . . . . .	II.	181
Mont Blanc . . . . .	II.	154
Moon, Homer's Hymn to. . . . .	II.	308
— The Waning . . . . .	II.	233
— To the (“Art thou pale”) . . . . .	II.	233
— To the (“Bright Wanderer”) . . . . .	II.	283
Moschus, Translations from—		
Elegy on the Death of Bion . . . . .	II.	344
Pan, Echo, and the Satyr . . . . .	II.	344
“When winds that move not its calm surface sweep” . . . . .	II.	343
Music (“I pant for the music”) . . . . .	II.	253
— To (“Silver Key”) (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	165

Music, To ("No, Music") (Fragment)	II.	165
Mutability ("We are as clouds")	II.	146
— ("The flower that smiles to-day")	II.	248
Mystery, A (Fragment)	II.	206
Naples, Ode to	I.	504
Napoleon, Lines written on hearing of the Death of	II.	250
National Anthem, A New	II.	192
Night, To	II.	244
Nightingale, The Woodman and the	II.	179
Nile, To the (Sonnet)	II.	177
Nonsense Verses ("Heigh-ho, Wisdom and Folly") (Fragment)	II.	176
"O Pillow Cold" (Fragment)	II.	209
"O Thou Immortal Deity" (Fragment)	II.	267
Ode to the Assertors of Liberty	II.	194
— to Heaven	II.	195
— to Liberty	I.	468
— to Naples	I.	504
— to the West Wind	II.	197
Œdipus Tyrannus; or, Swellfoot the Tyrant	I.	509
On Death ("The pale, the cold")	II.	147
Orpheus	II.	235
Otho (Fragment)	II.	172
Ozymandias (Sonnet)	II.	172
Pan, Echo, and the Satyr: Translation from Moschus	II.	344
— Hymn of	II.	223
Passage of the Apennines	II.	177
Past, The	II.	178
People of England, To the (Fragment)	II.	192
Peter Bell the Third	I.	428
Plant, The Sensitive	I.	458
Plato, Spirit of	II.	341
Poetry and Music (Fragment)	II.	207
Poet's Lover, The (Fragment)	II.	206
Political Greatness (Sonnet)	II.	249
Ponte a Mare, Pisa, Evening	II.	260
Prince Athanase	I.	176
Prologue to Hellas	II.	41
Prometheus Unbound	I.	249
Proserpine, Song of	II.	221
Queen Mab	II.	394
Question, The	II.	224
Rain and Wind (Fragment)	II.	208
Rain-Wind (Fragment)	II.	267
Remembrance	II.	256
Reviewer, Lines to a	II.	234
Revolt of Islam, The	I.	34
Roman's Chamber, A (Fragment)	II.	208
Rome and Nature (Fragment)	II.	209
Rosalind and Helen	I.	187
Satan at Large (Fragment)	II.	174
Satire on Satire, A (Fragment)	II.	234

	VOL.	PAGE
Scenes from Calderon's <i>Magico Prodigioso</i> . . . . .	II.	352
— from Goethe's <i>Faust</i> . . . . .	II.	375
Sea, a Vision of the . . . . .	II.	210
Sensitive Plant, The . . . . .	I.	458
Serchio, The boat on the . . . . .	II.	260
"Serene, in his unconquerable Might" (Fragment)	II.	175
Serpent Asleep, A (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	207
Sidmouth and Castlereagh, To . . . . .	II.	191
Silence, To (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	187
Skylark, To a . . . . .	II.	216
Soaring Mind, The (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	173
"Soft pillows for the fiends" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	176
Song ("Rarely, rarely, comest thou") . . . . .	II.	246
— of Furies (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	207
— of Proserpine . . . . .	II.	221
Sonnet ("Lift not the painted veil") . . . . .	II.	178
— ("Ye hasten to the grave!") . . . . .	II.	230
— ("Yet look on me") . . . . .	II.	144
— England in 1819 . . . . .	II.	191
— Dante to Guido: Translation from Dante . . . . .	II.	346
— Guido to Dante: Translation from Cavalcanti . . . . .	II.	350
— Ozymandias . . . . .	II.	172
— Political Greatness . . . . .	II.	249
— to Byron . . . . .	II.	264
— To the Nile . . . . .	II.	177
— to Wordsworth . . . . .	II.	149
Sophia, To . . . . .	II.	202
Spirit of Plato . . . . .	II.	341
Stanzas—April 1814 . . . . .	II.	141
— written at Bracknell . . . . .	II.	141
— written in Dejection, near Naples . . . . .	II.	183
Stella, To . . . . .	II.	341
Stream's Margin, The (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	187
Summer and Winter . . . . .	II.	231
— Evening Church-yard, A . . . . .	II.	148
Sun, Homer's Hymn to the . . . . .	II.	308
Sunset, The . . . . .	II.	151
Tale Untold, A (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	208
"Tasso," Scene from . . . . .	II.	184
— Song for . . . . .	II.	185
"The living frame" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	209
"The rude wind is singing" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	267
"Thy beauty hangs" (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	242
Time . . . . .	II.	244
— Long Past . . . . .	II.	231
To Mary——: ("Oh, Mary dear, that you were here") . . . . .	II.	186
To One Freed from Prison (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	174
To One Singing (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	164
To ——: ("I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden") . . . . .	II.	227
To ——: ("Music, when soft voices die") . . . . .	II.	249
To ——: ("One word is too often profaned") . . . . .	II.	253
To ——: ("When passion's trance is overpast") . . . . .	II.	254
To ——: ("Yet look on me") (Sonnet) . . . . .	II.	144
To-day (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	205
Tomb of Memory, The (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	207
To-morrow (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	265



	VOL.	PAGE
Torpor (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	241
Tower of Famine, The . . . . .	II.	229
Transient Thoughts (Fragment)	II.	206
Triumph of Life, The . . . . .	II.	125
Two Spirits, The . . . . .	II.	225
Unfinished Drama, Fragments of an . . . . .	II.	91
“Unrisen Splendour” . . . . .	I.	475
Unsatisfied Desire (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	175
Venus, Homer’s Hymn to . . . . .	II.	310
Vine, The (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	187
Virgil’s Fourth Georgic, Translation from . . . . .	II.	345
Virgil’s Tenth Eclogue, Translation from . . . . .	II.	344
Vision of the Sea, A, . . . . .	II.	210
Vita Nuova, Fragment of a Translation from Dante . . . . .	II.	350
Viviani, Emilia, To . . . . .	II.	245
Wanderer, A (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	266
West Wind, Ode to the . . . . .	II.	197
“When a Nation screams aloud” (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	209
“When winds that move not its calm surface sweep”: Translation from Moschus . . . . .	II.	343
William Shelley, To (“The billows on the beach”) . . . . .	II.	168
—— To (“My lost William”) . . . . .	II.	203
—— To (“Thy little footsteps”) . . . . .	II.	204
Wine of Eglantine (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	208
Witch of Atlas, The . . . . .	I.	484
With a Guitar, To Jane . . . . .	II.	278
Woodman and the Nightingale, The . . . . .	II.	179
Wordsworth, To (Sonnet) . . . . .	II.	149
World’s Wanderers, The . . . . .	II.	233
“Ye hasten to the grave” (Sonnet) . . . . .	II.	230
Year, Dirge for the . . . . .	II.	243
Zephyr (Fragment) . . . . .	II.	266
Zucca, The . . . . .	II.	269

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