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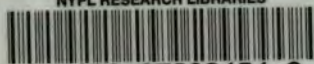
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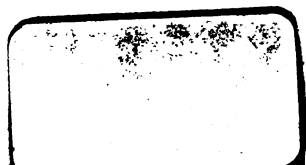


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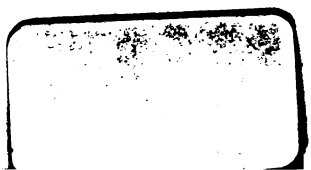
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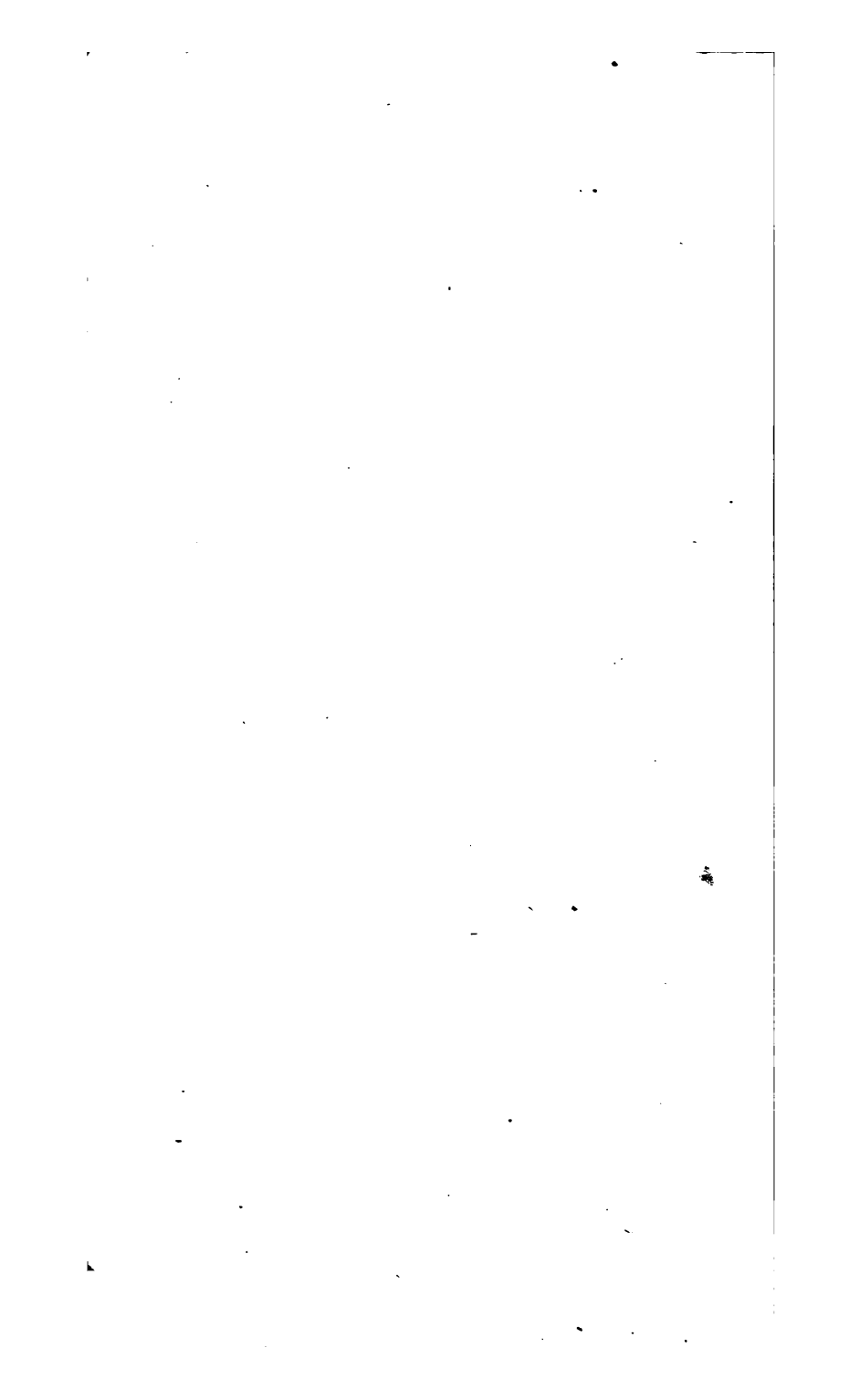


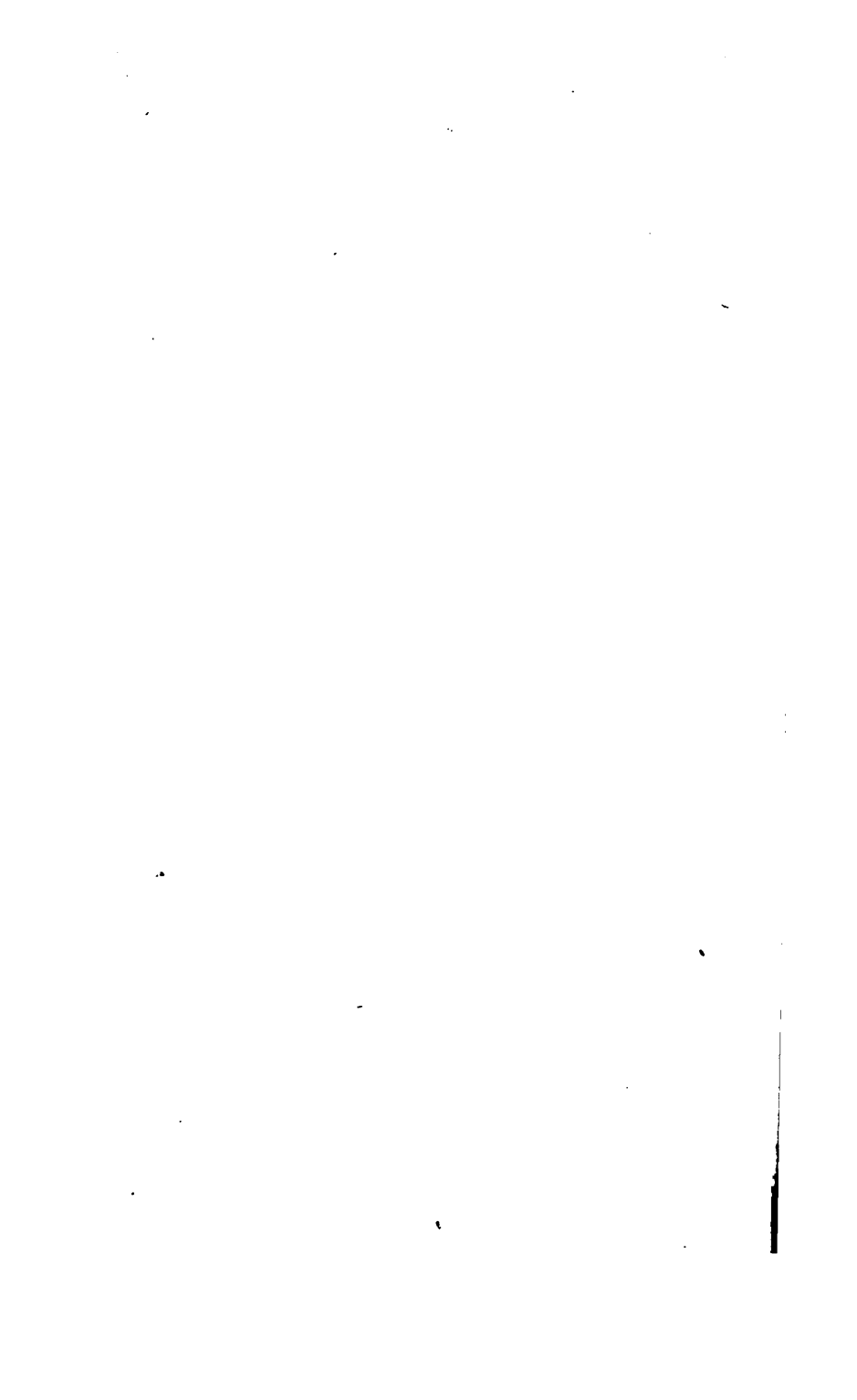
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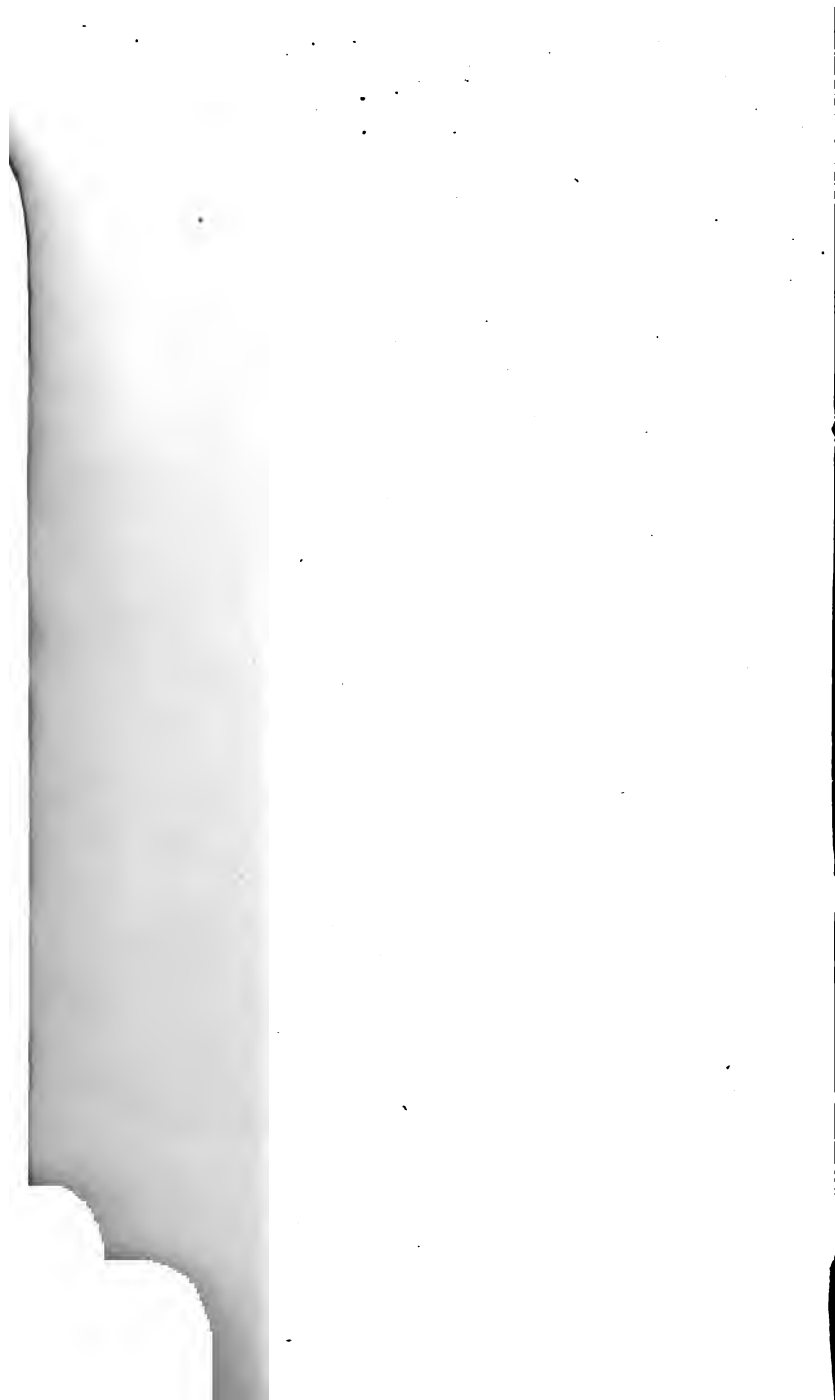
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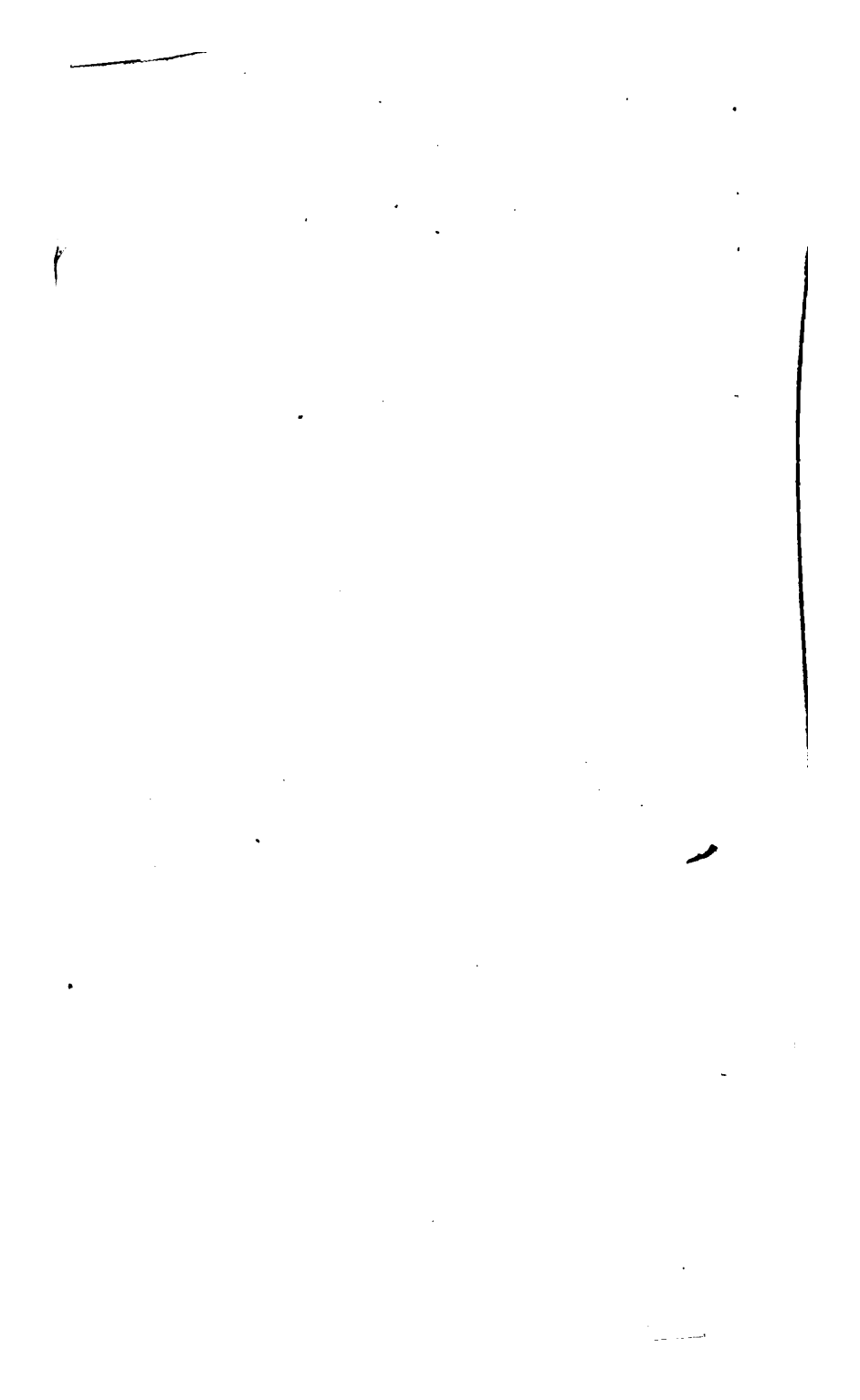


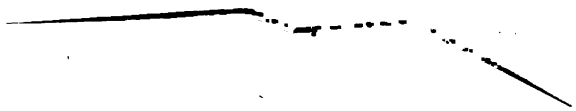




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THE MAMMOTH HERD





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1

THE PRELUDES.

A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

BY EUGENE LIÉS.

" Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes.
Vites æquora Cycladas "

HORACE, O. L. I. XIV.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY C. L. MAC ARTHUR,
NO. 1 NASSAU, CORNER OF WALL STREET,
FOR SALE AT THE PRINCIPAL BOOK STORES.

.....
1846.

CLP

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
EUGENE LIÉS,
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TO JOHN GREIG OGDEN,

**AS A SMALL TOKEN OF INFINITE REGARD, THIS
BOOK IS INSCRIBED**

BY THE AUTHOR.



THE POET'S DREAM.

I DREAMT I wander'd in a fairy bower,
Jewell'd with all the painted things that grow,
And, on my way, full many a queenly flower
I pass'd, but heeded not for all its glow.
So many beauties gather'd in that spot,
My aching sense grew dull, and, gazing, I saw not.

I turn'd me from them, languid and oppress'd ;
And, from the dazzling splendor of the sight
Seeking relief, my eye at last did rest
Upon a rose-bush, autumn-rifled quite
Of all its summer glories—all, save one—
One virgin, ling'ring bud, that blush'd there all alone.

It blush'd there all alone, 'mid em'rald sheen
Hid like a violet ; its conscious pride,
Half check'd for youthful shame at being seen,
With tinge of maiden coyness deep had dyed
Those fair lips, demi-parted to receive
The farewell kiss of Sol,—the tears of dewy eve.

It was the sweetest promise of a rose
 The morn e'er gave to bribe the bulbul's strain ;
 The loveliest bride the feather'd bard e'er chose
 From all the fragrant daughters of the plain,
 And woo'd, when else all slumber'd in the grove,
 Fond watcher of the stars, with thrilling notes of love.

My ruthless hand (unbid, I swear 't,) did grasp
 The tempting prize, when lo ! it found a voice :
 " What wouldst thou with a harmless flow'r ? why
 clasp,
 " With selfish passion, one whose modest choice
 " Were here to hide from ev'ry human eye,
 " And on her parent stem to bloom, and fade, and die !

" Nay, tempt me not with promis'd praise and fame,
 " I could but deck thy lady's hair an hour ;
 " For, let this fitful bloom desert my frame,
 " And she will spurn me for another flower.
 " Such is the fate attends all things below, [glow.
 " Whose only charm is youth, and youth's too transient

" Yet, wouldst thou save me from the world's neglect,
 " And shrine me in the memories of men,
 " Then watch the hour when Autumn's winds have
 wreck'd
 " The beauty that now chains thy sense ; and then
 " Gather and treasure well the precious spoils.
 " They own a spirit that will threefold repay thy toils.

"Fame waits on patient vigil!" * * * * I awoke,
And fancied that I read my dream aright,
Though heedless of the solemn truth it spoke ;
For, since, in visions of the day and night,
I've wandered oft, and in my wayward course,
The wildlings of the earth I pluck'd without remorse.

I pluck'd them for their sweetness, though I knew
It was the sweetness of a little hour ;
I pluck'd them for their fragrance, and though few
Outliv'd the day that saw them in my power,
These have I woven into a modest wreath,
To live or die, as chance decrees them life or death.

FAITH.

A FRAGMENT.

ALAS ! deserted Pindus sees no more,
Around its sacred summits, as of yore,
Gather th' Olympian throng. The God of Light
Urges no more, in their ethereal flight,
His panting coursers ; Jove's own dreaded thunder,
Robb'd of its awe and of its mystic wonder
By daring Genius, spares the child of Art,
Whose weak hand trifles with its forked dart.

No Demigod, his urn in hand, presides
At each clear river's birth ; the streamlet glides
As fresh and wanton through the yielding green,
But yet more sadly woos the rural scene,
And vainly seeks, where silence broods alone,
Its tutelary Naiads now forever gone.

The waves yet dash against the echoing rock,
Or die upon the pebbly beach, and mock
The startled ear with their perpetual dirge ;
But still the many voices of the surge,
Its distant roar, its sadness-breathing sighs,
More plaintive yet and melancholy rise,—
A wail for its departed Nereids.

No sudden fear of lurking Satyr bids
The traveller start, when moans the ev'ning breeze,
At each strange murmur through the forest trees ;
Bereft its playful Fauns, each sylvan maze
Untenanted, bathes in the twilight haze ;
And, widowed twice, the lone voice of the grove
Now mourns its Nymph, as Echo mourn'd her love.

This world, grown wise with age, has cast away
Those errors of a younger, brighter day,
As man, adulated, spurns the gilded toys
That long had fed his boyhood's humbler joys.

And Truth now reigns! Yes, thus the conq'ror reigns,
O'er smould'ring ruins and fire-scathed remains—
Who drives, triumphant, his victorious car
Through streets made desert by the curse of war,
And wipes his sword, and waves his blood-stain'd hand,

And then proclaims, "Peace reigneth in the land!"
Well may he boast—it is the peace of death!

Greece wore the crown of Arts, as long as FAITH
In her poetic Gods upheld the hand
That guided Praxiteles' magic wand;
And she was Virtue's birth place, Freedom's home,
As long as, gazing at the starry dome,
Fond superstition saw there, not the page
Science interprets to this learned age,
But azure fields, where immortality
Rewarded those who died for Liberty.

A light came from the East; a God, 'twas said,
Had trod the Earth in human form, and shed
From his own guileless vein th' atoning blood,
In mystic sacrifice for man to God,
Himself that God! The Hellen's ardent mind,
Pleased at the novel theme, rejoiced to find
A path untrod, an unexplored sea,
Open to Logic's subtle devotee.
Oh! that, with pure simplicity of heart,
Those favor'd sons of Poesy and Art
Had listen'd to the teachings of that law,
Nor ventured, in the sanctuary, to draw
The mystic veil th' Eternal's hand had thrown
O'er what he will'd should yet remain unknown.

But busy Sophistry would not permit
One sacred word of heaven-dictated writ
To go without its tomes of sage comment,
Frivolous gloss, and pond'rous argument ;
'Till, through the mazes of their trifling lore,
FAITH lost her way, and wander'd more and more,
And sank, by rhetor's specious skill beset,
And Byzance fell, whilst doctors argued yet.

There blooms, in sunny climes, a fairy land,
Where partial Nature's fondly liberal hand
Hath lavish'd all her richest gifts—hath thrown
Her choicest treasures—as a dazzling crown
Of beauty and of loveliness ; where rays
Of far more genial warmth illumine the days,
Where cooler zephyrs murmur in the night,
Wafting their scented music to delight
List'ning creation ; where the human mind
Boasts powers more lofty, instincts more refined.
And yet, profaners of those gifts sublime,
'Th' unworthy children of that happy clime
Bow to the stranger, and dare not be free !
Italia ! oh, I long once more to see
That rich land of the great, the fair, the brave,
'Those temples, whose huge ruins seem the grave
Of her past greatness, and that fertile soil,
A constant aim to foes, a happy spoil
'To some, a burying-ground to mighty swarms

Of bold invaders, whom the tempting charms
Of this, their promised-land, drew from afar
Thither, as towards some south-attracting star.
Italia ! Lovely yet, though great no more,
When shall the mighty spirit, which of yore
Watched o'er thy wondrous destinies, awake
Thy children's dormant energies, and shake
Thy sunny hills with Freedom's joyous cry ?
When shall ye dare "to conquer or to die,"
Degenerate sons of Romulus ? Frowns not
Indignant, from yon doubly hallowed spot
His arm had freed, his blood now sanctifies,
Rienzi's mighty shadow ? Once more rise,
United rise, and shake your vile repose ;
And, strong in union, hurl th' inglorious foes
Back to their frosty homes again ! . . . But why
Appeal to slaves, when vainly, thund'ring by,
Echoed the gallic hymn, when Harold's strain
Was heard in Freedom's cause, and heard in vain ?

I've passed where Harold dwelt, and trac'd his course,
His book in hand, to the poetic source
Of ancient lore ; saluted many a spot,
But for his magic verse, unknown, forgot ;
Hailed Stamboul's minaras, and kissed the wave,
The wave of Sestos, bold Leander's grave.

And when, a weary traveller, again
I saw, majestic o'er th' expanding main,

Rise thy fair shores, Italia, with delight
My glad heart wildly bounding at the sight,
I hailed thee—as long-parted lovers greet
Each other, who had thought ne'er more to meet—
With outstretched arms ; and in thy fairy clime,
Though homeward bound, I lingered for a time,
Searching the scattered records of thy fame,
And ev'ry fragment of thy giant frame :
Interrogating marble, parchment, books,
Grim statues in their consecrated nooks,
Relics which once adorned, but shame thee now,
And which, without a blush, thy children show,
As courtesans their charms, for gold to all.
Of these I asked the secret of thy fall ;
And from each witness I had thus evoked,
From crumbling battlements with ivy yoked,
From high Soracte's ever sullen brow,
That frowned on infant Rome, as on us now,
From dust of cities, and from secular stone,
The same voice rose and answered, " FAITH is gone !"

For, know it mortals, whether based on error,
Or sternest truth, or love, or hope, or terror,
Strong Faith, when free from damp'ning doubt, incites
Your hearts to greatest deeds, and ever writes
Your names, with brightest letters, on the page
Which hist'ry hands down to each wond'ring age.
It is the one conceded point. It rests,
Unwaw'ring 'mid the conflict of your breasts,

The northern star, the never failing pole,
 Which draws th' obedient magnet of the soul ;
 The beacon which, though tempests rend the air,
 Through night's drear darkness shines forever there.

* * * * *

Why howls the distant main? Why swells the tide
 With ominous voice? The quicken'd flashes ride
 From cloud to cloud, and make succeeding night
 More murky with their fitful glare of light.
 Hark! 'tis the coming tempest's warning threat ;
 Anon the waves, by adverse winds beset,
 Writhe as in agony ; their huge crests bending,
 In fiercest shapes, like living things contending.
 Again the winds are hushed in dull repose,
 Deceitful as the panther's sudden pause
 Before a deadly leap ; and now, with speed
 Outrunning in its course the flame-winged steed
 His own fleet lightning rides—he comes ! he comes !
 The Spirit of the Storm ! the lashed sea foams,
 Its surface yielding, as the gale howls past,
 A tortured calm beneath the stronger blast.

Darker upon the billows' foaming field,*
 What was that shade yon brighter flash revealed ?

(*See Plate of the Night Storm.)

A petrel, on the liquid mountain's crest,
 Riding, as if the wave-top were his nest,
 The sea his home, his element the gale?
 Another flash—it is, it is a sail!

And such a night! Bathed in the lurid glare,
 Forbidden spirits revel in the air
 Uncheck'd, and, with their dismal howlings, make
 The deep foundations of the mountains quake.

And yet, fear not, ye anxious friends on shore,
 Eagerly list'ning to the tempest's roar;
 And thou, in tearful worship knelt, fear not,
 Poor weeping partner of the sailor's lot.
 Trust in the mariner's skill; that buoyant bark
 Will safely reach the shelter'd bay; for mark:
 Deep-rooted in the solid rock, upright,
 Yon stone-framed giant sentinels the night;
 And lifting up his tow'ring head on high,
 Beacons the sailor with his glaring eye.

* * * * *

That sea is Time, on whose storm-furrowed space,
 The keels of nations print a fleeting trace;
 Those storms, which, sent to renovate by strife
 In dormant waves the properties of life,
 With wholesome tortures vex the panting deep,

Are revolutions and fierce wars, that sweep
Betimes on thunder-wings athwart the land,
Sent upon earth, by some mysterious hand,
To wake the slumb'ring energies of men.

'T is then, while mists are gath'ring o'er the main,
While storms are spreading darkness o'er the sky,
And in one mass confounding to the eye,
Earth, heaven and air, the ocean and the shore,
And with loud cries the spirits of discord soar,
Like famished vultures, eager for their prey ;
And, when at last has come the fatal day,
When human skill and calculations fail
To right the ship of state, thrown by the gale
Upon her leeward beams, her yards and mast
All riv'n, her sails all shiver'd by the blast,
'T is then the trembling pilot scans the night,
Eagerly watching for the guiding light
That yet might save the bark ; oh ! yes, 'tis then
That all instinctively the minds of men,
Fatigued with doubts, discussions, specious dreams,
And selfish politicians' still-born schemes,
Turn unto FAITH, the Faith of former years,
As if, amid so many doubts and fears,
They felt the need of some conceded thing,
Some settled point, not open to the din
And clamor of debate, but sanctified,
And raised above the passion's stormy tide,
Something to trust, to follow, to adore.

Then shame to him who, safe himself on shore,
Would quench one spark of that celestial flame,
To earn an Erostrates' impious fame,
Or plunder what the spurning waves might throw,
After the tempest, on the beach below,
From the lost vessel that his hand had wreck'd.
And shame to you, whom Providence has deck'd
With sacerdotal honors, that you may
Over that beacon watch by night and day ;
Shame, if you sleep beside your trust, or worse,
If, in saint speeches and devout converse,
You waste the needful hour, while fainter glows
The flame you should protect, and scarcely knows—
Such flick'ring lights your vagrant lanterns show—
The erring bark whither to bend her prow.

* * * * *

THE ISLAND HOME.

[These stanzas have been set to Music by Mr. H. S. SARONI.]

.....

GIRT by the bounding river's foam,
Sweet Island Home,
Green be thy shades, and o'er thy bowers,
Light speed the hours.
And winter, if its chilly blast
Must come at last,
Deal gently with a spot so fair,
My heart is there !

Full many a prouder isle I've seen,
A gem of green,
Set in the sunlit ocean's fold,
Of living gold,
But when the fays of the high cascade
Their rainbows spread,
And deck their river isle with care,
More beauty's there.

For, with the tears of morn and eve,
They deftly weave
An archway o'er the waterfall ;
And then with all
Their azure tints and purple dyes,
Robbed from the skies,
Paint the gay fabric, to declare
Their presence there.

Oft by thy mansion's stately pile,
Sweet river isle,
Is heard the lover's timid lay,
At close of day.
Say, does thy queen, with smiles as sweet,
All off'rings greet,
Or is my voice and fav'rite air
Remember'd there ?

Say, does she wander forth alone,
At early dawn,
Where the wild waters dance along
With merry song ?
Or to her vine-encircled bower,
At vesper hour,
Does she, with lute in hand, repair,
And wish me there ?

If fondest wishes had the pow'r
To sway the hour,

The brief, sad hour of toil and strife,
 A mortal's life,
 Forth to that river-isle I'd fly,
 If but to die,
 For o'er my grave an angel there
 Would kneel in prayer.

A MADRIGAL.

(Translated from the French of Francois I.)

By yonder easement as I stood alone,
 Early one day, to watch the morning's dawn,
 Aurora's beauteous form I chanc'd to spy
 As, stretching forth her fingers tipp'd with light,
 To marshal Phœbus on his pathway bright,
 With purple hues she tinged the eastern sky.
 But looking back, I saw my lady fair,
 Binding in simple knot her golden hair ;
 And then I cried, "ye deathless deities !
 " Oh keep the sun-gilt azure of your skies,
 " Your blazing orbs, your bright Elysian fields,
 " Their beauty to terrestrial beauty yields !"

THE GIPSY IN THE NORTH.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

[Music has been composed for these words by H. S. SARONI, Esq.]

ON the dreary beach of a polar land,
Where the cold sea breaks on a colder strand,
 A poor gipsy lad
 Stood alone and sad,
And his young limbs shook, as the gale howl'd past,
 And his wan frame shiver'd,
 And his pale lips quiver'd,
As he sigh'd his plaint to the icy blast.

“ Oh my lovely, sunny Spain,
Mem'ry turns to thee again,
To thy groves of orange trees,
'Mid whose shades the vesper breeze,
Laden with the sighs of ocean,
Loves to rest his listless motion,
Hov'ring in the scented air,
Loath to leave a land so fair.

“Relentless blast, speed o’er the ocean’s foam,
And hear a friendless wand’rer’s blessing home ;
Bear my last farewell to my native plain,
If aught so bleak as thou can reach the clime of Spain !

“I could bear, though young, to die !
If beneath my native sky !
Friendship there would shed a tear,
Pity kneel beside my bier,
Gentle hands would press my mother’s,
And my sisters and my brothers,
Sorrowful each morn would come,
Flowers to scatter o’er my tomb !

“But ’tis hard to die in a foreign land,
And I feel the grasp of the fiend’s cold hand,
And my spirit sinks,
Though, alas ! it shrinks
From a tombless grave on a lonely strand,
Where the dismal wave
Haunts the gloomy cave !
Oh ! ’tis hard to die in a foreign land !”

A VALENTINE.

TO MISS G. R. H.

Ask not th' aspiring flame to seek the ground ;
Ask not the sear'd leaf to be fresh again,
The stringless lute to sound,
Nor me to strike the lover's senseless strain.

There was a time I could have graced the theme,
And shed the tear, and heav'd the votive sigh,
And praised the watchet beam
That revels wanton in thy laughing eye,

With not unworthy verse ; that time is gone,
All dead within me is the kindling spark,
All chilled my heart, and lone,
Lone as the night, as cheerless and as dark.

Oh ! think how chill'd ; for I have gazed on thee,
Unmoved, nor felt the quicken'd pulse beat warm,
When fell thine eyes on me,
Nor yielded, fair enchantress, to the charm

Which all must own ! Yet hear th' atoning vow ;
If beauty, circling, like a dazzling crown,

A maiden's angel brow,
 Could move my heart, that heart were all thine own.

Forgive then, if I lay not at thy feet—
 Unworthy off'ring to so fair a shrine—
 False flatt'ry's dainty sweet ;
 I am thy friend, but not thy Valentine.

A MADRIGAL.

ADDRESSED TO DIANE DE POITIERS.

(From the French of Clement Marot.)

IF to be Phœbus often I desire,
 'Tis not to own his health-imparting lore ;
 Ne leech his skill, ne wizard's magic store
 Of herbs and drugs can quench the lover's fire ;
 'Tis not athwart the pathless heavens to move,
 And wield the godly archer's silver bow,
 And shed his showers of life and light below ;
 Of all his attributes, I covet now
 One only —fair Diana's love.

L I N E S

ON THE FIRST PAGE OF AN ALBUM.

~~~~~

WHAT images this book ? its leaves  
 Unstain'd yet by the scribbler's rhyme,  
 So pure and white, that while I write,  
 I feel as guilty of a crime.

But soon, by beauty's power inspired,  
 Each page, now mute, will breathe an air :  
 The lover's sigh, the flatt'rer's lie,  
 The hero's praise, the maiden's prayer.

And tuneful to thy pensive hour,  
 Each leaf will whisper in thine ear  
 Carols of gladness, lays of sadness,  
 Songs of love, of hope and fear.

Thus thy young heart ; as yet a blank,  
 Save where the idle dreams of youth  
 Some lines have traced to be effaced  
 In after life by sterner Truth.

Too soon *that* album will be filled,  
 Experience will on every leaf,  
 Harsh lessons set, which never yet  
 Avail'd the learner aught but grief.

But whilst there's room for lighter things,  
 Permit me, 'tis my fondest claim,  
 In some spare nook of that sweet book,  
 As here I do--to write my name.

---

ANGEL WHOSE BRIGHT IMAGE.

[These stanzas have been set to Music by Mr. H. S. SARONI. They are a  
 free version of a French Romance.]

.....

ANGEL whose bright image  
 I recall in vain,  
 Blue eyed angel listen  
 To my tearful strain.  
 When, in lonely brightness,  
 Glows the ev'ning star,  
 Love, on Mem'ry's pinion,  
 Speeds to you afar.

Nature e'en has borrow'd  
Loveliness from you ;  
Azure waves have taken  
From your eyes their hue.  
If the streamlet murmur  
O'er some pebbly bar,  
Faintly it re-echoes  
Your voice from afar.

Nightly when I slumber  
Th' angel form appears,  
Fondly then I whisper  
Mingled hopes and fears.  
But I wake all lonely,  
As the morning star  
Calls the angel vision  
To its its home afar,



## AN ACROSTIC.

EYES ! sunlit eyes ! why, in your melting rays,  
 Vibrates my soul's responsive harmony ?  
 Even as Memnon greeted once the day's  
 Long sigh'd for God, with mystic melody,  
 Yielding, 'tis said a thrilling hymn of praise,  
 Now faint, now swelling proudly to the sky !

Ripe, rosy lips, what magic spell is yours ?

Guhl's proudest bloom, in Kashmeer's fairy bowers,  
 Rivall'd by you, would hail a sister fair,  
 And own your breath the sweetest fragrance there.  
 Now let me be the tuneful bird who sighs,  
 Nightly, his love-notes to that new blown rose.  
 I will, while slumb'ring in her pride she lies,  
 Sweet kisses steal from her repose.

## A SERENADE.

-----  
 WRITTEN FOR MUSIC  
 -----

[A sweet and appropriate melody has been composed for this piece by  
 EUGENE PLUNKETT, Esq.]

LOVE, the charmer, lures me,  
 At night's silent hour,  
 Minstrel-like to wander,  
 Near thy fairy bower.  
 Rest, while angel visions,  
 Hov'ring round thee, keep  
 Bright watch o'er thy slumbers,  
 Fairest, dearest, sleep.

But if music tempt thee  
 From thy bower to stray,  
 Come, my bark shall bear thee  
 O'er the moonlit bay.  
 Gentle gales shall fan thee,  
 While afar we roam,  
 Gentle waves shall murmur,  
 Fairest, dearest, come.

## AWAKE THEE, AWAKE.

---

### A SERENADE.

AWAKE thee, awake, 'tis a fair summer night,  
 The shadows lie still in the moon's hazy light ;  
 All hushed is the night breeze, all silent the grove,  
     All slumbers save love.  
 The nightingale's song o'er the rose tree yet hovers,  
     The lake's bubbling ripples sigh faint as they break,  
 Then dearest, since midnight 's the noon time of lovers,  
     Awakee thee, awake thee, awake.

Awake thee, awake, there is love in the gale  
 That kisses the slumbering flowers in the vale ;  
 All nature around us, below and above,  
     Is teeming with love.  
 Earth smiles through the thin veil of darkness, that  
     covers  
     Her sweet face with mystery's mantle, to make  
 Its beauties thus shrouded more sacred to lovers,  
     Then dearest, awake thee, awake.

## WHEN THOU'RT AWAY.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

OH ! leave me not,  
 When thou'rt away  
 The sweetest spot  
 Cheers not my sight,  
 The brightest day,  
 When thou'rt away,  
 Is dark and gloomy as the night.

Each joy that thrills my bosom now  
 Turns into grief when thou'rt away,  
 As lone, I trace, with pensive brow,  
 The mem'ries of a happier day.  
 Thy fav'rite air, remember'd well,  
 Thy smile, on which I lov'd to dwell,  
 With gaze deep tranced in the spell,  
 They wring my heart when thou'rt away.  
 Oh ! leave me not, &c.

Thy fav'rite haunt delights me not,  
 When thou'rt not there to roam with me ;  
 The spirit warden of the spot  
 Forsakes his trust to follow thee.  
 I seek, as wont, thy chosen bowers.  
 To while away the tedious hours,  
 But wonder why those drooping flow'rs  
 Once seem'd so beautiful to me.  
 Oh ! leave me not, &c.

## THE SWEETS OF SADNESS.

---

### AN IMPROMPTU.

Joys of the hour of sadness on my heart  
 Have left a trace no lighter things can blot ;  
 For there is, e'en in sorrow's keenest smart,  
 A joy subdued which Pleasure knoweth not.  
 Death's own embrace, perhaps, at last may bring  
 A balm deep hidden in his ghastly wing.

List to the many voices of the night,  
 The mournfullest is still the sweetest one ;  
 The streamlet bubbling in its wayward flight,  
 There lurks a sadness in its playful moan ;  
 And he, the wizard of the oracular grove,  
 How thrilling, but how sad his hymn of love.

Mirth's fitful voice, though sweet at times to hear,  
 But chains the sense and leaves the spirit whole ;  
 Whilst sadder strains own spells that trance the ear,  
 And deeper reaching, rend the inmost soul.  
 Grief has an echo in that secret cell  
 That's often wak'd and knows his duty well.

## REMEMBRANCE.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

[These stanzas have been set to Music by Mr. **EUGENE PLUNKETT**

**WHEN** first we met, in happy youth,  
 Unschooled in life's stern ways,  
     What sunny dyes,  
     Before our eyes,  
 Bright fancy spread o'er coming days.  
     We little knew  
     Each fitful hue  
 Would fade and darken, as the light  
     Of youth and mirth,  
     Which gave it birth,  
 Withdrew its magic from our sight.

Look back—where are the flowers that cheer'd  
 Our morning with their bloom?  
     They're dead, they're gone,  
     We two alone  
 Are left to mourn their early doom.  
     Earth was not meet  
     For aught so sweet  
 In cheerless exile long to stay.  
     The fairest things  
     Bright morning brings  
 Are ever first to fade away.

## CHANT RELIGIEUX.

PAROLES CHANTÉES AU JOUR DE NOËL, 184-, PAR LES ENFANTS  
DE LA PAROISSE DE ST. V. DE P. EN L'HONNEUR DE M. — CURÉ  
DE CETTE PAROISSE.

GLOIRE AUX VERTUS qui se cachent dans l'ombre !  
Gloire aux bienfaits dont Dieu seul sait le nombre !  
Honneur, honneur  
A notre bon pasteur,  
Prions, enfants, le ciel pour son bonheur.

Tout à la fois notre ami, notre père,  
Pour parler aux petits enfants  
Il sait adoucir les accents  
De cette voix qui, du haut de la chaire,  
Porte l'effroi dans le cœur des méchants,  
Notre Seigneur lui donna cet exemple  
Lorsqu'il s'assit sur les marches du temple  
Pour caresser sur ses genoux  
Des enfants comme nous.

## STAMBOUL.

---

### MÉDITATION DU SOIR.

---

Voici l'heure où du haut des minarets sans nombre  
 Que montre avec orgueil la cité des sultans,  
 La voix du muezzin, plus sonore dans l'ombre,  
 Aux prières du soir invite les croyans.

Qu'elle est belle à Stamboul cette heure de pensée,  
 De doux recueillement, de silence et d'espoir !  
 Heure où l'ame s'endort, de doux rêves bercée,  
 C'est l'heure des amants, la belle heure du soir.

Voyez ! Chrysopolis à l'occident en flamme  
 Présente le miroir que lui valut son nom ;  
 Le Bosphore à ses pieds vient colorer sa lame  
 Aux dernières lueurs qui teignent l'horizon.

Ecoutez ! les cyprès que le zephyr effleure  
 En lugubres accords se plaignent dans la nuit ;  
 On dirait une voix qui gémit et qui pleure,  
 Ou le dernier soupir d'une ame qui s'enfuit !



Ce silence et ces bruits, cette mer calme et pure,  
Cet air tout surchargé de parfum, de langueur,  
Ce beau ciel toujours bleu, cette molle nature,  
Tout énerve à la fois le corps, l'ame et le cœur.

Oui ce sera toujours une terre d'esclaves ;  
Lorsque l'homme est heureux il ne sait qu'obéir ;  
Le bonheur, le plaisir nous forgent des entraves  
Qu'on ne saurait briser et qu'on ne peut que fuir.

SEVENTEEN SELECTIONS  
FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF THE  
ODES OF HORACE.

---

ODE 1.

---

TO MÆCENAS.

---

THOU issue of time-honored kings,  
O thou my pride and fondest trust,  
Some love, around their rapid car,  
To dash in clouds th' Olympic dust,  
And in their flight, with fervid wheels,  
To graze, unharmed, the limit stone,  
And, victors, feel that, deified,  
Their souls all earthly clogs disown.  
One from th' inconstant forum's throng  
Struggles to win the wreath of power ;  
Another hoards, with jealous care,  
Glad harvests from the Lybian shore.  
Fond lovers of their rural toils,  
But fearful of the briny foam,  
Some would not dare the narrowest strait  
Of sea for all the wealth of Rome,

E'en on a Cyprian vessel's deck.  
When fiercely Afric's burning wind  
Ploughs up th' Icarian main, appall'd,  
The merchant oft recalls to mind  
The leisures of a city life,  
The cool shades of his country place ;  
But soon, spurr'd on by poverty,  
Refits his ships new storms to face.  
There are who quaff old Massicum,  
Nor scorn to spend half of the day,  
Now stretched beneath some verdant shade,  
And now where sacred waters play.  
Grateful to many in the camp  
The sound of clarions, and the strife  
Which mothers dread. The hunter oft,  
Forgetful of his tender wife,  
Will brave the chilly dews of ev'n,  
When yelps, a deer in sight, the pack ;  
Or when, to 'venge his broken nets,  
He follows on some wild boar's track.  
But I--crowned with the ivy wreath  
Which learned heads delight to wear—  
Commingle with the gods : I seek  
Some cool, secluded woodland, where  
Light-footed Nymphs and Satyrs gay  
Dance, guided by Euterpe's flute,  
While Polyhymnia strikes the strings,  
The sweet strings of the Lesbian lute.

If thou among the lyric bards  
 Wilt but insert my name, such praise  
 From thee would to the very skies  
 My laurell'd head in triumph raise.

~~~~~  
 ODE II.
 —

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
 ~~~~~

HAS Jupiter to this unhappy land  
 Sent snows and hail enough, and with his hand,  
 Whose red bolts levell'd many a sacred dome,  
 Sufficient terror spread in Rome ?

The trembling nations deemed that age returned  
 When o'er unwonted wonders Pyrrha mourned,  
 When, to the summit of the highest rocks,  
 Proteus did urge his sea-born flocks.

Then fishes hung entangled in the boughs  
 Of elms, where doves had sung their golden vows ;  
 And trembling deer stemm'd the invading main,  
 Whose waves o'erflowed their native plain.

We saw the Tiber, from th' Etruscan side,  
 Turn madly back his dark alluvial tide,

And headlong sweep in one destructive doom  
Great Vesta's fane and Numa's tomb.

To soothe his wailing bride, he fiercely vows  
Signal revenge, and swelling, overflows  
The Latin shore, and braves the wrath of Jove,  
Fond River-God, for Ilia's love.

Our sons shall hear that Roman bosoms bled  
To swords that should the Persian's blood have shed ;  
Our wars they'll learn, and to our crimes will trace  
The lessen'd numbers of their race.

Of all the Gods whom shall the nation call  
To save the sinking state ? With what prayers shall  
The holy maids importune Vesta's ear,  
When scarce she deigns their voice to hear ?

Oh ! whom, to expiate our guilt away,  
Shall Jupiter appoint ? Come thou, we pray,  
Oracular Appollo, come and shroud  
Thy dazzling shoulders in a cloud.

Or, smiling Venus, if that thou wilt deign,  
Oh ! come, with Love and Mirth, thy hov'ring train ;  
Or if on thy neglected kin and race,  
Father, thou'lt turn at last thy face,

Have we not sated thy stern passion, thou  
Who lov'st the war-cry and the light-helm'd brow,  
And the flash which the sight of bleeding enemies  
Lights in the Marsian warrior's eyes ?

Or, if in youthful incarnation here  
Sweet Maia's winged son thou dost appear,  
Cæsar's avenger, if of such a name  
Thou wilt submit to bear the fame,

Long, long may'st thou thy heavenward flight delay,  
And long among the Romans love to stay,  
Nor wing the breeze to waft thee from our climes,  
Indignant at the Nation's crimes.

Enjoy the pomp of glorious triumphs here ;  
Of Prince and Father hold the title dear ;  
Nor let the Parthian squadrons scour the plain  
Unpunish'd, Cæsar, in thy reign.

## ODE IV.

## TO SESTIUS.

HARSH Winter relents, sighing Spring glads the earth ;  
 On their rollers our ships seek the waters again ;  
 The herds leave their stables, the ploughman his hearth,  
 Hoar frosts print no more their pale tracks on the  
 plain.

Now Venus, at Luna's high noon, leads her choirs ;  
 Hand in hand with the Nymphs, the sweet Three  
 strike the heath  
 With footsteps alterne, while the ponderous fires  
 Of the Cyclops are kindled at Vulcan's hot breath.

Now with myrtle let's fasten our hair's glowing locks,  
 Or with flow'rets, the first that Spring wakes in the  
 glade ;  
 Now to Faunus let's offer the choice of our flocks,  
 A lamb or a kid in the woodland's deep shade.

Pale death alike visits the monarch's proud towers  
 And the lowliest hovel ; brief life has no room,  
 Happy Sestius, for Hope's boundless range. Darkness  
 lowers,  
 And the wildlings of Fancy that tenant her gloom,

And Pluto's sad dwelling are nigh. There, no more  
 For the throne of wine's kingdom the dice thou shalt  
 throw,  
 Nor that fair boy admire, whom the maids will adore  
 Ere long, and for whom manly bosoms now glow.

~~~~~  
 ODE V.
 —

TO PYRRHA.
 ~~~~~

Who is that youth so well perfumed, so slender,  
 With roses crowned, so pressing and so tender,  
 In yonder pleasant spot,  
 Pyrrha, for whom thy hair in golden knot  
 Thou bindest thus with artful artlessness?  
 Alas! how oft he'll weep thy faithlessness,  
 And Fortune's low'ring brow,  
 And wonder at the tide's waked wrath, who now  
 Thy golden calm enjoys, and hopes to find  
 His mistress ever constant, loving, kind!  
 As yet he little knows  
 How changeful are the skies; ah! wo to those  
 Who trust thy beauty; I—the sacred wall  
 Where hangs my votive record shows to all  
 That to great Neptune's shrine  
 I offer'd up my garments wet with brine.



## ODE X.

## TO MERCURY.

GRANDSON of Atlas, thou whose winning words  
To early mankind's rude, unsettled herds,  
With lofty teachings of the gymnic art,  
The first refinements did impart,

Olympian messenger, my song inspire,  
Thou, the inventor of the curved lyre,  
So skilful thou, adroitly to conceal  
What'er thy fancy bids thee steal.

One day Appollo, from thy infant fears,  
Hoped to recover his abducted steers ;  
And sought, with threats, to frighten thee, a child,  
But found his quiver gone, and smiled.

By thee from Troy rich Priam safe was led,  
When near the fierce Atrides' tents he sped  
Unseen, and near the watchfires in whose light  
Slumber'd the foes of Ilium's might.

Thou the good spirits to their blissful land—  
Guiding their light crowd with thy golden wand—  
Dost lead, thus grateful in thy ministries,  
To hell's and heaven's divinities.

## ODE XI.

## TO LEUCONOE.

SEEK not to know, Leuconoe—'tis a forbidden lore—  
How many days have granted us the Gods; consult no  
more

The Babylonian numbers; no, await and bear the end,  
Whether through many Winters more the Gods thy  
life extend,

Or that this one, whose angry storms now lash the  
rock-bound seas,

Should prove thy last. Seek wisdom, and decant thy  
wines, and cease

To waste brief life in endless hopings; while we speak,  
Time plies

His envious wing. Enjoy to-day, nor trust to-mor-  
row's rise.

## ODE XII.

## TO AUGUSTUS.

WHAT Demigod, what hero shall inspire,  
Clio, thy shrill-toned trumpet or thy lyre  
With glory's strain? Of all the Gods, whose name  
Shall Echo's joyous voice proclaim

'Mid shades that gird the Helicon around,  
On Pindus, or on Hæmus winter bound,  
Whence forests in confusion to the plain  
Were led by Orpheus' magic strain ?

Son of the Muse, heir of his mother's skill,  
The rivers' lapse he could suspend at will,  
And stay the winds ; so sweet his luring string,  
The oaks would follow listening.

First to the Father his accustomed praise :  
Great arbiter of men and gods, he sways  
Oceans and land, and from on high deals forth  
The varied Seasons to the earth.

Nothing can equal or aspire to be  
Near to, far less above his majesty ;  
But next to him great Pallas well may claim  
The poet's tribute to her fame.

Thee, warlike Bacchus, I will sing, and thee  
The forest-rovers' beauteous ememy,  
And thee Appollo, whose far-dreaded bow  
Speeds certain death to ev'ry foe.

Alcides too, and Leda's twins, the one  
Unrival'd gymnast, whilst his brother won  
The palm of horsemanship ; scarce beams on high  
Their glittering star, when suddenly

Down from the rocks flows back the billow's spray,  
The winds are hushed, the clouds dispersed away ;  
The threat'ning main—for such their potent will—  
    In its own depths lies calm and still.

But next ? shall Romulus engross my strain ?  
Shall I record Pompilius' peaceful reign,  
The pomp in which delighted Tarquin's pride,  
    Or Cato's noble suicide ?

Regulus and the Scauri, yes and he  
Whose mighty soul fled rather than to see  
The Carthaginian's triumph ; these I fain  
    Would celebrate with loftiest strain.

Fabricius too, the rugged Curius, and  
Camillus, nurtured on the modest land  
Where stood their parent roof, in poverty  
    Prepared themselves for victory.

Like as a tree whose age time only knows,  
Marcellus' fame luxuriant ever grows ;  
The Julian star with brightest radiance gleaming :  
    A moon 'mid lesser planets beaming.

Father and guardian of the human kind,  
Issue of Saturn, thou by Fate assigned  
To watch o'er Cæsar's glorious destiny,  
    Reign thou through Cæsar's ministry.

Whether he drive, in well earn'd triumph home,  
 Captive those Parthians who now threaten Rome,  
 Or those far nations whom the rising day  
     First visits, let his righteous sway

To thine inferior rule the earth afar ;  
 Thou, shake Olympus with thy pond'rous car ;  
 Thou, the dread lightning hurl that never spares  
     The sacred groves where Lust repairs.

---

 ODE XIV.
 

---

 TO THE REPUBLIC.
 

---

THOU bark, and must thou, seaward bent again,  
 New billows ride ? Take heed, remain, remain,  
     Where safety abides :  
 Oh look ! no rowers man thy naked sides ;

Africa's winged gales have riv'n thy mast ;  
 How thy yards moan ! If not rope-bound and fast,  
     Vessels can scarce sustain  
 The growing fury of the angry main.

Thy sails in fragments flutter in the air ;  
 No God will list thy supplicating prayer.  
     Though pine of Pontic fame  
 Thy parent forest yielded for thy frame,

Vainly thou'lt boast thy name and noble race;  
 In painted sterns the trembling sailors place  
     No faith. If not decreed  
 To be the sport of winds, be warn'd, take heed!  
 Once weary partner of thy dangers, I  
 Now gaze on thee with sad and anxious eye.  
     Mayst thou avoid those seas,  
 Whose waves divide the shining Cyclades.

~~~~~  
 ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

THOU Cupid's cruel mother,
 And thou, bold Bacchus, ye awaken
 In me the lust of passions
 And loves my soul had quite forsaken.
 I love Glycera's whiteness,
 More splendid than the Parian hue;
 I love her winning boldness,
 Her face so dangerous to view.

To conquer me has Venus
 Left Cyprus, she forbids my muse
 To sing of distant Scythians,
 Or flying Parthians' dreaded ruse,
 Or aught but her dominion.
 Then bring fresh turf, incense and wine;
 We may appease the Goddess
 By off'ring incense on her shrine.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

VILE Sabine thou shalt drink, in modest cup,
 A wine that I in Grecian jars closed up,
 What day the theatre's assembled crowd
 Thee greeted with applause so loud,

Mæcenas dear, pride of th' equestrian ranks,
 That the parental river's hollow banks,
 And Vatican's deep echoes, made the sound
 With sympathetic glee rebound.

Thine the Cœcubian nectar, or the wine
 Which Cales' presses yield—but ne'er the vine
 Of rich Falerna or the Formian hills
 Its treasures to my cup distils.

ODE XXI.

IN HONOR OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

YOUNG virgins, praise the goddess of the chase;
 Young men, praise Phœbus' ever youthful face;
 Your voices all unite
 To sing Latona Jupiter's delight.

Praise Dian, who, so fond of streams and groves
 On Algidus' cool summits strays, and loves
 Dark Erymanthus' shades
 And lofty Cragus' green, mysterious glades.

You, Tempe sing, the favorite abode,
 And Delos sea-rock'd cradle of the God—
 The God whose shoulders fair
 The lyre, his brother's gift, and quiver bear.

Propitiate him, that he may keep us free
 From Pestilence and Famine's misery,
 From war and all its woes,
 And hurl them all 'gainst Cæsar's distant foes.

 ODE XXII.

 TO FUSCUS.

No, Fuscus, no—protected by a heart
 Virgin of crime, nor bow, nor moorish dart,
 Nor quiver full of deadly poison'd reeds,
 The steady friend of Virtue needs,

Whether his path through Syrte's sands he seeks,
 Or Caucasus' inhospitable peaks,
 Or in that land of vision and of dream,
 Where flows Hydaspes' wooing stream.

For—as, with songs of Lalage and love,
 Careless, I wander'd in the Sabine grove
 Too far—I met a wolf, who, at my sight,
 Defenceless as I was, took flight.

Such prodigy ne'er Daunia's warlike land
 In her wild forests fed; ne'er did the sand
 Of lion-breeding Africa beget
 The equal of that monster yet.

Place me in lifeless regions, where no trees
 With waving umbrage woo the summer breeze,
 E'en on that side of earth which heaven's doom
 Hath shrouded in perennial gloom,

Place me in deserts, where from nearest skies
 Sol's rays descend, love-treasur'd memories
 Of Lalage's sweet voice and sweeter smile
 Would still my sufferings beguile.

~~~~~  
 ODE XXIII.

—  
 TO CHLOE.  
 ~~~~~

You shun me, Chloe, thus the fawn that strays,
 Seeking her dam through mountain's pathless maze,
 Deems in her vain alarm,
 Each breeze and tree portends some boding harm.

At each light vine-leaf which the softest breath
 Upturns, at every bush that bends beneath
 Some painted lizard's tread,
 Her heart and sinews shake with sudden dread.

Why, as the desert rovers seek their prey,
 I seek thee not thy limbs to tear. Away
 Then, to thy mother cling
 No more, 'tis love should guide thy budding Spring.

 ODE XXIV.

 TO VIRGIL.

WHY would false pride restrain the tears that flow
 In mem'ry of a friend so dear? Come, thou
 Melpomene, thy saddest strains inspire,
 Muse of the liquid voice and tuneful lyre.

'Tis true then, in th' eternal sleep of Death
 Quintilius lies; twin sisters, Justice, Faith,
 And you bright Honor, robeless Truth, how long
 You'll seek his equal in the human throng!

The tears of all the friends of virtue flow;
 Thine own, dear Virgil, wrung by heart-felt woe;
 Vainly thy prayers would bid the gods return
 That friend whose lot, alas! was not eterne.

Though, softer than the Thracian bard's, thy strain
 Should move the forest trees, 'twere all in vain ;
 No pulse would e'er that form reanimate
 Whose spirit—relentless minister of Fate—

Mercury once hath smitten with his wand
 And gather'd to dark Pluto's shadowy band.
 Stern Fate ! Patience, thy soft'ning influence lend,
 Teach us to bear those ills we cannot mend.

~~~~~  
 ODE XXV.  
 ———

TO LYDIA.  
 ~~~~~

'Tis seldom now thy lover's ardent knock
 Shakes thy closed lattice ; yes, their noisy flock
 Respects thy slumbers now ; thy silent door
 Clings to the threshold more and more,

That once so oft on easy hinges roll'd ;
 And less and less thou hear'st the lay of old :
 " This long, long night with love I'm dying here,
 " And thou, thou sleepest, Lydia dear."

Too old, soon, ev'n for vilest passion's heat,
 Thou shalt stand weeping in some lonely street,

Shiv'ring—while fearful gusts on their way sweep
To moonless revels on the deep.

Then, on thy galled heart Lust's foul desires
Will prey, and Passion—even such as fires
The blood of brutes infuriate—oh then
How bitterly thou shalt complain

That Youth, glad Youth should verdant ivy wear,
Or myrtle's darker freshness still prefer,
While, to such zephyrs as the Winter mates
Withal, sear'd leaves it dedicates.

ODE XXXII.

THE POET TO HIS LYRE.

THEY bid me sing ; if e'er, beneath the shade,
Upon thy strings in idle hours I've play'd,
Respond, a latin song, and one that Rome
Shall not forget in years to come.

Since to the warlike Lesbian thou didst yield
Thy first born strains, who, in the tented field,

Or when his ocean-batter'd ship at last
 To the moist strand he had made fast,

Of Bacchus and the Nine found time to sing,
 Of Venus, and the boy that loves to cling
 To her side ever, and of Lycus fair,
 With raven eyes and raven hair,

O Lyre, thou pride of Phœbus, and delight
 Of Jove's own banquets, thou who makest light
 The heavy load of care, with accents sweet
 Thy poet's invocation greet.

ODE XXXVIII.

THE POET TO HIS YOUNG SLAVE.

I HATE, my child, these Persian luxuries ;
 I hate these garlands, with their linden ties ;
 Forbear to seek then in what spot yet glows
 In tardy bloom some ling'ring rose.

Then simple myrtle, nought beside, I pray,
 Well it becomes thine office, well it may
 My brow adorn, as drinking, I recline
 Beneath this thick and shady vine.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Poet's Dream.....	PAGE 5
Faith—A Fragment.....	8
The Island Home.....	18
A Madrigal.....	20
The Gipsy in the North.....	21
A Valentine.....	23
A Madrigal.....	24
Lines on the First Page of an Album.....	25
Angel whose bright image, &c.....	26
An Acrostic.....	28
Awake thee, awake.....	29
A Serenade.....	30
The Sweets of Sadness.....	31
When thou'rt away.....	32
Remembrance.....	33
Chant Relligieux.....	34
Stamboul.....	35

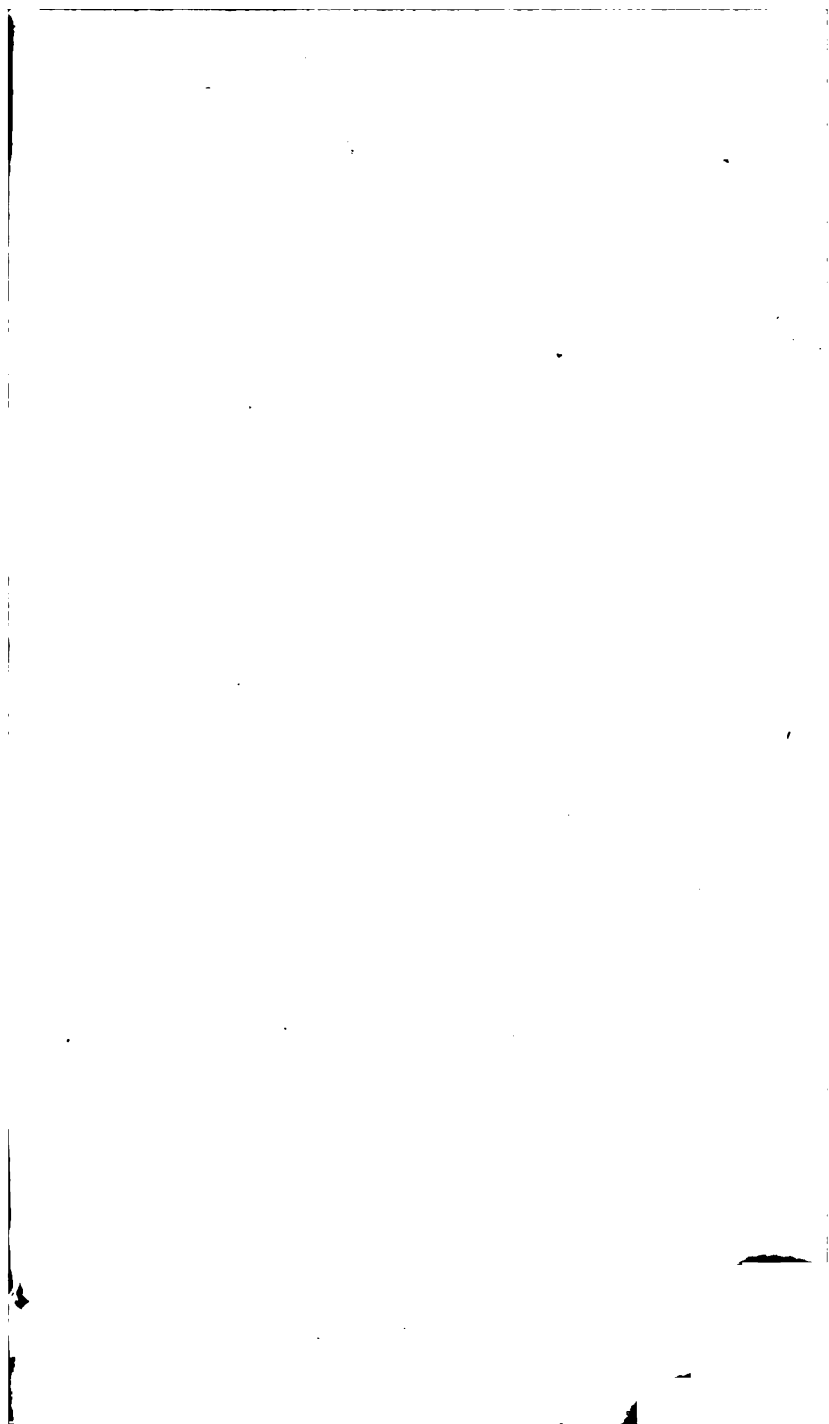
ODES FROM HORACE.

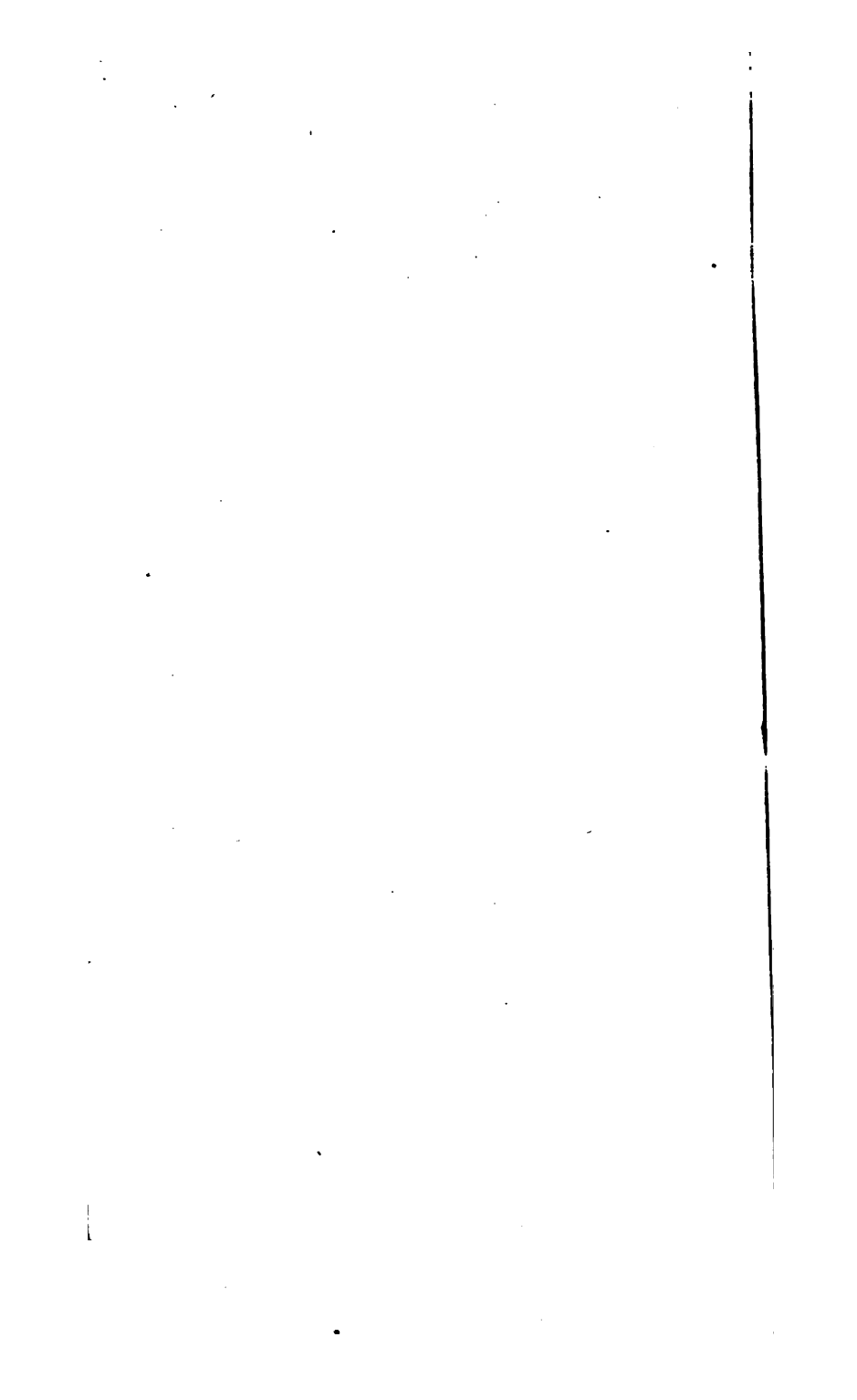
To Mæcenas.....	37
To Augustus Cæsar.....	39
To Sestius.....	42
To Pyrrha.....	43

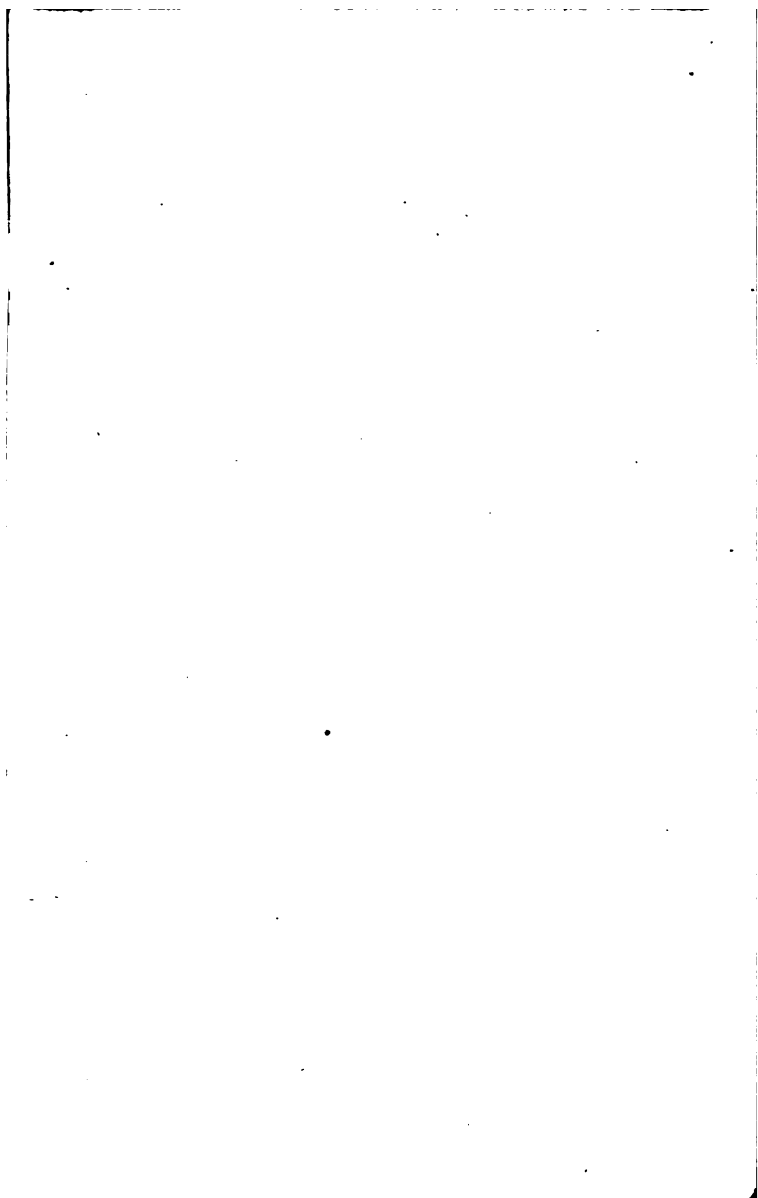
CONTENTS.

lviii

To Mercury.....	44
To Leuconoe.....	45
To Augustus.....	45
To the Republic.....	48
To Glyceria.....	49
To Mæcenas.....	50
In Honor of Diana and Apollo.....	50
To Fuscus.....	51
To Chloe.....	52
To Virgil.....	53
To Lydia.....	54
The Poet to his Lyre.....	55
The Poet to his young Slave.....	56









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