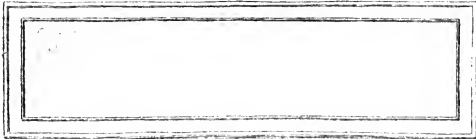
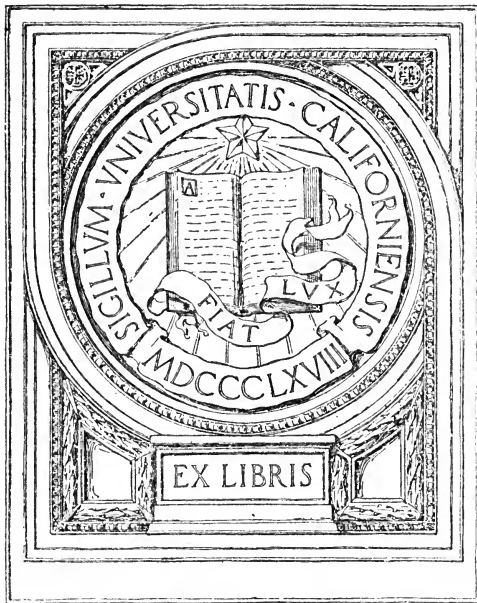
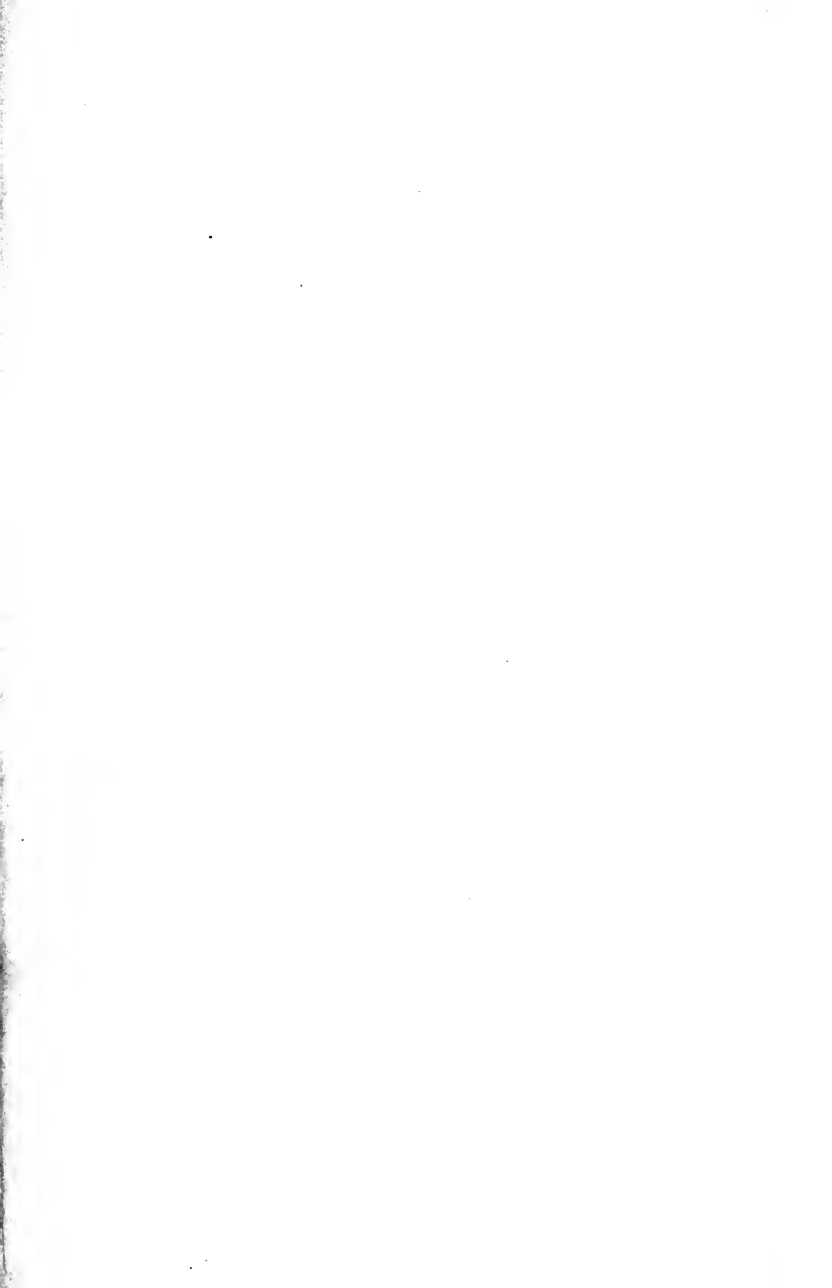


IN MEMORIAM
Mary J. L. Mc Donald







*“ An arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword.”*

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
ALFRED TENNYSON;
POET LAUREATE.

COMPLETE EDITION,

ILLUSTRATED.



CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:
BELFORD, CLARKE & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS.

9532
1884a

17 17 2

ES
1880

MEMORIAL

IN MEMORIAM

Mary A. K. H.

TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
POEMS (Published 1830):—			
To the Queen.....	7	Margaret.....	53
Claribel.....	7	The Blackbird.....	54
Lilian.....	8	The Death of the Old Year.....	54
Isabel.....	8	To J. S.....	55
Mariana.....	9	“ You ask me why, tho’ ill at ease ”..	56
To —.....	10	“ Of old sat Freedom on the heights ”	57
Madeline.....	10	“ Love thou thy land, with love far-	
Song.—The Owl.....	11	bought ”.....	57
Second Song.....	11	The Goose.....	58
Recollections of the Arabian Nights..	11	ENGLISH IDYLS AND OTHER POEMS (Pub-	
Ode to Memory.....	13	lished 1842):—	
Song.....	14	The Epic.....	59
Adeline.....	15	Morte d’Arthur.....	60
A Character.....	15	The Gardener’s Daughter; or, The	
The Poet.....	16	Pictures.....	65
The Poet’s Mind.....	17	Dora.....	69
The Sea-Fairies.....	17	Audley Court.....	72
The Deserted House.....	18	Walking to the Mail.....	73
The Dying Swan.....	18	Edwin Morris; or, The Lake.....	75
A Dirge.....	19	St. Simeon Stylites.....	78
Love and Death.....	19	The Talking Oak.....	82
The Ballad of Oriana.....	20	Love and Duty.....	5
Circumstance.....	21	The Golden Year.....	86
The Merman.....	21	Ulysses.....	88
The Mermaid.....	22	Locksley Hall.....	89
Sonnet to J. M. K.....	22	Godiva.....	94
POEMS (Published 1832):—			
The Lady of Shalott.....	23	The Two Voices.....	95
Mariana in the South.....	25	The Day-Dream.....	101
Eleanore.....	26	Amphion.....	105
The Miller’s Daughter.....	28	St. Agnes.....	106
Fatima.....	30	Sir Galahad.....	106
Enone.....	31	Edward Gray.....	107
The Sisters.....	36	Will Waterproof’s Lyrical Monologue	108
To —.....	36	To L —, after reading a Life and Let-	
The Palace of Art.....	37	ters.....	111
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.....	42	To E. L., on his Travels in Greece... 111	
The May Queen.....	42	Lady Clare.....	112
New-Year’s Eve.....	43	The Lord of Burleigh.....	113
Conclusion.....	45	Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere. 114	
The Lotos-Eaters.....	46	A Farewell.....	114
A Dream of Fair Women.....	49	The Beggar Maid.....	115
		The Vision of Sin.....	115
		“ Come not, when I am dead ”.....	118

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Eagle	118	MISCELLANEOUS:—	
“Move eastward, happy Earth, and leave”	118	Northern Farmer. New Style.....	441
“Break, break, break”	118	The Victim.....	442
The Poet's Song.....	118	Wages.....	443
THE PRINCESS: A MEDLEY.....	119	The Higher Pantheism.....	444
IN MEMORIAM.....	179	Lucretius.....	444
MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS:—		The Golden Supper.....	449
Maud	219	ADDITIONAL POEMS —	
The Brook; an Idyl.....	241	Tumbuctoo.....	457
The Letters.....	245	POEMS PUBLISHED IN THE EDITION OF	
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wel-		1830, AND OMITTED IN LATER EDI-	
lington.....	246	TIONS —	
The Daisy.....	249	Elegiacs	461
To the Rev. F. D. Maurice.....	251	The “How” and the “Why”	462
Will.....	252	Supposed Confessions of a second-rate sensitive Mind not in Unity with it-	
The Charge of the Light Brigade.....	252	self.....	462
IDYLS OF THE KING.—		The Burial of Love.....	465
Dedication	253	To —	465
Enid.....	254	Song.....	465
Vivien.....	287	Song.....	466
Elaene.....	302	Nothing will die	466
Guinevere.....	328	All Things will die.....	467
ENOCH ARDEN.....	340	Hero to Leander	467
ADDITIONAL POEMS:—		The Mystic.....	468
Aylmer's Field.....	357	The Grasshopper.....	469
Sea Dreams.....	372	Love, Pride, and Forgetfulness	469
The Grandmother.....	378	Chorus in an unpublished Drama, written very early.....	469
Northern Farmer.....	381	Lost Hope	470
Tithonus.....	383	The Tears of Heaven.....	470
The Voyage.....	385	Love and Sorrow.....	470
In the Valley of Caeteretz.....	386	To a Lady Sleeping.....	471
The Flower.....	386	Sonnet.....	471
Requiescat.....	387	Sonnet.....	471
The Sailor-Boy.....	387	Sonnet.....	472
The Islet.....	387	Love.....	472
The Ringlet.....	388	The Kraken.....	473
A Welcome to Alexandra.....	388	English War-Song.....	473
Ode sung at the Opening of the Inter-		National Song.....	474
national Exhibition.....	389	Dualisms.....	474
A Dedication	390	We are Free.....	474
The Captain; a Legend of the Navy..	390	The Sea Fairies.....	475
Three Sonnets to a Coquette.....	391	OLÉVRES.....	475
On a Mourner.....	392	POEMS PUBLISHED IN THE EDITION OF	
Song.....	392	1833, AND OMITTED IN LATER EDI-	
Song.....	392	TIONS:—	
EXPERIMENTS:—		Sonnet	476
Boadicea.....	393	To —	476
In Quantity.....	395	Bonaparte.....	477
Specimen of a Translation of the Iliad in Blank Verse.....	396	Sonnets.....	477
THE HOLY GRAIL AND OTHER POEMS:—		The Hesperides	478
The Coming of Arthur.....	397	Rosalind.....	479
The Holy Grail.....	405	Song.....	480
Pelleas and Ettarre.....	422	Kate.....	480
The Passing of Arthur.....	433	Sonnet written on hearing of the Out- break of the Polish Insurrection....	481
		Sonnet on the Result of the late Rus- sian Invasion of Poland.....	481

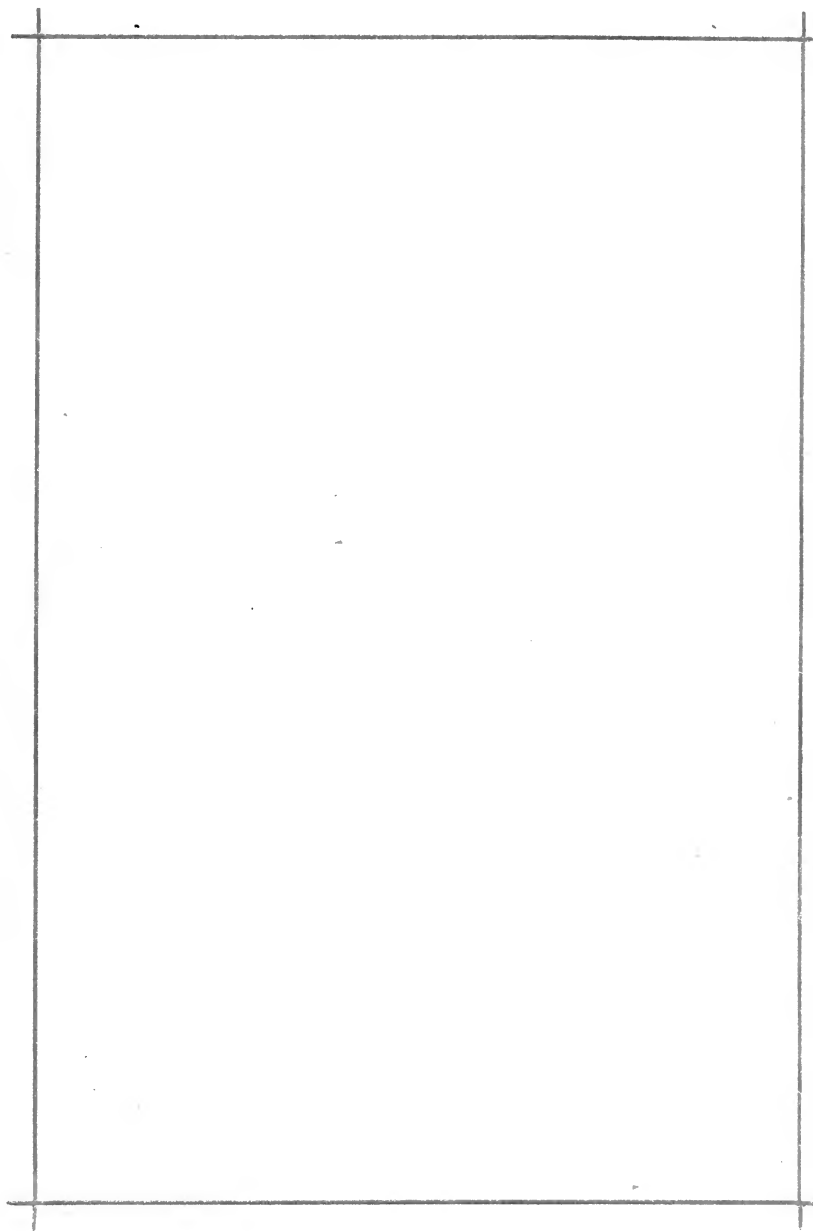
CONTENTS.

5

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Sonnet.....	481	At the Window.....	490
O Darling Room.....	482	Gone!.....	490
To Christopher North.....	482	Winter.....	490
FUGITIVE POEMS:—		Spring.....	490
No More.....	482	The Letter.....	490
Anacreontics.....	482	No Answer....	491
A Fragment....	483	No Answer.....	491
Sonnet.....	483	The Answer.....	491
Sonnet.....	483	Ay!.....	491
The Skipping-Rope.....	484	When?.....	492
The New Timon and the Poets.....	484	Marriage Morning.....	492
Stanzas.....	484	GARETH AND LYNETTE.....	492
Sonnet to William Charles Macready.....	485	THE LAST TOURNAMENT.....	519
Britons, guard your own.....	485	EPILOGUE TO IDYLS OF THE KING....	533
The Third of February, 1852.....	486	A WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.....	535
Hands all round.....	487	IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.....	536
The War.....	488	THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.....	536
On a Spiteful Letter.....	488	QUEEN MARY.....	537
1865-1866.....	488	HAROLD.....	615
THE WINDOW; OR, THE SONGS OF THE WRENS.		THE REVENGE.....	652
On the Hill.....	489	THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW Dedicatory Poem to Princess Alice....	661
		THE LOVER'S TALE.....	664

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

CHILD-SONGS:—		DE PROFUNDIS.....	710
The City Child....	684	THE HUMAN CRY.....	720
Minnie and Winnie.....	684	PREFATORY SONNET.....	720
To Alfred Tennyson, My Grandson ..	685	TO THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD.....	720
THE FIRST QUARREL.....	687	MONTENEGRO.....	721
RIZPAH.....	689	TO VICTOR HUGO.....	721
THE NORTHERN COBBLER.....	692	BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.....	722
THE SISTERS.....	696	ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.....	724
THE VILLAGE WIFE; OR, THE ENTAIL ..	701	DRS PAIR.....	725
IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.....	705	THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE....	728
DEDICATORY POEM TO PRINCESS ALICE..	707	TO THE PRINCESS FREDERICA.....	729
SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM....	707	SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.....	730
COLUMBUS.....	711	TO DANTE.....	730
THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.....	715	TO VIRGIL.....	730



P O E M S .

(PUBLISHED 1830.)

TO THE QUEEN.

REVERED, beloved—O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria,—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base ;

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you
time

To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there ;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throstle
calls,

Where all about your palace-walls
The sunlit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam, this poor book of song ;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day !
May children of our children say,
" She wrought her people lasting good ;

" Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land re-
posed ; [closed
A thousand claims to reverence
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

" And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

" By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken
still,
Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

MARCH, 1851.

CLARIBEL.

A MELODY.

I.

WHERE Claribel low-lieth *his burial*
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall :
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

2.

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone :
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone :
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.

3.

Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumberous wave outwelleth
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

LILIAN.

I.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can ;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

2.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks :
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks ;
Then away she flies.

3.

Prythee weep, May Lilian !
Gayety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian :
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth ;
Prythee weep, May Lilian.

4.

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

ISABEL.

I.

EYES not down-dropped nor over-bright,
but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the trans-
lucent fane [pread,
Of her still spirit ; locks not wide dis-

Madonna-wise on either side her
head ; [reign
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and
head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood, and pure low-
lihead.

2.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime ; a prudence to
withhold ; [in gold
The laws of marriage character'd
Upon the blanched tablets of her
heart ; [light
A love still burning upward, giving
To read those laws ; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' un-
descried, [tleness
Winning its way with extreme gen-
thro' all the outworks of suspicious
pride ;
A courage to endure and to obey ;
A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect
wife.

3.

The mellowed reflex of a winter moon ;
A clear stream flowing with a muddy
one,
Till in its onward current it absorb
With swifter movement and in
purer light [brother ;
The vexed eddies of its wayward
A leaning and upbearing parasite.
Clothing the stem, which else had
fallen quite, [brosial orbs
With cluster'd flower-bells and am-
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on
each other— [hath not another
Shadow forth thee ;— the world
(Though all her fairest forms are types
of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd, chasten'd purity.

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."
Measure for Measure.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all :
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-
wall. [strange :

The broken sheds look'd sad and
Unlifted was the clinking latch :
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !"

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were
dried :

She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the
sky,

She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is
dreary,

He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl
crow :

The cock sung out an hour ere light :
'T was on the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her : without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed
morn

About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark :
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and
away,

In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their
cell,

The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the
mouse [shriek'd,
Behind the mouldering wainscot
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said ;
She said, "I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead !"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense ; but most she loathed the
hour

When the thick-moated sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said ;
She wept, "I am weary, weary,
O God, that I were dead !"

TO ———.

I.

CLEAR-HEADED friend, whose joyful
scorn, [atwain
Edged with sharp laughter, cuts
The knots that tangle human
creeds, [strain
The wounding cords that bind and
The heart until it bleeds,
Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn
Roof not a glance so keen as
thine :
If aught of prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain.

2.

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit ;
Falsehood shall bare her plaited
brow : [now
Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not
With shrilling shafts of subtle wit,
Nor martyr-flames, nor trenchant
swords
Can do away that ancient lie ;
A gentler death shall Falsehood die,
Shot thro' and thro' with cunning words.

3.

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost
need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhed limbs of lightning
speed ; [old,
Like that strange angel which of
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
Past Yabbok brook the livelong
night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel.

MADELINE.

I.

THOU art not steeped in golden lan-
guors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
Ever varying Madeline.

Thro' light and shadow thou dost
range,
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of fitting change.

2.

Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore.
Revealings deep and clear are thine
Of wealthy smiles ; but who may know
Whether smile or frown be fleetier ?
Whether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know ?
Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow
Light-gloomng over eyes divine,
Like little clouds, sun-fringed, are thine,
Ever varying Madeline.
Thy smile and frown are not aloof
From one another,
Each to each is dearest brother ;
Hues of the silken sheeny woof
Momently shot into each other.
All the mystery is thine ;
Smiling, frowning, evermore,
Thou art perfect in love-lore,
Ever varying Madeline.

3.

A subtle, sudden flame,
By veering passion fann'd,
About thee breaks and dances ;
When I would kiss thy hand,
The flush of anger'd shame
O'erflows thy calmer glances,
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curved frown.
But when I turn away,
Thou, willing me to stay,
Woorest not, nor vainly wranglest ;
But, looking fixedly the while,
All my bounding heart entanglest
In a golden-netted smile ;
Then in madness and in bliss,
If my lips should dare to kiss
Thy taper fingers amorously,
Again thou blushest angrily ;
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curved frown.

SONG.—THE OWL

1.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
 And dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far-off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

2.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
 And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
 And the cock hath sung beneath the
 thatch
 Twice or thrice his roundelay,
 Twice or thrice his roundelay:
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG.

TO THE SAME.

1.

THY tuwhits are lull'd I wot,
 Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
 Which upon the dark afloat,
 So took echo with delight,
 So took echo with delight,
 That her voice untuneful grown,
 Wears all day a fainter tone.

2.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
 But I cannot mimic it;
 Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
 Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE
ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew
 free
 In the silken sail of infancy,
 The tide of time flow'd back with me,
 The forward-flowing tide of time:

And many a sheeny summer-morn,
 Adown the Tigris I was borne,
 By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
 High-walled gardens green and old;
 True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
 The low and bloomed foliage, drove
 The fragrant, glistening deeps, and
 clove

The citron-shadows in the blue:
 By garden porches on the brim,
 The costly doors flung open wide,
 Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
 And broider'd sofas on each side:
 In sooth it was a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans
 guard

The outlet, did I turn away
 The boat-head down a broad canal
 From the main river sluiced, where all
 The sloping of the moon-lit sward
 Was damask-work, and deep inlay
 Of braided blooms unmown, which
 crept

Adown to where the water slept.
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
 Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
 My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
 Until another night in night
 I enter'd, from the clearer light,
 Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
 Imprisoning sweets, which as they
 clomb [dome
 Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the
 Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal
 Is rounded to as clear a lake.
 From the green rivage many a fall
 Of diamond rillets musical,

Thro' little crystal arches low
 Down from the central fountain's flow
 Fall'n silver-chiming, seem'd to shake
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
 A goodly place, a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn
 A walk with vary-color'd shells
 Wander'd engrain'd. On either side
 All round about the fragrant marge
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn
 In order, eastern flowers large,
 Some dropping low their crimson bells
 Half-closed, and others studded wide
 With disks and tiars, fed the time
 With odor in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
 In closest coverture upsprung,
 The living airs of middle night
 Died round the bulbul as he sung ;
 Not he : but something which possess'd
 The darkness of the world, delight,
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
 Apart from place, withholding time,
 But flattering the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
 Slumber'd: the solemn palms were
 ranged
 Above, unwoo'd of summer wind :
 A sudden splendor from behind
 Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-
 green,
 And, flowing rapidly between
 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 The level lake with diamond-plots
 Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
 Distinct with vivid stars inlaid.
 Grew darker from that under-flame :
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,
 With silver anchor left afloat,

In marvel whence that glory came
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,
 Entranced with that place and time,
 So worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn--
 A realm of pleasure, many a mound,
 And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
 Full of the city's stilly sound,
 And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
 Graven with emblems of the time,
 In honor of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed vision unawares
 From the long alley's latticed shade
 Emerged, I came upon the great
 Pavilion of the Caliphat.
 Right to the carven cedarn doors,
 Flung inward over spangled floors,
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs
 Ran up with golden balustrade,
 After the fashion of the time,
 And humor of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
 As with the quintessence of flame,
 A million tapers flaring bright
 From twisted silvers look'd to shame
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
 Upon the mooned domes aloof
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous
 time,
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
 Tressed with redolent ebony,
 In many a dark delicious curl,
 Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone

The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him—in his golden prime,
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID!

ODE TO MEMORY.

1.

THOU who stealst fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

2.

Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day; but robed in soften'd
light

Of orient state.

Whilome thou camest with the morning
mist,
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have
kiss'd,

When she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely
freight [shoots
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of
fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth will brilliance rare.

3.

Whilome thou camest with the morning
mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my
open breast,

(Those peerless flowers which in the
rudest wind

Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the
year).

Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken
rest [Hope.

Thou leddest by the hand thine infant
The eddying of her garments caught
from thee [the cope

The light of thy great presence; and
Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Though deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars
which tremble

O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's dis-
tress; [could dull

For sure she deem'd no mist of earth
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and
beautiful:

Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.

O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

4.

Come forth I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad
eyes! [ing vines

Thou comest not with shows of flaunt-
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory!

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:
Come from the woods that belt the
gray hill-side,

The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed
sand,

Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,

The filter'd tribute of the rough wood-land.

O ! hither lead thy feet !

Pour round mine ears the livelong
bleat [folds,

Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled
Upon the ridged wolds,

When the first matin-song hath waken'd
loud

Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,

What time the amber morn

Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung
cloud.

5.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye

To the young spirit present

When first she is wed ;

And like a bride of old

In triumph led,

With music and sweet showers

Of festal flowers,

Unto the dwelling she must
sway. [Memory,

Well hast thou done, great artist

In setting round thy first experiment

With royal frame-work of wrought
gold; [essay,

Needs must thou dearly love thy first

And foremost in thy various gallery

Place it, where sweetest sunlight
falls

Upon the storied walls ;

For the discovery

And newness of thine art so pleased
thee, [fairest

That all which thou hast drawn of
Or boldest since, but lightly weighs

With thee unto the love thou bearest
The first-born of thy genius. Artist-
like,

Ever retiring thou dost gaze

On the prime labor of thine early days :

No matter what the sketch might be ;
Whether the high field on the bushless
pike,

Or even a sand-built ridge

Of heaped hills that mound the sea,

Overblown with murmurs harsh,

Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste
enormous marsh,

Where from the frequent bridge,

Like emblems of infinity,

The trenched waters run from sky to
sky ;

Or a garden bower'd close

With plaited alleys of the trailing
rose, [grots,

Long alleys falling down to twilight

Or opening upon level plots

Of crowned lilies, standing near

Purple-spiked lavender :

Whither in after life retired

From brawling storms,

From weary wind,

With youthful fancy reinspired,

We may hold converse with all forms

Of the many-sided mind,

And those whom passion hath not
blinded,

Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone,

Were how much better than to own

A crown, a sceptre, and a throne !

O strengthen me, enlighten me !

I faint in this obscurity,

Thou dewy dawn of memory.

SONG.

I.

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours

Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :

To himself he talks ;

For at eventide, listening earnestly,

At his work you may hear him sob and
sigh

In the walks ;

Earthward he boweth the heavy
stalks

Of the mouldering flowers :

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower

Over its grave i' the earth so
chilly ;

Heavily hangs the hollyhock,

Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

2.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,

As a sick man's room when he taketh
repose

An hour before death ;

My very heart faints and my whole
 soul grieves [leaves,
 At the moist rich smell of the rotting
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box
 beneath,
 And the year's last rose.
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 Over its grave i' the earth so
 chilly,
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

ADELINE.

I.

MYSTERY of mysteries,
 Faintly smiling Adeline,
 Scarce of earth nor all divine,
 Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
 But beyond expression fair
 With thy floating flaxen hair ;
 Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
 Take the heart from out my breast.
 Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
 Shadowy, dreaming Adeline ?

2.

Whence that aery bloom of thine,
 Like a lily which the sun
 Looks thro' in his sad decline,
 And a rose-bush leans upon,
 Thou that faintly smilest still,
 As a Naiad in a well,
 Looking at the set of day,
 Or a phantom two hours old
 Of a maiden past away,
 Ere the placid lips be cold ?
 Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
 Spiritual Adeline ?

3.

What hope or fear or joy is thine ?
 Who talketh with thee, Adeline ?
 For sure thou art not all alone :
 Do beating hearts of salient
 springs
 Keep measure with thine own ?
 Hast thou heard the butterflies
 What they say betwixt their wings ?

Or in stillest evenings
 With what voice the violet woos
 To his heart the silver dews ?
 Or when little airs arise,
 How the merry bluebell rings
 To the mosses underneath ?
 Hast thou look'd upon the breath
 Of the lilies at sunrise ?
 Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
 Shadowy, dreaming Adeline ?

4.

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
 Some spirit of a crimson rose
 In love with thee forgets to close
 His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
 All night long on darkness blind.
 What aileth thee ? whom waitest thou
 With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,
 And those dew-lit eyes of thine
 Thou faint smiler, Adeline ?

5.

Lovest thou the doleful wind
 When thou gazest at the skies ?
 Doth the low-tongued Orient
 Wander from the side of the morn,
 Dripping with Sabæan spice
 On thy pillow, lowly bent
 With melodious airs lovelorn,
 Breathing Light against thy face
 While his locks a-dropping twined
 Round thy neck in subtle ring
 Make a carcanet of rays,
 And ye talk together still,
 In the language wherewith Spring
 Letters cowslips on the hill ?
 Hence that look and smile of thine.
 Spiritual Adeline.

A CHARACTER.

WITH a half-glance upon the sky
 At night he said, "The wanderings
 Of this most intricate Universe
 Teach me the nothingness of thin
 Yet could not all creation pierce
 Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty : that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air ;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his
hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue : not the gods
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by :
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

Most delicately hour by hour
He canvass'd human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold :
Upon himself himself did feed :
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

THE POET.

THE poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above ;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the
scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good
and ill
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay : with echoing feet he
threaded
The secretest walks of fame :
The viewless arrows of his thoughts
were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver
tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which
bore
Them earthward till they lit ;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field
flower
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth
anew,
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance,
grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to
fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the
breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with
beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire.
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many
dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the
world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark
upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august
sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burn-
ing eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden
robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies :
But round about the circles of the
globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced
in flame

WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power,—a sacred
name.

And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they
ran,

And as the lightning to the thunder
Which follows it, riving the spirit of
man,

Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words.
No sword

Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,

But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his*
word

She shook the world.

THE POET'S MIND.

I.

VEX not thou the poet's mind

With thy shallow wit :

Vex not thou the poet's mind ;

For thou canst not fathom it.

Clear and bright it should be ever,

Flowing like a crystal river ;

Bright as light, and clear as wind.

2.

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear;

All the place is holy ground ;

Hollow smile and frozen sneer

Come not here.

Holy water will I pour

Into every spicy flower

Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it
around. [cheer.

The flowers would faint at your cruel

In your eye there is death,

There is frost in your breath

Which would blight the plants.

Where you stand you cannot hear

From the groves within

The wild-bird's din.

In the heart of the garden the merry
bird chants,

It would fall to the ground if you came
in.

In the middle leaps a fountain

Like sheet lightning,

Ever brightening

With a low melodious thunder ;

All day and all night it is ever drawn

From the brain of the purple moun-
tain

Which stands in the distance yonder:

It springs on a level of bowery lawn,

And the mountain draws it from

Heaven above,

And it sings a song of undying love ;

And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and
full, [so dull ;

You never would hear it ; your ears are

So keep where you are: you are foul

with sin ; [came in.

It would shrink to the earth if you

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and
saw, [ning foam,

Between the green brink and the run-

Sweet faces, rounded arms, and

bosoms prest [they mused,

To little harps of gold ; and while

Whispering to each other half in fear,

Shrill music reach'd them on the

middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither
away ? fly no more.

Whither away from the high green field,
and the happy blossoming shore ?

Day and night to the billow the foun-
tain calls ;

Down shower the gambolling waterfalls

From wandering over the lea :

Out of the live-green heart of the dells

They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,

And thick with white bells the clover-

hill swells

High over the full-toned sea :

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
 Come hither to me and to me :
 Hither, come hither and frolic and play;
 Here it is only the mew that wails ;
 We will sing to you all the day :
 Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
 For here are the blissful downs and dales,
 And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
 And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
 And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
 Over the islands free ;
 And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand ;
 Hither, come hither and see ;
 And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
 And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
 And sweet shall your welcome be :
 O hither, come hither, and be our lords
 For merry brides are we :
 We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words :
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
 With pleasure and love and jubilee ;
 O listen, listen, your eye shall glisten
 When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
 Runs up the ridged sea.
 Who can light on as happy a shore
 All the world o'er, all the world o'er?
 Whither away ? listen and stay : mariner,
 mariner, fly no more.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

1.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
 Side by side,
 Leaving door and windows wide :
 Careless tenants they !

2.

All within is dark as night :
 In the windows is no light ;
 And no murmur at the door,
 So frequent on its hinge before.

3.

Close the door, the shutters close,
 Or thro' the windows we shall see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark deserted house.

4.

Come away : no more of mirth
 Is here or merry-making sound.
 The house was builded of the earth,
 And shall fall again to ground.

5.

Come away : for Life and Thought
 Here no longer dwell ;
 But in a city glorious—
 A great and distant city—have bought
 A mansion incorruptible.
 Would they could have stayed with us !

THE DYING SWAN.

1.

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
 Wide, wild, and open to the air,
 Which had built up everywhere
 An under-roof of doleful gray.
 With an inner voice the river ran,
 Adown it floated a dying swan,
 And loudly did lament.
 It was the middle of the day.
 Ever the weary wind went on,
 And took the reed-tops as it went

2.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
 And white against the cold-white sky,
 Shone out their crowning snows.
 One willow over the river wept,
 And shook the wave as the wind did sigh ;
 Above in the wind was the swallow,
 Chasing itself at its own wild will,
 And far thro' the marsh green and still
 The tangled water-courses slept,
 Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

3.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the
soul

Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach
stole;

Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear,
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and
harps of gold,

And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the
evening star. [ing weeds,

And the creeping mosses and clamber-
And the willow-branches hoar and
dank, [reeds,
And the wavy swell of the sougning
And the wave-worn horns of the echo-
ing band. [throng

And the silvery marish-flowers that
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

A DIRGE.

1.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

2.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

3.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chanteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave

Let them rave.

4.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

5.

Round thee blow, self-pleaced deep,
Bramble-roses, faint and pale,
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Thro' the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

6.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine;
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

7.

Wild words wander here and there;
God's great gift of speech abused
Makes thy memory confused:

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gath-
er:ng light

Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous
eyes;

When, turning round a cassia, full in
view
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his
sight: [walks are mine.]
"You must begone," said Death, "these
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans
for flight; [is thine:]
Yet ere he parted said, "This hour
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the
tree [neath,
Stands in the sun and shadows all be-
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall
fall,
But I shall reign forever over all."

—

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribb'd
with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.
Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana:
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.
In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana:
She watch'd my crest among them all,
Oriana:
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my
bride,
Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.
Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I
lay,
Oriana!
How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I
lay,
Oriana—
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana!
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana!
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana: [seek,
What wantest thou? whom dost thou
Oriana?

I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
 Oriana.
 Thou comest atween me and the skies,
 Oriana.
 I feel the tears of blood arise
 Up from my heart unto my eyes,
 Oriana.
 Within thy heart my arrow lies,
 Oriana.

O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !
 Oriana !
 O happy thou that liest low,
 Oriana !
 All night the silence seems to flow
 Beside me in my utter woe,
 Oriana.
 A weary, weary way I go,
 Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the
 sea,
 Oriana,
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 Oriana.
 Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
 I dare not die and come to thee,
 Oriana.
 I hear the roaring of the sea,
 Oriana.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbor villages
 Playing mad pranks along the healthy
 leas ;
 Two strangers meeting at a festival ;
 Two lovers whispering by an orchard
 wall ; [ease ;
 Two lives bound fast in one with golden
 Two graves grass-green beside a gray
 church-tower,
 Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blos-
 somed ;
 Two children in one hamlet born and
 bred ;
 So runs the round of life from hour to
 hour.

THE MERMAN.

I.

WHO would be
 A merman bold,
 Sitting alone,
 Singing alone
 Under the sea,
 With a crown of gold,
 On a throne ?

2.

I would be a merman bold ; [day ;
 I would sit and sing the whole of the
 I would fill the sea-halls with a voice
 of power ; [and play
 But at night I would roam abroad
 With the mermaids in and out of the
 rocks, [sea-flower ;
 Dressing their hair with the white
 And holding them back by their flow-
 ing locks
 I would kiss them often under the sea,
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd
 me
 Laughingly, laughingly ;
 And then we would wander away,
 away [and high,
 To the pale-green sea-groves straight
 Chasing each other merrily.

3.

There would be neither moon nor star,
 But the wave would make music above
 us afar— [night—
 Low thunder and light in the magic
 Neither moon nor star.
 We would call aloud in the dreamy
 dells, [cry
 Call to each other and whoop and
 All night, merrily, merrily ;
 They would pelt me with starry spangles
 and shells, [between,
 Laughing and clapping their hands
 All night, merrily, merrily :
 But I would throw to them back in
 mine
 Turkis and agate and almondine :
 Then leaping out upon them unseen
 I would kiss them often under the sea,
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd
 me
 Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh ! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green !
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea ;
We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID.

I.

WHO would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne ?

2.

I would be a mermaid fair ;
I would sing to myself the whole of
the day ; [my hair ;
With a comb of pearl I would comb
And still as I comb'd I would sing
and say, [me ?"
" Who is it loves me ? who loves not
I would comb my hair till my ring-
lets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
Low adown and around, [gold
And I should look like a fountain of
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne

In the midst of the hall :

Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central
deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look
in at the gate [of me.
With his large calm eyes for the love
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

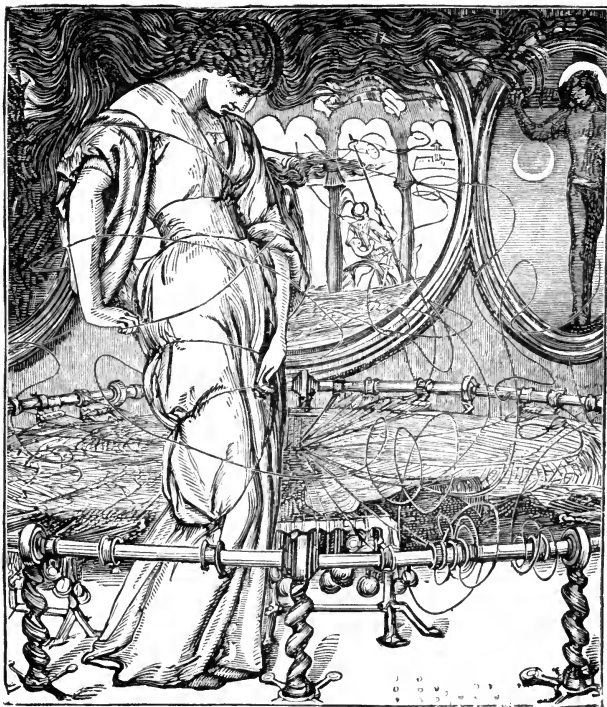
3.

But at night I would wander away,
away, [flowing locks,
I would fling on each side my low-
And lightly vault from the throne and
play [rocks ;
With the mermen in and out of the

We would run to and fro, and hide and
seek, [son shells,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crim-
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the
sea. [shriek,
But if any came near I would call, and
And adown the steep like a wave I
would leap [from the dells ;
From the diamond-ledges that jut
For I would not be kiss'd by all who
would list, [sea ;
Of the bold merry mermen under the
They would sue me, and woo me, and
flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea ;
But the king of them all would carry
me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea ;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently.
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned,
and soft [of the sea,
Would lean out from the hollow sphere
All looking down for the love of me.

SONNET TO J. M. K.

MY hope and heart is with thee—thou
wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
To scare church-harpies from the
master's feast ; [thee ;
Our dusted velvets have much need of
Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd
homily ;
But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy
To embattail and to wall about thy cause
With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
The humming of the drowsy pulpit-
drone [worn-out clerk
Half God's good sabbath, while the
Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from
a throne [dark
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and
mark.



*“ Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
‘ The curse is come upon me,’ cried
The Lady of Shalott.”*

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

P O E M S .

(PUBLISHED 1832.)

[This division of this volume was published in the winter of 1832. Some of the poems have been considerably altered. Others have been added, which, with one exception, were written in 1833.]

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the isle in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle inbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web of colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirrs,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A redcross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather.
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame to-
gether,

As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight
glow'd; [trode;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

IN the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks com-
plaining,

Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she
lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame
And round the prow they read
name,

The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer:
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space:
 He said, "She has a lovely face:
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

With one black shadow at its feet,
 The house thro' all the level shines,
 Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
 And silent in its dusty vines:
 A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
 An empty river-bed before,
 And shallows on a distant shore,
 In glaring sand and inlets bright.

But "Ave Mary," made she moan,
 And "Ave Mary," night and
 morn, [alone,
 And "Ah," she sang, "to be all
 To live forgotten, and love for-
 lorn."

She, as her carol sadder grew,
 From brow and bosom slowly down
 Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
 Her streaming curls of deepest brown
 To left and right, and made appear,
 Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
 Her melancholy eyes divine,
 The home of woe without a tear.

And "Ave Mary," was her moan,
 "Madonna, sad is night and
 morn";

And "Ah," she sang, "to be all
 alone, [lorn."
 To live forgotten, and love for-

Till all the crimson changed, and past
 Into deep orange o'er the sea,
 Low on her knees herself she cast,
 Before Our Lady murmur'd she;
 Complaining, "Mother, give me grace
 To help me of my weary load."
 And on the liquid mirror glow'd
 The clear perfection of her face.

"Is this the form," she made her
 moan, [morn?"

"That won his praises night and
 And "Ah," she said, "but I wake
 alone, [lorn."

I sleep forgotten, I wake for-

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would
 bleat,

Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
 But day increased from heat to heat,

On stony drought and steaming salt;
 Till now at noon she slept again,

And seem'd knee-deep in mountain
 grass,

And heard her native breezes pass,
 And runlets babbling down the glen.

She breathed in sleep a lower
 moan, [morn,

And murmuring, as at night and
 She thought, "My spirit is here
 alone,

Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream:
 She felt he was and was not there.

She woke: the babble of the stream
 Fell, and without the steady glare

Shrank one sick willow sere and small.
 The river-bed was dusty-white;

And all the furnace of the light
 Struck up against the blinding wall.

She whisper'd, with a stifled moan
 More inward than at night or
 morn, [alone

"Sweet Mother, let me not here
 Live forgotten and die forlorn."

And, rising, from her bosom drew
 Old letters breathing of her worth,

For "Love," they said, "must needs
 be true,

To what is loveliest upon earth."

An image seem'd to pass the door,
 To look at her with slight, and say,

"But now thy beauty flows away,
 So be alone forevermore."

"O cruel heart," she changed her
 tone, [scorn,

"And cruel love, whose end is
 Is this the end to be left alone,

To live forgotten, and die for-
 lorn!"

But sometimes in the falling day
 An image seem'd to pass the door,
 To look into her eyes and say,
 "But thou shalt be alone no more."
 And flaming downward over all
 From heat to heat the day de-
 creased,
 And slowly rounded to the east
 The one black shadow from the wall.
 "The day to night," she made her
 moan, [morn,
 "The day to night, the night to
 And day and night I am left alone
 To live forgotten, and love for-
 lorn."

At eve a dry cicala sung,
 There came a sound as of the sea ;
 Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
 And lean'd upon the balcony.
 There all in spaces rosy-bright
 Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears,
 And deepening through the silent
 spheres,
 Heaven over Heaven rose the night.
 And weeping then she made her
 moan, [not morn,
 "The night comes on that knows
 When I shall cease to be all alone,
 To live forgotten, and love for-
 lorn."

ELEÄNORE.

I.

THY dark eyes open'd not, [lish air,
 Nor first reveal'd themselves to Eng-
 For there is nothing here,
 Which, from the outward to the in-
 ward brought,
 Moulded thy baby thought.
 Far off from human neighborhood,
 Thou wert born, on a summer
 morn,
 A mile beneath the cedar-wood.
 Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd
 With breezes from our oaken
 glades, [land
 But thou wert nursed in some delicious
 Of lavish lights, and floating shades :

And flattering thy childish thought
 The oriental fairy brought,
 At the moment of thy birth,
 From old well-heads of haunted rills,
 And the hearts of purple hills, [shore,
 And shadow'd coves on a sunny
 The choicest wealth of all the
 earth,
 Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
 To deck thy cradle, Eleänore.

2

Or the yellow-banded bees,
 Thro' half-open lattices
 Coming in the scented breeze,
 Fed thee, a child, lying alone,
 With whitest honey in fairy gar-
 dens cull'd—
 A glorious child, dreaming alone,
 In silk-soft folds, upon yielding
 down,
 With the hum of swarming bees
 Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

3.

Who may minister to thee?
 Summer herself should minister
 To thee, with fruitage golden-
 rinded
 On golden salvers, or it may be,
 Youngest Autumn, in a bower [blinded
 Grape thicken'd from the light and
 With many a deep-hued bell-like
 flower
 Of fragrant trailers, when the air
 Sleepeth over all the heaven,
 And the crag that fronts the Even,
 All along the shadowing shore,
 Crimsons over an inland mere,
 Eleänore !

4.

How may full-sail'd verse express,
 How may measured words adore
 The full-flowing harmony
 Of thy swan-like stateliness,
 Eleänore?
 The luxuriant symmetry
 Of thy floating gracefulness,
 Eleänore?

Every turn and glance of thine,
Every lineament divine,
Eleänore,

And the steady sunset glow,
That stays upon thee? For in
thee [single :

Is nothing sudden, nothing
Like two streams of incense free

From one censer, in one
shrine, [gle,

Thought and motion min-
Mingle ever. Motions flow

To one another, even as tho'
They were modulated so

To an unheard melody,

Which lives about thee, and a sweep
Of richest pauses, evermore

Drawn from each other mellow-deep :
Who may express thee, Eleänore ?

5.

I stand before thee, Eleänore ;

I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
Daily and hourly, more and more.

I muse, as in a trance, the while

Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile.

I muse, as in a trance, when'er

The languors of thy love-deep eyes
Float on to me. I would I were

So tranced, so wrapt in ecstasies,
To stand apart, and to adore,

Gazing on thee forevermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore !

6.

Sometimes, with most intensity

Gazing, I seem to see [asleep,
Thought folded over thought, smiling

Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and
deep [quite,

In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd
I cannot veil, or droop my sight,

But am as nothing in its light :

As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set,
Ev'n while we gaze on it, [slowly grow

Should slowly round his orb, and
To a full face, there like a sun remain

Fix'd—then as slowly fade again,

And draw itself to what it was be-
fore ;

So full, so deep, so slow,
Thought seems to come and go
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleä-
nore.

7.

As thunder-clouds that, hung on high,
Roof'd the world with doubt and
fear,

Floating thro' an evening atmosphere,
Grow golden all about the sky ; [less,

In thee all passion becomes passion-
Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness,

Losing his fire and active might

In a silent meditation,

Falling into a still delight,

And luxury of contemplation :

As waves that up a quiet cove

Rolling slide, and lying still

Shadow forth the banks at will :

Or sometimes they swell and move,

Pressing up against the land,

With motions of the outer sea :

And the self-same influence

Controlleth all the soul and
sense

Of Passion gazing upon thee.

His bow-string slacken'd languid Love,

Leaning his cheek upon his hand,

Droops both his wings, regarding
thee,

And so would languish evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore.

8.

But when I see thee roam, with tresses
unconfined,

While the amorous, odorous wind

Breathes low between the sunset and
the moon ;

Or, in a shadowy saloon,

On silken cushions half reclined ;

I watch thy grace ; and in its
place

My heart a charmed slumber keeps,

While I muse upon thy face ;

And a languid fire creeps

Thro' my veins to all my frame,

Dissolvingly and slowly : soon

From thy rose-red lips MY name
Floweth ; and then, as in a swoon,

With dinning sound my ears are rife,
 My tremulous tongue faltereth,
 I lose my color, I lose my breath,
 I drink the cup of a costly death,
 Brimm'd with delirious draughts of
 warmest life.

I die with my delight, before
 I hear what I would hear from
 thee ;

Yet tell my name again to me,
 I *would* be dying evermore,
 So dying ever, Eleänore.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
 His double chin, his portly size,
 And who that knew him could forget
 The busy wrinkles round his eyes ?
 The slow wise smile that, round about
 His dusty forehead dryly curl'd,
 Seem'd half-within and half-without,
 And full of dealings with the world ?
 In yonder chair I see him sit, [cup ;
 Three fingers round the old silver
 I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
 At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
 With summer lightnings of a soul
 So full of summer warmth, so glad,
 So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,
 His memory scarce can make me sad.
 Yet fill my glass : give me one kiss :
 My own sweet Alice, we must die ;
 There's somewhat in this world amiss
 Shall be unriddled by and by.
 There's somewhat flows to us in life,
 But more is taken quite away.
 Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
 That we may die the self-same day.
 Have I not found a happy earth ?
 I least should breathe a thought of
 pain.
 Would God renew me from my birth
 I'd almost live my life again.
 So sweet it seems with thee to walk,
 And once again to woo thee mine—
 It seems in after-dinner talk
 Across the walnuts and the wine—

To be the long and listless boy
 Late-left an orphan of the squire,
 Where this old mansion mounted high
 Looks down upon the village spire :
 For even here, where I and you
 Have lived and loved alone so long,
 Each morn my sleep was broken thro'
 By some wild skylark's matin song.

And oft I heard the tender dove
 In firry woodlands making moan ;
 But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
 I had no motion of my own.
 For scarce my life with fancy play'd
 Before I dream'd that pleasant
 dream—

Still hither, thither idly sway'd
 Like those long mosses in the stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
 The milldam rushing down with noise,
 And see the minnows everywhere
 In crystal eddies glance and poise,
 The tall flag-flowers when they sprong
 Below the range of stepping-stones,
 Or those three chestnuts near, that
 hung
 In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,
 When after roving in the woods
 ('Twas April then), I came and sat
 Below the chestnuts, when their
 buds

Were glistening to the breezy blue ;
 And on the slope, an absent fool,
 I cast me down, nor thought of you,
 But angled in the higher pool.

A love-song I had somewhere read,
 An echo from a measured strain,
 Beat time to nothing in my head
 From some odd corner of the brain.
 It haunted me, the morning long,
 With weary sameness in the rhymes,
 The phantom of a silent song,
 That went and came a thousand
 times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
 I watch'd the little circles die ;
 They past into the level flood,
 And there a vision caught my eye .

The reflex of a beauteous form,
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
As when a sunbeam wavers warm
Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember, you had set,
That morning, on the casement's edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning from the
ledge:

And when I raised my eyes, above
They met with two so full and
bright—

Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,
That these have never lost their light.

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear
That I should die an early death;
For love possess'd the atmosphere,
And fill'd the breast with purer
breath.

My mother thought, What ails the boy?
For I was alter'd, and began
To move about the house with joy,
And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping
wheel,

The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below;

I knew your taper far away,
And full at heart of trembling hope,
From off the wold I came, and lay
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the
mill: [sits!]

And "by that lamp," I thought, "she
The white chalk-quarry from the hill
Gleam'd to the flying moon by firs.

"O that I were beside her now!
O will she answer if I call?

O would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all?"

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within;
Sometimes your shadow cross'd the
blind.

At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with
May, [cheek

Your ripe lips moved not, but your
Flush'd like the coming of the day;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,

You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire:
She wish'd me happy, but she thought
I might have look'd a little higher;
And I was young—too young to wed:
"Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here," she said:
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride:
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not
please.

I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well;
And dews, that would have fall'n in
tears,
I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke of me;
And turning look'd upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to
heart.

Ah, well—but sing the foolish song
I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
A pensive pair, and you were gay

With bridal flowers—that I may seem,
As in the nights of old to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,
While those full chestnuts whisper
by.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear :
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest :
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells—
True love interprets—right alone.
His light upon the letter dwells,
For all the spirit is his own.
So, if I waste words now, in truth,
You must blame Love. His early
rage
Had force to make me rhyme in youth,
And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone,
Like mine own life to me thou art,
Where Past and Present, wound in one,
Do make a garland for the heart :
So sing that other song I made,
Half-anger'd with my happy lot,
The day, when in the chestnut shade
I found the blue Forget-me-not.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set.
Many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet.
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget :
Ah, no! no!

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True
wife, [entwine ;
Round my true heart thine arms
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine !
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell !
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them
well.

Yet tears they shed : they had their
part
Of sorrow : for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before ;
Although the loss that brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee :
But that God bless thee, dear—who
wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can
find.

Arise, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds ;
For look, the sunset, south and north.
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below :
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

FATIMA.

O LOVE, Love, Love! O withering
might !
O sun, that from thy noonday height

Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,
Lo, falling from my constant mind,
Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and
blind,
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers:
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers:
I roll'd among the tender flowers:
I crush'd them on my breast, my
mouth:
I look'd athwart the burning drouth
Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his
name, [came
From my swift blood that went and
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.
O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul
thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know
He cometh quickly: from below
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens,
blow
Before him, striking on my brow.
In my dry brain my spirit soon,
Down-deepening from swoon to
swoon,
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher
The skies stoop down in their desire;
And, isled in sudden seas of light,
My heart, pierced thro' with fierce
delight,
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinded with his shining eye:
I will possess him or will die.
I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

ÆNONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapor slopes athwart
the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from
pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either
hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway
down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below
them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n
ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but
in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
'The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon
Mournful Ænone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the
hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round
her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in
rest. [vine,
She, leaning on a fragment twined with
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-
shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the
upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the
hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the
stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala
sleeps.
The purple flowers droop: the golden
bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears my heart of
love,

My heart is breaking, and my eyes are
dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

“O mother Ida, many-fountain’d Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O
Caves

That house the cold crown’d snake! O
mountain brooks,

I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build
up all

My sorrow with my song, as yonder
walls

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather’d shape : for it may
be

That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper
woe.

“O mother Ida, many fountain’d Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain
pine :

Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn’d,
white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

“O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent call’d me from the
cleft :

Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With
down-dropt eyes

I sat alone : white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leap-
ard skin

Droop’d from his shoulder, but his
sunny hair

Cluster’d about his temples like a
God’s ;

And his cheek brighten’d as the foam-
bow brightens

When the wind blows the foam, and
all my heart

When forth to embrace him coming ere
he came.

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-
white palm

Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian
gold,

That smelt ambrosially, and while I
look’d

And listen’d, the full-flowing river of
speech

Came down upon my heart.

“My own Cenone,
Beautiful-brow’d Cenone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind
engrav’n

“For the most fair,” would seem to
award it thine,

As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married
brows.’

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to
mine,

And added, ‘This was cast upon the
board,

When all the full-faced presence of the
Gods

Ranged in the halls of Peleus ; where-
upon

Rose feud, with question unto whom
’twere due :

But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering that to me, by common
voice

Elected umpire. Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest Thou, within the
cave

Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest
pine,

Mayst well behold them unbeheld, un-
heard

Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of
Gods.’

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
It was the deep midnight : one silvery
cloud

Had lost his way between the piny sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower
they came,

Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
 And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
 Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
 Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,
 And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
 This way and that, in many a wild festoon
 Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
 With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

“O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
 And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud,
 and lean'd
 Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
 Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
 Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
 Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
 Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
 Proffer of royal power, ample rule
 Unquestion'd, overthrowing revenue
 Wherewith to embellish state, 'from many a vale
 And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
 Or labor'd mines undrainable of ore.
Honor,' she said, 'and homage, tax and toll,
 From many an inland town and haven large,
 Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
 In glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

“O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
 'Which in all action is the end of all;
 Power fitted to the season; wisdom bred
 And throned of wisdom—from all neighbor crowns
 Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand

Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
 From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
 A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
 Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
 Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
 Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
 Above the thunder, with undying bliss
 In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
 Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
 Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
 Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
 O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
 Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
 The while, above, her full and earnest eye
 Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
 Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

“ ‘Self - reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
 Yet not for power (power of herself
 Would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,
 Acting the law we live by without fear;
 And, because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.'

“Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Again she said: 'I woo thee not with gifts.
 Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
 To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
 So shalt thou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
 If gazing on divinity disrobed
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of
 fair,
 Unbiass'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee
 sure
 That I should love thee well and cleave
 to thee,
 So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,
 Shall strike within thy pulse, like a
 God's,
 To push thee forward thro' a life of
 shocks,
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance
 grow
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown
 will,
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom.'

"Here she ceased,
 And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O
 Paris,
 Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me
 not,
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is
 me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Pa-
 phian wells,
 With rosy slender fingers backward
 drew
 From her warm brows and bosom her
 deep hair
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid
 throat
 And shoulder: from the violets her
 light foot
 Shone rosy white, and o'er her rounded
 form
 Between the shadows of the vine
 bunches
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she
 moved.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
 The herald of her triumph, drawing
 nigh

Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise
 thee
 The fairest and most loving wife in
 Greece.'
 She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight
 for fear:
 But when I look'd, Paris had raised his
 arm,
 And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
 As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
 And I was left alone within the bower;
 And from that time to this I am alone,
 And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not
 fair?
 My love hath told me so a thousand
 times.
 Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
 When I passed by, a wild and wanton
 pard,
 Eyed like the evening star, with play-
 ful tail
 Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most
 loving is she?
 Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that
 my arms
 Were wound about thee, and my hot
 lips prest
 Close, close to thine in that quick-fall-
 ing dew
 Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn
 rains
 Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.
 They came, they cut away my tallest
 pines,
 My dark tall pines, that plumed the
 craggy ledge
 High over the blue gorge, and all be-
 tween
 The snowy peak and snow-white cat-
 aract
 Foster'd the callow eaglet—from be-
 neath
 Whose thick mysterious bows in the
 dark morn
 The panther's roar came muffled, while
 I sat
 Low in the valley. Never, never more

Shall lone Ænone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them
overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver
cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trem-
bling stars.

“O mother, hear me yet before I
die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd
folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from
the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with
her,
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the
board,
And bred this change; that I might
speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I
hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and
men.

“O mother, hear me yet before I
die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand
times;
In this green valley, under this green
hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this
stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with
tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to
these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see
my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear
my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-float-
ing cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this
earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to
live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of
life

And shadow all my soul, that I may
die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart
within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

“O mother, hear me yet before I
die
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more
and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the
inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly
see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a
mother

Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder
comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's
eyes!

“O mother, hear me yet before I
die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come
to me
Walking the cold and starless road of
Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise
and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come
forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she
says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I
know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and
day,
All earth and air seem only burning
fire.

THE SISTERS.

WE were two daughters of one race :
 She was the fairest in the face :
 The wind is blowing in turret and
 tree.
 They were together, and she fell ;
 Therefore revenge became me well
 O the Earl was fair to see !

She died : she went to burning flame :
 She mix'd her ancient blood with
 shame.
 The wind is howling in turret and
 tree.
 Whole weeks and months, and early
 and late,
 To win his love I lay in wait :
 O the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast ; I bade him come ;
 I won his love, I brought him home.
 The wind is roaring in turret and
 tree.
 And after supper, on a bed,
 Upon my lap he laid his head :
 O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest :
 His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
 The wind is raging in turret and
 tree.
 I hated him with the hate of hell,
 But I loved his beauty passing well.
 O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night :
 I made my dagger sharp and bright,
 The wind is raving in turret and
 tree.
 As half-asleep his breath he drew,
 Three times I stabb'd him thro' and
 thro'.
 O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
 He look'd so grand when he was
 dead.

The wind is blowing in turret and
 tree.

I wrapt his body in the sheet,
 And laid him at his mother's feet
 O the Earl was fair to see !

TO ———.

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

I SEND you here a sort of allegory,
 (For you will understand it) of a
 soul,
 A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,
 A spacious garden full of flowering
 weeds,
 A glorious Devil, large in heart and
 brain,
 That did love Beauty, only (Beauty
 seen
 In all varieties of mould and mind,)
 And Knowledge for its beauty ; or if
 Good,
 Good only for its beauty, seeing not
 That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge
 are three sisters
 That dote upon each other, friends to
 man,
 Living together under the same roof,
 And never can be sunder'd without
 tears,
 And he that shuts Love out, in turn
 shall be
 Shut out from Love, and on her thresh-
 old lie
 Howling in outer darkness. Not for
 this
 Was common clay ta'en from the com-
 mon earth,
 Moulded by God, and temper'd with
 the tears
 Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

THE PALACE OF ART.

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass, [bright
I chose. The ranged ramparts
From level meadow-bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
The rock rose clear, or winding stair.
My soul would live alone unto herself
In her high palace there.

And "while the world runs round and round," I said,
"Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring."

To which my soul made answer readily:
"Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built for me,
So royal-rich and wide."

* * * * *
* * * * *

Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,
In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth
A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row
Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,

Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
That lent broad verge to distant lands,
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dip: down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell [low
Across the mountain stream'd be-
In misty folds, that floating as they fell
Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seem'd
To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
A cloud of incense of all odor steam'd
From out a golden cup.

So that she thought, "And who shall gaze upon
My palace with unblinded eyes,
While this great bow will waver in the sun,
And that sweet incense rise?"

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd, [higher,
And, while day sank or mounted
The light aerial gallery, golden rail'd,
Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced, [fires
Would seem slow-flaming crimson
From shadow'd grots of arches inter-laced,
And tipt with frost-like spires.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
Thro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,
Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle horn.

One seem'd all dark and red,—a tract
of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced forever in a glimmering
land,
Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry
waves. [fall
You seem'd to hear them climb and
And roar rock-thwarted under bellow-
ing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a fall-ied river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding
low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry
toil, [Behind
In front they bound the sheaves.
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one, a foreground black with stones
and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the
scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home, — gray
twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep,—all things in order
stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape
fair,
As fit for every mood of mind,
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern,
was there,
Not less than truth design'd.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St.
Cecily ;
An angel looked at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise,
A group of Houris bow'd to see
The dying Islamite, with hands and
eyes
That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
To list a footfall, ere he saw
The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian
king to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly
sail'd
A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew un-
clasp'd, [borne :
From off her shoulder backward
From one hand droop'd a crocus : one
hand grasp'd
The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy
thigh
Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone : but every legend fair
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself, was
there,
Not less than life, design'd.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Then in the towers I placed great bells
 that swung, [sound ;
 Moved of themselves, with silver
 And with choice paintings of wise men
 I hung
 The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph
 strong, [mild ;
 Beside him Shakespeare bland and
 And there the world-worn Dante
 grasp'd his song,
 And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest ;
 A million wrinkles carved his skin ;
 A hundred winters snow'd upon his
 breast,
 From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
 Many an arch high up did lift,
 And angels rising and descending met
 With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
 With cycles of the human tale
 Of this wide world, the times of every
 land
 So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
 Toi'd onward, prick'd with goods
 and stings ;
 Here play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro
 The heads and crowns of kings ;

Here rose an athlete, strong to break
 or bind
 All force in bonds that might endure,
 And here once more like some sick
 man declin'd,
 And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod: and those
 great bells
 Began to chime. She took her
 throne :
 She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,
 To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost Oriels' color'd
 flame
 Two godlike faces gazed below ;
 Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Ver-
 ulam,
 The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their
 motion were
 Full-welling fountain-heads of
 change, [fair
 Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd
 In diverse raiment strange :

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber,
 emerald, blue,
 Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,
 And from her lips, as morn from Mem-
 non, drew
 Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
 Her low preamble all alone,
 More than my soul to hear her echo'd
 song
 Throb thro' the ribbed stone ;

Singing and murmuring in her feastful
 mirth,
 Joying to feel herself alive,
 Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible
 earth,
 Lord of the senses five ;

Communing with herself: " All these
 are mine,
 And let the world have peace or wars
 'Tis one to me." She—when young
 night divine
 Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious
 toils—
 Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
 And pure quintessences of precious oils
 In hollow'd moons of gems

To mimic heaven ; and clapt her hands
 and cried,
 " I marvel if my still delight
 In this great house so royal-rich, and
 wide,
 Be flatter'd to the height.

"O all things fair to sate my various
eyes! [well!

O shapes and hues that please me
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
My Gods, with whom I dwell!

"O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening
droves of swine
That range on yonder plain.

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient
skin,
They graze and wallow, breed and
sleep;
And oft some brainless devil enters in,
And drives them to the deep."

Then of the moral instinct would she
prate,
And of the rising from the dead,
As hers by right of full-accomplish'd
Fate;
And at the last she said:

"I take possession of man's mind and
deed,
I care not what the sects may brawl.
I sit as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all."

* * * * *
* * * * *

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
Yet not the less held she her solemn
mirth,
And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prosper'd: so
three years
She prosper'd: on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his
ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she
turn'd her sight,
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote "Mene, mene," and divided
quite
The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was
born [mood
Scorn of herself; again, from out that
Laughter at her self-scorn.

"What! is not this my place of
strength," she said,
"My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones
were laid
Since my first memory?"

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears
of blood,
And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades enclosing hearts
of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months old at noon
she came,
That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my
soul,
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of
sand;
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from
the land
Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance
Join'd not, but stood, and standing
saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had
 curl'd. [hall,
 "No voice," she shriek'd in that lone
 "No voice breaks thro' the stillness of
 this world:
 One deep, deep silence all!"

She, mouldering with the dull earth's
 mouldering sod,
 Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,
 Lay there exiled from eternal God,
 Lost to her place and name ;

And death and life she hated equally,
 And nothing saw, for her despair,
 But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
 No comfort anywhere ;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
 And ever worse with growing time,
 And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
 And all alone in crime :

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt
 round
 With blackness as a solid wall,
 Far off she seem'd to hear the dully
 sound
 Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking
 slow,
 In doubt and great perplexity,
 A little before moon-rise hears the low
 Moan of an unknown sea ;

And knows not if it be thunder or a
 sound [cry
 Of rocks thrown down, or one deep
 Of great wild beasts ; then thinketh,
 "I have found
 A new land, but I die."

She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within.
 There comes no murmur of reply.
 What is it that will take away my sin,
 And save me lest I die?"

So when four years were wholly finished,
 She threw her royal robes away,
 "Make me a cottage in the vale," she
 said,
 "Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers,
 that are
 So lightly, beautifully built:
 Perchance I may return with others
 there
 When I have purged my guilt."

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
 Of me you shall not win renown:
 You thought to break a country heart
 For pastime, ere you went to town.
 At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
 I saw the snare, and I retired:
 The daughter of a hundred Earls,
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I know you proud to bear your
 name,
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
 Too proud to care from whence I
 came.
 Nor would I break for your sweet sake
 A heart that dotes on truer charms.
 A simple maiden in her flower
 Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 Some meeker pupil you must find,
 For were you queen of all that is,
 I could not stoop to such a mind.
 You sought to prove how I could love,
 And my disdain is my reply.
 The lion on your old stone gates
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 You put strange memories in my
 head. [blown
 Not thrice your branching limes have
 Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
 Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies:
 A great enchantress you may be ;
 But there was that across his throat
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 When thus he met his mother's view.
 She had the passions of her kind,
 She spake some certain truths of you.

Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall :
The guilt of blood is at your door :
You changed a wholesome heart to gall,
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :
You pine among your halls and towers :
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands ?
Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year ;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline :
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break :
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills ; the frost is on the pane :
 I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
 I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :
 I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
 And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
 But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
 In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
 Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
 When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
 You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
 When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
 On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
 And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
 With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now ;
 You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
 You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
 Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
 Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
 And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night forevermore,
 And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green ;
 She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor ;
 Let her take 'em: they are hers : I shall never garden more :
 But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
 About the parlor-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother ; call me before the day is born,
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
 So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there !
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in ;
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet ;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call ;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said ;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, " It's not for them : it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife ;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan ? why make we such ado ?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

“COURAGE !” he said, and pointed
toward the land, [ward soon.”

“This mounting wave will roll us shore-
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did
swoon, [dream.

Breathing like one that hath a weary
Full-faced above the valley stood the
moon :

And like a downward smoke, the slen-
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall
did seem. [der stream

A land of streams ! some, like a down-
ward smoke, [did go ;

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn,
And some thro' waning lights and
shadows broke, [low.

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam be-
They saw the gleaming river seaward
flow

From the inner land : far off, three
mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd : and, dew'd with
showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the
woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West : thro' mountain clefts
the dale

Was seen far inland, and the yellow
down [ing vale
Border'd with palm, and many a wind-
And meadow, set with slender galin-
gale :

A land where all things always seem'd
the same !

And round about the keel with faces
pale,

Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-
eaters came.



*"O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not
wander more."*

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, [they gave whereof
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the Far,
 far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores; and if his fellow His voice was thin,
 as voices from the grave;
 And deep-asleep, he seem'd, yet all And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren Then some one said, "We will return no more";
 And all at once they sang, "Our island Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG.

I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes:
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy

2.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp dis-

While all things else have rest from weariness?
 All things have rest: why should we toil We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings,
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm:
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit "There is no joy but calm!"
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

3.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

4.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life; ah, why Should life all labor be?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil? Is there any peace

In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward
the grave

In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death,
or dreamful ease.

5.

How sweet it were, hearing the down-
ward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!

To dream and dream, like yonder
amber light, [the height;

Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,

To watch the crisping ripples on the
beach, [spray;

And tender curving lines of creamy
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly

To the influence of mild-minded melan-
choly; [memory,

To muse and brood and live again in
With those old faces of our infancy

Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an
urn of brass!

6.

Dear is the memory of our wedded
lives, [wives

And dear the last embraces of our
And their warm tears: but all hath suf-
fer'd change; [are cold:

For surely now our household hearths
Our sons inherit us: our looks are
strange: [trouble joy.

And we should come like ghosts to
Or else the island princes over-bold

Have eat our substance, and the min-
strel sings [Troy,

Before them of the ten-years' war in
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten
things.

Is there confusion in the little isle?

Let what is broken so remain.

The Gods are hard to reconcile:

'Tis hard to settle order once again.

There is confusion worse than death,

Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,

Long labor unto aged breath,

Sore task to hearts worn out with many
wars [pilot-stars.

And eyes grown dim with gazing on the

7.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and
moly, [blowing lowly)

How sweet (while warm airs lull us,
With half-dropt eyelids still,

Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing
slowly

His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling

From cave to cave thro' the thick-
twined vine— [falling

To watch the emerald-color'd water
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath

divine! [ling brine,

Only to hear and see the far-off spark-
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out
beneath the pine.

8.

The Lotos blooms below the barren
peak: [creek:

The Lotos blows by every winding
All day the wind breathes low with
mellow tone:

Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the
yellow Lotos-dust is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of
motion we,

Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard,
when the surge was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted
his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with
an equal mind, [reclined

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie
On the hills like Gods together, care-
less of mankind. [bolts are hurl'd

For they lie beside their nectar, and the
Far below them in the valleys, and the
clouds are lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with
the gleaming world:

Where they smile in secret, looking
over wasted lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earth-
quake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and
 sinking ships, and praying hands.
 But they smile, they find a music cen-
 tred in a doleful song
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an
 ancient tale of wrong,
 Like a tale of little meaning tho' the
 words are strong;
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men
 that cleave the soil,
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest
 with enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and
 wine and oil;
 Till they perish and they suffer—some,
 'tis whispered—down in hell
 Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian
 valleys dwell, [asphodel.
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet
than toil, the shore
 Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind
 and wave and oar; [wander more.
 O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their
 shade, [long ago
 "The Legend of Good Women,"
 Sung by the morning star of song, who
 made

His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose
 sweet breath [that fill
 Preluded those melodious bursts
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his
 art [strong gales
 Held me above the subject, as
 Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho'
 my heart,
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In
 every land
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in
 hand
 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient
 song [ing stars,
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burn-
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame,
 and wrong,
 And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clang-
 ing hoofs: [sanctuaries;
 And I saw crowds in column'd
 And forms that pass'd at windows and
 on roofs
 Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes
 tall
 Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
 Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
 Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with
 heated blasts [tongues of fire;
 That run before the fluttering
 White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and
 masts,
 And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in
 brazen plates, [divers woes,
 Scaffolds, still sheets of water,
 Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron
 grates,
 And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as,
 when to land [self-same way,
 Bluster the winds and tides the
 Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level
 sand,
 Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in
 pain, [strove to speak,
 Resolved on noble things, and
 As when a great thought strikes along
 the brain,
 And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew
 down
 A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
 That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town.
 And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies by down lapsing
 thought [and did creep
 Stream'd onward, lost their edges,
 Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd,
 and brought
 Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wandered
 far
 In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in
 coolest dew, [star
 'The maiden splendors of the morning
 Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and
 lean [neath
 Upon the dusky brushwood under-
 Their broad curved branches, fledged
 with clearest green,
 New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey
 done,
 And with dead lips smiled at the
 twilight plain, [sun,
 Half-fall'n across the threshold of the
 Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead
 air, [rill;
 Not any song of bird or sound of
 Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
 Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jas-
 mine turn'd [to tree,
 Their humid arms festooning tree
 And at the root thro' lush green
 grasses burn'd
 The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves,
 I knew [dawn
 The tearful glimmer of the languid
 On those long, rank, dark wood-
 walks drench'd in dew,
 Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the
 green,
 Pour'd back into my empty soul
 and frame [been
 The times when I remember to have
 Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone
 Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that
 unblissful clime,
 "Pass freely thro': the wood is all
 thine own,
 Until the end of time."

At length I saw a lady within call,
 Still than chisell'd marble, stand-
 ing there;
 A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
 And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with
 surprise
 Froze my swift speech; she turn-
 ing on my face
 The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
 Spoke slowly in her place.

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my
 name:
 No one can be more wise than
 destiny. [I came
 Many drew swords and died. Where'er
 I brought calamity."

"No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair
 field [died."
 Myself for such a face had boldly
 ; answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
 To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks
 averse,
 To her full height her stately
 stature draws; [with a curse:
 "My youth," she said, "was blasted
 This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad
 place,
 Which yet to name my spirit
 loathes and fears:
 My father held his hand upon his face:
 I, blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak: my voice was
 thick with sighs
 As in a dream. Dimly I could
 descrie [wolfish eyes,
 The stern black-bearded kings with
 Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay
afloat;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd,
and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the vic-
tim's throat;
Touch'd; and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward
brow: [plunging foam,
"I would the white cold heavy-
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me
deep below,
Then when I left my home."

Her slow full words sank thro' the
silence drear, [ing sea;
As thunder-drops fall on a sleep-
Sudden I heard a voice that cried,
"Come here,
That I may look on thee."

I turning saw, throned on a flowery
rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf un-
roll'd; [bold black eyes,
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile,
began: [so I sway'd
"I govern'd men by change, and
All moods. 'Tis long since I have
seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of the
blood [flow.
According to my humor ebb and
I have no men to govern in this wood:
That makes my only woe.

"Nay—yet it chafes me that I could
not bend [mine eye
One will; nor tame and tutor with
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Pry-
thee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony?"

"The man, my lover, with whom I
rode sublime [by God:
On Fortune's neck: we sat as God
The Nilus would have risen before his
time
And flooded at our nod.

"We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep,
and lit [O my life
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus.
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the
wit,
The flattery and the strife,

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from
war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die!

"And there he died: and when I heard
my name [brook my fear
Sigh'd forth with life I would not
Of the other: with a worm I balk'd
his fame.
What else was left? look here!"

(With that she tore her robe apart,
and half [to sight
The polish'd argent of her breast
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with
a laugh,
Showing the asp's bite.)

"I died a Queen. The Roman soldier
found [my brows,
Me lying dead, my crown about
A name forever!—lying robed and
crown'd,
Worthy a Roman spouse."

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest
range [and glance
Struck by all passion, did fall down
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all
change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for
delight; [the ground
Because with sudden motion from
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd
with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipped his
keenest darts; [ing rings
As once they drew into two burn-
All beams of Love, melting the mighty
hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I
 heard [the lawn,
 A noise of some one coming thro'
 And singing clearer than the crested
 bird,
 That claps his wings at dawn

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
 From craggy hollows pouring,
 late and soon, [the dell,
 Sound all night long, in falling thro'
 Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel
 Floods all the deep-blue gloom
 with beams divine:
 All night the splinter'd crags that wall
 the dell
 With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sun-
 shine laves [the door
 The lawn of some cathedral, thro'
 Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
 Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd
 and tied [I, when that flow
 To where he stands, — so stood
 Of music left the lips of her that died
 To save her father's vow ;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
 A maiden pure ; as when she went
 along [come light,
 From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with wel-
 With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth : " Heaven heads
 the count of crimes
 With that wild oath." She ren-
 der'd answer high :

" Not so, nor once alone ; a thousand
 times
 I would be born and die.

" Single I grew, like some green plant,
 whose root [beneath,
 Creeps to the garden water-pipes
 Feeding the flower ; but ere my flower
 to fruit
 Changed, I was ripe for death.

" My God, my land, my father,—these
 did move
 Me from my bliss of life, that Na-
 ture gave,
 Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of
 love
 Down to a silent grave.

" And I went mourning, ' No fair He-
 brew boy [among
 Shall smile away my maiden blame
 The Hebrew mothers'—emptied of all
 joy,
 Leaving the dance and song,

" Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
 Leaving the promise of my bridal
 bower, [glow
 The valleys of grape-loaded vines that
 Beneath the battled tower.

" The light white cloud swam over us.
 Anon [den ;
 We heard the lion roaring from his
 We saw the large white stars rise one
 by one,
 Or, from the darken'd glen,

" Saw God divide the night with flying
 flame, [hills.
 And thunder on the everlasting
 I heard Him, for He spake, and grief
 became
 A solemn scorn of ills.

" When the next moon was roll'd into
 the sky, [my desire,
 Strength came to me that equal'd
 How beautiful a thing it was to die
 For God and for my sire !

" It comforts me in this one thought to
 dwell, [will ;
 That I subdued me to my father's
 Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
 Sweetens the spirit still.

" Moreover it is written that my race
 Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from
 Aroer [face
 On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her
 Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips : she left me where
 I stood : [afar,
 "Glory to God," she sang, and past
 Thridding the sombre boskage of the
 wood,
 Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
 As one that from a casement leans
 his head, [denly,
 When midnight bells cease ringing sud-
 And the old year is dead.

"Alas ! alas !" a low voice, full of care,
 Murmur'd beside me : "Turn and
 look on me : [fair,
 I am that Rosamond, whom men call
 If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some maiden
 coarse and poor ! [light !
 O me, that I should ever see the
 Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
 Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope
 and trust : [tamely died !
 To whom the Egyptian : "O, you
 You should have clung to Fulvia's
 waist, and thrust
 The dagger thro' her side."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's
 creeping beams, [mystery
 Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the
 Of folded sleep. The captain of my
 dreams
 Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the
 dark, [last trance
 Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her
 Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of
 Arc,
 A light of ancient France ;

Or her, who knew that Love can van-
 quish Death, [her king,
 Who kneeling, with one arm about
 Drew forth the poison with her balmy
 breath,
 Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labor's longer from the deep
 Gold-mines of thought to lift the
 hidden ore [sleep
 That glimpses, moving up, than I from
 To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With
 what dull pain [to strike
 Compass'd, how eagerly I sought
 Into that wondrous track of dreams
 again !
 But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath
 been blest, [years,
 Desiring what is mingled with past
 In yearnings that can never be express
 By signs or groans or tears ;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with
 choicest art, [sweet,
 Failing to give the bitter of the
 Wither beneath the palate, and the
 heart
 Faints, faded by its heat.

MARGARET.

I.

O SWEET pale Margaret,
 O rare pale Margaret,
 What lit your eyes with tearful power,
 Like moonlight on a falling shower ?
 Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
 Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
 Your melancholy sweet and frail
 As perfume of the cuckoo-flower ?
 From the westward-winding flood,
 From the evening-lighted wood,
 From all things outward you have
 won
 A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
 Between the rainbow and the sun
 The very smile before you speak,
 That dimples your transparent cheek,
 Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
 The senses with a still delight
 Of dainty sorrow without sound,
 Like the tender amber round,
 Which the moon about her spreadeth,
 Moving thro' a fleecy night.

2.

You love, remaining peacefully,
 To hear the murmur of the strife,
 But enter not the toil of life.
 Your spirit is the calmed sea,
 Laid by the tumult of the fight.
 You are the evening star, always
 Remaining betwixt dark and
 bright :
 Lull'd echoes of laborious day
 Come to you, gleams of mellow
 light
 Float by you on the verge of night.

3.

What can it matter, Margaret,
 What songs below the waning stars
 The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
 Sang looking thro' his prison bars ?
 Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
 The last wild thought of Chatelet,
 Just ere the fallen axe did part
 The burning brain from the true
 heart, [well ?
 Even in her sight he loved so

4.

A fairy shield your Genius made
 And gave you on your natal day.
 Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
 Keeps real sorrow far away.
 You move not in such solitudes,
 You are not less divine,
 But more human in your moods,
 Than your twin-sister, Adeline.
 Your hair is darker, and your eyes
 Touch'd with a somewhat darker
 hue,
 And less aërially blue
 But ever trembling thro' the dew
 Of dainty-woful sympathies.

5.

O sweet pale Margaret,
 O rare pale Margaret,
 Come down, come down, and hear me
 speak :
 Tie up the ringlets on you cheek :
 The sun is just about to set.
 The arching limes are tall and shady,
 And faint, rainy lights are seen,
 Moving in the leafy beech.

Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,
 Where all day long you sit between
 Joy and woe, and whisper each.
 Or only look across the lawn,
 Look out below your bower-eaves,
 Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn
 Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves.

THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something well.
 While all the neighbors shoot thee
 round, [ground,
 I keep smooth plats of fruitful
 Where thou may'st warble, eat, and
 dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
 Are thine ; the range of lawn and
 park :

The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
 All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the Spring,
 Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
 With that gold dagger of thy bill
 To fret the Summer jenneting.

A golden bill ! the silver tongue,
 Cold February loved, is dry :
 Plenty corrupts the melody
 That made thee famous once, when
 young :

And in the sultry garden-squares,
 Now thy flute-notes are changed to
 coarse,

I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
 As when a hawk hawks his wares.
 Take warning ! he that will not sing
 While you sun prospers in the blue,
 Shall sing for want, ere leaves are
 new,
 Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD
YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sigh
 ing :

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year you must not die ;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move :
 He will not see the dawn of day.
 He hath no other life above.
 He gave me a friend, and a true true-
 love

And the New-year will take 'em away.
 Old year you must not go ;
 So long as you have been with us,
 Such joy as you have seen with us,
 Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;
 A jollier year we shall not see.
 But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
 And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die ;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
 But all his merry quips are o'er.
 To see him die across the waste
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
 But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
 The night is starry and cold, my
 friend, [my friend,
 And the New-year blithe and bold,
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes I over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro :
 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :
 What is it we can do for you ?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
 Alack! our friend is gone,
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :
 Step from the corpse, and let him in
 That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor,
 my friend, [friend,
 And a new face at the door, my
 A new face at the door.

TO J. S.

THE wind, that beats the mountain,
 blows
 More softly round the open wold,
 And gently comes the world to those
 That are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made,
 Or else I had not dare to flow
 In these words toward you, and invade
 Even with a verse your holy woe.

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,
 Those in whose laps our limbs are
 nursed,
 Fall into shadow, soonest lost :
 Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love
 He lends us ; but, when love is
 grown
 To ripeness, that on which it throve,
 Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas!
 In grief I am not all unlearn'd ;
 Once thro' mine own doors Death did
 pass ;
 One went, who never hath return'd.

He will not smile—not speak to me
 Once more. Two years his chair
 is seen
 Empty before us. That was he
 Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer ; for this star
 Rose with you thro' a little arc
 Of heaven, nor having wander'd far
 Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother : his mute dust
 I honor and his living worth :
 A man more pure and bold and just
 Was never born unto the earth.

I have not look'd upon you nigh,
Since that dear soul hath fall'n
asleep.

Great Nature is more wise than I :
I will not tell you not to weep.

And tho' mine own eyes fill with dew,
Drawn from the spirit thro' the
brain,

I will not even preach to you,
"Weep, weeping dulls the inward
pain."

Let Grief be her own mistress still.
She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her
will
Be done—to weep or not to weep.

I will not say "God's ordinance
Of Death is blown in every wind";
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the
night.

Vain solace! Memory standing nea.
Cast down her eyes, and in her
throat
Her voice seem'd distant, and a tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth,
How *should* I soothe you anyway,
Who miss the brother of your youth?
Yet something I did wish to say :

For he too was a friend to me :
Both are my friends, and my true
breast

Bleedeth for both : yet it may be
That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would
make [cease ;
Grief more. 'Twere better I should
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in
peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace :
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons in-
crease,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or
strange,
Sleep full of rest from head to feet ;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

=====
You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas ?

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends
or foes

A man may speak the thing he will ;
A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly
down

From precedent to precedent :
Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive
thought [spread.
Hath time and space to work and

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute ;

Tho' Power should make from land to
land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
Should almost choke with golden
sand—

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth,
Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and
field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our
dreams,

Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-
brought

From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble
wings,

That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for
day,

Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds ;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the
years ;
Cut Prejudice against the grain :
But gentle words are always gain :
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place, or touch,
Of pension, neither count on praise :
It grows to guerdon after-days :
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch ;

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
Not master'd by some modern term ;
Not swift nor slow to change, but
firm :
And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly,
binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature, also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that, which
flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
 Completion in a painful school ;
 Phantoms of other forms of rule,
 New Majesties of mighty States—
 The warders of the growing hour,
 But vague in vapor, hard to mark ;
 And round them sea and air are
 dark
 With great contrivances of Power.
 Of many changes, aptly join'd,
 Is bodied forth the second whole.
 Regard gradation, lest the soul
 Of Discord race the rising wind ;
 A wind to puff your idol-fires,
 And heap their ashes on the head ;
 To shame the boast so often made,
 That we are wiser than our sires.
 O yet, if Nature's evil star
 Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
 To follow flying steps of Truth
 Across the brazen bridge of war—
 If New and Old, disastrous feud,
 Must ever shock, like armed foes,
 And this be true, till Time shall
 close,
 That Principles are rain'd in blood ;
 Not yet the wise of heart would cease
 To hold his hope thro' shame and
 guilt,
 But with his hand against the hilt,
 Would pace the troubled land, like
 Peace ;
 Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
 Would serve his kind in deed and
 word, [sword,
 Certain, if knowledge bring the
 That knowledge takes the sword away—
 Would love the gleams of good that
 broke
 From either side, nor veil his eyes :
 And if some dreadful need should
 rise [stroke :
 Would strike, and firmly, and one
 To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
 As we bear blossom of the dead,
 Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
 Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

THE GOOSE.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
 Her rags scarce held together ;
 There strode a stranger to the door,
 And it was windy weather.
 He held a goose upon his arm,
 He utter'd rhyme and reason,
 " Here, take the goose, and keep you
 warm,
 It is a stormy season."
 She caught the white goose by the leg.
 A goose—'twas no great matter.
 The goose let fall a golden egg
 With cackle and with clatter.
 She dropt the goose, and caught the
 pelf,
 And ran to tell her neighbors ;
 And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
 And rested from her labors.
 And feeding high, and living soft,
 Grew plump and able-bodied ;
 Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
 The parson smirk'd and nodded.
 So sitting, served by man and maid,
 She felt her heart grow prouder :
 But ah ! the more the white goose laid
 It clack'd and cackled louder.
 It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;
 It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :
 She shifted in her elbow-chair,
 And hurl'd the pan and kettle.
 " A quinsy choke thy cursed note !"
 Then wax'd her anger stronger.
 " Go, take the goose, and wring her
 throat,
 I will not bear it longer."
 Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the
 cat ;
 Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer,
 The goose flew this way and flew that,
 And fill'd the house with clamor.
 As head and heels upon the floor
 They floundered all together,
 There strode a stranger to the door,
 And it was windy weather :

He took the goose upon his arm,
 He utter'd words of scorning;
 "So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
 It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,
 And round the attics rumbled,
 Till all the tables danced again,
 And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
 The blast was hard and harder.
 Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
 And a whirlwind clear'd the larder;
 And while on all sides breaking loose
 Her household fled the danger,
 Quoth she, "The Devil take the
 goose,
 And God forget the stranger!"

ENGLISH IDYLS AND OTHER POEMS.

(PUBLISHED 1842.)

THE EPIC.

AT Francis Allen's on the Christmas-
 eve,—
 The game of forfeits done—the girls all
 kiss'd
 Beneath the sacred bush and past
 away— [Hall,
 The parson Holmes, the poet Everard
 The host, and I sat round the wassail-
 bowl,
 Then half-way ebb'd: and there we
 held a talk,
 How all the old honor had from Christ-
 mas gone,
 Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd
 games
 In some odd nooks like this; till I,
 tired out [pond,
 With cutting eights that day upon the
 Where, three times slipping from the
 outer edge, [stars,
 I bump'd the ice into three several
 Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard
 The parson taking wide and wider
 sweeps,
 Now harping on the church-commis-
 sioners,
 Now hawking at Geology and schism;
 Until I woke, and found him settled
 down

Upon the general decay of faith
 Right thro' the world, "at home was
 little left, [none
 And none abroad: there was no anchor,
 To hold by." Francis, laughing, clapt
 his hand
 On Everard's shoulder, with "I hold by
 him."
 "And I," quoth Everard, "by the was-
 sail-bowl."
 "Why yes," I said, we knew your gift
 that way
 At college: but another which you had
 I mean of verse (for so we held it then),
 What came of that?" "You know,"
 said Frank, "he burnt
 His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve
 books"— [O, sir,
 And then to me demanding why?
 He thought that nothing new was said,
 or else
 Something so said 'twas nothing—that
 a truth
 Looks freshest in the fashion of the
 day: [ask.
 God knows: he has a mint of reasons:
 It pleased *me* well enough." "Nay,
 nay," said Hall, [times?
 "Why take the style of those heroic
 For nature brings not back the Mas-
 todon,

Nor we those times ; and why should
 any man
 Remodel models ? these twelve books
 of mine [worth,
 Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-
 Mere chaff and draff, much better
 burnt." "But I,"
 Said Francis, "pick'd the eleventh from
 this hearth,
 And have it : keep a thing, its use will
 come.
 I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes."
 He laugh'd, and I, though sleepy, like
 a horse
 That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd
 my ears ;
 For I remember'd Everard's college
 fame
 When we were Freshmen : then at my
 request
 He brought it ; and the poet little
 urged, [ment,
 But with some prelude of disparage-
 Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and
 aes,
 Deep-chested music, and to this result.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter
 sea ; [man,
 Until King Arthur's table, man by
 Had fall'n in Lyonness about their
 Lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound
 was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the
 field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren
 land.
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was
 full.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir
 Bedivere :

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous
 knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such
 a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think
 that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly
 deeds, [halls
 Walking about the gardens and the
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made,—
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come
 again
 To rule once more—but let what will
 be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
 That without help I cannot last till
 morn. [bur,
 Thou therefore take my brand Excali-
 Which was my pride : for thou remem-
 berest how
 In those old days, one summer noon,
 an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
 derful,
 Holding the sword—and how I rowed
 across [king :
 And took it, and have worn it, like a
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known :
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere :
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly
 bring me word."
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee
 thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the
 helm. [man.
 A little thing may harm a wounded
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring
 thee word."
 So saying, from the ruined shrine he
 slept
 And in the moon athwart the place of
 tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient
 men,



H. ANJARD SC.

*“But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name.”*

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

Old knights, and over them the sea-
wind sang [stepping down
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He,
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed
rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Ex-
calibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter
moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,
ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against
the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond
studs, [work
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he
stood,
This way and that dividing the swift
mind,
In act to throw : but at the last it
seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the
marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded
king.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Be-
divere :
"Hast thou performed my mission
which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen or what
hast heard ?" [veré :
And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
"I heard the ripple washing in the
reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the
crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint
and pale :
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and
thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had follow'd, either
hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the
thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring
me word."
Then went Sir Bedivere the second
time
Across the ridge, and paced beside
the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in
thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased,
he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud :
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy
note, [earth,
Should thus be lost forever from the
Which might have pleased the eyes of
many men.
What good should follow this, if this
were done ?
What harm, undone ? deep harm to
disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king de-
mand
An act unprofitable, against himself ?
The King is sick, and knows not what
he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty
breath
And rumors of a doubt ? but were
this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty
kings, [arms,
Some one might show it at a joust of
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excali-
bur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the
Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the
deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the
aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame
were lost.'
So spake he, clouded with his own
conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the
wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing
heavily :

"What is it thou hast seen? or what
hast heard?" [vere :

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the
reefs."

To whom replied King Arthur, much
in wrath :

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is
me!

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what
thou art,

For thou, the latest left of all my
knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the pre-
cious hilt ;

- Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get
thee hence :

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my
hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and
ran,

And leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd
the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it.

The great brand [moon,
Made lightnings in the splendor of the
And flashing round and round, and
whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern
morn,

Seen where the moving isles of winter
shock [sea.

By night, with noises of the northern
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an
arm

Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,

And caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in
the mere.

And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing
thicker breath :

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is
done.

Speak out: what is it thou hast heard
or seen?" [vere :

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest
the gems [saw,

Should blind my purpose, for I never
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I
die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal
men,

So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him,
wheeling him ;

But when I look'd again, behold an
arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,

That caught him by the hilt, and bran-
dish'd him [mere."

Three times, and drew him under in the
And answer made King Arthur,
breathing hard :

"My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I
were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive
my weight,

And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall
die." [rose,

So saying, from the pavement he half
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue
eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found
not words,

Then took with care, and kneeling on
one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the
languid hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place
of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur
panted hard, [bed
Like one that feels a nightmare on his
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd
the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear
"Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge
to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking,
as he walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a
cry [like a goad.

Before. His own thought drove him
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and
right

The bare blackcliff clang'd round him,
as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that
rang [heels—

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter
moon.

Then saw they how there hove a
dusky barge [stern,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to
Beneath them; and descending they
were ware [stately forms

That all the decks were dense with
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a
dream—by these

Three Queens with crowns of gold—
and from them rose [stars,

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling
And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wink, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one
comes, [world.

Or hath come, since the making of the
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me
in the barge," [those three Queens

And to the barge they came. There
Put forth their hands, and took the
King, and wept.

But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and
chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complain-
ing loud,

And dropping bitter tears against his
brow

Striped with dark blood: for all his face
was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd
moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-
ing east;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd
with drops [curls—

Of onset; and the light and lustrous
That made his forehead like a rising
sun [parch'd west

High from the dais-throne—were
Or, clotted into points and hanging
loose, [fringed his lips.

Mix'd with the knightly growth that
So like a shatter'd column lay the
King;

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in
rest, [ment,

From spur to plume a star of tourna-
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and
charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of Kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-
vere,

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall
I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and
my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are
dead,

When every morning brought a noble
chance,

And every chance brought out a noble
knight.

Such times have been not since the
light hath led

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is
dissolved [world;

Which was an image of the mighty
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and
the years,

Among new men, strange faces, other
minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge ;
 " The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ? [way
 For so the whole round earth is every bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan—
 The c, fluting a wild carol ere her death,

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood [Bedivere
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

Here ended Hall, and our last light, that long
 Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell ;
 At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound,
 And waked with silence, grunted " Good ! " but we
 Sat rapt : it was the tone with which he read—
 Perhaps some modern touches here and there
 Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness—
 Or else we loved the man, and prized his work ;
 I know not : but we sitting, as I said,
 The cock crew loud ; as at that time of year
 The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn :
 Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,
 " There now—that's nothing ! " drew a little back,
 And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,
 That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue :
 And so to bed ; where yet in sleep I seem'd
 To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
 Point after point ; till on to dawn, when dreams
 Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,
 To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
 There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
 King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
 Of stateliest port ; and all the people cried,

"Arthur is come again: he cannot die."

Then those that stood upon the hills behind [as fair];

Repeated—"Come again, and thrice And, further inland, voices echoed—"Come

With all good things, and war shall be no more."

At this a hundred bells began to peal. That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed

The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER;
OR, THE PICTURES.

THIS morning is the morning of the day,

When I and Eustace from the city went

To see the Gardener's Daughter; I and he, [plete

Brothers in Art; a friendship so com- Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew

The fable of the city where we dwelt.

My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;

So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.

He, by some law that holds in love, and draws

The greater to the lesser, long desired A certain miracle of symmetry,

A miniature of loveliness, all grace Summ'd up and closed in little;—

Juliet, she So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she

To me myself, for some three careless moons,

The summer pilot of an empty heart

Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not [love,

Such touches are but embassies of To tamper with the feelings, ere he found [her,

Empire for life? but Eustace painted

And said to me, she sitting with us then,

"When will *you* paint like this?" and I replied,

(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)

"'Tis not your work, but Love's. Love, unperceived,

A more ideal Artist he than all, Came, drew your pencil from you,

made those eyes [hair Darker than darkest pansies, and that

More black than ashbuds in the front of March."

And Juliet answer'd laughing, "Go and see

The Gardener's daughter: trust me, after that,

You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece."

And up we rose, and on the spur we went. [quite

Not wholly in the busy world, nor Beyond it, blooms the garden that I

love. News from the humming city comes

to it [bells; In sound of funeral or of marriage

And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear

The windy clanging of the minster clock; [lies

Although between it and the garden A league of grass, wash'd by a slow

broad stream, That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the

oar, Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,

Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge Crown'd with the minster towers.

The fields between Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-

udder'd kine, And all about the large lime feathers

low, The lime a summer home of murmurous

wings. [herself, In that still place she, hoarded in

Grew, seldom seen: not less among us lived

Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard

Of Rose, the Gardener's daughter? Where was he,

So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
 At such a distance from his youth in
 grief,
 That, having seen, forgot? The com-
 mor. mouth
 So gross to express delight, in praise
 of her
 Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
 And Beauty such a mistress of the
 world. [Love,
 And if I said that Fancy, led by
 Would play with flying forms and im-
 ages,
 Yet this is also true, that, long before
 I look'd upon her, when I heard her
 name
 My heart was like a prophet to my heart
 And told me I should love. A crowd
 of hopes,
 That sought to show themselves like
 winged seeds,
 Born out of everything I heard and
 saw,
 Flutter'd about my senses and my soul ;
 And vague desires, like fitful blasts of
 balm [air
 To one that travels quickly, made the
 Of Life delicious, and all kinds of
 thought,
 That verged upon them, sweeter than
 the dream
 Dream'd by a happy man, when the
 dark East, [morn.
 Unseen, is brightening to his bridal
 And sure this orbit of the memory
 folds
 Forever in itself the day we went
 To see her. All the land in flowery
 squares
 Beneath a broad and equal-blowing
 wind,
 Smelt of the coming summer, as one
 large cloud
 Drew downward : but all else of Heaven
 was pure
 Up to the Sun, and May from verge to
 verge,
 And May with me from head to heel.
 And now,
 As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were
 The hour just flown, that morn with all
 its sound,

(For those old Mays had thrice the
 life of these,)
 Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot
 to graze,
 And, where the hedge-row cuts the
 pathway, stood,
 Leaning his horns into the neighbor
 field,
 And lowing to his fellows. From the
 woods
 Came voices of the well-contented
 doves.
 The lark could scarce get out his notes
 for joy
 But shook his song together as he near'd
 His happy home, the ground. To left
 and right, [hills;
 The cuckoo told his name to all the
 The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm ;
 The redcap whistled ; and the nightin-
 gale [day.
 Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of
 And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said
 to me,
 " Hear how the bushes echo ! by my life
 These birds have joyful thoughts.
 Think you they sing
 Like poets, from the vanity of song ?
 Or have they any sense of why they
 sing ?
 And would they praise the heavens
 for what they have ?"
 And I made answer, " Were there noth-
 ing else
 For which to praise the heavens but
 only love,
 That only love were cause enough for
 praise."
 Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read
 my thought,
 And on we went ; but ere an hour had
 pass'd, [North ;
 We reach'd a meadow slanting to the
 Down which a well-worn pathway
 courted us
 To one green wicket in a privet hedge ;
 This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
 Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly
 pruned ;
 And one warm gust, full-fed with
 perfume, blew
 Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.

The garden stretches southward. In
the midst
A cedar spread his dark-green layers
of shade.
The garden-glasses shone, and moment-
ly [lights.
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver
"Eustace," I said, this wonder keeps
the house."
He nodded, but a moment afterwards
He cried, "Look! look!" Before he
ceased I turn'd, [there.
And, ere a star can wink, beheld her
For up the porch there grew an East-
ern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's
gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm
aloft—
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to
the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she
stood. [hair
A single stream of all her soft brown
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the
flowers [ing
Stole all the golden gloss, and, waver-
Lovingly lower, trembled on her
waist—
Ah, happy shade—and still went
wavering down,
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might
have danced [dipt,
The greensward into greener circles,
And mix'd with shadows of the com-
mon ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows,
and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-
bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against
her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a
breast [shade,
As never pencil drew. Half light, half
She stood, a sight to make an old man
young.
So rapt, we near'd the house; but
she, a Rose
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,
Nor heard us come, nor from her tend-
ance turn'd

Into the world without; till close at
hand,
And almost ere I knew mine own in-
tent,
This murmur broke the stillness of
that air
Which brooded round about her:
"Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers
cull'd, [on lips
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd
Less exquisite than thine."
She look'd: but all
Suffused with blushes—neither self-
possess'd
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood
and that,
Divided in a graceful quiet—paused,
And dropt the branch she held, and
turning, wound
Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd
her lips
For some sweet answer, tho' no answer
came,
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,
And moved away, and left me, statue-
like,
In act to render thanks.
I, that whole day,
Saw her no more, altho' I linger'd
there
Till every daisy slept, and Love's
white star
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the
dusk.
So home we went, and all the live-
long way [me.
With solemn gibe did Eustace banter
"Now," said he, "will you climb the
top of Art.
You cannot fail but work in hues to dim
The Titianic Flora. Will you match
My Juliet? you, not you,—the Master,
Love,
A more ideal Artist he than all."
So home I went, but could not sleep
for joy, [gloom,
Reading her perfect features in the
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and
o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the
glance

That graced the giving—such a noise
of life [voice
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a
Call'd to me from the years to come,
and such
A length of bright horizon rimm'd
the dark.
And all that night I heard the watch-
men peal
The sliding season: all that night I
heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy
hours.
The drowsy hours, dispensers of all
good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded
wings,
Distilling odors on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.
Love at first sight, first-born, and heir
to all,
Made this night thus. Henceforward
squall nor storm
Could keep me from that Eden where
she dwelt.
Light pretexts drew me: sometimes a
Dutch love
For tulips; then for roses, moss or
musk,
To grace my city-rooms: or fruits
and cream
Served in the weeping elm; and more
and more [cheek;
A word could bring the color to my
A thought would fill my eyes with
happy dew; [each
Love trebled life within me, and with
The year increased.
The daughters of the year,
One after one, thro' that still garden
pass'd:
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Danced into light, and died into the
shade;
And each in passing touch'd with some
new grace
Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by
day,
Like one that never can be wholly
known,
Her beauty grew; till Autumn brought
an hour

For Eustace, when I heard his deep
“I will,”
Breathed, like the covenant of a God,
to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds: but
I rose up
Full of his bliss, and following her dark
eyes
Felt earth as air beneath me, till I
reach'd
The wicket-gate, and found her stand-
ing there.
There sat we down upon a garden
mound,
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the
third,
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both; and over many a
range
Of waning lime the gray cathedral
towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Reveal'd their shining windows: from
them clash'd
The bells; we listen'd; with the time
we play'd;
We spoke of other things; we coursed
about
The subject most at heart, more near
and near,
Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling
round
The central wish, until we settled there.
Then, in that time and place, I spoke
to her,
Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,
Yet for the pleasure that I took to
hear,
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,
A woman's heart, the heart of her I
loved;
And in that time and place she an-
swer'd me,
And in the compass of three little
words,
More musical than ever came in one,
The silver fragments of a broken voice,
Made me most happy, faltering “I am
thine.”
Shall I cease here? Is this enough
to say
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,

By its own energy fulfill'd itself,
Merged in completion? Would you
learn at full [grades
How passion rose thro' circumstantial
Beyond all grades develop'd? and in-
deed

I had not stayed so long to tell you all,
But while I mused came Memory with
sad eyes,

Holding the folded annals of my youth;
And while I mused, Love with knit
brows went by,

And with a flying finger swept my
lips, [given

And spake, "Be wise: not easily for-
Are those, who, setting wide the doors
that bar [heart,

The secret bridal chambers of the
Let in the day." Here, then, my words
have end.

Yet might I tell of meetings, of fare-
wells—

Of that which came between, more
sweet than each,

In whispers, like the whispers of the
leaves

That tremble round a nightingale—in
sighs

Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utter-
ance,

Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I
not tell

Of difference, reconciliation, pledges
given,

And vows, where there was never need
of vows,

And kisses, where the heart on one
wild leap [above

Hung tranced from all pulsation, as
The heavens between their fairy fleeces
pale

Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting
stars;

Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-
lit,

Spread the light haze along the river-
shores,

And in the hollows; or as once we met
Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering
rain

Night slid down one long stream of
sighing wind.

And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep
But this whole hour your eyes have
been intent

On that veil'd picture—veil'd for what
it holds

May not be dwelt on by the common
day.

This prelude has prepared thee. Raise
thy soul;

Make thine heart ready with thine eyes;
the time

Is come to rise the veil.

Behold her there,
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,

My first, last love; the idol of my
youth,

The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessed memory of mine
age.

DORA.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his
son, [them,

And she his niece. He often look'd at
And often thought "I'll make them
man and wife."

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the
youth, because [house,

He had been always with her in the
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said,

"My son:

I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I
die:

And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is
well

To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and
he died

In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora; take her for your
wife;

For I have wish'd this marriage, night
and day,

For many years." But William answered short :

"I cannot marry Dora ; by my life, I will not marry Dora." Then the old man

Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :

"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!

But in my time a father's word was law, And so it shall be now for me. Look to it; [think

Consider, William: take a month to And let me have an answer to my wish ; Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,

And never more darken my doors again."

But William answered madly ; bit his lips, [at her

And broke away. The more he look'd The less he liked her: and his ways were harsh ;

But Dora bore them meekly. Then before

The month was out he left his father's house, [fields;

And hired himself to work within the And half in love, half-spite, he woo'd and wed

A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd

His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well :

But if you speak with him that was my son, [wife,

Or change a word with her he calls his My home is none of yours. My will is law." [thought,

And Dora promised, being meek. She "It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy

To William; then distresses came on him; [gate,

And day by day he pass'd his father's Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.

But Dora stored what little she could save,

And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know

Who sent it; till at last a fever seized On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :

"I have obeyed my uncle until now, And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me

This evil came on William at the first. But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone, [chose,

And for your sake, the woman that he And for this orphan, I am come to you : You know there has not been for these five years

So full a harvest: let me take the boy, And I will set him in my uncle's eye

Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad

Of the full harvest, he may see the boy, And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way

Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound [grew.

That was unsown, where many poppies Far off the farmer came into the field

And spied her not; for none of all his men [child;

Dare tell him Dora waited with the And Dora would have risen and gone

to him, But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took

The child once more, and sat upon the mound;

And made a little wreath of all the flowers

That grew about, and tied it round his hat

To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.

Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
 He spied her, and he left his men at work,
 And came and said : " Where were you yesterday ?
 Whose child is that ! What are you doing here ?"
 So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
 And answer'd softly, " This is William's child !"
 " And did I not," said Allan, " did I not
 forbid you, Dora ?" Dora said again,
 " Do with me as you will, but take the child
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !"
 And Allan said, " I see it is a trick
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
 I must be taught my duty, and by you !
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
 To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;
 But go you hence, and never see me more." [aloud
 So saying, he took the boy, that cried
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
 At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
 More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
 Remembering the day when first she came,
 And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
 And wept in secret ; and the reapers reap'd,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark. [dark.
 Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
 Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
 To God, that help'd her in her widow-

And Dora said, " My uncle took the boy ;
 But, Mary, let me live and work with He says that he will never see me more."
 Then answer'd Mary, " This shall never be,
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
 His mother ; therefore thou and I will go
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
 And I will beg of him to take thee back ;
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William's child, until he grows
 Of age to help us."
 So the women kiss'd
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
 The door was off the latch : they peep'd and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his [arm,
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretch'd out
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in : but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her :
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said :
 " O Father—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come

For Dora: take her back: she loves
you well

O Sir, when William died, he died at
peace

With all men; for I ask'd him, and he
said,

He could not ever rue his marrying
me—

I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he
said

That he was wrong to cross his father
thus:

'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he
never know

The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then
he turn'd

His face and pass'd—unhappy that I
am!

But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for
you

Will make him hard, and he will learn
to slight

His father's memory; and take Dora
back,

And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the
room;

And all at once the old man burst in
sobs:

"I have been to blame—to blame. I
have kill'd my son.

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—
my dear son.

May God forgive me!—I have been
to blame.

Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him
many times.

And all the man was broken with re-
morse;

And all his love came back a hundred-
fold;

And for three hours he sobb'd o'er
William's child,

Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as
time [mate;

Went forward, Mary took another
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

AUDLEY COURT.

"THE Bull, the Fleece are cramm'd,
and not a room

For love or money. Let us picnic
there

At Audley Court."

I spoke, while Audley feast
Hum'm'd like a hive all round the nar-
row quay,

To Francis, with a basket on his arm,
To Francis just alighted from the boat,
And breathing of the sea. "With all
my heart,"

Said Francis. Then we shoulder'd
thro' the swarm,

And rounded by the stillness of the
beach [horn.

To where the bay runs up its latest
We left the dying ebb that faintly
lipp'd

The flat red granite; so by many a
sweep

Of meadow smooth from aftermath we
reach'd

The griffin-guarded gates, and pass'd
thro' all

The pillar'd dusk of sounding syc-
amores,

And cross'd the garden to the gar-
dener's lodge,

With all its casements bedded, and its
walls

And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine.
There, on a slope of orchard, Fran-
cis laid

A damask napkin wrought with horse
and hound,

Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of
home,

And, half-cut-down, a pasty costly
made,

Where quail and pigeon, lark and lev-
eret lay,

Like fossils of the rock, with golden
yokes

Imbedded and injellied; last, with
these,

A flask of cider from his father's vats,
Prime, which I knew; and so we sat
and eat [dead,

And talk'd old matters over: who was

Who married, who was like to be, and how

The races went, and who would rent the hall :

Then touch'd upon the game, how scarce it was

This season; glancing thence, discuss'd the farm,

The fourfield system, and the price of grain ;

And struck upon the corn-laws, where we split,

And came again together on the king With heated faces; till he laugh'd aloud ;

And, while the blackbird on the pippin To hear him, clapt his hand in mine and sang :

“O, who would fight and march and countermarch,

Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field, And shovell'd up into a bloody trench

Where no one knows? but let me live my life.

“O, who would cast and balance at a Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool,

Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints

Are full of chalk? but let me live my life

“Who'd serve the state? for if I carved my name

Upon the cliffs that guard my native land,

I might as well have traced it in the The sea wastes all : but let me live my life.

“O, who would love? I woo'd a woman once,

But she was sharper than an eastern And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn

Turns from the sea : but let me live my life.”

He sang his song, and I replied with mine :

I found it in a volume, all of songs, Knock'd down to me, when old Sir

Robert's pride, His books—the more the pity, so I said—

Came to the hammer here in March—and this—

I set the words, and added names I knew.

“Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep, and dream of me :

Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister's arm, And sleeping, haply dream her arm is mine.

“Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia's Emilia, fairer than all else but thou,

For thou art fairer than all else that is.

“Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast :

Sleep, breathing love and trust against her lip :

I go to-night: I come to-morrow morn.

“I go, but I return: I would I were The pilot of the darkness and the dream.

Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and dream of me ”

So sang we each to either, Francis Hale,

The farmer's son who lived across the My friend; and I, that having where-withal,

And in the fallow leisure of my life, Did what I would : but ere the night we rose

And saunter'd home beneath a moon, that, just

In crescent, dimly rain'd about the leaf Twilights of airy silver, till we reach'd

The limit of the hills; and as we sank From rock to rock upon the glooming quay,

The town was hush'd beneath us : lower down

The bay was oily-calm; the harbor-buoy

With one green sparkle ever and anon Dipt by itself, and we were glad at heart.

WALKING TO THE MAIL.

John. I'M glad I walk'd. How fresh the meadows look

Above the river, and but a month ago,

The whole hillside was redder than a fox.

Is yon plantation where this by-way joins

The turnpike?

James. Yes.

John. And when does this come by?

James. The mail? At one o'clock.

John. What is it now?

James. A quarter to.

John. Whose house is that I see?

No, not the County Member's with the vane: [half

Up higher with the yewtree by it, and A score of gables

James. That? Sir Edward Head's: But he's abroad: the place is to be sold.

John. O, his. He was not broken.

James. No, sir, he, Vex'd with a morbid devil in his blood That veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his face

From all men, and commercing with himself,

He lost the sense that handles daily life—

That keeps us all in order more or less— [change.

And sick of home went overseas for

John. And whither?

James. Nay, who knows? he's here and there.

But let him go; his devil goes with him, As well as with his tenant, Jocky Dawes.

John. What's that?

James. You saw the man—on Monday, was it?—

There by the humpback'd willow; half stands up

And bristles; half has fall'n and made a bridge;

And there he caught the younker tickling trout—

Caught in *flagrante*—what's the Latin word?—

Delicto: but his house, for so they say, Was haunted with a jolly ghost, that shook

The curtains, whined in lobbies, tapt at doors,

And rummaged like a rat: no servant stay'd:

The farmer vext packs up his beds and chairs,

And all his household stuff: and with his boy [tilt,

Betwixt his knees, his wife upon the Sets out, and meets a friend who hails him. "What!

You're flitting!" "Yes, we're flitting," says the ghost,

(For they had pack'd the thing among the beds.)

"O well," says he, "you flitting with us too— [again."

Jack, turn the horses' heads and home

John. He left his wife behind; for so I heard.

James. He left her, yes. I met my lady once:

A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs.

John. O yet but I remember, ten years back—

'Tis now at least ten years—and then she was— [thing:

You could not light upon a sweeter A body slight and round, and like a pear [foot

In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin

As clean and white as privet when it flowers.

James. Ay, ay, the blossom fades, and they that loved [dog.

At first like dove and dove were cat and She was the daughter of a cottager,

Out of her sphere. What betwixt shame and pride,

New things and old, himself and her, she sour'd

To what she is: a nature never kind! Like men, like manners: like breeds like, they say.

Kind nature is the best: those manners next

That fit us like a nature second-hand; Which are indeed the manners of the great.

John. But I had heard it was this bill that past,

And fear of change at home, that drove
him hence.

James. That was the last drop in
his cup of gall.

I once was near him, when his bailiff
brought

A Chartist pike. You should have
seen him wince

As from a venomous thing: he thought
himself

A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a
cry

Should break his sleep by night, and
his nice eyes

Should see the raw mechanic's bloody
thumbs

Sweat on his blazon'd chairs; but, sir,
you know

That these two parties still divide the
world—

Of those that want, and those that have:
and still

The same old sore breaks out from age
to age

With much the same result. Now I
myself,

A Tory to the quick, was as a boy
Destructive, when I had not what I
would.

I was at school—a college in the
South:

There lived a flayflint near; we stole
his fruit,

His hens, his eggs; but there was law
for us:

We paid in person. He had a sow,
sir. She, [tent,

With meditative grunts of much con-
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun
and mud.

By night we dragged her to the college
tower

From her warm bed, and up the cork-
screw stair

With hand and rope we haled the
groaning sow,

And on the leads we kept her till she
pigg'd. [sow,

Large range of prospect had the mother
And but for daily loss of one she loved,

As one by one we took them—but for
this—

As never sow was higher in this world—
Might have been happy: but what lot
is pure?

We took them all, till she was left
alone

Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty.

John. They found you out?

James. Not they.

John. Well—after all—

What know we of the secret of a man!
His nerves were wrong. What ails us,
who are sound,

That we should mimic this raw fool the
world,

Which charts us all in its coarse blacks
or whites,

As ruthless as a baby with a worm,
As cruel as a school-boy ere he grows
To Pity—more from ignorance than
will.

But put your best foot forward, or I
fear

That we shall miss the mail: and here
it comes

With five at top: as quaint a four-in-
hand

As you shall see—three piebalds and a
roan.

EDWIN MORRIS; OR, THE
LAKE.

O ME, my pleasant rambles by the
lake.

My sweet, wild, fresh three-quarters of
a year,

My one Oasis in the dust and drouth
Of city life; I was a sketcher then:

See here, my doing: curves of moun-
tain, bridge,

Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built
When men knew how to build, upon a
rock,

With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock:
And here, new-comers in an ancient
hold, [aires,

New-comers from the Mersey, million-
Here lived the Hills—a Tudor-chim-
neyed bulk

Of mellow brickwork on an isle of
bowers.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake
 With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull
 The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,
 Long learned names of agaric, moss, and fern,
 Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,
 Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,
 Who read me rhymes elaborately good,
 His own—I call'd him Crichton, for he seem'd
 All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.

And once I ask'd him of his early life,
 And his first passion; and he answer'd me;
 And well his words became him: was he not
 A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence
 Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he spoke.

“My love for nature is as old as I;
 But thirty moons, one honeymoon to that,
 And three rich sennights more, my love for her.
 My love for Nature and my love for her,
 Of different ages, like twin-sisters grew,
 Twin-sisters differently beautiful.
 To some full music rose and sank the sun,
 And some full music seem'd to move and change
 With all the varied changes of the dark,
 And either twilight and the day between;
 For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again
 Revolving toward fulfilment, made it sweet
 To walk, to sit, to sleep, to breathe, to wake.”

Or this or something like to this he spoke.
 Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull:

“I take it, God made the woman for the man,
 And for the good and increase of the world.
 A pretty face is well, and this is well,
 To have a dame indoors, that trims us up,
 And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways
 Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed
 Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.
 I say, God made the woman for the man,
 And for the good and increase of the world.

“Parson,” said I, “you pitch the pipe to a low:
 But I have sudden touches, and can run
 My faith beyond my practice into his:
 Tho' if, in dancing after Letty Hill,
 I do not hear the bells upon my cap,
 I scarce hear other music: yet say on.
 What should one give to light on such a dream?”
 I ask'd him half-sardonically.

“Give? Give all thou art,” he answer'd, and a light
 Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek;
 “I would have hid her needle in my heart,
 To save her little finger from a scratch
 No deeper than the skin: my ears could hear
 Her lightest breaths: her least remark was worth
 The experience of the wise. I went and came;
 Her voice fled always thro' the summer land;
 I spoke her name alone. Thrice-happy days!

The flower of each, those moments
when we met,
The crown of all, we met to part no
more."

Were not his words delicious, I a
beast
To take them as I did? but something
jarr'd;
Whether he spoke too largely; that
there seem'd
A touch of something false, some self-
conceit,
Or over-smoothness: howsoe'er it was,
He scarcely hit my humor, and I said:
"Friend Edwin, do not think your-
self alone [me,
Of all men happy. Shall not Love to
As in the Latin song I learnt at school,
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right
and left? [vein:
But you can talk: yours is a kindly
I have, I think,—Heaven knows—as
much within;
Have, or should have, but for a thought
or two,
That like a purple beech among the
greens
Looks out of place: 'tis from no want
in her:
It is my shyness, or my self-distrust,
Or something of a wayward modern
mind
Dissecting passion. Time will set me
right."

So spoke I knowing not the things
that were.
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward
Bull:
"God made the woman for the use of
man,
And for the good and increase of the
world."
And I and Edwin laugh'd; and now we
paused
About the windings of the marge to
hear
The soft wind blowing over meadowy
holms [left
And alders, garden-isles; and now we

The clerk behind us, I and he, and ran
By ripply shallows of the lispings lake,
Delighted with the freshness and the
sound.

But, when the bracken rusted on their
crag,
My suit had wither'd, nipt to death by
him
That was a God, and is a lawyer-
clerk,
The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles.
'Tis true, we met; one hour I had, no
more: [stait,
She sent a note, the seal an *Elle vous*
The close "Your Letty, only yours";
and this
Thrice underscored. The friendly mist
of morn
Clung to the lake, I bloated over, ran
My craft aground, and heard with beat-
ing heart
The Sweet-Gale rustle round the shelv-
ing keel:
And out I stept, and up I crept; she
moved,
Like Proserpine in Ætna, gathering
flowers:
Then low and sweet I whistled thrice;
and she,
She turn'd, we closed, we kiss'd, swo-
faith, I breathed
In some new planet: a silent court:
stole [cried,
Upon us and departed: "Leave," she
"O leave me!" "Never, dearest,
never: here
I brave the worst": and while we stood
like fools
Embracing, all at once a score of pugs
And poodles yell'd within, and out they
came
Trustees and Aunts and Uncles.
"What, with him!"
"Go" (shrill'd the cottonspinning
chorus) "him!"
I choked. Again they shriek'd the
burthen "Him!"
Again with hands of wild rejector.
"Go!—
Girl, get you in!" She went—and in
one month

They wedded her to sixty thousand
pounds,
To lands in Kent and messuages in
York,
And slight Sir Robert with his watery
smile

And educated whisker. But for me,
They set an ancient creditor to work:
It seems I broke a close with force and
arms: [king

There came a mystic token from the
To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy!
I read, and fled by night, and flying
turn'd:

Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below:
I turn'd once more, close-button'd to
the storm;

So left the place, left Edwin, nor have
seen

Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared
to hear. [ago

Nor cared to hear? perhaps: yet long
I have pardon'd little Letty: not indeed,
It may be, for her own dear sake but
this,

She seems a part of those fresh days
to me;

For in the dust and drouth of London
life [lake,

She moves among my visions of the
While the prime swallow dips his wing,
or then

While the gold-lily blows, and overhead
The light cloud smoulders on the sum-
mer crag.

ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

ALTHO. I be the basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and
crust of sin,

Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce
meet

For troops of devils, mad with blas-
phemy,

I will not cease to grasp the hope I
hold

Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn, and
sob,

Battering the gates of heaven with
storms of prayer,

Have mercy, Lord, and take away my
sin. [God,

Let this avail, just dreadful, mighty
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten
years,

Thrice multiplied by superhuman
pangs,

In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and
cold,

In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous
throes and cramps,

A sign betwixt the meadow and the
cloud,

Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and
sleet, and snow;

And I had hoped that ere this period
closed

Thou wouldst have caught me up into
thy rest,

Denying not these weather-beaten limbs
The meed of saints, the white robe and
the palm. [breathe,

O take the meaning, Lord: I do not
Not whisper any murmur of complaint,
Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this,
were still

Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to
bear,

Than were those lead-like tons of sin,
that crush'd

My spirit flat before thee.

O Lord, Lord,

Thou knowest I bore this better at the
first,

For I was strong and hale of body
then;

And tho' my teeth, which now are dropt
away,

Would chatter with the cold, and all
my beard

Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the
moon,

I drown'd the whoopings of the owl
with sound

Of pious hymns and psalms, and some-
times saw [sang.

An angel stand and watch me, as I
Now am I feeble grown; my end draws
nigh;

I hope my end draws nigh: half-deaf
I am,

So that I scarce can hear the people
 hum
 About the column's base, and almost
 blind,
 And scarce can recognize the fields I
 know ;
 And both my thighs are rotted with
 the dew ;
 Yet cease I not to clamor and to cry,
 While my stiff spine can hold my weary
 head,
 Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from
 the stone,
 I have mercy, mercy : take away my sin.
 O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my
 soul,
 Who may be saved ? who is it may be
 saved ?
 Who may be made a saint, if I fail
 here ?
 Show me the man hath suffer'd more
 than I.
 For did not all thy martyrs die one
 death ? [fied,
 For either they were stoned, or cruci-
 Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or
 sawn
 In twain beneath the ribs ; but I die
 here
 To-day, and whole years long, a life of
 death. [way
 Bear witness, if I could have found a
 (And heedfully I sifted all my thought)
 More slowly-painful to subdue this
 home
 Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and
 hate,
 I had not stinted practice, O my God.
 For not alone this pillar-punishment,
 Not this alone I bore : but while I lived
 In the white convent down the valley
 there,
 For many weeks about my loins I wore
 The rope that haled the buckets from
 the well,
 Twisted as tight as I could knot the
 noose ;
 And spake not of it to a single soul,
 Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,
 Betray'd my secret penance, so that all
 My brethren marvell'd greatly. More
 than this

I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest
 all.
 Three winters, that my soul might
 grow to thee,
 I lived up there on yonder mountain
 side.
 My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay
 Pent in a roofless close of ragged
 stones ; [mist, and twice
 Inswathed sometimes in wandering
 Black'd with thy branding thunder, and
 sometimes [not,
 Sucking the damps for drink, and eating
 Except the spare chance-gift of those
 that came
 To touch my body and be heal'd, and
 live :
 And they say then that I work'd
 miracles,
 Whereof my fame is loud amongst
 mankind,
 Cured lameness, palsies, cancers.
 Thou, O God,
 Knowest alone whether this was or no.
 Have mercy, mercy ; cover all my sin.
 Then, that I might be more alone
 with thee,
 Three years I lived upon a pillar, high
 Six cubits, and three years on one of
 twelve ;
 And twice three years I crouch'd on
 one that rose
 Twenty by measure ; last of all, I grew,
 Twice ten long weary, weary years to
 this,
 That numbers forty cubits from the soil.
 I think that I have borne as much as
 this—
 Or else I dream—and for so long a
 time,
 If I may measure time by yon slow light,
 And this high dial, which my sorrow
 crowns—
 So much—even so.
 And yet I know not well,
 For that the evil ones come here, and
 say,
 " Fall down, O Simeon : thou hast
 suffer'd long
 For ages and for ages ! " then they prate
 Of penances I cannot have gone thro',
 Perplexing me with lies ; and oft I fall,

Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies,
That Heaven, and Earth, and Time
are choked.

But yet

Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all
the saints

Enjoy themselves in Heaven, and men
on earth

House in the shade of comfortable
roofs,

Sit with their wives by fires, eat whole-
some food,

And wear warm clothes, and even
beasts have stalls,

I 'tween the spring and downfall of the
light,

Bown down one thousand and two
hundred times,

To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and
the Saints ;

Or in the night, after a little sleep,

I wake : the chill stars sparkle ; I am
wet

With drenching dews, or stiff with
crackling frost,

I wear an undress'd goatskin on my
back ;

A grazing iron collar grinds my neck ;
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the
cross,

And strive and wrestle with thee till I
die :

O mercy, mercy ! wash away my sin.

O Lord, thou knowest what a man I
am ;

A sinful man, conceived and born in
sin :

'Tis their own doing ; this is none of
mine ; [this,

Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for
That here come those that worship me ?

Ha ! ha !

They think that I am somewhat.
What am I ?

The silly people take me for a saint,
And bring me offerings of fruit and
flowers :

And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness
here)

Have all in all endured as much, and
more

Than many just and holy men, whose
names

Are register'd and calendar'd for saints.
Good people, you do ill to kneel to
me.

What is it I can have done to merit
this !

I am a sinner viler than you all.

It may be I have wrought some
miracles,

And cured some halt and maim'd ; but
what of that ?

It may be, no one, even among the
saints,

May match his pains with mine ; but
what of that ?

Yet do not rise : for you may look on
me,

And in your looking you may kneel to
God.

Speak ! is there any of you halt or
maim'd ?

I think you know I have some power
with Heaven

From my long penance : let him speak
his wish.

Yes, I can heal him Power goes
forth from me.

They say that they are heal'd Ah,
hark ! they shout

" St. Simeon Stylites." Why, if so,
God reaps a harvest in me O my soul,

God reaps a harvest in thee. If this be
Can I work miracles and not be saved ?

This is not told of any. They were
saints.

It cannot be but that I shall be saved,
Yea, crown'd a saint They shout,

" Behold a saint !"

And lower voices saint me from above.
Courage, St. Simeon ! This dull

chrysalis

Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere
death

Spreads more and more and more, that
God hath now

Sponged and made blank of crimeful
record all

My mortal archives.

O my sons, my sons,

I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
Stylites, among men, I, Simeon,

The watcher on the column till the end;

I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes;

I, whose bald brows in silent hours become

Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now
From my high nest of penance here
proclaim

That Pontius and Iscariot by my side
Show'd like fair seraphs. On the coals
I lay,

A vessel full of sin: all hell beneath.
Made me boil over. Devils pluck'd my
sleeve;

Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.
I smote them with the cross; they
swarm'd again.

In bed like monstrous apes they crush'd
my chest:

They flapp'd my light out as I read: I
saw [book:

Their faces grow between me and my
With colt-like whinny and with hoggish
whine

'They burst my prayer. Yet this way
was left,

And by this way I 'scaped them.
Mortify

Your flesh, like me, with scourges and
with thorns;

Smite, shrink not, spare not. If it may
be, fast

Whole Lents, and pray. I hardly, with
slow steps,

With slow, faint steps, and much ex-
ceeding pain,

Have scrambled past those pits of fire,
that still

Sing in mine ears. But yield not me
the praise:

God only thro' his bounty hath thought
fit, [world,

Among the powers and princes of this
To make me an example to mankind,

Which few can reach to. Yet I do not
say

But that a time may come—yea, even
now,

Now, now, his footsteps smite the
threshold stairs

Of life—I say, that time is at the doors

When you may worship me without re-
proach;

For I will leave my relics in your land,
And you may carve a shrine about my
dust,

And burn a fragrant lamp before my
bones,

When I am gather'd to the glorious
saints.

While I spake then, a sting of
shrewdest pain

Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloud-
like change,

In passing, with a grosser film made
thick

These heavy, horny eyes. The end!
the end!

Surely the end! What's here? a shape,
a shape,

A flash of light. Is that the angel there
That holds a crown? Come, blessed
brother, come.

I know thy glittering face. I waited
long;

My brows are ready. What! deny it
now?

Nay, draw, draw, draw nigh. So I clutch
it. Christ!

'Tis gone: 'tis here again: the crown!
the crown!

So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,
And from it melt the dews of Paradise,
Sweet! sweet! spikenard, and balm,
and frankincense.

Ah! let me not be fool'd, sweet saints:
I trust

That I am whole, and clean, and meet
for Heaven. [God,

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of
Among you there, and let him presently
Approach, and lean a ladder on the
shaft,

And climbing up into my airy home,
Deliver me the blessed sacrament;
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost,
I prophesy that I shall die to-night,
A quarter before twelve.

But thou, O Lord,
Aid all this foolish people; let them
take

Example, pattern; lead them to thy
light.

THE TALKING OAK.

ONCE more the gate behind me falls;
 Once more before my face
 I see the moulder'd Abbey-walls,
 That stand within the chace.

Beyond the lodge the city lies,
 Beneath its drift of smoke;
 And ah! with what delighted eyes
 I turn to yonder oak.

For when my passion first began,
 Ere that, which in me burn'd,
 The love, that makes me thrice a man,
 Could hope itself return'd;

To yonder oak within the field
 I spoke without restraint,
 And with a larger faith appeal'd
 Than Papist unto Saint.

For oft I talk'd with him apart,
 And told him of my choice,
 Until he plagiarized a heart,
 And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper'd, under Heaven
 None else could understand;
 I found him garrulously given,
 A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply
 Is many a weary hour;
 'Twere well to question him, and try
 If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,
 Broad Oak of Sumner-chace,
 Whose topmost branches can discern
 The roofs of Sumner-place!

Say thou, whereon I carved her name,
 If ever maid or spouse,
 As fair as my Olivia, came
 To rest beneath thy boughs.—

"O Walter, I have shelter'd here
 Whatever maiden grace
 The good old Summers, year by year,
 Made ripe in Sumner-chace:

"Old Summers, when the monk was
 fat,
 And, issuing shorn and sleek,
 Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
 The girls upon the cheek,

"Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,
 And number'd bead and shrift,
 Bluff Harry broke into the spence,
 And turn'd the cowls adrift:

"And I have seen some score of those
 Fresh faces that would thrive
 When his man-minded offset rose
 To chase the deer at five;

"And all that from the town would
 stroll,
 Till that wild wind made work
 In which the gloomy brewer's soul
 Went by me, like a stork:

"The slight she-slips of loyal blood,
 And others, passing praise,
 Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud
 For puritanic stays:

"And I have shadow'd many a group
 Of beauties that were born
 In teap-up-times of hood and hoop,
 Or while the patch was worn;

"And, leg and arm with love-knots gay,
 About me leap'd and laugh'd
 The modish Cupid of the day,
 And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

"I swear (and else may insects prick
 Each leaf into a gall)
 This girl, for whom your heart is sick,
 Is three times worth them all;

"For those and theirs, by Nature's law,
 Have faded long ago;
 But in these latter springs I saw
 Your own Olivia blow,

"From when she gamboll'd on the
 greens,
 A baby-germ, to when
 The maiden blossoms of her teens
 Could number five from ten.

"I swear, by leaf, and wind, and rain,
 (And hear me with thine ears,)
 That, tho' I circle in the grain
 Five hundred rings of years—

"Yet, since I first could cast a shade,
 Did never creature pass
 So slightly, musically made,
 So light upon the grass:

* For as to fairies, that will flit
To make the greensward fresh,
I hold them exquisitely knit,
But far too spare of flesh."

O, hide thy knotted knees in fern,
And overlook the chace;
And from thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place.

But thou, whereon I carved her name,
That oft has heard my vows,
Declare when last Olivia came
To sport beneath thy boughs.

"O yesterday, you know, the fair
Was holden at the town:
Her father left his good arm-chair,
And rode his hunter down.

"And with him Albert came on his,
I look'd at him with joy:
As cowslip unto oxlip is,
So seems she to the boy.

"An hour had past — and, sitting
straight
Within the low-wheel'd chaise,
Her mother trundled to the gate
Behind the dappled grays.

"But, as for her, she stay'd at home,
And on the roof she went,
And down the way you use to come
She look'd with discontent.

"She left the novel half-uncut
Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut:
She could not please herself.

"Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,
And livelier than a lark
She sent her voice thro' all the holt
Before her, and the park

"A light wind chased her on the wing,
And in the chase grew wild,
As close as might be would he cling
About the darling child:

"But light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and
rose,
And turn'd to look at her.

"And here she came, and round me
play'd,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my 'giant bole';

"And in a fit of frolic mirth
She strove to span my waist:
Alas, I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.

"I wish'd myself the fair young beech
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have lock'd her hands.

"Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as
sweet
As woodbine's fragile hold,
Or when I feel about my feet
The berried briony fold."

O muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Sumner-chace!
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name
I carved with many vows
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?

"O yes, she wander'd round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kiss'd the name she
found,
And sweetly murmur'd thine.

"A teardrop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept.
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

"Then flush'd her cheek with rosy
light,
She glanced across the plain;
But not a creature was in sight:
She kiss'd me once again.

"Her kisses were so close and kind,
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirr'd

"And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discern'd,
Like those blind motions of the Spring,
That show the year is turn'd.

"Thrice-happy he that may caress
The ringlet's waving balm—
The cushions of whose touch may
press
The maiden's tender palm.

"I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust :

"For ah! my friend, the days were
brief
Whereof the poets talk,
When that, which breathes within the
leaf,
Could slip its bark and walk.

"But could I, as in times foregone,
From spray, and branch, and stem,
Have suck'd and gather'd into one
The life that spreads in them,

"She had not found me so remiss;
But lightly issuing thro',
I would have paid her kiss for kiss
With usury thereto."

O flourish high, with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea,
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well;
A thousand thanks for what I learn
And what remains to tell.

"Tis little more; the day was warm;
At last, tired out with play,
She sank her head upon her arm,
And at my feet she lay.

"Her eyelids dropp'd their silken
eaves.
I breathed upon her eyes
Thro' all the summer of my leaves
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

"I took the swarming sound of life—
The music from the town—
The murmurs of the drum and fife
And lull'd them in my own.

"Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip,
To light her shaded eye;
A second flutter'd round her lip
Like a golden butterfly;

"A third would glimmer on her neck
To make the necklace shine;
Another slid, a sunny fleck,
From head to ankle fine.

"Then close and dark my arms I
spread,
And shadow'd all her rest—
Dropt dews upon her golden head,
An acorn in her breast.

"But in a pet she started up,
And pluck'd it out, and drew
My little oakling from the cup,
And flung him in the dew.

"And yet it was a graceful gift—
I felt a pang within
As when I see the woodman lift
His axe to slay my kin.

"I shok him down because he was
The finest on the tree.
He lies beside thee on the grass.
O kiss him once for me.

"O kiss him twice and thrice for me,
That have no lips to kiss,
For never yet was oak on lea
Shall grow so fair as this."

Step deeper yet in herb and fern,
Look further thro' the chace,
Spread upward till thy boughs discern
The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is blest,
That but a moment lay
Where fairer fruit of Love may rest
Some happy future day.

I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice,
The warmth it thence shall win
To riper life may magnetize
The baby-oak within.

Put thou, while kingdoms overset,
Or lapse from hand to hand,
Thy leaf shall never fail, nor yet
Thine acorn in the land.

May never saw dismember thee,
Nor wielded axe disjoint,
That art the fairest-spoken tree
From here to Lizard-point.

O rock upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,
That under deeply strikes!
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
But, rolling as in sleep,
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath,
That only by thy side
Will I to Olive plight my troth,
And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall,
She, Dryad-like, shall wear
Alternate leaf and acorn-ball
In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme,
And praise thee more in both
Than bard has honor'd beech or lime,
Or that Thessalian growth,

In which the swarthy ringdoves sat,
And mystic sentence spoke;
And more than England honors that,
Thy famous brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn.

LOVE AND DUTY.

OF love that never found his earthly
close, [breaking hearts?
What sequel? Streaming eyes and
Or all the same as if he had not been?
Not so. Shall Error in the round
of time [gart shout
Still father Truth? O shall the brag-
For some blind glimpse of freedom
work itself [law
Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to
System and empire? Sin itself be found
The cloudy porch oft opening on the
Sun?

And only he, this wonder, dead, become
Mere highway dust! or year by year
alone

Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,
Nightmare of youth, the spectre of
himself! [all,

If this were thus, if this, indeed, were
Better the narrow brain, the stony
heart, [days,
The staring eye glazed o'er with sapless
The long mechanic paces to and fro,
The set gray life, and apathetic end.
But am I not the nobler thro' thy love?
O three times less unworthy! likewise
thou [thy years.

Art more thro' Love, and greater than
The Sun will run his orbit, and the
Moon

Her circle. Wait, and Love himself
will bring [changed to fruit
The drooping flower of knowledge
Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large
in Time, [fect end.

And that which shapes it to some per-
Will some one say, then why not ill
for good? [that man

Why took ye not your pastime? To
My work shall answer, since I knew
the right

And did it; for a man is not as God,
But then most Godlike being most a
man. [and me—

—So let me think 'tis well for thee
Ill fated that I am, what lot is mine
Whose foresight preaches peace, my
heart so slow [me,
To feel it! For how hard it seem'd to

When eyes, love-languid thro' half-
tears, would dwell
One earnest, earnest moment upon
mine, [voice,
Then not to dare to see! when thy low
Faltering, would break its syllables, to
keep [leash,
My own full-tuned,—hold passion in a
And not leap forth and fall about thy
neck, [relief!]
And on thy bosom, (deep-desired
Rain out the heavy mist of tears, that
weigh'd [soul!
Upon my brain, my senses, and my
For Love himself took part against
himself [Love—
To warn us off, and Duty loved of
O this world's curse, — beloved but
hated—came [and mine,
Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace
And crying, "Who is this? behold
thy bride,"
She push'd me from thee.
If the sense is hard
To alien ears, I did not speak to these—
No, not to thee, but to myself in thee:
Hard is my doom and thine: thou
knowest it all. [well to speak,
Could Love part thus? was it not
To have spoken once? It could not
but be well. [things good,
The slow sweet hours that bring us all
The slow sad hours that bring us all
things ill, [the night
And all good things from evil, brought
In which we sat together and alone,
And to the want, that hollow'd all the
heart, [eye,
Gave utterance by the yearning of an
That burn'd upon its object thro' such
tears
As flow but once a life.
The trance gave way
To those caresses, when a hundred
times [last,
In that last kiss, which never was the
Farewell, like endless welcome, lived
and died. [the words
Then follow'd counsel, comfort, and
That make a man feel strong in speak-
ing truth; [head
Till now the dark was worn, and over-

The lights of sunset and of sunrise
mix'd [that paused
In that brief night; the summer night,
Among her stars to hear us; stars that
hung [of Time
Love-charm'd to listen: all the wheels
Spun round in station, but the end had
come. [nerves to rush
O then like those, who clench their
Upon their dissolution, we two rose,
There—closing like an individual life—
In one blind cry of passion and of pain,
Like bitter accusation ev'n to death,
Caught up the whole of love and utter'd
it,
And bade adieu forever.
Live—yet live—
Shall sharpest pathos blight us, know-
ing all
Life needs for life is possible to will—
Live happy; tend thy flowers; be
tended by
My blessing! Should my Shadow cross
thy thoughts [thou
Too sadly for their peace, remand it
For calmer hours to Memory's darkest
hold,
If not to be forgotten—not at once—
Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy
dreams, [content,
O might it come like one that looks
With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth,
And point thee forward to a distant
light,
Or seem to lift a burthen from thy heart
And leave thee freër, till thou wake re-
fresh'd, [grown
Then when the low matin-chirp hath
Full choir, and Morning driv'n her
plough of pearl [rack,
Far furrowing into light the mounded
Beyond the fair green field and eastern
sea.

THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WELL, you shall have that song which
Leonard wrote:
It was last summer on a tour in Wales:
Old James was with me: we that day
had been

Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leonard there,
 And found him in Llamberis: then we
 cross [way up
 Between the lakes, and clamber'd half
 The counter side; and that same song
 of his [swore
 He told me; for I banter'd him, and
 They said he lived shut up within him-
 self, [days,
 A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous
 That, setting the *how much* before the
how, [leech, "Give,
 Cry, like the daughters of the horse-
 Cram us with all," but count not me the
 herd!
 To which "They call me what they
 will," he said:
 "But I was born too late: the fair new
 forms, [age,
 That float about the threshold of an
 Like truths of Science waiting to be
 caught— [catcher crown'd—
 Catch me who can, and make the
 Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.
 But if you care indeed to listen, hear
 These measured words, my work of
 yesternorn. [all things move:
 "We sleep and wake and sleep, but
 The Sun flies forward to his brother
 Sun; [her ellipse;
 The dark Earth follows wheel'd in
 And human things returning on them-
 selves [year.
 Move onward, leading up the golden
 "Ah, tho' the times, when some new
 thought can bud, [flower,
 Are but as poets' seasons when they
 Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
 Have ebb and flow conditioning their
 march, [year.
 And slow and sure comes up the golden
 "When wealth no more shall rest in
 mounded heaps, [melt
 But smit with freer light shall slowly
 In many streams to fatten lower lands,
 And light shall spread, and man be
 liker man
 Thro' all the season of the golden year.
 "Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens
 be wrens? [that?
 If all the world were falcons, what of

The wonder of the eagle were the less,
 But he not less the eagle. Happy days
 Roll onward, leading up the golden
 year. [Press;
 "Fly happy happy sails and bear the
 Fly happy, with the mission of the
 Cross; [ward
 Knit land to land, and blowing haven-
 With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear
 of toll,
 Enrich the markets of the golden year.
 "But we grow old. Ah! when shall
 all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
 And like a lane of beams athwart the
 sea, [year?"
 Thro' all the circle of the golden
 "Thus far he flow'd, and ended;
 whereupon [swer'd James—
 "Ah, folly!" in mimic cadence an-
 "Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,
 Not in our time, nor in our children's
 time, [live';
 'Tis like the second world to us that
 'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on
 Heaven
 As on this vision of the golden year."
 With that he struck his staff against
 the rocks
 And broke it,—James,—you know him,
 —old, but full
 Of force and choler, and firm upon his
 feet, [woods,
 And like an oaken stock in winter
 O'erflourish'd with the hoary clematis:
 Then added, all in heat:
 "What stuff is this!
 Old writers push'd the happy season
 back,—
 The more fools they,—we forward:
 dreamers both:
 You most, that in an age, when every
 hour [death,
 Must sweat her sixty minutes to the
 Live on, God love us, as if the seeds-
 man, rapt [dip
 Upon the teaming harvest, should not
 His hand into the bag: but well I know
 That unto him who works, and feels he
 works, [doors."
 This same grand year is ever at the

He spoke ; and, high above, I heard
 them blast [echo flap
 The steep slate-quarry, and the great
 And buffet round the hills from bluff to
 bluff.

ULYSSES.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren
 crags, [dole
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and
 know not me.

I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
 Life to the lees : all times I have en-
 joy'd [those
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore,
 and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a
 name ;

For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of
 men [ernments,
 And manners, climates, councils, gov-
 Myself not least, but honor'd of them
 all ; [peers,

And drunk delight of battle with my
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;

Yet all experience is an arch where-
 thro' [margin fades
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose
 Forever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in
 use ! [on life

As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something
 more,

A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard
 myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking
 star, [thought.

Beyond the utmost bound of human

This is my son, mine own Telega-
 chus, [isle--
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labor, by slow prudence to make
 mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the
 good. [sphere

Most blameless is he, centred in the
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work,
 I mine. [her sail :

There lies the port : the vessel puffs
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My
 mariners, [and thought with me--
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought,
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and
 opposed [are old ;

Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil ;
 Death closes all : but something ere
 the end, [done,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be
 Not unbecoming men that strove with
 Gods. [rocks :

The lights begin to twinkle from the
 The long day wanes : the slow moon
 climbs : the deep [my friends,
 Moans round with many voices. Come,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose
 holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us
 down : [Isles,

It may be we shall touch the Happy
 And see the great Achilles, whom we
 knew. [tho'

Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and
 We are not now that strength which in
 old days [we are, we are ;

Moved earth and heaven ; that which
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong
 in will [yield.

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn ;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time ;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed ;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed :

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, " My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, " I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong " ;
Saying, " Dost thou love me, cousin ? " weeping, " I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !
O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy ?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this ? his eyes are heavy : think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him : it is thy duty : kiss him : take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought ;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand !

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule !
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool !

Well—'tis well that I should bluster !—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit ?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind ?

I remember one that perish'd : sweetly did she speak and move ;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore ?
No—she never loved me truly : love is love forevermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd"—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn ;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men ;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new :
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do :

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye ;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point :

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's ?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string ?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain :

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat ;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;—
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

O! to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breathths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag ;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing-space ;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun ;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains !

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or time ?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time -

I that rather heid it better men should perish one *by* one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun :
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun—

O. I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall !
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath andholt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow ;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

GODIVA.

*I waited for the train at Coventry ;
I hung with grooms and porters on the
bridge, [I shaped
To watch the three tall spires ; and there
The city's ancient legend into this :—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that
prate [people well,
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the
And loathed to see them overtax'd ; but
she [came,

Did more, and underwent, and over-
The woman of a thousand summers
back, [ruled

Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers
brought [we starve !”

Their children, clamoring, “ If we pay,
She sought her lord, and found him,
where he strode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his
hair [tears,

A yard behind. She told him of their
And pray'd him, “ If they pay this tax,
they starve.” [amazed,

Whereat he stared, replying, half-
“ You would not let your little finger
ache [die,” said she.

For such as *these* ?”—“ But I would
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and
by Paul:

Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear ;
“ O ay, ay, ay, you talk !”—“ Alas !”
she said, [do.”

“ But prove me what it is I would not

And from a heart as rough as Esau's
hand, [the town,

He answer'd, “ Ride you naked thro'
And I repeat it” ; and nodding, as in
scorn, [dogs.

He parted, with great strides among his
So left alone, the passions of her
mind, [blow,

As winds from all the compass shift and
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,

And bade him cry, with sound of
trumpet, all [loose

The hard condition ; but that she would
The people: therefore, as they loved
her well,

From then till noon no foot should
pace the street,

No eye look down, she passing ; but
that all [dow barr'd.”

Should keep within, door shut, and win-
Then fled she to her inmost bower,
and there [belt,

Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a
breath [moon

She linger'd, looking like a summer
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her
head, [her knee ;

And shower'd the rippled ringlets to
Unclad herself in haste ; adown the
stair [beam, slid

Stole on ; and, like a creeping sun-
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway ; there she found her
palfrey trapt

In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with
chastity: [rode,

The deep air listen'd round her as she

And all the low wind hardly breathed
for fear. [spout

The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking
cur [footfall shot

Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind
walls [head

Were full of chinks and holes; and over-
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but
she [saw

Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from
the field [wall.

Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the
Then she rode back, clothed on with
chastity: [less earth,

And one low churl, compact of thank-
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,

Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had
their will, [head,

Were shrivell'd into darkness in his
And dropt before him. So the Powers,
who wait [used;

On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense mis-
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all
at once, [shameless noon

With twelve great shocks of sound, the
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a
hundred towers,

One after one: but even then she gain'd
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed
and crown'd,

To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

THE TWO VOICES.

A STILL small voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

Then to the still small voice I said:
"Let me not cast in endless shade
What is so wonderfully made."

To which the voice did urge reply:
"To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie

"An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail,

"He dried his wings: like gauze they
grew:
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew."

I said, "When first the world began,
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,
And in the sixth she moulded man.

"She gave him mind, the lordliest
Proportion, and, above the rest,
Dominion in the head and breast."

Thereto the silent voice replied:
"Self-blinded are you by your pride:
Look up thro' night: the world is wide.

"This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

"Think you this mould of hopes and
fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?"

It spake, moreover, in my mind:
"Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind"

Then did my response clearer fall:
"No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another, all in all."

To which he answer'd scoffingly:
"Good soul! suppose I grant it thee,
Who'll weep for thy deficiency?"

"Or will one beam be less intense,
When thy peculiar difference
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?"

I would have said, "Thou canst not
know."

But my full heart, that work'd below,
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me:
"Thou art so steep'd in misery,
Surely 'twere better not to be

"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Nor any train of reason keep:
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt
weep."

I said, "The years with change advance:

If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.

"Some turn this sickness yet might
take, [make
Ev'n yet." But he: "What drug can
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?"

I wept, "Tho' I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow ;

"And men, thro' novel spheres of
thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not."

"Yet," said the secret voice, "some
time
Sooner or later, will gray prime
Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

"Not less swift souls that yearn for
light,
Rapt after heaven's starry flight,
Would sweep the tracts of day and
night.

"Not less the bee would range her
cells,
The furzy prickle fire the dells,
The foxglove cluster dappled bells."

I said that "all the years invent;
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

"Were this not well, to bide mine hour,
Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower
How grows the day of human power?"

"The highest-mounted mind," he said,
"Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summit overhead.

"Will thirty seasons render plain
Those lonely lights that still remain,
Just breaking over land and main?"

"Or make that morn, from his cold
crown
And crystal silence creeping down,
Flood with full daylight glebe and
town?"

"Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
In midst of knowledge, dream'd not
yet.

"Thou hast not gained a real height,
Nor art thou nearer to the light,
Because the scale is infinite.

"'Twere better not to breathe or speak,
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,
And seem to find, but still to seek.

"Moreover, but to seem to find
Asks what thou lackest, thought re-
sign'd,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind."

I said, "When I am gone away,
'He dared not tarry,' men will say,
Doing dishonor to my clay."

"This is more vile," he made reply,
"To breathe and loathe, to live and
sigh,
Than once from dread of pain to die.

"Sick art thou—a divided will
Still heaping on the fear of ill
The fear of men, a coward still.

"Do men love thee? Art thou so
bound
To men, that how thy name may sound
Will vex thee lying underground?"

"The memory of the wither'd leaf
In endless time is scarce more brief
Than of the garner'd Autumn-sheaf.

"Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust;
The right ear, that is fill'd with dust,
Hears little of the false or just."

"Hard task, to pluck resolve," I cried,
"From emptiness and the waste wide
Of that abyss, or scornful pride!"

"Nay—rather yet that I could raise
One hope that warm'd me in the days
While still I yearn'd for human praise

"When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,
Among the tents I paused and sung,
The distant battle flash'd and rung.

"I sung the joyful Pæan clear,
And, sitting, burnish'd without fear
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

"Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life—

"Some hidden principle to move,
To put together, part and prove,
And mete the bounds of hate and love—

"As far as might be, to carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about—

"To search thro' all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law:

"At least, not rotting like a weed,
But, having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

"To pass, when Life her light with-
draws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

"In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honor'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown;

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious
tears,
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears:

"Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke,
And all the war is roll'd in smoke."

"Yea!" said the voice, "thy dream
was good,
While thou abodest in the bud.
It was the stirring of the blood.

"If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?

"Then comes the check, the change,
the fall,
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall
There is one remedy for all.

"Yet hadst thou, thro' enduring pain,
Link'd month to month with such a
chain
Of knitted purport, all were vain.

"Thou hadst not between death and
birth
Dissolved the riddle of the earth.
So were thy labor little worth.

"That men with knowledge merely
play'd,
I told thee—hardly nigher made,
Tho' scaling slow from grade to grade;

"Much less this dreamer, deaf and
blind, [find,
Named man, may hope some truth to
That bears relation to the mind.

"For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and
soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

"Cry, faint not: either Truth is born
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateways of the morn.

"Cry, faint not, climb: the summits
slope
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to
cope.

"Sometimes a little corner snines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines—

"I will go forward, sayest thou,
I shall not fail to find her now.
Look up, the fold is on her brow.

"If straight thy track, or if oblique,
Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost
strike,
Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;

"And owning but a little more
Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,
Calling thyself a little lower

"Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl!

Why inch by inch to darkness crawl?
There is one remedy for all."

"O dull, one-sided voice," said I,
"Wilt thou make everything a lie,
To flatter me that I may die?"

"I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.

"I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:

"Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream;

"But heard, by secret transport led,
Ev'n in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head—

"Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forebore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

"He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised
with stones:

"But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face."

The sullen answer slid betwixt:
"Not that the grounds of hope were
fix'd,
The elements were kindlier mix'd."

I said, "I toil beneath the curse,
But, knowing not the universe,
I fear to slide from bad to worse.

"And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new:

"Or that this anguish fleeting hence,
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,
Be fix'd and froz'n to permanence:

"For I go, weak from suffering here:
Naked I go, and void of cheer:
What is it that I may not fear?"

"Consider well," the voice replied,
"His face, that two hours since hath
died:
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?"

"Will he obey when one commands?
Or answer should one press his hands?
He answers not, nor understands.

"His palms are folded on his breast:
There is no other thing express'd
But long disquiet merged in rest.

"His lips are very mild and meek:
Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

"His little daughter, whose sweet face
He kiss'd, taking his last embrace,
Becomes dishonor to her race—

"His sons grow up that bear his name,
Some grow to honor, some to shame,—
But he is chill to praise or blame.

"He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave—

"High up the vapors fold and swim:
About him broods the twilight dim:
The place he knew forgetteth him."

"If all be dark, vague voice," I said,
"These things are wrapt in doubt and
dread,
Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

"The sap dries up: the plant declines.
A deeper tale my heart divines.
Know I not Death? the outward signs?"

"I found him when my years were few;
A shadow on the graves I knew,
And darkness in the village yew.

"From grave to grave the shadow
crept:
In her still place the morning wept:
Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.

"The simple senses crown'd his head :
'Omega ! thou art Lord,' they said
'We find no motion in the dead.'

"Why, if man rot in dreamless ease,
Should that plain fact, as taught by
these,
Not make him sure that he shall cease ?

"Who forged that other influence,
That heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts against the sense ?

"He owns the fatal gift of eyes,
That read his spirit blindly wise,
Not simple as a thing that dies.

"Here sits he shaping wings to fly :
His heart forebodes a mystery :
He names the name Eternity.

"That type of Perfect in his mind
In Nature can he nowhere find.
He sows himself on every wind.

"He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,
And thro' thick veils to apprehend
A labor working to an end.

"The end and the beginning vex
His reason : many things perplex,
With motions, checks, and counter-
checks.

"He knows a baseness in his blood
At such strange war with something
good,
He may not do the thing he would.

"Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half-shown, are broken and withdrawn.

"Ah ! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt.

"But thou canst answer not again.
With thine own weapon art thou slain,
Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

"The doubt would rest, I dare not
solve.
In the same circle we revolve.
Assurance only breeds resolve."

As when a billow, blown against,
Falls back, the voice with which I
fenced

A little ceased, but recommenced :

"Where wert thou when thy father
play'd

In his free field, and pastime made,
A merry boy in sun and shade ?

"A merry boy they called him then.
He sat upon the knees of men
In days that never come again.

"Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course, till thou wert also man :

"Who took a wife, who rear'd his race,
Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,
Whose troubles number with his days :

"A life of nothings, nothing-worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth
To that last nothing under earth !"

"These words," I said, "are like the
rest,

No certain clearness, but at best
A vague suspicion of the breast :

"But if I grant, thou might'st defend
The thesis which thy words intend—
That to begin implies to end ;

"Yet how should I for certain hold,
Because my memory is so cold,
That I first was in human mould ?

"I cannot make this matter plain,
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,
A random arrow from the brain.

"It may be that no life is found,
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

"As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping thro' from state to state.

"As here we find in trances, men
Forget the dream that happens then,
Until they fall in trance again.

"So might we, if our state were such
As one before, remember much,
For those two likes might meet and
touch.

"But, if I lapsed from nobler place.
Some legend of a fallen race
Alone might hint of my disgrace ;

"Some vague emotion of delight
In gazing up an Alpine height,
Some yearning towards the lamps of
night.

"Or if thro' lower lives I came—
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—

"I might forget my weaker lot ;
For is not our first year forgot ?
The haunts of memory echo not.

"And men, whose reason long was
blind,
From cells of madness unconfined,
Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

"Much more, if first I floated free,
As naked essence, must I be,
Incompetent of memory :

"For memory dealing but with time,
And he with matter, could she climb
Beyond her own material prime ?

"Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

"Of something felt, like something
here ;
Of something done, I know not where ;
Such as no language may declare."

The still voice laugh'd "I talk,"
said he,

"Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee
'Thy pain is a reality."

"But thou," said I, "hast miss'd thy
mark,

Who sought'st to wreck my mortal
ark,
By making all the horizon dark.

"Why not set forth, if I should do
This rashness, that which might ensue
With this old soul in organs new ?

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human
breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

"'T is life, whereof our nerves are
scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant ;
More life, and fuller, that I want."

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.
Then said the voice, in quiet scorn :
"Behold, it is the Sabbath morn."

And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest :
Passing the place where each must rest,
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and child,
With measur'd footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,
The little maiden walk'd demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on :
I spoke, but answer came there none
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

As from some blissful neighborhood,
A notice faintly understood,
"I see the end, and know the good."

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
"I may not speak of what I know."

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes :

Such seem'd the whisper at my side :
"What is it thou knowest, sweet
voice?" I cried.

"A hidden hope," the voice replied :

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the
shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter-showers :
You scarce could see the grass for
flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along :
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of
wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought ;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, "Rejoice ! re-
joice !"

THE DAY-DREAM.

PROLOGUE.

O LADY FLORA, let me speak :
A pleasant hour has past away
While, dreaming on your damask
cheek,
The dewy sister-eyelids lay.

As by the lattice you reclined,
I went thro' many wayward moods
To see you dreaming—and, behind,
A summer crisp with shining woods
And I too dream'd, until at last
Across my fancy, brooding warm,
The reflex of a legend past,
And loosely settled into form.
And would you have the thought I had,
And see the vision that I saw,
Then take the broidery-frame, and add
A crimson to the quaint Macaw,
And I will tell it. Turn your face,
Nor look with that too-earnest eye—
The rhymes are dazzled from their
place,
And order'd words asunder fly.

THE SLEEPING-PALACE.

1.

The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy
plains :
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curl'd,
Faint murmurs from the meadows
come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

2.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
On every slanting terrace-lawn.
The fountain to his place returns,
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.
Here droops the banner on the tower,
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,
The peacock in his laurel bower,
The parrot in his gilded wires.

3.

Roof-haunting martins warm their
eggs :
In these, in those the life is stay'd,
The mantles from the golden pegs
Droop sleepily : no sound is made,
Not even of a gnat that sings.
More like a picture seemeth all
Than those old portraits of old kings,
That watch the sleepers from the
wall.

4.

Here sits the butler with a flask
 Between his knees half-drain'd; and
 there
 The wrinkled steward at his task,
 The maid-of-honor blooming fair :
 The page has caught her hand in his :
 Her lips are sever'd as to speak :
 His own are pouted to a kiss :
 The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

5.

Till all the hundred summers pass,
 The beams, that through the oriel
 shine,
 Make prisms in every carven glass,
 And beaker brimm'd with noble
 wine.
 Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
 Grave faces gather'd in a ring.
 His state the king reposing keeps.
 He must have been a jovial king.

6.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
 At distance like a little wood ;
 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
 And grapes with bunches red as
 blood ;
 All creeping plants, a wall of green
 Close-matted, bur and brake and
 brier,
 And glimpsing over these, just seen,
 High up the topmost palace-spire.

7.

When will the hundred summers die,
 And thought and time be born
 again,
 And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
 Bring truth that sways the soul of
 men ?
 Here all things in their place remain,
 As all were order'd, ages since.
 Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and
 Pain,
 And bring the fated fairy Prince.

THE SLEEPING-BEAUTY.

1.

Year after year unto her feet,
 She lying on her couch alone,
 Across the purpled coverlet,
 The maiden's jet-black hair has
 grown,
 On either side her tranced form
 Forth streaming from a braid of
 pearl ;
 The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

2.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould
 Languidly ever ; and, amid
 Her full black ringlets downward
 roll'd,
 Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm
 With bracelets of the diamond
 bright :
 Her constant beauty doth inform
 Stillness with love, and day with
 light.

3.

She sleeps : her breathings are not
 heard
 In palace chambers far apart.
 The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
 That lie upon her charmed heart.
 She sleeps : on either hand upswells
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly
 prest :
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever
 dwells
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL.

1.

All precious things, discover'd late,
 To those that seek them issue forth,
 For love in sequel works with fate,
 And draws the veil from hidden
 worth.
 He travels far from other skies—
 His mantle glitters on the rocks—
 A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
 And lighter-footed than the fox.

2.

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass,
Are wither'd in the thorny close,
Or scattered blanching on the grass.
He gazes on the silent dead
"They perish'd in their daring
deeds."
This proverb flashes thro' his head,
"The many fail: the one succeeds."

3.

He comes, scarce knowing what he
seeks:
He breaks the hedge: he enters
there:
The color flies into his cheeks;
He trusts to light on something fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear.

4.

More close and close his footsteps
wind;
The Magic Music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark,
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must
be!"

THE REVIVAL.

I.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that
clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing
cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

2

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward
scrawl'd,

The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot scream'd, the peacock
squall'd,
The maid and page renew'd their
strife,
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd, and
clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

3.

And last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself uprear'd,
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and
spoke,
"By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

4.

"Pardy," return'd the king, "but still
My joints are something stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mention'd half an hour ago?"
'The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return'd reply;
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

I.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

2.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss";
"O wake forever, love," she hears,
"O love, 't was such as this and
this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

3.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
 "O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the
 dead!"
 And o'er them many a flowing range
 Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark,
 And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
 The twilight died into the dark.

4.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
 And whither goes thou, tell me
 where?"
 "O seek my father's court with me,
 For there are greater wonders
 there."
 And o'er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

MORAL.

1.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
 And if you find no moral there,
 Go, look in any glass and say,
 What moral is in being fair.
 O, to what uses shall we put
 The wildweed-flower that simply
 blows?
 And is there any moral shut
 Within the bosom of the rose?

2.

But any man that walks the mead,
 In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,
 According as his humors lead,
 A meaning suited to his mind.
 And liberal applications lie
 In Art like Nature, dearest friend;
 So 't were to cramp its use, if I
 Should hook it to some useful end.

L'ENVOI.

1.

You shake your head. A random
 string
 Your finer female sense offends.

Well—were it not a pleasant thing
 To fall asleep with all one's friends;
 To pass with all our social ties
 To silence from the paths of men;
 And every hundred years to rise
 And learn the world, and sleep again:
 To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,
 And wake on science grown to more,
 On secrets of the brain, the stars,
 As wild as aught of fairy lore;
 And all that else the years will show,
 The Poet-forms of stronger hours,
 The vast Republics that may grow,
 The Federations and the Powers;
 Titanic forces taking birth
 In divers seasons, divers climes;
 For we are Ancients of the earth,
 And in the morning of the times.

2.

So sleeping, so aroused from sleep
 Thro' sunny decades new and strange,
 Or gay quinqueniads would we reap
 The flower and quintessence of
 change.

3.

Ah, yet would I—and would I might!
 So much your eyes my fancy take—
 Be still the first to leap to light
 That I might kiss those eyes awake!
 For, am I right or am I wrong,
 To choose your own you did not
 care;
 You'd have *my* moral from the song,
 And I will take my pleasure there:
 And, am I right or am I wrong,
 My fancy, ranging thro' and thro',
 To search a meaning for the song,
 Perforce will still revert to you;
 Nor finds a closer truth than this
 All-graceful head, so richly curl'd,
 And evermore a costly kiss
 The prelude to some brighter world.

4.

For since the time when Adam first
 Embraced his Eve in happy hour,
 And every bird of Eden burst
 In carol, every bud to flower,
 What eyes, like thine, have waken'd
 hopes?

What lips, like thine, so sweetly
 join'd?
 Where on the double rosebud droops
 The fulness of the pensive mind;
 Which all too dearly self-involved,
 Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to me:
 A sleep by kisses undissolved,
 That lets thee neither hear nor see:
 But break it. In the name of wife,
 And in the rights that name may give,
 Are clasp'd the moral of thy life,
 And that for which I care to live.

EPILOGUE.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
 And, if you find a meaning there,
 O whisper to your glass, and say,
 "What wonder, if he thinks me
 fair?"
 What wonder I was all unwise,
 To shape the song for your delight,
 Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise,
 That float thro' Heaven, and cannot
 light?
 Or old-world trains, upheld at court
 By Cupid-boys of blooming hue—
 But take it—earnest wed with sport,
 And either sacred unto you.

AMPHION.

My father left a park to me,
 But it is wild and barren,
 A garden too with scarce a tree
 And waster than a warren:
 Yet say the neighbors when they call,
 It is not bad but good land,
 And in it is the germ of all
 That grows within the woodland.
 O had I lived when song was great
 In days of old Amphion,
 And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
 Nor cared for seed or scion!
 And had I lived when song was great,
 And legs of trees were limber,
 And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
 And fiddled in the timber!
 'T is said he had a tuneful tongue,
 Such happy intonation,

Wherever he sat down and sung
 He left a small plantation;
 Wherever in a lonely grove
 He set up his forlorn pipes,
 The gouty oak began to move,
 And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
 And, as tradition teaches,
 Young ashes pirouetted down
 Coquetting with young beeches;
 And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
 Ran forward to his rhyming,
 And from the valleys underneath
 Came little cosses climbing.

The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,
 The bramble cast her berry,
 The gin within the juniper
 Began to make him merry,
 The poplars, in long order due,
 With cypress promenaded,
 The shock-head willows two and two
 By rivers gal'opaded.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,
 Came yews, a dismal coterie;
 Each pluck'd his one foot from the
 grave,
 Poussetting with a sloe-tree:
 Old elms came breaking from the vine,
 The vine stream'd out to follow,
 And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine
 From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,
 When, ere his song was ended,
 Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
 The country-side descended;
 And shepherds from the mountain-
 eaves [frighten'd,
 Look'd down, half-pleas'd, half-
 As dash'd about the drunken leaves
 The random sunshine lighten'd!

O, nature first was fresh to men,
 And wanton without measure;
 So youthful and so flexile then,
 You moved her at your pleasure.
 Twang out, my fiddle! shake the
 twigs!
 And make her dance attendance;
 Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs,
 And scirrhous roots and tendons.

'Tis vain! in such a brassy age
 I could not move a thistle:
 The very sparrows in the hedg
 Scarce answer to my whistle:
 Or at the most, when three-parts-sick
 With strumming and with scraping,
 A jackass heehaws from the rick,
 The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound
 Like sleepy counsel pleading:
 O Lord!—'t is in my neighbor's ground,
 The modern Muses reading.
 They read Botanic Treatises,
 And Works on Gardening through
 there,
 And Methods of transplanting trees,
 To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd Misses! how they prose
 O'er books of travell'd seamen,
 And show you slips of all that grows
 From England to Van Diemen.
 They read in arbors clipt and cut,
 And alleys, faded places,
 By squares of tropic summer shut
 And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,
 Are neither green nor sappy;
 Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
 The spindlings look unhappy.
 Better to me the meanest weed
 That blows upon its mountain,
 The vilest herb that runs to seed
 Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil,
 And years of cultivation,
 Upon my proper patch of soil
 To grow my own plantation.
 I'll take the showers as they fall, —
 I will not vex my bosom:
 Enough if at the end of all
 A little garden blossom.

ST. AGNES. E.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon:
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes:
 May my soul follow soon!

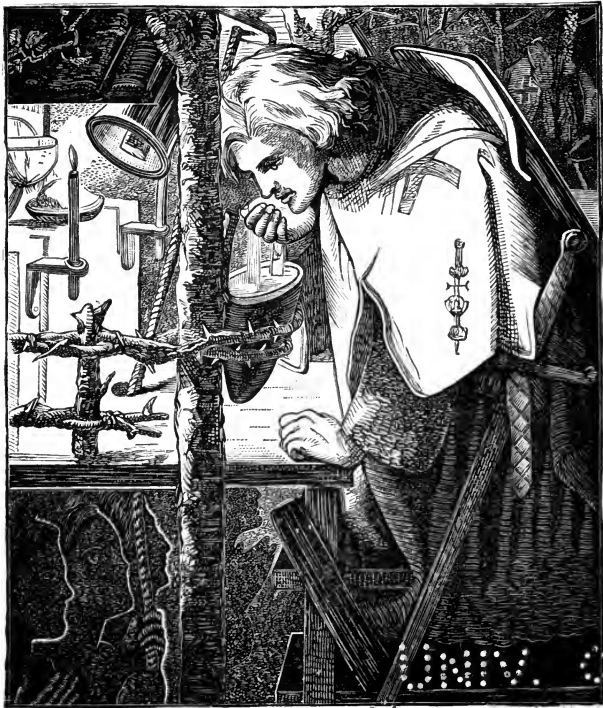
The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord:
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and
 dark,
 To yonder shining ground;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee;
 So in mine earthly house I am.
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
 The flashes come and go;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strews her lights below,
 And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom
 waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride!

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of
 men
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and
 fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
 They reel, they roll in clanging, lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,



"The shrill bell rings, the censer swings."

SIR GALAHAD.

Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!

For them I battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall:

But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and
shrine:

I never felt the kiss of love,—
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and
thrill;

So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride:
I hear a voice, but none are there:

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,

The shrill bell rings, the censer swings.
And solemn chants resound between,

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;

I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!

Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,

On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!

My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,

The cock crows ere the Christmas
morn,

The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,

And, ringing, spins from brand and
mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields:
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,

Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;

And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and
eyes,

Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls

A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:

“O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.”

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder
town

Met me walking on yonder way,
“And have you lost your heart?” she
said: [Gray?]”

“And are you married yet, Edward

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:

“Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

“Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's
will:

To-day I sat for an hour and wept,
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;
Thought her proud, and fled over the
sea ;

Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

'Cruel, cruel the words I said !
Cruelly came they back to-day :
You're too slight and fickle,' I said,
'To trouble the heart of Edward
Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass—
Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair :
I repent me of all I did :
Speak a little, Ellen Adair !'

'Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair :
And here the heart of Edward Gray !'

"Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to
tree ;

But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair comes back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone :
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away :
There lies the body of Ellen Adair !
And there the heart of Edward
Gray !"

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRI- CAL MONOLOGUE.

MADE AT THE COCK.

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock,
To which I must resort,
How goes the time ? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port :
But let it not be such as that
You set before chance-comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse,
But may she still be kind,
And whisper lovely words, and use
Her influence on the mind,

To make me write my random rhymes,
Ere they be half-forgotten ;
Nor add and alter, many times,
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips
Her laurel in the wine,
And lays it thrice upon my lips,
These favor'd lips of mine ;
Until the charm have power to make
New life-blood warm the bosom,
And barren commonplaces break
In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board ;
Her gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the masier-chord
Of all I felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble ;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns
By many pleasant ways,
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days .
I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd ;
The gas-light wavers dimmer ;
And softly thro' a vinous mist,
My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense,
Unboding critic-pen,
Or that eternal want of pence,
Which vexes public men,
Who hold their hands to all, and cry
For that which all deny them,—
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,
And all the world go by them.

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood ;
There must be stormy weather ;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes,
If old things, there are new ;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
Yet glimpses of the true.

Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,
 We lack not rhymes and reasons,
 As on this whirligig of Time
 We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid;
 With fair horizons bound!
 This whole wide earth of light and
 shade

Comes out, a perfect round.
 High over roaring Temple-bar,
 And, set in Heaven's third story,
 I look at all things as they are,
 But thro' a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honor'd by the guest
 Half-mused, or reeling-ripe,
 The pint, you brought me, was the
 best

That ever came from pipe.
 But tho' the port surpasses praise,
 My nerves have dealt with stiffer.
 Is there some magic in the place?
 Or do my peptics differ?

For since I came to live and learn,
 No pint of white or red
 Had ever half the power to turn
 This wheel within my head,
 Which bears a season'd brain about,
 Unsubject to confusion,
 Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and out,
 Thro' every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,
 With many kinsmen gay,
 Where long and largely we carouse,
 As who shall say me nay:
 Each month, a birthday coming on,
 We drink defying trouble,
 Or sometimes two would meet in one,
 And then we drank it double;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,
 Had relish fiery-new,
 Or, elbow-deep in sawdust, slept,
 As old as Waterloo;
 Or stow'd (when classic Canning died)
 In musty bins and chambers,
 Had cast upon its crusty side
 The gloom of ten Decembers.

The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is!
 She answer'd to my call,
 She changes with that mood or this,
 Is all-in-all to all:
 She lit the spark within my throat,
 To make my blood run quicker,
 Used all her fiery will, and smote
 Her life into the liquor.

And hence this halo lives about
 The waiter's hands, that reach
 To each his perfect pint of stout,
 His proper chop to each.
 He looks not like the common breed
 That with the napkin dally;
 I think he came like Ganymede,
 From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg
 Than modern poultry drop,
 Stept forward on a firmer leg,
 And cramm'd a plumper crop;
 Upon an ampler dunghill trod,
 Crow'd lustier late and early,
 Sipt wine from silver, praising God,
 And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,
 Till in a court he saw
 A something-pottle-bodied boy,
 That knuckled at the taw:
 He stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and
 good
 Flew over roof and casement:
 His brothers of the weather stood
 Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe, and
 spire,
 And follow'd with acclaims,
 A sign to many a staring shire,
 Came crowing over Thames.
 Right down by smoky Paul's they bore
 Till, where the street grows straiter,
 One fix'd forever at the door,
 And one became head-waiter.

But whither would my fancy go?
 How out of place she makes
 The violet of a legend blow
 Among the chops and steaks!

'Tis but a steward of the can,
 One shade more plump than com-
 mon;
 As just and mere a serving-man
 As any, born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me
 down
 Into the common day?
 Is it the weight of that half-crown,
 Which I shall have to pay?
 For, something duller than at first,
 Nor wholly comfortable,
 I sit (my empty glass reversed),
 And thrumming on the table:

Half fearful that, with self at strife,
 I take myself to task;
 Lest of the fulness of my life
 I leave an empty flask:
 For I had hope, by something rare,
 To prove myself a poet;
 But, while I plan and plan, my hair
 Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,
 Till they be gather'd up;
 The truth, that flies the flowing can,
 Will haunt the vacant cup:
 And others' follies teach us not,
 Nor much their wisdom teaches;
 And most, of sterling worth, is what
 Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone!
 We know not what we know.
 But for my pleasant hour, 'tis gone,
 'Tis gone, and let it go.
 'Tis gone: a thousand such have slept
 Away from my embraces,
 And fall'n into the dusty crypt
 Of darken'd forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went
 Long since, and came no more:
 With peals of genial clamor sent
 From many a tavern-door,
 With twisted quirks and happy hits,
 From misty men of letters;
 The tavern-hours of mighty wits,—
 Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the Poet's words and
 looks

Had yet their native glow:
 Not yet the fear of little books
 Had made him talk for show;
 But, all his vast heart sherris-warm'd,
 He flash'd his random speeches;
 Ere days, that deal in ana, swarm'd,
 His literary leeches.

So mix forever with the past,
 Like all good things on earth!
 For should I prize thee, couldst thou
 last,
 At half thy real worth?
 I hold it good, good things should
 pass:
 With time I will not quarrel:
 It is but yonder empty glass
 That makes me maudlin-moral.

Head waiter of the chop-house here,
 To which I must resort,
 I too must part; I hold thee dear
 For this good pint of port.
 For this, thou shalt from all things
 suck
 Marrow of mirth and laughter;
 And, wheresoe'er thou move, good
 luck
 Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from hence,
 The sphere thy fate allots:
 Thy latter days increased with pence
 Go down among the pots:
 Thou battenest by the greasy gleam
 In haunts of hungry sinners,
 Old boxes, larded with the steam
 Of thirty thousand dinners.

We fret, *we* fume, would shift our
 skins,
 Would quarrel with our lot:
Thy care is, under polish'd tins,
 To serve the hot-and-hot;
 To come and go, and come again,
 Returning like the pewit,
 And watch'd by silent gentlemen,
 That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head
 The thick-set hazel dies;
 Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread
 The corners of thine eyes :
 Live long, nor feel in head or chest
 Our changeful equinoxes,
 Till mellow Death, like some late
 guest,
 Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease
 To pace the gritted floor,
 And, laying down an unctuous lease
 Of life, shalt earn no more :
 No carved cross-bones, the types of
 Death,
 Shall show thee past to Heaven :
 But carved cross-pipes, and, under-
 neath,
 A pint-pot, neatly graven.

TO —,

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

“Cursed be he that moves my bones.”
Shakespeare's Epitaph.

YOU might have won the Poet's name,
 If such be worth the winning now,
 And gain'd a laurel for your brow
 Of sounder leaf than I can claim ;

But you have made the wiser choice,
 A life that moves to gracious ends
 Thro' troops of unrecording friends,
 A deedful life, a silent voice ;

And you have miss'd the irreverent
 doom

Of those that wear the Poet's crown :
 Hereafter, neither knave nor clown
 Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the poet cannot die
 Nor leave his music as of old,
 But round him ere he scarce be cold
 Begins the scandal and the cry :

“Proclaim the faults he would not
 show :

Break lock and seal : Betray the
 trust :

Keep nothing sacred : 'tis but just
 The many-headed beast should know.”

Ah shameless! for he did but sing
 A song that pleased us from its
 worth ;

No public life was his on earth,
 No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best :
 His worst he kept, his best he gave,
 My Shakespeare's curse on clown
 and knave

Who will not let his ashes rest !

Who make it seem more sweet to be
 The little life of bank and brier,
 The bird that pipes his lone desire
 And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
 And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
 For whom the carrion vulture waits
 To tear his heart before the crowd !

TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN
 GREECE.

ILLYRIAN woodlands, echoing falls
 Of water, sheets of summer glass,
 The long divine Peneïan pass,

The vast Akrokeraunian walls,
 Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,
 With such a pencil, such a pen,
 You shadow forth to distant men,
 I read and felt that I was there :

And trust me while I turn'd the page,
 And track'd you still on classic
 ground,

I grew in gladness till I found
 My spirits in the golden age.

For me the torrent ever pour'd
 And glisten'd—here and there alone
 The broad-limb'd Gods at random
 thrown

By fountain-urns ;—and Naiads oar'd
 A glimmering shoulder under gloom
 Of cavern pillars ; on the swell
 The silver lily heaved and fell ;
 And many a slope was rich in bloom

From him that on the mountain lea
 By dancing rivulets fed his flocks,
 To him who sat upon the rocks,
 And fluted to the morning sea.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betroth'd were the :
They too will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair :
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from
thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the
nurse,
"That all comes round so just and
fair :

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse,
my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so
wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the
nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my
child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my
breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be
true,

To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

Nay now, my child," said Alice the
nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the broach of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the
nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice
the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his
right."

"And he shall have it," the lady
replied,

"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother
dear!

Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head.
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by
down,

With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had
brought

Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his
tower :

"O Lady Clare, you shame your
worth!

Why come you drest like a village
maid,

That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "For I am yours in word and in deed.
 Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
 Her heart within her did not fail:
 She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
 He turn'd, and kiss'd her where she stood:

"If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

IN her ear he whispers gayly,
 "If my heart by signs can tell,
 Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well."
 She replies, in accents fainter,
 "There is none I love like thee."
 He is but a landscape-painter,
 And a village maiden she.
 He to lips, that fondly falter,
 Presses his without reproof:
 Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof.
 "I can make no marriage present;
 Little can I give my wife.
 Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life."
 They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand;
 Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land.
 From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
 "Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
 So she goes by him attended,
 Hears him lovingly converse,
 Sees whatever fair and splendid

Lay betwixt his home and hers;
 Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
 Parks and order'd gardens great,
 Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.
 All he shows her makes him dearer:
 Evermore she seems to gaze
 On that cottage growing nearer,
 Where they twain will spend their days.

O but she will love him truly!
 He shall have a cheerful home;
 She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come.

Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
 Till a gateway she discerns
 With armorial bearings stately,
 And beneath the gate she turns;
 Sees a mansion more majestic
 Than all those she saw before:
 Many a gallant gay domestic
 Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur,
 When they answer to his call,
 While he treads with footstep firmer,
 Leading on from hall to hall.

And, while now she wonders blindly,
 Nor the meaning can divine,
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,
 "All of this is mine and thine."

Here he lives in state and bounty,
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
 Not a lord in all the county
 Is so great a lord as he.

All at once the color flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin:
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over
 Pale again as death did prove;
 But he clasp'd her like a lover,
 And he cheer'd her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
 Tho' at times her spirits sank:
 Shaped her heart with woman's meek-
 ness

To all duties of her rank:
 And a gentle consort made he,
 And her gentle mind was such
 That she grew a noble lady,
 And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
 And perplex'd her, night and morn,
 With the burden of an honor
 Unto which she was not born.
 Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
 As she murmur'd, "O, that he
 Were once more that landscape-
 painter,
 Which did win my heart from me!"
 So she droop'd and droop'd before
 him,
 Fading slowly from his side :
 Three fair children first she bore him,
 Then before her time she died.
 Weeping, weeping late and early,
 Walking up and pacing down,
 Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
 And he came to look upon her,
 And he look'd at her and said,
 "Bring the dress and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."
 Then her people, softly treading,
 Bore to earth her body, drest
 In the dress that she was wed in,
 That her spirit might have rest.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

A FRAGMENT.

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,
 With tears and smiles from heaven
 again
 The maiden Spring upon the plain
 Came in a sunlit fall of rain.
 In crystal vapor everywhere
 Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
 And, far in forest-deeps unseen,
 The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
 From draughts of balmy air.
 Sometimes the linnæ piped his song :
 Sometimes the thrush whistled strong :
 Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,
 Hush'd all the groves from fear of
 wrong :
 By grassy capes with fuller sound
 In curves the yellowing river ran,

And drooping chestnut-buds began
 To spread into the perfect fan,
 Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
 Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
 Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
 With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring;
 A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
 Buckled with golden clasps before ;
 A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
 Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
 Now by some tinkling rivulet,
 In mosses mixt with violet
 Her cream-white mule his pastern set ;
 And fleetly now she skimm'd the
 plains

Than she whose elfin prancer springs
 By night to eery warblings,
 When all the glimmering moonbeams
 rings
 With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,
 The happy winds upon her play'd,
 Blowing the ringlet from the braid :
 She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
 The rein with dainty finger-tips,
 A man had given all other bliss,
 And all his worldly worth for this,
 To waste his whole heart in one kiss
 Upon her perfect lips

A FAREWELL.

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute wave deliver :
 No more by thee my steps shall be,
 Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet then a river :
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
 Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree
 And here thine aspen shiver :
 And here by thee will hum the bee,
 Forever and forever.



*"In robe and crown the king steps down
To meet and greet her on her way."*

THE BEGGAR MAID, Page 203

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
Forever and forever.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid :
She was more fair than words can
say :

Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua
In robe and crown the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way :
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day"

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen :
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome
mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been :
Cophetua sware a royal oath :
"This beggar maid shall be my
queen !"

THE VISION OF SIN.

I.

I HAD a vision when the night was
late :
A youth came riding toward a palace-
gate.

He rode a horse with wings, that would
have flown,
But that his heavy rider kept him down.
And from the palace came a child of
sin,
And took him by the curls, and led him
in,

Where sat a company with heated eyes,
Expecting when a fountain should arise :
A sleepy light upon their brows and
lips—

As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,
Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles
and capes—

Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid
shapes,
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine,
and piles of grapes.

2.

Then methought I heard a mellow
sound,
Gathering up from all the lower ground ;
Narrowing in to where they sat assem-
bled

Low voluptuous music winding trem-
bled,

Wov'n in circles: they that heard it
sigh'd,

Panted hand in hand with faces pale,
Swung themselves, and in low tones
replied ;

Till the fountain spouted, showering
wide

Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail ;
Then the music touch'd the gates and
died ;

Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,
Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing
gale ;

Till thronging in and in, to where they
waited,

As 'twere a hundred-throated night-
ingale,

The strong tempestuous treble throb'd
and palpitated ;

Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,
Caught the sparkles, and in circles,
Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid
mazes,

Flung the torrent rainbow round :
Then they started from their places,
Moved with violence, changed in hue,
Caught each other with wild grimaces,
Half-invisible to the view,

Wheeling with precipitate paces
To the melody, till they flew,
Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces,
Twisted hard in fierce embraces,
Like to Furies, like to Graces,
Dash'd together in blinding dew :

Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,
The nerve-dissolving melody
Flutter'd headlong from the sky.

3.

And then I look'd up toward a mountain-tract,
That girt the region with high cliff and lawn :
I saw that every morning, far withdrawn
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made himself an awful rose of dawn
Unheeded : and detaching, fold by fold,
From those still heights, and, slowly drawing near,
A vapor heavy, hueless, formless, cold,
Came floating on for many a month and year,
Unheeded : and I thought I would have spoken,
And warned that madman ere it grew too late :
But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was broken,
When that cold vapor touch'd the palace gate,
And link'd again. I saw within my head
A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death,
Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath,
And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said :

4

"Wrinkled hostler, grim and thin !
Here is custom come your way,
Take my brute, and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.
"Bitter barmaid, waning fast !
See that sheets are on my bed ;
What ! the flower of life is past :
It is long before you wed.
"Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour,
At the Dragon on the heath !
Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob-and-nob with Death.
"I am old, but let me drink ;
Bring me spices, bring me wine ;
I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine.

"Wine is good for shrivell'd lips,
When a blanket wraps the day,
When the rotten woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

"Sit thee down, and have no shame,
Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee :
What care I for any name ?
What for order or degree ?

"Let me screw thee up a peg :
Let me loose thy tongue with wine :
Callest thou that thing a leg ?
Which is thinnest ? thine or mine ?

"Thou shalt not be saved by works :
Thou hast been a sinner too :
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,
Empty scarecrows, I and you !

"Fill the cup, and fill the can :
Have a rouse before the morn :
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

"We are men of ruin'd blood ;
Therefore comes it we are wise.
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy-flies.

"Name and fame ! to fly sublime
Through the courts, the camps, the schools

Is to be the ball of Time,
Banded in the hands of fools.

"Friendship !—to be two in one—
Let the canting liar pack !
Well I know, when I am gone,
How she mouths behind my back

"Virtue !—to be good and just—
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

"O ! we two as well can look
Whited thought and cleanly life
As the priest, above his book
Leering at his neighbor's wife.

"Fill the cup, and fill the can :
Have a rouse before the morn :
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

"Drink, and let the parties rave ;
They are fill'd with idle spleen ;
Rising, falling, like a wave,
For they know not what thy mean.

"He that roars for liberty
Faster binds a tyrant's power
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.

*Fill the can, and fill the cup :
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

"Greet her with applausive breath,
Freedom, gayly doth she tread .
In her right a civic wreath,
In her left a human head.

"No, I love not what is new ;
She is of an ancient house :
And I think we know the hue
Of that cap upon her brows.

"Let her go ! her thirst she slakes
Where the bloody conduit runs :
Then her sweetest meal she makes
On the first-born of her sons.

"Drink to lofty hopes that cool—
Visions of a perfect State :
Drink we, last, the public fool,
Frantic love and frantic hate.

"Chant me now some wicked stave,
Till thy drooping courage rise,
And the glow-worm of the grave
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

"Fear not thou to loose thy tongue ;
Set thy hoary fancies free ;
What is loathsome to the young
Savors well to thee and me.

"Change, reverting to the years,
When thy nerves could understand
What there is in loving tears,
And the warmth of hand in hand.

"Tell me tales of thy first love—
April hopes, the fools of chance :
Till the graves begin to move,
And the dead begin to dance.

"Fill the can, and fill the cup :
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

"Trooping from their mouldy dens
The chap-fallen circle spreads :
Welcome, fellow-citizens,
Hollow hearts and empty heads !

"You are bones, and what of that ?
Every face, however full,
Padded round with flesh and fat,
Is but modell'd on a skull.

"Death is king, and Vivat Rex !
Tread a measure on the stones,
Madam—if I know your sex,
From the fashion of your bones.

"No, I cannot praise the fire
In your eye—nor yet your lip :
All the more do I admire
Joints of cunning workmanship.

"Lo ! God's likeness—the ground-plan
Neither modell'd, glazed, or framed :
Buss me, thou rough sketch of man,
Far too naked to be shamed !

"Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance,
While we keep a little breath !
Drink to heavy Ignorance !
Hob-and nob with brother Death !

"Thou art mazed, the night is long,
And the longer night is near :
What ! I am not all as wrong
As a bitter jest is dear.

"Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,
When the locks are crisp and curl'd ;
Unto me my maudlin gall
And my mockeries of the world.

"Fill the cup, and fill the can !
Mingle madness, mingle scorn !
Dregs of life, and lees of man :
Yet we will not die forlorn."

5.

The voice grew faint : there came a
further change :
Once more uprose the mystic mountain
range :

Below were men and horses pierced
 with worms,
 And slowly quickening into lower
 forms ;
 By shards and scurf of salt, and scum
 of dross,
 Old splash of rains, and refuse patch'd
 with moss.
 Then some one spake : " Behold ! it
 was a crime
 Of sense avenged by sense that wore
 with time."
 Another said : " The crime of sense
 became
 The crime of malice, and is equal
 blame."
 And one : " He had not wholly quench'd
 his power ; [sour."
 A little grain of conscience made him
 At last I heard a voice upon the slope
 Cry to the summit, " Is there any
 hope ?"
 To which an answer peal'd from that
 high land,
 But in a tongue no man could under-
 stand ;
 And on the glimmering limit far with-
 drawn
 God made Himself an awful rose of
 dawn.

COME not, when I am dead,
 To drop thy foolish tears upon my
 grave,
 To trample round my fallen head,
 And vex the unhappy dust thou
 wouldst not save.
 There let the wind sweep and the plover
 cry ;
 But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy
 crime
 I care no longer, being all unblest :
 Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of
 Time,
 And I desire to rest.
 Pass on, weak heart, and leave me
 where I lie :
 Go by, go by.

THE EAGLE.

FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands ;
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
 The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
 He watches from his mountain walls,
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and leave
 You orange sunset waning slow :
 From fringes of the faded eve,
 O, happy planet, eastward go :
 Till over thy dark shoulder glow
 Thy silver sister-world, and rise
 To glass herself in dewy eyes
 That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, lightly borne,
 Dip forward under starry light,
 And move me to my marriage-morn,
 And round again to happy night.

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He pass'd by the town and out of the
 street,

A light wind blew from the gates of
the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the
wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely
place,
And chanted a melody loud and
sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her
cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on
his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have
sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will
be
When the years have died away."

THE PRINCESS:

A MEDLEY.

TO

HENRY LUSHINGTON

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED BY HIS FRIEND

A. TENNYSON.

PROLOGUE.

SIR WALTER VIVIAN all a summer's
day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of
sun
Up to the people : thither flock'd at
noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither
half
The neighboring borough with their
Institute
Of which he was the patron. I was
there
From college, visiting the son,—the
A Walter too,—with others of our set,
Five others : we were seven at Vivian-
place.
And me that morning Walter show'd
the house,
Greek, set with busts : from vases in
the hall

Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier
than their names,
Grew side by side ; and on the pave-
ment lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the
park.
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones
of Time ;
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together ; celts and calumets,
Claymore and snow-shoe, toys in lava,
fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious orient ivory sphere in
sphere, [clubs
The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-
From the isles of palm : and higher on
the walls,
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and
deer,
His own forefathers' arms and armor
hung.

And "this," he said. "was Hugh's
at Agincourt ;
And that was old Sir Ralph's at As-
calon :
A good knight he ! we keep a chronicle
With all about him," — which he
brought, and I
Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt
with knights
Half-legend, half-historic, counts and
kings
Who laid about them at their wills and
died ;
And mixt with these, a lady, one that
arm'd
Her own fair head, and sallying thro'
the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from
her walls.

"O' miracle of women," said the
book,
"O noble heart who, being strait-be-
sieged
By this wild king to force her to his
wish,
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a
soldier's death,
But now when all was lost or seem'd
as lost—
Her stature more than mortal in the
burst
Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on
fire—
Brake with a blast of trumpets from
the gate,
And, falling on them like a thunder-
bolt,
She trampled some beneath her horses'
heels,
And some were whelm'd with missiles
of the wall,
And some were push'd with lances
from the rock,
And part were drown'd within the
whirling brook :
O miracle of noble womanhood ! "

So sang the gallant glorious chron-
icle ;
And, I all rapt in this, "Come out," he
said.

"To the Abbey: there is Aunt Eliz-
abeth
And sister Lilia with the rest." We
went
(I kept the book and had my finger
in it)
Down thro' the park: strange was the
sight to me ;
For all the sloping pasture murmur'd,
sown
With happy faces and with holiday.
There moved the multitude, a thou-
sand heads ;
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One rear'd a
font of stone
And drew from butts of water on the
slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing
now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of
pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded
ball
Danced like a wisp: and somewhat
lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials
fired
A cannon: Echo answer'd in her sleep
From hollow fields: and here were
telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of
girls [shock
In circle waited, whom the electric
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter:
round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling
plied
And shook the lilies; perch'd about
the knolls
A dozen angry models jetted steam:
A petty railway ran: a fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusky
groves
And dropt a fairy parachute and past:
And there thro' twenty posts of tele-
graph
They flashed a saucy message to and
fro
Between the mimic stations; so that
sport

Went hand in hand with Science;
 elsewhere
 Pure sport : a herd of boys with clamor
 bowl'd
 And stump'd the wicket ; babies roll'd
 about
 Like tumbled fruit in grass ; and men
 and maids
 Arranged a country dance, and flew
 thro' light
 And shadow, while the twangling
 violin
 Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and
 overhead
 The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty
 lime
 Made noise with bees and breeze from
 end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking
 of the time ;
 And long we gazed, but satiated at
 length
 Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and
 ivy-claspt,
 Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,
 Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost
 they gave
 The park, the crowd, the house ; but
 all within
 The sward was trim as any garden
 lawn :
 And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
 And Lilia with the rest, and lady
 friends
 From neighbor seats : and there was
 Ralph himself,
 A broken statue propt against the
 wall,
 As gay as any Lilia wild with sport,
 Half child, half woman as she was, had
 wound
 A scarf of orange round the stony
 helm,
 And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk.
 That made the old warrior from his
 ivied nook
 Glow like a sunbeam : near his tomb a
 feast
 Shone, silver-set ; about it lay the
 guests,

And there we joined them : then the
 maiden Aunt
 Took this fair day for text, and from it
 preach'd
 An universal culture for the crowd,
 And all things great ; but we, un-
 worthier, told
 Of College : he had climb'd across the
 spikes,
 And he had squeezed himself betwixt
 the bars,
 And he had breathed the Proctor's
 dogs : and one
 Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common
 men,
 But honeying at the whisper of a lord ;
 And one the Master, as a rogue in
 grain
 Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above their
 heads I saw
 The feudal warrior lady-clad ; which
 brought
 My book to mind : and opening this I
 read
 Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that
 rang
 With tilt and tourney ; then the tale of
 her
 That drove her foes with slaughter
 from her walls,
 And much I praised her nobleness,
 and "Where,"
 Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head
 (she lay
 Beside him) "lives there such a wo-
 man now ?"

Quick answer'd Lilia, "There are
 thousands now
 Such women, but convention beats
 them down :
 It is but bringing up ; no more than
 that :
 You men have done it : how I hate
 you all !
 Ah ! were I something great ! I wish I
 were
 Some mighty poetess, I would shame
 you then,

That love to keep us children! O I wish
 That I were some great Princess, I would build
 Far off from men a college like a man's,
 And I would teach them all that men are taught:
 We are twice as quick!" And here she shook aside
 The hand that play'd the patron with her curls.

And one said smiling, "Pretty were the sight
 If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
 With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
 And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
 I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
 But move as rich as Emperor-moths or Ralph
 Who shines so in the corner; yet I fear,
 If there were many Lilies in the brood,
 However deep you might embower the nest
 Some boy would spy it."

At this upon the sward
 She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot:
 "That's your light way: but I would make it death
 For any male thing but to peep at us."

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd;
 A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns,
 And sweet as English air could make her, she:
 But Walter hail'd a score of names upon her,
 And "petty Ogress," and "ungrateful Puss,"
 And swore he long'd at College, only long'd,
 All else was well, for she-society.
 They boated and they cricketed; they talk'd
 At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics;

They lost their weeks; they vex'd the souls of deans;
 They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,
 And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
 But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place,
 The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke,
 Part banter, part affection.
 "True," she said,
 "We doubt not that. O yes, you miss'd us much.
 I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did."

She held it out; and as a parrot turns
 Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye,
 And takes a lady's finger with all care.
 And bites it for true heart and not for harm,
 So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shriek'd
 And wrung it. "Doubt my word again!" he said.
 "Come, listen! here is proof that you were miss'd:
 We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read,
 And there we took one tutor as to read:
 The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube and square
 Were out of season: never man, I think,
 So moulder'd in a sinecure as he:
 For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet,
 And our long walks were stript as bare as brooms, [all
 We did but talk you over, pledge you
 In wassail: often, like as many girls—
 Sick for the hollies and the yews of home—
 As many little trifling Lilies—play'd
 Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,
 And *what's my thought* and *when* and *where* and *how*,

And often told a tale from mouth to mouth
As here at Christmas."

She remember'd that :
A pleasant game, she thought: she liked it more

Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.

But these—what kind of tales did men tell men,

She wonder'd, by themselves ?

A half-disdain
Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips :

And Walter nodded at me ; "*He* began,

The rest would follow, each in turn ; and so

We forged a sevenfold story. Kind ? what kind ?

Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms,

Seven-headed monsters only made to kill

Time by the fire in winter."

"Kill him now,
The tyrant ! kill him in the summer too,"

Said Lilia ; "Why not now," the maiden Aunt.

"Why not a summer's as a winter's tale ?

A tale for summer as befits the time,
And something it should be to suit the place,

Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,
Grave, solemn !"

Walter warp'd his mouth at this
To something so mock-solemn, that I laugh'd

[mirth
And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling
And echo like a ghostly woodpecker,
Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt
(A little sense of wrong had touch'd her face

With color) turn'd to me with "As you will ;

Heroic if you will, or what you will,
Or be yourself your hero if you will."

"Take Lilia, then, for heroine,"
clamor'd he,

"And make her some great Princess,
six feet high,

Grand, epic, homicidal ; and be you
The Prince to win her !"

"Then follow me, the Prince,"
I answer'd, "each be hero in his turn !
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream.—

Heroic seems our Princess as required —

But something made to suit with Time and place,

A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments

For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all—

This *were* a medley ! we should have him back

Who told the 'Winter's tale' to do it for us.

No matter : we will say whatever comes.

And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
From time to time, some ballad or a song

To give us breathing-space."

So I began,
And the rest follow'd : and the women sang

Between the rougher voices of the men,

Like linnets in the pauses of the wind :
And here I give the story and the songs.

I.

A PRINCE I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,

Of temper amorous, as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,

For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

There lived an ancient legend in our house.

Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grand-sire burnt

Because he cast no shadow, had fore-
told,
Dying, that none of all our blood
should know
The shadow from the substance, and
that one
Should come to fight with shadows and
to fall.

For so, my mother said, the story ran.
And, truly, waking dreams were, more
or less,
An old and strange affection of the
house.

Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven
knows what :

On a sudden in the midst of men and
day,

And while I walk'd and talk'd as here-
tofore,

I seem'd to move among a world of
ghosts,

And feel myself the shadow of a dream.
Our great court-Galen poisd his gilt-
head cane.

And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd
"catalepsy."

My mother pitying made a thousand
prayers;

My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canonized by all that look'd on
her,

So gracious was her tact and tender-
ness;

But my good father thought a king a
king;

He cared not for the affection of the
house;

He held his sceptre like a pedant's
wand

To lash offence, and with long arms
and hands

Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from
the mass

For judgment.

Now it chanced that I had been,
While life was yet in bud and blade,
betroth'd

To one, a neighboring Princess : she
to me

Was proxy-wedded with a bootless
calf

At eight years old ; and still from time
to time

Came murmurs of her beauty from the
South,

And of her brethren, youths of puis-
sance ;

And still I wore her picture by my
heart,

And one dark tress ; and all around
them both

Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees
about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I
should wed,

My father sent ambassadors with furs
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her : these
brought back

A present, a great labor of the loom ;
And therewithal an answer vague as
wind :

Besides, they saw the king ; he took
the gifts ;

He said there was a compact ; that was
true :

But then she had a will ; was he to
blame ?

And maiden fancies ; loved to live
alone

Among her women ; certain, would
not wed.

That morning in the presence room
I stood

With Cyril and with Florian, my two
friends :

The first, a gentleman of broken means
(His father's fault' but given to starts
and bursts

Of revel ; and the last, my other heart,
And almost my half-self, for still we
moved

Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and
eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my
father's face

Grow long and trot bled like a rising
moon,

Inflamed with wrath : he started on his
feet,

Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down,
and rent

The wonder of the loom thro' warp
and woof
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he
sware
That he would send a hundred thou-
sand men,
And bring her in a whirlwind; then he
chew'd
The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and
cook'd his spleen,
Communing with his captains of the
war.

At last I spoke. "My father, let me
go.

It cannot be but some gross error lies
In this report, this answer of a king,
Whom all men rate as kind and hos-
pitable :

Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once
seen,

Whate'er my grief to find her less than
fame,

May rue the bargain made." And
Florian said :

"I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess; she,
you know,

Who wedded with a nobleman from
thence :

He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles, in that land;
Thro' her this matter might be sifted
clean."

And Cyril whisper'd: "Take me with
you too."

Then laughing "what, if these weird
seizures come

Upon you in those lands, and no one
near

To point you out the shadow from the
truth!

Take me; I'll serve you better in a
strait;

I grate on rusty hinges here:" but
"No!"

Roar'd the rough king, "you shall not;
we ourself

Will crush her pretty maiden fancies
dead

In iron gauntlets: break the council
up."

But when the council broke, I rose
and past

Thro' the wild woods that hung about
the town;

Found a still place, and pluck'd her
likeness out;

Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying
bathed

In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd
trees:

What were those fancies? wherefore
break her troth?

Proud look'd the lips; but while I
meditated

A wind arose and rush'd upon the
South,

And shook the songs, the whispers, and
the shrieks

Of the wild woods together; and a
Voice

Went with it, "Follow, follow, thou
shalt win."

Then, ere the silver sickle of that
month [court

Became her golden shield, I stole from
With Cyril and with Florian, unper-
ceived,

Cat-footed thro' the town and half in
dread

To hear my father's ciamor at our
backs

With Ho! from some bay-window
shake the night; [walls,

But all was quiet: from the bastion'd
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we
dropt,

And flying reach'd the frontier; then
we crost

To a livelier land; and so by tilth and
grange,

And vines, and blowing bosks of wil-
derness,

We gain'd the mother-city thick with
towers,

And in the imperial palace found the
king.

His name was Gama; crack'd and
small his voice,

But bland the smile that like a wrin-
ling wind

On glassy water drove his cheek in lines;
 A little dry old man, without a star,
 Not like a king: three days he feasted us,
 And on the fourth I spake of why we came,
 And my betroth'd. "You do us, Prince," he said,
 Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,
 "All honor. We remember love ourselves
 In our sweet youth: there did a compact pass
 Long summers back, a kind of cere—I think the year in which our olives fail'd.
 I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,
 With my full heart: but there were widows here,
 Two widows, lady Psyche, lady Blanche;
 They fed her theories, in and out of place
 Maintaining that with equal husbandry
 The woman were an equal to the man.
 They harp'd on this; with this our banquets rang;
 Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk;
 Nothing but this; my very ears were hot
 To hear them: knowledge, so my daughter held,
 Was all in all; they had but been, she thought,
 As children; they must lose the child, assume
 The woman: then, Sir, awful odes she wrote,
 Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,
 But all she is and does is awful; odes
 About this losing of the child; and rhymes
 And dismal lyrics, prophesying change
 Beyond all reason: these the women sang;
 And they that know such things—I sought but peace;

No critic I—would call them master-pieces;
 They master'd me. At last she begg'd a boon
 A certain summer-palace which I have
 Hard by your father's frontier: I said no,
 Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there,
 All wild to found an University
 For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more
 We know not,—only this: they see no men,
 Not ev'n her brother Arac, nor the twins
 Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her
 As on a kind of paragon; and I (Pardon me saying it) were much loathe to breed
 Dispute betwixt myself and mine: but since
 (And I confess with right) you think me bound
 In some sort, I can give you letters to her;
 And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance
 Almost at naked nothing." Thus the king;
 And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur
 With garrulous ease and oily courtesies
 Our formal compact, yet, not less (all But chafing me on fire to find my bride)
 Went forth again with both my friends. We rode
 Many a long league back to the north. At last
 From hills, that look'd across a land of hope,
 We dropt with evening on a rustic town
 Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,
 Close at the boundary of the liberties;
 There enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host

To council, plied him with his richest
wines,
And show'd the late-writ letters of the
king.

He, with a long low sibilation, stared
As blank as death in marble; then ex-
claim'd

Averting it was clear against all rules
For any man to go: but as his brain
Began to mellow, "If the king," he
said,

"Had given us letters, was he bound
to speak?

The king would bear him out;" and
at the last—

The summer of the vine in all his
veins—

"No doubt that he might make it
worth his while.

She once had past that way; he heard
her speak;

She scared him; life! he never saw
the like;

She look'd as grand as doomsday and
as grave:

And he, he revered his liege-lady
there;

He always made a point to post with
mares;

His daughter and his housemaid were
the boys:

The land he understood for miles
about

Was till'd by women; all the swine
were sows,

And all the dogs—"

But while he jested thus
A thought flash'd thro' me which I
cloth'd in act,

Remembering how we three presented
Maid,

Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of
feast,

In masque or pageant at my father's
court.

We sent mine host to purchase female
gear;

He brought it, and himself, a sight to
shake

The midriff of despair with laughter,
help

To lace us up, till each, in maiden
plumes

We rustled; him we gave a costly
bribe

To guerdon silence, mounted our good
steeds,

And boldly ventured on the liberties.

We follow'd up the river as we rode,
And rode till midnight, when the col-
lege lights

Began to glitter fire-fly like in copse
And linden alley; then we past an

arch,
Whereon a woman-statue rose with

wings
From four wing'd horses dark against

the stars;
And some inscription ran along the

front,
But deep in shadow: further on we

gain'd
A little street half garden and half

house;
But scarce could hear each other speak

for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver ham-
mers falling

On silver anvils, and the splash and
stir

Of fountains spouted up and shower-
ing down

In meshes of the jasmine and the
rose;

And all about us pealed the nightin-
gale,

Rapt in her song, and careless of the
snare.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a
sign,

By two sphere lamps blazon'd like
Heaven and Earth

With constellation and with continent,
Above an entry: riding in, we call'd;

A plump-arm'd Ostleress and a stable
wench

Came running at the call, and help'd
us down.

Then stopt a buxom hostess forth,
and sail'd.

Full blown, before us into rooms which
gave
Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost
In laurel: her we ask'd of that and
this,
And who were tutors. "Lady Blanche,"
she said,
"And Lady Psyche." "Which was
prettiest,
Best-natured?" "Lady Psyche."
"Hers are we,"
One voice, we cried; and I sat down
and wrote,
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring
East:

"Three ladies of the Northern em-
pire pray
Your Highness would enroll them with
your own,
As Lady Psyche's pupils."
This I seal'd:
The seal was Cupid bent above a
scroll,
And o'er his head Uranian Venus
hung,
And raised the blinding bandage from
his eyes:
I gave the letter to be sent with dawn:
And then to bed, where half in doze I
seem'd
To float about a glimmering night, and
watch
A full sea glazed with muffled moon-
light, swell
On some dark shore just seen that it
was rich.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the
child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

II.

AT break of day the College Portress
came:
She brought us Academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold; and now when
these were on,
And we as rich as moths from dusk
cocoons,
She, curtseying her obeisance, let us
know
The Princess Ida waited: out we paced,
I first, and following thro' the porch
that sang
All round with laurel, issued in a
court
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with
lengths
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings
gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns
of flowers.
The Muses and the Graces, group'd in
threes,
Enring'd a billowing fountain in the
midst;
And here and there on lattice edges
lay
Or book or lute; but hastily we past,
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper
sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd be-
side her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the
Sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were
in her head,
And so much grace and power, breath-
ing down
From over her arch'd brows, with
every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long
hands,
And to her feet. She rose her height,
and said:

"We give you welcome: not without
 redound
 Of use and glory to yourselves ye
 come,
 The first-fruits of the stranger: after-
 time,
 And that full voice which circles round
 the grave,
 Will rank you nobly, mingled up with
 me.
 What! are the ladies of your land so
 tall?"
 "We of the court," said Cyril. "From
 the court,"
 She answer'd, "then ye know the
 Prince?" and he:
 "The climax of his age! as tho' there
 were
 One rose in all the world, your High-
 ness that,
 He worships your ideal." She replied:
 "We scarcely thought in our own hall
 to hear
 This barren verbiage, current among
 men, [ment.
 Like coin, the tinsel clink of compli-
 Your flight from out your bookless
 wilds would seem
 As arguing love of knowledge and of
 power;
 Your language proves you still the
 child. Indeed,
 We dream not of him: when we set
 out hand
 To this great work, we purposed with
 ourself
 Never to wed. You likewise will do
 well,
 Ladies, in entering here, to cast and
 fling
 The tricks, which make us toys of men,
 that so,
 Some future time, if so indeed you will,
 You may with those self-styled our
 lords ally
 Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale
 with scale."

At those high words, we, conscious
 of ourselves,
 Perused the matting; then an officer

Rose up, and read the statutes, such as
 these:
 Not for three years to correspond with
 home;
 Not for three years to cross the lib-
 erties:
 Not for three years to speak with any
 men;
 And many more, which hastily sub-
 scribed,
 We enter'd on the boards; and
 "Now," she cried,
 "Ye are green wood, see ye warp not.
 Look, our hall!
 Our statues!—not of those that men
 desire,
 Sleek Odaliskes, or oracles of mode,
 Nor stunted squaws of West or East;
 but she
 That taught the Sabine how to rule,
 and she
 The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
 The Carian Artemisia strong in war,
 The Rhodope, that built the pyramid,
 Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
 That fought Aurelian, and the Roman
 brows
 Of Agrippina. Dwell with these and
 lose
 Convention, since to look on noble
 forms
 Makes noble thro' the sensuous organ-
 ism
 That which is higher. O lift your
 natures up:
 Embrace our aims: work out your
 freedom. Girls,
 Knowledge is now no more a fountain
 seal'd:
 Drink deep, until the habits of the
 slave,
 The sins of emptiness gossip and spite
 And slander, die. Better not be at
 all
 Than not be noble. Leave us: you
 may go:
 To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue
 The fresh arrivals of the week before;
 For they press in from all the prov-
 inces,
 And fill the hive."

She spoke, and bowing waved
Dismissal: back again we crost the
court

To Lady Psyche's: as we enter'd in,
There sat along the forms, like morn-
ing doves

That sun their milky bosoms on the
thatch,

A patient range of pupils; she herself
Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,
A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-
eyed,

And on the hither side, or so she
look'd,

Of twenty summers. At her left, a
child,

In shining draperies, headed like a star,
Her maiden babe, a double April old,
Aglaiā slept. We sat: the Lady
glanced:

Then Florian, but no livelier than the
dame

That whisper'd "Asses' ears" among
the sedge,

"My sister." "Comely too by all
that's fair,"

Said Cyril. "O hush, hush!" and she
began

"This world was once a fluid haze of
light,

Till toward the centre set the starry
tides,

And eddied into suns, that wheeling
cast

The planets: then the monster, then
the man;

Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in
skins,

Raw from the prime, and crushing down
his mate;

As yet we find in barbarous isles, and
here

Among the lowest."

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious
past;

Glanced at the legendary Amazon

As emblematic of a nobler age;

Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of
those

That lay at wine with Lar and Lu
cuno;

Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman
lines

Of empire, and the woman's state in
each,

How far from just; till, warming with
her theme,

She fulmined out her scorn of laws
Salique

And little-footed China, touch'd on
Mahomet

With much contempt, and came to
chivalry:

When some respect, however slight,
was paid

To woman, superstition all awry:
However then commenced the dawn:

a beam

Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep,
indeed,

Their debt of thanks to her who first
had dared

To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and
assert

None lordlier than themselves but that
which made

Woman and man. She had founded;
they must build.

Here night they learn whatever men
were taught:

Let them not fear: some said their
heads were less:

Some men's were small; not they the
least of men;

For often fineness compensated size:
Besides the brain was like the hand,
and grew

With using; thence the man's, if more,
was more;

He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field: some ages had been
lost;

But woman ripen'd earlier, and her
life

Was longer; and albeit their glorious
names

Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since
in truth

The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the
glebe.

But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
With woman: and in arts of govern-
ment

Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of
grace

Sappho and others vied with any man:
And, last not least, she who had left
her place,

And bow'd her state to them, that they
might grow

To use and power on this Oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the
blight

Of ancient influence and scorn?

At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future; "everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the
hearth,

Two in the tangled business of the
world,

Two in the libera! offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound
the abyss

Of science, and the secrets of the
mind:

Musician, painter, sculptor, critic,
more:

And everywhere the broad and boun-
teous Earth

Should bear a double growth of those
rare souls,

Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood
of the world."

She ended here, and beckon'd us:
the rest

Parted; and, glowing full-faced wel-
come, she

Began to address us, and was moving
on

In gratulation, till as when a boat
Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all
her voice

Faltering and fluttering in her throat,
she cried,

"My brother!" "Well, my sister."

"O," she said,
"What do you here? and in this dress?
and these?"

Why who are these? a wolf within the
fold!

A pack of wolves! the Lord be gra-
cious to me!

A plot, a plot, a plot to ruin all!"

"No plot, no plot," he answer'd
"Wretched boy,

How saw you not the inscription on
the gate,
LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF
DEATH?"

"And if I had," he answer'd, "who
could think

The softer Adams of your Academe,
O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such
As chanted on the blanching bones of
men?"

"But you will find it otherwise," she
said.

"You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools!
my vow

Binds me to speak, and O that iron
will,

That axelike edge unturnable, our
Head,

The Princess." "Well then, Psyche,
take my life,

And nail me like a weasel on a grange
For warning: bury me beside the gate,

And cut this epitaph above my bones;
Here lies a brother by a sister slain,

All for the common good of womankind."

"Let me die too," said Cyril, "having
seen

And heard the Lady Psyche."

I struck in:
"Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the
truth;

Receive it; and in me behold the
Prince

Your countryman, affianced years ago
To the Lady Ida: here, for here she
was,

And thus (what other way was left?) I
came."

"O Sir, O Prince, I have no country;
none:

If any, this ; but none. Whate'er I
was

Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.
Affianced, Sir ? love-whispers may not
breathe

Within this vestal limit, and how
should I,

Who am not mine, say, live : the thun-
derbolt

Hangs silent ; but prepare : I speak ;
it falls."

"Yet pause," I said : "for that in-
scription there,

I think no more of deadly lurks therein,
Than in a clapper clapping in a garth,
To scare the fowl from fruit : if more
there be,

If more and acted on, what follows ?
war ;

Your own work marr'd : for this your
Academe,

Whichever side be Victor, in the hal-
loo

Will topple to the trumpet down, and
pass [gild

With all fair theories only made to
A stormless summer." "Let the Prin-
cess judge

Of that," she said : "farewell, Sir—
and to you.

I shudder at the sequel, but I go."

"Are you that Lady Psyche," I re-
join'd,

"The fifth in line from that old Flo-
rian,

Yet hangs his portrait in my father's
hall

(The gaunt old Baron with his beetle
brow

Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)
As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he
fell,

And all else fled : we point to it, and
we say,

The loyal warmth of Florian is not
cold,

But branches current yet in kindred
veins."

"Are you that Psyche," Florian added,
"she

With whom I sang about the morning
hills,

Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the
purple fly,

And snared the squirrel of the glen ?
are you

That Psyche, wont to bind my throbb-
ing brow,

To smooth my pillow, mix the foaming
draught

Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and
read

My sickness down to happy dreams ?
are you

That brother-sister Psyche, both in
one ?

You were that Psyche, but what are
you now ?"

"You are that Psyche," Cyril said,
"for whom

I would be that forever which I seem,
Woman, if I might sit beside your
feet,

And glean your scatter'd sapience."

Then once more,
"Are you that Lady Psyche," I began,

"That on her bridal morn before she
past

From all her old companions, when the
king

Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that an-
cient ties

Would still be dear beyond the
southern hills ;

That were there any of our people
there

In want or peril, there was one to hear
And help them : look ! for such are
these and I."

"Are you that Psyche," Florian ask'd,
"to whom,

In gentler days, your arrow-wounded
fawn

Came flying while you sat beside the
well ?

The creature laid his muzzle on your
lap,

And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it,
and the blood

Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you
wept.

That was fawn's blood, not brother's,
yet you wept.

O by the bright head of my little niece,
You were that Psyche, and what are
you now?"

"You are that Psyche," Cyril said
again,

"The mother of the sweetest little
maid,

That ever crow'd for kisses."

"Out upon it!"
She answer'd, "peace! and why should
I not play

The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
Him you call great; he for the com-
mon weal,

The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child, if good need
were,

Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on
whom

The secular emancipation turns
Of half this world, be swerved from
right to save

A prince, a brother? a little will I
yield.

Best so, perchance, for us, and well for
you.

O hard, when love and duty clash! I
fear

My conscience will not count me fleck-
less; yet—

Hear my conditions: promise (other-
wise

You perish) as you came to slip away,
To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be
said,

These women were too barbarous,
would not learn;

They fled, who might have shamed us:
promise, all."

What could we else, we promised
each; and she,

Like some wild creature newly caged,
commenced

A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused
By Florian; holding out her lily arms
Took both his hands, and smiling faint-
ly said:

"I knew you at the first; tho' you have
grown

You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and
glad

To see you, Florian. I give thee to
death,

My brother! it was duty spoke, not I.
My needful seeming harshness, pardon
it.

Our mother, is she well?"

With that she kiss'd
His forehead, then, a moment after,
clung

About him, and betwixt them blos-
som'd up

From out a common vein of memory
Sweet household talk, and phrases of
the hearth,

And far allusion, till the gracious dew
Began to glisten and to fall: and
while

They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a
voice,

"I brought a message here from Lady
Blanche."

Back started she, and turning round we
saw

The Lady Blanche's daughter where
she stood,

Melissa, with her hand upon the lock.
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly
(Her mother's color) with her lips
apart,

And all her thoughts as fair within her
eyes, [float

As bottom agates seen to wave and
In crystal currents of clear morning
seas.

So stood that same fair creature at
the door.

Then Lady Psyche, "Ah—Melissa—
you!

You heard us?" and Melissa, "O
pardon me!

I heard, I could not help it, did not
wish:

But dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,
Nor think I bear that heart within my
breast,

To give three gallant gentlemen to death." [two

"I trust you," said the other, "for we
Were always friends, none closer, elm
and vine :

But yet your mother's jealous temper-
ament—

Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse,
or prove

The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear
This whole foundation ruin, and I lose
My honor, these their lives." "Ah,
fear me not,"

Replied Melissa ; "no—I would not
tell,

No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,
No, not to answer, Madam, all those
hard things

That Sheba came to ask of Solomon."
"Be it so," the other, "that we still
may lead

The new light up, and culminate in
peace,

For Solomon may come to Sheba yet."
Said Cyril, "Madam, he the wisest man
Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls
Of Lebanonian cedar : nor should you
(Tho' Madam *you* should answer, we
would ask) [came

Less welcome find among us, if you
Among us, debtors for our lives to you,
Myself for something more." He said
not what,

But "Thanks," she answer'd, "go : we
have been too long

Together : keep your hoods about the
face ;

They do so that affect abstraction here.
Speak little ; mix not with the rest ;
and hold

Your promise : all, I trust, may yet be
well."

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the
child,

And held her round the knees against
his waist,

And blew the swoll'n cheeks of a trump-
eter,

While Psyche watch'd them, smiling,
and the child

Push'd her flat hand against his face
and laugh'd ;

And thus our conference closed.

And then we strolled
For half the day thro' stately theatres
Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat,
we heard

The grave Professor. On the lecture
slate

The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration ; follow'd
then

A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thunderous Epic lited
out

By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-
long

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all
Time

Sparkle forever : then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame,
the rock,

The star, the bird, the fish, the shell,
the flower,

Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and
known ;

Till like three horses that have broken
fence,

And glutted all night long breast-deep
in corn,

We issued gorged with knowledge, and
I spoke :

"Why Sirs, they do all this as well as
we."

"They hunt old trials," said Cyril,
"very well ;

But when did woman ever yet invent?"
"Ungracious !" answer'd Florian,

"have you learnt
No more from Psyche's lecture, you
that talk'd

The trash that made me sick, and al-
most sad ?"

"O trash," he said, "but with a kernel
in it.

Should I not call her wise, who made
me wise ?

And learnt? I learnt more from her in
 a flash,
 Than if my brainpan were an empty
 hull,
 And every Muse tumbled a science in.
 A thousand hearts lie fallow in these
 halls,
 And round these halls a thousand baby
 loves
 Fly twanging headless arrows at the
 hearts,
 Whence follows many a vacant pang;
 but O
 With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,
 The Head of all the golden-shafted firm,
 The long limb'd lad that had a Psyche
 too; [now
 He cleft me thro' the stomacher; and
 What think you of it, Florian? do I
 chase
 The substance or the shadow? will it
 hold?
 I have no sorcerer's malison on me,
 No ghostly hauntings like his High-
 ness. I
 Flatter myself that always everywhere
 I know the substance when I see it.
 well,
 Are castles shadows? Three of them?
 is she [not,
 The sweet proprietress a shadow? If
 Shall those three castles patch my tatter'd
 coat?
 For dear are those three castles to my
 wants,
 And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,
 And two dear things are one of double
 worth,
 And much I might have said, but that
 my zone
 Unmann'd me: then the Doctors! O to
 hear
 The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty
 plants
 Imbibing! once or twice I thought to
 roar,
 To break my chain, to shake my mane:
 but thou,
 Modulate me, Soul of mincing mimicry!
 Make liquid treble of that bassoon my
 throat;

Abase those eyes that ever loved to
 meet
 Star-sisters answering under crescent
 brows;
 Abate the stride, which speaks of man,
 and loose
 A flying charm of blushes o'er this
 cheek,
 Where they like swallows coming out
 of time
 Will wonder why they came; but hark
 the bell
 For dinner, let us go!"
 And in we stream'd
 Among the columns, pacing staid and
 still
 By twos and threes, till all from end
 to end
 With beauties every shade of brown
 and fair.
 In colors gayer than the morning mist,
 The long hall glitter'd like a bed of
 flowers. [with
 How might a man not wander from his
 Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept
 mine own
 Intent on her, who rapt in glorious
 dreams,
 The second-sight of some Astræan age,
 Sat compass'd with professors; they,
 the while,
 Discuss'd a doubt and tost it to and fro:
 A clamor thicken'd, mixt with inmost
 terms
 Of art and science: Lady Blanche
 alone
 Of faded form and haughtiest line-
 aments,
 With all her Autumn tresses falsely
 brown,
 Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
 In act to spring.
 At last a solemn grace,
 Concluded, and we sought the gardens:
 there
 One walk'd reciting by herself, and one
 In this hand held a volume as to read,
 And smoothed a peacock down with
 that:
 Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
 Or under arches of the marble bridge

Hung, shadow'd from the heat : some
hid and sought
In the orange thickets : others tost a
ball
Above the fountain-jets, and back again
With laughter : others lay about the
lawns,
Of the older sort, and murmur'd that
their May
Was passing : what was learning unto
them ?
They wish'd to marry ; they could rule
a house ;
Men hated learned women : but we
threed
Sat muffled like the Fates ; and often
came
Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts
Of gentle satire, kin to charity,
That harm'd not : then day droopt ;
the chapel bells
Call'd us : we left the walks ; we mixt
with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest
white,
Before two streams of light from wall
to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his
pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro'
the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from
Heaven
A blessing on her labors for the world.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty
one, sleeps.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty
one, sleep.

III.

MORN in the white wake of the
morning star
Came frowning all the orient into gold.
We rose, and each by other drest with
care
Descended to the court that lay three
parts
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were
touch'd
Above the darkness from their native
East.

There while we stood beside the
fount and watch'd
Or seem'd to watch the dancing bub-
ble, approach'd
Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of
sleep,
Or grief, and glowing round her dewy
eyes
The circled Iris of a night of tears ;
"And fly," she cried, "O fly, while yet
you may !
My mother knows : " and when I ask'd
her how,"
"My fault," she wept, "my fault ! and
yet not mine ;
Yet mine in part. O hear me, pardon
me.
My mother, 'tis her wont from night to
night
To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
She says the Princess should have been
the Head,
Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms ;
And so it was agreed when first they
came ;
But Lady Psyche was the right hand
now,
And she the left, or not, or seldom
used ;
Hers more than half the students, all
the love.
And so last night she fell to canvas :
you :

"Her countrywomen! she did not envy her.

Who ever saw such wild barbarians?
Girls?—more like men!" and at these words the snake,

My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast;

And O, Sirs, could I help it, but my cheek

Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye

To fix and make me hotter, till she laugh'd:

"O marvellously modest maiden, you! Men! girls, like men! why, if they had been men

You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus

For wholesome comment" Pardon, I am shamed

That I must needs repeat for my excuse What looks so little graceful: "men"

(for still My mother went revolving on the word)

"And so they are,—very like men indeed—

And with that woman closeted for hours!"

Then came these dreadful words out one by one,

"Why—these—*are*—men:" I shudder'd: "and you know it."

"O ask me nothing," I said: "And she knows too,

And she conceals it." So my mother clutch'd

The truth at once, but with no word from me;

And now thus early risen she goes to inform

The Princess: Lady Psyche will be crush'd;

But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly: [go."

But heal me with your pardon ere you

"What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?"

Said Cyril: "Pale one, blush again: than wear

Those lilies, better blush our lives away

Yet let us breathe for one hour more in Heaven."

He added, "lest some classic Angel speak

In scorn of us, 'they mounted, Gany-medes,

To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn.'

But I will melt this marble into wax To yield us farther furlough:" and he went.

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought

He scarce would prosper. "Tell us," Florian ask'd,

"How grew this feud betwixt the right and left."

"O long ago," she said, "betwixt these two

Division smoulders hidden: 'tis my mother,

Too jealous, often fretful as the wind Pent in a crevice: much I bear with her:

I never knew my father, but she says (God help her) she was wedded to a fool;

And still she rail'd against the state of things

She had the care of Lady Ida's youth, And from the Queen's decease she brought her up.

But when your sister came she won the heart

Of Ida; they were still together, grew (For so they said themselves) inosculation;

Consonant chords that shiver to one note;

One mind in all things: yet my mother still

Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,

And angled with them for her pupil's love:

She calls her plagiarist; I know not what:

But I must go; I dare not tarry," and light,

As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled.

Then murmur'd Florian, gazing after her:
 "An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.
 If I could love, why this were she: how pretty
 Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,
 As if to close with Cyril's random wish:
 Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,
 Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow."

"The crane," I said, "may chatter of the crane,
 The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
 An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.
 My princess, O my princess! true she errs,
 But in her own grand way; being herself
 Three times more noble than three-score of men,
 She sees herself in every woman else,
 And so she wears her error like a crown
 To blind the truth and me: for her, and her,
 Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix
 The nectar; but—ah she—whene'er she moves
 The Samian Herè rises and she speaks
 A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun."

So saying, from the court we paced, and gain'd
 The terrace ranged along the Northern front,
 And leaning there on those balusters, high
 Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale
 That blown about the foliage underneath,
 And sated with the innumerable rose,
 Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came
 Cyril, and yawning "O hard task," he cried:
 "No fighting shadows here! I forced a way

Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd.
 Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump
 A league of street in summer solstice down,
 Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman
 I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found her there
 At point to move, and settled in her eyes
 The green malignant light of coming storm.
 Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oil'd,
 As man's could be: yet maiden-meek I pray'd
 Concealment: she demanded who we were,
 And why we came? I fabled nothing [fair,
 But, your example pilot, told her all.
 Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eye.
 But when I dwelt upon your old affianced,
 She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astray.
 I urged the fierce inscription on the gate,
 And our three lives. True—we had limed ourselves,
 With open eyes, and we must take the chance.
 But such extremes, I told her, well might harm
 The woman's cause. "Not more than now," she said,
 "So puddled as it is with favoritism."
 I tried the mother's heart. Shame might befall
 Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew:
 Her answer was, "Leave me to deal with that."
 I spoke of war to come and many deaths,
 And she replied, her duty was to speak,
 And duty duty, clear of consequences.
 I grew discouraged, Sir, but since I knew
 No rock so hard but that a little wave
 May beat admission in a thousand years,

I recommenced : " Decide not ere you pause.

I find you here but in the second place,
Some say the third—the authentic
foundress you.

I offer boldly ; we will seat you highest :
Wink at our advent : help my prince
to gain

His rightful bride, and here I promise
you

Some palace in our land, where you
shall reign

The head and heart of all our fair she-
world,

And your great name flow on with
broadening time

Forever." Well, she balanced this a
little,

And told me she would answer us to-
day,

Meantime be mute : thus much, nor
more I gain'd."

He ceasing, came a message from
the Head.

" That afternoon the Princess rode
to take

The dip of certain strata to the North.
Would we go with her? we should find
the land

Worth seeing ; and the river made a
fall

Out yonder ; " then she pointed on to
where

A double hill ran up his furrowy forks
Beyond the thick-leaved platans of the
vale.

Agreed to this, the day fled on thro'
all

Its range of duties to the appointed
hour.

Then summon'd to the porch we went.
She stood

Among her maidens, higher by the
head,

Her back against a pillar, her foot on
one

Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he
roll'd

And paw'd about her sandal. I drew
near :

I gazed. On a sudden my strange
seizure came

Upon me, the weird vision of our house:
The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,
Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy,
Her college and her maidens empty
masks,

And I myself the shadow of a dream,
For all things were and were not. Yet
I felt

My heart beat thick with passion and
with awe ;

Then from my breast the involuntary
sigh

Brake, as she smote me with the light
of eyes

That lent my knee desire to kneel, and
shook

My pulses, till to horse we got, and so
Went forth in long retinue following
up

The river as it narrow'd to the hills.

I rode beside her and to me she said :
" O friend, we trust that you esteem'd
us not

Too harsh to your companion yester-
morn ;

Unwillingly we spake." " No—not to
her,"

I answer'd, " but to one of whom we
spake

Your Highness might have seem'd the
thing you say."

" Again?" she cried, " are you ambas-
saddresses

From him to me? we give you, being
strange,

A license ; speak, and let the topic die."

I stammer'd that I knew him—could
have wish'd—

" Our king expects—was there no pre-
contract?

There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem
All he prefigured, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but
long'd

To follow : surely, if your Highness
keep

Your purport, you will shock him ev'n
to death,

Or baser courses, children of despair”
 “Poor boy,” she said, “can he not
 read—no books?
 Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor
 deals in that
 Which men delight in, martial exercise?
 To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
 Methinks he seems no better than a
 girl;
 As girls were once, as we ourself have
 been:
 We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt
 with them:
 We touch on our dead self, nor shun
 to do it,
 Being other—since we learnt our mean-
 ing here,
 To lift the woman’s fall’n divinity,
 Upon an even pedestal with man.”

She paused, and added with a haugh-
 tier smile:
 “And as to precontracts, we move, my
 friend,
 At no man’s beck, but know ourself and
 thee, [out
 O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon’d
 She kept her state, and left the drunken
 king
 To brawl at Shushan underneath the
 palms.”

“Alas your Highness breathes full
 East,” I said,
 “On that which leans to you. I know
 the Prince,
 I prize his truth: and then how vast a
 work
 To assail this gray pre-eminence of
 man!
 You grant me license; might I use it?
 think,
 Ere half be done perchance your life
 may fail:
 Then comes the feebler heiress of your
 plan,
 And takes and ruins all; and thus your
 pains
 May only make that footprint upon sand
 Which old-recurring waves of prejudice
 Resmooth to nothing: might I dread
 that you,

With only Fame for spouse and your
 great deeds
 For issue, yet may live in vain, and
 miss,
 Meanwhile, what every woman counts
 her due,
 Love, children, happiness?”
 And she exclaim’d,
 “Peace, you young savage of the
 Northern wild!
 What! tho’ your Prince’s love were
 like a God’s,
 Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?
 You are bold indeed: we are not talk’d
 to thus:
 Yet will we say for children, would they
 grow
 Like field-flowers everywhere! we like
 them well;
 But children die; and let me tell you,
 girl, [die;
 Howe’er you babble, great deeds cannot
 They with the sun and moon renew
 their light
 Forever, blessing those that look on
 them.
 Children—that men may pluck them
 from our hearts,
 Kill us with pity, break us with our-
 selves—
 O—children—there is nothing upon
 earth [son
 More miserable than she that has a
 And sees him err: nor would we work
 for fame;
 Tho’ she perhaps might reap the ap-
 plause of Great,
 Who learns the one POU STO whence
 after-hands
 May move the world, tho’ she herself
 effect
 But little: wherefore up and act, nor
 shrink
 For fear our solid aim be dissipated
 By frail successors. Would, indeed,
 we had been,
 In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
 Of giants living, each, a thousand years,
 That we might see our own work out,
 and watch
 The sandy footprint harden into stone.”

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself
 If that strange Poet-princess with her grand
 Imaginations might at all be won.
 And she broke out interpreting my thoughts
 "No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you ;
 We are used to that : for women, up till this
 Cramp'd under worse than South-seaisle taboo,
 Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far
 In high desire, they know not, cannot guess
 How much their welfare is a passion to us
 If we could give them surer, quicker proof—
 O if our end were less achievable
 By slow approaches, than by single act
 Of immolation, any phase of death,
 We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,
 Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,
 To compass our dear sisters' liberties."
 She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear ;
 And up we came to where the river sloped
 To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks
 A breath of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,
 And danced the color, and, below, stuck out
 The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd
 Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,
 "As these rude bones to us, are we to her
 That will be." "Dare we dream of that," I ask'd,
 "Which wrought us, as the workman and his work,
 That practice betters?" "How," she cried, "you love
 The metaphysics! read and earn our prize,

A golden brooch : beneath an emerald plane
 Sits D'otima, teaching him that died
 Of hemlock ; our device ; wrought to the life ;
 She rapt upon her subject, he on her :
 For there are schools for all." "And yet," I said,
 "Methinks I have not found among them all [that,"
 One anatomic." "Nay, we thought of
 She answer'd, "but it pleased us not : in truth
 We shudder but to dream our maids should ape
 Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,
 And cram him with the fragments of the grave,
 Or in the dark dissolving human heart,
 And holy secrets of this microcosm,
 Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,
 Encarnalize their spirits : yet we know
 Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs :
 Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,
 Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,
 For many weary moons before we came,
 This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself
 Would tend upon you. To your question now,
 Which touches on the workman and his work.
 Let there be light and there was light : 'tis so :
 For was, and is, and will be, are but is ;
 And all creation is one act at once.
 The birth of light : but we that are not all,
 As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
 And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
 One act a phantom of succession : thus
 Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time ;
 But in the shadow will we work, and mould

The woman to the fuller day."
 She spake
 With kindled eyes: we rode a league
 beyond, [ing,
 And, o'er a bridge of pinewood cross-
 came
 On flowery levels underneath the crag,
 Full of all beauty. "O how sweet," I
 said,
 (For I was half-oblivious of my mask,)
 "To linger here with one that loved
 us." "Yea,"
 She answer'd, "or with fair philoso-
 phies
 That lift the fancy; for indeed these
 fields
 Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian
 lawns,
 Where paced the Demigods of old,
 and saw
 The soft white vapor streak the
 crowned towers
 Built to the Sun: * then, turning to her
 maids,
 "Pitch our pavilion here upon the
 sward;
 Lay out the viands." At the word, they
 raised
 A tent of satin, elaborately wrought
 With fair Corinna's triumph; here she
 stood,
 Engirt with many a florid maiden-cheek,
 The woman-conqueror: woman con-
 quer'd there
 The bearded Victor of ten-thousand
 hymns,
 And all the men mourned at his side:
 but we
 Set forth to climb; then, climbing, Cyril
 kept
 With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I
 With mine affianced. Many a little
 hand
 Glanced like a touch of sunshine on
 the rocks,
 Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
 In the dark crag: and then we turn'd,
 we wound
 About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,
 Hammering and clinking, chattering
 stony names

Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap
 and tuff,
 Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Sun
 Grew broader toward his death and fell,
 and all
 The rosy heights came out above the
 lawns.

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the
 lakes
 And the wild cataract leaps in
 glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
 dying, dying,

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blow-
 ing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens re-
 playing:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
 dying, dying

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
 flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying,
 dying, dying.

IV.

"THERE sinks the nebulous star we
 call the Sun,
 If that hypothesis of theirs be sound,"
 Said Ida; "let us down and rest:"
 and we
 Down from the lean and wrinkled
 precipices,
 By every coppice-feather'd chasm and
 cleft,
 Dropt thro' the ambrosial gloom to
 where below

No bigger than a glow-worm shone the
tent
Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she
lean'd on me,
Descending: once or twice she lent
her hand,
And blissful palpitations in the blood,
Stirring a sudden transport rose and
fell.

But when we planted level feet, and
dipt
Beneath the satin dome and enter'd in,
There leaning deep in broider'd down
we sank
Our elbows: on a tripod in the midst
A fragrant flame rose, and before us
glow'd
Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and
gold.

Then she, "Let some one sing to us:
lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music:" and
a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp,
and sang.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what
they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine
despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the
eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no
more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering
on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the
under-world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the
verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no
more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark sum-
mer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmer-
ing square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no
more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after
death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
feign'd
On lips that are for others: deep as
love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all
regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no
more."

She ended with such passion that the
tear,
She sang of, shook and fell, an erring
pearl
Lost in her bosom: but with some
disdain

Answer'd the Princess: "If indeed
there haunt
About the moulder'd lodges of the
Past
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to
men,

Well needs it we should cram our ears
with wool
And so pace by: but thine are fancies
hatch'd
In silken-folded idleness; nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
But trim our sails, and let old bygone
be,

While down the streams that float us
each and all

To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs
of ice,
Throne after throne, and molten on the
waste

Becomes a cloud: for all things serve
their time
Toward that great year of equal might
and rights,
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in
the end

Found golden: let the past be past;
let be
Their cancell'd Babels: tho' the rough
kex break

The starr'd mosaic, and the wild goat
hang

Upon the shaft, and the wild fig-tree
split

Their monstrous idols, care not while
we hear

A trumpet in the distance pealing news
Of better, and Hope, a poisoning eagle,
burns

Above the unrisen morrow: " then to
me,

' Know you no song of your own land,'
she said,

"Not such as moans about the retro-
spect,

But deals with the other distance and
the hues

Of promise; not a death's-head at the
wine."

Then I remember'd one myself had
made,

What time I watch'd the swallow wing-
ing south

From mine own land, part made long
since, and part [far

Now while I sang, and maidenlike as
As I could ape their treble, did I sing.

' O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying
South,

Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded
And tell her, tell her what I tell to
thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that
knowest each,

That bright and fierce and fickle is the
South,

And dark and true and tender is the
North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could fol-
low and light [trill,

Upon her lattice, I would pipe and
And cheep and twitter twenty million
loves.

"O were I thou that she might take
me in,

And lay me on her bosom, and her
heart

Would rock the snowy cradle till I
died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her
heart with love,

Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods
are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood
is flown:

Say to her, I do but wanton in the
South

But in the North long since my nest is
made.

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is
long,

And brief the sun of summer in the
North,

And brief the moon of beauty in the
South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden
woods,

Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and
make her mine,

And tell her, tell her, that I follow
thee."

I ceased, and all the ladies, each at
each,

Like the Ithacensian suitors in old
time,

Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd
with alien lips,

And knew not what they meant; for
still my voice

Rang false: but smiling, "Not for
thee," she said,

"O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
Shall burst her veil: marsh-divers,

rather, maid,
Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow-
crake

Grate her harsh kindred in the grass:
and this

A mere love-poem! O for such, my
friend,

We hold them slight: they mind us of
the time

When we made bricks in Egypt.
Knaves are men,

That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,
And dress the victim to the offering up,

And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,

And play the slave to gain the tyranny.
Poor soul! I had a maid of honor
once;

She wept her true eyes blind for such
a one,

A rogue of canzonets and serenades.

I loved her. Peace be with her. She
is dead.

So they blaspheme the muse! but
great is song

Used to great ends; ourself have often
tried

Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have
dash'd

The passion of the prophetess; for
song

Is duer unto freedom, force and growth
Of spirit, than to junketing and love.

Love is it? Would this same mock-
love, and this bats.

Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter
Till all men grew to rate us at our
worth,

Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes
To be dandled, no, but living wills, and
sphered

Whole in ourselves and owed to none.
Enough!

But now to leaven play with profit, you,
Know you no song, the true growth of
your soil,

That gives the manners of your coun-
trywomen?"

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous
head with eyes

Of shining expectation fixt on mine.

Then while I dragg'd my brains for
such a song,

Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd flask
had wrought,

Or master'd by the sense of sport,
began

To troll a careless, careless tavern-
catch

Of Moll and Meg, and strange experi-
ences

Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded
at him,

I frowning; Psyche flush'd and wann'd
and shook;

The lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows;
"Forbear," the Princess cried; "For-
bear, Sir," I;

And heated thro' and thro' with wrath
and love,

I smote him on the breast; he started
up;

There rose a shriek as of a city
sack'd;

Melissa clamor'd, "Flee the death;"
"To horse,"

Said Ida; "home! to horse!" and
fled, as flies

A troop of snowy doves athwart the
dusk,

When some one batters at the dove-
cote-doors,

Disorderly the women. Alone I stood
With Florian, cursing Cyril, vexed at
heart,

In the pavilion: there like parting
hopes

I heard them passing from me: hoof
by hoof,

And every hoof a knell to my desires,
Clang'd on the bridge; and then an-
other shriek,

"The Head, the Head, the Princess,
O the Head!"

For blind with rage she miss'd the
plank, and roll'd

In the river. Out I sprang from glow
to gloom;

There whirl'd her white robe like a
blossom'd branch

Rapt to the horrible fall; a glance I
gave,

No more; but woman-vested as I was
Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I
caught her; then

Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left
The weight of all the hopes of half the
world,

Strove to buffet to land in vain. A
tree

Was half-disrooted from his place and
stoop'd

To drench his dark locks in the gur-
gling wave

Mid-channel. Right on this we drove
and caught,
And grasping down the boughs I
gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmer-
ingly group'd
in the hollow bank. One reaching
forward drew
My burthen from mine arms; they
cried, "She lives!"
They bore her back into the tent;
but I,
So much a kind of shame within me
wrought,
Not yet endured to meet her opening
eyes,
Nor found my friends; but push'd
alone on foot
(For since her horse was lost I left her
mine)

Across the woods, and less from Indian
craft
Than beelike instinct hiveward, found
at length
The garden portals. Two great stat-
ues, Art
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were
valves
Of open-work in which the hunter
rued
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his
brows
Had sprouted, and the branches there-
upon
Spread out at top, and grimly spiked
the gates.

A little space was left between the
horns,
Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top
with pain,
Dropt on the sward, and up the linden
walks,
And, tost on thoughts that changed
from hue to hue,
Now poring on the glow-worm, now
the star,
I paced the terrace till the bear had
wheel'd
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.

A step
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form
Than female, moving thro' the uncer-
tain gloom,
Disturb'd me with the doubt "if this
were she,"
But it was Florian. "Hist, O hist,"
he said,
"They seek us: out so late is out of
rules.
Moreover 'Seize the strangers' is the
cry.
How came you here?" I told him:
"I," said he,
"Last of the train, a moral leper, I
To whom none spake, half-sick at
heart, return'd,
Arriving all confused among the rest
With hooded brows I crept into the
hall,
And, couch'd behind a Judith, under-
neath [saw,
The head of Holofernes peep'd and
Girl after girl was call'd to trial; each
Disclaim'd all knowledge of us; last of
all,
Melissa: trust me, Sir, I pitied her.
She, question'd if she knew us men, at
first
Was silent; closer prest, denied it not
And then, demanded if her mother
knew,
Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied:
From whence the Royal mind, familiar
with her,
Easily gather'd either guilt. She sent
For Psyche, but she was not there;
she call'd
For Pysche's child to cast it from the
doors;
She sent for Blanche to accuse her
face to face; [now?
And I slipt out: but whither will you
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both
are fled:
What, if together? that were not so
well.
Would rather we had never come! I
dread
His wildness, and the chances of the
dark."

“And yet,” I said, “you wrong him more than I
That struck him: this is proper to the clown,
Tho’ smock’d, or furr’d and purpled, still the clown,
To harm the thing that trusts him, and to shame
That which he says he loves: for Cyril, howe’er
He deal in frolic, as to-night—the song
Might have been worse and sinn’d in grosser lips
Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold
These flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament: But as the water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho’ anchor’d to the bottom, such is he.”

Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near
Two Proctors leapt upon us, crying, “Names.”
He, standing still, was clutch’d; but I began
To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind
And double in and out the boles, and race
By all the fountains: fleet I was of foot:
Before me shower’d the rose in flakes; behind
I heard the puff’d pursuer; at mine ear
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,
And secret laughter tickled all my soul.
At last I hook’d my ankle in a vine,
That claspt the feet of a Mnemosyne,
And falling on my face was caught and known.

They haled us to the Princess where she sat
High in the hall: above her droop’d a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,

Prophet of storm: a hand-maid on each side
Bow’d toward her, combing out her long black hair
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women blowz’d with health, and wind, and rain,
And labor. Each was like a Druid rock;
Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and wail’d about with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing clove
An advent to the throne; and there-beside,
Half-naked, as if caught at once from bed
And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay
The lily-shining child; and on the left,
Bow’d on her palms and folded up from wrong,
Her round white shoulder shaken with her sobs,
Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche erect
Stood up and spake, an affluent orator.

“It was not thus, O Princess, in old days:
You prized my counsel, lived upon my lips:
I led you then to all the Castalies;
I fed you with the milk of every Muse;
I loved you like this kneeler, and you me
Your second mother: those were gracious times.
Then came your new friend: you began to change—
I saw it and grieved—to slacken and to cool;
Till taken with her seeming openness
You turned your warmer currents all to her,
To me you froze: this was my meed for all.

Yet I bore up in part from ancient
 love,
 And partly that I hoped to win you
 back,
 And partly conscious of my own de-
 serts, [head,
 And partly that you were my civil
 And chiefly you were born for some-
 thing great,
 In which I might your fellow-worker
 be,
 When time should serve; and thus a
 noble scheme
 Grew up from seed we too long since
 had sown;
 In us true growth, in her a Jonah's
 gourd,
 Up in one night and due to sudden
 sun:
 We took this palace; but even from
 the first
 You stood in your own light and dark-
 en'd mine.
 What student came but that you planed
 her path
 To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,
 A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,
 I your old friend and tried, she new in
 all?
 But still her lists were swell'd and mine
 were lean;
 Yet I bore up in hope she would be
 known:
 Then came these wolves: *they* knew
 her: *they* endured,
 Long-closeted with her the yester-morn,
 To tell her what they were, and she to
 hear:
 And me none told: not less to an eye
 like mine,
 A lidless watcher of the public weal,
 Last night, their mask was patent, and
 my foot
 Was to you: but I thought again: I
 fear'd
 To meet a cold 'We thank you, we
 shall hear of it
 From Lady Psyche:' you had gone to
 her,
 She told, perforce; and winning easy
 grace,

No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd
 among us
 In our young nursery still unknown,
 the stem
 Less grain than touchwood, while my
 honest heat
 Were all miscounted as malignant
 haste
 To push my rival out of place and
 power.
 But public use required she should be
 known;
 And since my oath was ta'en for pub-
 lic use,
 I broke the letter of it to keep the
 sense.
 I spoke not then at first, but watch'd
 them well,
 Saw that they kept apart, no mischief
 done;
 And yet this day (tho' you should hate
 me for it)
 I came to tell you: found that you had
 gone,
 Ridd'n to the hills, she likewise: now,
 I thought,
 That surely she will speak; if not,
 then I:
 Did she? These monsters blazon'd
 what they were,
 According to the coarseness of their
 kind,
 For thus I hear; and known at last
 (my work)
 And full of cowardice and guilty shame,
 I grant in her some sense of shame.
 she flies;
 And I remain on whom to wreak your
 rage,
 I, that have lent my life to build up
 yours,
 I that have wasted here health, wealth,
 and time,
 And talents, I—you know it—I will
 not boast:
 Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,
 Divorced from my experience, will be
 chaff
 For every gust of chance, and men will
 say

We did not know the real light, but
chased
The wisp that flickers where no foot
can tread."

She ceased: the Princess answer'd
coldly " Good :
Your oath is broken: we dismiss you :
go.

For this lost lamb (she pointed to the
child)

Our mind is changed : we take it to
ourselves."

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture
throat,
And shot from crooked lips a haggard
smile.

" The plan was mine. I built the
nest," she said,

" Go hatch the cuckoo. Rise!" and
stoop'd to updrag

Melissa: she, half on her mother propt,
Half drooping from her, turn'd her
face, and cast

A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,
Which melted Florian's fancy as she
hung,

A Niobean daughter, one arm out,
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven; and
while

We gazed upon her came a little stir
About the doors, and on a sudden
rush'd

Among us, out of breath, as one pur-
sued,

A woman-post in flying raiment. Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her
face, and wing'd

Her transit to the throne, whereby she
fell

Delivering seal'd despatches which the
Head

Took half-amazed, and in her lion's
mood

Tore open, silent we with blind sur-
mise

Regarding, while she read, till over
brow

And cheek and bosom brake the wrath-
ful bloom

As of some fire against a stormy cloud

When the wild peasant rights himself,
the rick

Flames, and his anger reddens in the
heavens;

For anger most it seem'd, while now
her breast,

Beaten with some great passion at her
heart,

Palpitated, her hand shook, and we
heard

In the dead hush the papers that she
held

Rustle: at once the lost lamb at her
feet

Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam;
The plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she
crush'd

The scrolls together, made a sudden
turn

As if to speak, but, utterance failing
her,

She whirl'd them on to me, as who
should say,

" Read," and I read—two letters—one
her sire's.

" Fair daughter, when we sent the
Prince your way

We knew not your ungracious laws,
which learnt,

We, conscious of what temper you are
built,

Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but
fell

Into his father's hands, who has this
night,

You lying close upon his territory,
Slipt round and in the dark invested
you.

And here he keeps me hostage for his
son."

The second was my father's, running
thus:

" You have our son: touch not a hair
of his head:

Render him up unscathed: give him
your hand:

Cleave to your contract: tho' indeed
we hear

You hold the woman is the better
man;

A rampant heresy, such as if it spread
Would make all women kick against
their lords

Thro' all the world, and which might
well deserve

That we this night should pluck your
palace down;

And we will do it, unless you send us
back

Our son, on the instant, whole."

So far I read;

And then stood up and spoke impetu-
ously.

"O not to pry and peer on your re-
serve,

But led by golden wishes, and a hope
The child of regal compact, did I
break

Your precinct; not a scorner of your
sex

But venerator, zealous it should be

All that it might be: hear me, for I
bear,

Tho' man, yet human, whatso'er your
wrongs,

From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a
life

Less mine than yours: my nurse would
tell me of you;

I babbled for you, as babies for the
moon,

Vague brightness; when a boy, you
stoop'd to me

From all high places, lived in all fair
lights,

Came in long breezes rapt from inmost
south

And blown to inmost north; at eve
and dawn

With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;

The leader wild-swan in among the
stars

Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of
glow-worn light

The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida.
Now,

Because I would have reach'd you, had
you been

Sphered up with Cassiopëia, or the en-
throned

Peresphone in Hades, now at length,
Those winters of abeyance all worn
out,

A man I came to see you: but, in-
deed,

Not in this frequency can I lend full
tongue,

O noble Ida, to those thoughts that
wait

On you, their centre: let me say but
this,

That many a famous man and woman,
town

And landskip, have I heard of, after
seen

The dwarfs of prestige; tho' when
known, there grew

Another kind of beauty in detail

Made them worth knowing; but in you
I found

My boyish dream involved and dazzled
down

And master'd, while that after-beauty
makes

Such head from act to act, from hour
to hour,

Within me, that except you slay me
here,

According to your bitter statute book,
I cannot cease to follow you, as they

say
The seal does music; who desire you
more

Than growing boys their manhood;
dying lips,

With many thousand matters left to
do,

The breath of life; O more than poor
men wealth,

Than sick men health,—yours, yours,
not mine,—but half

Without you, with you, whole; and of
those halves

You worthiest; and howe'er you block
and bar

Your heart with system out from mine,
I hold

That it becomes no man to nurse de-
spair,

But in the teeth of clench'd antagon-
isms

To follow up the worthiest till he die :
Yet that I came not all unauthorized
Behold your father's letter."

On one knee

Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught,
and dash'd

Unopen'd at her feet : a tide of fierce
Investive seem'd to wait behind her
lips,

As waits a river level with the dam
Ready to burst and flood the world
with foam ;

And so she would have spoken, but
there rose

A hubbub in the court of half the
maids

[hall

Gather'd together : from the illumined
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a
press

Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded
ewes,

And rainbow robes, and gems and
gem-like eyes,

And gold and golden heads ; they to
and fro

Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some
red, some pale,

All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the
light,

Some crying there was an army in the
land,

And some that men were in the very
walls,

And some they cared not ; till a clamor
grew

As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,
And worse confounded : high above
them stood

The placid marble Muses, looking
peace.

Not peace she look'd, the Head : but
rising up

Robed in the long night of her deep
hair, so

To the open window moved, remaining
there

Fixt like a beacon-tower above the
waves

Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling
eye

Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the
light

Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd
her arms and call'd

Across the tumult and the tumult fell.

"What fear ye brawlers? am not I
your Head?

On me, me, me, the storm first breaks :
I dare

All these male thunderbolts : what is
it ye fear?

Peace! there are those to avenge us
and they come :

If not,—myself were like enough, O
girls,

To unfurl the maiden banner of our
rights,

And clad in iron burst the ranks of
war,

Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,
Die : yet I blame ye not so much for
fear;

Six thousand years of fear have made
ye that

From which I would redeem ye : but
for those

That stir this hubbub—you and you—
I know

Your faces there in the crowd—to mor-
row morn

We hold a great convention : then shall
That love their voices more than duty,
learn

With whom they deal, dismiss'd in
shame to live

No wiser than their mothers, household
stuff,

Live chattels, mincers of each other's
fame,

Full of weak poison, turnspits for the
clown,

The drunkard's football, laughing-
stocks of Time,

Whose brains are in their hands and in
their heels,

But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to
thrum,

To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and
to scour,

Forever slaves at home and fools
abroad."

She, ending, waved her hands :
 thereat the crowd
 Muttering dissolved : then with a smile,
 that look'd
 A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
 When all the glens are drown'd in
 azure gloom
 Of thunder-shower, she floated to us
 and said :

“ You have done well and like a
 gentleman,
 And like a prince : you have our thanks
 for all :
 And you look well too in your woman's
 dress :
 Well have you done and like a gentle-
 man.
 You saved our life : we owe you bitter
 thanks :
 Better have died and spilt our bones in
 the flood—
 Then men had said—but now—What
 hinders me
 To take such bloody vengeance on you
 both ?—
 Yet since our father—Wasps in our
 good hive,
 You would be quenchers of the light
 to be,
 Barbarians, grosser than your native
 bears—
 O would I had his sceptre for one hour !
 You that have dared to break our
 bound, and gull'd
 Our servants, wrong'd and lied and
 thwarted us—
 I wed with thee ! I bound by pre-con-
 tract
 Your bride, your bondslave ! not tho'
 all the gold
 That veins the world were pack'd to
 make your crown,
 And every spoken tongue should lord
 you. Sir,
 Your falsehood and you-self are hate-
 ful to us :
 I trample on your offers and on you :
 Begone : we will not look upon you
 more.
 Here, push them out at gates.”

In wrath she spake.
 Then those eight mighty daughters of
 the plough
 Bent their broad faces toward us and
 address'd
 Their motion : twice I sought to plead
 my cause,
 But on my shoulder hung their heavy
 hands,
 The weight of destiny : so from her
 face
 They push'd us, down the steps, and
 thro' the court,
 And with grim laughter thrust us out
 at gates.

We cross'd the street and gain'd a
 petty mound
 Beyond it, whence we saw the lights
 and heard
 The voices murmuring. While I
 listen'd, came
 On a sudden the weird seizure and the
 doubt :
 I seem'd to move among a world of
 ghosts :
 The Princess with her monstrous
 woman-guard,
 The jest and earnest working side by
 side,
 The cataract and the tumult and the
 kings
 Were shadows ; and the long fantastic
 night
 With all its doings had and had not
 been,
 And all things were and were not.
 This went by
 As strangely as it came, and on my
 spirits
 Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy ;
 Not long ; I shook it off ; for spite of
 doubts
 And sudden ghostly shadowings I was
 one
 To whom the touch of all mischance
 but came
 As night to him that sitting on a hill
 Sees the midsummer, midnight, Nor-
 way sun
 Set into sunrise : then we moved away.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and
thee.

So Lilia sang: we thought her half-
possess'd,
She struck such warbling fury thro'
the words;
And, after feigning pique at what she
call'd

The raillery, or grotesque, or false sub-
lime—

Like one that wishes at a dance to
change

The music—clapt her hands and cried
for war,

Or some grand fight to kill and make
an end:

And he that next inherited the tale
Half turning to the broken statue said,
"Sir Ralph has got your colors: if I
prove

Your knight, and fight your battle, what
for me?" [tomb

It chanced, her empty glove upon the
Lay by her like a model of her hand.

She took it and she flung it. "Fight,"
she said,

"And make us all we would be, great
and good."

He knightlike in his cap instead of
casque,

A cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall,
Arranged the favor, and assumed the
Prince.

V.

Now, scarce three paces measured
from the mound,

We stumbled on a stationary voice,
And "Stand, who goes?" "Two from
the palace," I.

"The second two: they wait," he said,
"pass on;

His Highness wakes": and one, that
clash'd in arms,

By glimmering lanes the walls of can-
vas, led

Threading the soldier-city, till we heard
The drowsy folds of our great ensign
shake

From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial
tent

Whispers of war.

Entering, the sudden light
Dazed me half-blind: I stood and
seem'd to hear

As in a poplar grove when a light wind
wakes

A lisp of the innumerable leaf and
dies,

Each hissing in his neighbor's ear,
and then

A strangled titter, out of which there
brake

On all sides, clamoring etiquette to
death,

Unmeasured mirth; while now the two
old kings

Began to wag their baldness up and
down,

The fresh young captains flash'd their
glittering teeth,

The huge bush-bearded Barons heaved
and blew,

And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded
Squire.

At length my Sire, his rough cheek
wet with tears,

Panted from weary sides, "King, you
are free!

We did but keep you surety for our
son,

If this be he,—or a draggled mawkin,
thou,

That tends her bristled grunTERS in the
sludge:"

For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn
with briars,

More crumpled than a poppy from the
sheath,

And all one rag, disprinc'd from head
to heel.

Then some one sent beneath his vaulted
palm

A whisper'd jest to some one near him
"Look,

He has been among his shadows."

"Satan take
The old women and their shadows!
(thus the King
Roar'd) make yourself a man to fight
with men.
Go: Cyril told us all."

At boys that slink
From ferule and the trespass-chiding
eye,

Away we stole, and transient in a trice
From what was left of faded woman-
slough

To sheathing splendors and the golden
scale

Of harness, issued in the sun, that
now

Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the
Earth,

And hit the northern hills. Here
Cyril met us,

A little shy at first, but by and by
We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd
and given

For stroke and song, resolder'd peace,
whereon

Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled
away

Thro' the dark land, and later in the
night

Had come on Psyche weeping: "then
we fell [lies,

Into your father's hand and there she
But will not speak, nor stir."

He show'd a tent
A stone-shot off: we enter'd in, and
there

Among piled arms and rough accoutre-
ments,

Pitiful sight, wrapt in a soldier's cloak,
Like some sweet sculpture draped from
head to foot,

And push'd by rude hands from its
pedestal,

All her fair length upon the ground
she lay:

And at her head a follower of the camp,
A char'd and wrinkled piece of
womanhood,

Sat watching like a watcher by the
dead.

Then Florian knelt, and "Come"
he whisper'd to her,

"Lift up your head, sweet sister: lie
not thus

What have you done but right? you
could not slay

Me, nor your prince: look up: be
comforted:

Sweet is it to have done the thing one
ought,

When fall'n in darker ways." And
likewise I:

"Be comforted: have I not lost her
too,

In whose least act abides the nameless
charm

That none has else for me?" She
heard, she moved,

She moan'd, a folded voice; and up
she sat,

And raised the cloak from brows as
pale and smooth

As those that mourn half shrouded over
death

In deathless marble. "Her," she
said, "my friend—

Parted from her—betray'd her cause
and mine—

Where shall I breathe? why kept ye
not your faith?

O base and bad! what comfort? none
for me!"

To whom remorseful Cyril, "Yet I
pray

Take comfort: live, dear lady, for your
child!"

At which she lifted up her voice and
cried

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah
my child,

My one sweet child, whom I shall see
no more!

For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of

care,

Or sicken with ill usage, when they say
The child is hers—for every little fault,

The child is hers; and they will beat
my girl

Remembering her mother: O my
flower!

Or they will take her, they will make
her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than
were she dead.

All mother that I was to leave her there,
To lag behind, scared by the cry they
made,

The horror of the shame among them
all:

But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and
day,

Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing forever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one
child:

And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her:
Ah! what might that man not deserve
of me,

Who gave me back my child?" "Be
comforted,"

Said Cyril, "you shall have it," but
again

She veil'd her brows, and prone she
sank, and so

Like tender things that being caught
feign death,

Spoke not, nor stirr'd.

By this a murmur ran
Thro' all the camp and inward raced
the scouts

With rumor of Prince Arac hard at
hand.

We left her by the woman, and without
Found the gray kings at parle: and

"Look you," cried

My father, "that our compact be ful-
fill'd:

You have spoilt this child; she laughs
at you and man:

She wrongs herself, her sex, and me,
and him:

But red-faced war has rods of steel and
fire;

She yields, or war."

Then Gama turn'd to me:
"We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy
time

With our strange girl: and yet they say
that still

You love her. Give us, then, your
mind at large:

How say you, war or not?"

"Not war, if possible,
O king," I said, "lest from the abuse
of war,

The desecrated shrine, the trampled
year,

The smouldering homestead, and the
household flower

Torn from the lintel—all the common
wrong—

A smoke go up thro' which I loom to
her

Three times a monster: now she
lightens scorn

At him that mars her plan, but then
would hate

(And every voice she talk'd with ratify
it,

And every face she look'd on justify it)
The general foe. More soluble is this
knot,

By gentleness than war I want her
love.

What were I nigher this altho' we
dash'd

Your cities into shards with catapults,
She would not love;—or brought her
chain'd, a slave,

The lifting of whose eyelash is my
lord,

Not ever would she love; but brood-
ing turn

The book of scorn till all my little
chance

Were caught within the record of her
wrongs,

And crush'd to death: and rather, Sire,
than this

I would the old god of war himself
were dead,

Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs
of wreck,

Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd
in ice,

Not to be molten out."

And roughly spake.

My father, "Tut, you know them not,
the girls.

Boy, when I hear you prate I almost
think

That idiot legend credible. Look you,
Sir!

Man is the hunter; woman is his
game:

The sleek and shining creatures of the
chase,

We hunt them for the beauty of their
skins;

They love us for it, and we ride them
down.

Wheedling and siding with them!
Out! for shame!

Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear
to them

As he that does the thing they dare not
do,

Breathing and sounding beauteous bat-
tle, comes

With the air of the trumpet round him,
and leaps in

Among the women, snares them by the
score

Fatter'd and fluster'd, wins, though
dash'd with death

He reddens what he kisses: thus I won
Your mother, a good mother, a good

wife,
Worth winning; but this firebrand—

gentleness
To such as her! if Cyril spake her

true,
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
To trip a tiger with a gossamer,

Were wisdom to it."

"Yea, but Sire," I cried,
"Wild natures need wise curbs. The

soldier? No:

What dares not Ida do that she should
prize

The soldier? I beheld her, when she
rose

The yester-night, and storming in
extremes

Stood for her cause, and flung defiance
down

Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd
the death,

No, not the soldier's: yet I hold her,
king,

True woman: but you clash them all
in one,

That have as many differences as we.
The violet varies from the lily as far

As oak from elm; one loves the
soldier, one

The silken priest of peace, one this,
one that,

And some unworthily; their sinless
faith,

A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,
Glorifying clown and satyr; whence

they need
More breadth of culture: is not Ida

right?

They worth it? truer to the law within?
Severer in the logic of a life?

Twice as magnetic to sweet influences
Of earth and heaven? and she of whom

you speak,
My mother, looks as whole as some

serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a

touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak

the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves; I

say,
Not like the piebald miscellany, man,

Bursts of great heart and slips in sen-
sual mire,

But whole and one; and take them all-
in-all, [kind,

Were we ourselves but half as good, as
As truthful, much that Ida claims as

right
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly

theirs
As dues of Nature. To our point;

not war:
Lest I lose all."

"Nay, nay, you spake but sense,"
Said Gama. "We remember love our-

selves
In our sweet youth; we did not rate

him then
This red-hot iron to be shaped with

blows.

You talk almost like Ida: *she* can talk;
And there is something in it as you
say:

But you talk kindlier; we esteem you
for it.—

He seems a gracious and a gallant
Prince,

I would he had our daughter: for the
rest,

Our own detention, why the causes
weigh'd,

Fatherly fears—you used us courte-
ously—

We would do much to gratify your
Prince—

We pardon it; and for your ingress
here

Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair
land,

You did but come as goblins in the
night,

Nor in the furrow broke the plough-
man's head,

Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the
milking-maid

Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of
cream:

But let our Prince (our royal word upon
it,

He comes back safe) ride with us to
our lines,

And speak with Arac: Arac's word is
thrice

As ours with Ida; something may be
done—

I know not what—and ours shall see
us friends. will,

You, likewise, our late guests, if so you
Follow us: who knows? we four may
build some plan

Foursquare to opposition.”

Here he reach'd
White hands of farewell to my sire,
who growl'd

An answer which, half-muffled in his
beard,

Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Then rode we with the old king
across the lawns

Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings
of Spring

In every hole, a song on every spray
Of birds that piped their Valentines,
and woke

Desire in me to infuse my tale of love
In the old king's ears, who promised
help, and oozed

All o'er with honey'd answer as we
rode; [dews

And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy
Gather'd by night and peace, with
each light air

On our mail'd heads: but other
thoughts than Peace

Burnt in us, when we saw the embat-
tled squares,

And squadrons of the Prince, tram-
pling the flowers

With clamor: for among them rose a
cry

As if to greet the king: they made a
halt;

The horses yell'd; they clash'd their
arms; the drum

Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the mar-
tial fife;

And in the blast and bray of the long
horn

And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner: anon to meet us lightly
pranced

Three captains out; nor ever had I
seen

Such thews of men: the midmost and
the highest

Was Arac: all about his motion clung
The shadow of his sister, as the beam

Of the East, that play'd upon them,
made them glance

Like those three stars of the airy
Giant's zone,

That glitter burnish'd by the frosty
dark;

And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald,
shone

Their morions, wash'd with morning,
as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I
heard

War-music, felt the blind wildbeast of
force,

Whose home is in the sinews of a man,
 Stir in me as to strike ; then took the
 king
 His three broad sons : with now a
 wandering hand
 And now a pointed finger, told them
 all :
 A common light of smiles at our dis-
 guise
 Broke from their lips, and, ere the
 windy jest
 Had labor'd down within his ample
 lungs,
 The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself
 Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in
 words.

“Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he
 himself
 Your captive, yet my father wills not
 war :
 And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war
 or no ?
 But then this question of your troth re-
 mains :
 And there's a downright honest mean-
 ing in her ;
 She flies too high, she flies too high !
 and yet
 She ask'd but space and fairplay for
 her scheme ; [self,
 She prest and prest it on me—I my-
 What know I of these things ? but, life
 and soul !
 I thought her half-right talking of her
 wrongs :
 I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what
 of that ?
 I take her for the flower of womankind,
 And so I often told her, right or wrong,
 And, Prince, she can be sweet to those
 she loves,
 And, right or wrong, I care not : this
 is all,
 I stand upon her side : she made me
 swear it—
 'Sdeath,—and with solemn rites by can-
 dle-light—
 Swear by St. something—I forget her
 name—
 Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest
 men :

She was a princess too ; and so I swore.
 Come, this is all ; she will not : waive
 your claim,
 If not, the foughten field, what else, at
 once
 Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's
 will.”

I lagg'd in answer loath to render
 up
 My precontract, and loath by brainless
 war
 To cleave the rift of difference deeper
 yet ;
 Till one of those two brothers, half
 aside
 And fingering at the hair about his
 lip,
 To prick us on to combat “Like to
 like !
 The woman's garment hid the woman's
 heart.”
 A taunt that clench'd his purpose like
 a blow !
 For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-
 scoff,
 And sharp I answer'd touch'd upon
 the point
 Where idle boys are cowards to their
 shame,
 “Decide it here : why not ? we are
 three to three.”

Then spake the third, “But three to
 three ? no more !
 No more, and in our noble sister's
 cause ?
 More, more, for honor : every captain
 waits
 Hungry for honor, angry for his king.
 More, more, some fifty on a side, that
 each
 May breathe himself, and quick ! by
 overthrow
 Of these or those, the question settled
 die.”

“Yea,” answer'd I, “for this wild
 wreath of air,
 This flake of rainbow flying on the
 highest
 Foam of men's deeds—this honor, if ye
 will.

If needs must be for honor if at all :
 Since, what decision? if we fail, we
 fail,
 And if we win, we fail : she would not
 keep
 Her compact." "Sdeath! but we will
 send to her,"
 Said Arac, "worthy reasons why she
 should
 Bide by this issue: let our missive
 thro',
 And you shall have her answer by the
 word."

"Boys!" shriek'd the old king, but
 vainlier than a hen
 To her false daughters in the pool; for
 none
 Regarded; neither seem'd there more
 to say:
 Back rode we to my father's camp, and
 found
 He thrice had sent a herald to the
 gates,
 To learn if Ida yet would cede our
 claim,
 Or by denial flush her babbling wells
 With her own people's life: three
 times he went:
 The first, he blew and blew, but none
 appear'd:
 He batter'd at the doors; none came:
 the next,
 An awful voice within had warn'd him
 thence:
 The third, and those eight daughters
 of the plough
 Came sallying thro' the gates, and
 caught his hair,
 And so belabor'd him on rib and cheek
 They made him wild: not less one
 glance he caught
 Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
 Unshaken, clinging to her purpose,
 firm
 Tho' compass'd by two armies and the
 noise
 Of arms; and standing like a stately
 Pine
 Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
 When storm is on the heights, and
 right and left

Suck'd from the dark heart of the long
 hills roll
 The torrents, dash'd to the vale: and
 yet her will
 Bred wii in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was
 pledged
 To fight in tourney for my bride, he
 clash'd
 His iron palms together with a cry;
 Himself would tilt it out among the
 lads:
 But overborne by all his bearded lords
 With reasons drawn from age and
 state, perforce
 He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce
 demur:
 And many a bold knight started up in
 heat,
 And swore to combat for my claim till
 death.

All on this side the palace ran the
 field
 Flat to the garden wall: and likewise
 here,
 Above the garden's glowing blossom-
 belts,
 A column'd entry shone and marble
 stairs,
 And great bronze valves, emboss'd
 with Tomyris
 And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
 But now fast barr'd: so here upon the
 flat
 All that long morn the lists were ham-
 mer'd up,
 And all that morn the heralds to and
 fro,
 With message and defiance, went and
 came;
 Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,
 But shaken here and there, and rolling
 words
 Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read.

"O brother, you have known the
 pangs we felt,
 What heats of indignation when we
 heard
 Of those that iron-cramp'd their wo-
 men's feet;

Of lands in which at the altar the poor
 bride
 Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift
 a scourge ;
 Of living hearts that crack within the
 fire
 Where smoulder their dead despots ;
 and of those,—
 Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling
 Their pretty maids in the running
 flood, and swoops
 The vulture, beak and talon, at the
 heart
 Made for all noble motion : and I saw
 That equal baseness lived in sleeker
 times
 With smoother men ; the old leaven
 leaven'd all :
 Millions of throats would bawl for
 civil rights,
 No woman named : therefore I set my
 face
 Against all men, and lived but for
 mine own,
 Far off from men I built a fold for
 them :
 I stored it full of rich memorial :
 I fenced it round with gallant insti-
 tutes,
 And biting laws to scare the beasts of
 prey, [boys
 And prosper'd ; till a rout of saucy
 Brake on us at our books, and marr'd
 our peace,
 Mask'd like our maids, blustering I
 knew not what
 Of insolence and love, some pretext
 held
 Of baby troth, invalid, since my will
 Seal'd not the bond—the striplings!—
 for their sport !—
 I tamed my leopards : shall I not tame
 these ?
 Or you ? or I ? for since you think me
 touch'd
 In honor—what, I would not aught of
 false—
 Is not our cause pure ? and whereas I
 know
 Your prowess, Arac, and what mother's
 blood

You draw from, fight, you failing, I
 abide
 What end soever : fail you will not.
 Still
 Take not his life : he risk'd it for my
 own ;
 His mother lives : yet whatsoe'er you
 do,
 Fight and fight well ; strike and strike
 home. O dear
 Brothers, the woman's Angel guards
 you, you
 The sole men to be mingled with our
 cause,
 The sole men we shall prize in the
 after-time,
 Your very armor hallow'd, and your
 statues
 Rear'd, sung to, when this gad-fly
 brush'd aside,
 We plant a solid foot into the Time,
 And mould a generation strong to
 move
 With claim on claim from right to
 right, till she
 Whose name is yoked with children's,
 know herself ;
 And knowledge in our own land make
 her free,
 And, ever following those two crown'd
 twins,
 Commerce and conquest, shower the
 fiery grain
 Of freedom broadcast over all that
 orbs
 Between the Northern and the South-
 ern morn."

Then came a postscript dash'd across
 the rest.
 "See that there be no traitors in your
 camp :
 We seem a nest of traitors—none to
 trust :
 Since our arms fail'd—this Egypt
 plague of men !
 Almost our maids were better at their
 homes,
 Than thus man-girdled here : indeed I
 think
 Our chiefest comfort is the little child

Of one unworthy mother; which she
left:
She shall not have it back: the child
shall grow
To prize the authentic mother of her
mind.
I took it for an hour in mine own bed
This morning: there the tender orphan
hands
Felt at my heart, and seemed to charm
from thence
The wrath I nursed against the world:
farewell."

I ceased: he said: "Stubborn, but
she may sit
Upon a king's right hand in thunder-
storms,
And breed up warriors! See now,
tho' yourself
Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to
sloughs
That swallow common sense, the spin-
dling king,
This Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance.
When the man wants weight, the
woman takes it up,
And topples down the scales; but this
is fixt [all;
As are the roots of earth and base of
Man for the field and woman for the
hearth;
Man for the sword and for the needle
she:
Man with the head and woman with
the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion. Look you! the
gray mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny
shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small
good-man
Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires
of Hell
Mix with his hearth: but you—she's
yet a colt—
Take, break her: strongly groom'd
and straitly curb'd
She might not rank with those detest-
able

That let the bantling scald at home,
and brawl
Their rights or wrongs like potherbs
in the street.
They say she's comely; there's the
fairer chance:
I like her none the less for rating at
her!
Besides, the woman wed is not as we,
But suffers change of frame. A lusty
brace
Of twins may weed her of her folly.
Boy,
The bearing and the training of a
child
Is woman's wisdom."

Thus the hard old king:
I took my leave, for it was nearly
noon:
I pored upon her letter which I held,
And on the little clause "take not his
life:"
I mused on that wild morning in the
woods,
And on the "Follow, follow, thou shalt
win:"
I thought on all the wrathful king had
said,
And how the strange betrothment was
to end:
Then I remember'd that burnt sorcer-
er's curse
That one should fight with shadows
and should fall;
And like a flash the weird affection
came:
King, camp and college turn'd to hol-
low shows;
I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,
And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,
To dream myself the shadow of a
dream:
And ere I woke it was the point of
noon,
The lists were ready. Empanoplied
and plumed
We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet
blared
At the barrier like a wild horn in a
land

Of echoes, and a moment, and once
 more
 The trumpet, and again: which the
 storm
 Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of
 spears
 And riders front to front, until they
 closed
 In conflict with the crash of shivering
 points,
 And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream;
 I dream'd
 Of fighting. On his haunches rose the
 steed,
 And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
 And out of stricken helmets sprang the
 fire.
 A noble dream! what was it else I
 saw?
 Part sat like rocks; part reel'd but
 kept their seats;
 Part roll'd on the earth and rose again
 and drew:
 Part stumbled mixt with floundering
 horses. Down
 From those two bulks at Arac's side,
 and down [flail,
 From Arac's arm, as from a giant's
 The large blows rain'd, as here and
 everywhere
 He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing
 lists,
 And all the plain—brand, mace, and
 shaft, and shield—
 Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil
 bang'd
 With hammers; till I thought, can
 this be he
 From Gama's dwarfish loins? if this
 be so,
 The mother makes us most—and in
 my dream
 I glanced aside, and saw the palace-
 front
 Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies'
 eyes,
 And highest, among the statues, statue-
 like,
 Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,
 With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching
 us,

A single band of gold about her hair,
 Like a Saint's glory up in heaven: but
 she
 No saint—inexorable—no tenderness—
 Too hard, too cruel: yet she sees me
 fight,
 Yea, let her see me fall! with that I
 drave
 Among the thickest and bore down a
 Prince,
 And Cyril, one. Yea, let me make my
 dream
 All that I would. But that large-
 moulded man,
 His visage all agrin as at a wake,
 Made at me thro' the press, and, stag-
 gering back,
 With stroke on stroke the horse and
 horseman came
 As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
 Flaying the roofs and sucking up the
 drains,
 And shadowing down the champaign
 till it strikes
 On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and
 cracks, and splits,
 And twists the grain with such a roar
 that Earth
 Reels, and the herdsmen cry; for ev-
 erything [he
 Gave way before him: only Florian,
 That loved me closer than his own
 right eye,
 Thrust in between; but Arac rode him
 down:
 And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the
 Prince,
 With Psyche's color round his helmet,
 tough,
 Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at
 arms;
 But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that
 smote
 And threw him: last I spur'd; I felt
 my veins
 Stretch with fierce heat; a moment
 hand to hand,
 And sword to sword, and horse to
 horse we hung,
 Till I struck out and shouted; the
 blade glanced;



*“ But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche’s babe in arm.”*

THE PRINCESS, Canto VI, Page 143.

I did but shear a feather, and dream
and truth
Flow'd from me; darkness closed me;
and I fell.

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved.
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

VI.

My dream had never died or lived
again.
As in some mystic middle state I lay;
Secing I saw not, hearing not I heard;
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I speak as having seen.

For so it seem'd, or so they said to
me,
That all things grew more tragic and
more strange;
That when our side was vanquish'd
and my cause
Forever lost, there went up a great cry,
The Prince is slain. My father heard
and ran
In on the lists, and there unlaced my
casque
And grovell'd on my body, and after
him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaia.

But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm: there on
the roofs
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she
sang.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have
fall'n: the seed
The little seed they laugh'd at in the
dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown
a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every
side
A thousand arms and rushes to the
Sun.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have
fall'n: they came:
The leaves were wet with women's
tears: they heard
A noise of songs they would not un-
derstand:
They mark'd it with the red cross to
the fall,
And would have strown it, and are
fall'n themselves.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have
fall'n: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the
tree!
But we will make it fagots for the
hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof
and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of
men.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have
fall'n: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt them-
selves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the
grain:
The glittering axe was broken in their
arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the
shoulder blade.

"Our enemies have fall'n, but this
shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a
breadth

Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power ;
and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of
Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star,
the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the
world.

“And now, O maids, behold our
sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken: fear we
not
To break them more in their behoof,
whose arms
Champion'd our cause and won it with
a day
Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual
feast,
When dames and heroines of the gold-
en year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of
Spring,
To rain an April of ovation round
Their statues, borne aloft, the three :
but come,
We will be liberal, since our rights are
won.
Let them not lie in the tents with
coarse mankind,
Ill nurses ; but descend, and proffer
these
The brethren of our blood and cause,
that there
Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender
ministries
Of female hands and hospitality.”

She spoke, and with the babe yet in
her arms,
Descending, burst. the great bronze
valves, and led
A hundred maids in train across the
Park.
Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed,
on they came,
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest : by
them went
The enamor'd air sighing, and on their
curls
From the high tree the blossom waver-
ing fell,

And over them the tremulous isles of
light,
Slided, the moving under shade: but
Blanche
At distance follow'd : so they came :
anon
Thro' open field into the lists they
wound
Timorously ; and as the leader of the
herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the
Sun,
And follow'd up by a hundred airy
does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on
air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay ;
there stay'd ;
Knelt on one knee,—the child on
one,—and prest
Their hands, and call'd them dear de-
liverers,
And happy warriors and immortal
names,
And said, “You shall not lie in the
tents but here,
And nursed by those for whom you
fought, and served
With female hands and hospitality.”

Then, whether moved by this, or
was it chance,
She past my way. Up started from
my side
The old lion, glaring with his whelp-
less eye,
Silent ; but when she saw me lying
stark,
Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly
pale,
Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd ; and when
she saw
The haggard father's face and reverend
beard
Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the
blood
Of his own son, shudder'd a twitch of
pain,
Tortured her mouth, and o'er her fore-
head past

A shadow, and her hue changed, and she said:

"He saved my life: my brother slew him for it."

No more: at which the king in bitter scorn

Drew from my neck the painting and the tress,

And held them up: she saw them, and a day

Rose from the distance on her memory, When the good Queen, her mother, shore the tress

With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche:

And then once more she look'd at my pale face:

Till understanding all the foolish work Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all, Her iron will was broken in her mind; Her noble heart was molten in her breast;

She bow'd, she set the child on the earth; she laid

A feeling finger on my brows, and presently

"O Sire," she said, "he lives: he is not dead:

O let me have him with my brethren here

In our own palace: we will tend on Like one of these; if so, by any means, To lighten this great clog of thanks, that make

Our progress falter to the woman's goal."

She said: but at the happy word "he lives,"

My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my wounds.

So those two foes above my fallen life, With brow to brow like night and evening mixt

Their dark and gray, while Psyche ever stole

A little nearer, till the babe that by us, Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden brede,

Lay like a new fall'n meteor on the grass,

Uncared for, spied its mother and began

A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance

Its body, and reach its fatling innocent arms

And lazy lingering fingers. She the appeal

Brook'd not, but clamoring out "Mine—mine—not yours,

It is not yours, but mine: give me the child,"

Ceased all on tremble: piteous was the cry:

So stood the unhappy mother open-mouth'd,

And turn'd her face each way: wan was her cheek

With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn,

Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,

And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half

The sacred mother's bosom, panting burst

The laces toward her babe; but she nor cared

Nor knew it, clamoring on, till Ida heard,

Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood

Erect and silent, striking with her glance

The mother, me, the child; but he that lay

Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was, Trail'd himself up on one knee: then

he drew

Her robe to meet his lips, and down she look'd

At the arm'd man sideways, pitying, as it seem'd,

Or self-involved; but when she learnt his face,

Remembering his ill-omen'd song, arose Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew

Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he said;

"O fair and strong and terrible!
 Lioness
 That with your long locks play the
 Lion's mane!
 But Love and Nature, these are two
 more terrible
 And stronger. See, your foot is on our
 necks,
 We vanquish'd, you the victor of your
 will,
 What would you more? give her the
 child! remain
 Orb'd in your isolation: he is dead,
 Or all as dead: henceforth we let you
 be:
 Win you the hearts of women; and
 beware
 Lest, where you seek the common love
 of these,
 The common hate with the revolving
 wheel
 Should drag you down, and some great
 Nemesis
 Break from a darken'd future, crown'd
 with fire
 And tread you out forever: but how-
 soe'er
 Fix'd in yourself, never in your own
 arms
 To hold your own, deny not hers to
 her,
 Give her the child! O if, I say, you
 keep
 One pulse that beats true woman, if
 you loved
 The breast that fed or arm that dandled
 you,
 Or own one part of sense not flint to
 prayer,
 Give her the child! or if you scorn to
 lay it,
 Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with
 yours,
 Or speak to her, your dearest, her one
 fault
 The tenderness, not yours, that could
 not kill,
 Give *me* it; *I* will give it her."
He said:
 At first her eye with slow dilation
 roll'd

Dry flame, she listening; after sank
 and sank
 And, into mournful twilight mellowing,
 dwelt
 Full on the child; she took it: "Pretty
 bud!
 Lily of the vale! half open'd bell of
 the woods!
 Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a
 world
 Of traitorous friend and broken system
 made
 No purple in the distance, mystery,
 Pledge of a love not to be mine, fare-
 well;
 These men are hard upon us as of old,
 We too must part: and yet how fain
 was I
 To dream thy cause embraced in mine,
 to think [felt
 I might be something to thee, when I
 Thy helpless warmth about my barren
 breast
 In the dead prime: but may thy mother
 prove [me!
 As true to thee as false, false, false to
 And, if thou needs must bear the yoke,
 I wish it
 Gentle as freedom"—here she kissed
 it: then—
 "All good go with thee! take it, Sir,"
 and so
 Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed
 hands,
 Who turn'd half-round to Psyche as
 she sprang
 To meet it, with an eye that swum in
 thanks:
 Then felt it sound and whole from
 head to foot,
 And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close
 enough,
 And in her hunger mouth'd and num-
 bled it,
 And hid her bosom with it; after that
 Put on more calm and added suppli-
 antly:
 "We two were friends: I go to mine
 own land
 Forever: find some other: as for me

I scarce am fit for your great plans :
 yet speak to me,
 Say one soft word and let me part for-
 given."

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the
 child.

Then Arac. "Ida—'sdeath ! you blame
 the man ;

You wrong yourselves—the woman is
 so hard

Upon the woman. Come, a grace to
 me !

I am your warrior ; I and mine have
 fought

Your battle : kiss her ; take her hand,
 she weeps :

'Sdeath ! I would sooner fight thrice
 o'er than see it."

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the
 ground,

And reddening in the furrows of his
 chin,

And moved beyond his custom, Gama
 said :

"I've heard that there is iron in the
 blood,

And I believe it. Not one word ? not
 one ?

Whence drew you this steel temper ?
 not from me,

Not from your mother now a saint
 with saints.

She said you had a heart—I heard her
 say it—

'Our Ida has a heart'—just ere she
 died—

'But see that some one with authority
 Be near her still,' and I—I sought for
 one—

All people said she had authority—
 The Lady Blanche : much profit ! Not
 one word ;

No ! tho' your father sues : see how
 you stand

Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good
 knights maim'd,

I trust that there is no one hurt to
 death,

For your wild whim : and was it then
 for this,

Was it for this we gave our palace up,
 Where we withdrew from summer
 heats and state,

And had our wine and chess beneath
 the planes,

And many a pleasant hour with her
 that's gone,

Ere you were born to vex us ? Is it
 kind ?

Speak to her I say : is this the son of
 whom,

When first she came, all flush'd you
 said to me

Now had you got a friend of your own
 age,

Now could you share your thought ;
 now should men see

Two women faster welded in one love
 Than pairs of wedlock ; she you walk'd
 with, she

You talk'd with, whole nights long, up
 in the tower,

Of sine and arc, spheroid and azimuth,
 And right ascension, Heaven knows
 what ; and now

A word, but one, one little kindly
 word,

Not one to spare her : out upon you,
 flint !

You love nor her, nor me, nor any ;
 nay,

You shame your mother's judgment
 too. Not one ?

You will not ? well—no heart have you,
 or such

As fancies like the vermin in a nut
 Have fretted all to dust and bitter-
 ness."

So said the small king moved beyond
 his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'd of
 her force

By many a varying influence and so
 long.

Down thro' her limbs a drooping lan-
 guor wept :

Her head a little bent ; and on her
 mouth

A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
 In a still water : then brake out my sire
 Lifting his grim head from my wounds.
 "O you,
 Woman, whom we thought woman
 even now,
 And were half fool'd to let you tend our
 son,
 Because he might have wish'd it—but
 we see
 The accomplice of your madness un-
 forgiven,
 And think that you might mix his
 draught with death,
 When your skies change again : the
 rougher hand
 Is safer : on to the tents : take up the
 Prince."

He rose, and while each ear was
 prick'd to attend
 A tempest, thro' the cloud that dimm'd
 her broke
 A genial warmth and light once more,
 and shone
 Thro' glittering drops on her sad
 friend.

"Come hither,
 O Psyche," she cried out, "embrace
 me, come,
 Quick while I melt ; make reconcile-
 ment sure
 With one that cannot keep her mind
 an hour :
 Come to the hollow heart they slander
 so !
 Kiss and be friends, like children being
 chid !
 I seem no more : I want forgiveness
 too :
 I should have had to do with none but
 maids,
 That have no links with men. Ah
 false but dear,
 Dear traitor, too much loved, why ?—
 why ? Yet see,
 Before these kings we embrace you yet
 once more
 With all forgiveness, all oblivion,
 And trust, not love, you less.

And now, O Sire,
 Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait
 upon him,
 Like mine own brother. For my debt
 to him,
 This nightmare weight of gratitude, I
 know it ;
 Taunt me no more : yourself and yours
 shall have
 Free adit ; we will scatter all our maids
 Till happier times each to her proper
 hearth :
 What use to keep them here now ?
 grant my prayer.
 Help, father, brother, help ; speak to
 the king :
 Thaw this male nature to some touch
 of that
 Which kills me with myself, and drags
 me down
 From my fixt height to mob me up
 with all
 The soft and milky rabble of woman-
 kind,
 Poor weakling ev'n as they are."
 Passionate tears
 Follow'd the king replied not : Cyril
 said :
 "Your brother, Lady,—Florian,—ask
 for him [too—
 Of your great head—for he is wounded
 That you may tend upon him with the
 Prince."
 "Ay so," said Ida with a bitter smile,
 "Our laws are broken : let him enter
 too."
 Then Violet, she that sang the mourn-
 ful song,
 And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,
 Petition'd too for him. "Ay so," she
 said,
 "I stagger in the stream : I cannot
 keep
 My heart an eddy from the brawling
 hour :
 We break our laws with ease, but let
 it be."
 "Ay so?" said Blanche : "Amazed
 am I to hear
 Your Highness : but your Highness
 breaks with ease

The law your Highness did not make :
'twas I.

I had been wedded wife, I knew man-
kind,

And block'd them out ; but these men
came to woo

Your Highness—verily I think to win.”
So she, and turn'd askance a wintry
eye :

But Ida with a voice, that like a bell
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling

tower,

Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and
scorn.

“ Fling our doors wide ! all, all, not
one, but all,

Not only he, but by my mother's soul,
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or

foe, [flit,
Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls
Till the storm die ! but had you stood

by us,

The roar that breaks the Pharos from
his base

Had left us rock. She fain would
sting us too,

But shall not. Pass, and mingle with
your likes.

We brook no further insult but are
gone.”

She turn'd ; the very nape of her
white neck

Was rosed with indignation ; but the
Prince

Her brother came ; the king her father
charm'd

Her wounded soul with words ; nor
did mine own

Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his
hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights,
and bare

Straight to the doors : to them the
doors gave way

Groaning, and in the Vestal entry
shriek'd

The virgin marble under iron heels :
And on they moved and gain'd the
hall, and there

Rested : but great the crush was, and
each base,

To left and right, of those tall columns
drown'd

In silken fluctuation and the swarm
Of female whisperers : at the further
end

Was Ida by the throne, the two great
cats

Close by her, like supporters on a
shield,

Bow-back'd with fear : but in the
centre stood

The common men with rolling eyes ;
amazed

They glared upon the women, and
aghast

The women stared at these, all silent,
When armor clash'd or jingled, while

the day,
Descending, struck athwart the hall
and shot

A flying splendor out of brass and
steel,

That o'er the statues leapt from head
to head,

Now fired an angry Pallas on the
helm.

Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on
flame,

And now and then an echo started up,
And shuddering fled from room to
room, and died

Of fright in far apartments.

Then the voice
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance :

And me they bore up the broad stairs,
and thro'

The long-laid galleries past a hundred
doors

To one deep chamber shut from sound,
and due

To languid limbs and sickness ; left me
in it ;

And others elsewhere they laid ; and
all

That afternoon a sound arose of hoof
And chariot, many a maiden passing
home

Till happier times ; but some were left
of those

Held sagest, and the great lords out
and in,
From those two hosts that lay beside
the walls,
Walk'd at their will and everything
changed.

Ask me no more : the moon may draw
the sea ;
The cloud may stoop from heaven
and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of
cape ;
But O too fond, when have I an-
swer'd thee ?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should
I give ?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :
Yet, O my friend, I will not have
thee die !
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee
live ;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine
are seal'd :
I strove against the stream and all
in vain :
Let the great river take me to the
main :
No more, dear love, for at a touch I
yield ;
Ask me no more.

VII.

So was their sanctuary violated,
So their fair college turn'd to hospital ;
At first with all confusion : by and by
Sweet order lived again with other
laws :
A kindlier influence reign'd ; and every-
where
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick : the maidens
came, they talk'd,
They sang, they read : till she not fair,
began
To gather light, and she that was,
became

Her former beauty treble ; and to and
fro
With books, with flowers, with Angel
offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious
act,
And in their own clear element, they
moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
And hatred of her weakness, blent
with shame.
Old studies fail'd ; seldom she spoke ;
but oft
Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone
for hours
On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of
men
Darkening her female field : void was
her use ;
And she as one that climbs a peak to
gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great
black cloud
Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of
night,
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to
shore,
And suck the blinding splendor from
the sand,
And quenching lake by lake and tarn
by tarn
Expunge the world : so fared she gaz-
ing there ;
So blacken'd all her world in secret,
blank
And waste it seem'd and vain ; till
down she came,
And found fair peace once more among
the sick.
And twilight dawn'd ; and morn by
morn the lark
Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres,
but I
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life :
And twilight gloom'd ; and broader-
grown the bowers
Drew the great night into themselves,
and Heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell ; but I,
Deeper than those weird doubts could
reach me, lay

Quite sunder'd from the moving Uni-
verse,
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the
hand
That nursed me, more than infants in
their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian : with
her oft
Melissa came ; for Blanche had gone,
but left
Her child among us, willing she should
keep

Court-favor: here and there the small
bright head,

A light of healing, glanced about the
couch,

Or thro' the parted silks the tender
face

Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded
With blush and smile, a medicine in
themselves

To wile the length from languorous
hours and draw

The sting from pain; nor seem'd it
strange that soon

He rose up whole, and those fair
charities

Join'd at her side; nor stranger seem'd
that hearts

So gentle, so employ'd, should close in
love,

Than when two dew-drops on the petal
shake

To the same sweet air, and tremble
deeper down,

And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Less prosperously the second suit
obtain'd

At first with Psyche. Not though
Blanche had sworn

That after that dark night among the
fields,

She needs must wed him for her own
good name;

Not tho' he built upon the babe re-
stored;

Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but
fear'd

To incense the Head once more; till
on a day

When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind
Seen but of Psyche : on her foot she
hung

A moment, and she heard, at which her
face

A little flush'd, and she past on: but
each

Assumed from thence a half-consent
involved

In stillness, plighted troth, and were at
peace.

Nor only these: Love in the sacred
halls

Held carnival at will, and flying struck
With showers of random sweet on maid
and man.

Nor did her father cease to press my
claim,

Nor did mine own now reconciled; nor
yet

Did those twin brothers, risen again
and whole;

Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she
sat:

Then came a change; for sometimes I
would catch

Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it
hard,

And fling it like a viper off, and shriek
"You are not Ida"; clasp it once
again,

And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,
And call her sweet, as if in irony,

And call her hard and cold which
seem'd a truth:

And still she fear'd that I should lose
my mind,

And often she believed that I should
die:

Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary

noons,
And watches in the dead, the dark,
when clocks

Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace
floors, or call'd

On flying Time from all their silver
tongues—

And out of memories of her kindlier days,
 And sidelong glances at my father's grief,
 And at the happy lovers heart in heart—
 And out of hauntings of my spoken love,
 And lonely listenings to my mutter'd dream,
 And often feeling of the helpless hands,
 And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek—
 From all a closer interest flourish'd up,
 Tenderness touch by touch, and last,
 to these,
 Love, like an Alpine harebell hung
 with tears
 By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
 And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
 But such as gather'd color day by day.

Last I woke sane, but wellnigh close
 to death
 For weakness: it was evening: silent
 light
 Slept on the painted walls, wherein
 were wrought
 Two grand designs: for on one side
 arose
 The women up in wild revolt, and
 storm'd
 At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes,
 they cramm'd
 The forum, and half-crush'd among the
 rest
 A dwarflike Cato cower'd. On the
 other side
 Hortensia spoke against the tax;
 behind,
 A train of dames: by axe and eagle
 sat,
 With all their foreheads drawn in
 Roman scowls,
 And half the wolf's-milk curdled in
 their veins,
 The fierce triumvirs: and before them
 paused
 Hortensia, pleading: angry was her
 face.

I saw the forms: I knew not where
 I was:
 They did but seem as hollow shows;
 nor more
 Sweet Ida: palm to palm she sat:
 the dew
 Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her
 shape
 And rounder show'd: I^o moved: I
 sigh'd: a touch
 Came round my wrist, and tears upon
 my hand:
 Then all for languor and self-pity ran
 Mine down my face, and with what life
 I had,
 And like a flower that cannot all un-
 fold,
 So drench'd it is with tempest, to the
 sun,
 Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on
 her
 Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisper-
 ingly:

“If you be, what I think you, some
 sweet dream,
 I would but ask you to fulfil yourself:
 But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
 I ask you nothing: only, if a dream,
 Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die
 to-night.
 Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I
 die.”

I could no more, but lay like one in
 trance,
 That hears his burial talk'd of by his
 friends,
 And cannot speak, nor move, nor
 make one sign,
 But lies and dreads his doom. She
 turn'd; she paused;
 She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt
 a cry;
 Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of
 death;
 And I believed that in the living world
 My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;
 Till back I fell, and from mine arms
 she rose
 Glowing all over noble shame; and all

Her falsèr self slipt from her like a
 robe,
 And left her woman, lovelier in her
 mood
 Than in her mould that other, when
 she came
 From barren deeps to conquer all with
 love;
 And down the streaming crystal dropt;
 and she
 Far-fleeted by the purple island sides,
 Naked, a double light in air and wave,
 To meet her Graces, where they deck'd
 her out
 For worship without end; nor end of
 mine,
 Stateliest, for thee! but mute she
 glided forth,
 Nor glanced behind her, and I sank
 and slept,
 Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a
 happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke: she, near
 me, held
 A volume of the Poets of her land:
 There to herself, all in low tones, she
 read.

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now
 the white;
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace
 walk;
 Nor winks the gold fin in the prophery
 font:
 The firefly wakens: waken thou with
 me.

"Now droops the milkwhite peacock
 like a ghost,
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to
 me.

"Now lies the Earth all Danaë to
 the stars,
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

"Now slides the silent meteor on,
 and leaves
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in
 me.

"Now folds the lily all her sweet-
 ness up,
 And slips into the bosom of the lake:
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and
 slip
 Into my bosom and be lost in me."

I heard her turn the page; she
 found a small
 Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she
 read:

"Come down, O maid, from yonder
 mountain height:
 What pleasure lives in height (the
 shepherd sang)
 In height and cold, the splendor of the
 hills?"

But cease to move so near the Heavens,
 and cease

To glide a sunbeam by the blasted
 Pine,

To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
 And come, for Love is of the valley,
 come,

For Love is of the valley, come thou
 down

And find him; by the happy thresh-
 old, he,

Or hand in hand with Plenty in the
 maize,

Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
 Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to
 walk

With Death and Morning on the Silver
 Horns,

Nor wilt thou snare him in the white
 ravine,

Nor find him dropt upon the firths of
 ice,

That huddling slant in furrow-cloven
 falls

To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
 But follow; let the current dance thee
 down

To find him in the valley; let the wild
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and
 leave

The monstrous ledges there to slope,
 and spill

Their thousand wreaths of dangling
 water-smoke,

That like a broken purpose waste in
air:

So waste not thou; but come; for all
the vales

Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every
sound,

Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is
sweet;

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the
lawn,

The moan of doves in immemorial elms.
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

So she low-toned; while with shut
eyes I lay

Listening; then look'd. Pale was the
perfect face;

The bosom with long sighs labor'd;
and meek

Seem'd the full lips, and mild the
luminous eyes,

And the voice trembled and the hand.
She said

Brokenly, that she knew it, she had
fail'd

In sweet humility; had fail'd in all;
That all her labor was but as a block

Left in the quarry; but she still were
loath,

She still were loath to yield herself to
one,

That wholly scorn'd to help their equal
rights

Against the sons of men, and barbarous
laws.

She pray'd me not to judge their cause
from her

That wrong'd it, sought far less for
truth than power

In knowledge: something wild within
her breast,

A greater than all knowledge, beat her
down.

And she had nursed me there from
week to week:

Much had she learnt in little time. In
part

It was ill-counsel had misled the girl
To vex true hearts: yet was she but a
girl—

"Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of
farce!

When comes another such! never, I
think

Till the Sun drop dead from the signs."
Her voice

Choked, and her forehead sank upon
her hands,

And her great heart through all the
faultful Past

Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not
break;

Till notice of a change in the dark
world

Was lisp'd about the acacias, and a
bird,

That early woke to feed her little
ones,

Sent from a dewy breast a cry for
light: [fell

She moved, and at her feet the volume
"Blame not thyself too much," I

said, "nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous
laws;

These were the rough ways of the
world till now.

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me,
that know

The woman's cause is man's: they rise
or sink

Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or
free:

For she that out of Lethe scales with
man

The shining steps of Nature, shares
with man

His nights, his days, moves with him
to one goal,

Stays all the fair young planet in her
hands—

It she be small, slight-natured, misera-
ble,

How shall men grow? but work no
more alone!

Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding
her—

Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her
down—

Will leave her space to burgeon out of
 all
 Within her—let her make herself her
 own
 To give or keep, to live and learn and
 be
 All that not harms distinctive woman-
 hood.
 For woman is not undeveloped man,
 But diverse: could we make her as the
 man,
 Sweet love were slain: his dearest
 bond is this,
 Not like to like, but like in difference.
 Yet in the long years liker must they
 grow;
 The man be more of woman, she of
 man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral
 height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that
 throw the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in child-
 ward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger
 mind;
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of
 Time,
 Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their
 powers,
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
 Self-reverent each and reverencing
 each,
 Distinct in individualities,
 But like each other ev'n as those who
 love.
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to
 men:
 Then reign the world's great bridals,
 chaste and calm:
 Then springs the crowning race of
 humankind,
 May these things be!"

Sighing she spoke, "I fear
 They will not."
 "Dear, but let us type them now
 In our own lives, and this proud watch-
 word rest
 Of equal; seeing either sex alone

Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
 Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfils
 Defect in each, and always thought in
 thought,
 Purpose in purpose, will in will, they
 grow,
 The single pure and perfect animal,
 The two-cell'd heart beating, with one
 full stroke,
 Life."
 And again sighing she spoke: "A
 dream
 That once was mine! what woman
 taught you this?"

"Alone," I said, "from earlier than
 I know,
 Immersed in rich foreshadowings of
 the world,
 I loved the woman: he, that doth not,
 lives
 A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
 Or pines in sad experience worse than
 death,
 Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt
 with crime:
 Yet was there one thro' whom I loved
 her, one
 Not learned, save in gracious house-
 hold ways,
 Not perfect, nay, but full of tender
 wants.
 No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
 In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
 Interpreter between the Gods and men,
 Who look'd all native to her place, and
 yet
 On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a
 sphere
 Too gross to tread, and all male minds
 perforce
 Sway'd to her from their orbits as they
 moved,
 And girdled her with music. Happy
 he
 With such a mother! faith in woman-
 kind
 Beats with his blood, and trust in all
 things high
 Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip
 and fall

He shall not blind his soul with clay."
 "But I,"
 Said Ida, tremulously, "so all unlike—
 It seems you love to cheat yourself
 with words :
 This mother is your model. I have
 heard
 Of your strange doubts: they well
 might be: I seem
 A mockery to my own self. Never,
 Prince;
 You cannot love me."
 "Nay but thee," I said
 "From yearlong poring on thy pic-
 tured eyes,
 Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen,
 and saw
 Thee woman thro' the crust of iron
 moods
 That mask'd thee from men's rever-
 ence up, and forced
 Sweet love on pranks of saucy boy-
 hood: now,
 Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro'
 thee, [light
 Indeed I love: the new day comes, the
 Dearer for night, as dearer thou for
 faults
 Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts
 are dead,
 My haunting sense of hollow shows:
 the change,
 This truthful change in thee has kill'd
 it. Dear,
 Look up, and let thy nature strike on
 mine,
 Like yonder morning on the blind half-
 world;
 Approach and fear not; breathe upon
 my brows;
 In that fine air I tremble, all the past
 Melts mist-like into this bright hour,
 and this
 Is morn to more, and all the rich to-
 come
 Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland
 reels
 Athwart the smoke of burning weeds.
 Forgive me,
 I waste my heart in signs: let be. My
 bride,

My wife, my life. O we will walk this
 world,
 Yoked in all exercise of noble end.
 And so thro' those dark gates across
 the wild
 That no man knows. Indeed I love
 thee: come,
 Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine
 are one:
 Accomplish thou my manhood and
 thyself;
 Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust
 to me."

 CONCLUSION.

So closed our tale, of which I give you
 all
 The random scheme as wildly as it
 rose:
 The men were mostly mine; for when
 we ceased
 There came a minute's pause, and
 Walter said,
 "I wish she had not yielded!" then to
 me,
 "What, if you drest it up poetically!"
 So pray'd the men, the women: I gave
 assent:
 Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme
 of seven
 Together in one sheaf? What style
 could suit?
 The men required that I should give
 throughout
 The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque,
 With which we banter'd little Lilia
 first:
 The women—and perhaps they felt
 their power,
 For something in the ballads which
 they sang,
 Or in their silent influence as they sat,
 Had ever seem'd to wrestle with bur-
 lesque,
 And drove us, last, to quite a solemn
 close—
 They hated banter, wish'd for some-
 thing real,
 A gallant fight, a noble princess—why

Not make her true-heroic—true-sub-
lime ?
Or all, they said, as earnest as the
close ?
Which yet with such a framework
scarce could be.
Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,
Betwixt the mockers and the realists ;
And I, betwixt them both, to please
them both,
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleased myself nor
them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took
no part
In our dispute : the sequel of the tale
Had touch'd her ; and she sat, she
pluck'd the grass,
She flung it from her, thinking : last,
she fixt
A showery glance upon her aunt, and
said,
" You—tell us what we are " who might
have told,
For she was cramm'd with theories
out of books,
But that there rose a shout : the gates
were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarm-
ing now,
To take their leave, about the garden
rails.

So I and some went out to these :
we climb'd
The slope to Vivian-place, and turning
saw
The happy valleys, half in light, and
half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of
peace ;
Gray halls alone among the massive
groves ;
Trim hamlets ; here and there a rustic
tower
Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths
of wheat ;
The shimmering glimpses of a stream ;
the seas ;

A red sail, or a white ; and far beyond,
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of
France.

" Look there, a garden ! " said my
college friend,
The Tory member's elder son, " and
there !
God bless the narrow sea which keeps
her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole within
herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled—
Some sense of duty, something of a
faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves
have made,
Some patient force to change them
when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the
crowd—
But yonder, whiff ! there comes a sud-
den heat,
The gravest citizen seems to lose his
head,
The king is scared, the soldier will not
fight,
The little boy begins to shoot and
stab,
A kingdom topples over with a shriek
Like an old woman, and down rolls the
world
In mock heroics stranger than our
own ;
Revolts, republics, revolutions, most
No graver than a school-boys' barring
out ;
Too comic for the solemn things they
are,
Too solemn, for the comic touches in
them,
Like our wild Princess with as wise a
dream
As some of theirs—God bless the nar-
row seas !
I wish they were a whole Atlantic
broad."

" Have patience," I replied, " our-
selves are full
Of social wrong ; and maybe wildest
dreams

Are but the needful preludes of the truth:
 For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,
 The sport half-science, fill me with a faith.
 This fine old world of ours is but a child
 Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
 To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides."

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails,
 And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,
 Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks,
 Among six boys, head under head, and look'd
 No little lily-handed Baronet he,
 A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman,
 A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
 A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
 A patron of some thirty charities,
 A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
 A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;
 Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn;
 Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those
 That stood the nearest—now address'd to speech—
 Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed
 Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year
 To follow: a shout rose again, and made

The long line of the approaching rookery swerve
 From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer
 From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang
 Beyond the bourn of sunset; O, a shout
 More joyful than the city-roar that hails
 Premier or king! Why should not these great Sirs
 Give up their parks some dozen times a year
 To let the people breathe? So thrice they cried,
 I likewise, and in groups they stream'd away.

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on,
 So much the gathering darkness charm'd: we sat
 But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,
 Perchance upon the future man: the walls
 Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls whoop'd,
 And gradually the powers of the night,
 That range above the region of the wind,
 Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up
 Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,
 Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

Last little Lilia, rising quietly
 Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph
 From those rich silks, and home well-pleas'd we went.

IN MEMORIAM.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy
face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to
more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I
began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering
cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in
truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

IN MEMORIAM.

A. H. H.

OBITU MDCCLXXXIII.

I.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings⁷
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-
stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be
drown'd
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the
ground,

Than that the victor Hours should
scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man that loved and lost
But all he was is overworn."

II.

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom :

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

III.

O SORROW, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip ?

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly
run ;
A web is wov'n across the sky :
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun :

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands,
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good ;
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind ?

IV.

To Sleep I give my powers away ;
My will is bondsman to the dark ;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say :

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy
desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire
"What is it makes me beat so low ?"

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early
years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling
tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost !

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes ;
With morning wakes the will, and
cries,
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

v.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the
cold ;
But that large grief which these en-
fold
Is given in outline and no more.

VI.

ONE writes, that "Other friends re-
main,"
That "Loss is common to the
race,"—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
 Who pledgedst now thy gallant son;
 A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
 Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
 Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
 At that last hour to please him well;
 Who mused on all I had to tell,
 And something written, something
 thought.

Expecting still his advent home:
 And ever met him on his way
 With wishes, thinking, here to-day,
 Or here to-morrow will he come.

O somewhere, meek unconscious dove,
 That sittest ranging golden hair;
 And glad to find thyself so fair,
 Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
 In expectation of a guest
 And thinking "This will please him
 best,"

She takes a ribbon or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
 And with the thought her color
 burns;
 And, having left the glass, she turns
 Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
 Had fallen, and her future lord
 Was drown'd in passing thro' the
 ford,
 Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?
 And what to me remains of good
 To her, perpetual maidenhood,
 And unto me no second friend.

VII.

DARK house, by which once more I
 stand
 Here in the long unlovely street,

Doors, where my heart was used to
 beat

So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more,—
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
 And like a guilty thing I creep
 At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
 The noise of life begins again,
 And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
 On the bald street breaks the blank
 day.

VIII.

A HAPPY lover who has come
 To look on her that loves him well,
 Who 'lights and rings the gateway
 bell,
 And learns her gone and far from
 home;

He saddens, all the magic light
 Dies off at once from bower and hall,
 And all the place is dark, and all
 The chambers emptied of delight;

So find I every pleasant spot
 In which we two were wont to meet,
 The field, the chamber, and the
 street,

For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
 In those deserted walks, may find
 A flower beat with rain and wind,
 Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,
 O my forsaken heart, with thee
 And this poor flower of poesy
 Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
 I go to plant it on his tomb,
 That if it can it there may bloom,
 Or dying, there at least may die.

IX.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore
 Sailest the placid ocean-plains
 With my lost Arthur's loved re-
 mains,
 Spread thy full wings, and waft him
 o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
 In vain; a favorable speed
 Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, any urn.
 Thro' prosperous floods his hold lead
 All night no ruder air perplex
 Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor,
 bright
 As our pure love, thro' early light
 Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the
 prow;
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps
 now,

My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
 Till all my widow'd race be run;
 Dear as the mother to the son,
 More than my brothers are to me.

X.

I HEAR the noise about thy keel;
 I hear the bell struck in the night;
 I see the cabin-window bright;
 I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,
 And travell'd men from foreign
 lands;

And letters unto trembling hands;
 And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him: we have idle dreams:
 This look of quiet flatters thus
 Our home-bred fancies: O to us,
 The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
 That takes the sunshine and the
 rains,

Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
 The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
 Should gulf him fathom deep in
 brine;

And hands so often clasp'd in mine
 Should toss with tangle and with shells.

XI. ✓

CALM is the morn without a sound
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,

And only thro' the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high
 world

And on these dews that drench the
 furze,

And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps with all its autumn
 bowers,

And crowded farms and lessening
 towers,

To mingle with the bounding main;

Calm and deep peace in this wide air;
 These leaves that redden to the fall;

And in my heart, if calm at all,
 If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in
 rest,

And dead calm in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving
 deep.

XII.

LO, as a dove when up she springs
 To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
 Some dolorous message knit below
 The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay;
 I leave this mortal ark behind,
 A weight of nerves without a mind,
 And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
 And reach the glow of southern
 skies,

And see the sails at a distance rise,
 And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, "Comes he thus, my
 friend?"

Is this the end of all my care?"
 And circle moaning in the air:
 "Is this the end? Is this the end?"

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn,
That I have been an hour away.

XIII.

TEARS of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and
feels

Her place is empty, fall like these ;

Which weep a loss forever new,
A void where heart on heart re-
posed ;

And, where warm hands have prest
and clos'd,
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many
years,
I do not suffer in a dream ;
For now so strange do these things
seem

Mine eyes have leisure for their tears ;

My fancies time to rise on wit
And glance about the approaching
sails,
As tho' they brought but merchants'
bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV.

IF one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-
day,

And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port ;

And standing, muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the
plank,

And beckoning unto those they know ;

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half divine ;

Should strike a sudden hand in
mine,

And ask a thousand things of home ;

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of
late,

And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain ;

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV.

TO-NIGHT the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day ;
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world :

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and
stir

That makes the barren branches loud ;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI.

WHAT words are these have fall'n
from me ?

Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be ?

Or doth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or
storm ;
But knows no more of transient
form

In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven?
Or has the shock, so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?
And stunn'd me from my power to
think

And all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

XVII.

THOU comest, much wept for: such a
breeze

Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st
roam,

My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean spare thee, sacred bark;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run.

XVIII.

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may
stand

Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the
head

That sleeps or wears the mask of
sleep,

And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing through his lips
impart

The life that almost dies in me;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

XIX.

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no
more;

They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd by deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot
fall,

I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls
And I can speak a little then.

XX.

THE lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the
mind:

"It will be hard," they say, "to find
Another service such as this."

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze :

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the
breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit :

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
"How good! how kind! and he is
gone."

XXI.

I SING to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me
wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he
speak :

"This fellow would make weakness
weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men."

Another answers, "Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy."

A third is wroth, Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people
throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power ?

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her
arms
To feel from world to world, and
charms
Her secret from the latest moon ?"

Behold, ye speak an idle thing :
Ye never knew the sacred dust ;
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing :

And one is glad ; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged ;
And one is sad ; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXII.

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us
well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to
snow :

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May :

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended, following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think that somewhere in the
waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII.

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads ;

And crying, "How changed from
where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was
dumb ;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan :

"When each by turns was guide to
each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,

And Thought leapt out to wed with
Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with
Speech ;

“And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could
bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood ;
“And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.”

XXIV.

AND was the day of my delight
As sure and perfect as I say ?
The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of
night.

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since Adam left his garden yet.

And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so
great ?
The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief ?

Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far ;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein ?

XXV.

I KNOW that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared ;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air ;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because I needed help of love ;

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in
twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

XXVI.

STILL onward winds the weary way ;
I with it ; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built,—

O, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII.

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnets born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods :

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes :

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, what'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most :
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII.

THE time draws near the birth of
Christ ;
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and
moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound :

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and
peace,
Peace and good-will, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again :

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy ;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with
joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

XXIX.

WITH such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease, ✓
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve

Which brings no more a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With shower'd largess of delight,
In dance and song and game and jest.

Yet go, and while the holly-boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and
Wont
That guard the portals of the house ;

Old sister of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;
Why should they miss their yearly
due
Before their time? They too will die.

xxx.

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas
hearth ;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell on Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in he hall
We gamboll'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all,

We paused : the winds were in the
beech ;
We heard them sweep the winter
land ;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang ;
We sung tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year. impetuously we sang :

We ceased : a gentler feeling crept
Upon us : surely rest is meet :
" They rest," we said, " their sleep
is sweet,"
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range ;
Once more we sang : " They do not
die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they
change ;

" Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from
night :
O father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was
born.

XXXI.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded,—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave ?

" Where wert thou, brother, those four
days ?"
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful
sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !
 The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;
 He told it not ; or something seal'd
 The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
 Nor other thought her mind admits
 But, he was dead, and there he sits,
 And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
 All other, when her ardent gaze
 Roves from the living brother's face,
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
 Borne down by gladness so complete,
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's
 feet

With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful
 prayers,

Whose loves in higher love endure ;
 What souls possess themselves so
 pure,

Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

XXXIII.

O THOU that after toil and storm
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer
 air,

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
 Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,
 Her early Heaven, her happy views ;
 Nor thou with shadow'd hint con-
 fuse

A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
 Her hands are quicker unto good :

O, sacred be the flesh and blood
 To which she links a truth divine !

See thou, that contest reason ripe
 In holding by the law within,
 Thou fail not in a world of sin,
 And ev'n for want of such a type.

XXXIV.

My own dim life should teach me this,
 That life shall live forevermore,

Else earth is darkness at the core,
 And dust and ashes all that is :

This round of green, this orb of flame,
 Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks
 In some wild Poet, when he works
 Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I ?
 'Twere hardly worth my while to
 choose

Of things all mortal, or to use
 A little patience ere I die ;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
 Like birds the charming serpent
 draws,

To drop head foremost in the jaws
 Of vacant darkness, and to cease.

XXXV.

YET if some voice that man could trust
 Should murmur from the narrow
 house,

"The cheeks drop in ; the body
 bows ;"

Man dies : nor is there hope in dust : "

Might I not say, " Yet even here,
 But for one hour, O Love, I strive
 To keep so sweet a thing alive ? "

But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,
 The sound of streams that swift or
 slow

Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
 The dust of continents to be ;

And Love would answer with a sigh,
 " The sound of that forgetful shore
 Will change my sweetness more and
 more,

Half-dead to know that I shall die."

O me ! what profits it to put
 An idle case ? If Death were seen
 At first as Death, Love had not been,
 Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
 Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
 Had bruised the herb and crush'd
 the grape,
 And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI.

THO' truths in manhood darkly join,
 Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
 We yield all blessing to the name
 Of Him that made them current coin
 For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
 Where truth in closest words shall
 fail,
 When truth embodied in a tale
 Shall enter in at lowly doors.
 And so the Word had breath, and
 wrought
 With human hands the creed of
 creeds
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,
 More strong than all poetic thought;
 Which he may read that binds the
 sheaf,
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
 And those wild eyes that watch the
 wave
 In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII.

URANIA speaks with darken'd brow;
 "Thou pratest here where thou art
 least;
 This faith has many a purer priest,
 And many an abler voice than thou.
 "Go down beside thy native rill,
 On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
 And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
 About the ledges of the hill."
 And my Melpomene replies,
 A touch of shame upon her cheek:
 "I am not worthy ev'n to speak
 Of thy prevailing mysteries;
 "For I am but an earth Muslye,
 And owning but a ittle art
 To lull with song an aching heart,
 And render human love his dues;
 "But brooding on the dear one dead,
 And all he said of things divine,
 (And dear to me as sacred wine
 To dying lips is all he said,)
 "I murmur'd, as I came along,
 Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;

And loiter'd in the Master's field,
 And darken'd sanctities with song."

XXXVIII.

WITH weary steps I loiter on,
 Tho' always under alter'd skies
 The purple from the distance dies,
 My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,
 The herald melodies of spring,
 But in the songs I love to sing
 A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here
 Survive in spirits render'd free,
 Then are these songs I sing of thee
 Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX.

COULD we forget the widow'd hour,
 And look on Spirits breathed away,
 As on a maiden in the day
 When first she wears her orange-
 flower!

When crown'd with blessing she doth
 rise
 To take her latest leave of home,
 And hopes and light regrets that
 come
 Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,
 And tears are on the mother's face,
 As parting with a long embrace
 She enters other realms of love:

Her office there to rear, to teach,
 Becoming, as is meet and fit,
 A link among the days, to knit
 The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
 A life that bears immortal fruit
 In such great offices as suit
 The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern!
 How often shall her old fireside
 Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
 How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
 And bring her babe, and make her boast
 Till even those that miss'd her most
 Shall count new things as dear as old :
 But thou and I have shaken hands,
 Till growing winters lay me low ;
 My paths are in the fields I know,
 And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XL.

THY spirit ere our fatal loss
 Did ever rise from high to higher :
 As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
 As flies the lighter thro' the gross.
 But thou art turn'd to something
 strange.
 And I have lost the links that bound
 Thy changes ; here upon the ground,
 No more partaker of thy change.
 Deep folly ! yet that this could be,—
 That I could wing my will with
 might
 To leap the grades of life and light,
 And flash at once, my friend, to thee ;
 For tho' my nature rarely yields
 To that vague fear implied in death ;
 Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
 The howlings from forgotten fields :
 Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
 An inner trouble I behold,
 A spectral doubt which makes me
 cold,
 That I shall be thy mate no more,
 Tho' following with an upward mind
 The wonders that have come to thee,
 Thro' all the secular to-be,
 But evermore a life behind.

XLI.

I VEX my heart with fancies dim :
 He still outstript me in the race ;
 It was but unity of place
 That made me dream I rank'd with
 him.

And so may Place retain us still,
 And he the much-beloved again,
 A lord of large experience, train
 To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
 When one that loves, but knows not,
 reaps
 A truth from one that loves and
 knows ?

XLII.

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
 And every spirit's folded bloom
 Thro' all its intervital gloom
 In some long trance should slumber
 on ;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
 Bare of the body, might it last,
 And silent traces of the past
 Be all the color of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;
 So that still garden of the souls
 In many a figured leaf enrolls
 The total world since life began ;

And love will last as pure and whole
 As when he loved me here in Time,
 And at the spiritual prime
 Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIII.

How fares it with the happy dead ?
 For here the man is more and more ;
 But he forgets the days before
 God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
 And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
 Gives out at times (he knows not
 whence)
 A little flash, a mystic hint ;

And in the long harmonious years
 (If Death so taste Lethean springs)
 May some dim touch of earthly things
 Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
 O turn thee round, resolve the
 doubt;
 My guardian angel will speak out
 I, that high place, and tell thee all.

XLIV.

THE baby new to earth and sky,
 What time his tender palm is prest
 Against the circle of the breast,
 Has never thought that "this is I:"

But as he grows he gathers much,
 And learns the us of "I," and
 "me,"
 And finds "I am not what I see,
 And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
 From whence clear memory may
 begin,
 As thro' the frame that binds him in
 His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,
 Which else were fruitless of their
 due,
 Had man to learn himself anew,
 Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLV.

WE ranging down the lower track,
 The path we came by, thorn and
 flower,
 Is shadow'd by the growing hour,
 Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last
 In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
 But clear from marge to marge shall
 bloom
 The eternal landscape of the past:

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;
 The fruitful hours of still increase;
 Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
 And those five years its richest field.

Oh Love, thy province were not large,
 A bounded field, nor stretching far;
 Look also, Love, a brooding star,
 A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVI.

THAT each, who seems a separate
 whole,
 Should move his rounds, and fusing
 all
 The skirts of self again, should fall
 Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
 Eternal form shall still divide
 The eternal soul from all beside;
 And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
 Enjoying each the other's good:
 What vaster dream can hit the mood
 Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
 Before the spirits fade away,
 Some landing-place, to clasp and
 say,
 "Farewell! We lose ourselves in
 light"

XLVII.

IF these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
 Were taken to be such as closed
 Grave doubts and answers here pro-
 posed,
 Then these were such as men might
 scorn:

Her care is not to part and prove;
 She takes, when harsher moods
 remit,
 What slender shade of doubt
 fit,
 And makes it vassal unto love:

And hence, indeed, she sports with
 words,
 But better serves a wholesome law,
 And holds it sin and shame to draw
 The deepest measure from the chords:

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
 But rather loosens from the lip
 Short swallow-flights of song, that
 dip
 Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLVIII.

FROM art, from nature, from the
schools,

Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools :

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath,
The slightest air of song shall
breathe

To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that
make

The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears,
Ay me! the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly
drown

The bases of my life in tears.

XLIX.

BE near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the
nerves prick

And tingle ; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer
trust :

And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and
sing,

And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

L.

DO we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side ?

Is there no baseness we would hide !
No inner vileness that we dread ?

Should he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden
shame,
And I be lessen'd in his love ?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of
faith ? [Death
There must be wisdom with great
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall :
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

II.

I CANNOT love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved ;
My words are only words, and
moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

" Yet blame not thou thy plaintive
song,"
The Spirit of true love replied ;
" Thou canst not move me from thy
side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

" What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears ?
What record ? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian
blue :

" So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin,
Abide : thy wreath is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from
pearl."

LII.

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish
noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and
green :

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild-oat not been
sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had
grown
The grain by which a man may live?

O, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

Hold thou the good: define it well;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and
be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

LIII. ✓

O YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd;
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile com-
plete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

LIV. ✓

THE wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?
Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and
grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all.
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LV. ✓

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarp'd cliff and quarried
stone
She cries, "A thousand types are
gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so
fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law,—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravin, shriek'd against his
creed,—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tear each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to sooth and bless!
 What hope of answer, or redress?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVI.

PEACE; come away: the song of woe
 Is after all an earthly song:
 Peace; come away: we do him
 wrong
 To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are
 pale;
 But half my life I leave behind:
 Methinks my friend is richly shrined
 But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
 One set slow bell will seem to toll
 The passing of the sweetest soul
 That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
 Eternal greetings to the dead;
 And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
 "Adieu, adieu," forevermore.

LVII.

IN those sad words I took farewell:
 Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
 As drop by drop the water falls
 In vaults and catacombs they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
 Of hearts that beat from day to day,
 Half conscious of their dying clay,
 And those cold crypts where they shall
 cease.

The high Muse answer'd: "Wherefore
 grieve
 Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
 Abide a little longer here,
 And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

LVIII.

O SORROW, wilt thou live with me,
 No casual mistress, but a wife,
 My bosom-friend and half of life,
 As I confess it needs must be;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
 Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
 And put thy harsher moods aside,
 If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move,
 Nor will it lessen from to-day;
 But I'll have leave at times to play
 As with the creature of my love:

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
 With so much hope for years to
 come,
 That, howso'er I know thee, some
 Could hardly tell what name were
 thine.

LIX.

HE past: a soul of nobler tone:
 My spirit loved and loves him yet,
 Like some poor girl whose heart is
 set
 On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,
 She finds the baseness of her lot,
 Half jealous of she knows not what,
 And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;
 She sighs amid her narrow days,
 Moving about the household ways,
 In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbors come and go,
 And tease her till the day draws by:
 At night she weeps, "How vain am
 I!
 How should he love a thing so low?"

LX.

IF, in thy second state sublime,
 Thy ransom'd reason change replies
 With all the circle of the wise,
 The perfect flower of human time:

And if thou cast thine eyes below,
 How dimly character'd and slight,
 How dwari'd a growth of cold and
 night,
 How blanch'd with darkness must I
 grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a
man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakespeare love thee
more.

LXI.

THO' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat blench
or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past;

And thou as one that once declined
When he was little more than boy,
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind;

And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies,
Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile.

LXII.

YET pity for a horse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has
part,
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven;

And I am so much more than these,
As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy,
And I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep
As unto vaster motions bound,
The circuits of thine orbit round
A higher height, a deeper deep.

LXIII.

DOST thou look back on what hath
been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy
chance,

And breasts the blows of circum-
stance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys
'To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning
slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labor of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands:
"Does my old friend remember me?"

LXIV.

SWEET soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With "Love's too precious to be
lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt."

And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee,
And move thee on to noble ends.

LXV.

YOU thought my heart too far diseased;
You wonder when my fancies play
To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost ;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand :

He plays with threads, he beats his
chair

For pastime, dreaming of the sky :
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXVI.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls :

Thy marble bright in dark appears
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name.
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away :
From off my bed the moonlight dies ;
And, closing eaves of wearied eyes,
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church, like a ghost,
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

LXVII.

WHEN in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times
my breath ;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows
not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead :

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with
dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad, I know not
why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt :

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth ;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to the

LXVIII.

I DREAM'D there would be Spring no
more,
That Nature's ancient power was
lost :
The streets were black with smoke
and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door :

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs :
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown :

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary
hairs :
They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :
They call'd me fool, they call'd me
child :

I found an angel of the night ;
The voice was low, the look was
bright ;
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
That seem'd to touch it into leaf :
The voice was not the voice of grief ;
The words were hard to understand.

LXIX.

I CANNOT see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know ; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night ;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons
wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought ;

And crowds that stream from yawning
doors,
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores:
Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXX.

SLEEP, kinsman thou to death and
trance
And madness, thou hast forged at
last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro' summer France.

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?
Then bring an opiate trebly strong,
Drug down the blindfold sense of
wrong
That so my pleasure may be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd
Of men and minds, the dust of
change,
The days that grow to something
strange,

In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
The cataract flashing from the bridge,
The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXI.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar
white,
And lash with storm the streaming
pane?

Day, when my crown'd estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendor of the sun;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the
rose

Pull sideways, and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the shower;

Who might'st have heaved a windlass
flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering,
play'd
A chequer-work of beam and shade
Along the hills, yet looked the same,

As wan, as chill, as wild as now;
Day, mark'd as with some hideous
crime
When the dark hand struck down
thro' time,
And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

Lift as thou mayst thy burthen'd brows
Thro' clouds that drench the morn-
ing star,

And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous
day;

Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the
ground.

LXXII.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert
true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly
wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a
name.

LXXIII.

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and
more,

A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race:

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has
made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXIV.

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd ;

What practice howso'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert ?

I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze of
song
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the
sun,
The world which credits what is
done
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXV.

TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face

Where all the starry heavens of
space
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end ;

Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'
The secular abyss to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew ;

And if the matin songs, that woke
The darkness of our planet, last,
Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these, have clothed their branchy
bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;
And what are they when these re-
main
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers ?

LXXVI.

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme
To him who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that
lie
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time ?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks ;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that
tells [else,
A grief, then changed to something
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that ? My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same ;
To breathe my loss is more than
fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVII.

AGAIN at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas
hearth ;
The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve :

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?
No single tear, no mark of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
No,—mixt with all this mystic frame,
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXVIII.

"MORE than my brothers are to me,"
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou art
To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Thro' all his eddyng coves; the
same
All winds that roam the twilight
came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we
learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my wants the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXIX.

IF any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died

Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had
wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man

I make a picture in the brain;
I hear the sentence that he speaks;
He bears the burthen of the weeks:
But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free;
And, influence-rich to soothe and
save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXX.

COULD I have said while he was here,
"My love shall now no further
range;
There cannot come a mellow
change,
For now is love mature in ear."

Love, then, had hope of richer store:
What end is here to my complaint?
This haunting whisper makes me
faint,
"More years had made me love thee
more."

But Death returns an answer sweet:
"My sudden frost was sudden gain,
And gave all ripeness to the grain
It might have drawn from after-heat."

LXXXI.

I WAGE not my feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and
face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him can fright my
faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the siatter'd
stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
 The use of virtue out of earth :
 I know transplanted human worth
 Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
 The wrath that garners in my heart ;
 He put our lives so far apart
 We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXII.

DIP down upon the northern shore,
 O sweet new-year, delaying long :
 Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;
 Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded
 noons,
 Thy sweetness from its proper place ?
 Can trouble live with April days,
 Or sadness in the summer moons ?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
 The little speedwell's darling blue,
 Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
 That longs to burst a frozen bud,
 And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXIII.

WHEN I contemplate all alone
 The life that had been thine below,
 And fixed my thoughts on all the
 glow
 To which thy crescent would have
 grown.

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
 A central warmth diffusing bliss
 In glance and smile, and clasp and
 kiss,
 On all the branches of thy blood ;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine
 For now the day was drawing on
 When thou shouldst link thy life with
 one
 Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled " Uncle " on my knee ;
 But that remorseless iron hour
 Made cypress of her orange-flower,
 Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
 To clap their cheeks, to call them
 mine.

I see their unborn faces shine
 Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honor'd guest,
 Thy partner in the flowery walk
 Of letters, genial table-talk,
 Or deep dispute, and graceful jest ;

While now thy prosperous labor fills
 The lips of men with honest praise,
 And sun by sun the happy days
 Descend below the golden hills.

With promise of a morn as fair ;
 And all the train of bounteous hours
 Conduct by paths of growing powers
 To reverence and the silver hair ;

Till slowly worn by earthly robe,
 Her lavish mission richly wrought,
 Leaving great legacies of thought,
 Thy spirit should fail from off the
 globe ;

What time mine own might also flee,
 As link'd with thine in love and fate,
 And, hovering o'er the dolorous
 strait

To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal
 And He that died in Holy Land
 Would reach us out the shining
 hand,
 And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that on which I leant ?
 Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
 The old bitterness again, and break
 The low beginnings of content ?

LXXXIV.

THIS truth came borne with bier and
 pall,
 I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all—

O true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead ;

And whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow or sustain'd ;
And whether love for him have
drain'd
My capabilities of love ;

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there ;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain
fresh

All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were
little worth,
To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of
him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine ;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might
express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilizing intellect :

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met ;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hope that make us men.

I woo your love : I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch ;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time ;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears ;
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this :

But Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring that swells the narrow
brooks,

And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave :

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak :
" Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

" I watch thee from the quiet shore ;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more."

And I, " Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free ?
How is it ? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain ? "

And lightly does the whisper fall :
 " 'Tis hard for thee to fathom this :
 I triumph in conclusive bliss,
 And that serene result of all."

So hold I commerce with the dead ;
 Or so methinks the dead would say ;
 Or so shall grief with symbols play,
 And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
 That these things pass, and I shall
 prove
 A meeting somewhere, love with
 love,

I crave your pardon, O my friend ;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
 I, clasping brother-hands, aver
 I could not, if I would, transfer
 The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
 The promise of the golden hours ?
 First love, first friendship, equal
 powers,
 That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
 That beats within a lonely place,
 That yet remembers his embrace,
 But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
 Quite in the love of what is gone,
 But seeks to beat in time with one
 That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
 Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
 The primrose of the later year,
 As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXV.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
 That rollest from the gorgeous
 gloom

Of evening over brake and bloom
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
 Thro' all the dewy-tassel'd wood,
 And shadowing down the horned
 flood

In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
 The full new life that feeds thy
 breath

Throughout my frame, till Doubt
 and Death,
 Ill brethren let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
 On leagues of odor streaming far,
 To where in yonder orient star
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

LXXXVI.

I PAST beside the reverend walls
 In which of old I wore the gown ;
 I roved at random thro' the town,
 And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes
 The storm their high-built organs
 make,
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake
 The prophets blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant
 shout,

The measured pulse of racing oars
 Among the willows ; paced the
 shores

And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
 The same, but not the same ; and
 last

Up that long walk of limes I past
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :
 I linger'd ; all within was noise
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and
 boys

That crash'd the glass and beat the
 floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
 And labor, and the changing mart,
 And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
 But send it slackly from the string ;
 And one would pierce an outer ring
 And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he
 Would cleave the mark. A willing
 ear
 We lent him. Who, but hung to
 hear
 The rapt oration flowing free
 From point to point, with power and
 grace
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw
 The God within him light his face,
 And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXVII.

WILD bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
 Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
 O tell me where the senses mix,
 O tell me where the passions meet,
 Whence radiate : fierce extremes em-
 ploy
 Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
 And in the midmost heart of grief
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy :
 And I—my harp would prelude woe—
 I cannot all command the strings :
 The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXVIII.

WITCH-ELMS that counterchange the
 floor
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and
 bright;
 And thou, with all thy breadth and
 height
 Of foliage, towering sycamore ;
 How often, hither wandering down,
 My Arthur found your shadows fair,
 And shook to all the liberal air
 The dust and din and steam of town :
 He brought an eye for all he saw ;
 He mixt in all our simple sports ;

They pleased him, fresh from broil-
 ing courts
 And dusty purlieus of the law.
 O joy to him in this retreat,
 Immantled in ambrosial dark,
 To drink the cooler air, and mark
 The landscape winking thro' the heat :
 O sound to rout the brood of cares,
 The sweep of scythe in morning
 dew,
 The gust that round the garden flew,
 And tumbled half the mellowing pears !
 O bliss, when all in circle drawn
 About him, heart and ear were fed
 To hear him, as he lay and read
 The Tuscan poet on the lawn :

Or in the all-golden afternoon
 A guest, or happy sister, sung,
 Or here she brought the harp and
 flung
 A ballad to the brightening moon :
 Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
 Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
 And break the livelong summer day
 With banquet in the distant woods ;
 Whereat we glanced from theme to
 theme,
 Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
 Or touch'd the changes of the state.
 Or threaded some Socratic dream :

But if I praised the busy town,
 He loved to rail against it still,
 For "ground in yonder station mill,
 We rub each other's angles down,
 "And merge," he said, "in form and
 gloss
 The picturesque of man and man."
 We talk'd : the stream beneath us
 ran,
 The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,
 Or cool'd within the glooming wave ;
 And last, returning from afar,
 Before the crimson-circled star
 Had fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

LXXXIX.

HE tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first
could fling

This bitter seed among mankind :

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their
life,
They would but find in child and
wife

An iron welcome when they rise :

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with
wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear,
To talk them o'er, to wish them
here,
To count their memories half divine ;

But if they came who passed away,
Behold their brides in other hands ;
The hard heir strides about their
lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet-loved sire would
make
Confusion worse than death, and
shake
The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me :
Whatever change the years have
wrought
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee.

XC.

WHEN rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted
thrush ;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March ;

Come, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;
The hope of unaccomplish'd years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-melioring
change
May breathe, with many roses sweet,
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange ;

Come: not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth
warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

XCI.

IF any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain,
As but the canker of the brain ;
Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind.
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
A fact within the coming year ;
And tho' the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning
true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

XCII.

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land,
Where first he walk'd when clasped in
clay ?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is
numb ;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range
 With gods in un conjectured bliss,
 O, from the distance of the abyss
 Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
 The wish too strong for words to
 name;

That in this blindness of the frame
 My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIII.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
 With what divine affections bold,
 Should be the man whose thought
 would hold
 An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
 The spirits from their golden day,
 Except, like them, thou too canst
 say,
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
 Imaginations calm and fair,
 The memory like a cloudless air,
 The conscience as a sea at rest

But when the heart is full of din,
 And doubt beside the portal waits,
 They can but listen at the gates,
 And hear the household jar within.

XCIV.

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
 For underfoot the herb was dry;
 And genial warmth; and o'er the
 sky
 The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn
 Unwavering; not a cricket chirr'd:
 The brook alone far-off was heard,
 And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
 And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
 That haunt the dusk, with ermine
 capes
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that
 peal'd
 From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd
 at ease,
 The white kine glimmer'd, and the
 trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
 Withdrew themselves from me and
 night,
 And in the house light after light
 Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read
 Of that glad year that once had been,
 In those fall'n leaves which kept
 their green,
 The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke
 The silent-speaking words, and
 strange
 Was love's dumb cry defying change
 To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
 On doubts that drive the coward
 back,
 And keen thro' wordy snares to track
 Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
 The dead man touch'd me from the
 past,
 And all at once it seem'd at last
 His living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd
 About empyreal heights of thought,
 And came on that which is, and
 caught
 The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out
 The steps of Time, the shocks of
 Chance,
 The blows of Death. At length my
 trance
 Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with
 doubt.

Vague words ! but ah, how hard to
frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became :

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knoll once more where, couch'd
at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the
trees

Laid their dark arms about the field :

And suck'd from out the distant gloom,
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and
swung

The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away ;
And East and West, without a
breath,

Mixt their dim lights, like life and
death,
To broaden into boundless day.

xcv.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue
eyes

Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not : one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true :

Perplex'd in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest
doubt,

Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd
strength,

He would not make his judgment
blind,

He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them ; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;
And Power was with him in the
night,
Which makes the darkness and the
light,

And dwells not in the light alone,
But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

xcvi.

My love has talk'd with rocks and
trees ;

He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd ;
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life,—
I look'd on these, and thought of
thee

In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two—they dwelt with eye on
eye,

Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December
June,

Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away ;
The days she never can forget

Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep

Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,

He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind

She keeps the gift of years before,
A wither'd violet is her bliss ;

She knows not what his greatness is :
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows ;

She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
 She darkly feels him great and wise,
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
 "I cannot understand: I love."

XCVII.

You leave us: you will see the Rhine,
 And those fair hills I sail'd below,
 When I was there with him; and go
 By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,
 That City. All her splendor seems
 No livelier than the wisp that gleams
 On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair
 Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me
 I have not seen, I will not see
 Vienna; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
 The birth, the bridal; friend from
 friend
 Is oftener parted, fathers bend
 Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
 By each cold hearth, and sadness
 flings
 Her shadow on the blaze of kings:
 And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town
 With statelier progress to and fro
 The double tides of chariots flow
 By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
 He told me, lives in any crowd,
 When all is gay with lamps, and
 loud
 With sport and song, in booth and
 tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain;
 And wheels the circled dance, and
 breaks
 The rocket molten into flakes
 Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCVIII.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
 So loud with voices of the birds,
 So thick with lowings of the herds,
 Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
 On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles
 fast

By meadows breathing of the past,
 And woodlands holy to the dead;

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
 A song that slights the coming care,
 And Autumn laying here and there
 A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath,
 To myriads on the genial earth,
 Memories of bridal, or of birth,
 And unto myriads more of death.

O, wheresoever those may be,
 Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
 To-day they count as kindred souls;
 They know me not, but mourn with
 me.

XCIX.

I CLIMB the hill: from end to end
 Of all the landscape underneath,
 I find no place that does not breathe
 Some gracious memory of my friend;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
 Or low morass and whispering reed,
 Or simple stile from mead to mead,
 Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

No hoary knoll of ash and haw
 That hears the latest linnnet trill,
 Nor quarry trench'd along the hill,
 And haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock:
 Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
 To left and right thro' meadowy
 curves,

That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
 And each reflects a kindlier day;
 And, leaving these, to pass away,
 I think once more he seems to die.

c.

UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall
 sway,
 The tender blossom flutter down,
 Unloved, that beech will gather
 brown,
 This maple burn itself away ;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
 Ray round with flames her disk of
 seed,
 And many a rose-carnation feed
 With summer spice the humming air ;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
 The brook shall babble down the
 plain,
 At noon, or when the lesser wain
 Is twisting round the polar star ;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
 And flood the haunts of hern and
 crake ;
 Or into silver arrows break
 The sailing moon in creek and cove ;

Till from the garden and the wild
 A fresh association blow,
 And year by year the landscape
 grow,
 Familiar to the stranger's child ;

As year by year the laborer tills
 His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
 And year by year our memory fades
 From all the circle of the hills.

ci.

WE leave the well-beloved place
 Where first we gazed upon the sky ;
 The roofs, that heard our earliest
 cry,
 Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
 As down the garden-walks I move,
 Two spirits of a diverse love
 Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, thy boyhood sung
 Long since its matin song, and heard
 The low love-language of the bird
 In native hazels tassel-hung.

The other answers, "Yea, but here
 Thy feet have strayed in after hours
 With thy lost friend among the
 bowers,
 And this hath made them trebly dear."

These two have striven half the day,
 And each prefers his separate clay,
 Poor rivals in a losing game,
 That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go : my feet are set
 To leave the pleasant fields and
 farms ;
 They mix in one another's arms
 To one pure image of regret.

cii.

ON that last night before we went
 From out the doors where I was
 bred,
 I dream'd a vision of the dead,
 Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
 And maidens with me : distant hills
 From hidden summits fed with rills
 A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.
 They sang of what is wise and good
 And graceful. In the centre stood
 A statue veil'd, to which they sang ;

And which tho' veil'd was known to
 me,
 The shape of him I loved, and love
 Forever : then flew in a dove
 And brought a summons from the sea :

And when they learnt that I must go,
 They wept and wail'd, but led the
 way
 To where a little shallop lay
 At anchor in the flood below ;

And on by many a level mead,
 And shadowing bluff that made the
 banks,
 We glided winding under ranks
 Of iris, and the golden reed ;

And still as vaster grew the shore,
 And roll'd the floods in grander
 space,
 The maidens gather'd strength and
 grace
 And presence, lordlier than before ;

And I myself, who sat apart
 And watch'd them, wax'd in every
 limb ;
 I felt the thews of Anakim,
 The pulses of a Titan's heart ;

As one would sing the death of war,
 And one would chant the history
 Of that great race which is to be,
 And one the shaping of a star ;

Until the forward-creeping tides
 Began to foam, and we to draw,
 From deep to deep, to where we saw
 A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
 But thrice as large as man he bent
 To greet us. Up the side I went,
 And fell in silence on his neck :

Whereat those maidens with one mind
 Bewail'd their lot ; I did them wrong :
 " We served thee here," they said,
 " so long,
 And wilt thou leave us now behind ? "

So rapt I was, they could not win
 An answer from my lips, but he
 Replying, " Enter likewise ye
 And go with us " : they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep
 A music out of sheet and shroud,
 We steer'd her toward a crimson
 cloud
 That landlike slept along the deep.

CIII

THE time draws near the birth of
 Christ :
 The moon is hid, the night is still ;
 A single church below the hill
 As pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
 That wakens at this hour of res
 A single murmur in the breast,
 That these are not the bells I know.

Like stranger's voices here they sound,
 In lands where not a memory strays,
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,
 But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CIV.

THIS holly by the cottage-eave,
 To-night, ungather'd, shall it stand :
 We live within the stranger's land,
 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
 And silent under other snows
 There in due time the woodbine
 blows,
 The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse
 The genial hour with mask and
 mime ;
 For change of place, like growth of
 time,
 Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
 By which our lives are chiefly proved,
 A little spare the night I loved,
 And hold it solemn to the past

But let no footstep beat the floor,
 Nor bowl nor wassil mantle warm ;
 For who would keep an ancient form
 Thro' which the spirit breathes no
 more ?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast ;
 Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be
 blown ;
 No dance, no motion, save alone
 What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
 Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;
 Run out your measured arcs, and
 lead
 The closing cycle rich in good.

CV.

RING out wild bells to the wild sky,
Thy flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful
rhymes,
But bring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVI.

It is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapor, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and
ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs,
Above the wood which grides and
clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch
the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass ;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat ;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by ;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVII.

I WILL not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind :

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive be'low the wells of Death ?

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting
hymns ?
And on the depths of death there
swims

The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies :
'Tis held that sorrow makes us
wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CVIII.

HEART-AFFLUENCE in discursive talk
From household fountains never
dry ;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk ;

Seraphic intellect and force
 To seize and throw the doubts of
 man ;
 Impassion'd logic, which outran
 The hearer in its fiery course ;

High nature amorous of the good,
 But touch'd with no ascetic gloom ;
 And passion pure in snowy bloom
 Thro' all the years of April blood ;

A love of freedom rarely felt,
 Of freedom in her regal seat
 Of England ; not the school-boy
 heat,
 The blind hysterics of the Celt ;

And manhood fused with female grace
 In such a sort, the child would
 twine
 A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
 And find his comfort in thy face ;

All these have been, and thee mine
 eyes
 Have look'd on : if they look'd in
 vain,
 My shame is greater who remain,
 Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

CIX.

THY converse drew us with delight,
 The men of rathe and riper years :
 The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
 Forgott his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
 The proud was half disarm'd of
 pride,
 Nor cared the serpent at thy side
 To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert
 by,
 The flippant put himself to school
 And heard thee, and the brazen fool
 Was soften'd, and he knew not why ;

While I, thy dearest, sat apart,
 And felt thy triumph was as mine ;
 And loved them more, that they
 were thine,
 The graceful tact, the Christian art ;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill
 But mine the love that will not tire,
 And, born of love, the vague desire
 That spurs an imitative will.

CX.

THE churl in spirit, up or down
 Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
 To him who grasps a golden ball,
 By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
 His want in forms for fashion's
 sake,
 Will let his coltish nature break
 At seasons thro' the gilded pale :

For who can always act ? but he,
 To whom a thousand memories call,
 Not being less but more than all
 The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and
 join'd

Each office of the social hour
 To noble manners, as the flower
 And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
 Or villain fancy fleeting by,
 Drew in the expression of an eye,
 Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse
 The grand old name of gentleman,
 Defamed by every charlatan,
 And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXI.

HIGH wisdom holds my wisdom less,
 That I, who gaze with temperate
 eyes

On glorious insufficiencies,
 Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room
 Of all my love, art reason why
 I seem to cast a careless eye
 On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou ? some novel
 power
 Sprang up forever at a touch,
 And hope could never hope too
 much,
 In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,
 And tracks of calm from tempest
 made,
 And world-wide fluctuation sway'd
 In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXII.

THIS held that sorrow makes us wise ;
 Yet how much wisdom sleeps with
 thee
 Which not alone had guided me,
 But served the seasons that may rise ;
 For can I doubt who knew thee keen
 In intellect, with force and skill
 To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—
 I doubt not what thou wouldst have
 been :

A life in civic action warm,
 A soul on highest mission sent,
 A potent voice of Parliament,
 A pillar steadfast in the storm,
 Should licensed boldness gather force,
 Becoming, when the time has birth,
 A lever to uplift the earth
 And roll it in another course,
 With thousand shocks that come and
 go,
 With agonies, with energies,
 With overthrowings, and with cries,
 And undulations to and fro.

CXIII.

WHO loves not Knowledge? Who
 shall rail
 Against her beauty? May she mix
 With men and prosper! Who shall
 fix
 Her pillars? Let her work prevail.
 But on her forehead sits a fire :
 She sets her forward countenance
 And leaps into the future chance,
 Submitting all things to desire.
 Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,
 She cannot fight the fear of death.
 What is she, cut from love and
 faith,
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
 All barriers in her onward race
 For power. Let her know her
 place ;
 She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
 If all be not in vain: and guide
 Her footsteps, moving side by side
 With wisdom, like the younger child :

For she is earthly of the mind,
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 O friend, who camest to thy goal
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like
 thee,
 Who grewest not alone in power
 And knowledge, but by year and
 hour
 In reverence and in charity.

CXIV.

Now fades the last long streak of
 snow,
 Now bourgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and
 thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and
 long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and
 lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the
 vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or
 dives
 In yonder gleaming green, and fly
 The happy birds that change their
 sky
 To build and brood; that live their
 lives

From land to land : and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXV.

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keener in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and
takes

The colors of the crescent prime ?

Not all ; the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret : the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone ;
And that dear voice I once have
known
Still speak to me of me and mine :

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead ;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVI.

O DAYS and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss ;

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet ;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVII.

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,
The giant laboring in his youth ;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime ;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day,

Forever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms
Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime
to clime
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more ;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and
show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXVIII.

DOORS, where my heart was used to
beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more ; the city sleeps :
I smell the meadow in the street ;

I hear a chirp of birds ; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long with-
drawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
And bright the friendship of thine
eye :
And in my thoughts with scarce a
sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand

CXIX.

I TRUST I have not wasted breath ;
 I think we are not wholly brain,
 Magnetic mockeries ; not in vain,
 Like Paul with beasts, I fought with
 Death.

Not only cunning casts in clay :
 Let Science prove we are, and then
 What matters Science unto men,
 At least to me ? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs
 Hereafter, up from childhood shape
 His action, like the greater ape,
 But I was born to other things.

CXX.

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun,
 And ready, thou, to die with him
 Thou watchest all things ever dim
 And dimmer, and a glory done :

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
 The boat is drawn upon the shore ;
 Thou listenest to the closing door,
 And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
 By thee the world's great work is
 heard

Beginning, and the wakeful bird :
 Behind thee comes the greater light :

The market boat is on the stream,
 And voices hail it from the brink ;
 Thou hear'st the village hammer
 clink,

And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
 For what is one, the first, the last,
 Thou, like my present and my past,
 Thy place is changed ; thou art the
 same.

CXXI.

O, WAST thou with me, dearest, then,
 While I rose up against my doom,
 And yearn'd to burst the folded
 gloom
 fo bare the eternal Heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,
 The strong imagination roll
 A sphere of stars about my soul,
 In all her motion one with law.

If thou wert with me, and the grave
 Divide us not, be with me now,
 And enter in at breast and brow,
 Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quickened with a livelier breath,
 And live an inconsiderate boy,
 As in the former flash of joy,
 I slip the thoughts of life and death :

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
 And every dew-drop paints a bow,
 The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
 And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXII

THERE rolls the deep where grew the
 tree.

O earth, what changes thou hast
 seen !

There where the long street roars,
 hath been

The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing
 stands ;

They melt like mist, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and
 go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
 And dream my dream, and hold it
 true ;

For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIII

THAT which we dare invoke to bless ;
 Our dearest faith ; our ghaftliest
 doubt ;

He, They, One, All ; within, with-
 out ;

The Power in darkness whom we
 guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye :
Nor thro' the questions men may
try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er, when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep :

A warmth within the breast would
melt
The freezing reasons' colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear :
But that blind clamor made me
wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding
men.

CXXIV.

WHATEVER I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would
give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth :
She did but look thro' dimmer
eyes ;
Or Love but play'd with gracious
lies

Because he felt so fix'd in truth :

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song ;
And if the words were sweet and
strong,
He set his royal signet there ;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXV.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to
place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVI.

AND all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear :
Well roars the storm to those that
hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags :
They tremble, the sustaining crags ;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood ;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell ;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVII.

THE love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when we met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade :
Yet, O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and
Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new ;
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower ;

Why then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end.

CXXVIII.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal ;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher ;

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not
die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine ;

Strange friend, past, present, and to
be ;
Love deeper, darker understood ;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXIX.

THY voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less :

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now ;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature
thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh :
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXX.

O LIVING will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer
• shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them
pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
• A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trusts

With faith that comes of self-control,
• The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay ;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house ; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this ;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years : they went
and came,
Remade the blood and changed the
frame,
And yet is love not less, but more ;

No longer caring to enbalm
 In dying songs a dead regret,
 But like a statue solid-set,
 And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
 Than in the summers that are flown,
 For I myself with these have grown
 To something greater than before ;

Which makes appear the songs I made
 As echoes out of weaker times,
 As half but idle brawling rhymes,
 The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
 That must be made a wife ere noon ?
 She enters, glowing like the moon
 Of Eden on its bridal bower :

On me she bends her blissful eyes,
 And then on thee ; they meet thy
 look
 And brighten like the star that shook
 Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,
 He too foretold the perfect rose. *
 For thee she grew, for thee she
 grows
 Forever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy ; full of power ;
 As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,
 Consistent ; wearing all that weight
 Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out : the moon is near,
 And I must give away the bride ;
 She fears not, or with thee beside
 And me behind her, will not fear :

For I that danced her on my knee,
 That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
 That shielded all her life from harm,
 At last must part with her to thee ;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
 Her feet, my darling, on the dead ;
 Their pensive tablets round her
 head,
 And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
 The "wilt thou," answer'd, and
 again
 The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of
 twain
 Her sweet "I will" has made ye one.

Now sign your names, which shall be
 read,
 Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
 By village eyes as yet unborn ;
 The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
 The joy to every wandering breeze ;
 The blind wall rocks, and on the
 trees
 The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours
 Await them. Many a merry face
 Salutes them—maidens of the place,
 That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride
 With him to whom her hand I gave.
 They leave the porch, they pass the
 grave
 That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,
 For them the light of life increased,
 Who stay to share the morning feast,
 Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
 To meet and greet a whiter sun ;
 My drooping memory will not shun
 The foaming grape of Eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
 And hearts are warm'd, and faces
 bloom,
 As drinking health to bride and
 groom
 We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I
 Conjecture of a stiller guest,
 Perchance, perchance, among the
 rest,
 And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,
 And those white-favor'd horses wait;
 They rise, but linger; it is late;
 Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
 From little cloudlets on the grass,
 But sweeps away as out we pass
 To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,
 And talk of others that are wed,
 And how she look'd, and what she
 said,
 And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech the glee,
 The shade of passing thought, the
 wealth
 Of words and wit, the double health,
 The crowning cup, the three-times-
 three,

And last the dance;—till I retire:
 Dumb is that tower which spake so
 loud,
 And high in heaven the streaming
 cloud,

And on the downs a rising fire;
 And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
 Till over down and over dale
 All night the shining vapor sail
 And pass the silent-lighted town,
 The white-faced halls, the glancing
 rills,

And catch at every mountain head,
 And o'er the friths that branch and
 spread
 Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
 With tender gloom the roof, the
 wall;
 And breaking let the splendor fall
 To spangle all the happy shores—

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
 And, star and system rolling past,
 A soul shall draw from out the vast
 And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
 Result in man. be born and think,
 And act and love, a closer link
 Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
 On knowledge; under whose com-
 mand
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their
 hand
 Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and
 did,
 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
 Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
 This planet, was a noble type
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,
 That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divinē event,
 To which the whole creation moves.

MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS.

MAUD.

I.

1.

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
 Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heat
 The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
 And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

2.

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,
 His who had given me life—O father! O God! was it well?—
 Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dented into the ground
 There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

3.

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had far
 And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair,
 And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd,
 And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.

4.

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd
 By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright,
 And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard
 The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night.

5.

Villany somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all.
 Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintain'd:
 But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,
 Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.

6.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,
 Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
 And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
 Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

7.

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
 When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
 Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
 The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

8.

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
 Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
 May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
 Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

9.

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
 When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,
 When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;
 Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

10.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
 Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
 While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
 And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

11.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villanous centre-bits
 Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,
 While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps; as he sits
 To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

12.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
 And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,
 Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea,
 War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

13.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
 And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
 That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
 And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.—

14.

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood?
 Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die
 Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore to brood
 On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?

15.

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there was *love* in the passionate shriek,
 Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave—
 Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak
 And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to rave.

16.

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main.
 Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here?
 O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain,
 Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear?

17.

There are workmen up at the Hall: they are coming back from abroad;
 The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire:
 I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud;
 I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair.

18.

Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,
 Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
 Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
 Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all,—

19.

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse.
 No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone.
 Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse.
 I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil may pipe to his own.

II.

LONG have I sigh'd for a calm: God grant I may find it at last!
 It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither savor nor salt,
 But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage past,
 Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault?
 All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)
 Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
 Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been
 For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,
 Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,
 Or the least delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,
 From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen.

III.

COLD and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,
 Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drown'd,
 Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek,
 Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound;

Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong
 Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before
 Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,
 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long
 Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more,
 But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground,
 Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar,
 Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave,
 Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found
 The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave.

IV.

I.

A MILLION emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
 In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be
 Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
 When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
 Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
 The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?

2.

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!
 And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite;
 And Jack on his alehouse bench has as many lies as a Czar;
 And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall;
 And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like a light;
 But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star!

3.

When have I bow'd to her father the wrinkled head of the race?
 I met her to-day with her brother but no to her brother I bow'd;
 I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the moor;
 But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face.
 O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud;
 Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am nameless and poor.

4.

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander and steal;
 I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a stoic, or like
 A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its way:
 For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;
 The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike
 And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey.

5

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower,
 Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
 That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?
 Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour;
 We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;
 However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

6.

A monstrous effort was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,
 For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,
 And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race.
 As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
 So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:
 He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?

7.

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,
 An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor;
 The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice.
 I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain;
 For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more
 Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice.

8.

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.
 Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?
 Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide.
 Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?
 Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with knout?
 I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

9.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
 Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,
 Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub of lies;
 From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise,
 Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,
 Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

10

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,
 The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill.
 Ah Maud, you milkwhite fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife.
 Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above;
 Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will;
 You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life.

V.

1.

A VOICE by the cedar-tree,
 In the meadow under the Hall!
 She is singing an air that is known to
 me,

A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
 A martial song like a trumpet's call!
 Singing alone in the morning of life,

In the happy morning of life and of May
 Singing of men that in battle array,
 Ready in heart and ready in hand,
 March with banner and bugle and fife
 To the death, for their native land.

2.

Maud with her exquisite face,
 And wild voice pealing up to the sunny
 sky,

And feet like sunny gems on an Eng-
lish green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her
grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that
cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so
sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

3.

Silence, beautiful voice !
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still ! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a
choice

But to move to the meadow and fall
before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and
adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor
kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

VI.

1.

MORNING arises stormy and pale,
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,
And the budded peaks of the wood
are bow'd
Caught and cuff'd by the gale :
I had fancied it would be fair.

2.

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,
Whom but Maud should I meet ?
And she touch'd my hand with a smile
so sweet
She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not return'd.

3.

And thus a delicate spark
Of glowing and growing light

Thro' the livelong hours of the dark
Kept itself warm in the heart of my
dreams,
Ready to burst in a color'd flame :
Till at last, when the morning came
In a cloud, it faded, and seems
But an ashen-gray delight.

4.

What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit,
Cleopatra-like as of old
To entangle me when we met,
To have her lion roll in a silken net,
And fawn at a victor's feet.

5.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five ?
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I dream'd
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

6.

What if tho' her eye seem'd full
Of a kind intent to me,
What if that dandy despot, he,
That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull
Smelling of musk and of insolence,
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,
Who wants the finer politic sense
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn,—
What if he had told her yestermorn
How prettily for his own sweet sake
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,
That so, when the rotten hustings
shake
In another month to his brazen lies,
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

7.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and
ward,

Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

8.

Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pitying womanhood,
For am I not, am I not, here alone
So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and
good?

Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday
moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot
mouse,

And my own sad name in corners
cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is
thrown

About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have
grown

Of a world in which I have hardly
mixt,

And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

9.

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and
caught

By that you swore to withstand?
For what was it else within me
wrought

But, I fear, the new strong wine of
love,

That made my tongue so stammer and
trip

When I saw the treasured splendor,
her hand,

Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her lip;

10.

I have play'd with her when a child:
She remembers it now we meet.
Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled
By some coquettish deceit.

Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile had all that I dream'd
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

VII.

1.

DID I hear it half in a doze
Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
When asleep in this arm-chair?

2.

Men were drinking together,
Drinking and talking of me;
"Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
Will have plenty; so let it be."

3.

Is it an echo of something
Read with a boy's delight,
Viziers nodding together
In some Arabian night?

4.

Strange, that I hear two men,
Somewhere talking of me;
"Well, if it prove a girl, my boy
Will have plenty: so let it be."

VIII.

SHE came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;
And once, but once, she lifted her
eyes,

And suddenly, sweetly, strangely
blush'd

To find they were met by my own;
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat
stronger

And thicker, until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,

Delicate-handed priest intone;
And thought, is it pride, and mused
and sigh'd

"No surely, now it cannot be pride."

IX.

I WAS walking a mile,
 More than a mile from the shore,
 The sun look'd out with a smile
 Betwixt the cloud and the moor,
 And riding at set of day
 Over the dark moor land,
 Rapidly riding far away,
 She waved to me with her hand.
 There were two at her side,
 Something flash'd in the sun,
 Down by the hill I saw them ride,
 In a moment they were gone :
 Like a sudden spark
 Struck vainly in the night,
 And back returns the dark
 With no more hope of light.

X.

I.

SICK, am I sick of a jealous dread ?
 Was not one of the two at her side
 This new-made lord, whose splendor
 plucks
 The slavish hat from the villager's
 head ?
 Whose old grandfather has lately died,
 Gone to a blacker pit, for whom
 Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks
 And laying his trams in a poison'd
 gloom [mine
 Wrought till he crept from a gutted
 Master of half a servile shire,
 And left his coal all turn'd into gold
 To a grandson, first of his noble line,
 Rich in the grace all women desire,
 Strong in the power that all men
 adore,
 And simpler and set their voices lower,
 And soften as if to a girl, and hold
 Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,
 Seeing his gew-gaw castle shine,
 New as his title, built last year,
 There amid perky larches and pine,
 And over the sullen-purple moor
 (Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

2.

What, has he found my jewel out ?
 For one of the two that rode at her
 side

Bound for the Hall, I am sure was
 he :
 Bound for the Hall, and I think for a
 bride.
 Blithe would her brother's acceptance
 be.
 Maud could be gracious too, no doubt,
 To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
 A bought commission, a waxen face,
 A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—
 Bought? what is it he cannot buy?
 And therefore splenetic, personal,
 base,
 A wounded thing with a rancorous
 cry,
 At war with myself and a wretched
 race,
 Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I.

3.

Last week came one to the county
 town,
 To preach our poor little army down,
 And play the game of the despot
 kings,
 Tho' the state has done it and thrice
 as well :
 This broad-brim'd hawker of holy
 things,
 Whose ear is stuff'd with his cotton,
 and rings
 Even in dreams to the chink of his
 pence,
 This huckster put down war! can he
 tell
 Whether war be a cause or a conse-
 quence ?
 Put down the passions that make earth
 Hell !
 Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
 Jealousy, down! cut off from the
 mind
 The bitter springs of anger and fear :
 Down too, down at your own fire-
 side, [ear,
 With the evil tongue and the evil
 For each is at war with mankind.

4

I wish I could hear again
 The chivalrous battle-song

That she warbled alone in her joy!
I might persuade myself then
She would not do herself this great
wrong
To take a wanton, dissolute boy
For a man and leader of men.

5.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head,
hand,
Like some of the simple great ones
gone
Forever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat,—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

6.

And ah for a man to rise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

XI.

1.

O LET the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

2.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

XII.

1.

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

2.

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,

Gathering woodland lilies,
Myraids blow together.

3.

Birds in our woods sang
Ringing thro' the valleys.
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

4.

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

5.

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favor!
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

6.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the mea-
dows
And left the daisies rosy.

7.

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,
One is come to woo her.

8.

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charles is snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

XIII.

1.

SCORN'D, to be scorn'd by one that I
scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne?
Well, he may live to hate me yet.
Fool that I am to be vext with his
pride!
I past him, I was crossing his lands;
He stood on the path a little aside;
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,

Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and white,
 And six feet two, as I think, he stands ;
 But his essence turn'd the live air sick,
 And barbarous opulence jewel-thick
 Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands.

2.

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,
 I long'd so heartily then and there
 To give him the grasp of fellowship ;
 But while I past he was humming an air,
 Stopt, and then with a riding whip
 Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
 And curving a contumelious lip,
 Gorgonized me from head to foot
 With a stony British stare.

3.

Why sits he here in his father's chair ?
 That old man never comes to his place :
 Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen ?
 For only once, in the village street,
 Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,
 A gray old wolf and a lean.
 Scarcely, now, would I call him a cheat ;
 For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,
 She might by a true descent be untrue ;
 And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet ;
 Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due
 To the sweeter blood by the other side ;
 Her mother has been a thing complete,
 However she came to be so allied.
 And fair without, faithful within,
 Maud to him is nothing akin :
 Some peculiar mystic grace
 Made her only the child of her mother,
 And heap'd the whole inherited sin
 On that huge scapegoat of the race,
 All, all upon the brother.

4.

Peacc, angry spirit, and let him be !
 Has not his siste- smiled on me ?

XIV.

I.

MAUD has a garden of roses
 And lilies fair on a lawn ;
 There she walks in her state
 And tends upon bed and bower
 And thither I climb'd at dawn
 And stood by her garden gate ;
 A lion ramps, at the top,
 He is claspt by a passion flower.

2.

Maud's own little oak-room
 (Which Maud, like a precious stone
 Set in the heart of the carven gloom,
 Lights with herself, when alone
 She sits by her music and books,
 And her brother lingers late
 With a roistering company) looks
 Upon Maud's own garden gate :
 And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as
 white
 As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid
 On the hasp of the window, and my
 Delight
 Had a sudden desire, like a glorious
 ghost, to glide,
 Like a beam of the seventh Heaven,
 down to my side,
 There were but a step to be made.

3.

The fancy flatter'd my mind,
 And again seem'd overbold ;
 Now I thought that she cared for me,
 Now I thought she was kind
 Only because she was cold.

4.

I heard no sound where I stood
 But the rivulet on from the lawn
 Running down to my own dark wood ;
 Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it
 swell'd
 Now and then in the dim-gray dawn ;
 But I look'd, and round, all round the
 house I beheld
 The death-white curtain drawn ;
 Felt a horror over me creep,
 Prickle my skin and catch my breath,

Knew that the death-white curtain
meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool
of the sleep of death.

XV.

So dark a mind within me dwells,
And I make myself such evil cheer,
That if I be dear to some one else,
Then some one else may have much
to fear ;
But if I be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more
dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear.
If I be dear to some one else ?

XVI.

I.

THIS lump of earth has left his estate
The lighter by the loss of his weight ;
And so that he find what he went to
seek,
And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and
drown
His heart in the gross mud-honey of
town,
He may stay for a year who has gone
for a week ;
But this is the day when I must speak,
And I see my Oread coming down,
O this is the day !
O beautiful creature, what am I
That I dare to look her way ;
Think I may hold dominion sweet,
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her
breast,
And dream of her beauty with tender
dread,
From the delicate Arab arch of her
feet
To the grace that, bright and light as
the crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
And she knows it not : O, if she knew
it,
To know her beauty might half undo it,

I know it the one bright thing to save
My yet young life in the wilds of Time,
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from
crime,
Perhaps from a selfish grave.

2.

What, if she were fasten'd to this fool
lord,
Dare I bid her abide by her word ?
Should I love her so well if she
Had given her word to a thing so low ?
Shall I love her as well as if she
Can break her word were it even for
me ?
I trust that it is not so.

3.

Catch not my breath, O clamorous
heart,
Let not my tongue be a thrall to my
eye,
For I must tell her before we part,
I must tell her, or die.

XVII.

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships,
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West,
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,

Blush it thro' the West.
 Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.

XVIII.

I.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my
 only friend.
 There is none like her, none,
 And never yet so warmly ran my
 blood
 And sweetly, on and on
 Calming itself to the long-wish'd for
 end,
 Full to the banks, close on the prom-
 ised good.

2.

None like her, none
 Just now the dry-tongued laurel's pat-
 tering talk
 Seem'd her light foot along the garden
 walk,
 And shook my heart to think she
 comes once more ;
 But even then I heard her close the
 door,
 The gates of Heaven are closed, and
 she is gone.

3.

There is none like her, none.
 Nor will be when our summers have
 deceased.
 O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
 In the long breeze that streams to thy
 delicious East,
 Sighing for Lebanon,
 Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here
 increased,
 Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
 And looking to the South, and fed
 With honey'd rain and delicate air,
 And haunted by the starry head
 Of her whose gentle will has changed
 my fate,
 And made my life a perfumed altar-
 flame ;

And over whom thy darkness must
 have spread
 With such delight as theirs of old, thy
 great
 Forefathers of the thornless garden,
 there
 Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from
 whom she came.

4.

Here will I lie, while these long
 branches sway,
 And you fair stars that crown a happy
 day
 Go in and out as if at merry play,
 Who am no more so all forlorn,
 As when it seem'd far better to be
 born
 To labor and the mattock-harden'd
 hand,
 Than nursed its ease and brought to
 understand
 A sad astrology, the boundless plan
 That makes you tyrants in your iron
 skies,
 Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
 Cold fires, yet with power to burn and
 brand
 His nothingness into man.

5.

But now shine on, and what care I,
 Who in this stormy gulf have found a
 pearl
 The countercharm of space and hollow
 sky,
 And do accept my madness and would
 die
 To save from some slight shame one
 simple girl.

6.

Would die ; for sullen seeming Death
 may give
 More life to Love than is or ever was
 In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet
 to live,
 Let no one ask me how it came to
 pass ;
 It seems that I am happy, that to me

A livelier emerald twinkles in the
grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

7.

Not die; but live a life of truest
breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal
wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in
drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of
death?
Make answer, Maud my bliss.
Maud made my Maud by that long
lover's kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer
this?
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven
here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love
himself more dear."

8.

Is that enchanted moan only the
swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder
bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver
knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in
bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses
play;
But now by this my love has closed
her sight
And given false death her hand, and
stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless
fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden
day.
May nothing there her maiden grace
affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy
spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart and ownest own
farewell;
It is but for a little space I go

And ye meanwhile far over moor and
fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the
night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to
the glow
Of your soft splendors that you look so
bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely
Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things
below,
Beat with my heart more blest than
heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent
woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not
be so:
Let all be well, be well.

XIX.

1.

HER brother is coming back to-night,
Breaking up my dream of delight.

2.

My dream? do I dream of bliss?
I have walk'd awake with Truth
O when did a morning shine
So rich in atonement as this
For my dark-dawning youth,
Darken'd watching a mother decline
And that dead man at her heart and
mine:
For who was left to watch her but I?
Yet so did I let my freshness die.

3.

I trust that I did not talk
To gentle Maud in our walk
(For often in lonely wanderings
I have cursed him even to lifeless
things)
But I trust that I did not talk,
Not touch on her father's sin:
I am sure I did but speak
Of my mother's faded cheek
When it slowly grew so thin,
That I felt she was slowly dying

Vext with lawyers and harass'd with
debt:

For how often I caught her with eyes
all wet,

Shaking her head at her son and
sighing

A world of trouble within!

4.

And Maud too, Maud was moved
To speak of the mother she loved
As one scarce less forlorn,
Dying abroad and it seems apart
From him who had ceased to share her
heart,

And ever mourning over the feud,
The household Fury sprinkled with
blood

By which our houses are torn;
How strange was what she said,
When only Maud and the brother
Hung over her dying bed,—

That Maud's dark father and mine
Had bound us one to the other,
Betrothed us over their wine
On the day when Maud was born;
Seal'd her mine from her first sweet
breath.

Mine, mine by a right, from birth till
death,

Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn.

5.

But the true blood spilt had in it a
heat

To dissolve the precious seal on a
bond,

That, if left uncancell'd, had been so
sweet:

And none of us thought of a something
beyond,

A desire that awoke in the heart of the
child,

As it were a duty done to the tomb,
To be friends for her sake, to be recon-
ciled;

And I was cursing them and my
doom,

And letting a dangerous thought run
wild

While often abroad in the fragrant
gloom

Of foreign churches,—I see her there,
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer
To be friends, to be reconciled!

6.

But then what a flint is he!
Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,
I find whenever she touch'd on me
This brother had laugh'd her down,
And at last, when each came home,
He had darken'd into a frown,
Chid her, and forbid her to speak
To me, her friend of the years before;
And this was what had reddend'd her
cheek,
When I bow'd to her on the moor.

7.

Yet Maud, altho' not blind
To the faults of his heart and mind,
I see she cannot but love him,
And says he is rough but kind,
And wishes me to approve him,
And tells me, when she lay
Sick once, with a fear of worse,
That he left his wine and horses and
play,
Sat with her, read to her, night and
day,
And tended her like a nurse.

8.

Kind? but the death-bed desire
Spurn'd by this heir of the liar—
Rough but kind? yet I know
He has plotted against me in this,
That he plots against me still.
Kind to Maud? that were not amiss,
Well, rough but kind; why, let it be
so:

For shall not Maud have her will?

9.

For, Maud, so tender and true,
As long as my life endures
I feel I shall owe you a debt,
That I never can hope to pay;

And if ever I should forget
That I owe this debt to you
And for your sweet sake to yours ;
O then, what then shall I say ?—
If ever I *should* forget,
May God make me more wretched
Than ever I have been yet!

10.

So now I have sworn to bury
All this dead body of hate,
I feel so free and so clear
By the loss of that dead weight,
That I should grow light-headed, I
fear,
Fantastically merry ;
But that her brother comes, like a
blight
On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-
night.

XX.

I.

STRANGE, that I felt so gay,
Strange, that I tried to-day
To beguile her melancholy ;
The Sultan, as we name him,
She did not wish to blame him—
But he vexed her and perplexed her
With his worldly talk and folly :
Was it gentle to reprove her
For stealing out of view
From a little lazy lover
Who but claims her as his due ?
Or for chilling his caresses,
By the coldness of her manners,
Nay, the plainness of her dresses ?
Now I know her but in two,
Nor can pronounce upon it
If one should ask me whether
The habit, hat, and feather,
Or the frock and gypsy bonnet
Be the neater and completer ;
For nothing can be sweeter
Than maiden Maud in either.

2.

But to-morrow, if we live,
Our ponderous squire will give

A grand political dinner
To half the squirelings near ;
And Maud will wear her jewels,
And the bird of prey will hover,
And the titmouse hope to win her
With his chirrup at her ear.

.3.

A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance
For the maids and marriage-makers,
And every eye but mine will glance
At Maud in all her glory.

4.

For I am not invited,
But, with the Sultan's pardon,
I am all as well delighted,
For I know her own rose-garden,
And mean to linger in it
Till the dancing will be over ;
And then, O then, come out to me
For a minute, but for a minute,
Come out to your own true lover,
That your true lover may see
Your glory also, and render
All homage to his own darling,
Queen Maud in all her splendor.

XXI.

RIVULET crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me,
And lost in trouble and moving round
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
And trying to pass to the sea ;
O Rivulet, born at the Hall,
My Maud has sent it by thee
(If I read her sweet will right)
On a blushing mission to me,
Saying in odor and color, " Ah, be
Among the roses to-night."

XXII.

I.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,

Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

2.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she
loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she
loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

3.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine
stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

4.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone ?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

5.

I said to the rose, "The brief night
goes
In baffle and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are
those,
For one that will never be thine ?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the
rose,
"Forever and ever, mine."

6.

And the soul of the rose went into my
blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall ;

As long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on
to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

7.

From the meadow your walks have
left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we
meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

8.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white lake-blossom fell into the
lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for
your sake,
Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

9.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over
with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

10.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she
is near ;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is
late ;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear ;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

II.

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her
 feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

XXIII.

I.

"THE fault was mine, the fault was
 mine"—
 Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and
 still,
 Plucking the harmless wild-flower on
 the hill?—
 It is this guilty hand!—
 And there rises ever a passionate cry
 From underneath in the darkening
 land—
 What is it, that has been done ?
 O dawn of Eden bright over earth and
 sky,
 The fires of Hell brake out of thy
 rising sun,
 The fires of Hell and of Hate ;
 For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken
 a word,
 When her brother ran in his rage to
 the gate,
 He came with the babe-faced lord ;
 Heap'd on her terms of disgrace,
 And while she wept, and I strove to be
 cool,
 He fiercely gave me the lie,
 Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,
 And he struck me, madman, over the
 face,
 Struck me before the languid fool,
 Who was gaping and grinning by :
 Struck for himself an evil stroke :
 Wrought for his house an irredeemable
 woe ;
 For front to front in an hour we stood,
 And a million horrible bellowing
 echoes broke

From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the
 wood,
 And thunder'd up into Heaven the
 Christless code,
 That must have life for a blow.
 Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to
 grow.
 Was it he lay there with a fading eye ?
 "The fault was mine," he whisper'd,
 "fly!"
 Then glided out of the joyous wood
 The ghastly Wraith of one that I
 know ;
 And there rang on a sudden a pas-
 sionate cry,
 A cry for a brother's blood :
 It will ring in my heart and my ears,
 till I die, till I die.

2.

Is it gone ? my pulses beat—
 What was it ? a lying trick of the
 brain ?
 Yet I thought I saw her stand,
 A shadow there at my feet,
 High over the shadowy land.
 It is gone ; and the heavens fall in a
 gentle rain,
 When they should burst and drown
 with deluging storms
 The feeble vassals of wine and anger
 and lust,
 The little hearts that know not how to
 forgive :
 Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold
 Thee just,
 Strike dead the whole weak race of
 venomous worms,
 That sting each other here in the dust ;
 We are not worthy to live.

XXIV.

I.

SEE what a lovely shell,
 Small and pure as a pearl,
 Lying close to my foot,
 Frail, but a work divine,
 Made so fairly well
 With delicate spire and whorl,
 How exquisitely minute,
 A miracle of design!

2.

What is it? a learned man
 Could give it a clumsy name.
 Let him name it who can,
 The beauty would be the same.

3.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
 Void of the little living will
 That made it stir on the shore.
 Did he stand at the diamond door
 Of his house in a rainbow frill?
 Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
 A golden foot or a fairy horn
 Thro' his dim watter-world?

4.

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
 Of my finger-nail on the sand,
 Small, but a work divine,
 Frail, but of force to withstand,
 Year upon year, the shock
 Of cataract seas that snap
 The three-decker's oaken spine
 Athwart the ledges of rock,
 Here on the Breton strand!

5.

Breton, not Briton; here
 Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast
 Of ancient fable and fear,—
 Plagued with a flitting to and fro,
 A disease, a hard mechanic ghost
 That never came from on high
 Nor never arose from below,
 But only moves with the moving eye,
 Flying along the land and the main,—
 Why should it look like Maud?
 Am I to be overawed
 By what I cannot but know
 Is a juggle born of the brain?

6.

Back from the Breton coast,
 Sick of a nameless fear,
 Back to the dark sea-line
 Looking, thinking of all I have lost;
 An old song vexes my ear;
 But that of Lamech is mine.

7.

For years, a measureless ill,
 For years, forever, to part,—
 But she, she would love me still;
 And as long, O God, as she
 Have a grain of love for me,
 So long, no doubt, no doubt,
 Shall I nurse in my dark heart,
 However weary, a spark of will
 Not to be trampled out.

8.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught
 With a passion so intense
 One would think that it well
 Might drown all life in the eye,—
 That it should, by being so overwrought,
 Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
 For a shell, or a flower, little things
 Which else would have been past by!
 And now I remember, I,
 When he lay dying there,
 I noticed one of his many rings
 (For he had many, poor worm) and
 thought
 It is his mother's hair.

9.

Who knows if he be dead?
 Whether I need have died?
 Am I guilty of blood?
 However this may be,
 Comfort her, comfort her, all things
 good,
 While I am over the sea!
 Let me and my passionate love go by,
 But speak to her all things holy and
 high,
 Whatever happen to me!
 Me and my harmful love go by;
 But come to her waking, find her
 asleep,
 Powers of the height, powers of the
 deep,
 And comfort her tho' I die.

XXV.

COURAGE, poor heart of stone!
 I will not ask thee why
 Thou canst not understand
 That thou art left forever alone:

Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.—
Or if I ask thee why,
Care not thou to reply :
She is but dead, and the time is at
hand
When thou shalt more than die.

XXVI.

I.

O THAT 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again !

2.

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than anything on earth.

3.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee ;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might
tell us
What and where they be.

4.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

5.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

6.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls ;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet ;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings ;
In a moment we shall meet :
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

7.

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye ?
But there rings on a sudden a passion.
ate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd ;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled ;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

8.

Get thee thence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about,
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

9.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide ;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

10.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud.

The shadow still the same ;
And on thy heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

II.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

12.

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say "forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "take me sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?"

13.

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be ;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me :
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

XXVII.

I.

DEAD, long dead,
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are
thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of
passing feet,

Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamor and rumble, and ringing and
clatter,

And here beneath it is all as bad,
For I thought the dead had peace, but
it is not so ;

To have no peace in the grave, is that
not sad ?

But up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go ;
And then to hear a dead man chatter
Is enough to drive one mad.

2.

Wretchedest age, since Time began,
They cannot even bury a man ;
And tho' we paid our tithes in the days
that are gone,

Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was
read ;

It is that which makes us loud in the
world of the dead ;

There is none that does his work, not
one :

A touch of their office might have suf-
ficed,

But the churchmen fain would kill their
church,

As the churches have kill'd their
Christ.

3.

See, there is one of us sobbing,
No limit to his distress ;

And another, a lord of all things,
praying

To his own great self, as I guess ;
And another, a statesman there, be-
traying

His party-secret, fool, to the press ;
And yonder a vile physician, babbling
The case of his patient,—all for what ?
To tickle the maggot born in an empty
head,

And wheedle a world that loves him
not,
For it is but a world of the dead.

4.

Nothing but idiot gabble !
For the prophecy given of old

And then not understood,
Has come to pass as foretold ;
Not let any man think for the public
good,
But babble, merely for babble.
For I never whisper'd a private affair
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
No, not to myself in the closet alone,
But I heard it shouted at once from the
top of the house ;
Everything came to be known :
Who told *him* we were there ?

5.

Not that gray old wolf, for he came
not back
From the wilderness, full of wolves,
where he used to lie ;
He has gather'd the bones for his o'er-
grown whelp to crack ;
Crack them now for yourself, and
howl, and die.

6.

Prophet, curse me the babbling lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the
rat ;
I know not whether he came in the
Hanover ship,
But I know that he lies and listens
mute
In an ancient mansion's crannies and
holes :
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,
Except that now we poison our babes,
poor souls !
It is all used up for that.

7.

Tell him now : she is standing here at
my head ;
Not beautiful now, not even kind ;
He may take her now ; for she never
speaks her mind,
But is ever the one thing silent here.
She is not of us, as I divine ;
She comes from another stiller world
of the dead,
Stiller, not fairer than mine.

8.

But I know where a garden grows,
Fairer than aught in the world beside,

All made up of the lily and rose
That blow by night, when the season is
good,
To the sound of dancing music and
flutes :
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,
And I almost fear they are not roses,
but blood ;
For the keeper was one, so full of
pride,
He linkt a dead man there to a spectral
bride ;
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of
brutes,
Would he have that hole in his side ?

9.

But what will the old man say ?
He laid a cruel snare in a pit
To catch a friend of mine one stormy
day ;
Yet now I could even weep to think of
it ;
For what will the old man say
When he comes to the second corpse
in the pit ?

10.

Friend, to be struck by the publi foe,
Then to strike him and lay him low,
That were a public merit, far,
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin ;
But the red life spilt for a private
blow—
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin.

11.

O me, why have they not buried me
deep enough ?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so
rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper ?
Maybe still I am but half-dead ;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb ;
I will cry to the steps above my head,
And somebody, surely, some kind heart
will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

XXVIII.

I.

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
 Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
 That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing:
 My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year
 When the face of the night is fair on the dewy downs,
 And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer
 And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
 Over Orion's grave low down in the west,
 That like a silent lightning under the stars
 She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
 And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—
 "And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,
 Knowing I tarry for thee," and pointed to Mars
 As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

2.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
 To have looked, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
 That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
 And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
 When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,
 That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
 The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
 Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:
 No more shall commerce be all in all,
 and Peace

Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
 And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
 Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
 And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
 Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

3.

And as months ran on and rumor of battle grew,
 "It is time, it is time, O passionate heart," said I
 (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
 "It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
 That old hysterical mock-disease should die."
 And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
 With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
 Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
 Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

4.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
 Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
 And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
 Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
 And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
 Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
 For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
 Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,

And noble thought be freer under the
sun,
And the heart of a people beat with
one desire ;
For the peace, that I deem'd no peace,
is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and
the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the
fortress flames .
The blood-red blossom of war with a
heart of fire.

5.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll
down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a
cause, we are noble still,
And inself have awaked, as it seems,
to the better mind ;
It is better to fight for the good, than
to rail at the ill ;
I have felt with my native land, I am
one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the
doom assign'd.

THE BROOK ;

AN IDYL.

" HERE, by this brook, we parted ; I to
the East
And he for Italy—too late—too late :
One whom the strong sons of the world
despise ;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip
and share,
And mellow metres more than cent for
cent ;
Nor could he understand how money
breeds,
Thought is a dead thing ; yet himself
could make
The thing that is not as the thing that
is.
O had he lived ! In our school-books
we say,
Of those that held their heads above
the crowd,

They flourish'd then or, then ; but life
in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only
touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of
green,
And nothing perfect : yet the book he
loved,
For which, in branding summers of
Bengal,
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neil-
gherry air,
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the
boy,
To me that loved him ; for ' O brook,'
he says,
' O babbling brook,' says Edmund in
his rhyme,
' Whence come you ?' and the brook,
why not ? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorns, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

" Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite
worn out,
Travelling to Naples. There is Darn-
ley bridge,
It has more ivy ; there the river ; and
there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and
river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles,

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

"But Philip chatter'd more than
 brook or bird;
 Old Philip; all about the fields you
 caught

His weary daylong chirping, like the
 dry
 High-elbow'd grigs that leap in sum-
 mer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may
 go,
 But I go on forever.

"O darling Katie Willows, his one
 child!

A maiden of our century, yet most
 meek;

A daughter of our meadows, yet not
 coarse;

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel
 wand;

Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when
 the shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit
 within.

"Sweet Katie, once I did her a good
 turn,

Her and her far-off cousin and be-
 trothed,

James Willows, of one name and heart
 with her.

For here I came, twenty years back,—
 the week

Before I parted with poor Edmund;
 crost

By that old bridge which, half in ruins
 then,

Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the
 gleam

Beyond it, where the waters marry—
 crost,

Whistling a random bar of Bonny
 Doon,

And push'd at Philip's garden-gate.
 The gate,

Half-parted from a weak and scolding
 hinge,

Stuck; and he clamor'd from a case-
 ment, 'run'

To Katie somewhere in the walks
 below,

'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she
 moved

To meet me, winding under woodbine
 bowers,

A little flutter'd with her eyelids down,
 Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a
 boon.

"What was it? less of sentiment
 than sense

Had Katie; not illiterate; neither one
 Who dabbling in the fount of fictive
 tears,

And nursed by mealy-mouthed philan-
 thropies,

Divorce the Feeling from her mate the
 Deed.

"She told me. She and James had
 quarrell'd. Why?

What cause of quarrel? None, she
 said, no cause;

James had no cause: but when I prest
 the cause,

I learnt that James had flickering
 jealousies

Which anger'd her. Who anger'd
 James? I said.

But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once
 from mine,

And sketching with her slender-pointed
 foot
 Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
 On garden gravel, let my query pass
 Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I
 ask'd
 If James were coming. 'Coming every
 day,'
 She answer'd, 'ever longing to explain,
 But evermore her father came across
 With some long-winded tale, and broke
 him short ;
 And James departed vext with him and
 her '
 How could I help her? 'Would I—
 was it wrong?'
 (Clasps hands and that petitionary
 grace
 Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere
 she spoke)
 'O would I take her father for one
 hour,
 For one half-hour, and let him talk to
 me !'
 And even while she spoke, I saw
 where James
 Made towards us, like a wader in the
 surf,
 Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your
 sake!
 For in I went and call'd old Philip
 out
 To show the farm: full willingly he
 rose:
 He led me thro' the short sweet-smell-
 ing lanes
 Of his wheat suburb, babbling as he
 went.
 He praised his land, his horses, his
 machines;
 He praised his ploughs, his cows, his
 hogs, his dogs;
 He praised his hens, his geese, his
 guinea-hens;
 His pigeons, who in session on their
 roofs
 Approved him, bowing at their own
 deserts:

Then from the plaintive mother's teat,
 he took
 Her blind and shuddering puppies,
 naming each,
 And naming those, his friends, for
 whom they were:
 Then crost the common into Darnley
 chase
 To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse
 and fern
 Twinkled the innumerable ear and
 tail.
 Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
 He pointed out a pasturing colt, and
 said:
 'That was the four-year-old I sold the
 squire.'
 And there he told a long, long-winded
 tale
 Of how the squire had seen the colt at
 grass,
 And how it was the thing his daughter
 wish'd,
 And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
 To learn the price, and what the price
 he ask'd,
 And how the bailiff swore that he was
 mad,
 But he stood firm; and so the matter
 hung;
 He gave them line: and five days after
 that
 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
 Who then and there had offer'd some-
 thing more,
 But he stood firm; and so the matter
 hung;
 He knew the man; the colt would fetch
 its price;
 He gave them line: and how by
 chance at last
 (It might be May or April, he forgot,
 The last of April or the first May)
 He found the bailiff riding by the
 farm,
 And, talking from the point, he drew
 him in,
 And there he mellow'd all his heart
 with ale,
 Until they closed a bargain, hand in
 hand.

"Then, while I breathed in sight of
 haven, he,
 Poor fellow, could he help it? recom-
 menced,
 And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy,
 Tallyho,
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the
 Jilt,
 Arbaces and Phenomenon, and the
 rest,
 Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
 And with me Philip, talking still; and
 30
 He turn'd our foreheads from the fall-
 ing sun,
 And following our own shadows thrice
 as long
 As when they follow'd us from Philip's
 door,
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet
 content
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things
 well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses:

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may
 go,
 But I go on forever.

Yes, men may come and go; and these
 are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Ed-
 mund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and
 rustic spire,

But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
 Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and
 he,
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of
 words
 Remains the lean P. W., on his tomb:
 I scraped the lichen from it: Katie
 walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other
 stars,
 And breathes in converse seasons.
 All are gone."

So Lawrence Alymer, seated on a
 stile
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his
 mind
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er
 the brook
 A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden
 a low breath
 Of tender air made tremble in the
 hedge
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony
 rings;
 And he look'd up. There stood a
 maiden near, [stared
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when
 the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit
 within:
 Then, wondering, ask'd her, "Are you
 from the farm?"
 "Yes," answer'd she. "Pray stay a
 little: pardon me;
 What do they call you?" "Katie."
 "That were strange.
 What surname?" "Willows." "No!"
 "That is my name."
 "Indeed!" and here he look'd so self-
 perplexed,
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing
 blush'd, till he
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he
 wakes,
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness
 in his dream.

Then looking at her; "Too happy,
fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's
best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your
name
About these meadows, twenty years
ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie,
"we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted be-
fore.
Am I so like her? so they said on
board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English
days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the
days
That most she loves to talk of, come
with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-
field:
But she—you will be welcome—O,
come in!"

THE LETTERS.

I.

STILL on the tower stood the vane,
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant
air,
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow:
"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall
meet
Before you hear my marriage vow."

2.

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song
That mock'd the wholesome human
heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my greeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly
moved;

I saw with half-unconscious eye
She wore the colors I approved.

3.

She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,
Then raised her head with lips com-
prest,
And gave my letters back to me.
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could
please;
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

4.

She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public liar;
She talk'd as if her love were dead,
But in my words were seeds of fire.
"No more of love; your sex is known;
I never will be twice deceived.
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.

5.

"Thro' slander, meanest spawn of
Hell
(And women's slander is the worst),
And you, whom once I loved so well,
Thro' you, my life will be accurst."
I spoke with heart, and heat, and
force,
I shook her breast with vague
alarms—
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rush'd into each other's arms.

6.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapor-braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appear'd to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadow'd
swells;
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent
aisle
There comes a sound of marriage
bells."

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I.

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a
mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

2.

Where shall we lay the man whom we
deplere?
Here, in streaming London's central
roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones forevermore.

3.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it
grow,
And let the mournful martial music
blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

4.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the
Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he
greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the
street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is
dead:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring
blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, res-
olute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest in-
fluence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,

Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all
men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the
winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be
seen no more.

5.

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest forever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with his blazon'd
deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be tolled:
And a deeper knell in the heart be
knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing an-
them roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his
loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them
boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom;
When he with those deep voices
wrought, [shame;
Guarding realms and kings from

With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim
 In that dread sound to the great man,
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

6.

Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
 Mighty seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea;
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O give him welcome, this is he,
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won:
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines

Back to France her banded swarms,
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Past the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
 And barking for the thrones of kings;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
 A day of onsets of despair!
 Dash'd on every rocky square
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!
 Mighty seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all,
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name.

7.

A people's voice! we are a people
 yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams
 forget
 Confused by brainless mobs and law-
 less Powers;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and
 roughly set
 His Saxon in blown seas and storming
 showers,
 We have a voice, with which to pay
 the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and
 regret
 To those great men who fought, and
 kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute
 control;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,
 the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England
 whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom
 sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient
 throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there
 springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate
 kings; [kind
 For, saving that, ye help to save man-
 Till public wrong be crumbled into
 dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march
 of mine,
 Till crowds at length be sane and
 crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful over-
 trust.
 Remember him who led your hosts;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts,
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward
 wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-
 hall
 Forever; and whatever tempests lower
 Forever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man
 who spoke;

Who never sold the truth to serve the
 hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for
 power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor
 flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high
 and low
 Whose life was work, whose language
 rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one
 rebuke [right:
 All great self-seekers trampling on the
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred
 named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

8.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open
 hands
 Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her
 horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state.
 Not once or twice in our rough island-
 story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory:
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bur-
 sting
 Into glossy purples, which outredren
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-
 story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory:
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and
 hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light
 has won

His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the topping crags of Duty
 scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-
 lands
 To which our God Himself is moon
 and sun.
 Such was he: his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind en-
 dure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the states-
 man pure;
 Till in all lands and thro' all human
 story
 The path of duty be the way to glory:
 And let the land whose hearths he
 saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illumin'd cities
 flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to
 him,
 Eternal honor to his name.

9.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not
 see;
 Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung:
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one, upon whose hand and heart
 and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe
 hung.
 Ours the pain, be his the gain!
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere.
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,
 And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane:

We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are
 we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so
 true
 There must be other nobler work to
 do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And Victor he must ever be.
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break, and work their will;
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads
 roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul?
 On God and Godlike men we build
 our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the
 people's ears:
 The dark crowd moves, and there are
 sobs and tears:
 The black-earth yawns; the mortal
 disappears;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 He is gone who seem'd so great.—
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own—
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in state,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave
 him
 But speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him, Christ receive him.
 1852.

THE DAISY.

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

O LOVE, what hours were thine and
 mine,
 In lands of palm and southern pine;
 In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
 Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbla show'd
In ruin, by the mountain road ;

How like a gem, beneath, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue ;
Where, here and there, on sandy
beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,
Yet present in his natal grove,
Now watching high on mountain
cornice,
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim ;
Till, in a narrow street and dim,
I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us
most,
Not the clipt palm of which they
boast ;
But distant color, happy hamlet,
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen
A light amid its olives green ;
Or olive-hoary cape in ocean ;
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread ;
And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and
cold,
Those niched shapes of noble mould,
A princely people's awful princes,
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,
In those long galleries, were ours ;

What drives about the fresh Cascinè,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,
Or palace, how the city glitter'd,
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain
Remember what a plague of rain ;
Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma ;
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles ;
Porch-pillars on the lion resting,
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom,
the glory !

A mount of marble, a hundred spires !

I climb'd the roofs at break of day ;
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.
I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd val-
leys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last
To Como ; shower and storm and blast
Had blown the lake beyond his
limit,
And all was flooded ; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,
And in my head, for half the day,
The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,
As on the Lariano crept
To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept ;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake
A cypress in the moonlight shake,

The moonlight touching o'er a terrace
 One tall Agave above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,
 And up the snowy Splügen drew,
 But ere we reach'd the highest summit

I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
 And now it tells of Italy.
 O love, we two shall go no longer
 To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold
 Whose crying is a cry for gold:
 Yet here to-night in this dark city,
 When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,
 This nurseling of another sky
 Still in the little book you lent me,
 And where you tenderly laid it by:

And I forgot the clouded Forth,
 The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth

The bitter east, the misty summer
 And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,
 Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,
 Perchance, to dream you still beside
 me,
 My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ,
 God-father; come and see your boy:
 Your presence will be sun in winter,
 Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,
 Who give the Fiend himself his due,
 Should eighty thousand college
 councils

Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you
 Should all our churchmen foam in
 spite
 At you, so careful of the right,

Yet one lay-hearth would give you
 welcome
 (Take it and come) to the Isle of
 Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of
 town

I watch the twilight falling brown
 All round a careless-order'd garden
 Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
 But honest talk and wholesome wine,
 And only hear the magpie gossip
 Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,
 To break the blast of winter, stand;
 And further on, the hoary Channel
 Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
 Some ship of battle slowly creep,
 And on thro' zones of light and
 shadow

Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
 Which made a selfish war begin;
 Dispute the claims, arrange the
 chances;

Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

Or whether war's avenging rod
 Shall lash all Europe into blood;
 Till you should turn to dearer mat-
 ters,

Dear to the man that is dear to God;

How best to help the slender store,
 How mend the dwellings, of the poor;
 How gain in life, as life advances,
 Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet
 Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;

But then the wreath of March has
 blossom'd,
 Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,
 For those are few we hold as dear;
 Nor pay but one, but come for many,
 Many and many a happy year.

January, 1854.

WILL.

I.

O WELL for him whose will is strong!
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
 For him nor moves the loud world's
 random mock,
 Nor all Calamity's hugest waves con-
 found,
 Who seems a promontory of rock,
 That, compass'd round with turbulent
 sound,
 In middle ocean meets the surging
 shock,
 Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

2.

But ill for him who, bettering not with
 time,
 Corrupts the strength of heaven-de-
 scended Will,
 And ever weaker grows thro' acted
 crime,
 Or seeming-genial venial fault,
 Recurring and suggesting still!
 He seems as one whose footsteps
 Toiling in immeasurable sand,
 And o'er a weary, sultry land,
 Far beneath a blazing vault,
 Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous
 hill,
 The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT
BRIGADE.

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 "Charge for the guns!" he said.
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

2.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blunder'd:
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die,
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

3.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

4.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right thro' the line they broke
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

5.

Cannon to right of them
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

IDYLS OF THE KING.

"Flos Regum Arthurus."
JOSEPH OF EXETER.

DEDICATION.

THESE to His Memory—since he held
them dear,
Perchance as finding there uncon-
sciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idyls.

And indeed He seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
"Who revered his conscience as his
king ;
Whose glory was, redressing human
wrong ;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd
to it ;
Who loved one only and who clave to
her—"
Her—over all whose realms to their
last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of im-
minent war,
The shadow of His loss moved like
eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost
him : he is gone :
We know him now : all narrow jeal-
ousies
Are silent : and we see him as he
moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd,
wise,
With what sublime repression of him-
self,
And in what limits, and how tenderly ;
Not swaying to this faction or to that ;
Not making his high place the lawless
perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-
ground
For pleasure : but thro' all this tract
of years

Wearing the white flower of a blame-
less life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a
throne,
And blackens every blot ; for where is
he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than
his ?
Or how should England dreaming of
his sons
Hope more for these than some in-
heritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her
poor— [day—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler
Far-sighted summoner of War and
Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of
peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious
gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince
indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household
name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the
Good.
Break not, O woman's-heart, but still
endure ;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but
endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee,
that ye made
One light together, but has past and
left
The Crown of lonely splendor.

May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow
 Thee,
 The love of all Thy sons encompass
 Thee,
 The love of all Thy daughters cherish
 Thee,
 The love of all Thy people comfort
 Thee,
 Till God's love set Thee at his side
 again!

ENID.

THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's
 court,
 A tributary prince of Devon, one
 Of that great order of the Table
 Round,
 Had wedded Enid, Yniol's only child,
 And loved her, as he loved the light of
 Heaven.
 And as the light of Heaven varies,
 now
 At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night
 With moon and trembling stars, so
 loved Geriant
 To make her beauty vary day by day,
 In crimsons and in purples and in gems.
 And Enid, but to please her husband's
 eye,
 Who first had found and loved her in
 a state
 Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him
 In some fresh splendor; and the Queen
 herself,
 Grateful to Prince Geraint for service
 done,
 Loved her, and often with her own
 white hands
 Array'd and deck'd her, as the love-
 liest,
 Next after her own self, in all the
 court.
 And Enid loved the Queen, and with
 true heart
 Adored her, as the stateliest and the
 best
 And loveliest of all women upon earth.

And seeing them so tender and so
 close,
 Long in their common love rejoiced
 Geraint,
 But when a rumor rose about the
 Queen,
 Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,
 Though yet there lived no proof, nor
 yet was heard
 The world's loud whisper breaking
 into storm,
 Not less Geraint believed it; and there
 fell
 A horror on him, lest his gentle wife,
 Thro' that great tenderness to Guine-
 vere,
 Had suffered or should suffer any taint
 In nature: wherefore going to the
 king,
 He made this pretext, that his prince-
 dom lay
 Close on the borders of a territory,
 Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff
 knights,
 Assassins, and all flyers from the hand
 Of justice, and whatever loathes a law;
 And therefore, till the king himself
 should please
 To cleanse this common sewer of all
 his realm,
 He craved a fair permission to depart,
 And there defend his marches; and
 the king
 Mused for a little on his plea, but, last,
 Allowing it, the prince and Enid rode,
 And fifty knights rode with them, to the
 shores
 Of Severn, and they past to their own
 land;
 Where, thinking, that if ever yet was
 wife
 True to her lord, mine shall be so to
 me,
 He compassed her with sweet observ-
 ances
 And worship, never leaving her, and
 grew
 Forgetful of his promise to the king,
 Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,
 Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,
 Forgetful of his glory and his name,

Forgetful of his princedom and its
cares.

And this forgetfulness was hateful to
her,

And by and by the people, when they
met,

In twos and threes, or fuller com-
panies,

Began to scoff and jeer and babble of
him

As of a prince whose manhood was all
gone,

And molten down in mere uxorious-
ness.

And this she gather'd from the people's
eyes: [head,

This too the women who attired her
To please her, dwelling on his bound-

less love,
Told Enid, and they saddened her the
more:

And day by day she thought to tell
Geraint,

But could not out of bashful delicacy;
While he that watch'd her sadden,

was the more
Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced on a summer
morn

(They sleeping each by other) the new
sun

Beat through the blindless casement
of the room,

And heated the strong warrior in his
dreams;

Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,
And bared the knotted column of his
throat,

The massive square of his heroic
breast,

And arms on which the standing
muscle sloped,

As slopes a wild brook o'er a little
stone,

Running too vehemently to break
upon it.

And Enid woke and sat beside the
couch,

Admiring him, and thought within her-
self,

Was ever man so grandly made as
he?

Then, like a shadow, past the people's
talk

And accusation of uxoriousness
Across her mind, and bowing over
him,

Low to her own heart piteously, she
said:

“O noble breast and all-puissant
arms,

Am I the cause, I the poor cause that
men

Reproach you, saying all your force is
gone?

I *am* the cause because I dare not
speak

And tell him what I think and what
they say.

And yet I hate that he should linger
here;

I cannot love my lord and not his
name.

Far liever had I gird his harness on
him,

And ride with him to battle and stand
[by,

And watch his mighty hand striking
great blows

At caitiffs and at wrongers of the
world.

Far better were I laid in the dark
earth,

Not hearing any more his noble voice,
Not to be folded more in these dear
arms,

And darken'd from the high light in
his eyes,

Than that my lord through me should
suffer shame.

Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,
And see my dear lord wounded in the
strife,

Or may be pierced to death before
mine eyes,

And yet not dare to tell him what I
think,

And how men slur him, saying all his
force

Is melted into mere effeminacy?
O me, I fear that I am no true wife.”

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,
 And the strong passion in her made
 her weep
 True tears upon his broad and naked
 breast,
 And these awoke him, and by great
 mischance
 He heard but fragments of her later
 words,
 And that she fear'd she was not a true
 wife.
 And then he thought, "In spite of all
 my care,
 For all my pains, poor man, for all my
 pains,
 She is not faithful to me, and I see her
 Weeping for some gay knight in
 Arthur's hall."
 Then tho' he loved and revered her
 too much
 To dream she could be of foul act,
 Right thro' his manful breast darted
 the pang
 That makes a man in the sweet face of
 her
 Whom he loves most, lonely and
 miserable.
 At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of
 bed,
 And shook his drowsy squire awake
 and cried,
 "My charger and her palfrey," then to
 her,
 "I will ride forth into the wilder-
 ness;
 For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to
 win,
 I have not fall'n so low as some would
 wish.
 And you, put on your worst and meanest dress
 And ride with me." And Enid ask'd,
 amazed,
 "If Enid errs, let Enid learn her
 fault."
 But he, "I charge you, ask not, but
 obey."
 Then she bethought her of a faded
 silk,
 A faded mantle and a faded veil,
 And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,

Wherein she kept them folded rev-
 erently
 With sprigs of summer laid between
 the folds,
 She took them, and array'd herself
 therein,
 Remembering when first he came on
 her
 Drest in that dress, and how he loved
 her in it,
 And all her foolish fears about the
 dress,
 And all his journey to her, as him-
 self
 Had told her, and their coming to the
 court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide be-
 fore
 Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk.
 There on a day, he sitting high in
 hall,
 Before him came a forester of Dean,
 Wet from the woods, with notice of a
 hart
 Taller than all his fellows, milky-
 white,
 First seen that day: these things he
 told the king.
 Then the good king gave order to let
 blow
 His horns for hunting on the morrow
 morn.
 And when the Queen petition'd for his
 leave
 To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.
 So with the morning all the court were
 gone.
 But Guinevere lay late into the morn,
 Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of
 her Love
 For Lancelot, and forgetful of the
 hunt; [her,
 But rose at last, a single maiden with
 Took horse, and forded Usk, and
 gain'd the wood;
 There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd
 Waiting to hear the hounds; but
 heard instead
 A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince
 Geraint,

Late also, wearing neither hunting dress
 Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,
 Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford
 Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.
 A purple scarf, at either end whereof
 There swung an apple of the purest gold,
 Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up
 To join them, glancing like a dragon-
 In summer suit and silks of holiday.
 Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and she,
 Sweetly and stately, and with all grace
 Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him.
 "Late, late, Sir Prince," she said,
 "later than we!"
 "Yea, noble Queen," he answer'd,
 "and so late
 That I but come like you to see the hunt,
 Not join it." "Therefore wait with me," she said;
 "For on this little knoll, if anywhere,
 There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds;
 Here often they break covert at our feet."

And while they listen'd for the distant hunt,
 And chiefly for the baying of Cavall,
 King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth, there rode
 Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf;
 Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and the knight
 Had visor up, and show'd a youthful face,
 Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.
 And Guinevere, not mindful of his face
 In the king's hall, desired his name,
 and sent

Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf;
 Who being vicious, old, and irritable,
 And doubling all his master's vice of pride,
 Made answer sharply that she should not know.
 "Then will I ask it of himself," she said.
 "Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not," cried the dwarf;
 "Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him;"
 And when she put her horse toward the knight,
 Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd
 Indignant to the Queen; at which Geraint
 Exclaiming, "Surely I will learn the name,"
 Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd it of him,
 Who answer'd as before; and when the Prince
 Had put his horse in motion toward the knight,
 Struck at him with his whip, and cut his cheek.
 The Prince's blood spirted upon the scarf,
 Dyeing it; and his quick, instinctive hand
 Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him;
 But he, from his exceeding manfulness
 And pure nobility of temperament,
 Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, refrain'd
 From ev'n a word, and so returning, said:
 "I will avenge this insult, noble Queen,
 Done in your maiden's person to yourself:
 And I will track this vermin to their earths:
 For tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not doubt
 To find, at some place I shall come at,
 arms

On loan, or else for pledge; and, be
ing found,
Then will I fight him, and will break
his pride,
And on the third day will again be
here
So that I be not fall'n in fight. Fare-
well."

"Farewell, fair Prince," answer'd
the stately Queen.
"Be prosperous in this journey, as in
all;
And may you light on all things that
you love,
And live to wed with her whom first
you love:
But ere you wed with any, bring your
bride,
And I, were she the daughter of a
king,
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the
hedge,
Will clothe her for her bridals like the
sun."

And Prince Geraint, now thinking
that he heard
The noble hart at bay, now the far
horn,
A little vext at losing of the hunt,
A little at the vile occasion, rode,
By ups and downs, thro' many a grassy
glade
And valley, with fixt eye, following the
three.
At last they issued from the world of
wood,
And climb'd upon a fair and even
ridge,
And showed themselves against the
sky, and sank.
And thither came Geraint, and under-
neath
Beheld the long street of a little town
In a long valley, on one side of which,
White from the mason's hand, a for-
tress rose:
And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry
ravine:

And out of town and valley came a
noise
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed
Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks
At distance, ere they settle for the
night.

And onward to the fortress rode the
three,
And enter'd, and were lost behind the
walls.
"So," thought Geraint, "I have track'd
him to his earth."
And down the long street, riding
wearily,
Found every hostel full, and every
where
Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot
hiss
And bustling whistle of the youth who
scour'd
His master's armor: and of such a one
He ask'd, "What means the tumult in
the town?"
Who told him, scouring still, "The
sparrow-hawk!"
Then riding close behind an ancient
churl,
Who, smitten by the dusty sloping
beam, [corn,
Went sweating underneath a sack of
Ask'd yet once more what meant the
hubbub here?
Who answer'd gruffly, "Ugh! the
sparrow-hawk."
Then, riding further past an armorer's,
Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd
above his work,
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,
He put the selfsame query, but the man
Not turning round, nor looking at him,
said:
"Friend, he that labors for the spar-
row-hawk
Has little time for idle questioners."
Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden
spleen:
"A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-
hawk!
Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings
peck him dead!

Ye think the rustic cackle of your
 bourg
 The murmur of the world ! What is it
 to me ?
 O wretched set of sparrows, one and
 all,
 Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-
 hawks !
 Speak, if you be not like the rest,
 hawk-mad,
 Where can I get me harborage for the
 night ?
 And arms, arms, arms to fight my
 enemy ? Speak ! ”
 At this the armorer turning all amazed
 And seeing one so gay in purple silks,
 Came forward with the helmet yet in
 hand
 And answer'd, “ Pardon me, O stranger
 knight ;
 We hold a tourney here to-morrow
 morn, [work.
 And there is scanty time for half the
 Arms ? truth ! I know not : all are
 wanted here,
 Harborage ? truth, good truth, I know
 not, save,
 It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the
 bridge
 Yonder.” He poke and fell to work
 again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful
 yet,
 Across the bridge that spann'd the dry
 ravine.
 There musing sat the hoary-headed
 Earl,
 (His dress a suit of fray'd magnifi-
 cence,
 Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and
 said :
 “ Whither, fair son ? ” to whom Ge-
 raint replied,
 “ O friend, I seek a harborage for the
 night.”
 Then Yniol, “ Enter therefore and par-
 take
 The slender entertainment of a house
 Once rich, now poor, but ever open-
 door'd.”

“ Thanks, venerable friend,” replied
 Geraint :
 “ So that you do not serve me sparrow-
 hawks
 For supper, I will enter, I will eat
 With all the passion of a twelve hours'
 fast.”
 Then sigh'd and smiled the hoary-
 headed Earl,
 And answer'd, “ Graver cause than
 yours is mine
 To curse this hedgerow thief, the spar-
 row-hawk :
 But in, go in ; for, save yourself desire
 it,
 We will not touch upon him ev'n in
 jest.”

Then rode Geraint into the castle
 court,
 His charger trampling many a prickly
 star
 Of sprouted thistle on the broken
 stones.
 He look'd and saw that all was ruin-
 ous.
 Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed
 with fern ;
 And here had fall'n a great part of a
 tower,
 Whole, like a crag that tumbles from
 the cliff,
 And like a crag was gay with wilding
 flowers :
 And high above a piece of turret stair,
 Worn by the feet that now were silent,
 wound
 Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-
 stems
 Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred
 arms,
 And suck'd the joining of the stones,
 and look'd
 A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a
 grove
 And while he waited in the castle
 court,
 The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter,
 rang
 Clear thro' the open casement of the
 Hall,

Singing: and as the sweet voice of a
bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird
it is
That sings so delicately clear, and
make
Conjecture of the plumage and the
form;
So the sweet voice of Enid moved
Geraint;
And made him like a man abroad at
morn
When first the liquid note beloved of
men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with
green and red,
And he suspends his converse with
a friend,
Or it may be the labor of his hands,
To think or say, "there is the nightin-
gale;"
So fared it with Geraint, who thought
and said,
"Here, by God's grace, is the one
voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang
was one
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid
sang:

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and
lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine,
storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love
nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with
smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or
down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are
great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of
many lands:
Frown and we smile, the lords of our
own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the
staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the
cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love
nor hate."

"Hark, by the bird's song you may
learn the nest,"
Said Yniol; "Enter quickly." Enter-
ing then,
Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen
stones,
The dusty-rafter'd many-cobweb'd
Hali,
He found an ancient dame in dim bro-
cade;
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-
white,
That lightly breaks a faded flower-
sheath,
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,
Her daughter. In a moment thought
Geraint,
"Here by God's rood is the one maid
for me."
But none spake word except the hoary
Earl:
"Enid, the good knight's horse stands
in the court;
Take him to stall, and give him corn,
and then
Go to the town and buy us flesh and
wine:
And we will make us merry as we may.
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are
great."

He spake: the Prince, as Enid past
him fain
To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol
caught
His purple scarf, and held, and said
"Forbear!
Rest! the good house, tho' ruin'd, O
my Son,
Endures not that her guest should
serve himself."
And reverencing the custom of the
house
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

So Enid took his charger to the stall;
 And after went her way across the bridge,
 And reach'd the town, and while the Prince and Earl
 Yet spoke together, came again with one,
 A youth, that following with a costrel bore
 The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.
 And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,
 And in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.
 And then, because their hall must also serve
 For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread the board,
 And stood behind, and waited on the three. [able,
 And seeing her so sweet and service-Geraint
 Had longing in him evermore To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,
 That cros't the trencher as she laid it down:
 But after all had eaten, then Geraint,
 For now the wine made summer in his veins,
 Let his eye rove in following, or rest
 On Enid at her lowly handmaid-work,
 Now here, now there, about the dusky hall:
 Then suddenly address the hoary Earl.

“Fair Host and Earl, I pray your courtesy:
 This sparrow-hawk, what is he, tell me of him.
 His name? but no, good faith, I will not have it:
 For if he be the knight whom late I saw
 Ride into that new fortress by your town,
 White from the mason's hand, then have I sworn
 From his own lips to have it—I am Geraint

Of Devon—for this morning when the Queen
 Sent her own maiden to demand the name,
 His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,
 Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd
 Indignant to the Queen; and then I swore
 That I would track this caitiff to his hold,
 And fight and break his pride, and have it of him. [find
 And all unarm'd I rode, and thought to Arms in your town, where all the men are mad;
 They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
 For the great wave that echoes round the world;
 They would not hear me speak: but if you know
 Where I can light on arms, or if yourself
 Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn
 That I will break his pride and learn his name,
 Avenging this great insult done the Queen.”

Then cried Earl Yniol: “Art thou he indeed,
 Geraint, a name far-sounded among men
 For noble deeds? and truly I, when first
 I saw you moving by me on the bridge,
 Felt you were somewhat, yea and by your state
 And presence might have guess'd you one of those
 That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.
 Nor speak I now from foolish flattery;
 For this dear child hath often heard me praise
 Your feats of arms, and often when I paused
 Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to hear;

So grateful is the noise of noble deeds
To noble hearts who see but acts of
wrong :

O never yet had woman such a pair
Of suitors as this maiden ; first Li-
mours,

A creature wholly given to brawls and
wine,
Drunk even when he woo'd ; and be he
dead

I know not, but he passed to the wild
land.

The second was your foe, the sparrow-
hawk,

My curse, my nephew,—I will not let
his name

Slip from my lips if I can help it,—he,
When I that knew him fierce and tur-
bulent

Refused her to him, then his pride
awoke ;

And since the proud man often is the
mean,

He sowed a slander in the common ear,
Affirming that his father left him gold,
And in my charge, which was not ren-
der'd to him ;

Bribed with large promises the men
who served

About my person, the more easily
Because my means were somewhat
broken into

Thro' open doors and hospitality ;
Raised my own town against me in the
night

Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my
house ;

From mine own earldom foully ousted
me ;

Built that new fort to overawe my
friends,

For truly there are those who love me
yet ;

And keeps me in this ruinous castle
here,

Where doubtless he would put me
soon to death,

But that his pride too much despises
me :

And I myself sometimes despise my-
self :

For I have let men be, and have their
way ;

And much too gentle, have not used
my power :

Nor know I whether I be very base
Or very manful, whether very wise
Or very foolish ; only this I know,
That whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently."

"Well said, true heart," replied
Geraint, "but arms :

That if, as I suppose, your nephew
fights

In next day's tourney I may break his
pride."

And Yniol answer'd : "Arms, in-
deed, but old

And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Ge-
raint,

Are mine, and therefore at your ask-
ing, yours,

But in this tournament can no man
tilt,

Except the lady he loves best be there.
Two forks are fixt into the meadow
ground,

And over these is laid a silver wand,
And over that is placed the sparrow-
hawk,

The prize of beauty for the fairest
there.

And this, what knight soever be in
field

Lays claim to for the lady at his side,
And tilts with my good nephew there-
upon,

Who being apt at arms and big of
bone

Has ever won it for the lady with him,
And toppling over all antagonism

Has earn'd himself the name of spar-
row-hawk.

But you, that have no lady, cannot
fight."

To whom Geraint with eyes all
bright replied,

Leaning a little toward him, "Your
leave !

Let *me* lay lance in rest, O noble host,
 For this dear child, because I never
 saw,
 Tho' having seen all beauties of our
 time,
 Nor can see elsewhere, anything so
 fair.
 And if I fall her name will yet remain
 Untarnish'd as before; but if I live,
 So aid me Heaven when at mine utter-
 most,
 As I will make her truly my true
 wife."

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's
 heart
 Danced in his bosom, seeing better
 days,
 And looking round he saw not Enid
 there
 (Who hearing her own name had slept
 away),
 But that old dame, to whom full ten-
 derly
 And fondling all her hand in his he
 said,
 "Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,
 And best by her that bore her under-
 stood.
 Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to
 rest
 Tell her, and prove her heart toward
 the Prince."

So spake the kindly-hearted Earl,
 and she
 With frequent smile and nod depart-
 ing found,
 Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl;
 Whom first she kiss'd on either cheek,
 and then
 On either shining shoulder laid a
 hand,
 And kept her off and gazed upon her
 face,
 And told her all their converse in the
 hall,
 Proving her heart; but never light and
 shade
 Coursed one another more on open
 ground

Beneath a troubled heaven, than red
 and pale
 Across the face of Enid hearing her;
 Whilst slowly falling as a scale that
 falls,
 When weight is added only grain by
 grain,
 Sank her sweet head upon her gentle
 breast;
 Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a
 word,
 Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of
 it;
 So moving without answer to her rest
 She found no rest, and ever fail'd to
 draw
 The quiet night into her blood, but
 lay
 Contemplating her own unworthiness;
 And when the pale and bloodless east
 began
 To quicken to the sun, arose, and
 raised
 Her mother too, and hand in hand
 they moved
 Down to the meadow where the jousts
 were held,
 And waited there for Yniol and Ge-
 raint.

And thither came the twain, and
 when Geraint
 Beh'd her first in field, awaiting him,
 He felt, were she the prize of bodily
 force,
 Himself beyond the rest pushing could
 move
 The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted
 arms
 Were on his princely person, but thro'
 these
 Princelike his bearing shone; and er-
 rant knights
 And ladies came, and by and by the
 town
 Flow'd in, and settling circled all the
 lists.
 And there they fixt the fork into the
 ground,
 And over these they plac'd a silver
 wand,

And over that a golden sparrow-hawk.
 Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet
 blown,
 Spake to the lady with him and pro-
 claim'd,
 "Advance and take as fairest of the
 fair,
 For I these two years past have won
 it for thee,
 The prize of beauty." Loudly spake
 the Prince,
 "Forbear: there is a worthier," and
 the knight
 With some surprise and thrice as much
 disdain
 Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all
 his face
 Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at
 Yule,
 So burnt he was with passion, crying
 out,
 "Do battle for it then," no more; and
 thrice
 They clash'd together, and thrice they
 brake their spears.
 Then each, dishorsed and drawing,
 lash'd at each
 So often, and with such blows, that all
 the crowd
 Wonder'd, and now and then from dis-
 tant walls
 There came a clapping as of phantom
 hands.
 So twice they fought, and twice they
 breathed, and still
 The dew of their great labor, and the
 blood
 Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd
 their force.
 But either's force was match'd till
 Yniol's cry,
 "Remember that great insult done the
 Queen,"
 Increased Geraint's, who heaved his
 blade aloft,
 And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit
 the bone,
 And fell'd him, and set foot upon his
 breast,
 And said, "Thy name?" To whom
 the fallen man

Made answer, groaning, "Edyrn, son
 of Nudd!
 Ashamed am I that I should tell it
 thee.
 My pride is broken: men have seen
 my fall."
 "Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd," replied
 Geraint,
 "These two things shalt thou do, or
 else thou diest.
 First, thou thyself, thy lady and thy
 dwarf,
 Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and be-
 ing there,
 Crave pardon for that insult done the
 Queen,
 And shalt abide her judgment on it;
 next,
 Thou shalt give back their earldom to
 thy kin.
 These two things shalt thou do, or
 thou shalt die."
 And Edyrn answer'd, "These things
 will I do,
 For I have never yet been overthrown,
 And thou hast overthrown me, and my
 pride
 Is broken down, for Enid sees my
 fall!"
 And rising up, he rode to Arthur's
 court,
 And there the queen forgave him
 easily.
 And being young, he changed himself,
 and grew
 To hate the sin that seem'd so like
 his own,
 Of Modred, Arthur's nephew, and fell
 at last
 In the great battle fighting for the
 king.

But when the third day from the
 hunting-morn
 Made a low splendor in the world, and
 wings
 Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay
 With her fair head in the dim-yellow
 light,
 Among the dancing shadows of the
 birds,

Woke and bethought her of her promise given

No later than last eve to Prince Geraint—

So bent he seem'd on going the third day,

He would not leave her, till her promise given—

To ride with him this morning to the court,

And there be made known to the stately Queen,

And there be wedded with all ceremony. [dress,

At this she cast her eyes upon her
And thought it never yet had look'd so mean.

For as a leaf in mid-November is

To what it was in mid-October, seem'd
The dress that now she look'd on to the dress [raint.

She look'd on ere the coming of Ge-
And still she look'd, and still the terror grew

Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, a court,

All staring at her in her faded silk:

And softly to her own sweet heart she said:

“This noble Prince who won our earldom back,

So splendid in his acts and his attire,
Sweet heaven! how much I shall discredit him!

Would he could tarry with us here awhile!

But being so beholden to the Prince

It were but little grace in any of us,
Bent as he seem'd on going this third day,

To seek a second favor at his hands.

Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,

Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame,

Far liefer than so much discredit him.”

And Enid fell in longing for a dress
All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift

Of her good mother, given her on the night

Before her birthday, three sad years ago,

That night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd their house,

And scatter'd all they had to all the winds;

For while the mother show'd it, and the two

Were turning and admiring it, the work

To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry

That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled

With little save the jewels they had on,

Which being sold and sold had bought them bread:

And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight,

And placed them in this ruin; and she wish'd

The Prince had found her in her ancient home;

Then let her fancy flit across the past,
And roam the goodly places that she knew;

And last bethought her how she used to watch,

Near that old home, a pool of golden carp;

And one was patch'd and blurr'd and lustreless

Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool;

And half asleep she made comparison

Of that and these to her own faded self

And the gay court, and fell asleep again;

And dreamt herself was such a faded form

Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool;

But this was in the garden of a king;
And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she knew

That all was bright; that all about were birds

Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work;
That all the turf was rich in plots that
look'd

Each like a garnet or a turkis in it;
And lords and ladies of the high
court went

In silver tissue talking things of state;
And children of the king in cloth of
gold

Glanced at the doors or gambol'd
down the walks;
And while she thought "they will not
see me," came

A stately queen whose name was Gui-
nevere,
And all the children in their cloth of
gold

Ran to her, crying, "If we have fish
at all

Let them be gold: and charge the
gardeners now

To pick the faded creature from the
pool,

And cast it on the mixen that it die."
And therewithal one came and seized
on her,

And Enid started waking, with her
heart

All overshadow'd by the foolish dream,
And lo! it was her mother grasping her
To get her well awake; and in her
hand

A suit of bright apparel, which she laid
Flat on the couch, and spoke exult-
ingly:

"See here, my child, how fresh the
colors look,

How fast they hold, like colors of a
shell

That keeps the wear and polish of the
wave.

Why not? it never yet was worn, I
trow;

Look on it, child, and tell me if you
know it."

And Enid look'd, but all confused at
first,

Could scarce divide it from her foolish
dream,

Then suddenly she knew it and re-
joiced,

And answer'd, "Yea, I know it; your
good gift,

So sadly lost on that unhappy night;
Your own good gift!" "Yea, surely,"
said the dame,

"And gladly given again this happy
morn.

For when the jousts were ended yester-
day,

Went Yniol thro' the town, and every-
where

He found the sack and plunder of our
house

All scatter'd thro' the houses of the
town:

And gave command that all which
once was ours,

Should now be ours again: and yester-
eve,

While you were talking sweetly with
your Prince,

Came one with this and laid it in my
hand,

For love or fear, or seeking favor of
us,

Because we have our earldom back
again.

And yester-eve I would not tell you
of it,

But kept it for a sweet surprise at
morn.

Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise?
For I myself unwillingly have worn

My faded suit, as you, my child, have
yours,

And howsoever patient, Yniol his.
Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly
house,

With store of rich apparel, sumptuous
fare,

And page, and maid, and squire, and
seneschal,

And pastime, both of hawk and hound,
and all

That appertains to noble maintenance.
Yea, and he brought me to a goodly
house:

But since our fortune slipt from sun
to shade,

And all thro' that young traitor, cruel
 need
 Constrain'd us, but a better time has
 come;
 So clothe yourself in this, that better
 fits
 Our mended fortunes and a Prince's
 bride:
 For tho' you won the prize of fairest
 fair,
 And tho' I heard him call you fairest
 fair,
 Let never maiden think, however fair,
 She is not fairer in new clothes than
 old.
 And should some great court-lady say,
 the Prince
 Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the
 hedge,
 And like a madman brought her to the
 court,
 Then were you shamed, and worse,
 might shame the Prince
 To whom we are beholden; but I
 know, [best,
 When my dear child is set forth at her
 That neither court nor country, tho'
 they sought
 Thro' all the provinces like those of
 old
 That lighted on Queen Esther, has her
 match."

Here ceased the kindly mother out
 of breath;
 And Enid listen'd brightening as she
 lay;
 Then, as the white and glittering star
 of morn
 Parts from a bank of snow, and by and
 by
 Slips into golden cloud, the maiden
 rose,
 And left her maiden couch, and robed
 herself,
 Help'd by the mother's careful hand
 and eye,
 Without a mirror, in the gorgeous
 gown:
 Who, after, turn'd her daughter round,
 and said,

She never yet had seen her half so
 fair;
 And call'd her like that maiden in the
 tale,
 Whom Gwydion made by glamor out
 of flowers,
 And sweeter than the bride of Cassi-
 velaun, [first
 Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar
 Invaded Britain, "but we beat him
 back,
 As this great Prince invaded us, and
 we,
 Not beat him back, but welcomed him
 with joy.
 And I can scarcely ride with you to
 court,
 For old am I, and rough the ways and
 wild:
 But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall
 dream
 I see my princess as I see her now,
 Cloth'd with my gift, and gay among
 the gay."

But whilst the women thus rejoiced,
 Geraint
 Woke where he slept in the high hall,
 and call'd
 For Enid, and when Yniol made report
 Of that good mother making Enid gay
 In such apparel as might well beseem
 His princess, or indeed the stately
 queen,
 He answer'd, "Earl, entreat her by my
 love,
 Albeit I give no reason but my wish,
 That she ride with me in her faded
 silk."
 Yniol with that hard message we ; it
 fell,
 Like flaws in summer laying lusty
 corn:
 For Enid, all abash'd, she knew not
 why,
 Dared not to glance at her good moth-
 er's face,
 But silently, in all obedience,
 Her mother silent too, nor helping her,
 Laid from her limbs the costly-broid-
 er'd gift,

And robed them in her ancient suit
again,
And so descended. Never man re-
joiced
More than Geraint to greet her thus
attired :
And glancing all at once as keenly at
her,
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid
fall,
But rested with her sweet face satis-
fied ;
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's
brow,
Her by both hands he caught, and
sweetly said :

“ O my new mother, be not wroth or
grieved
At your new son, for my petition to
her.
When late I left Caerleon, our great
Queen
In words whose echo lasts, they were
so sweet,
Made promise that whatever bride I
brought,
Herself would clothe her like the sun
in Heaven.
Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd
hold,
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,
I vow'd that could I gain her, our kind
Queen,
No hand but hers, should make your
Enid burst
Sunlike from cloud—and likewise
thought perhaps,
That service done so graciously would
bind
The two together ; for I wish the two
To love each other : how should Enid
find
A nobler friend ? Another thought I
had ;
I came among you here so suddenly,
That tho' her gentle presence at the
lists
Might well have served for proof that I
was loved,

I doubted whether filial tenderness,
Or easy nature, did not let itself
Be moulded by your wishes for her
weal ;
Or whether some false sense in her
own self
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall ;
And such a sense might make her long
for court
And all its dangerous glories : and I
thought,
That could I someway prove such
force in her
Link'd with such love for me, that at a
word
(No reason given her) she could cast
aside
A splendor dear to women, new to her
And therefore dearer ; or if not so
new,
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the
power
Of intermitted custom : then I felt
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and
flows,
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I
do rest,
A prophet certain of my prophecy,
That never shadow of mistrust can
cross
Between us. Grant me pardon for my
thoughts :
And for my strange petition I will
make
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,
When your fair child shall wear your
costly gift
Beside your own warm hearth, with, on
her knees,
Who knows ? another gift of the high
God.
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to
lisp you thanks.”

He spoke the mother smiled, but
half in tears,
Then brought a mantle down and
wrapt her in it,
And claspt and kiss'd her and they
rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere
 had climb'd
 The giant tower, from whose high
 crest, they say,
 Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
 And white sails flying on the yellow
 sea ;
 But not to goodly hill or yellow sea
 Look'd the fair Queen, but up the vale
 of Usk,
 By the flat meadow, till she saw them
 come
 And then descending met them at the
 gates,
 Embraced her with all welcome as a
 friend,
 And did her honor as the Prince's
 bride,
 And clothed her for her bridals like
 the sun ;
 And all that week was old Caerleon
 gay,
 For by the hands of Dubric, the high
 saint,
 They twain were wedded with all
 ceremony.

And this was on the last year's
 Whitsuntide.
 But Enid ever kept the faded silk,
 Remembering how first he came on
 her,
 Drest in that dress, and how he loved
 her in it,
 And all the foolish fears about the
 dress,
 And all his journey toward her, as him-
 self
 Had told her, and their coming to the
 court. ✓
 And now this morning when he said
 to her,
 "Put on your worst and meanest
 dress," she found
 And took it, and array'd herself there-
 in.

O purblind race of miserable men,
 How many among us at this very hour
 Do forge a life-long trouble for our-
 selves,

By taking true for false, or false for
 true ;
 Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this
 world
 Groping, how many, until we pass and
 reach
 That other, where we see as we are
 seen !

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing
 forth
 That morning, when they both had
 got to horse,
 Perhaps because he loved her passion-
 ately,
 And felt that tempest brooding round
 his heart,
 Which, if he spoke at all, would break
 perforce
 Upon a head so dear in thunder, said :
 "Not at my side ! I charge you ride
 before,
 Ever a good way on before ; and this
 I charge you, on your duty as a wife,
 Whatever happens, not to speak to
 me,
 No, not a word !" and Enid was
 aghast :
 And forth they rode, but scarce three
 paces on,
 When crying out, "Effeminate as I
 am,
 I will not fight my way with gilded
 arms,
 All shall be iron ;" he loosed a mighty
 purse,
 Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward
 the squire.
 So the last sight that Enid had of home
 Was all the marble threshold flashing,
 strown
 With gold and scatter'd coinage, and
 the squire
 Chafing his shoulder ; then he cried
 again,
 "To the wilds !" and Enid leading
 down the tracks
 Thro' which he bade her lead him on,
 they past
 The marches, and by bandit-haunted
 holds,

Gray swamps and pools, waste places
 of the hern,
 And wildernesses, perilous paths, they
 rode :
 Round was their pace at first, but
 slacken'd soon :
 A stranger meeting them had surely
 thought,
 They rode so slowly and they look'd so
 pale, [wrong.
 That each had suffer'd some exceeding
 For he was ever saying to himself,
 " O I that wasted time to tend upon
 her,
 To compass her with sweet obser-
 vances,
 To dress her beautifully and keep her
 true "—
 And there he broke the sentence in
 his heart
 Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue
 May break it, when his passion masters
 him
 And she was ever praying the sweet
 heavens
 To save her dear lord whole from any
 wound.
 And ever in her mind she cast about
 For that unnoticed failing in herself,
 Which made him look so cloudy and
 so cold ;
 Till the great plover's human whistle
 amazed
 Her heart, and glancing round the
 waste she fear'd
 In every wavering brake an ambushade.
 Then thought again " If there be such
 in me,
 I might amend it by the grace of
 heaven,
 If he would only speak and tell me
 of it."

But when the fourth part of the day
 was gone,
 Then Enid was aware of three tall
 knights
 On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a
 rock
 In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs
 all ;

And heard one crying to his fellow,
 " Look,
 Here comes a laggard hanging down
 his head,
 Who seems no bolder than a beaten
 hound ;
 Come, we will slay him and will have
 his horse
 And armor, and his damsel shall be
 ours."

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart,
 and said :
 " I will go back a little to my lord,
 And I will tell him all their caitiff talk ;
 For, be he wroth even to slaying me,
 Far liever by his dear hand had I die,
 Than that my lord should suffer loss
 or shame."

Then she went back some paces of
 return,
 Met his full frown timidly firm, and
 said :
 " My lord, I saw three bandits by the
 rock
 Waiting to fall on you, and heard them
 boast
 That they would slay you, and possess
 your horse
 And armor, and your damsel should be
 theirs."

He made a wrathful answer. " Did
 I wish
 Your warning or your silence? one
 command
 I laid upon you, not to speak to me,
 And thus you keep it! Well then,
 look—for now,
 Whether you wish me victory or de-
 feat,
 Long for my life, or hunger for my
 death,
 Yourself shall see my vigor is not
 lost."

Then Enid waited pale and sorrow-
 ful,
 And down upon him bare the bandit
 three.

And at the midmost charging, Prince
Geraint
Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his
breast
And out beyond; and then agalnst his
brace
Of comrades, each of whom had broken
on him
A lance that splinter'd like an icicle,
Swung from his brand a windy buffet
out
Once, twice, to right, to left, and
stunn'd the twain
Or slew them, and dismounting like a
man
That skins the wild beast after slaying
him,
Stript from the three dead wolves of
woman born
The three gay suits of armor which
they wore,
And let the bodies lie, but bound the
suits
Of armor on their horses, each on each,
And tied the bridle-reins of all the
three
Together, and said to her, "drive them
on
Before you;" and she drove them
thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer: ruth began to
work
Against his anger in him, while he
watch'd
The being he loved best in all the
world,
With difficulty in mild obedience
Driving them on: he fain had spoken
to her, [wrath
And loosed in words of sudden fire the
And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him
all within;
But evermore it seem'd an easier thing
At once without remorse to strike her
dead,
Than to cry "Halt," and to her own
bright face
Accuse her of the least immodesty:
And thus tongue-tied, it made him
wroth the more

That she *could* speak whom his own
ear had heard
Call herself false: and suffering thus
he made
Minutes an age: but in scarce longer
time
Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,
Before he turn to fall seaward again,
Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, be-
hold
In the first shallow shade of a deep
wood,
Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted
oaks,
Three other horsemen waiting, wholly
arm'd,
Whereof one seem'd far larger than
her lord,
And shook her pulses, crying, "Look,
a prize!
Three horses and three goodly suits of
arms,
And all in charge of whom? a girl:
set on."
"Nay," said the second, "yonder
comes a knight."
The third, "A craven! how he hangs
his head.
The giant answer'd merrily, "Yea, but
one?
Wait here, and when he passes fall
upon him."

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and
said,
"I will abide the coming of my lord,
And I will tell him all their villany.
My lord is weary with the fight before,
And they will fall upon him unawares.
I needs must disobey him for his good;
How should I dare obey him to his
harm?
Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill
me for it,
I save a life dearer to me than mine."

And she abode his coming, and said
to him
With timid firmness, "Have I leave to
speak?"
He said, "you take it, speaking," and
she spoke.

“There lurk three villains yonder in
the wood,
And each of them is wholly arm'd, and
one
Is larger limb'd than you are, and they
say
That they will fall upon you while you
pass.”

To which he flung a wrathful answer
back :
“And if there were an hundred in the
wood,
And every man were larger-limb'd
than I,
And all at once should sally out upon me,
I swear it would not ruffle me so much
As you that not obey me. Stand
aside,
And if I fall, cleave to the better man.”

And Enid stood aside to wait the
event,
Not dare to watch the combat, only
breathe
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a
breath.
And he, she dreaded most, bare down
upon him.
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd ;
but Geraint's,
A little in the late encounter strain'd,
Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet
home,
And then brake short, and down his
enemy roll'd
And there lay still : as he that tells the
tale,
Saw once a great piece of a promon-
tory,
That had a sapling growing on it, slip
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls
to the beach,
And there lie still, and yet the sapling
grew :
So lay the man transfixt. His craven
pair
Of comrades, making slower at the
Prince,
When now they saw their bulwark
fallen, stood ;

On whom the victor, to confound them
more,
Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry ; for
as one,
That listens near a torrent mountain-
brook,
All thro' the crash of the near cataract
hears
The drumming thunder of the huger
fall
At distance, were the soldiers wont to
hear
His voice in battle, and be kindled by
it,
And foemen scared, like that false pair
who turn'd
Flying, but, overtaken, died the death
Themselves had wrought on many an
innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting,
pick'd the lance
That pleased him best, and drew from
those dead wolves
Their three gay suits of armor, each
from each,
And bound them on their horses, each
on each,
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three
Together, and said to her, “Drive
them on
Before you,” and she drove them thro'
the wood.

He follow'd nearer still ; the pain
she had
To keep them in the wild ways of the
wood,
Two sets of three laden with jingling
arms,
Together, served a little to disedge
The sharpness of that pain about her
heart ;
And they themselves, like creatures
gently born
But into bad hands fall'n, and now so
long
By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light
ears, and felt
Her low firm voice and tender govern-
ment.

So thro' the green gloom of the
wood they past,
And issuing under open heavens be-
held
A little town with towers, upon a rock,
And close beneath, a meadow gemlike
chased
In the brown wild, and mowers mowing
in it:
And down a rocky pathway from the
place
There came a fair-hair'd youth, that in
his hand
Bare victual for the mowers: and
Geraint
Had ruth again on Enid looking pale:
Then, moving downward to the meadow
ground,
He, when the fair-hair'd youth came
by him, said,
"Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so
faint."
"Yea, willingly," replied the youth;
"and you,
My lord, eat also, tho' the fare is coarse,
And only meet for mowers;" then set
down
His basket, and dismounting on the
sward
They let the horses graze, and ate
themselves.
And Enid took a little delicately,
Less having stomach for it than desire
To close with her lord's pleasure; but
Geraint
Ate all the mowers' victual unawares,
And when he found all empty, was
amazed:
And "Boy," said he, "I have eaten all,
but take
A horse and arms for guerdon; choose
the best."
He, reddening in extremity of delight,
"My lord, you overpay me fifty fold."
"You will be all the wealthier," cried
the Prince.
"I take it as free gift, then," said the
boy,
"Not guerdon; for myself can easily,
While your good damsel rests, return,
and fetch

Fresh victual for these mowers of our
Earl;
For these are his, and all the field is
his,
And I myself am his; and I will tell
him
How great a man you are; he loves to
know
When men of mark are in his territory:
And he will have you to his palace
here,
And serve you costlier than with
mowers' fare."

Then said Geraint, "I wish no bet-
ter fare:
I never ate with angrier appetite
Than when I left your mowers dinner-
less.
And into no Earl's palace will I go.
I know, God knows, too much of pal-
aces!
And if he want me, let him come to
me.
But hire us some fair chamber for the
night,
And stalling for the horses, and re-
turn
With victual for these men, and let us
know."

"Yea, my kind lord," said the glad
youth, and went,
Held his head high, and thought him-
self a knight,
And up the rocky pathway disap-
pear'd,
Leading the horse, and they were left
alone.

But when the Prince had brought
his errant eyes
Home from the rock, sideways he let
them glance
At Enid, where she droopt: his own
false doom,
That shadow of mistrust should never
cross
Betwixt them, came upon him, and he
sigh'd;
Then with another humorous ruth re-
mark'd

The lusty mowers laboring dinnerless,
 And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning
 scythe,
 And after nodded sleepily in the heat.
 But she, remembering her old ruin'd
 hall,
 And all the windy clamor of the daws
 About her hollow turret, pluck'd the
 grass
 There growing longest by the meadow's
 edge,
 And into many a listless annulet,
 Now over, now beneath her marriage-
 ring,
 Wove and unwove it, till the boy re-
 turn'd
 And told them of a chamber, and they
 went; [will,
 Where, after saying to her, "If you
 Call for the woman of the house," to
 which
 She answer'd, "Thanks, my lord;"
 the two remain'd
 Apart by all the chamber's width, and
 mute
 As creatures voiceless thro' the fault
 of birth,
 Or two wild men supporters of a
 shield,
 Painted, who stare at open space, nor
 glance
 The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along
 the street,
 And heel against the pavement echo-
 ing, burst
 Their drowse; and either started while
 the door,
 Push'd from without, drave backward
 to the wall,
 And midmost of a rout of roisterers,
 Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,
 Her suitor in old years before Geraint,
 Enter'd, the wild lord of the place,
 Limours.
 He moving up with pliant courtliness,
 Greeted Geraint full face, but stealth-
 ily,
 In the mid-warmth of welcome and
 graspt hand,

Found Enid with the corner of his
 eye,
 And knew her sitting sad and solitary.
 Then cried Geraint for wine and good-
 ly cheer
 To feed the sudden guest, and sump-
 tuously
 According to his fashion, bade the
 host
 Call in what men soever were his
 friends, [earl;
 And feast with these in honor of their
 "And care not for the cost; the cost
 is mine."

And wine and food were brought,
 and Earl Limours
 Drank till he jested with all ease, and
 told
 Free tales, and took the word and
 play'd upon it,
 And made it of two colors; for his
 talk,
 When wine and free companions kin-
 dled him,
 Was wont to glance and sparkle like a
 gem
 Of fifty facets; thus he moved the
 Prince [plause.
 To laughter and his comrades to ap-
 Then, when the Prince was merry,
 ask'd Limours,
 "Your leave, my lord, to cross the
 room, and speak
 To your good damsel there who sits
 apart
 And seems so lonely?" "My free
 leave," he said;
 "Get her to speak: she does not
 speak to me."
 Then rose Limours and looking at his
 feet,
 Like him who tries the bridge he fears
 may fail,
 Crost and came near, lifted adoring
 eyes,
 Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisper-
 ingly:
 "Enid, the pilot star of my lone
 life,
 Enid my early and my only love,

Enid the loss of whom has turn'd me wild—
 What chance is this? how is it I see you here?
 You are in my power at last, are in my power.
 Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild,
 But keep a touch of sweet civility
 Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.
 I thought, but that your father came between,
 In former days you saw me favorably.
 And if it were so do not keep it back:
 Make me a little happier: let me know it:
 Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost?
 Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.
 And, Enid, you and he, I see it with joy—
 You sit apart, you do not speak to him,
 You come with no attendance, page or maid,
 To serve you—does he love you as of old?
 For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know
 Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,
 They would not make them laughable in all eyes,
 Not while they loved them: and your wretched dress,
 A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks
 Your story, that this man loves you no more.
 Your beauty is no beauty to him now:
 A common chance—right well I know it—pall'd—
 For I know men—nor will you win him back,
 For the man's love once gone never returns.
 But here is one who loves you as of old;
 With more exceeding passion than of old:

Good, speak the word: my followers ring him round:
 He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;
 They understand: no; I do not mean blood;
 Nor need you look so scared at what I say:
 My malice is no deeper than a moat,
 No stronger than a wall: there is the keep:
 He shall not cross us more; speak but the word:
 Or speak it not; but then by Him that made me
 The one true lover which you ever had,
 I will make use of all the power I have.
 O pardon me! the madness of that hour,
 When first I parted from you, moves me yet."

At this the tender sound of his own voice
 And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,
 Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd his eyes,
 Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast;
 And answer'd with such craft as women use,
 Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance
 That breaks upon them perilously, and said:

"Earl, if you love me as in former years,
 And do not practise on me, come with morn,
 And snatch me from him as by violence;
 Leave me to-night: I am weary to the death."

Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume
 Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-
 amorous Earl,
 And the stout Prince bade him a loud good-night.

He moving homeward babbled to his
men,
How Enid never loved a man but
him,
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her
lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Ge-
raint,
Debating his command of silence
given,
And that she now perforce must vio-
late it,
Held commune with herself, and while
she held
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart
To wake him, but hung o'er him,
wholly pleased
To find him yet unwounded after
fight,
And hear him breathing low and
equally.
Anon she rose, and stepping lightly,
leap'd
The pieces of his armor in one place,
All to be there against a sudden need;
Then dozed awhile herself, but over-
toil'd
By that day's grief and travel, ever-
more
Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn,
and then
Went slipping down horrible preci-
pices,
And strongly striking out her limbs
awoke;
Then thought she heard the wild Earl
at the door,
With all his rout of random followers,
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summon-
ing her;
Which was the red cock shouting to
the light,
As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy
world,
And glimmer'd on his armor in the
room.
And once again she rose to look at
it,
But touch'd it unawares; jangling, the
casque

Fell, and he started up and stared at
her.
Then breaking his command of silence
given,
She told him all that Earl Limours had
said,
Except the passage that he loved her
not;
Nor left untold the craft herself had
used;
But ended with apology so sweet,
Low-spoken, and of so few words, and
seem'd
So justified by that necessity,
That tho' he thought "was it for him
she wept
In Devon?" he but gave a wrathful
groan,
Saying "your sweet faces make good
fellows fools
And traitors. Call the host and bid
him bring [out
Charger and palfrey." So she glided
Among the heavy breathings of the
house,
And like a household Spirit at the
walls
Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and
return'd:
Then tending her rough lord, tho' all
unask'd,
In silence, did him service as a squire;
Till issuing arm'd he found the host
and cried
"Thy reckoning, friend?" and ere he
learnt it, "Take
Five horses and their armors;" and
the host
Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze,
"My lord, I scarce have spent the
worth of one!"
"You will be all the wealthier," said
the Prince,
And then to Enid, "Forward! and to-
day
I charge you, Enid, more especially,
What thing soever you may hear or
see,
Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use
To charge you) that you speak not
but obey."

And Enid answer'd, "Yea, my lord,
I know
Your wish, and would obey: but riding
first,
I hear the violent threats you do not
hear,
I see the danger which you cannot
see;
Then not to give you warning, that
seems hard:
Almost beyond me: yet I would
obey."

"Yea, so," said he, "do it: be not
too wise;
Seeing that you are wedded to a man,
Not quite mismated with a yawning
clown,
But one with arms to guard his head
and yours,
With eyes to find you out however
far,
And ears to hear you even in his
dreams."

With that he turned and looked as
keenly at her
As careful robins eye the delver's
toil;
And that within her which a wanton
fool,
Or hasty judger, would have called
her guilt,
Made her cheek burn and either eye-
lid fall.
And Geraint look'd and was not sat-
isfied.

Then forward by a way which, beaten
broad,
Led from the territory of false Li-
mours
To the waste earldom of another earl,
Doorm, whom his shaking vassals
call'd the Bull,
Went Enid with her sullen follower
on.
Once she look'd back, and when she
saw him ride
More near by many a rood than yes-
termorn,

It wellnigh made her cheerful: till
Geraint
Waving an angry hand as who should
say
"You watch me," saddened all her
heart again.
But while the sun yet beat a dewy
blade,
The sound of many a heavily-galloping
hoof
Smote on her ear, and turning round
she saw
Dust, and the points of lances bicker
in it.
Then not to disobey her lord's behest,
And yet to give him warning, for he
rode
As if he heard not, moving back she
held
Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.
At which the warrior in his obstinacy,
Because she kept the letter of his word
Was in a manner pleased, and turning,
stood.
And in the moment after, wild Li-
mours,
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-
cloud
Whose skirts are loosen'd by the break-
ing storm, [rode,
Half ridden off with by the thing he
And all in passion uttering a dry
shriek,
Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with
him and bore
Down by the length of lance and arm
beyond
The crupper, and so left him stunn'd
or dead,
And overthrew the next that follow'd
him,
And blindly rush'd on all the rout be-
hind.
But at the flash and motion of the man
They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a
shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer
morn
Adown the crystal dikes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on
the sand,

But if a man who stands upon the
brink

But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in
flower;

So, scared but at the motion of the
man,

Fled all the boon companions of the
Earl,

And left him lying in the public way:
So vanish friendships only made in
wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled
Geraint,

Who saw the chargers of the two that
fell

Start from their fallen lords, and wildly
fly,

Mixt with the flyers. "Horse and
man," he said,

"All of one mind and all right-honest
friends!

Not a hoof left; and I methinks till
now

Was honest—paid with horses and
with arms:

I cannot steal or plunder, nor nor beg:
And so what say you, shall we strip
him there

Your lover? has your palfrey heart
enough

To bear his armor? shall we fast or
dine?

No?—then do you, being right honest,
pray

That we may meet the horsemen of
Earl Doorm,

I too would still be honest." Thus he
said;

And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,
And answering not one word, she led
the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful
loss

Falls in a far land and he knows it
not,

But coming back he learns it, and the
loss

So pains him that he sickens nigh to
death;

So fared it with Geraint, who being
prick'd

In combat with the follower of Li-
mours,

Bled underneath his armor secretly,
And so rode on, nor told his gentle
wife

What ail'd him, hardly knowing it him-
self,

Till his eye darken'd and his helmet
wagg'd;

And at a sudden swerving of the
road,

Tho' happily down on a bank of grass,
The Prince, without a word, from his
horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his
fall,

Suddenly came, and at his side all pale
Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of
his arms,

Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue
eye

Moisten, till she had lighted on his
wound,

And tearing off her veil of faded silk
Had bared her forehead to the blister-
ing sun,

And swathed the hurt that drain'd her
dear lord's life.

Then after all was done that hand
could do,

She rested, and her desolation came
Upon her, and she wept beside the
way.

And many past, but none regarded
her,

For in that realm of lawless turbulence,
A woman weeping for her murder'd
mate

Was cared as much for as a summer
shower:

One took him for a victim of Earl
Doorm,

Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on
him:

Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,

Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl;
 Half whistling and half singing a coarse
 song,
 He drove the dust against her veiless
 eyes :
 Another, flying from the wrath of
 Doorm
 Before an ever-fancied arrow, made
 The long way smoke beneath him in
 his fear ;
 At which her palfrey whinnying lifted
 heel,
 And scour'd into the coppices and was
 lost,
 While the great charger stood, grieved
 like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge
 Earl Doorm,
 Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet
 beard,
 Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,
 Came riding with a hundred lances
 up ;
 But ere he came, like one that hails a
 ship,
 Cried out with a big voice, " What, is
 he dead ?"
 " No, no, not dead !" she answer'd in
 all haste.
 " Would some of your kind people
 take him up,
 And bear him hence out of this cruel
 sun ;
 Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not
 dead."

Then said Earl Doorm: " Well, if
 he be not dead,
 Why wail you for him thus? you seem
 a child.
 And be he dead, I count you for a
 fool :
 Your wailing will not quicken him :
 dead or not,
 You mar a comely face with idiot tears.
 Yet, since the face *is* comely—some of
 you,
 Here, take him up, and bear him to
 our hall :
 And if he live, we will have him of our
 band ;

And if he die, why earth has earth
 enough
 To hide him. See ye take the charger
 too,
 A noble one."

He spake, and past away,
 But left two brawny spearmen, who
 advanced,
 Each growling like a dog, when his
 good bone
 Seems to be pluck'd at by the village
 boys
 Who love to vex him eating, and he
 fears
 To lose his bone, and lays his foot
 upon it,
 Gnawing and growling ; so the ruffians
 growl'd,
 Fearing to lose, and all for a dead
 man,
 Their chance of booty from the morn-
 ing's raid ;
 Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,
 Such as they brought upon their forays
 out
 For those that might be wounded ; laid
 him on it
 All in the hollow of his shield, and
 took
 And bore him to the naked hall of
 Doorm, [led]
 (His gentle charger following him un-
 And cast him and the bier in which he
 lay
 Down on an oaken settle in the hall,
 And then departed, hot in haste to join
 Their luckier mates, but growling as
 before,
 And cursing their lost time, and the
 dead man,
 And their own Earl, and their own
 souls, and her.
 They might as well have blest her : she
 was deaf
 To blessing or to cursing save from
 one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her
 lord,
 There in the naked hall, propping his
 head,

And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him.
 And at the last he waken'd from his swoon,
 And found his own dear bride propping his head,
 And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him;
 And left the warm tears falling on his face;
 And said to his own heart, "She weeps for me;"
 And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,
 That he might prove her to the uttermost,
 And say to his own heart, "She weeps for me."

 ut in the falling afternoon return'd
 The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.
 His lusty spearmen follow'd him with noise:
 Each hurling down a heap of things that rang
 Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,
 And doff'd his helm: and then there flutter'd in,
 Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes, [hues,
 A tribe of women, dress'd in many
 And mingled with the spearmen: and Earl Doorm
 Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board,
 And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears.
 And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,
 And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh:
 And none spake word, but all sat down at once,
 And ate with tumult in the naked hall,
 Feeding like horses when you hear them feed;
 Till Enid shrank far back into herself,
 To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.

But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would,
 He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and found
 A damsel drooping in a corner of it.
 Then he remember'd her, and how she wept;
 And out of her there came a power upon him:
 And rising on the sudden he said, "Eat!
 I never yet beheld a thing so pale.
 God's curse, it makes me mad to see you weep.
 Eat! Look yourself. Good luck had your good man,
 For were I dead who is it would weep for me?
 Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath,
 Have I beheld a lily like yourself.
 And so there lived some color in your cheek,
 There is not one among my gentlewomen
 Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.
 But listen to me, and by me be ruled,
 And I will do the thing I have not done,
 For you shall share my earldom with me, girl, nest,
 And we will live like two birds in one
 And I will fetch you forage from all fields,
 For I compel all creatures to my will."
 He spoke: the brawny spearman let his cheek
 Bulge with the unswallow'd piece, and turning, stared;
 While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn
 Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf
 And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's ear
 What shall not be recorded—women they,
 Women, or what had been those gracious things,

But now desired the humbling of their best,
 Yea, would have helped him to it; and all at once
 They hated her, who took no thought of them,
 But answer'd in low voice, her meek head yet
 Drooping, "I pray you of your courtesy,
 He being as he is, to let me be."

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak,
 But like a mighty patron, satisfied
 With what himself had done so graciously,
 Assumed that she had thanked him, adding, "Yea,
 Eat and be glad, for I account you mine."

She answer'd meekly, "How should I be glad
 Henceforth in all the world at anything,
 Until my lord arise and look upon me?"

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk.
 As all but empty heart and weariness
 And sickly nothing; suddenly seized on her,
 And bare her by main violence to the board,
 And thrust the dish before her, crying,
 "Eat."

"No, no," said Enid, vext, "I will not eat
 Till yonder man upon the bier arise,
 And eat with me." "Drink, then," he answered. "Here!"
 (And fill'd a horn with wine and held it to her,)
 "Lo! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, or hot,
 God's curse, with anger,—often I myself,
 Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat:
 Drink therefore, and the wine will change your will"

"Not so," she cried, "by Heaven, I will not drink,
 Till my dear lord arise and bid me do it,
 And drink with me; and if he rise no more,
 I will not look at wine until I die."

At this he turn'd all red and paced his hall,
 Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,
 And coming up close to her, said at last:

"Girl, for I see you scorn my courtesies,
 Take warning; yonder man is surely dead;
 And I compel all creatures to my will.
 Not eat nor drink? And wherefore wail for one,

Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn
 By dressing it in rags? Amazed am I,
 Beholding how you butt against my wish,
 That I forbear you thus: cross me no more.

At least put off to please me this poor gown,
 This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed:
 I love that beauty should go beautifully:

For see you not my gentlewomen here,
 How gay, how suited to the house of one,
 Who loves that beauty should go beautifully!
 Rise therefore; robe yourself in this: obey."

He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen
 Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,
 Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
 Play'd into green, and thicker down the front
 With jewels than the sward with drops of dew.

When all night long a cloud clings to
the hill,
And with the dawn ascending lets the
day
Strike where it clung so thickly shone
the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be
moved
Than hardest tyrants in their day of
power,
With life-long injuries burning un-
avenged,
And now their hour has come; and
Enid said:

"In this poor gown my dear lord
found me first,
And loved me serving in my father's
hall:

In this poor gown I rode with him to
court,
And there the Queen array'd me like
the sun:

In this poor gown he bade me clothe
myself,
When now we rode upon this fatal
quest

Of honor, where no honor can be
gain'd:

And this poor gown I will not cast
aside

Until himself arise a living man,
And bid me cast it. I have griefs
enough:

Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be:
I never loved, can never love but him:
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentle-
ness,
He being as he is, to let me be."

Then strode the brute Earl up and
down his hall,
And took his russet beard between his
teeth;
Last, coming up quite close, and in his
mood
Crying, "I count it of no more avail,
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with
you;
Take my salute," unknighly with flat
hand,

However lightly, smote her on the
cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,
And since she thought, "he had not
dared to do it,

Except he surely knew my lord was
dead,"

Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter
cry,

As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
Which sees the trapper coming thro'
the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at
his sword,

(It lay beside him in the hollow shield,)
Made but a single bound, and with a
sweep of it

Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like
a ball

The russet-bearded head roll'd on the
floor.

So died Earl Doorm by him he
counted dead.

And all the men and women in the
hall

Rose when they saw the dead man
rise, and fled

Yelling as from a spectre, and the two
Were left alone together, and he said:

"Enid I have used you worse than
that dead man;

Done you more wrong: we both have
undergone

That trouble which has left me thrice
your own:

Henceforward I will rather die than
doubt.

And here I lay this penance on myself,
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yes-
ter-morn—

You thought me sleeping, but I heard
you say,

I heard you say, that you were no true
wife:

I swear I will not ask your meaning in
it:

I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforward rather die than
doubt."

And Enid could not say one tender word,
 She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart:
 She only pray'd him, "Fly, they will return
 And slay you; fly, your charger is without,
 My palfrey lost." "Then, Enid, shall you ride
 Behind me." "Yea," said Enid, "let us go."
 And moving out they found the stately horse,
 Who now no more a vassal to the thief,
 But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,
 Neigh'd with all gladness as they came,
 and stopp'd
 With a low whinny toward the pair:
 and he
 Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,
 Glad also; then Geraint upon the horse
 Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot
 She set her own and climb'd; he turn'd his face
 And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms
 About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise
 O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
 Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind,
 Than lived thro' her who in that perilous hour
 Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
 And felt him hers again; she did not weep,
 But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
 Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
 Before the useful trouble of the rain:
 Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes

As not to see before them on the path,
 Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,
 A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance
 In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.
 Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood,
 She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,
 Shriek'd to the stranger, "Slay not a dead man!"
 "The voice of Enid," said the knight: but she,
 Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd,
 Was moved so much the more, and shriek'd again,
 "O cousin, slay not him who gave you life."
 And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake
 "My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love;
 I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm;
 And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,
 Who love you, Prince, with something of the love
 Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.
 For once, when I was up so high in pride
 That I was half way down the slope to Hell,
 By overthrowing me you threw me higher,
 Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,
 And since I knew this Earl, when I myself
 Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,
 I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorm
 (The King is close behind me) bidding him
 Disband himself, and scatter all his p wers,
 Submit, and hear the judgment of the King."

"He hears the judgment of the King
 of Kings,"
 Cried the wan Prince: "and lo the
 powers of Doorn
 Are scatter'd," and he pointed to the
 field
 Where, huddled here and there on
 mound and knoll,
 Were men and women staring and
 aghast,
 While some yet fled; and then he
 plainlier told
 How the huge Earl lay slain within his
 hall.
 But when the knight besought him,
 "Follow me,
 Prince, to the camp, and in the King's
 own ear
 Speak what has chanced; you surely
 have endured
 Strange chances here alone;" that
 other flush'd,
 And hung his head, and halted in re-
 ply,
 Fearing the mild face of the blameless
 King, [ask'd:
 And after madness acted question
 Till Edyrn crying, "If you will not go
 To Arthur, then will Arthur come to
 you,"
 "Enough," he said, "I follow," and
 they went.
 But Enid in their going had two fears,
 One from the bandit scatter'd in the
 field,
 And one from Edyrn. Every now and
 then,
 When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her
 side,
 She shrank a little. In a hollow land,
 From which old fires have broken, men
 may fear
 Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving,
 said:
 "Fair and dear cousin, you that most
 had cause
 To fear me, fear no longer, I am
 changed.
 Yourself were first the blameless cause
 to make

My nature's prideful sparkle in the
 blood
 Break into furious flame; being re-
 pulsed
 By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and
 wrought
 Until I overturn'd him; then set up
 (With one main purpose ever at my
 heart)
 My haughty jousts, and took a para-
 mour;
 Did her mock-honor as the fairest fair,
 And, toppling over all antagonism,
 So wax'd in pride, that I believed my
 self [mad:
 Unconquerable, for I was well-nigh
 And, but for my main purpose in these
 jousts,
 I should have slain your father, seized
 yourself.
 I lived in hope that some time you
 would come
 To these my lists with him whom best
 you loved;
 And there, poor cousin, with your meek
 blue eyes,
 The truest eyes that ever answer'd
 heaven,
 Behold me overturn and trample on
 him.
 Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd
 to me,
 I should not less have killed him. And
 you came,—
 But once you came,—and with your
 own true eyes,
 Beheld the man you loved (I speak as
 one
 Speaks of a service done him) over-
 throw
 My proud self, and my purpose three
 years old,
 And set his foot upon me, and give me
 life.
 There was I broken down; there was I
 saved:
 Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating
 the life
 He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.
 And all the penance the Queen laid
 upon me

Was but to rest awhile within her court ;
 Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged,
 And waiting to be treated like a wolf
 Because I knew my deeds were known,
 I found,
 Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,
 Such fine reserve and noble reticence,
 Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace
 Of tenderest courtesy, that I began
 To glance behind me at my former life,
 And find that it had been the wolf's indeed :
 And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,
 Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,
 Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,
 Which, when it weds with manhood,
 makes a man.
 And you where often there about the Queen,
 But saw me not, or marked not if you saw ;
 Nor did I care or dare to speak with
 But kept myself aloof till I was changed ;
 And fear not, cousin ; I am changed indeed."

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,
 Like simple noble natures, credulous
 Of what they long for, good in friend
 or foe,
 "There most in those who most have
 done them ill.
 And when they reach'd the camp the king himself
 Advanced to greet them, and beholding her
 Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,
 But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held
 In converse for a little and return'd,
 And gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,
 And kiss'd her with all pureness, brother-like,

And show'd an empty tent allotted her,
 And glancing for a minute, till he saw her
 Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said :

" Prince, when of late you pray'd me for my leave
 To move to your own land, and there defend
 Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,
 As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,
 By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,
 And wrought too long with delegated hands,
 Not used mine own : but now behold me come
 To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,
 With Edyrn and with others : have you look'd
 At Edyrn ? have you seen how nobly changed ?
 This work of his is great and wonderful.
 His very face with change of heart is changed.
 The world will not believe a man repents :
 And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
 Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use
 Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
 Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
 And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.
 Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart
 As I will weed this land before I go.
 I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,
 Not rashly, but have proved him every way
 One of our noblest, our most valorous,
 Sanest and most obedient : and indeed
 This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself
 After a life of violence, seems to me

A thousand-fold more great and wonderful
 Than if some knight of mine, risking
 his life,
 My subject with my subjects under him,
 Should make an onslaught single on a
 realm
 Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by
 one,
 And were himself nigh wounded to
 the death."

So spake the king; low bow'd the
 Prince and felt
 His work was neither great nor wonder-
 ful,
 And past to Enid's tent; and thither
 came
 The King's own leech to look into his
 hurt;
 And Enid tended on him there; and
 there
 Her constant motion round him, and
 the breath
 Of her sweet tendance hovering over
 him,
 Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood
 With deeper and with ever deeper love
 At the south-west that blowing Bala
 lake
 Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the
 days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his
 hurt,
 The blameless King went forth and
 cast his eyes
 On whom his father Uther left in
 charge
 Long since, to guard the justice of the
 King:
 He look'd and found them wanting;
 and as now
 Men weed the white horse on the Berk-
 shire hills
 To keep him bright and clean as here-
 tofore,
 He rooted out the slothful officer
 Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd
 at wrong,
 And in their chairs set up a stronger
 race

With hearts and hands, and sent a
 thousand men
 To till the wastes, and moving every-
 where
 Clear'd the dark places and let in the
 law,
 And broke the bandit holds and clean-
 sed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again,
 they past
 With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk.
 There the great Queen once more
 embraced her friend,
 And clothed her in apparel like the day.
 And tho' Geraint could never take
 again
 That comfort from their converse which
 he took
 Before the Queen's fair name was
 breathed upon,
 He rested well content that all was
 well. . . . rode,
 Thence after tarrying for a space they
 And fifty knights rode with them to the
 shores
 Of Severn, and they past to their own
 land.
 And there he kept the justice of the
 King
 So vigorously yet mildly, that all hearts
 Applauded, and the spiteful whisper
 died:
 And being ever foremost in the chase,
 And victor at the tilt and tournament,
 They call'd him the great Prince and
 man of men.
 But Enid, whom her ladies loved to
 call
 Enid the Fair, a grateful people named
 Enid the Good; and in their halls
 arose
 The cry of children, Enids and Geraints
 Of times to be; nor did he doubt her
 more
 But rested in her fealty, till he crown'd
 A happy life with a fair death, and fell
 Against the heathen of the Northern
 Sea
 In battle, fighting for the blameless
 King.

VIVIEN.

A STORM was coming, but the winds
were still,
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,
Before an oak, so hollow huge and
old,
It look'd a tower of ruin'd masonwork,
At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's
court :
She hated all the knights, and heard in
thought
Their lavish comment when her name
was named.
For once when Arthur walking all
alone,
Vext at a rumor rife about the Queen,
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted
fair,
Would fain have wrought upon his
cloudy mood
With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken
voice,
And flutter'd adoration, and at last
With dark sweet hints of some who
prized him more
Than who should prize him most ; at
which the King
Had gazed upon her blankly and gone
by :
But one had watch'd, and had not held
his peace :
It made the laughter of an afternoon
That Vivien should attempt the blame-
less King.
And after that, she set herself to gain
Him, the most famous man of all
those times, [arts,
Merlin, who knew the range of all their
Had built the King his havens, ships,
and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry
heavens ;
The people called him Wizard ; whom
at first
She play'd about with slight and
sprightly talk,
And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd
points

Of slander, glancing here and grazing
there ;
And yielding to his kindlier moods, the
Seer
Would watch her at her petulance, and
play,
Ev'n when they seem'd unlovable, and
laugh
As those that watch a kitten ; thus he
grew
Tolerant of what he half disdain'd, and
she,
Perceiving that she was but half dis-
dain'd,
Began to break her sports with graver
fits,
Turn red or pale, would often when
they met
Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him
With such a fixt devotion, that the old
man,
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at
times
Would flatter his own wish in age for
love,
And half believe her true : for thus at
times
He waver'd ; but that other clung to
him,
Fixt in her will, and so the seasons
went.
Then fell upon him a great melancholy ;
And leaving Arthur's court he gain'd
the beach ;
There found a little boat, and stept
into it ;
And Vivien follow'd, but he mark'd
her not.
She took the helm and he the sail ; the
boat
Drave with a sudden wind across the
deeps,
And touching Breton sands they disembark'd.
And then she follow'd Merlin all the
way,
Ev'n to the wild woods of Broceliande,
For Merlin once had told her of a charm
The which if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving
arms,

The man so wrought on ever seem'd to lie
 Closed in the four walls of the hollow tower,
 From which was no escape forevermore;
 And none could find that man forevermore,
 Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm
 Coming and going, and he lay as dead
 And lost to life and use and name and fame.
 And Vivien ever sought to work the charm
 Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,
 As fancying that her glory would be great
 According to his greatness whom she quench'd.
 There lay she all her length and kiss'd his feet,
 As if in deepest reverence and in love.
 A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
 Of samite without price, that more ex-
 prest
 Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
 In color like the satin-shining palm
 On shallows in the windy gleams of March:
 And while she kiss'd them, crying,
 "Trample me,
 Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro' the world,
 And I will pay you worship; tread me down
 And I will kiss you for it;" he was mute:
 So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,
 As on a dull day in an Ocean cave
 The blind wave feeling round his long seaball
 In silence: wherefore, when she lifted up
 A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,
 "O Merlin, do you love me?" and again,

"O Merlin, do you love me?" and once more,
 "Great Master, do you love me?" he was mute.
 And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
 Writhed toward him, slid up his knee and sat,
 Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
 Together, curved an arm about his neck,
 Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand
 Droop from his mighty shoulder as a leaf,
 Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
 The lists of such a beard as youth gone out
 Had le in ashes: then he spoke and said,
 Not looking at her, "Who are wise in love
 Love most, say least," and Vivien answer'd quick,
 "I saw the little elf-god eyeless once
 In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot:
 But neither eyes nor tongue,—O stupid child!
 Yet you are wise who say it; let me think
 Silence is wisdom: I am silent then
 And ask no kiss;" then adding all at once,
 "And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom," drew
 The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard
 Across her neck and bosom to her knee,
 And call'd herself a gilded summer fly
 Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
 Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood
 Without one word. So Vivien call'd herself,
 But rather seem'd a lovely baleful star
 Veil'd in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled:

"To what request for what strange boon," he said,

"Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,

O Vivien, the preamble? yet my thanks,

For these have broken up my melancholy."

And Vivien answer'd smiling saucily,
"What, O my master, have you found your voice?

I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last!

But yesterday you never open'd lip,
Except indeed to drink: no cup had we:

In mine own lady palms I cull'd the spring

That gather'd trickling dropwise from the cleft,

And made a pretty cup of both my hands

And offer'd you it kneeling: then you And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word;

O no more thanks than might a goat have given

With no more sign of reverence than a beard.

And when he halted at that other well,
And I was faint to swooning, and you lay

Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of Deep meadows we had traversed, did you know

That Vivien bathed your feet before her own?

And yet no thanks: and all thro' this wild wood

And all this morning when I fondled you:

Boon, yes, there was a boon, one not so strange—

How had I wrong'd you? surely you are wise,

But such a silence is more wise than kind."

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said:

"O did you never lie upon the shore,

And watch the curl'd white of the coming wave

Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks?

Ev'n such a wave, but not so pleasurable,

Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,

Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.

And then I rose and fled from Arthur's court

To break the mood. You follow'd me unask'd;

And when I look'd, and saw you following still,

My mind involved yourself the nearest thing

In that mind-mist: for shall I tell you truth?

You seem'd that wave about to break upon me

And sweep me from my hold upon the world,

My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.

Your pretty sports have brighten'd all again.

And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,

Once for wrong done you by confusion, next

For thanks it seems till now neglected, last

For these your dainty gambols: wherefore ask:

And take this boon so strange and not so strange."

And Vivien answer'd, smiling mournfully:

"O not so strange as my long asking it,

Nor yet so strange as you yourself are strange,

Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.

I ever fear'd you were not wholly mine;

And see, yourself have own'd you did me wrong.

The people call you prophet: let it be:

But not of those that can expound
 themselves.
 Take Vivien for expounder; she will
 call
 That three-days-long presageful gloom
 of yours
 No presage, but the same mistrustful
 mood
 That makes you seem less noble than
 yourself,
 Whenever I have ask'd this very boon,
 Now ask'd again: for see you not,
 dear love,
 That such a mood as that, which lately
 gloom'd
 Your fancy when you saw me following
 you,
 Must make me fear still more you are
 not mine,
 Must make me yearn still more to
 prove you mine,
 And make me wish still more to learn
 this charm
 Of woven paces and of waving hands,
 As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach it
 me.
 The charm so taught will charm us
 both to rest.
 For, grant me some slight power upon
 your fate,
 I, feeling that you felt me worthy trust,
 Should rest and let you rest, knowing
 you mine,
 And therefore be as great as you are
 named,
 Not muffled round with selfish reticence.
 How hard you look and how deny-
 ingly!
 O, if you think this wickedness in me,
 That I should prove it on you un-
 awares,
 To make you lose your use and name
 and fame,
 That makes me most indignant; then
 our bond
 Had best be loosed forever: but think
 or not,
 By Heaven that hears I tell you the
 clean truth,
 As clean as blood of babes, as white as
 milk:

O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,
 If these unwitty wandering wits of
 mine,
 Ev'n in the jumbled rubbish of a
 dream,
 Have tript on such conjectural treach-
 ery—
 May this hard earth cleave to the
 Nadir hell
 Down, down, and close again, and nip
 me flat,
 If I be such a traitress. Yield my
 boon,
 Till which I scarce can yield you all I
 am;
 And grant my re-reiterated wish,
 The great proof of your love: because
 I think,
 However wise, you hardly know me
 yet."

And Merlin loosed his hand from her
 and said:
 "I never was less wise, however wise,
 Too curious Vivien, tho' you talk of
 trust,
 Than when I told you first of such a
 charm.
 Yea, if you talk of trust I tell you this,
 Too much I trusted, when I told you
 that,
 And stirr'd this vice in you which
 ruin'd man
 Thro' woman the first hour; for how-
 soc'er
 In children a great curiousness be
 well,
 Who have to learn themselves and all
 the world,
 In you, that are no child, for still I find
 Your face is practised, when I spell
 the lines,
 I call it,—well, I will not call it vice:
 But since you name yourself the sum-
 mer fly,
 I well could wish a cobweb for the
 gnat,
 That settles, beaten back, and beaten
 back
 Settles, till one could yield for wear-
 ness:

But since I will not yield to give you
power
Upon my life and use and name and
fame,
Why will you never ask some other
boon?
Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too
much."

And Vivien, like the tenderest-
hearted maid
That ever bided tryst at village stile,
Made answer, either eyelid wet with
tears.

"Nay, master, be not wrathful with
your maid;

Caress her: let her feel herself for-
given

Who feels no heart to ask another
boon.

I think you hardly know the tender
rhyme

Of 'trust me not at all or all in all.'

I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it
once,

And it shall answer for me. Listen
to it.

'In Love, if Love be Love, if Love
be ours,

Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal
powers:

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

'It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music
mute,

And ever widening slowly silence all.

'The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders
all.

'It is not worth the keeping: let it
go:

But shall it? answer, darling, answer,
no.

And trust me not at all or all in all.'

O master, do you love my tender
rhyme?"

And Merlin look'd and half believed
her true,

So tender was her voice, so fair her
face,

So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind
her tears

Like sunlight on the plain behind a
shower:

And yet he answer'd half indignantly :

"Far other was the song that once I
heard

By this huge oak, sung nearly where
we sit:

For here we met, some ten or twelve
of us, [then

To chase a creature that was current
In these wild woods, the hart with
golden horns.

It was the time when first the question
rose

About the founding of a Table Round.
That was to be, for love of God and
men

And noble deeds, the flower of all the
world.

And each incited each to noble deeds.
And while we waited, one, the youngest
of us,

We could not keep him silent, out he
flash'd,

And into such a song, such fire for
fame,

Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming
down

To such a stern and iron-clashing close,
That when he stopt we long'd to hurl
together,

And should have done it; but the
beauteous beast

Scared by the noise upstarted at our
feet,

And like a silver shadow slipt away
Thro' the dim land; and all day long

we rode
Thro' the dim land against a rushing

wind,
That glorious roundel echoing in our

ears,
And chased the flashes of his golden
horns

Until they vanish'd by the fairy well
That laughs at iron—as our warriors
did—

Where children cast their pins and
nails, and cry,

“Laugh little well,” but touch it with
a sword,

It buzzes wildly round the point; and
there

We lost him: such a noble song was
that.

But, Vivien, when you sang me that
sweet rhyme,

I felt as tho' you knew this cursed
charm,

Were proving it on me, and that I lay
And felt them slowly ebbing, name and
fame.”

And Vivien answer'd, smiling mourn-
fully;

“O mine have ebb'd away forever-
more,

And all thro' following you to this wild
wood,

Because I saw you sad, to comfort you.
Lo now, what hearts have men! they
never mount

As high as woman in her selfless mood.
And touching fame, howe'er you scorn
my song

Take one verse more—the lady speaks
it—this:

‘My name, once mine, now thine, is
closlier mine,

For fame, could fame be mine, that
fame were thine,

And shame, could shame be thine, that
shame were mine.

So trust me not at all or all in all.’

“Says she not well? and there is
more—this rhyme

Is like the fair pearl necklace of the
Queen,

That burst in dancing, and the pearls
were spilt;

Some lost, some stolen, some as relics
kept.

But nevermore the same two sister
pearls

Ran down the silken thread to kiss
each other

On her white neck—so it is with this
rhyme;

It lives dispersedly in many hands,
And every minstrel sings it differ-
ently;

Yet there is one true line, the pearl of
pearls;

‘Man dreams of Fame while woman
wakes to love.’

True: Love, tho' Love were of the
grossest, carves

A portion from the solid present, eats
And uses, careless of the rest; but

Fame,
The Fame that follows death is noth-
ing to us;

And what is Fame in life but half-dis-
fame,

And counterchanged with darkness?
you yourself

Know well that Envy calls you Devil's
son,

And since you seem the Master of all
Art,

They fain would make you Master of
all Vice.”

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers
and said,

“I once was looking for a magic weed,
And found a fair young squire who
sat alone,

Had carved himself a knightly shield
of wood,

And then was painting on it fancied
arms,

Azure, an Eagle rising, or, the Sun
In dexter chief; the scroll ‘I follow
fame.’

And speaking not, but leaning over
him,

I took his brush and blotted out the
bird,

And made a Gardener putting in a
graff,

With this for motto, ‘Rather use than
fame.’

You should have seen him blush; but
afterwards

He made a stalwart knight. O
 Vivien,
 For you, methinks you think you love
 me well ;
 For me, I love you somewhat : rest :
 and Love
 Should have some rest and pleasure
 in himself,
 Not ever be too curious for a boon,
 Too prurient for a proof against the
 grain
 Of him you say you love : but Fame
 with men,
 Being but ampler means to serve man-
 kind,
 Should have small rest or pleasure in
 herself,
 But work as vassal to the larger love
 That dwarfs the petty love of one to
 one,
 Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame
 again
 Increasing gave me use. Lo, there
 my boon !
 What other ? for men sought to prove
 me vile.
 Because I wish'd to give them greater
 minds ;
 And then did Envy call me Devil's
 son ;
 The sick weak beast seeking to help
 herself
 By striking at her better, miss'd, and
 brought
 Her own claw back, and wounded her
 own heart.
 Sweet were the days when I was all
 unknown,
 But when my name was lifted up, the
 storm
 Broke on the mountain and I cared
 not for it.
 Right well know I that Fame is half
 dis fame,
 Yet needs must work my work. That
 other fame,
 To one at least, who hath not children,
 vague,
 The cackle of the unborn about the
 grave,
 I cared not for it ; a single misty star,

Which is the second in a line of stars
 That seem a sword beneath a belt of
 three,
 I never gazed upon it but I dreamt
 Of some vast charm concluded in that
 star
 To make fame nothing. Wherefore,
 if I fear,
 Giving you power upon me thro' this
 charm,
 That you might play me falsely, hav-
 ing power,
 However well you think you love me
 now
 (As sons of kings loving in pupilage
 Have turn'd to tyrants when they came
 to power)
 I rather dread the loss of use than
 fame ;
 If you—and not so much from wicked-
 ness,
 As some wild turn of anger, or a
 mood
 Of overstrain'd affection, it may be,
 To keep me all to your own self, or
 else
 A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy,
 Should try this charm on whom you
 say you love."

And Vivien answer'd, smiling as in
 wrath :
 "Have I not sworn ? I am not trusted.
 Good !
 Well, hide it, hidè it ; I shall find it
 out ;
 And being found take heed of Vivien.
 A woman and not trusted, doubtless I
 Might feel some sudden turn of anger
 born
 Of your misfaith ; and your fine epithet
 Is accurate too, for this full love of
 mine
 Without the full heart, back may merit
 well
 Your term of overstrain'd. So used
 as I,
 My daily wonder is, I loved at all.
 And as to woman's jealousy, O why
 not ?
 O to what end, except a jealous one,

And one to make me jealous if I love,
Was this fair charm invented by your-
self ?

I well believe that all about this world
You cage a buxom captive here and
there,
Closed in the four walls of a hollow
tower
From which is no escape forever-
more."

Then the great Master merrily an-
swer'd her ;

"Full many a love in loving youth was
mine,

I needed then no charm to keep them
mine

But youth and love ; and that full heart
of yours

Whereof you prattle, may now assure
you mine ;

So live uncharm'd. For those who
wrought it first,

The wrist is parted from the hand that
waved,

The feet unmortised from their ankle-
bones

Who paced it, ages back : but will you
hear

The legend as in guerdon for your
rhyme ?

"There lived a king in the most
Eastern East,

Less old than I, yet older, for my
blood

Hath earnest in it of far springs to
be.

A tawny pirate anchor'd in his port,
Whose bark had plunder'd twenty
nameless isles ;

And passing one, at the high peep of
dawn,

He saw two cities in a thousand boats
All fighting for a woman on the sea.

And pushing his black craft among
them all,

He lightly scatter'd theirs and brought
her off,

With loss of half his people arrow-
slain ;

A maid so smooth, so white, so won-
derful,

They said a light came from her when
she moved :

And since the pirate would not yield
her up,

The King impaled him for his piracy ;
Then made her Queen : but those isle-
nurtur'd eyes

Waged such unwilling tho' successful
war

On all the youth, they sicken'd ; coun-
cils thinn'd,

And armies waned, for magnet-like
she drew

The rustiest iron of old fighters'
hearts ;

And beasts themselves would wor-
ship ; camels knelt

Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain
back

That carr' kings in castles, bow'd black
knees

Of homage, ringing with their serpent
hands,

To make her smile, her golden ankle-
bells. [sent

What wonder being jealous, that he
His horns of proclamation out thro'
all

The hundred under-kingdoms that he
sway'd

To find a wizard who might teach the
King

Some charm, which being wrought
upon the Queen

Might keep her all his own : to such a
one

He promised more than ever king had
given,

A league of mountain full of golden
mines,

A province with a hundred miles of
coast,

A palace and a princess, all for him :
But on all those who tried and fail'd,
the King

Pronounced a dismal sentence, mean-
ing by it

To keep the list low and pretenders
back,

Or like a king, not to be trifled with—
Their heads should moulder on the
city gates.

And many tried and fail'd, because the
charm

Of nature in her overbore their own :
And many a wizard brow bleach'd on
the walls :

And many weeks a troop of carrion
crows

Hung like a cloud above the gateway
towers."

And Vivien, breaking in upon him,
said :

"I sit and gather honey; yet, me-
thinks,

Your tongue has tript a little: ask
yourself.

The lady never made *unwilling* war
With those fine eyes : she had pleasure
in it,

And made her good man jealous with
good cause.

And lived there neither dame nor dam-
sel then

Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as
tame,

I mean, as noble, as their Queen was
fair?

Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,
Or pinch a murderous dust into her
drink, [rose?

Or make her paler with a poison'd
Well, those were not our days; but
did they find

A wizard? Tell me, was he like to
thee?"

She ceased, and made her lithe arm
around his neck

Tighten, and then drew back, and let
her eyes

Speak for her, glowing on him, like a
bride's

On her new lord, her own, the first of
men.

He answer'd laughing, "Nay, not
like to me.

At last they found—his foragers for
charms—

A little glassy-headed hairless man,
Who lived alone in a great wild on
grass;

Read but one book, and ever reading
grew

So grated down and filed away with
thought,

So lean his eyes were monstrous;
while the skin

Clung but to crate and basket, ribs
and spine.

And since he kept his mind on one
sole aim,

Nor ever touch'd fierce wine, nor tasted
flesh, [wall

Nor own'd a sensual wish, to him the
That sunders ghosts and shadow-cast-
ing men

Became a crystal, and he saw them
thro' it,

And heard their voices talk behind
the wall,

And learnt their elemental secrets,
powers

And forces; often o'er the sun's bright
eye

Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud,
And lash'd it at the base with slanting
storm;

Or in the noon of mist and driving
rain,

When the lake whiten'd and the pine-
wood roar'd,

And the cairn'd mountain was a shadow,
sunn'd

The world to peace again: here was
the man.

And so by force they dragg'd him to
the King.

And then he taught the King to charm
the Queen

In such wise, that no man could see
her more,

Nor saw she save the King, who
wrought the charm,

Coming and going, and she lay as
dead,

And lost all use of life : but when the
King

Made proffer of the league of goldev
mines,

The province with the hundred miles
of coast,
The palace and the princess, that old
man
Went back to his old wild, and lived
on grass,
And vanish'd, and his book came down
to me."

And Vivien answer'd, smiling saucily:
"You have the book: the charm is
written in it:
Good: take my counsel: let me know
it at once:
For keep it like a puzzle chest in
chest,
With each chest lock'd and padlock'd
thirty-fold,
And whelm all this beneath as vast a
mound
As after furious battle turfs the slain
On some wild down above the windy
deep,
I yet should strike upon a sudden
means
To dig, pick, open, find and read the
charm:
Then, if I tried it, who should blame
me then?"

And smiling as a Master smiles at
one
That is not of his school, nor any
school
But that where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long, he answered her,
"You read the book, my pretty
Vivien!
O ay, it is but twenty pages long,
But every page having an ample marge,
And every marge enclosing in the
midst
A square of text that looks a little blot,
The text no larger than the limbs of
fleas;
And every square of text an awful
charm,

Writ in a language that has long gone
by.
So long, that mountains have arisen
since
With cities on their flanks—you read
the book!
And every margin scribbled, crost and
cramm'd
With comment, densest condensation,
hard
To mind and eye; but the long sleepless
nights
Of my long life have made it easy to
me.
And none can read the text, not even I;
And none can read the comment but
myself;
And in the comment did I find the
charm.
O, the results are simple; a mere child
Might use it to the harm of any one,
And never could undo it: ask no more:
For tho' you should not prove it upon
me,
But keep that oath you swore, you
might, perchance,
Assay it on some one of the Table
Round,
And all because you dream they babble
of you."

And Vivien, frowning in true anger,
said:
"What dare the full-fed liars say of
me?
They ride abroad redressing human
wrongs!
They sit with knife in meat and wine in
horn.
They bound to holy vows of chastity!
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.
But you are man, you well can understand
The shame that cannot be explain'd for
shame.
Not one of all the drove should touch
me: swine!"

Then answer'd Merlin careless of her
words,
"You breathe but accusation vast and
vague,

Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. If
you know,
Set up the charge you know, to stand
or fall!"

And Vivien answer'd, frowning
wrathfully:

"O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him
Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er
his wife

And two fair babes, and went to dis-
tant lands; [found

Was one year gone, and on returning
Not two but three: there lay the reck-
ling, one

But one hour old! What said the
happy sire?

A seven months' babe had been a truer
gift.

Those twelve sweet moons confused
his fatherhood!"

Then answer'd Merlin: "Nay, I
know the tale.

Sir Valence wedded with an outland
dame:

Some cause had kept him sunder'd
from his wife:

One child they had: it lived with her:
she died;

His kinsman travelling on his own af-
fair

Was charged by Valence to bring home
the child.

He brought, not found it therefore:
take the truth."

"O ay," said Vivien, "overtrue a
tale.

What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagra-
more,

That ardent man? 'to pluck the flower
in season

So says the song, 'I trow it is no trea-
son.'

O Master, shall we call him overquick
To crop his own sweet rose before the
hour?"

And Merlin answer'd: "Overquick
are you

To catch a lofty plume fall'n from the
wing

Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole
prey

Is man's good name: he never wronged
his bride.

I know the tale. An angry gust of
wind

Puff'd out his torch among the myriad-
room'd

And many-corridor'd complexities

Of Arthur's palace: then he found a
door

And darkling felt the sculptured orna-
ment

That wreathen found it made it seem
his own;

And wearied out made for the couch
and slept,

A stainless man beside a stainless
maid;

And either slept, nor knew of other
there;

Till the high dawn piercing the royal
rose

In Arthur's casement glimmer'd chastely
down,

Blushing upon them blushing, and at
once

He rose without a word and parted
from her:

But when the thing was blazed about
the court,

The brute world howling forced them
into bonds,

And as it chanced they are happy,
being pure."

"O ay," said Vivien, "that were
likely too.

What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale
And of the horrid foulness that he
wrought,

The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of
Christ,

Or some black wether of St. Satan's
fold.

What, in the precincts of the chapel-
yard,

Among the knightly brasses of the
graves,

And by the cold Hic Jacets of the
dead!"

And Merlin answer'd, careless of her charge:
 "A sober man is Percivale and pure;
 But once in life was fluster'd with new wine;
 Then paced for coolness in the chapel-yard,
 Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught
 And meant to stamp him with her master's mark;
 And that he sinn'd, is not believable;
 For, look upon his face!—but if he sinn'd,
 The sin that practice burns into the blood,
 And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
 Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be:
 Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns
 Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.
 But is your spleen froth'd out, or have ye more?"

And Vivien answer'd frowning yet in wrath:
 "O ay; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend?
 Traitor or true? that commerce with
 I ask you, is it clamor'd by the child,
 Or whisper'd in the corner? do you know it?"

To which he answer'd sadly: "Yea, I know it.
 Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,
 To fetch her, and she took him for the King;
 So fixt her fancy on him: let him be.
 But have you no one word of loyal praise
 For Arthur, blameless King and stainless man?"

She answer'd with a low and chuckling laugh:
 "Him? is he a man at all, who knows
 and winks?"

Sees what his fair bride is and does,
 and winks?
 By which the good king means to blind himself,
 And blinds himself and all the Table Round
 To all the foulness that they work. Myself
 Could call him (were it not for womanhood)
 The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,
 Could call him the main cause of all their crime;
 Yea, were he not crown'd king, coward, and fool."

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said:
 "O true and tender! O my liege and king!
 O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
 Who wouldst against thine own eye-witness fail
 Have all men true and leal, all women pure:
 How, in the mouths of base interpreters,
 From over-fineness not intelligible
 To things with every sense as false and foul
 As the poached filth that floods the middle street,
 Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!"

But Vivien deeming Merlin overborne
 By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue
 Rage like a fire among the noblest names,
 Polluting, and imputing her whole self,
 Defaming and defacing, till she left
 Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she will'd.
 He dragg'd his eyebrow bushes down,
 and made
 A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes,

And mutter'd in himself, "Tell *her* the charm!
 So, if she had it, would she rail on me
 To snare the next, and if she have it
 not,
 So will she rail. What did the wanton
 say?
 'Not mount as high;' we scarce can
 sink as low:
 For men at most differ as Heaven and
 earth,
 But women, worst and best, as Heaven
 and Hell.
 I know the Table Round, my friends of
 old;
 All brave, and many generous, and
 some chaste.
 I think she cloaks the wounds of loss
 with lies;
 I do believe she tempted them and
 fail'd,
 She is so bitter: for fine plots may
 fail,
 Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as
 face
 With colors of the heart that are not
 theirs.
 I will not let her know: nine tithes of
 times
 Face-flatterers and backbiters are the
 same.
 And they, sweet soul, that most impute
 a crime
 Are pronest to it, and impute them-
 selves,
 Wanting the mental rage; or low de-
 sire
 Not to feel lowest makes them level
 all:
 Yea, they would pare the mountain to
 the plain,
 To leave an equal baseness; and in
 this
 Are harlots like the crowd, that if they
 find
 Some stain or blemish in a name of
 note,
 Not grieving that their greatest are so
 small,
 inflate themselves with some insane de-
 light,

And judge all nature, from her feet of
 clay,
 Without the will to lift their eyes, and
 see
 Her godlike head crown'd with spirit-
 ual fire,
 And touching other worlds. I am
 weary of her."

He spoke in words part heard, in
 whispers part,
 Half-suffocated in the hoary fell
 And many-winter'd fleece of throat and
 chin.
 But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his
 mood,
 And hearing "harlot" mutter'd twice or
 thrice,
 Leapt from her session on his lap, and
 stood
 Stiff as a viper frozen: loathsome
 sight,
 How from the rosy lips of life and
 Flash'd the bare-grinning skeleton of
 death!
 White was her cheek; sharp breaths of
 anger puff'd
 Her fairy nostril out; her hand half-
 clenched
 Went faltering sideways downward to
 her belt,
 And feeling; had she found a dagger
 there
 (For in a wink the false love turns to
 hate)
 She would have stabb'd him; but she
 found it not:
 His eye was calm, and suddenly she
 took
 To bitter weeping like a beaten child,
 A long, long weeping, not consolable.
 Then her false voice made way broken
 with sobs.

"O crueller than was ever told in
 tale,
 Or sung in song! O vainly lavish'd
 love!
 O cruel, there was nothing wild or
 strange,
 Or seeming shameful, for what shame
 in love,

So love be true, and not as yours is—
nothing
Poor Vivien had not done to win his
trust
Who call'd her what he call'd her—
all her crime,
All—all—the wish to prove him wholly
hers."

She mused a little, and then clapt
her hands
Together with a wailing shriek, and
said:
"Stabb'd through the heart's affec-
tions to the heart!
Seeth'd like the kid in its own mother's
milk!
Kill'd with a word worse than a life of
blows!
I thought that he was gentle, being
great:
O God, that I had loved a smaller
man!
I should have found in him a greater
heart. [saw
O, I, that flattering my true passion,
The knights, the court, the king, dark
in your light,
Who loved to make men darker than
they are,
Because of that high pleasure which I
had
To seat you sole upon my pedestal
Of worship—I am answer'd, and hence-
forth
The course of life that seem'd so
flowery to me
With you for guide and master, only
you,
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken
short,
And ending in a ruin—nothing left,
But into some low cave to crawl, and
there,
If the wolf spare me, weep my life
away,
Kill'd with inutterable unkindliness."

She paused, she turn'd away, she
hung her head,
The snake of gold slid from her hair,
the braid

Slipt and uncoil'd itself, she wept
afresh,
And the dark wood grew darker to-
ward the storm
In silence, while his anger slowly died
Within him, till he let his wisdom go
For ease of heart, and half believed
her true:
Call'd her to shelter in the hollow oak,
"Come from the storm," and having
no reply,
Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the
face
Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or
shame;
Then thrice essay'd, by tenderest-
touching terms
To sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in
vain.
At last she let herself be conquer'd by
him,
And as the cageling newly flown re-
turns,
The seeming-injured simple-hearted
thing
Came to her old perch back, and set-
tled there.
There while she sat, half-falling from
his knees,
Half-nestled at his heart, and since he
saw
The slow tear creep from her closed
eyelid yet,
About her, more in kindness than in
love, [arm.
The gentle wizard cast a shielding
But she dislink'd herself at once and
rose,
Her arms upon her breast across, and
stood
A virtuous gentlewoman deeply
wrong'd,
Upright and flush'd before him; then
she said:
"There must be now no passages of
love
Betwixt us twain henceforward ever-
more.
Since, if I be what I am grossly call'd,
What should be granted which your
own gross heart

Would reckon worth the taking? I
 will go.
 In truth, but one thing now—better
 have died
 Thrice than have ask'd it once—could
 make me stay—
 That proof of trust—so often asked in
 vain!
 How justly, after that vile term of
 yours,
 I find with grief! I might believe you
 then,
 Who knows? once more. O, what
 was once to me
 Mere matter of the fancy, now has
 grown
 The vast necessity of heart and life.
 Farewell: think kindly of me, for I
 fear
 My fate or fault, omitting gayer youth
 For one so old, must be to love you
 still.
 But ere I leave you let me swear once
 more
 That if I schemed against your peace
 in this,
 May you just heaven, that darkens o'er
 me, send
 One flash, that, missing all things else,
 may make
 My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie."

Scarce had she ceased, when out of
 heaven a bolt
 (For now the storm was close above
 them) struck,
 Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining
 With darted spikes and splinters of
 the wood
 The dark earth round. He raised his
 eyes and saw
 The tree that shone white-listed thro'
 the gloom.
 But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard
 her oath,
 And dazzled by the livid-flickering
 fork,
 And deafen'd with the stammering
 cracks and claps
 That follow'd, flying back and crying
 out,

"O Merlin, tho' you do not love me,
 save,
 Yet save me!" clung to him and
 hugg'd him close:
 And call'd him dear protector in her
 fright,
 Nor yet forgot her practice in her
 fright,
 But wrought upon his mood and hugg'd
 him close.
 The pale blood of the wizard at her
 touch
 Took gayer colors, like an opal warm'd
 She blamed herself for telling hearsay
 tales:
 She shook from fear, and for her fault
 she wept
 Of petulancy; she call'd him lord and
 liege,
 Her secr, her bard, her silver star of
 eve,
 Her God, her Merlin, the one pas-
 sionate love
 Of her whole life; and ever overhead
 Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten
 branch
 Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
 Above them; and in change of glare
 and gloom
 Her eyes and neck glittering went and
 came;
 Till now the storm, its burst of passion
 spent,
 Moaning and calling out of other
 lands,
 Had left the ravaged woodland yet
 once more
 To peace; and what should not have
 been had been,
 For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,
 Had yielded, told her all the charm,
 and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth
 the charm
 Of woven paces and of waving hands,
 And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
 And lost to life and use and name and
 fame.
 Then crying "I have made his glory
 mine,"

And shrieking out "O fool!" the
harlot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
Behind her, and the forest echo'd
"fool."

—
ELAINE.

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the
east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morn-
ing's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with
the gleam;
Then fearing rust or soilure, fashion'd
for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazon'd on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her
wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the
nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by
day
Leaving her household and good father
climb'd
That eastern tower, and entering barr'd
her door,
Stript off the case, and read the naked
shield,
Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his
arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in
it,
And every scratch a lance had made
upon it,
Conjecturing when and where: this
cut is fresh;
That ten years back; this dealt him at
Caerlyle;
That at Caerleon; this at Camelot:
And ah, God's mercy, what a stroke
was there!
And here a thrust that might have
kill'd, but God

Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his
enemy down,
And sav'd him ' so she lived in fan-
tasy.

How came the lily maid by that good
shield
Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n
his name?
He left it with her, when he rode to
tilt
For the great diamond in the diamond
jousts,
Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by
that name
Had named them, since a diamond was
the prize.

For Arthur when none knew from
whence he came,
Long ere the people chose him for
their king,
Roving the trackless realms of Lyon-
nesse,
Had found a glen, gray boulder and
black tarn.
A horror lived about the ^{small mist} tarn, and
clave
Like its own mists to all the mountain
side:
For here two brothers, one a king, had
met
And fought together: but their names
were lost.
And each had slain his brother at a
blow,
And down they fell and made the glen
abhor'd:
And there they lay till all their bones
were bleached,
And lichen'd into color with the crags:
And he that once was king had on a
crown
Of diamonds, one in front, and four
aside.
And Arthur came, and laboring up the
pass
All in a misty moonshine, unawares
Had trodden that crown'd skeleton,
and the skull

Brake from the nape, and from the
skull the crown
Roll'd into light, and turning on its
rims
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the
tarn :
And down the shingly scaur he plunged,
and caught,
And set it on his head, and in his
heart
Heard murmurs, "Lo, thou likewise
shalt be king."

Thereafter, when a king, he had the
gems
Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd
them to his knights,
Saying "These jewels, whereupon I
chanced
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the
king's—
For public use : henceforward let there
be,
Once every year, a joust for one of
these :
For so by nine years' proof we needs
must learn
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves
shall grow
In use of arms and manhood, till we
drive
The Heathen, who, some say, shall
rule the land
Hereafter, which God hinder." Thus
he spoke :
And eight years past, eight jousts had
been, and still
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the
year,
With purpose to present them to the
Queen,
When all were won : but meaning all
at once
To snare her royal fancy with a boon
Worth half her realm, had never
spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and
the last
And largest, Arthur, holding then his
court

Hard on the river nigh the place which
now
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a
joust
At Camelot, and when the time drew
nigh
Spake (for she had been sick) to Guine-
vere,
"Are you so sick, my Queen, you can-
not move
To these fair jousts?" "Yea, lord,"
she said, "you know it."
"Then will you miss," he answer'd,
"the great deeds
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the
lists,
A sight you love to look on." And
the Queen
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt lan-
guidly
On Lancelot, where he stood beside
the King.
He thinking that he read her meaning
there,
"Stay with me, I am sick ; my love is
more
Than many diamonds," yielded, and a
heart
Love-loyal to the least wish of the
Queen
(However much he yearn'd to make
complete
The tale of diamonds for his destined
boon)
Urged him to speak against the truth,
and say
"Sir King, mine ancient wound is
hardly whole,
And lets me from the saddle ;" and
the King
Glanced first at him, then her, and went
his way.
No sooner gone than suddenly she
began :

"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot
much to blame.
Why go you not to these fair jousts ?
the knights
Are half of them our enemies, and the
crowd

Will murmur, lo the shameless ones,
 who take
 Their pastime now the trustful king is
 gone!"

Then Lancelot, vext at having lied in
 vain:

"Are you so wise? you were not
 once so wise,
 My Queen, that summer, when you
 loved me first.

Then of the crowd you took no more
 account
 Than of the myriad cricket of the
 mead,
 When its own voice clings to each
 blade of grass,
 And every voice is nothing. As to
 knights,
 Them surely can I silence with all ease.
 But now my loyal worship is allow'd
 Of all men: many a bard, without
 offence, [lay,
 Has link'd our names together in his
 Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guin-
 evere,
 The pearl of beauty: and our knights
 at feast
 Have pledged us in this union, while
 the King
 Would listen smiling. How then? is
 there more?
 Has Arthur spoken aught? or would
 yourself,
 Now weary of my service and devoir,
 Henceforth be truer to your faultless
 lord?"

She broke into a little scornful laugh.
 "Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless
 King,
 That passionate perfection, my good
 lord—
 But who can gaze upon the Sun in
 heaven?
 He never spoke word of reproach to
 me,
 He never had a glimpse of mine un-
 truth,
 He cares not for me: only here to-day
 There gleam'd a vague suspicion in his
 eyes:

Some meddling rogue has tamper'd
 with him—else
 Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,
 And swearing men to vows impossible,
 To make them like himself: but, friend,
 to me
 He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of
earth:
 The low sun makes the color; I am
 yours,
 Not Arthur's, as you know, save by
 the bond,
 And therefore hear my words: go to
 the jousts:
 The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break
 our dream
 When sweetest; and the vermin
 voices here
 May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but
 they sting."

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of
 knights,
 "And with what face, after my pretext
 made,
 Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I
 Before a king who honors his own
 word,
 As if it were his God's?"

"Yea," said the Queen,
 "A moral child without the craft to
 rule,
 Else had he not lost me: but listen to
 me,
 If I must find you wit: we hear it said
 That men go down before your spear
 at a touch
 But knowing you are Lancelot; your
 great name,
 This conquers: hide it therefore; go
 unknown:
 Win! by this kiss you will: and our
 true king
 Will then allow your pretext, O my
 knight,
 As all for glory; for to speak him true,
 You know right well, how meek so e'er
 he seem,
 No keener hunter after glory breathes.

He loves it in his knights more than himself:
They prove to him his work: win and return."

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,
Wroth at himself: not willing to be known,
He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,
Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,
And there among the solitary downs,
Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;
Till as he traced a faintly-shadow'd track,
That all in loops and links among the dales
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.
Thither he made and wound the gateway horn,
Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,
Who let him into lodging and disarm'd.
And Lancelot marvell'd at the wordless man;
And issuing found the Lord of Astolat
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,
Moving to meet him in the castle court;
And close behind them stept the lily maid
Elaine, his daughter: mother of the house
There was not: some light jest among them rose
With laughter dying down as the great knight
Approach'd them: then the lord of Astolat,
"Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name
Livest between the lips? for by thy state
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,
After the king, who eat in Arthur's halls.

Him have I seen: the rest, his Table Round,
Known as they are, to me they are unknown."

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights,
"Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.
But since I go to joust as one unknown
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not;
Hereafter you shall know me—and the shield—
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,
Blank, or at least with some device not mine."

Then said the Lord of Astolat,
"Here is Torre's:
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre.
And, so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.
His you can have." Then added plain Sir Torre,
"Yea since I cannot use it, you may have it."
Here laugh'd the father, saying, "Fie, Sir Churl,
Is that an answer for a noble knight?
Allow him: but Lavaine my younger here,
He is so full of lustihood, he will ride
Joust for it, and win, and bring it in an hour
And set it in this damsel's golden hair
To make her thrice as wilful as before."

"Nay, father, nay, good father, shame me not
Before this noble knight," said young Lavaine,
"For nothing. Surely I but play'd on Torre:
He seem'd so sullen, vext he could not go:

A jest, no more : for, knight, the
maiden dreamt
'That some one put this diamond in her
hand,
And that it was too slippery to be held,
And slipt and fell into some pool or
stream,
The castle-well, belike : and then I said
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won
it
(But all was jest and joke among our-
selves)
Then must she keep it safelier. All
was jest.
But father give me leave, an if he will,
To ride to Camelot with this noble
knight:
Win shall I not, but do my best to win :
Young as I am, yet would I do my
best."

"So you will grace me," answer'd
Lancelot,
Smiling a moment, "with your fellow-
ship
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost
myself,
Then were I glad of you as guide and
friend ; [hear,
And you shall win this diamond—as I
It is a fair large diamond,—if you may,
And yield it to this maiden, if you
will."
"A fair large diamond," added plain
Sir Torre,
"Such be for Queens and not for sim-
ple maids."
Then she, who held her eyes upon the
ground,
Elaine, and heard her name so tost
about,
Flush'd slightly at the slight disparage-
ment
Before the stranger knight, who, look-
ing at her,
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus re-
turn'd :
"If what is fair be but for what is fair,
And only Queens are to be counted so,
Rash were my judgment then, who
deem this maid

Might wear as fair a jewel as is on
earth,
Not violating the bond of like to like."

He spoke and ceased : the lily maid
Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she
look'd,
Lifted her eyes, and read his linea-
ments.
The great and guilty love he bare the
Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his
lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere
his time.
Another sinning on such heights with
one,
The flower of all the west and all the
world,
Had been the sleeker for it : but in
him
His mood was often like a fiend, and
rose
And drove him into wastes and soli-
tudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the good-
liest man
That ever among ladies ate in Hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her
eyes.
However marr'd, of more than twice
her years,
Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on
the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up
her eyes
And loved him, with that love which
was her doom.
Then the great knight, the darling
of the court,
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude
hall
Stept with all grace, and not with half
disdain
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,
But kindly man moving among his
kind ;
Whom they with meats and vintage of
their best

And talk and minstrel melody entertain'd.

And much they ask'd of court and Table Round,

And ever well and readily answer'd he:
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere,

Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,

Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,

The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue,

"He learnt and warn'd me of their fierce design

Against my house, and him they caught and maim'd :

But I, my sons, and little daughter fled
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods

By the great river in a boatman's hut.
Dull days were those, till our good

Arthur broke
The Pagan yet once more on Badon hill."

"O there, good Lord, doubtless,"
Lavaine said, rapt

By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth

Toward greatness in its elder, "you have fought.

O tell us; for we live apart, you know:
Of Arthur's glorious wars." And

Lancelot spoke
And answer'd him at full, as having

been [long
With Arthur in the fight which all day

Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem;

And in the four wild battles by the shore

Of Douglas; that on Bassa; then the war

That thunder'd in and out the gloomy skirts

Of Celidon the forest; and again
By castle Gurnion, where the glorious

King
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's

Head,

Carved of one emerald, centred in a sun

Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed;

And at Caerleon had he help'd his lord,
When the strong neighings of the wild white Horse

Set every gilded parapet shuddering;

And up in Agned Cathregonion too,
And down the waste sand-shores of

Trath Treroit,
Where many a heathen fell; "and on the mount

Of Badon I myself beheld the King
Charge at the head of all his Table

Round,
And all his legions crying Christ and

him,
And break them; and I saw him, after-stand

High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume

Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,

And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,

'They are broken, they are broken,' for the King,

However mild he seems at home, nor cares

For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts—

For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs

Saying, his knights are better men than he—

Yet in this heathen war the fire of God
Fills him; I never saw his like; there

lives
No greater leader."

While he utter'd this,
Low to her own heart said the lily

maid,
"Save your great self, fair lord;" and when he fell

From talk of war to traits of pleasantry
Being mirthful he but in a stately kind—

She still took note that when the living smile

Died from his lips, across him came a cloud

Of melancholy severe, from which again,
Whenever in her hovering to and fro
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness
Of manners and of nature : and she thought
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her,
And all night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hinderance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest ; so the face before her lived, [full
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence,
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.
Till rathe she rose, half-cheated in the thought
She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.
First as in fear, step after step, she stole,
Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating :
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,
" This shield, my friend, where is it ? " and Lavaine
Past inward, as she came from out the tower.
There to his proud horse Lancelot turn'd, and smooth'd
The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.
Half-enchous of the flattering hand, she drew
Nearer and stood. He look'd, and more amazed
Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
The maiden standing in the dewy light.
He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.

Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,
For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood
Rapt on his face as if it were a God's.
Suddenly flashed on her a wild desire,
That he should wear her favor at the tilt.
She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.
" Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is,
I well believe, the noblest—will you wear
My favor at this tourney ? " " Nay," said he,
" Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Favor of any lady in the lists.
Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know."
" Yea, so," she answer'd ; " then in wearing mine
Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,
That those who know should know you." And he turn'd
Her counsel up and down within his mind,
And found it true, and answer'd,
" True, my child.
Well, I will wear it : fetch it out to me :
What is it ? " and she told him " a red sleeve
Broider'd with pearls," and brought it :
then he bound
Her token on his helmet, with a smile
Saying, " I never yet have done so much
For any maiden living," and the blood
Sprang to her face, and fill'd her with delight ;
But left her all the paler, when Lavaine
Returning brought the yet unblazon'd shield, [celot,
His brother's ; which he gave to Lan-
Who parted with his own to fair Elaine ;
" Do me this grace, my child, to have my shield
In keeping till I come." " A grace to me,"

She answer'd, "twice to-day. I am your Squire."
 Whereat Lavaine said, laughing,
 "Lily maid,
 For fear our people call you lily maid
 In earnest, let me bring your color
 back ;
 Once, twice, and thrice : now get you
 hence to bed : "
 So kiss'd her, and Sir Lancelot his own
 hand,
 And thus they moved away : she stay'd
 a minute,
 Then made a sudden step to the gate,
 and there—
 Her bright hair blown about the serious
 face
 Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's
 kiss—
 Paused in the gateway, standing by the
 shield
 In silence, while she watch'd their arms
 far off
 Sparkle, until they dipt below the
 downs.
 Then to her tower she climb'd, and
 took the shield,
 There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions past
 away
 Far o'er the long backs of the bushless
 downs,
 To where Sir Lancelot knew there
 lived a knight
 Not far from Camelot, now for forty
 years
 A hermit, who had pray'd, labor'd and
 pray'd
 And ever laboring had scoop'd himself
 In the white rock a chapel and a hall
 On massive columns, like a shorecliff
 cave,
 And cells and chambers: all were fair
 and dry ;
 The green light from the meadows
 underneath
 Struck up and lived along the milky
 roofs ;
 And in the meadows tremulous aspen-
 trees

And poplars made a noise of falling
 showers.
 And thither wending there that night
 they bode.

But when the next day broke from
 underground,
 And shot red fire and shadows thro'
 the cave,
 They rose, heard mass, broke fast, and
 rode away :
 Then Lancelot saying, "Hear, but hold
 my name
 Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the
 Lake."
 Abashed Lavaine, whose instant rev-
 erence,
 Dearer to true young hearts than their
 own praise,
 But left him leave to stammer, "Is it
 indeed ?"
 And after muttering "the great Lance-
 lot"
 At last he got his breath and answer'd,
 "One,
 One have I seen—that other, our liege
 lord,
 The dread Pendragon, Britain's king of
 kings,
 Of whom the people talk mysteriously,
 He will be there—then were I stricken
 blind
 That minute, I might say that I had
 seen."

So spake Lavaine, and when they
 reach'd the lists
 By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes
 Run thro' the peopled gallery which
 half round
 Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass,
 Until they found the clear-faced King,
 who sat
 Robed in red samite, easily to be known,
 Since to his crown the golden dragon
 clung,
 And down his robe the dragon writhed
 in gold,
 And from the carven-work behind him
 crept
 Two dragons gilded, sloping down to
 make

Arms for his chair, while all the rest
 of them
 Thro' knots and loops and folds innu-
 merable
 Fled ever thro' the woodwork, till they
 found
 The new design wherein they lost
 themselves,
 Yet with all ease, so tender was the
 work :
 And in the costly canopy o'er him set,
 Blazed the last diamond of the name-
 less king.

Then Lancelot answer'd young La-
 vaine and said,
 " Me you call great : mine is the firmer
 seat,
 The truer lance : but there is many a
 youth
 Now crescent, who will come to all I
 am
 And overcome it; and in me there
 dwells
 No greatness, save it be some far-off
 touch
 Of greatness to know well I am not
 great :
 There is the man." And Lavaine
 gaped upon him
 As on a thing miraculous, and anon
 The trumpets blew ; and then did
 either side,
 They that assailed, and they that held
 the lists,
 Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly
 move, [ously
 Meet in the midst, and there so furi-
 Shock, that a man far-off might well
 perceive,
 If any man that day were left afield,
 The hard earth shake, and a low thun-
 der of arms.
 And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw
 Which were the weaker : then he hurl'd
 into it [speak
 Against the stronger : little need to
 Of Lancelot in his glory : King, duke,
 earl,
 Count, baron—whom he smote, he over-
 threw.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith
 and kin,
 Ranged with the Table Round that
 held the lists,
 Strong men, and wrathful that a stran-
 ger knight
 Should do and almost overdo the deeds
 Of Lancelot ; and one said to the other,
 " Lo !
 What is he ? I do not mean the force
 alone,
 The grace and versatility of the man—
 Is it not Lancelot ! " " When has
 Lancelot worn
 Favor of any lady in the lists ?
 Not such his wont, as we, that know
 him, know."
 " How then ? who then ? " a fury seized
 on them,
 A fiery family passion for the name
 Of Lancelot, and a glory one with
 theirs.
 They couch'd their spears and prick'd
 their steeds and thus,
 Their plumes driv'n backward by the
 wind they made
 In moving, all together down upon him
 Bare, as a wild wave in the wild North
 sea,
 Green-glimmering towards the summit,
 bears, with all
 Its stormy crests that smote against the
 skies, [bark,
 Down on a bark, and overbears the
 And him that helms it, so they over-
 bore
 Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a
 spear
 Down-glancing lamed the charger, and
 a spear
 Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and
 the head
 Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt,
 and remain'd.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and wor-
 shipfully ;
 He bore a knight of old repute to the
 earth,
 And brought his horse to Lancelot
 where he lay.

He up the side, sweating with agony,
 got,
 But thought to do while he might yet
 endure
 And being lustily holpen by the rest,
 His party,—tho' it seemed half-mir-
 acle
 To those he fought with—drave his
 kith and kin,
 And all the Table Round that held the
 lists,
 Back to the barrier; then the heralds
 blew
 Proclaiming his the prize, who wore
 the sleeve
 Of scarlet, and the pearls; and all the
 knights,
 His party, cried "Advance, and take
 your prize
 The diamond;" but he answer'd,
 "Diamond me
 No diamonds! for God's love, a little
 air!
 Prize me no prizes, for my prize is
 death!
 Hence will I and I charge you, follow
 me not."

He spoke, and vanish'd suddenly
 from the field
 With young Lavaine into the poplar
 grove.
 There from his charger down he slid,
 and sat,
 Gasping for Sir Lavaine, "Draw the
 lance-head:"
 "Ah, my sweet lord, Sir Lancelot,"
 said Lavaine,
 "I dread me, if I draw it, you will die."
 But he, "I die already with it: draw—
 Draw"—and Lavaine drew, and that
 other gave
 A marvellous great shriek and ghastly
 groan,
 And half his blood burst forth, and
 down he sank
 For the pure pain, and wholly swoon'd
 away.
 Then came the hermit out and bare
 him in,
 There stanch'd his wound; and there,
 in daily doubt

Whether to live or die, for many a
 week
 Hid from the wide world's rumor by
 the grove
 Of poplars with their noise of falling
 showers,
 And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.
 But on that day when Lancelot fled
 the lists,
 His party, knights of utmost North and
 West,
 Lords of waste marches, kings of deso-
 late isles,
 Came round their great Pendragon,
 saying to him,
 "Lo, Sire, our knight thro' whom we
 won the day
 Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left
 his prize
 Untaken, crying that his prize is death."
 "Heaven hinder," said the King, "that
 such an one,
 So great a knight as we have seen to-
 day—
 He seem'd to me another Lancelot—
 Yea, twenty times I thought him
 Lancelot—
 He must not pass uncared for. Gawain,
 rise,
 My nephew, and ride forth and find
 the knight.
 Wounded and wearied, needs must he
 be near. [horse.
 I charge you that you get at once to
 And, knights and kings, there breathes
 not one of you
 Will deem this prize of ours is rashly
 given:
 His prowess was too wondrous. We
 will do him
 No customary honor: since the knight
 Came not to us, of us to claim the
 prize,
 Ourselves will send it after. Where-
 fore take
 This diamond, and deliver it, and re-
 turn,
 And bring us what he is and how he
 fares,
 And cease not from your quest, until
 you find."

So saying, from the carven flower
 above,
 To which it made a restless heart, he
 took,
 And gave, the diamond: then from
 where he sat
 At Arthur's right, with smiling face
 arose,
 With smiling face and frowning heart,
 a Prince
 In the midnight and flourish of his
 May,
 Gawain, surnamed The Courteous, fair
 and strong.
 And after Lancelot, Tristram, and
 Geraint
 And Lamorack, a good knight, but
 therewithal
 Sir Modred's brother, of a crafty house,
 Nor often loyal to his word, and now
 Wroth that the king's command to sally
 forth
 In quest of whom he knew not, made
 him leave
 The banquet, and concourse of knights
 and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and
 went;
 While Arthur to the banquet, dark in
 mood,
 Past, thinking, "Is it Lancelot who has
 come
 Despite the wound he spake of, all for
 gain
 Of glory, and has added wound to
 wound,
 And ridd'n away to die?" So fear'd
 the King,
 And, after two days' tarrance there, re-
 turn'd.
 Then when he saw the Queen, em-
 bracing, ask'd
 "Love, are you yet so sick?" "Nay,
 Lord," she said.
 "And where is Lancelot?" Then the
 Queen, amazed,
 "Was he not with you? won he not
 your prize?"
 "Nay, but one like him." "Why that
 like was he."

And when the King demanded how she
 knew,
 Said, "Lord, no sooner had you parted
 from us,
 Than Lancelot told me of a common
 talk
 That men went down before his spear
 at a touch,
 But knowing he was Lancelot; his
 great name
 Conquer'd; and therefore would he
 hide his name
 From all men, e'en the king, and to
 this end
 Had made the pretext of a hindering
 wound,
 That he might joust unknown of all,
 and learn
 If his old prowess were in aught de-
 cay'd:
 And added, 'Our true Arthur, when he
 learns,
 Will well allow my pretext, as for gain
 Of purer glory.'"

Then replied the King:
 "Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it
 been,
 In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,
 To have trusted me as he has trusted
 you.
 Surely his king and most familiar
 friend
 Might well have kept his secret. True,
 indeed,
 Albeit I know my knights fantastical,
 So fine a fear in our large Lancelot
 Must needs have moved my laughter:
 now remains [kin—
 But little cause for laughter: his own
 ill news, my Queen, for all who love
 him, these!
 His kith and kin, not knowing, set
 upon him;
 So that he went sore wounded from
 the field:
 Yet good news too: for goodly hopes
 are mine
 That Lancelot is no more a lonely
 heart.
 He wore, against his wont, upon his
 helm

A sleeve of scarlet, broidered with
great pearls,
Some gentle maiden's gift."

"Yea, lord," she said,
Your hopes are mine," and saying
that she choked,

And sharply turn'd about to hide her
face,

Moved to her chamber, and there
flung herself

Down on the great King's couch, and
writhed upon it,

And clench'd her fingers till they bit
the palm,

And shriek'd out "traitor" to the un-
hearing wall,

Then flash'd into wild tears, and rose
again,

And moved about her palace, proud and
pale.

Gawain the while thro' all the region
round

Rode with his diamond, wearied of the
quest, [grove,

Touch'd at all points, except the poplar
And came at last, tho' late, to Astolat :

Whom glittering in enamell'd arms
the maid

Glanced at, and cried, "What news
from Camelot, lord?"

What of the knight with the red
sleeve?" "He won."

"I knew it," she said. "But parted
from the jousts

Hurt in the side," whereat she caught
her breath.

'Thro' her own side she felt the sharp
lance go;

Thereon she smote her hand : well-
nigh she swoon'd :

And while he gazed wonderingly at her,
came

The lord of Astolat out, to whom the
Prince

Reported who he was, and on what
quest

Sent, that he bore the prize and could
not find

The victor, but had ridden wildly
round

To seek him, and was wearied of the
search.

To whom the lord of Astolat, "Bide
with us,

And ride no longer wildly, noble
Prince.

Here was the knight, and here he left a
shield;

This will he send or come for : further-
more

Our son is with him; we shall hear
anon,

Needs must we hear." To this the
courteous Prince

Accorded with his wonted courtesy,
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,

And stay'd; and cast his eyes on fair
Elaine :

Where could be found face daintier ?
then her shape

From forehead down to foot perfect—
again

From foot to forehead exquisitely
turn'd :

"Well—if I bide, lo! this wild flower
for me!"

And oft they met among the garden
yews,

And there he set himself to play upon
her

With sallying wit, free flashes from a
height

Above her, graces of the court, and
songs,

Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden elo-
quence

And amorous adulation, till the maid
Rebel'd against it, saying to him,

"Prince,

O loyal nephew of our noble King,
Why ask you not to see the shield he

left,
Whence you might learn his name?

Why slight your King,
And lose the quest he sent you on, and

prove

No surer than our falcon yesterday,
Who lost the hern we slipt him at, and

went
To all the winds?" "Nay, by mine
head," said he,

"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
 O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes;
 But an you will it let me see the shield."
 And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw
 Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crown'd with gold,
 Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh
 and mock'd:
 "Right was the King! our Lancelot!
 that true man!"
 "And right was I," she answer'd merrily, "I,
 Who dream'd my knight the greatest
 knight of all."
 "And if I dream'd," said Gawain,
 "that you love
 This greatest knight, your pardon! lo,
 you know it!
 Speak therefore: shall I waste myself
 in vain?"
 Full simple was her answer: "What
 know I?
 My brethren have been all my fellowship,
 And I, when often they have talk'd of
 love,
 Wish'd it had been my mother, for they
 talk'd,
 Meseem'd, of what they knew not; so
 myself—
 I know not if I know what true love is,
 But if I know, then, if I love not him,
 Methinks there is none other I can
 love,"
 "Yea, by God's death," said he, "you
 love him well,
 But would not, knew you what all
 others know,
 And whom he loves." "So be it,"
 cried Elaine,
 And lifted her fair face and moved
 away:
 But he pursued her calling, "Stay a
 little!
 One golden minute's grace: he wore
 your sleeve:
 Would he break faith with one. I may
 not name?

Must our true man change like a leaf
 at last?
 May it be so? why then, far be it from
 me
 To cross our mighty Lancelot in his
 loves!
 And, damsel, for I deem you know full
 well
 Where your great knight is hidden, let
 me leave
 My quest with you; the diamond also;
 here!
 For if you love, it will be sweet to give
 it;
 And if he love, it will be sweet to have
 it
 From your own hand; and whether he
 loves or not,
 A diamond is a diamond. Fare you
 well
 A thousand times!—a thousand times
 farewell! [twice
 Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we
 May meet at court hereafter: there, I
 think,
 So you will learn the courtesies of the
 court,
 We two shall know each other."
 Then he gave,
 And slightly kiss'd the hand to which
 he gave,
 The diamond, and all wearied of the
 quest [went
 Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he
 A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.
 Thence to the court he past; there
 told the King
 What the King knew, "Sir Lancelot is
 the knight."
 And added, "Sire, my liege, so much
 I learnt;
 But fail'd to find him tho' I rode all
 round
 The region; but I lighted on the maid,
 Whose sleeve he wore; she loves him;
 and to her,
 Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,
 I gave the diamond: she will render it;
 For by mine head she knows his hid-
 ing place."

The seldom-frowning King frown'd,
and replied,
"Too courteous truly! you shall go no
more
On quest of mine, seeing that you for-
get
Obedience is the courtesy due to
kings."

He spake and parted. Wroth but
all in awe,
For twenty strokes of the blood, with-
out a word,
Linger'd that other, staring after him;
Then shook his hair, strode off, and
buzz'd abroad
About the maid of Astolat, and her
love.
All ears were prick'd at once, all
tongues were loosed:
"The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lance-
lot,
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Asto-
lat."
Some read the King's face, some the
Queen's, and all
Had marvel what the maid might be,
but most
Predoom'd her as unworthy. One old
dame
Came suddenly on the Queen with the
sharp news.
She, that had heard the noise of it be-
fore,
But sorrowing Lancelot should have
stoop'd so low,
Marr'd her friend's point with pale
tranquillity.
So ran the tale like fire about the
court,
Fire in dry stubble a nine days' wonder
flared:
Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice
or thrice
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the
Queen,
And pledging Lancelot and the lily
maid
Smiled at each other, while the Queen
who sat
With lips severely placid felt the knot

Climb in her throat, and with her feet
unseen
Crush'd the wild passion out against
the floor
Beneath the banquet, where the meats
became
As wormwood, and she hated all who
pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat,
Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her
heart,
Crept to her father, while he mused
alone,
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face
and said,
"Father, you call me wilful, and the
fault
Is yours who let me have my will, and
now,
Sweet father, will you let me lose my
wits?"
"Nay," said he, "surely." "Where-
fore let me hence,"
She answer'd "and find out our dear
Lavaine."
"You will not lose your wits for dear
Lavaine:
Bide," answer'd he: "we needs must
hear anon
Of him, and of that other." "Ay," she
said,
"And of that other, for I needs must
hence
And find that other, wheresoe'er he be,
And with mine own hand give his dia-
mond to him,
Lest I be found as faithless in the
quest
As yon proud Prince who left the quest
to me.
Sweet father, I behold him in my
dreams
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of him-
self,
Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's
aid.
The gentler-born the maiden, the more
bound,
My father, to be sweet and serviceable

To noble knights in sickness, as you know,
 When these have worn their tokens:
 let me hence,
 I pray you." Then her father nodding
 said,
 "Ay, ay, the diamond: wit you well,
 my child,
 Right fain were I to learn this knight
 were whole,
 Being our greatest: yea, and you must
 give it—
 And sure I think this fruit is hung too
 high
 For any mouth to gape for save a
 Queen's—
 Nay, I mean nothing: so then, get you
 gone,
 Being so very wilful you must go."

Lightly, her suit allow'd, she slipt
 away,
 And while she made her ready for her
 ride,
 Her father's latest word humm'd in her
 ear,
 "Being so very wilful you must go,"
 And changed itself and echoed in her
 heart,
 "Being so very wilful you must die."
 But she was happy enough and shook
 it off,
 As we shake off the bee that buzzes at
 us;
 And in her heart she answer'd it and
 said,
 "What matter, so I help him back to
 life?"
 Then far away with good Sir Torre for
 guide
 Rode o'er the long backs of the bush-
 less downs
 To Camelot, and before the city-gates
 Came on her brother with a happy face
 Making a roan horse caper and curvet
 For pleasure all about a field of
 flowers:
 Whom when she saw, "Lavaine," she
 cried, "Lavaine.
 How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?"
 He amazed,

"Torre and Elaine! why here? Sir
 Lancelot!
 How know you my lord's name is
 Lancelot?"
 But when the maid had told him all
 her tale,
 Then turn'd Sir Torre, and being in
 his moods
 Left them, and under the strange-
 statued gate,
 Where Arthur's wars were render'd
 mystically,
 Past up the still rich city to his kin,
 His own far blood, which dwelt at
 Camelot;
 And her Lavaine across the poplar
 grove
 Led to the caves: there first she saw
 the casque
 Of Lancelot on the wall: her scarlet
 sleeve,
 Tho' carved and cut, and half the pearls
 away,
 Stream'd from it still; and in her heart
 she laugh'd,
 Because he had not loosed it from his
 helm,
 But meant once more perchance to
 tourney in it.
 And when they gain'd the cell in which
 he slept,
 His battle-writhen arms and mighty
 hands
 Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a
 dream
 Of dragging down his enemy made
 them move.
 Then she that saw him lying unsleek,
 unshorn, [self,
 Gaunt as it were the skeleton of him-
 Utter'd a little tender dolorous cry.
 The sound not wonted in a place so
 still
 Woke the sick knight, and while he
 rol'd his eyes
 Yet blank from sleep, she started to
 him, saying,
 "Your prize the diamond sent you by
 the King:"
 His eyes glisten'd: she fancied "is it
 for me?"

And when the maid had told him all
 the tale
 Of King and Prince, the diamond sent,
 the quest
 Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she
 knelt
 Full lowly by the corners of his bed,
 And laid the diamond in his open
 hand.
 Her face was near, and as we kiss the
 child
 That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd
 her face.
 At once she slipt like water to the
 floor.
 "Alas," he said, "your ride has
 wearied you.
 Rest must you have." "No rest for
 me," she said;
 "Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at
 rest"
 What might she mean by that? his
 large black eyes,
 Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwelt
 upon her,
 Till all her heart's sad secret blazed
 itself
 In the heart's colors on her simple
 face;
 And Lancelot look'd and was perplext
 in mind,
 And being weak in body said no more;
 But did not love the color; woman's
 love,
 Save one, he not regarded, and so
 turn'd
 Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he
 slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided thro'
 the fields,
 And past beneath the wildly-sculptured
 gates
 Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
 There bode the night; but woke with
 dawn, and past
 Down thro' the dim rich city to the
 fields,
 Thence to the cave: so day by day she
 past
 In either twilight ghost-like to and fro

Gliding, and every day she tended him,
 And likewise many a night: and Lance-
 lot
 Would, tho' he call'd his wound a little
 hurt
 Whereof he should be quickly whole,
 at times
 Brain-feverous in his heat and agony,
 seem
 Uncourteous, even he: but the meek
 maid
 Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him
 Meeker than any child to a rough
 nurse,
 Milder than any mother to a sick child,
 And never woman yet, since man's first
 fall,
 Did kindlier unto man, but her deep
 love
 Uphore her; till the hermit, skill'd in
 all
 The simples and the science of that
 time,
 Told him that her fine care had saved
 his life.
 And the sick man forgot her simple
 blush,
 Would call her friend and sister, sweet
 Elaine,
 Would listen for her coming and
 regret
 Her parting step, and held her ten-
 derly,
 And loved her with all love except the
 love
 Of man and woman when they love
 their best
 Closest and sweetest, and had died the
 death
 In any knightly fashion for her sake.
 And peradventure had he seen her
 first
 She might have made this and that
 other world
 Another world for the sick man; but
 now
 The shackles of an old love straiten'd
 him,
 His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely
 true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-sickness made
 Full many a holy vow and pure resolve.
 These, as but born of sickness, could not live :
 For when the blood ran lustier in him again,
 Full often the sweet image of one face,
 Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,
 Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.
 Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace
 Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he answer'd not,
 Or short and coldly, and she knew right well
 What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant
 She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd her sight,
 And drove her ere her time across the fields
 Far into the rich city, where alone
 She murmur'd, "Vain, in vain: it cannot be.
 He will not love me: how then? must I die?"
 Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
 That has but one plain passage of few notes,
 Will sing the simple passage o'er and
 For all an April morning, till the ear
 Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
 Went half the night repeating, "Must I die?"
 And now to right she turn'd, and now to left,
 And found no ease in turning or in rest:
 And "him or death" she mutter'd,
 "death or him,"
 Again and like a burthen, "him or death."

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,
 To Astolat returning rode the three.
 There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self

In that wherein she deem'd she look'd her best,
 She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought
 "If I be loved, these are my festal robes,
 If not, the victim's flowers before he fall."
 And Lancelot ever prest upon the maid
 That she should ask some goodly gift of him
 For her own self or hers; "and do not shun
 To speak the wish most near to your true heart;
 Such service have you done me, that I make
 My will of yours, and Prince and Lord am I
 In her own land, and what I will I can."
 Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,
 But like a ghost without the power to speak
 And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,
 And bode among them yet a little space,
 Till he should learn it; and one morn it chanced
 He found her in among the garden yews,
 And said, "Delay no longer, speak your wish,
 Seeing I must go to-day:" then out she brake;
 "Going? and we shall never see you more.
 And I must die for want of one bold word."
 "Speak: that I live to hear," he said, "is yours."
 Then suddenly and passionately she spoke:
 "I have gone mad. I love you: let me die."
 "Ah sister," answer'd Lancelot, "what is this?"
 And innocently extending her white arms,

"Your love," she said, "your love—to be your wife."

And Lancelot answer'd, "Had I chos'n to wed,

I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine:

But now there never will be wife of mine."

"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife, [face,

But to be with you still, to see your To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world."

And Lancelot answer'd, "Nay, the world, the world,

All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart

To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue

To blare its own interpretation—nay,

Full ill then should I quit your brother's love,

And your good father's kindness." And she said,

"Not to be with you, not to see your face,

Alas for me then, my good days are done."

"Nay, noble maid," he answer'd, "ten times nay!

This is not love: but love's first flash in youth,

Most common: yea, I know it of mine own self:

And you yourself will smile at your own self

Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life

To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age:

And then will I, for true you are and sweet

Beyond mine old belief in womanhood, More specially should your good knight be poor,

Endow you with broad land and territory

Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,

So that would make you happy; furthermore,

Ev'n to the death, as tho' you were my blood,

In all your quarrels will I be your knight.

This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,

And more than this I cannot." While he spoke

She neither blush'd nor shook, but deathly pale

Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied,

"Of all this will I nothing;" and so fell,

And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom thro' those black walls of yew

Their talk had pierced, her father, "Ay, a flash,

I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.

Too courteous are you, fair Lord Lancelot.

I pray you, use some rough discourtesy To blunt or break her passion."

Lancelot said, "That were against me; what I can I will;"

And there that day remain'd, and toward even

Sent for his shield: full meekly rose the maid,

Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield;

Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,

Unclasping flung the casement back, and look'd

Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.

And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound:

And she by tact of love was well aware

That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.

And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand.

Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode
away.
This was the one discourtesy that he
used.

So in her tower alone the maiden
sat :
His very shield was gone: only the
case,
Her own poor work, her empty labor,
left.
But still she heard him, still his picture
form'd
And grew between her and the pic-
tured wall.
Then came her father, saying in low
tones,
"Have comfort," whom she greeted
quietly.
Then came her brethren saying, "Peace
to thee,
Sweet sister," whom she answer'd with
all calm.
But when they left her to herself
again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a dis-
tant field
Approaching thro' the darkness, called ;
the owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she
mixt
Her fancies with the fallow-rifted
glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the
wind.

And in those days she made a little
song,
And call'd her song "The Song of
Love and Death,"
And sang it: sweetly could she make
and sing.

"Sweet is true love, tho' given in
vain, in vain ;
And sweet is death who puts an end to
pain :
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter
death must be : .

Love, thou art bitter ; sweet is death
to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me
die.

"Sweet Love, that seems not made
to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us
loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that
could be :
I needs must follow death, who calls
for me ;
Call and I follow, I follow ! let me
die."

High with the last line scaled her
voice, and this,
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind
That shook her tower, the brothers
heard, and thought
With shuddering, "Hark the Phantom
of the house
That ever shrieks before a death," and
call'd
The father, and all three in hurry and
fear
Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light
of dawn
Flared on her face, she shrilling "Let
me die!"

As when we dwell upon a word we
know,
Repeating, till the word we know so
well
Becomes a wonder and we know not
why,
So dwelt the father on her face and
thought
"Is this Elaine?" till back the maiden
fell,
Then gave a languid hand to each, and
lay,
Speaking a still good-morrow with her
eyes.
At last she said, "Sweet brothers, yes-
ternight
I seem'd a curious little maid again,

As happy as when we dwelt among the
woods,

And when you used to take me with
the flood

Up the great river in the boatman's
boat.

Only you would not pass beyond the
cape [fixt

That has the poplar on it : there you
Your limit, oft returning with the tide,
And yet I cried because you would not
pass

Beyond it, and far up the shining flood
Until we found the palace of the king.
And yet you would not ; but this night
I dream'd

That I was all alone upon the flood,
And then I said, ' Now shall I have my
will : '

And there I woke, but still the wish
remain'd.

So let me hence that I may pass at last
Beyond the poplar and far up the flood,
Until I find the palace of the king.

There will I enter in among them all,
And no man there will dare to mock
at me ;

But there the fine Gawain will wonder
at me,

And there the great Sir Lancelot muse
at me ;

Gawain, who bade a thousand farewells
to me,

Lancelot, who coldly went nor bade me
one :

And there the King will know me and
my love,

And there the Queen herself will pity
me,

And all the gentle court will welcome
me,

And after my long voyage I shall rest ! "

" Peace," said her father, " O my
child, you seem

Light-headed, for what force is yours
to go,

So far, being sick ? and wherefore
would you look

On this proud fellow again, who scorns
us all ? "

Then the rough Torre began to
heave and move,

And bluster into stormy sobs and say,
" I never loved him : an I meet with
him,

I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike him
down.

Give me good fortune, I will strike him
dead,

For this discomfort he hath done the
house."

To which the gentle sister made
reply,

" Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor
be wroth,

Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's
fault

Not to love me, than is it mine to love
Him of all men who seems to me the
highest."

" Highest ? " the Father answer'd,
echoing " highest."

(He meant to break the passion in her.)

" Nay,

Daughter, I know not what you call
the highest ;

But this I know, for all the people
know it,

He loves the Queen, and in an open
shame :

And she returns his love in open shame.
If this be high, what is it to be low ? "

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat :
" Sweet father, all too faint and sick
am I

For anger : these are slanders : never
yet

Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a
foe.

But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain : so let me

pass,

My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved God's
best

And greatest, tho' my love had no
return :

Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,
Thanks, but you work against your own desire ;
For if I could believe the things you say
I should but die the sooner : wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly [man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean,
and die."

So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word ; and when he ask'd
" Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord ?
Then will I bear it gladly ; " she replied,
" For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
The letter she devised ; which being writ
And folded, " O sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not," she said—" you never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
My latest : lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it ; I shall guard it even in death,
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge

Be ready on the river, clothed in black
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me, he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased : her father promised ; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deem'd her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her,
" Sister, farewell forever," and again,

"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.
 Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
 Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood—
 In her right hand the lily, in her left
 The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
 And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
 Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
 All but her face, and that clear-featured face
 Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
 But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved
 Audience of Guinevere, to give at last
 The price of half a realin, his costly gift,
 Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,
 With deaths of others, and almost his own,
 The nine-years-fought-for diamonds : for he saw
 One of her house, and sent him to the Queen
 Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed
 With such and so unmoved a majesty
 She might have seem'd her statue, but that he,
 Low-drooping till he wellnigh kiss'd her feet
 For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye
 The shadow of a piece of pointed lace,
 In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls,
 And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side,
 Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,
 They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter'd "Queen,

Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy,
 Take, what I had not won except for you,
 These jewels, and make me happy, making them
 An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,
 Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's
 Is tawnier than her cygnet's: these are words :
 Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin
 In speaking, yet O grant my worship of it
 Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin in words
 Perchance, we both can pardon: but, my Queen,
 I hear of rumors flying thro' your court.
 Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife,
 Shou'd have in it an absoluter trust
 To make up that defect: let rumors be:
 When did not rumors fly? these, as I trust
 That you trust me in your own nobleness,
 I may not well believe that you believe."

While thus he spoke, half turned away, the Queen
 Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine
 Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,
 Till all the place whereon she stood was green;
 Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand
 Received at once and laid aside the gems
 There on a table near her, and replied :
 "It may be, I am quicker of belief
 Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.
 Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
 This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,

It can be broken easier. I for you
 This many a year have done despite
 and wrong
 To one whom ever in my heart of
 hearts
 I did acknowledge nobler. What are
 these ?
 Diamonds for me ! they had been
 thrice their worth
 Being your gift, had you not lost your
 own.
 To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
 Must vary as the giver's. Not for me !
 For her ! for your new fancy. Only
 this
 Grant me, I pray you : have your joys
 apart.
 I doubt not that however changed, you
 keep
 So much of what is graceful : and my-
 self
 Would shun to break those bounds of
 courtesy
 In which as Arthur's queen I move
 and rule ;
 So cannot speak my mind. An end to
 this !
 A strange one ! yet I take it with
 Amen.
 So pray you, add my diamonds to her
 pearls ;
 Deck her with these ; tell her, she
 shines me down :
 An armet for an arm to which the
 Queen's
 Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck
 O as much fairer—as a faith once fair
 Was richer than these diamonds—hers
 not mine—
 Nay, by the mother of our Lord him-
 self,
 Or hers or mine, mine now to work my
 will—
 She shall not have them.”
 Saying which she seized,
 And thro' the casement standing wide
 for heat,
 Flung them, and down they flash'd, and
 smote the stream.
 Then from the smitten surface flash'd
 as it were,

Diamonds to meet them, and they past
 away.
 Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half
 disgust
 At love, life, all things, on the window
 ledge,
 Close underneath his eyes, and right
 across
 Where these had fallen, slowly past the
 barge
 Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
 Lay smiling, like a star in blackest
 night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not,
 burst away
 To weep and wail in secret ; and the
 barge
 On to the palace-doorway sliding,
 paused.
 There two stood arm'd, and kept the
 door ; to whom,
 All up the marbie stair, tier over tier,
 Were added mouths that gaped, and
 eyes that ask'd
 “What is it ?” but that oarsman's
 haggard face,
 As hard and still as is the face that
 men
 Shape to their fancy's eye from broken
 rocks
 On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and
 they said,
 “He is enchanted, cannot speak—and
 she,
 Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen,
 so fair !
 Yea, but how pale ! what are they ?
 flesh and blood ?
 Or come to take the King to fairy
 land ?
 For some do hold our Arthur cannot
 die,
 But that he passes into fairy land.”

While thus they babbled of the King
 the King
 Came girt with knights : then turn'd
 the tongueless man
 From the half-face to the full eye, and
 rose

And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.

So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale

And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;

And reverently they bore her into hall.

Then came the fine Gawain, and wonder'd at her,

And Lancelot later came and mused at her,

At last the Queen herself and pitied her :

But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,

Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it ; this was all :

“Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,

I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat, Come, for you left me taking no farewell,

Hither, to take my last farewell of y. u.

I loved you, and my love had no return,

And therefore my true love has been my death.

And therefore to our lady Guinevere, And to all other ladies, I make moan.

Pray for my soul, and yield me burial. Pray for my soul, thou too, Sir Lancelot,

As thou art a knight peerless.”

Thus he read, And ever in the readings lords and dames

Wept, looking often from his face who read

To hers which lay so silent, and at times,

So touch'd were they, half-thinking that her lips,

Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all :

“My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,

Know that for this most gentle maiden's death

Right heavy am I : for good she was and true,

But loved me with a love beyond all love

In women, whomsoever I have known. Yet to be loved makes not to love again ;

Not at my years, however it hold in youth.

I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave

No cause, not willingly, for such a To this I call my friends in testimony.

Her brethren, and her father, who himself

Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use,

To break her passion, some discourtesy

Against my nature : what I could, I did.

I left her and I bade her no farewell. Tho' had I dreamt the damsel would

have died, I might have put my wits to some

rough use, And help'd her from herself.”

Then said the Queen (Sea was her wrath, yet working after

storm),

“You might at least have done her so much grace,

Fair lord, as would have help'd her from her death.”

He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,

He adding,

“Queen, she would not be content Save that I wedded her, which could not be.

Then might she follow me thro' the world, she ask'd ;

It could not be. I told her that her love

Was but the flash of youth, would darken down

To rise hereafter in a stiller flame Toward one more worthy of her—then would I,

More specially were he, she wedded,
 poor,
 Estate them with large land and territory
 In mine own realm beyond the narrow
 seas,
 To keep them in all joyance: more
 than this
 I could not: this she would not, and
 she died."

He pausing, Arthur answer'd, "O
 my knight,
 It will be to your worship as my
 knight,
 And mine, as head of all our Table
 Round,
 To see that she be buried worship-
 fully."

So toward that shrine which then in
 all the realm
 Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly
 went
 The marshall'd order of their Table
 Round,
 And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to
 see
 The maiden buried, not as one un-
 known,
 Nor meanly, but with gorgeous ob-
 sequies,
 And mass, and rolling music, like a
 Queen.
 And when the knights had laid her
 comely head
 Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,
 Then Arthur spake among them, "Let
 her tomb
 Be costly, and her image thereupon.
 And let the shield of Lancelot at her
 feet
 Be carven, and her lily in her hand.
 And let the story of her dolorous voy-
 age
 For all true hearts be blazon'd on her
 tomb
 In letters gold and azure!" which was
 wrought
 Thereafter; but when now the lords
 and dames

And people, from the high door, stream-
 ing, brake
 Disorderly, as homeward each, the
 Queen,
 Who mark'd Sir Lancelot where he
 moved apart,
 Drew near, and sigh'd in passing,
 "Lancelot,
 Forgive me; mine was jealousy in
 love."
 He answer'd with his eyes upon the
 ground,
 "That is love's curse; pass on, my
 Queen, forgiven."
 But Arthur who beheld his cloudy
 brows
 Approach'd him, and with full affec-
 tion flung
 One arm about his neck, and spake
 and said:

"Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in
 whom I have
 Most joy and most affiance, for I
 know
 What thou hast been in battle by my
 side,
 And many a time have watch'd thee at
 the tilt
 Strike down the lusty and long-prac-
 tised knight, [by
 And let the younger and unskill'd go
 To win his honor and to make his
 name,
 And loved thy courtesies and thee, a
 man
 Made to be loved;—but now I would
 to God
 For the wild people say wild things of
 thee,
 Thou couldst have loved this maiden,
 shaped, it seems,
 By God for thee alone, and from her
 face,
 If one may judge the living by the
 dead,
 Delicately pure and marvellously fair,
 Who might have brought thee, now a
 lonely man
 Wifeless and heirless, noble issue,
 sons

Born to the glory of thy name and
fame,
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of
the Lake."

Then answer'd Lancelot, "Fair she
was, my King,
Pure, as you ever wish your knights to
be.
To doubt her fairness were to want an
eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a
heart,—
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy
love
Could bind him, but free love will not
be bound."

"Free love, so bound, were freest,"
said the King.
"Let love be free; free love is for the
best.
And, after heaven, on our dull side of
death,
What should be best, if not so pure a
love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? yet
thee
She fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I
think,
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I
know."

And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but
he went,
And at the inrunning of a little brook
Sat by the river in a cove and watch'd
The high reed wave, and lifted up his
eyes
And saw the barge that brought her
moving down,
Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and
said
Low in himself, "Ah simple heart and
sweet,
You loved me, damsel, surely with a
love
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray
for thy soul?
Ay, that will I. Farewell too—now at
last—
Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love?'

Not rather dead love's harsh heir,
jealous pride?
Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of
love,
May not your crescent fear for name
and fame
Speak, as it waxes, of a love that
wanes?
Why did the King dwell on my name
to me?
Mine own name shames me, seeming a
reproach,
Lancelot, whom the Lady of the lake
Stole from his mother—as the story
runs—
She chanted snatches of mysterious
song
Heard on the winding waters, eve and
morn
She kiss'd me saying thou art fair, my
child,
As a king's son, and often in her arms
She bare me, pacing on the dusky
mere.
Would she had drown'd me in it,
where'er it be!
For what am I? what profits me my
name
Of greatest knight? I fought for it,
and have it:
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it,
pain:
Now grown a part of me: but what
use in it?
To make men worse by making my sin
known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming
great?
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a
Not after Arthur's heart, I needs must
break
These bonds that so defame me: not
without
She wills it: would I, if she will'd it?
nay,
Who knows? but if I would not, then
may God,
I pray him, send a sudden Angel
down
To seize me by the hair and bear me
far,

And fling me deep in that forgotten
mere,
Among the tumbled fragments of the
hills."

So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorse-
ful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy
man.

GUINEVERE.

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court,
and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little
maid,
A novice: one low light betwixt them
burn'd
Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all
abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the
face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land
was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of
flight
Sir Modred; he the nearest to the
King,
His nephew, ever like a subtle beast
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the
throne,
Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for
this,
He chill'd the popular praises of the
King,
With silent smiles of slow disparage-
ment;
And tamper'd with the Lords of the
White Horse,
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left;
and sought
To make disruption in the Table
Round
Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds
Serving his traitorous end; and all his
aims
Were sharpen'd by strong hate for
Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when
all the court,
Green-suited, but with plumes that
mock'd the May,
Had been, their wont, a-maying and re-
turn'd,
That Modred still in green, all ear and
eye,
Climb'd to the high top of the garden
wall
To spy some secret scandal if he might,
And saw the Queen, who sat betwixt
her best
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court
The williest and the worst; and more
than this
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing
by
Spied where he couch'd, and as the
gardener's hand
Picks from the colewort a green cat-
erpillar,
So from the high wall and the flowering
grove
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the
heel,
And cast him as a worm upon the way;
But when he knew the Prince tho'
marr'd with dust,
He, reverencing king's blood in a bad
man,
Made such excuses as he might, and
these
Full knightly without scorn; for in
those days
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in
scorn;
But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in
him
By those whom God had made full-
limb'd and tall,
Scorn was allow'd as part of his de-
fect,
And he was answer'd softly by the
King
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot
holp
To raise the Prince, who rising twice
or thrice
Full sharply smote his knees, and
smiled, and went:

But, ever after, the small violence done
 Rankled in him and ruffled all his
 heart,
 As the sharp wind that ruffles all day
 long
 A little bitter pool about a stone
 On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told
 This matter to the Queen, at first she
 laugh'd
 Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty
 fall,

Then shudder'd, as the village wife
 who cries

"I shudder some one steps across my
 grave;"

Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for
 indeed

She half-foresaw that he, the subtle
 beast,

Would track her guilt until he found,
 and hers

Would be forevermore a name of scorn.
 Henceforward rarely could she front

in Hall,
 Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy
 face,

Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent
 eye.

Henceforward too, the Powers that
 tend the soul,

To help it from the death that cannot
 die,

And save it even in extremes, began
 To vex and plague her. Many a time

for hours,
 Beside the placid breathings of the
 King,

In the dead night, grim faces came and
 went

Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—
 Like to some doubtful noise of creak-
 ing doors,

Heard by the watcher in a haunted
 house,

That keeps the rust of murder on the
 walls—

Held her awake; or if she slept, she
 dream'd

An awful dream; for then she seem'd
 to stand

On some vast plain before a setting
 sun,

And from the sun there swiftly made
 at her

A ghastly something, and its shadow
 flew

Before her, till it touch'd her, and she
 turn'd—

When lo! her own, that broadening
 from her feet,

And blackening, swallow'd all the land,
 and in it

Far cities burnt, and with a cry she
 woke.

And all this trouble did not pass but
 grew;

Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless
 King,

And trustful courtesies of household
 life,

Became her bane; and at the last she
 said,

"O Lancelot, get thee thence to thine
 own land,

For if thou tarry we shall meet again,
 And if we meet again some evil chance

Will make the smouldering scandal
 break and blaze

Before the people, and our lord the
 King."

And Lancelot ever promised, but re-
 main'd,

And still they met and met. Again
 she said,

"O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee
 hence,"

And then they were agreed upon a
 night

(When the good King should not be
 there) to meet [met

And part forever. Passion-pale they
 And greeted: hands in hands, and eye
 to eye,

Low on the border of her couch they
 they sat

Stammering and staring; it was their
 last hour,

A madness of farewells. And Modred
 brought

His creatures to the basement of the
 tower

For testimony; and crying with full voice,
 "Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last," aroused
 Lancelot, who rushing outward lion-like
 Leapt on him, and hurl'd him head-long, and he fell
 Stunn'd, and his creatures took and bare him off
 And all was still : then she, "The end is come
 And I am shamed forever:" and he said,
 "Mine be the shame: mine was the sin; but rise,
 And fly to my strong castle overseas;
 There will I hide thee, till my life shall end,
 There hold thee with my life against the world."
 She answer'd, "Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?
 Nay friend, for we have taken our farewells.
 Would God, that thou couldst hide me from myself!
 Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou
 Unwedded: yet rise now, and let us fly,
 For I will draw me into sanctuary,
 And bide my doom." So Lancelot got her horse,
 Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,
 And then they rode to the divided way,
 There kiss'd, and parted weeping: for he past
 Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,
 Back to his land; but she to Almesbury
 Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,
 And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald
 Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan:
 And in herself she moan'd, "Too late, too late!"

Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn.
 A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,
 Croak'd, and she thought, "He spies a field of death;
 For now the heathen of the Northern Sea,
 Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court,
 Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land."
 And when she came to Almesbury she spake
 There to the nuns, and said, "Mine enemies
 Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,
 Receive, and yield me sanctuary, no ask
 Her name, to whom ye yield it, till her time
 To tell you:" and her beauty, grace and power
 Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared
 To ask it. So the stately Queen abode
 For many a week, unknown, among the nuns;
 Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name, nor sought,
 Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,
 But communed only with the little maid,
 Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness
 Which often lured her from herself but now,
 This night, a rumor wildly blown about
 Came that Sir Modred had usurp'd the realm,
 And leagued him with the heathen while the King
 Was waging war on Lancelot: then she thought,
 "With what a hate the people and the King
 Must hate me," and bow'd down upon her hands

Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd
No silence, brake it, uttering "Late!
so late!

What hour, I wonder, now?" and
when she drew

No answer, by and by began to hum
An air the nuns had taught her;" Late,
so late!"

Which when she heard, the Queen
look'd up, and said,

"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,
Sing and unbind my heart that I may
weep."

Whereat full willingly sang the little
maid.

"Late, late, so late! and dark the
night and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter
still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
now.

"No light had we; for that we do
repent;

And learning this, the bridegroom will
relent.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
now.

"No light: so late! and dark and
chill the night!

O let us in, that we may find the light!

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter
now.

"Have we not heard the bride-
groom is so sweet?

O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

So sang the novice, while full pas-
sionately,

Her head upon her hands, remember-
ing

Her thought when first she came, wept
the sad Queen.

Then said the little novice prattling to
her:

"O pray you, noble lady, weep no
more:

But let my words, the words of one so
small,

Who knowing nothing knows but to
obey,

And if I do not there is penance given—
Comfort your sorrows; for they do
not flow

From evil done: right sure am I of that,
Who see your tender grace and state-
liness.

But weigh your sorrows with our lord
the King's,

And weighing find them less; for
gone is he

To wage grim war against Sir Lance-
lot there,

Round that strong castle where he
holds the Queen;

And Modred whom he left in charge
of all,

The traitor—Ah sweet lady, the King's
grief

For his own self, and his own Queen,
and realm,

Must needs be thrice as great as any of
ours. [great.

For me I thank the saints I am not
For if there ever come a grief to me

I cry my cry in silence, and have done:
None knows it, and my tears have

brought me good.
But even were the griefs of little ones

As great as those of great ones, yet
this grief

Is added to the griefs the great must
bear,

That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a

cloud:
As even here they talk at Almesbury

About the good King and his wicked
Queen,

And were I such a King with such a
Queen,

Well might I wish to veil her wicked-
ness,

But were I such a King, it could not
be."

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd
the Queen,

"Will the child kill me with her in-
nocent talk?"

But openly she answer'd, "Must not I,
If this false traitor have displaced his
lord,
Grieve with the common grief of all
the realm?"

"Yea," said the maid, "this is all
woman's grief,
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion in the Table
Round
Which good King Arthur founded,
years ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders,
there
At Camelot, ere the coming of the
Queen."

Then thought the Queen within her-
self again,
"Will the child kill me with her foolish
prate?"
But openly she spake and said to her,
"O little maid, shut in by nunnery
walls,
What canst thou know of Kings and
Tables Round,
Or what of signs and wonders, but the
signs
And simple miracles of thy nunnery?"

To whom the little novice garrulous-
ly:
"Yea, but I know : the land was full of
signs
And wonders ere the coming of the
Queen.
So said my father, and himself was
knight
Of the great Table—at the founding of
it :
And rode thereto from Lyonesse, and
he said
That as he rode, an hour or maybe
twain
After the sunset, down the coast, he
heard
Strange music, and he paused and
turning—there,
All down the lonely coast of Lyon-
nesse,

Each with a beacon-star upon his head
And with a wild sea-light about his feet
He saw them—headland after headland
flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west
And in the light the white mermaiden
swam,
And strong man-breasted things stood
from the sea,
And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the
land,
To which the little elves of chasm and
cleft
Made answer, sounding like a distant
horn.
So said my father—yea, and further
more,
Next morning, while he past the dim
lit woods,
Himself beheld three spirits mad with
joy
Come dashing down on a tall wayside
flower,
That shook beneath them, as the thistle
shakes
When three gray linnets wrangle for
the seed :
And still at evenings on before his
horse
The flickering fairy-circle wheel'd and
broke
Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd
and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life
And when at last he came to Camelot
A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand
Swung round the lighted lantern of the
hall ;
And in the hall itself was such a feast
As never man had dream'd ; for every
knight
Had whatsoever meat he long'd for
served
By hands unseen ; and even as he said
Down in the cellars merry bloated
things
Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling on the
butts
While the wine ran so glad were spiri-
and men
Before the coming of the sinful Queen

Then spake the Queen, and somewhat
bitterly,
Were they so glad? ill prophets were
they all,
Spirits and men: could none of them
foresee,
Not even thy wise father with his
signs
And wonders, what has fall'n upon the
realm?"

To whom the novice garrulously
again:
"Yea, one, a bard; of whom my father
said,
Full many a noble war-song had he
sung,
Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,
Between the steep cliff and the coming
wave;
And many a mystic lay of life and death
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-
tops, [hills,
When round him bent the spirits of the
With all their dewy hair blown back
like flame:
So said my father—and that night the
bard
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang
the King
As wellnigh more than man, and rail'd
at those
Who call'd him the false son of Gor-
lois:
For there was no man knew from
whence he came;
But after tempest, when the long wave
broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude
and Bos,
There came a day as still as heaven,
and then
They found a naked child upon the
sands
Of dark Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur; and they foster'd
him
Till he by miracle was approven king:
And that his grave should be a mystery
From all men, like his birth; and could
he find

A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then, he
sang,
The twain together well might change
the world.
But even in the middle of his song
He falter'd, and his hand fell from the
harp,
And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and
would have fall'n,
But that they stay'd him up; nor would
he tell
His vision; but what doubt that he
foresaw
This evil work of Lancelot and the
Queen?"

Then thought the Queen, "Lo! they
have set her on,
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her
nuns,
To play upon me," and bow'd her head
nor spake.
Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd
hands,
Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,
Said the good nuns would check her
gadding tongue
Full often, "And, sweet lady, if I seem
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,
Unmannerly, with prattling and with
tales
Which my good father told me, check
me too:
Nor let me shame my father's memory,
one
Of noblest manners, tho' himself would
say
Sir Lancelot had the noblest: and he
died,
Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers
back,
And left me; but of others who re-
main,
And of the two first-famed for cour-
tesy—
And pray you check me if I ask amiss—
But pray you, which had noblest, while
you moved
Among them, Lancelot or our lord the
King?"

Then the pale Queen look'd up and answered her,

"Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same

In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and these two

Were the most nobly-manner'd men of
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

"Yea," said the maid, "be manners such fair fruit?

Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousand fold

Less noble, being, as all rumor runs,
The most disloyal friend in all the world."

To which a mournful answer made the Queen,

"O closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls,

What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights

And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?

If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,

Were for one hour less noble than himself,

Pray for him that he scape the doom of fire,

And weep for her, who drew him to his doom."

"Yea," said the little novice, "I pray for both;

But I should all as soon believe that his,

Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's,

As I could think, sweet lady, yours would be

Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen."

So she, like many another babbler, hurt

Whom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal;

For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat

Fired all the pale face of the Queen who cried,

"Such as thou art be never maiden more

Forever! thou their tool, set on to plague

And play upon, and harry me, pretty spy

And traitress." When that storm of anger brake

From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,

White as her veil, and stood before the Queen

As tremulously as foam upon the beach

Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly,

And when the Queen had added "Get thee hence!"

Fled frightened. Then that other left alone

Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again, saying in herself, "The simple, fearful child

Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt

Simpler than any child, betrays itself.

But help me, heaven, for surely I repent.

For what is true repentance but in thought—

Not e'en in inmost thought to think again

The sins that made the past so pleasant to us:

And I have sworn never to see him more,

To see him more." And e'en in saying this,

Her memory from old habit of the mind

Went slipping back upon the golden days

In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,

Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,

Ambassador, to lead her to his lord Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead

Of his and her retinne moving, they,
 Rapt in sweet thought, or lively, all on
 love
 And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for
 the time
 Was maytime, and as yet no sin was
 dream'd,)
 Rode under groves that look'd a para-
 dise
 Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
 That seem'd the heavens upbreacking
 thro' the earth,
 And on from hill to hill, and every day
 Beheld at noon in some delicious dale
 The silk pavilions of King Arthur
 raised
 For brief repast or afternoon repose
 By couriers gone before; and on again,
 Till yet once more ere set of sun they
 saw
 The Dragon of the great Pendragon-
 ship,
 That crown'd the state pavilion of the
 King,
 Blaze by the rushing brook or silent
 well.

But when the Queen immersed in
 such a trance,
 And moving thro' the past unconscio-
 us-ly,
 Came to that point, when first she saw
 the King
 Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd
 to find
 Her journey done, glanced at him,
 thought him cold,
 High, self-contain'd, and passionless,
 not like him,
 "Not like my Lancelot"—while she
 brooded thus
 And grew half-guilty in her thoughts
 again.
 There rode an armed warrior to the
 doors.
 A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery
 ran,
 Then on a sudden a cry, "The King."
 She sat
 Stiff-stricken, listening; but when
 armed feet

Thro' the long gallery from the outer
 doors
 Rang coming, prone from off her seat
 she fell,
 And grovell'd with her face against the
 floor:
 There with her milkwhite arms and
 shadowy hair
 She made her face a darkness from the
 King:
 And in the darkness heard his armed
 feet
 Pause by her; then came silence, then
 a voice,
 Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
 Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed
 the King's.

"Liest thou here so low, the child of
 one
 I honor'd, happy, dead before thy
 shame?
 Well is it that no child is born of thee.
 The children born of thee are sword
 and fire,
 Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
 The craft of kindred and the Godless
 hosts [See.
 Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern
 Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my
 right arm,
 The mightiest of my knights abode
 with me,
 Have everywhere about this land of
 Christ
 In twelve great battles ruining over-
 thrown.
 And knowest thou now from whence I
 come—from him,
 From waging bitter war with him: and
 he,
 That did not shun to smite me in worse
 way,
 Had yet that grace of courtesy in him
 left,
 He spared to lift his hand against the
 King
 Who made him knight: but many a
 knight was slain;
 And many more, and all his kith and
 kin

Clave to him, and abode in his own
 land.
 And many more when Modred raised
 revolt,
 Forgetful of their troth and fealty,
 clave
 To Modred, and a remnant stays with
 me.
 And of this remnant will I leave a
 part,
 True men who love me still, for whom
 I live,
 To guard thee in the wild hour coming
 on,
 Lest but a hair of this low head be
 harm'd.
 Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till
 my death.
 Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
 Have err'd not, that I march to meet
 my doom.
 Thou hast not made my life so sweet
 to me,
 That I the King should greatly care to
 live;
 For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my
 life.
 Bear with me for the last time while I
 show,
 Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou
 hast sinn'd.
 For when the Roman left us, and their
 law
 Relax'd its hold upon us, and the
 ways
 Were fill'd with rapine, here and there
 a deed
 Of prowess done redress'd a random
 wrong.
 But I was first of all the kings who
 drew
 The knighthood-errant of this realm
 and all
 The realms together under me, their
 Head,
 In that fair order of my Table Round,
 A glorious company, the flower of
 men,
 To serve as model for the mighty
 world,
 And be the fair beginning of a time.

I made them lay their hands in mine
 and swear
 To reverence the King, as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience
 as their King,
 To break the heathen and uphold the
 Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human
 wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to
 it,
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, cleave to
 her,
 And worship her by years of noble
 deeds,
 Until they won her; for indeed I
 knew
 Of no more subtle master under
 heaven
 Than is the maiden passion for a
 maid,
 Not only to keep down the base in
 man,
 But teach high thought and amiable
 words
 And courtliness, and the desire of
 fame,
 And love of truth, and all that makes
 a man.
 And all this throve until I wedded
 thee!
 Believing "to mine helpmate, one to
 feel
 My purpose and rejoicing in my joy."
 Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;
 Then came the sin of Tristram and
 Isolt;
 Then others, following these my might-
 iest knights,
 And drawing foul ensample from fair
 names,
 Sinn'd also, till the loathsome oppo-
 site
 Of all my heart had destined did ob-
 tain,
 And all thro' thee! so that this life of
 mine
 I guard as God's high gift from scathe
 and wrong,

Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
 How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
 To sit once more within his lonely hall,
 And miss the wonted number of my knights,
 And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
 As in the golden days before thy sin.
 For which of us, who might be left, could speak
 Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee? [Usk
 And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
 And I should evermore be vext with thee
 In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
 Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
 For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy Lord,
 Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
 I am not made of so slight elements.
 Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
 I hold that man the worst of public foes
 Who either for his own or children's sake,
 To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
 Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
 For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
 Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
 She like a new disease, unknown to men,
 Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
 Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
 The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
 With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.

Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
 Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
 Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
 The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
 Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
 Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
 Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neigh'd
 As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
 I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere, I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
 To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
 My pride in happier summers at my feet.
 The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
 The doom of treason and the flaming death,
 (When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
 The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
 Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
 Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
 And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I, Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
 But how to take last leave of all I loved?
 O golden hair, with which I used to play
 Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
 And beauty such as never women wore,

Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
 I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
 But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
 I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
 And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
 Here looking down on thine own polluted, cries
 'I loathe thee;' yet not less, O Guinevere,
 For I was ever virgin save for thee,
 My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
 So far, that my doom is, I love thee still. [still.
 Let no man dream but that I love thee Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
 And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
 Hereafter in that world where all are pure
 We two may meet before high God, and thou
 Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
 I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
 Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
 I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
 Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
 They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
 Far down to that great battle in the west,
 Where I must strike against my sister's son,
 Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
 Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
 Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
 And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;

But hither shall I never come again,
 Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,
 Farewell!"
 And while she grovell'd at his feet,
 She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
 And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
 Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

 Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
 Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
 The casement: "Peradventure," so she thought,
 "If I might see his face, and not be seen."
 And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
 And near him the sad nuns with each a light
 Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
 To guard and foster her forevermore.
 And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
 To which for crest the golden dragon clung [face,
 Of Britain; so she did not see the Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
 Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
 The Dragon of the great Pendragonship [fire.
 Blaze, making all the night a steam of
 And even then he turn'd; and more and more
 The moony vapor rolling round the King,
 Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
 Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
 And grayer, till himself became as mist
 Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretch'd out her arms and
cried aloud,
"O Arthur " there her voice break
suddenly,
Then—as a stream that spouting from
a cliff
Fills in mid-air, but gathering at the
base
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the
vale—
Went on in passionate utterance.
"Gone—my lord!
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be
slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not
speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his
farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my
lord the King,
My own true lord! how dare I call
him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the
King,
Call'd me polluted: shall I kill my-
self? [sin,
What help in that? I cannot kill my
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my
shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks
to months,
The months will add themselves and
make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of
fame.
Let the world be; that is but of the
world.
What else? what hope? I think there
was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake
of hope;
His hope he call'd it; but he never
mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little
hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath
forgiven

My wickedness to him, and left me
hope
That in mine own heart I can live
down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the
heavens
Before high God. Ah great and gen-
tle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a
saint
Among his warring senses, to thy
knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride,
that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised
the height
To which I would not or I could not
climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that
fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and color which I
found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou
art,
Thou art the highest and most human
too, [none
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there
Will tell the King I love him tho' so
late?
Now—ere he goes to the great Battle?
none:
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah my
God,
What might I not have made of thy
fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature
here?
It was my duty to have loved the high-
est:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I
seen.
We needs must love the highest when
we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another."
Here her hand
Grasp'd, made her veil her eyes: she
look'd and saw

The novice, weeping, suppliant, and
said to her,

"Yea, little maid, for am *I* not for-
given?" [nuns

Then glancing up beheld the holy
All round her, weeping; and her heart
was loosed

Within her, and she wept with these
and said:

"Ye know me then, that wicked one,
who broke

The vast design and purpose of the
King.

O shut me round with narrowing nun-
nery-walls,

Meek maidens, from the voices crying
'Shame.'

I must not scorn myself: he loves me
still. [still.

Let no one dream but that he loves me
So let me, if you do not shudder at me
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with
you:

Wear black and white, and be a nun
like you;

Fast with your fasts, not feasting with
your feasts;

Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at
your joys,

But not rejoicing; mingle with your
rites;

Pray and be prayed for: lie before
your shrines;

Do each low office of your holy house;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute
dole

To poor sick people, richer in his eyes
Who ransom'd us, and haler too than I;
And treat their loathsome hurts and
heal mine own;

And so wear out in almsdeed and in
prayer

The sombre close of that voluptuous
day,

Which wrought the ruin of my lord the
King."

She said: they took her to them-
selves, and she
Still hoping, fearing "Is it yet too
late?"

Dwelt with them, till in time their
Abbess died.

Then she, for her good deeds and her
pure life,

And for the power of ministration in
her,

And likewise for the high rank she had
borne,

Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess
lived

For three brief years, and there, an
Abbess, past

To where beyond these voices there is
peace.

ENOCH ARDEN.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left
a chasm;

And in the chasm are foam and yellow
sands;

Beyond, red roofs about a narrow
wharf

In cluster; then a moulder'd church;
and higher

A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd
mill;

And high in heaven behind it a gray
down

With Danish barrows; and a hazel-
wood,

By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years
ago,

Three children of three houses, Annie
Lee,

The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,

And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's
lad

Made orphan by a winter shipwreck,
play'd

Among the waste and lumber of the
shore,

Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing
nets,

Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up
drawn;

And built their castles of dissolving
 sand
 To watch them overflow'd, or follow-
 ing up
 And flying the white breaker, daily
 left
 The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the
 cliff:
 In this the children play'd at keeping
 house.
 Enoch was host one day, Philip the
 next,
 While Annie still was mistress; but at
 times
 Enoch would hold possession for a
 week:
 "This is my house and this my little
 wife."
 "Mine too," said Philip, "turn and
 turn about:"
 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch
 stronger-made
 Was master: then would Philip, his
 blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of
 tears,
 Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and
 at this
 The little wife would weep for com-
 pany,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her
 sake,
 And say she would be little wife to
 both.

But when the dawn of rosy child-
 hood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascend-
 ing sun
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his
 love,
 But Philip loved in silence; and the
 girl
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to
 him;
 But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew
 it not,
 And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch
 set

A purpose evermore before his eyes,
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a
 home
 For Annie: and so prosper'd that at
 last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten
 coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served
 a year
 On board a merchantman, and made
 himself
 Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd
 a life
 From the dread sweep of the down-
 streaming seas:
 And all men look'd upon him favor-
 ably:
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twen-
 tieth May,
 He purchased his own boat, and made
 a home [up
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, half-way
 The narrow street that clamber'd to-
 ward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great
 and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels, Philip
 stay'd
 (His father lying sick and needing
 him)
 An hour behind; but as he climb'd the
 hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood
 began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the
 pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-
 hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten
 face
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burned as on an altar. Philip
 look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his
 doom;

Then, as their faces drew together,
groan'd
And slipt aside, and like a wounded
life
Crept down into the hollows of the
wood ;
There, while the rest were loud with
merry-making,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose
and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang
the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy
years,
Seven happy years of health and com-
petence,
And mutual love and honorable toil ;
With children ; first a daughter. In
him woke, [wish
With his first babe's first cry, the noble
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-
up

Than his had been, or hers ; a wish
renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to
be

The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful
seas,

Or often journeying landward ; for in
truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's
ocean-spoil

In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand win-
ter-gales,

Not only to the market-cross were
known,

But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely
Hall,

Whose Friday fare was Enoch's minis-
tering.

Then came a change, as all things
human change.

Ten miles to northward of the narrow
port

Open'd a larger haven : thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
And once when there, and clambering
on a mast

In harbor, by mischance he slipt and
fell :

A limb was broken when they lifted
him ;

And while he lay recovering there, his
wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one :
Another hand crept too across his
trade

Taking her bread and theirs : and on
him fell, [man,

Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and
gloom.

He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the
night,

To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar : then he
pray'd

"Save them from this, whatever comes
to me."

And while he pray'd, the master of
that ship

Enoch had served in, hearing his mis-
chance,

Came, for he knew the man and valued
him,

Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would
he go ?

There yet were many weeks before she
sail'd,

Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch
have the place ?

And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance
appear'd

No graver than as when some little
cloud

Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing : yet the
wife—

When he was gone—the children—
what to do ?

Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans
 To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her !
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—
 So might she keep the house while he was gone.
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
 This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice—
 As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.
 Thus Enoch in his heart determined all
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms :
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
 Appraised his weight, and fondled fatherlike,
 But had no heart to break his purposes
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd

(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring but her,
 Her and her children, iet her plead in vain ;
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused ;
 and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced his morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes

Whatever came to him: and then he
 said, [God
 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire
 for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you
 know it."
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle,
 "and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
 Nay—for I love him all the better for
 it—
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my
 knees [parts,
 And I will tell him tales of foreign
 And make him merry when I come
 home again.
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I
 go."

Him running on thus hopefully she
 heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when
 he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven,
 she heard,
 Heard and not heard him; as the vil-
 lage girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the
 spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for
 her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it over-
 flow.

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you
 are wise;
 And yet for all your wisdom well
 know I
 That I shall look upon your face no
 more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall
 look on yours.
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
 (He named the day); get you a
 seaman's glass,
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your
 fears."

But when the last of those last mo-
 ments came,
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be com-
 forted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come
 again,
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must
 go.
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God; that
 anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
 Can I go from Him? and the sea is
 His,
 The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
 Cast his strong arms about his droop-
 ing wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little
 ones;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who
 slept
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him
 Enoch said,
 "Wake him not; let him sleep; how
 should the child
 Remember this?" and kiss'd him in
 his cot,
 But Annie from her baby's forehead
 clipt
 A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
 Thro' all his future; but now hastily
 caught
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went
 his way.

She when the day, that Enoch men-
 tion'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: per-
 haps
 She could not fix the glass to suit her
 eye;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremu-
 lous;
 She saw him not: and while he stood
 on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel
 past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing
sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping
for him,
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as
his grave, [his,
Set her sad will no less to chime with
But throve not in her trade, not being
bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding "What would
Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares
for less
Than what she gave in buying what she
sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it;
and thus,
Expectant of that news which never
came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly born
and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for
it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often called her
from it,
Or thro' the want of what is needed
most,
Or means to pay the voice who best
could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it
was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie
buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for
her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd
upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so
long.

"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her
now,
May be some little comfort;" there-
fore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one
opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her
grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and
wept.
Then Philip standing up said falter-
ingly,
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."
He spoke; the passion in her moan'd
reply,
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!" half abash'd him; yet un-
ask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He sits himself beside her, saying to
her

"I came to speak to you of what he
wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong
man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his
hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it
thro'. [way,
And wherefore did he go this weary
And leave you lonely? not to see the
world—
For pleasure?—nay, but for the where-
withal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was
his wish.
And if he comes again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours
were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were run-
ning wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie,
now—

Have we not known each other all our
lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me
nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes
again
Why then he shall repay you—if you
will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to
school:
This is the favor I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against
the wall
Answer'd, “I cannot look you in the
face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down;
When you came in my sorrow broke
me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks
me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on
me;
He will repay you: money can be re-
paid;
Not kindness such as yours.”

And Philip ask'd
“Then you will let me, Annie?”

There she turn'd,
She rose and fixt her swimming eyes
upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his
head
Caught at his hand and wrung it pas-
sionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to
school,
And bought them needful books, and
every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho' for
Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,

He oft denied his heart his dearest
wish,
And seldom crossed her threshold, yet
he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and
fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and
then, [meal
With some pretext of fineness in the
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the
waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's
mind:
Scarce could the woman when he came
upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless grati-
tude
Light on a broken word to thank him
with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they
ran
To greet his hearty welome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were
they;
Worried his passive ear with petty
wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd
with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip
gain'd [them
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed to
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going ye know not where; and so ten
years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native
land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch
came.
It chanced one evening Annie's chil-
dren long'd
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then
they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him)
too

Him like the working bee in blossom-
dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and
saying to him,
"Come with us Father Philip," he
denied;
But when the children pluck'd at him
to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their
wish,
For was not Annie with them? and
they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood
began
To feather toward the hollow, all her
force
Fail'd her; and sighing "Let me rest"
she said:
So Philip rested with her well-content:
While all the younger ones with jubi-
lant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultu-
ously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made
a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent
or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear
away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each
other
And calling, here and there, about the
wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one
dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded
life [said
He crept into the shadow: at last he
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen,
Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in
the wood."
"Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak
a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon
her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in
him.

"The ship was lost," he said, "the
ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill
yourself
And make them orphans quite?" And
Annie said,
"I thought not of it: but—I know not
why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer
spoke.
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho' I know not when it first came
there,
I know that it will out at last. O
Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then—let
me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting
help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so
quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have
you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would
prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine
own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God
grants [it:
To any of his creatures. Think upon
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and
yours:
And we have known each other all our
lives,
And I have loved you longer than you
know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she
spoke:
"You have been as God's good angel
in our house.

God bless you for it, God reward you
for it,
Philip, with something happier than
myself.

Can one love twice? can you be ever
loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you
ask?"

"I am content," he answer'd, "to be
loved

A little after Enoch." "O, she cried,
Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a
while:

If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not
come—

Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:

O wait a little!" Philip sadly said,
"Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little." "Nay," she
cried,

"I am bound: you have my promise—
in a year:

Will you not bide your year as I bide
mine?"

And Philip answer'd, "I will bide my
year."

Here both were mute, till Philip
glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow over-
head;

Then fearing night and chill for Annie
rose,

And sent his voice beneath him thro'
the wood.

Up came the children laden with their
spoil;

Then all descended to the port, and
there

At Annie's door he paused and gave
his hand,

Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke
to you,

That was your hour of weakness. I
was wrong.

I am always bound to you, but you are
free."

Then Annie weeping answer'd, "I am
bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it
were,

While yet she went about her house-
hold ways,

Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she
knew,

That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before
her face,

Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?"
she ask'd.

"Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe
again:

Come out and see." But she—she put
him off—

So much to look to—such a change—a
month—

Give her a month—she knew that she
was bound—

A month—no more. Then Philip with
his eyes

Full of that lifelong hunger, and his
voice

Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take
your own time."

And Annie could have wept for pity of
him;

And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long sufferance

Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle

with her;

Some that she but held off to draw him
on;

And others laugh'd at her and Philip
too,

As simple folk that knew not their own
minds;

And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly

Would hint at worse in either. Her
own son

Was silent, tho' he often look'd his
wish;

But evermore the daughter prest upon
her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty ;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan ; and all these things
fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign " my Enoch, is he
gone ? "

Then compass'd round by the blind
wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her
heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a
light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
" Under a palmtree." That was nothing
to her .

No meaning there: she closed the book
and slept ;

When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height
Under a palmtree, over him the Sun ;
" He is gone," she thought, " he is
happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest ; yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these
be palms
Whereof the happy people strewing
cried
" Hosanna in the highest ! " " Here
she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly
to him,
" There is no reason why we should
not wed."
" Then for God's sake," he answer'd,
" both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang
the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were
wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.

A footstep seem'd to fall beside her
path,
She knew not whence ; a whisper on
her ear,
She knew not what ; nor loved she to
be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd,
often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch
Fearing to enter ; Philip thought he
knew ;
Such doubts and fears were common to
her state,
Being with child ; but when her child
was born,
Then her new child was as herself
renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her
heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly
died.

And where was Enoch ? Prosperously
sail'd
The ship " Good Fortune," tho' at
setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward,
shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet un-
vext
She slipt across the summer of the
world,
Then after a long tumble about the
Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and
fair,
She passing thro' the summer world
again,
The breath of Heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden
isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and
bought
Quaint monsters for the market of
those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage ; at first
 indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-
 head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from
 her bows ;
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds
 variable,
 Then baffling, a long course of them ;
 and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moon-
 less heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of " breakers " came
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the
 night,
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken
 spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at
 morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.
 No want was there of human suste-
 nance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourish-
 ing roots ;
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was
 tame.
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-
 gorge
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of
 palm, a hut,
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the
 three,
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.
 For one, the youngest hardly more
 than boy,
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and
 wreck, [in-life.
 Lay lingering out a three-years' death-
 They could not leave him. After he
 was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of him-
 self,
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion,
 fell

Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
 In those two deaths he read God's
 warning " wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak,
 the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways
 to Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of
 plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of
 bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems,
 and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the
 world,
 All these he saw ; but what he fain had
 seen
 He could not see, the kindly human
 face,
 Nor ever heard a kindly voice, but
 heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-
 fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on
 the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that
 branch'd
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the
 sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all
 day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and preci-
 pices ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
 The blaze upon his island overhead ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
 Then the great stars that globed them-
 selves in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and
 again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no
 sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd
to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him
paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms
moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and
places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the
small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy
lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely
Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold,
the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming
downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying
leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd
seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his
ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far
away—
He heard the pealing of his parish
bells ;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore,
started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous
hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor
heart
Spoken with That, which being every-
where
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem
all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering
head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and
went
Year after year. His hopes to see his
own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely
doom

Came suddenly to an end. Another
ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling
winds
Like the Good Fortune, from her des-
tined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where
she lay :
For since the mate had seen at early
dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen
isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst
away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd
the shores
With clamor. Downward from his
mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded soli-
tary, [clad,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely
Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it
seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making
signs
They knew not what: and yet he led
the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water
ran ;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-boun-
den tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them under-
stand ;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd
they took aboard :
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce credited at first, but more and
more
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to
it :
And clothes they gave him and free
passage home :
But oft he work'd among the rest and
shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his county, or could an-
swer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to
know.

And dull the voyage was with long delays,

The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore

His fancy fled before the lazy wind

Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath

Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:

And that same morning officers and
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:

Then moving up the coast they landed him,

Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,

But homeward,—home,—what home? had he a home?

His home he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,

Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,

Where either haven open'd on the deeps,

Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray:

Cut off the length of highway on before,

And left but narrow breadth to left and right

Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.

On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze

The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;

Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light

Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,

His heart foreshadowing all calamity,

His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home

Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes

In those far-off seven happy years were born;

But finding neither light nor murmur there

(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept

Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,

Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,

So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old.
He thought it must have gone; but he

was gone
Who kept it: and his widow, Miriam Lane,

With daily-dwindling profits held the house;

A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now

Stiller with yet a bed for wandering men.

There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and generous,

Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,

Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,

So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,

How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,

Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth

Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance

No shadow past, nor motion; any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale

Less than the teller: only when she closed,

"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"

He shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering "Cast away and
lost;"
Again in deeper inward whispers
"Lost!"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face
again;
"If I might look on her sweet face
again
And know that she is happy." So the
thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove
him forth
At evening when the dull November
day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below:
There did a thousand memories roll
upon him,
Unspeaking for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's
house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

"For Philip's dwelling fronted on the
street,
The latest house to landward; but be-
hind,
With one small gate that open'd on the
waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and
wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk
and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and
thence
That which he better might have
shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better. Enoch
saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd
board
Sparkled and shone: so genial was the
hearth;

And on the right hand of the hearth he
saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his
knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a
girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted
hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his
creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they
laugh'd:
And on the left hand of the hearth he
saw
The mother glancing often towards her
babe,
But turning now and then to speak with
him,
Her son, who stood before her tall and
strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for
he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life
beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the
babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's
knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the
happiness,
And his own children tall and beau-
tiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his
place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's
love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told
him all,
Because things seen are mightier than
things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the
branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of
doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the
hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick-man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou [isle,
 That didst uphold me on my lonely Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know. Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself. [girl
 Never: no father's kiss for me,—the So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced: but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the narrow street he went Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve

Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife," [of,
 He said to Miriam, "that you told me Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
 "Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort:" and he thought,
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait his time," and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days:
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
 Yet since he did but labor for himself, Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year [day
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.

For sure no gladlier does the stranded
wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting
squall
The boat that bears the hope of life
approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he
saw
Death dawning on him, and the close
of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a
kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking, "After I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the
last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and
said,
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the
book
Not to reveal it, till you see me
dead."
"Dead," clamor'd the good woman,
"hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring
you round."
"Swear," added Enoch, sternly, "on
the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam
swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon
her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this
town?"
"Know him?" she said, "I knew him
far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the
street;
Held his head high, and cared for no
man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
"His head is low, and no man cares
for him.
I think I have not three days more to
live;
I am the man." At which the woman
gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
"You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was
a foot

Higher than you be." Enoch said
again,
"My God has bow'd me down to what
I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has
twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his
voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming
back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman
heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy
tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd inces-
santly
To rush abroad all round the little
haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his
woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she
forbore,
Saying only, "See your bairns before
you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'm, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch
hung
A moment on her words, but then re-
plied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the
last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and under-
stand,
While I have power to speak. I
charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I
died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving
her;
Save for the bar between us, loving
her
As when she laid her head beside my
own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I
saw

So like her mother, that my latest
 breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying
 for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing
 him.
 And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
 He never meant us anything but good.
 But if my children care to see me
 dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them
 come,
 I am their father ; but she must not
 come,
 For my dead face would vex her after-
 life.
 And now there is but one of all my
 blood,
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-
 be :
 This hair is his : she cut it off and gave
 it,
 And I have borne it with me all these
 years.
 And thought to bear it with me to my
 grave ;
 But now my mind is changed, for I
 shall see him,
 My babe in bliss : wherefore when I
 am gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort
 her ;

It will moreover be a token to her,
 That I am he."

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
 Made such a voluble answer promising
 all,
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon
 her
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once
 again
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and
 pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at in-
 tervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the
 sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms
 abroad
 Crying with a loud voice "A sail ! a
 sail !
 I am saved ;" and so fell back and
 spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
 And when they buried him the little
 port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

AYLMER'S FIELD.

1793.

DUST are our frames; and, gilded
dust, our pride
Looks only for a moment whole and
sound;
Like that long-buried body of the
king,
Found lying with his urns and orna-
ments,
Which at a touch of light, an air of
heaven,
Slipt into ashes and was found no
more.

Here is a story which in rougher
shape
Came from a grizzled cripple, whom I
saw
Sunning himself in a waste field
alone—
Old, and a mine of memories—who
had served,
Long since, a bygone Rector of the
place,
And been himself a part of what he
told.

SIR AYLMER AYLMER, that almighty
man,
The county God—in whose capacious
hall,
Hung with a hundred shields, the fam-
ily tree
Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate
king—
Whose blazing wyvern weathercock'd
the spire,
Stood from his walls and wing'd his
entry-gates
And swang besides on many a windy
sign—

Whose eyes from under a pyramidal
head
Saw from his windows nothing save
his own—
What lovelier of his own had he than
her,
His only child, his Edith, whom he
loved
As heiress and not heir regretfully?
But "he that marries her marries her
name,"
This fiat somewhat soothed himself
and wife,
His wife a faded beauty of the Baths,
Insipid as the Queen upon a card;
Her all of thought and bearing hardly
more
Than his own shadow in a sickly sun.

A land of hops and poppy-nungled
corn,
Little about it stirring save a brook!
A sleepy land where under the same
wheel
The same old rut would deepen year
by year;
Where almost all the village had one
name;
Where Aylmer follow'd Aylmer at the
Hall
And Averill Averill at the Rectory
Thrice over; so that Rectory and
Hall,
Bound in an immemorial intimacy,
Were open to each other; tho' to
dream
That Love could bind them closer well
had made [up
The hoar hair of the Baronet bristle
With horror, worse than had he heard
his priest
Preach an inverted scripture, sons of
men
Daughters of God; so sleepy was the
land.

And might not Averill, had he will'd
 it so,
 Somewhere beneath his own low range
 of roofs,
 Have also set his many-shielded tree? 't
 There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage
 once,
 When the red rose was redder than it-
 self,
 And York's white rose as red as Lan-
 caster's,
 With wounded peace which each had
 prick'd to death.
 "Not proven," Averill said, or laugh-
 ingly,
 "Some other race of Averills"—prov'n
 or no,
 What cared he? what, if other or the
 same? [self.
 He lean'd not on his fathers but him-
 But Leolin, his brother, living oft
 With Averill, and a year or two be-
 fore
 Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away
 By one low voice to one dear neighbor-
 hood,
 Would often, in his walks with Edith,
 claim
 A distant kinship to the gracious blood
 That shook the heart of Edith hearing
 him.

Sanguine he was: a but less vivid
 hue [bloom
 Than of that islet in the chestnut-
 Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes,
 that still
 Took joyful note of all things joyful,
 beam'd, [gold,
 Beneath a manelike mass of rolling
 Their best and 'brightest, when they
 dwelt on hers,
 Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect
 else,
 But subject to the season or the
 mood,
 Shone like a mystic star between the
 less
 And greater glory varying to and fro,
 We know not wherefore; bounteously
 made,

And yet so finely, that a troublous
 touch
 Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in
 a day,
 A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.
 And these had been together from the
 first.
 Leolin's first nurse was, five years
 after, hers:
 So much the boy foreran; but when
 his date
 Doubled her own, for want of play-
 mates, he
 (Since Averill was a decade and a half
 His elder, and their parents under-
 ground)
 Had tost his ball and flown his kite,
 and roll'd [dipt
 His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her
 Against the rush of the air in the prone
 swing,
 Made blossom-ball or daisy chain, ar-
 ranged
 Her garden, sow'd her name and kept
 it green
 In living letters, told her fairy-tales,
 Show'd her the fairy footings on the
 grass,
 The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
 The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,
 Or from the tiny pitted target blew
 What look'd a flight of fairy arrows
 aim'd
 All at one mark, all hitting: make-be-
 lieves
 For Edith and himself: or else he
 forged,
 But that was later, boyish histories
 Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon,
 wreck,
 Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and
 true love
 Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and
 faint,
 But where a passion yet unborn per-
 haps
 Lay hidden as the music of the moon
 Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightin-
 gale.
 And thus together, save for college-
 times

Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair
 As ever painter painted, poet sang,
 Or Heav'n in lavish bounty moulded,
 grew
 And more and more, the maiden wo-
 man-grown,
 He wasted hours with Averill; there,
 when first
 The tented winter-field was broken up
 Into that phalanx of the summer
 spears
 That soon should wear the garland;
 there again
 When burr and bine were gather'd :
 lastly there
 At Christmas; ever welcome at the
 Hall,
 On whose dull sameness his full tide
 of youth
 Broke with a phosphorescence cheer-
 ing even [aid
 My lady; and the Baronet yet had
 No bar between them : dull and self-
 involved,
 Tall and erect, but bending from his
 height [world,
 With half-allowing smiles for all the
 And mighty courteous in the main—
 his pride [ring—
 Lay deeper than to wear it as his
 He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,
 Would care no more for Leolin's walk-
 ing with her
 Than for his old Newfoundland's, when
 they ran
 To loose him at the stables, for he rose
 Twofooted at the limit of his chain,
 Roaring to make a third; and how
 should Love,
 Whom the cross-lightnings of four
 chance-met eyes
 Flash into fiery life from nothing,
 follow
 Such dear familiarities of dawn ?
 Seldom, but when he does, Master of
 all.

So these young hearts not knowing
 that they loved,
 Not she at least, nor conscious of a
 bar

Between them, nor by plight or broken
 ring
 Bound, but an immemorial intimacy,
 Wander'd at will, but oft accompanied
 By Averill: his, a brother's love, that
 hung
 With wings of brooding shelter o'er
 her peace,
 Might have been other, save for
 Leolin's—
 Who knows? but so they wander'd,
 hour by hour
 Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd,
 and drank
 The magic cup that filled itself anew.

A whisper half reveal'd her to her-
 self.
 For out beyond her lodges, where the
 brook
 Vocal, with here and there a silence,
 ran
 By sallow rims, arose the laborers'
 homes,
 A frequent haunt of Edith, on low
 knobs
 That dimpling died into each other,
 huts
 At random scatter'd, each a nest in
 bloom.
 Her art, her hand, her counsel all had
 wrought
 About them: here was one that, sum-
 mer-blanch'd,
 Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's
 joy
 In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here
 The warm blue breathings of a hidden
 hearth
 Broke from a bower of vine and honey-
 suckle:
 One look'd all rosetree, and another
 wore [stars:
 A close-set robe of jasmine sown with
 This had a rosy sea of gilly-flowers
 About it: this a milky way on earth,
 Like visions in the Northern dreamer's
 heavens,
 A lily-avenue climbing to the doors:
 One, almost to the martin-haunted
 caves

A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;
 Each, its own charm; and Edith's
 everywhere;
 And Edith ever visitant with him,
 He but less loved than Edith, of her
 poor:
 For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,
 Queenly responsive when the loyal
 hand
 Rose from the clay it work'd in as she
 past,
 Not sowing hedgerow texts and pass-
 ing by,
 Nor dealing goodly counsel from a
 height [voice
 That makes the lowest hate it, but a
 Of comfort and an open hand of help,
 A splendid presence flattering the poor
 roofs
 Revered as theirs, but kindlier than
 themselves
 To ailing wife or wailing infancy
 Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored;
 He, loved for her and for himself. A
 grasp
 Having the warmth and muscle of the
 heart,
 A childly way with children, and a
 laugh
 Ringing like proven golden coinage
 true,
 Were no false passport to that easy
 realm,
 Where once with Leolin at her side
 the girl,
 Nursing a child, and turning to the
 warmth
 The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,
 Heard the good mother softly whisper
 "Bless,
 God bless 'em; marriages are made in
 Heaven."

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it to
 her.
 My Lady's Indian kinsman unan-
 nounced
 With half a score of swarthy faces
 came.
 His own, tho' keen and bold and sol-
 dierly,

Sear'd by the close ecliptic, was not
 fair;
 Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the
 hour,
 Tho' seeming boastful: so when first
 he dash'd
 Into the chronicle of a deedful day,
 Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile
 Of patron "Good! my lady's kinsman!
 good!"
 My lady with ner fingers interlock'd,
 And rotatory thumbs on silken knees,
 Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear
 To listen: unawares they flitted off,
 Busying themselves about the flower-
 age
 That stood from out a stiff brocade in
 which,
 The meteor of a splendid season, she,
 Once with this kinsman, ah so long
 ago,
 Stept thro' the stately minuet of those
 days:
 But Edith's eager fancy hurried with
 him
 Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of
 his life:
 Till Leolin ever watchful of her eye
 Hated him with a momentary hate.
 Wife-hunting, as the rumor ran, was
 he:
 I know not, for he spoke not, only
 shower'd
 His oriental gifts on every one,
 And most on Edith: like a storm he
 came,
 And shook the house, and like a storm
 he went.

Among the gifts he left her (possibly
 He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to re-
 turn
 When others had been tested) there
 was one,
 A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels
 on it
 Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd
 itself
 Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
 Made by a breath. I know not whence
 at first,

Nor of what race, the work ; but as he told

The story, storming a hill-fort of thieves

He got it ; for their captain after fight,
His comrades having fought their last below,

Was climbing up the valley ; at whom he shot :

Down from the beetling crag to which he clung

Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet,
This dagger with him, which when now admired

By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,

At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,

Tost over all her presents petulantly :
And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard, saying

"Look what a lovely piece of workmanship !"

Slight was his answer, "Well—I care not for it ;"

Then playing with the blade he prick'd his hand,

"A gracious gift to give a lady, this !"

"But would it be more gracious," ask'd the girl,

"Were I to give this gift of his to one
That is no lady ?" "Gracious ? No," said he.

"Me !—but I cared not for it. O pardon me,

I seem to be ungraciousness itself."

"Take it," she added sweetly, "tho' his gift ; [you,

For I am more ungracious e'en than I care not for it either ;" and he said

"Why then I love it : " but Sir Aylmer past,

And neither loved nor liked the thing he heard.

The next day came a neighbor. Blues and reds

They talk'd of : blues were sure of it, he thought :

Then of the latest fox—where started—kill'd

In such a bottom : "Peter had the brush,

My Peter, first : " and did Sir Aylmer know

That great pock-pitten fellow had been caught ?

Then made his pleasure echo, hand to hand, [of it

And rolling as it were the substance
Between his palms a moment up and down—

"The birds were warm, the birds were warm upon him ;

We have him now : " and had Sir Aylmer heard—

Nay, but he must—the land was ringing of it—

This blacksmith-border marriage—one they knew—

Raw from the nursery—who could trust a child ?

That cursed France with her egalities !
And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially

With nearing chair and lower'd accent) think—

For people talk'd—that it was wholly wise

To let that handsome fellow Averill walk

So freely with his daughter ? people talk'd—

The boy might get a notion into him ;
The girl might be entangled ere she knew.

Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke :

"The girl and boy, Sir, know their differences !"

"Good," said his friend, "but watch !"
and he "Enough,

More than enough, Sir ! I can guard my own."

They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house

Had fallen first, was Edith that same night :

Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a rough piece
 Of early rigid color, under which,
 Withdrawing by the counter door to that
 Which Leolin open'd, she cast back upon him
 A piteous glance, and vanish'd. He, as one
 Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,
 And pelted with outrageous epithets,
 Turning beheld the Powers of the House
 On either side the hearth, indignant; her,
 Cooling her false cheek with a feather-fan,
 Him glaring, by his own stale devil spurr'd,
 And, like a beast hard-ridden, breathing hard.
 "Ungenerous, dishonorable, base, Presumptuous! trusted as he was with her,
 The sole succeder to their wealth, their lands,
 The last remaining pillar of their house,
 The one transmitter of their ancient name,
 Their child." "Our child!" "Our heiress!" "Ours!" for still,
 Like echoes from beyond a hollow, came
 Her sicklier iteration. Last he said
 "Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are to make.
 I swear you shall not make them out of mine.
 Now inasmuch as you have practised on her,
 Perplexed her, made her half forget herself,
 Swerve from her duty to herself and Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,
 Far as we track ourselves—I say that this,—
 Else I withdraw favor and countenance
 From you and yours forever—shall you do.

Sir, when you see her—but you shall not see her—
 No, you shall write, and not to her, but me:
 And you shall say that having spoken with me,
 And after look'd into yourself, you find
 That you meant nothing—as indeed you know
 That you meant nothing. Such a match as this!
 Impossible, prodigious!" These were words,
 As meted by his measure of himself,
 Arguing boundless forbearance: after which,
 And Leolin's horror-stricken answer, "I
 So foul a traitor to myself and her, Never, O never," for about as long
 As the wind-hover hangs in balance, paused
 Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm within,
 Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and crying
 "Boy, should I find you by my doors again
 My men shall lash you from them like a dog;
 Hence!" with a sudden execration drove
 The footstool from before him, and arose;
 So, stammering "scoundrel" out of teeth that ground
 As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still
 Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old man
 Follow'd, and under his own lintel stood
 Storming with lifted hands, a hoary face
 Meet for the reverence of the hearth, but now,
 Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd moon,
 Vext with unworthy madness, and deform'd.

Slowly and conscious of the rageful
 eye
 That watch'd him, till he heard the
 ponderous door
 Close, crashing with long echoes thro'
 the land,
 Went Leolin; then, his passions all in
 flood
 And masters of his motion, furiously
 Down thro' the bright lawns to his
 brother's ran,
 And foam'd away his heart at Averill's
 ear :
 Whom Averill solaced as he might,
 amazed :
 The man was his, had been his father's,
 friend :
 He must have seen, himself had seen
 it long ;
 He must have known, himself had
 known : besides,
 He never yet had set his daughter
 forth
 Here in the woman-markets of the
 west,
 Where our Caucasians let themselves
 be sold.
 Some one, he thought, had slander'd
 Leolin to him.
 "Brother, for I have loved you more
 as son
 Than brother, let me tell you : I my-
 self—
 What is their pretty saying ? jilted, is
 it ?
 Jilted I was : I say it for your peace.
 Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the
 shame
 The woman should have borne, humili-
 ated,
 I lived for years a stunted sunless life ;
 Till after our good parents past away
 Watching your growth, I seem'd again
 to grow.
 Leolin, I almost sin in envying you :
 The very whitest lamb in all my fold
 Loves you : I know her : the worst
 thought she has
 Is whiter even than her pretty hand :
 She must prove true : for, brother
 where two fight

The strongest wins, and truth and love
 are strength,
 And you are happy : let her parents
 be."

But Leolin cried out the more upon
 them—
 Insolent, brainless, heartless ! heiress,
 wealth,
 Their wealth, their heiress ! wealth
 enough was theirs
 For twenty matches. Were he lord of
 this,
 Why twenty boys and girls should
 marry on it,
 And forty blest ones bless him, and
 himself
 Be wealthy still, ay wealthier He
 believed
 This filthy marriage-hindering Mam-
 mon made
 The harlot of the cities ; nature crost
 Was mother of the foul adulteries
 That saturate soul with body. Name,
 too ! name,
 Their ancient name ! they *might* be
 proud ; its worth
 Was being Edith's. Ah how pale she
 had look'd
 Darling, to-night ! they must have
 rated her
 Beyond all tolerance. These old pheas-
 sant-lords,
 These partridge-breeders of a thousand
 years,
 Who had mildew'd in their thousands,
 doing nothing
 Since Egbert—why, the greater their
 disgrace !
 Fall back upon a name ! rest, rot in
 that !
 Not *keep* it noble, make it nobler ?
 fools,
 With such a vantage-ground for noble-
 ness !
 He had known a man, a quintessence
 of man,
 The life of all—who madly loved—and
 he,
 Thwarted by one of these old father
 fools,

Had rioted his life out, and made an end.
 He would not do it! her sweet face and faith
 Held him from that; but he had powers, he knew it:
 Back would he to his studies, make a name,
 Name, fortune too: the world should ring of him
 To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their graves:
 Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be—
 "O brother, I am grieved to learn your grief—
 Give me my fling, and let me say my say."

At which, like one that sees his own excess,
 And easily forgives it as his own,
 He laugh'd; and then was mute: but presently
 Wept like a storm: and honest Averill seeing
 How low his brother's mood had fallen, fetch'd
 His richest beeswing from a binn reserved
 For banquets, praised the waning red, and told
 The vintage—when *this* Aylmer came of age—
 Then drank and past it: till at length the two,
 Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed
 That much allowance must be made for men.
 After an angry dream this kindlier glow
 Faded with morning, but his purpose held.

Yet once by night again the lovers met,
 A perilous meeting under the tall pines
 That darken'd all the northward of her Hall.

Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest
 In agony, she promised that no force, Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her:
 He, passionately hopefuller, would go, Labor for his own Edith, and return In such a sunlight of prosperity
 He should not be rejected. "Write to me!
 They loved me, and because I loved their child
 They hate me: there is war between us, dear,
 Which breaks all bonds but ours; we must remain
 Sacred to one another." So they talk'd,
 Poor children, for their comfort: the wind blew;
 The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,
 Tears, and the careless rain of heaven, mixt
 Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other
 In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.

So Leolin went; and as we task ourselves
 To learn a language known but smatteringly
 In phrases here and there at random, toil'd
 Mastering the lawless science of our law,
 That codeless myriad of precedent, That wilderness of single instances, Thro' which a few, by wit or fortune led,
 May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.
 The jests, that flash'd about the pleader's room,
 Lightning of the hour, the pun, the scurrilous tale,—
 Old scandals buried now seven decades deep
 In other scandals that have lived and died,

And left the living scandal that shall
 die—
 Were dead to him already ; bent as he
 was
 To make disproof of scorn, and strong
 in hopes,
 And prodigal of all brain-labor he,
 Charier of sleep, and wine and exer-
 cise,
 Except when for a breathing-while at
 eve
 Some niggard fraction of an hour he
 ran
 Beside the river-bank: and then in-
 deed
 Harder the times were, and the hands
 of power
 Were bloodier, and the according
 hearts of men
 Seem'd harder too ; but the soft river-
 breeze,
 Which fann'd the gardens of that rival
 rose
 Yet fragrant in a heart remembering
 His former talks with Edith, on him
 breathed
 Far purelier in his rushings to and fro,
 After his books, to flush his blood with
 air,
 Then to his books again. My lady's
 cousin,
 Half-sickening of his pensioned after-
 noon,
 Drove in upon the student once or
 twice,
 Ran a Malayan muck against the
 times,
 Had golden hopes for France and all
 mankind,
 Answer'd all queries touching those at
 home
 With a heaved shoulder and a saucy
 smile,
 And fain had haled him out into the
 world,
 And air'd him there : his nearer friend
 would say,
 " Screw not the cord too sharply lest
 it snap."
 Then left alone he pluck'd her dagger
 forth

From where his worldless heart had
 kept it warm,
 Kissing his vows upon it like a knight.
 And wrinkled benchers often talk'd of
 him
 Approvingly, and prophesied his rise :
 For heart, I think, help'd head : her
 letters too,
 Tho' far between, and coming fitfully
 Like broken music, written as she
 found
 Or made occasion, being strictly
 watch'd,
 Charm'd him thro' every labyrinth till
 he saw
 An end, a hope, a light breaking upon
 him.

But they that cast her spirit into
 flesh,
 Her worldly-wise begetters, plagued
 themselves
 To sell her, those good parents, for her
 good.
 Whatever eldest-born of rank or wealth
 Might lie within their compass, him
 they lured
 Into their net made pleasant by the
 baits [woo.
 Of gold and beauty, wooing him to
 So often, that the folly taking wings
 their doors,
 And distant blaze of those dull ban-
 quets, made
 The nightly wirer of their innocent
 hare
 Falter before he took it. All in vain.
 Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd
 Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit
 So often, that the folly taking wings
 Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the
 wind
 With rumor, and became in other
 fields
 A mockery to the yeomen over ale,
 And laughter to their lords : but those
 at home,
 As hunters round a hunted creature
 draw
 The cordon close and closer toward
 the death,

Narrow'd her goings out and comings
in ;

Forbade her first the house of Averill,
Then closed her access to the wealthier
farms,

Last from her own home-circle of the
poor

They barr'd her : yet she bore it : yet
her cheek

Kept color : wondrous ! but, O mys-
tery ;

What amulet drew her down to that
old oak,

So old, that twenty years before, a part
Falling had let appear the brand of
John—

Once grovelike, each huge arm a tree,
but now

The broken base of a black tower, a
cave

Of touchwood, with a single flourishing
spray.

There the manorial lord too curiously
Raking in that millennial touchwood-
dust

Found for himself a bitter treasure-
trove ; [read

Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and
Writhing a letter from his child, for
which

Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,
A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to
fly,

But scared with threats of jail and hal-
ter gave

To him that fluster'd his poor parish
wits

The letter which he brought, and swore
besides [fore

To play their go-between as hereto-
Nor let them know themselves betray'd,
and then,

Soul-stricken at their kindness to him,
went

Hating his own lean heart and miser-
able.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot
dream

Panting he woke, and oft as early as
dawn

Aroused the black republic on his
elms,

Sweeping the frothfly from the rescue,
brush'd

Thro' the dim meadow toward his
treasure-trove,

Seized it, took home, and to my lady,
who made

A downward crescent of her minion
mouth,

Listless in all despondence, read ; and
tore,

As if the living passion symbol'd there
Were living nerves to feel the rent ;
and burnt,

Now chafing at his own great self
defied,

Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks
of scorn

In babyisms, and dear diminutives
Scatter'd all over the vocabulary

Of such a love as like a chidden babe,
After much wailing, hush'd itself at
last

Hopeless of answer : then tho' Averill
wrote

And bade him with good heart sustain
himself—

All would be well—the lover heeded
not,

But passionately restless came and
went,

And rustling once at night about the
place,

There by a keeper shot at, slightly
hurt,

Raging return'd : nor was it well for
her [pines.

Kept to the garden now, and grove of
Watch'd even there : and one was set
to watch

The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd
them all,

Yet bitterer from his readings : once
indeed,

Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride
in her,

She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her
tenderly,

Not knowing what possess'd him : that
one kiss

Was Leolin's one strong rival upon
 earth ;
 Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit,
 Seem'd hope's returning rose : and then
 ensued
 A Martin's summer of his faded love,
 Or ordeal by kindness ; after this
 He seldom crost his child without a
 sneer ;
 The mother flow'd in shallower acri-
 monies :
 Never one kindly smile, one kindly
 word :
 So that the gentle creature shut from
 all
 Her charitable use, and face to face
 With twenty months of silence, slowly
 lost
 Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on
 life.
 Last, some low fever ranging round to
 spy
 The weakness of a people or a house,
 Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer,
 or men,
 Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—
 Save Christ as we believe him—found
 the girl
 And flung her down upon a couch of
 fire,
 Where careless of the household faces
 near,
 And crying upon the name of Leolin,
 She, and with her the race of Aylmer,
 past.

Star to star vibrates light : may soul
 to soul
 Strike thro' a finer element of her own ?
 So,—from afar,—touch as at once ? or
 why
 That night, that moment, when she
 named his name,
 Did the keen shriek, "Yes love, yes
 Edith, yes,"
 Shrill, till the comrade of his chambers
 woke,
 And came upon him half-arisen from
 sleep,
 With a weird bright eye, sweating and
 trembling,

His hair as it were crackling into
 flames,
 His body half flung forward in pur-
 suit,
 And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp
 a flyer :
 Nor knew he wherefore he had made
 the cry :
 And being much befool'd and idioted
 By the rough amity of the other, sank
 As into sleep again. The second day,
 My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,
 A breaker of the bitter news from
 home,
 Found a dead man, a letter edged with
 death
 Beside him, and the dagger which him-
 self
 Gave Edith, redden'd with no bandit's
 blood :
 "From Edith" was engraven on the
 blade.

Then Averill went and gazed upon
 his death.
 And when he came again, his flock
 believed—
 Beholding how the years which are not
 Time's
 Had blasted him—that many thousand
 days
 Were clipt by horror from his term of
 life.
 Yet the sad mother, for the second
 death
 Scarce touch'd her thro' that nearness
 of the first,
 And being used to find her pastor
 texts,
 Sent to the harrow'd brother, praying
 him
 To speak before the people of her
 child,
 And fixt the Sabbath. Darkly that
 day rose :
 Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded
 woods
 Was all the life of it ; for hard on
 these,
 A breathless burthen of low-folded
 heavens

Stifled and chill'd at once: but every
 roof
 Sent out a listener: many too had
 known
 Edith among the hamlets round, and
 since
 The parents' harshness and the hap-
 less loves
 And double death were widely mur-
 mur'd, left
 Their own gray tower, or plain-faced
 tabernacle,
 To hear him; all in mourning these,
 and those
 With blots of it about them, ribbon,
 glove
 Or kerchief; while the church,—one
 night, except
 For greenish glimmerings thro' the
 lancets,—made
 Still paler the pale head of him, who
 tower'd
 Above them, with his hopes in either
 grave.

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd
 Averill,
 His face magnetic to the hand from
 which
 Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labor'd
 thro'
 His brief prayer-prelude, gave the verse
 "Behold,
 Your house is left unto you desolate!"
 But lapsed into so long a pause again
 As half amazed, half frightened all his
 flock:
 Then from his height and loneliness of
 grief
 Bore down in flood, and dash'd his
 angry heart
 Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad earth became
 one sea,
 Which rolling o'er the palaces of the
 proud,
 And all but those who knew the living
 God—
 Eight that were left to make a purer
 world—

When since had flood, fire, earthquake,
 thunder, wrought
 Such waste and havoc as the idolatries,
 Which from the low light of mortality
 Shot up their shadows to the Heaven
 of Heavens,
 And worshipt their own darkness as
 the Highest?
 "Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy
 brute Baäl,
 And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,
 For with thy worst self hast thou
 clothed thy God."
 Then came a Lord in no wise like to
 Baäl.
 The babe shall lead the lion. Surely
 now
 The wilderness shall blossom as the
 rose.
 Crown thyself, worm, and worship
 thine own lusts!—
 No coarse and blockish God of acreage
 Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel
 to—
 Thy God is far diffused in noble groves
 And princely halls, and farms, and
 flowing lawns,
 And heaps of living gold that daily
 grow,
 And title-scrolls and gorgeous heral-
 dries.
 In such a shape dost thou behold thy
 God.
 Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for *him*;
 for thine
 Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair
 Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while
 The deathless ruler of thy dying house
 Is wounded to the death that cannot
 die;
 And tho' thou numberest with the fol-
 lowers
 Of One who cried "Leave all and fol-
 low me.
 Thee therefore with His light about
 thy feet,
 Thee with His message ringing in thine
 ears,
 Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord
 from Heaven,
 Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,

Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty
 God,
 Count the more base idolater of the
 two;
 Crueller : as not passing thro' the fire
 Bodies, but souls—thy children's—thro'
 the smoke,
 The blight of low desires—darkening
 thine own
 To thine own likeness; or if one of
 these,
 Thy better born unhappily from thee,
 Should, as by miracle, grow straight
 and fair—
 Friends, I was bid to speak of such a
 one
 By those who most have cause to sor-
 row for her—
 Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
 Fairer than Ruth among the fields of
 corn,
 Fair as the Angel that said "hail" she
 seem'd,
 Who entering fill'd the house with sud-
 den light.
 For so mine own was brighten'd:
 where indeed
 The roof so lowly but that beam of
 Heaven
 Dawn'd sometimes thro' the doorway?
 whose the babe
 Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,
 Warm'd at her bosom? the poor child
 of shame,
 The common care whom no one cared
 for, leapt
 To greet her, wasting his forgotten
 heart,
 As with the mother he had never
 known,
 In gambols; for her fresh and innocent
 eyes
 Had such a star of morning in their
 blue,
 That all neglected places of the field
 Broke into nature's music when they
 saw her.
 Low was her voice, but won mysterious
 way
 Thro' the seal'd ear, to which a louder
 one

Was all but silence—free of alms her
 hand—
 The hand that robed your cottage
 walls with flowers
 Has often toil'd to clothe your little
 ones;
 How often placed upon the sick man's
 brow
 Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow
 smooth!
 Had you one sorrow and she shared it
 not?
 One burthen and she would not lighten
 it?
 One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?
 Or when some heat of difference
 sparkled out,
 How sweetly would she glide between
 your wraths,
 And steal you from each other! for
 she walk'd
 Wearing the light yoke of that Lord
 of love,
 Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!
 And one—of him I was not bid to
 speak—
 Was always with her, whom you also
 knew. [love.
 Him too you loved, for he was worthy
 And these had been together from the
 first;
 They might have been together till the
 last.
 Friends, this frail bark of ours, when
 sorely tried,
 May wreck itself without the pilot's
 guilt,
 Without the captain's knowledge:
 hope with me.
 Whose shame is that, if he went hence
 with shame?
 Nor mine the fault, if losing both of
 these
 I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd
 walls,
 "My house is left unto me desolate."

While thus he spoke, his hearers
 wept; but some,
 Sons of the glebe, with other frowls
 than those

That knit themselves for summer
 shadow, scowl'd
 At their great lord. He, when it seem'd
 he saw
 No pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but
 fork'd
 Of the near storm, and aiming at his
 head, like,
 Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow, soldier-
 Erect: but when the preacher's cadence
 flow'd
 Softening thro' all the gentle attributes
 Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd
 his face,
 Paled at a sudden twitch of his iron
 mouth;
 And, "O pray God that he hold up,"
 she thought,
 "Or surely I shall shame myself and
 him."
 "Nor yours the blame—for who be-
 side your hearths
 Can take her place—if echoing me you
 cry
 'Our house is left unto us desolate?'
 But thou, O thou that killest, hadst
 thou known,
 O thou that stonest, hadst thou under-
 stood
 The things belonging to thy peace and
 ours!
 Is there no prophet but the voice that
 calls
 Doom upon kings, or in the waste
 'Repent?'
 Is not our own child on the narrow way,
 Who down to those that saunter in the
 broad
 Cries, 'Come up hither,' as a prophet
 to us?
 Is there no stoning save with flint and
 rock?
 Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—
 No desolation but by sword and fire?
 Yes, as your moanings witness, and
 myself
 Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my
 loss.
 Give me your prayers, for he is past
 your prayers,

Not past the living fount of pity in
 Heaven.
 But I that thought myself long-suffer-
 ing, meek,
 Exceeding 'poor in spirit'—how the
 words
 Have twisted back upon themselves
 and mean
 Vileness, we are grown so proud—I
 wish'd my voice
 A rushing tempest of the wrath of God
 To blow these sacrifices thro' the
 world—
 Sent like the twelve-divided concubine
 To inflame the tribes; but there—out
 yonder—earth
 Lightens from her own central Hell—
 O there
 The red fruit of an old idolatry—
 The heads of chiefs and princes fall so
 fast,
 They cling together in the ghastly
 sack—
 The land all shambles—naked mar-
 riages
 Flash from the bridge, and ever-mur-
 der'd France,
 By shores that darken with the gather-
 ing wolf,
 Runs in a river of blood to the sick
 sea.
 Is this a time to madden madness then?
 Was this a time for these to flaunt their
 pride?
 May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense
 as those
 Which hid the Holiest from the peo-
 ple's eyes
 Ere the great death, shroud this great
 sin from all:
 Doubtless our narrow world must can-
 vass it;
 Or rather pray for those and pity them
 Who thro' their own desire accom-
 plish'd bring
 Their own gray hairs with sorrow to
 the grave—
 Who broke the bond which they desired
 to break—
 Which else had link'd their race with
 times to come—

Who wove coarse webs to snare her
 purity,
 Grossly contriving their dear daughter's
 good—
 Poor souls, and knew not what they did,
 but sat
 Ignorant, devising their own daughter's
 death!
 May not that earthly chastisement suf-
 fice?
 Have not our love and reverence left
 them bare?
 Will not another take their heritage?
 Will there be children's laughter in
 their hall
 Forever and forever, or one stone
 Left on another, or is it a light thing
 That I their guest, their host, their
 ancient friend,
 I made by these the last of all my race
 Must cry to these the last of theirs, as
 cried
 Christ ere His agony to those that
 swore [made
 Not by the temple but the gold, and
 Their own traditions God, and slew the
 Lord,
 And left their memories a world's
 curse—'Behold,
 Your house is left unto you desolate?'"

Ended he had not, but she brook'd
 no more;
 Long since her heart had beat remorse-
 lessly,
 Her cramped-up sorrow pain'd her, and
 a sense
 Of meanness in her unresisting life.
 Then their eyes vexed her; for on en-
 tering
 He had cast the curtains of their seat
 aside—
 Black velvet of the costliest—she her-
 self
 Had seen to that: fain had she closed
 them now,
 Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd
 Her husband inch by inch, but when
 she laid
 Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he
 veil'd

His face with the other, and at once
 as falls
 A creeper when the prop is broken, fell
 The woman shrieking at his feet, and
 swoon'd.
 Then her own people bore along the
 nave
 Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre
 face
 Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty
 years:
 And her the Lord of all the landscape
 round
 Ev'n to its last horizon, and of all
 Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd
 out
 Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle
 Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded
 ways
 Stumbling across the market to his
 death,
 Unpitied; for he groped as blind, and
 seem'd
 Always about to fall, grasping the pews
 And oaken finials till he touch'd the
 door;
 Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot
 stood,
 Strode from the porch, tall and erect
 again.

But nevermore did either pass the
 gate
 Save under pall with bearers. In one
 month,
 Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,
 The childless mother went to seek her
 child;
 And when she felt the silence of his
 house
 About him, and the change and not the
 change,
 And those fixt eyes of painted an-
 cestors
 Staring forever from their gilded walls
 On him their last descendant, his own
 head
 Began to droop, to fall; the man be-
 came
 Imbecile; his one word was "deso-
 late;"

Dead for two years before his death
 was he ;
 But when the second Christmas came,
 escaped
 His keepers, and the silence which he
 felt,
 To find a deeper in the narrow gloom
 By wife and child ; nor wanted at his
 end
 The dark retinue reverencing death
 At golden thresholds ; nor from tender
 hearts,
 And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd
 race,
 Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave.
 Then the great Hall was wholly broken
 down,
 And the broad woodland parcell'd into
 farms ;
 And where the two contrived their
 daughter's good,
 Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made
 his run,
 The hedgehog underneath the plantain
 bores,
 The rabbit fondles his own harmless
 face,
 The slow-worm creeps, and the thin
 weasel there
 Follows the mouse, and all is open
 field.

—
 SEA DREAMS.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and
 bred ;
 His wife, an unknown artist's orphan
 child—
 One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three
 years old :
 They, thinking that her clear germander
 eye
 Droopt in the giant-factored city-gloom,
 Came, with a month's leave given them,
 to the sea :
 For which his gains were dock'd, how-
 ever small :
 Small were his gains, and hard his
 work ; besides,
 Their slender household fortunes (for
 the man

Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,
 Trembled in perilous places o'er a
 deep ;
 And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
 Would darken, as he cursed his credu-
 lousness,
 And that one unctuous mouth which
 lured him, rogue,
 To buy strange shares in some Peruvian
 mine.
 Now seaward-bound for health they
 gain'd a coast, [cave,
 All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning
 At close of day ; slept, woke, and went
 the next,
 The Sabbath, pious variers from the
 church,
 To chapel ; where a heated pulpiter,
 Not preaching simple Christ to simple
 men,
 Announced the coming doom, and ful-
 minated
 Against the scarlet woman and her
 creed :
 For sideways up he swung his arms,
 and shriek'd,
 " Thus, thus with violence," ev'n as if
 he held
 The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
 Were that great Angel ; " thus with
 violence
 Shall Babylon be cast into the sea ;
 Then comes the close." The gentle-
 hearted wife
 Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world ;
 He at his own : but when the wordy
 storm
 Had ended, forth they came and paced
 the shore,
 Ran in and out the long sea-framing
 caves,
 Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce
 believed
 (The sootflake of so many a summer
 still
 Clung to their fancies) that they saw,
 the sea.
 So now on sand they walk'd, and now
 on cliff,
 Lingering about the thymy promon-
 tories,

Till all the sails were darken'd in the west,
 And rosed in the east: then homeward
 and to bed:
 Where she, who kept a tender Christian
 hope
 Haunting a holy text, and still to that
 Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
 "Let not the sun go down upon your
 wrath."
 Said, "Love, forgive him:" but he did
 not speak;
 And silenced by that silence lay the
 wife,
 Remembering her dear Lord who died
 for all,
 And musing on the little lives of men,
 And how they mar this little by their
 feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a
 full tide
 Rose with ground-swell, which, on the
 foremost rocks
 Touching, upjetted in spirit of wild sea-
 smoke,
 And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam,
 and fell
 In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
 Dead claps of thunder from within the
 cliffs
 Heard thro' the living roar. At this
 the babe,
 Their Margaret cradled near them,
 wail'd and woke
 The mother, and the father suddenly
 cried,
 "A wreck, a wreck!" then turn'd, and
 groaning said,

"Forgive! How many will say, 'For-
 give,' and find
 A sort of absolution in the sound
 To hate a little longer! No; the sin
 That neither God nor man can well
 forgive,
 Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
 Is it so true that second thoughts are
 best?
 Not first, and third, which are a riper
 first?"

Too ripe, too late! they come too late
 for use.
 Ah love, there surely lives in man and
 beast
 Something divine to warn them of their
 foes;
 And such a sense, when I first fronted
 him,
 Said, 'Trust him not;' but after, when
 I came
 To know him more, I lost it, knew him
 less;
 Fought with what seem'd my own un-
 charity:
 Sate at his table; drank his costly
 wines;
 Made more and more allowance for
 his talk;
 Went further, fool! and trusted him
 with all,
 All my poor scrapings from a dozen
 years
 Of dust and deskwork; there is no
 such mine,
 None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing
 gold,
 Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea
 roars
 Ruin a fearful night!"

"Not fearful; fair,"
 Said the good wife, "if every star in
 heaven
 Can make it fair: you do but hear the
 tide.
 Had you ill dreams?"

"O yes," he said, "I dream'd
 Of such a tide swelling toward the
 land,
 And I from out the boundless outer
 deep
 Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd
 one
 Of those dark caves that run beneath
 the cliffs.
 I thought the motion of the boundless
 deep
 Bore through the cave, and I was
 heaved upon it
 In darkness: then I saw one lovely
 star

Larger and larger. 'What a world,' I thought,
 'To live in!' but in moving on I found
 Only the landward exit of the cave,
 Bright with the sun upon the stream
 beyond:
 And near the light a giant woman sat.
 All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
 A pickaxe in her hand: then out I slipt
 Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
 As high as heaven, and every bird that sings:
 And here the night-light flickering in
 my eyes
 Awoke me."

"That was then your dream," she said,
 "Not sad, but sweet."

"So sweet, I lay," said he,
 "And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
 In fancy, till I slept again, and pierced
 The broken vision; for I dream'd that still
 The motion of the great deep bore me
 on,
 And that the woman walk'd upon the brink:
 I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd
 her of it:
 'It came,' she said, 'by working in the
 mines:'
 O then to ask her of my shares, I
 thought;
 And ask'd; but not a word; she shook
 her head.
 And then the motion of the current
 ceased,
 And there was rolling thunder; and
 we reach'd
 A mountain, like a wall of burrs and
 thorns;
 But she with her strong feet up the
 steep hill
 Trod out a path: I follow'd; and at
 top,
 She pointed seaward: there a fleet of
 glass,

That seem'd a fleet of jewels under
 me,
 Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
 That not one moment ceased to thun-
 der, past
 In sunshine; right across its track
 there lay,
 Down in the water, a long reef of
 gold,
 Or what seem'd gold: and I was glad
 at first
 To think that in our often-ransacked
 world
 Still so much gold was left; and then
 I fear'd
 Lest the gay navy there should splin-
 ter on it,
 And fearing waved my arm to warn
 them off;
 An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
 (I thought I could have died to save
 it) near'd,
 Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and van-
 ish'd, and I woke,
 I heard the clash so clearly. Now I
 see
 My dream was Life; the woman hon-
 est Work;
 And my poor venture but a fleet of
 glass,
 Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to com-
 fort him,
 "You raised your arm, you tumbled
 down and broke
 The glass with little Margaret's medi-
 cine in it;
 And, breaking that, you made and
 broke your dream:
 A trifle makes a dream, a trifle
 breaks."

"No trifle," groan'd the husband;
 "yesterday
 I met him suddenly in the street, and
 ask'd
 That which I ask'd the woman in my
 dream.
 Like her, he shook his head. 'Show
 me the books!'

He dodged me with a long and loose account.
 'The books, the books!' but he, he could not wait,
 Bound on a matter of life and death:
 When the great Books (see Daniel seven and ten)
 Were open'd, I should find he meant me well: [ooze
 And then began to bloat himself, and All over with the fat affectionate smile That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest friend,
 Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,' said he;
 'And all things work together for the good
 Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—last
 Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went.
 I stood like one that had received a blow:
 I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
 A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
 A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes
 Pursued him down the street, and far away
 Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
 Read rascal in the motions of his back,
 And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the good wife;
 "So are we all: but do not call him, love,
 Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
 His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
 Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
 A silent court of justice in his breast,
 Himself the judge and jury, and himself

The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned:
 And that drags down his life: then comes what comes
 Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,
 Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

"With all his conscience and one eye askew"—
 Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn
 A man is likewise counsel for himself,
 Too often in that silent court of yours—
 'With all his conscience and one eye askew,
 So false, he partly took himself for true;
 Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
 Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
 Who, never naming God except for gain,
 So never took that useful name in vain;
 Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,
 And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
 And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;
 And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
 Arising, did his holy oily best,
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
 To spread the Word by which himself had thriven.'
 How like you this old satire?"

"Nay," she said,
 "I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
 Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
 Who first wrote satire with no pity in it.

But will you hear *my* dream, for I had
 one
 That altogether went to music? Still
 It awed me."

Then she told it, having dream'd
 Of that same coast.

—"But round the North, a light,
 A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor,
 lay,
 And ever in it a low musical note
 Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd,
 a ridge
 Of breaker issued from the belt, and
 still
 Grew with the growing note, and when
 the note
 Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on
 those cliffs
 Broke, mixt with awful light (the same
 as that
 Living within the belt) whereby she
 saw
 That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs
 no more,
 But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
 Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could
 see,
 One after one: and then the great
 ridge drew,
 Lessening to the lessening music, back,
 And past into the belt and swell'd
 again
 Slowly to music: ever when it broke
 The statues, king or saint, or founder,
 fell;
 Then from the gaps and chasms of
 ruin left
 Came men and women in dark clusters
 round,
 Some crying 'Set them up! they shall
 not fall!'
 And others, 'Let them lie, for they
 have fall'n.'
 And still they strove and wrangled:
 and she grieved
 In her strange dream, she knew not
 why, to find
 Their wildest wailings never out of
 tune

With that sweet note; and ever as
 their shrieks
 Ran highest up the gamut, that great
 wave
 Returning, while none mark'd it, on
 the crowd
 Broke, mixt with awful light, and
 show'd their eyes
 Glaring, and passionate looks, and
 swept away
 The men of flesh and blood, and men
 of stone,
 To the waste deeps together.

"Then I fixt
 My wistful eyes on two fair images,
 Both crown'd with stars and high
 among the stars,—
 The Virgin Mother standing with her
 child
 High up on one of those dark minster-
 fronts—
 Till she began to totter, and the child
 Clung to the mother, and sent out a
 cry
 Which mixt with little Margaret's, and
 I woke,
 And my dream awed me:—well—but
 what are dreams?
 Yours came from the breaking of a
 glass,
 And mine but from the crying of a
 child."

"Child? No!" said he, "but this
 tide's roar, and his,
 Our Boanerges, with his threats of
 doom,
 And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms
 (Altho' I grant but little music there)
 Went both to make your dream: but
 if there were
 A music harmonizing our wild cries,
 Sphere-music such as that you dream'd
 about,
 Why, that would make our passions
 far too like
 The discords dear to the musician.
 No—
 One shriek of hate would jar all the
 hymns of heaven:

True Devils with no ear, they howl in
tune
With nothing but the Devil !”

“ ‘ True ’ indeed
One of our town, but later by an hour
Here than ourselves, spoke with me
on the shore ;
While you were running down the
sands, and made
The dimpled frounce of the sea-furbelow
flap,
Good man, to please the child. She
brought strange news.
Why were you silent when I spoke
to-night ?
I had set my heart on your forgiving
him
Before you knew. We *must* forgive
the dead.”

“ Dead ! who is dead ? ”

“ The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-
disease.”

“ Dead ? he ? of heart-disease ? what
heart had he
To die of ? dead ! ”

“ Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge
him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your
rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the
child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep ! will she not
sleep
Without her ‘ little birdie ? ’ well then,
sleep,
And I will sing you ‘ birdie.’ ”

Saying this,
The woman half turn’d round from him
she loved,

Left him one hand, and reaching thro’
the night
Her other, found (for it was close
beside)
And half embraced the basket cradle-
head
With one soft arm, which, like the
pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nest-
ling, sway’d
The cradle, while she sang this baby
song.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day ?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day ?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

‘ She sleeps: let us too, let all evil,
sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than
ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive
him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder ! ’

Then the man,
“ His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to
come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night
be sound :
I do forgive him ! ”

“ Thanks, my love,” she said,
“ Your own will be the sweeter,” and
they slept.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

I.

AND Willy, my eldest-born, is gone, you say, little Anne ?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written : she never was over-wise,
Never the wife for Willy : he wouldn't take my advice.

II.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grav
Pretty enough, very pretty ! but I was against it for one.
Eh !—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gon

III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock ;
Never a man could fling him : for Willy stood like a rock.
" Here's a leg for a baby of a week ! " says doctor : and he would be bound
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

IV.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue !
I ought to have gone before him : I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie : I have not long to stay ;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

V.

Why do you look at me, Annie ? you think I am hard and cold ;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old :
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest ;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

VI.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear,
I mean your grandfather, Annie : it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
That Jenny had tript in her time : I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar !
But the tongue is a fire, as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day ;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been !
But soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean.

X.

And I cried myself wellnigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightingale.

XI.

All of a sudden he stopt : there past by the gate of the farm,
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how ;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant ;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, " Let us part : in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

XIII.

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine ;
" Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill ;
But marry me out of hand : we too shall be happy still."

XIV.

" Marry you, Willy ! " said I, " but I needs must speak my mind,
And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd, " No, love, no ; "
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

XV.

So Willy and I were wedded : I wore a lilac gown ;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife ;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain :
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn :
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

XVIII.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay :
Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man, too, would have his way :
Never jealous—not he : we had many a happy year :
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

XIX.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died :
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget :
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

XX.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie, who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you :
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team :
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

XXII.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive ;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five :
And Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh threescore and ten :
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

XXXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve :
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve :
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I ;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

XXIV.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad :
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had ;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease ;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
 And happy has been my life ; but I would not live it again.
 I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest :
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

XXVI.

So Willie has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower ;
 But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
 Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next ;
 I too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext ?

XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written, she never was over-wise.
 Get me my glasses, Annie : thank God that I keep my eyes.
 There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have passed away.
 But stay with the old woman now : you cannot have long to stay.

NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

I.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
 Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse ; whoy, doctor's abeän an' agoän :
 Says that I moänt 'a naw moor yaäle : but I beänt a fool :
 Git ma my yaäle, for I beänt a-gooiin' to breäk my rule.

II.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what's nawways true :
 Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
 I've 'ed my point o' yaäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,
 An' I 've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

III.

Parson 's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
 "The amoighty 's a tääkin o' you to 'issen, my friend," 'a said,
 An' a towd ma my sins, an' 's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond ;
 I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.

IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.
 But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barn.
 Thof a knaws I hallus voätet wi' Squoire an' choorch an staäte,
 An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

V.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor my Sally wur deäd,
 An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock * ower my yeäd,
 An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
 An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I comed awaäy.

VI.

Bessy Marris's barn ! tha knaws she lääid it to meä.
 Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
 'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun understand ;
 I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

VII.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä
 "The amoighty 's a tääkin o' you to 'issen, my friend," says 'eä.
 I weänt saäy men be loiers, thof summun said it in 'aäste :
 But a reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thornaby waäste.

VIII.

D' ya moind the waäste, my lass ? naw, naw, tha was not born then ;
 Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen :
 Moäst loike a butter-bump, † for I 'eerd un aboot an aboot,
 But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, and raäved an' rembled un oot.

IX.

Keäper's it wur ; fo' they fun un theer a lääid on 'is faäce
 Doon i' the woild 'enemies † afoor I comed to the plaäce.
 Noäks or Thimbleby—toner 'ed shot an as deäd as a naäil.
 Noaks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my yaäle.

X.

Dubbut looäk at the waäste : theer war n't not feäd for a cow ;
 Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looäk at it now—
 War n't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer 's lots o' feäd,
 Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in seäd.

XI.

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I mean'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
 Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
 If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
 Meä, wi' haäte oönderd haäcre o' Squire's an' loäd o' my oän.

XII.

Do godamoighty knaw what a 's doing a-tääkin' o' meä ?
 I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä ;
 An' Squire 'ull be sa maä an' all—a' dear a' dear !
 And I 'a monaged for Squire come Michaelmas thirty year.

* Cockchafer.

† Bittern.

‡ Anemones.

XIII.

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'äpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäken Robins—a niver mended a fence:
But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
Wi' auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to plow!

XIV.

Loöäk 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a passin' by,
Says to thessen näw doot "what a mon a be sewer-ly!"
For they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin fust a comed to the 'All;
I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my duty by all.

XV.

Squoire 's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For who 's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
Noither a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

XVI.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm
Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is sweet,
But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to see it.

XVII.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the yaäle?
Doctor 's a 'tottler, lass, and a 's hallus i' the owd taäle;
I weänt breäk rules for Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy.

TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay
and fall,
The vapors weep their burthen to the
ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies
beneath,
And after many a summer dies the
swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine
arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a
dream

The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of
morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a
man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy
choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he
seem'd
To his great heart none other than a
God!
I ask'd thee "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with
a smile,

Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
 And beat me down and marred and wasted me,
 And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 Thy beauty make amends, tho' even now,
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
 Why should a man desire in any way
 To vary from the kindly race of men,
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart: there comes
 A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
 Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
 From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
 And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
 Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
 Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
 Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
 Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
 And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
 And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
 In silence, then before thine answer given
 Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
 "The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
 In days far-off, and with what other eyes
 I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
 The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
 The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
 Changed with thy mystic change and felt my blood
 Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
 Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
 Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
 With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
 Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
 Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
 Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
 While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet

Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when
 the steam
 Floats up from those dim fields about
 the homes
 Of happy men that have the power to
 die,
 And grassy barrows of the happier
 dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the
 ground :
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my
 grave ;
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by
 morn ;
 I earth in earth forget these empty
 courts,
 And thee returning on thy silver
 wheels.

 THE VOYAGE.

I.

WE left behind the painted buoy
 That tosses at the harbor-mouth :
 And madly danced our hearts with joy,
 As fast we fled to the South :
 How fresh was every sight and sound
 On open main or winding shore !
 We knew the merry world was round,
 And we might sail forevermore.

II.

Warm broke the breeze against the
 brow,
 Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail :
 The Lady's-head upon the prow
 Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd
 the gale.
 The broad seas swell'd to meet the
 keel,
 And swept behind: so quick the
 run,
 We felt the good ship shake and reel,
 We seem'd to sail into the Sun !

III.

How oft we saw the Sun retire,
 And burn the threshold of the night,
 Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,
 And sleep beneath his pillar'd light !

How oft the purple-skirted robe
 Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
 As thro' the slumber of the globe
 Again we dash'd into the dawn !

IV.

New stars all night above the brim
 Of waters lighten'd into view ;
 They climb'd as quickly, for the rim
 Changed every moment as we flew.
 Far ran the naked moon across
 The houseless ocean's heaving field,
 Or flying shone, the silver boss
 Of her own halo's dusky shield ;

V.

The peaky islet shifted shapes,
 High towns on hills were dimly
 seen,
 We past long lines of Northern capes
 And dewy Northern meadows green.
 We came to warmer waves, and deep
 Across the boundless east we drove,
 Where those long swells of breaker
 sweep
 The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

VI.

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,
 Gloom'd the low coast and quiver-
 ing brine
 With ashy rains, that spreading made
 Fantastic plume or sable pine ;
 By sands and streaming flats, and
 floods
 Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,
 And hills and scarlet-mingled woods
 Glow'd for a moment as we past.

VII

O hundred shores of happy climes,
 How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark !
 At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
 With wakes of fire we tore the dark ;
 At times the carven craft would shoot
 From havens hid in fairy bowers,
 With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
 But we nor paused for fruits nor
 flowers.

VIII.

For one fair Vision ever fled
 Down the waste waters day and
 night,
 And still we follow'd where she led
 In hope to gain upon her flight.
 Her face was evermore unseen,
 And fixt upon the far sea-line ;
 But each man murmured, "O my Queen,
 I follow till I make thee mine."

IX.

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
 Like Fancy made of golden air,
 Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge
 fair,
 Now high on waves that idly burst
 Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd
 the sea,
 And now, the bloodless point reversed,
 She bore the blade of Liberty.

X.

And only one among us—him
 We pleased not—he was seldom
 pleased:
 He saw not far : his eyes were dim :
 But ours he swore was all diseased.
 "A ship of fools," he shriek'd in spite,
 "A ship of fools," he sneer'd and
 wept.
 And overboard one stormy night
 He cast his body, and on we swept.

XI.

And never sail of ours was furl'd
 Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn ;
 We loved the glories of the world,
 But laws of nature were our scorn ;
 For blasts would rise and rave and
 cease,
 But whence were those that drove
 the sail
 Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
 And to and thro' the counter-gale ?

XII.

Again to colder climes we came,
 For still we follow'd where she led :

Now mate is blind and captain lame,
 And half the crew are sick or dead.
 But blind or lame or sick or sound
 We follow'd that which flies before :
 We know the merry world is round,
 And we may sail forevermore.

 IN THE VALLEY OF CAU-
 TERETZ.

ALL along the valley, stream that
 flashest white,
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening
 of the night,
 All along the valley, where thy waters
 flow,
 I walk'd with one I loved two and
 thirty years ago.
 All along the valley while I walk'd to-
 day,
 The two and thirty years were a mist
 that rolls away ;
 For all along the valley, down thy
 rocky bed,
 Thy living voice to me was as the voice
 of the dead,
 And all along the valley, by rock and
 cave and tree,
 The voice of the dead was as a living
 voice to me.

 THE FLOWER.

ONCE in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed.
 Up there came a flower,
 The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
 Thro' my garden-bower,
 And muttering discontent
 Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
 It wore a crown of light,
 But thieves from o'er the wall
 Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable :
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed ;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

REQUIESCAT.

FAIR is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly,
slowly glides.

It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah, how soon to
die !

Her quiet dream of life this hour
may cease.

Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the
rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
"O Boy, tho' thou art young and
proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall
play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that
room,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame ;'
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to
blame.

"God help me ! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

THE ISLET.

"WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we
go,
For a score of sweet little summers cr
so?"

The sweet little wife of the singer said
On the day that follow'd the day she
was wed :

"Whither, O whither, love, shall we
go?"

And the singer shaking his curly head
Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys
There at his right with a sudden crash,
Singing, "And shall it be over the
seas

With a crew that is neither rude nor
rash,

But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd,
In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak'd,
With a satin sail of a ruby glow,
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I
know,

A mountain islet pointed and peak'd,
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,
Cataract brooks to the ocean run,
Fairly-delicate palaces shine
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,
And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd
With many a rivulet high against the
Sun

The facets of the glorious mountain
flash

Above the valleys of palm and pine."
 "Thither, O thither, love, let us go."

"No, no, no !

For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,
 There is but one bird with a musical
 throat,

And his compass is but of a single
 note,

That it makes one weary to hear."

"Mock me not ! mock me not ! love,
 let us go."

"No, love, no.

For the bud ever breaks into bloom on
 the tree,

And a storm never wakes on the lonely
 sea,

And a worm is there in the lonely
 wood,

That pierces the liver and blackens the
 blood,

And makes it a sorrow to be."

THE RINGLET.

"YOUR ringlets, your ringlets,
 That look so golden-gay,
 If you will give me one, but one,
 To kiss it night and day,
 Then never chilling touch of Time
 Will turn it silver-gray ;
 And then shall I know it is all true
 gold
 To flame and sparkle and stream as of
 old,
 Till all the comets in heaven are cold,
 And all her stars decay."
 "Then take it, love, and put it by ;
 This cannot change, nor yet can I."

2.

"My ringlet, my ringlet,
 That art so golden-gay,
 Now never chilling touch of Time
 Can turn thee silver-gray ;
 And a lad may wink, and a girl may
 hint,
 And a fool may say his say ;
 For my doubts and fears were all
 amiss,

And I swear henceforth by this and
 this,

That a doubt will only come for a kiss,
 And a fear to be kiss'd away."

"Then kiss it, love, and put it by :
 If this can change, why so can I."

II.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 I kiss'd you night and day,
 And Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 You still are golden-gay,
 But Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 You should be silver-gray :
 For what is this which now I'm told,
 I that took you for true gold,
 She that gave you's bought and sold,
 Sold, sold.

2.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 She blush'd a rosy red,
 When Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 She clipt you from her head,
 And Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 She gave you me, and said,
 "Come, kiss it, love, and put it by :
 If this can change, why so can I."
 O fie, you golden, nothing, fie,
 You golden lie.

3.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 I count you much to blame,
 For Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 You put me much to shame,
 So Ringlet, O Ringlet,
 I doom you to the flame.
 For what is this which now I learn,
 Has given all my faith a turn ?
 Burn, you glossy heretic, burn,
 Burn, burn.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

MARCH 7, 1863.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea,
 Alexandria !
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of
 thee,

Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of
fleet!

Welcome her, thundering cheer of the
street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and
sweet,

Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-bud-
ded bowers:

Blazon your mottoes of blessing and
prayer!

Welcome her, welcome her, all that is
ours!

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and
towers!

Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March
air!

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and
higher

Melt into the stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the
strand,

Roar as the sea when he welcomes the
land,

And welcome her, welcome the land's
desire,

The sea-kings' daughter as happy as
fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the
sea—

O joy to the people, and joy to the
throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your
own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome
of thee,

Alexandra!

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING
OF THE INTERNATIONAL
EXHIBITION.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and
sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's inver-
tion stored,
And praise th' invisible universal
Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the
nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labor have
outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our
feet.

O silent father of our Kings to be
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to
thee!

The world-compelling plan was thine,
And lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design;
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and engin'ry,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce.
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of
war.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who
reign,
From growing commerce loose her
latest chain,
And let the fair white-winged peace-
maker fly
To happy heavens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden
hours,

Till each man finds his own in all
men's good,
And all men work in noble brother-
hood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed
towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's
powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace
and crown'd with all her flowers.

A DEDICATION.

DEAR, near and true—no truer Time
himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you ever-
more
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this, and pray
that he,
Who wrote it, honoring your sweet
faith in him,
May trust himself; and spite of praise
and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable
world,
Attain the wise indifference of the
wise;
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming-leafless
days—
Draw toward the long frost and longest
night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the
fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a
flower.*

THE CAPTAIN.

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

HE that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as Hell I count his error
Let him hear my song.

* The fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Euonymus
Europæus*).

Brave the Captain was; the seamen
Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression,
Stern he was and rash;
So for every light transgression
Doom'd them to the lash.
Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seem'd the Captain's mood.
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story,
Wheresoe'er he came.
So they past by capes and islands,
Many a harbor-mouth,
Sailing under palmy highlands
Far within the South.
On a day when they were going
O'er the lone expanse,
In the North, her canvas flowing,
Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's color heighten'd,
Joyful came his speech:
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd
In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said: the ship flew for-
ward,
And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly, went she Norward,
Till she near'd the foe.
Then they look'd at him they hated,
Had what they desired:
Mute with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
Roaring out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shat-
ter'd,
Bullets fell like rain;
Over mast and deck were scatter'd
Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splinter'd: decks were
broken:
Every mother's son—
Down they dropt—no word was
spoken—

Each beside his gun.
 On the decks as they were lying,
 Were their faces grim.
 In their blood, as they lay dying,
 Did they smile on him.
 Those, in whom he had reliance
 For his noble name,
 With one smile of still defiance
 Sold him unto shame.
 Shame and wrath his heart con-
 founded,
 Pale he turn'd and red.
 Till himself was deadly wounded
 Falling on the dead.
 Dismal error! fearful slaughter!
 Years have wander'd by,
 Side by side beneath the water
 Crew and Captain lie;
 There the sunlit ocean tosses
 O'er them mouldering,
 And the lonely seabird crosses
 With one waft of the wing.

—
 THREE SONNETS TO A CO-
 QUETTE.

CARESS'D or chidden by the dainty
 hand,
 And singing airy trifles this or that,
 Light Hope at Beauty's call would
 perch and stand,
 And run thro' every change of sharp
 and flat:
 And Fancy came and at her pillow
 sat: [band,
 When Sleep had bound her in his rosy
 And chased away the still-recurring
 gnat,
 And woke her with a lay from fairy
 land. [less,
 But now they live with Beauty less and
 For Hope is other Hope and wanders far,
 Nor cares to lisp in love's delicious
 creeds;
 And Fancy watches in the wilderness,
 Poor Fancy sadder than a single
 star,
 That sets at twilight in a land of
 reeds.

2.
 The form, the form alone is eloquent!
 A nobler yearning never broke her
 rest
 Than but to dance and sing, be gayly
 drest, [ment:
 And win all eyes with all accomplish-
 Yet in the waltzing-circle as we went,
 My fancy made me for a moment
 blest
 To find my heart so near the beaute-
 ous breast
 That once had power to rob it of con-
 tent.
 A moment came the tenderness of tears,
 The phantom of a wish that once
 could move,
 A ghost of passion that no smiles
 restore—
 For ah! the slight coquette, she can-
 not love,
 And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand
 years,
 She still would take the praise,
 and care no more

3.
 Wan Sculptor, weepst thou to take
 the cast
 Of those dead lineaments that near
 thee lie?
 O sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the
 past,
 In painting some dead friend from
 memory?
 Weep on: beyond his object Love can
 last:
 His object lives: more cause to weep
 have I:
 My tears, no tears of love, are flowing
 fast,
 No tears of love, but tears that Love
 can die.
 I pledge her not in any cheerful cup,
 Nor care to sit beside her where she
 sits—
 Ah pity—hint it not in human
 tones,
 But breathe it into earth and close it up
 With secret death forever, in the pits
 Which some green Christmas
 crams with weary bones.

ON A MOURNER.

NATURE, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with
base,
But lives and loves in every place ;

2.

Fills out the homely quick-set screens,
And makes the purple lilac ripe,
Steps from her airy hill, and greens
The swamp, where hums the drop-
ping snipe,
With moss and braided marish-pipe ;

3.

And on thy heart a finger lays,
Saying, " Beat quicker, for the time
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways
Are pleasant, and the beech and lime
Put forth and feel a gladder clime."

4.

And murmurs of a deeper voice,
Going before to some far shrine,
Teach that sick heart the stronger
choice,
Till all thy life one way incline
With one wide will that closes thine.

5.

And when the zoning eve has died
Where yon dark valleys wind forlorn,
Come Hope and Memory, spouse and
bride,
From out the borders of the morn,
With that fair child betwixt them
born.

6.

And when no mortal motion jars
The blackness round the tumbing
sod,

Thro' silence and the trembling stars
Comes Faith from tracts no feet
have trod,
And Virtue, like a household god.

7.

Promising empire ; such as those
That once at dead of night did greet
Troy's wandering prince, so that he
rose
With sacrifice, while all the fleet
Had rest by stony hills of Crete.

SONG.

LADY, let the rolling drums
Beat to battle where thy warrior stands :
Now thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.

Lady, let the trumpets blow,
Clasp thy little babes about thy knee :
Now their warrior father meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and
thee.

SONG.

HOME they brought him slain with
spears,
They brought him home at even-fall :
All alone she sits and hears
Echoes in his empty hall,
Sounding on the morrow.

The Sun peep'd in from open field,
The boy began to leap and prance,
Rode upon his father's lance,
Beat upon his father's shield—
" O hush, my joy, my sorrow."

EXPERIMENTS.

BOÄDICEA.

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian regionaries
 Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and Druidess,
 Far in the East Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted,
 Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce volubility,
 Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Cámulodúne,
 Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild confederacy.

“ They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous populaces,
 Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating ?
 Shall I heed them in their anguish ? shall I brook to be supplicated ?
 Hear Icenian, Catiuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant !
 Must their ever-ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us ?
 Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering ?
 Bark an answer, Britain's raven ! bark and blacken innumerable,
 Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcass a skeleton,
 Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it,
 Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated.
 Lo their colony half-defended ! lo their colony, Cámulodúne !
 There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary.
 There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous emperor-idiot.
 Such is Rome, and this her deity ; hear it, Spirit of Cássivêlaún !

“ Hear it, Gods ! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian !
 Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Catiuchlanian, Trinobant.
 These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances,
 Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard aërially,
 Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy massacred,
 Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies.
 Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of horses and men
 Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the reflux estuary ;
 Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering—
 There was one who watch'd and told me—down their statue of Victory fell.
 Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo the colony Cámulodúne,
 Shall we teach it a Roman lesson ? shall we care to be pitiful ?
 Shall we deal with it as an infant ? shall we dandle it amorously ?

“ Hear Icenian, Catiuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant !
 While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating,
 There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony,
 Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophetesses.
 ‘ Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets !
 Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy narrow thee,
 Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet !
 Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,

Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
 Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises,
 Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-thunder of God!
 So they chanted : how shall Britain light upon auguries happier ?
 So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a victory now.

“ Hear Icenian, Catiuechlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant !
 Me the wife of rich Prasutagus, me the lover of liberty,
 Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and humiliated,
 Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators !
 See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy !
 Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be satiated.
 Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Cámulodúne !
 There they ruléd, and thence they wasted all the flourishing territory,
 Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted Britoness—
 Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted, inexorable.
 Shout Icenian, Catiuechlanian, shout Coritanian, Trinobant,
 Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously
 Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a hurricane whirl'd.
 Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of Cúnobelíne ?
 There they drank in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony lay,
 Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy.
 There they dwelt and there they rioted ; there—there—they dwell no more.
 Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works of the statuary,
 Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it abominable,
 Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness,
 Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd and humiliated,
 Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the brains of the little one out,
 Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers, trample them under us.”

So the Queen Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted,
 Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like,
 Yelled and shrieked between her daughters in her fierce volubility,
 Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,
 Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous lineaments,
 Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,
 Roar'd as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,
 Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory.
 So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous adversaries
 Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid unanimous hand,
 Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,
 Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,
 Then her pulses at the clamoring of her enemy fainted away.
 Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.
 Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.
 Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a valorous legionary.
 Fell the colony, city and citadel, London, Verulam, Cámulodúne

IN QUANTITY.

MILTON.

Alcaics.

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages
 Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
 Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset—
 Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
 Where some refulgent sunset of India
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
 And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

Hendecasyllabics.

O YOU chorus of indolent reviewers,
 Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,
 Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem
 All composed in a metre of Catullus,
 All in quantity, careful of my motion,
 Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,
 Lest I fall unawares before the people,
 Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.
 Should I flounder awhile without a tumble
 Thro' this metrification of Catullus,
 They should speak to me not without a welcome,
 All that chorus of indolent reviewers.
 Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,
 So fantastical is the dainty metre.
 Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me
 Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.
 O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—
 Since I blush to belaud myself a moment
 As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost
 Horticultural art, or half coquette-like
 Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN
BLANK VERSE.

So Hector said, and sea-like roar'd his host ;
 Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke
 And each beside his chariot bound his own ;
 And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep
 In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
 And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd
 Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain
 Roll'd the rich vapor far into the heaven.
 And these all night upon the * bridge of war
 Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed :
 As when in heaven the stars about the moon
 Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
 And every height comes out, and jutting peak
 And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
 Break open to their highest, and all the stars
 Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart :
 So many a fire between the ships and stream
 Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
 A thousand on the plain ; and close by each
 Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;
 And champing golden grain, the horses stood
 Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.†

Iliad VIII. 542-561.

* Or, ridge.

† Or more literally,—

And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds
 Stood by their cars, waiting the thronéd morn.

THE HOLY GRAIL

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

LEODOGRAN, the King of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other
child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur
came
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen
host
Swarm'd overseas, and harried what
was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wil-
derness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and
more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur
came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and
died,
And after him King Uther fought and
died,
But either fail'd to make the kingdom
one.
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And thro' the puissance of his Table
Round,
Drew all their petty principedoms under
him,
Their king and head, and made a realm,
and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was
waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a
beast therein,

And none or few to scare or chase the
beast;

So that wild dog, and wolf and boar and
bear

Came night and day, and rooted in the
fields,

And wallow'd in the gardens of the king.
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children and devour, but now and
then,

Her own brood lost or dead, lent her
fierce teat

To human sucklings; and the children,
housed

In her foul den, there at their meat
would growl,

And mock their foster-mother on four
feet,

Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolf-
like men,

Worse than the wolves. And King
Leodogran

Groan'd for the Roman legions here
again,

And Cæsar's eagle: then his brother
Rience, assail'd him: last a heathen
horde,

Reddening the sun with smoke and earth
with blood,

And on the spike that split the mother's
heart

Spitting the child, brake on him, till,
amazed,

He knew not whither he should turn
for aid.

But—for he heard of Arthur newly
crown'd,
Tho' not without an uproar made by
those

Who cried, "He is not Uther's son"—
the king
Sent to him, saying, "Arise, and help
us thou!
For here between the man and beast we
die."

And Arthur yet had done no deed of
arms,
But heard the call, and came: and
Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him
pass;
But since he neither wore on helm or
shield

• The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his
knights,
And many of these in richer arms than
he,
She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she
saw,

One among many, tho' his face was bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he
past,

Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and
pitch'd

His tents beside the forest. And he
drave

The heathen, and he slew the beast, and
fell'd

The forest, and let in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the
knight;

And so return'd.

For while he linger'd there,
• A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the
hearts
Of those great Lords and Barons of his
realm
Flash'd forth and into war: for most of
these
Made head against him, crying, "Who
is he
That he should rule us? who hath
proven him
King Uther's son? for lo! we look at
him,
And find nor face nor bearing, limbs
nor voice,

Are like to those of Uther whom we
knew.

This is the son of Gorlois, not the king;
This is the son of Anton, not the king."

And Arthur, passing thence to battle,
felt
Travail, and throes and agonies of the
life,

Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere;
And thinking as he rode, "Her father
said

That there between the man and beast
they die.

Shall I not lift her from this land of
beasts

Up to my throne, and side by side with
me?

What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me,
Vext with waste dreams? for saving I
be join'd

To her that is fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my
work

Wholly, nor make myself in mine own
Victor and lord. But were I join'd
with her,

Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in every-
thing

Have power on this dark land to lighten
it,

And power on this dead world to make
it live."

And Arthur from the field of battle
sent

Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
His new-made knights, to King Leodo-
gran,

Saying, "If I in aught have served thee
well,

Give me thy daughter Guinevere to
wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in
heart

Debating—"How should I that am a
king,

However much he help me at my need,
Give my one daughter saving to a king,
And a king's son"—lifted his voice, and
call'd

A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom
He trusted all things, and of him re-
quired

His counsel: "Knowest thou aught of
Arthur's birth?"

Then spake the hoary chamberlain
and said,

"Sir king, there be but two old men
that know:

And each is twice as old as I; and one
Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served
King Uther thro' his magic art: and
one

Is Merlin's master (so they call him)
Bleys,

Who taught him magic; but the scholar
ran

Before the master, and so far, that
Bleys

Laid magic by, and sat him down, and
wrote

All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annal-book, where after-
years

Will learn the secret of our Arthur's
birth."

To whom the King Leodogran re-
plied,

"O friend, had I been holpen half as
well

By this King Arthur as by thee to-day,
Then beast and man had had their
share of me:

But summon here before us yet once
more

Ulfus, and Brastias, and Bedivere."

Then, when they came before him,
the king said,

"I have seen the cuckoo chased by
lesser fowl,

And reason in the chase: but wherefore
now

Do these your lords stir up the heat of
war,

Some calling Arthur born of Gorlois,

Others of Anton? Tell me, ye your-
selves,
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's
son?"

And Ulfus and Brastias answer'd,
"Ay.

Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning,
spake—

For bold in heart and act and word was
he,

Whenever slander breathed against the
king—

"Sir, there be many rumors on this
head;

For there be those who hate him in
their hearts,

Call him baseborn, and since his ways
are sweet,

And theirs are bestial, hold him less
than man,

And there be some who deem him more
than man,

And dream he dropt from heaven: but
my belief

In all this matter—so ye care to learn—
Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's
time

The prince and warrior Gorlois, he that
held

Tintagel castle by the Cornish sea,
Was wedded with a winsome wife,

Ygerne:

And daughters had she borne him,—
one whereof

Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Belli-
cent,

Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved
To Arthur,—but a son she had not
borne.

And Uther cast upon her eyes of love:
But she, a stainless wife to Gorlois,

So loathed the bright dishonor of his
love,

That Gorlois and King Uther went to
war:

And overthrown was Gorlois and slain.
Then Uther in his wrath and heat be-
sieged

Ygerne within Tintagel, where her men,

Seeing the mighty swarm about their walls,
 Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd in,
 And there was none to call to but himself.
 So, compass'd by the power of the king,
 Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,
 And with a shameful swiftness : afterward,
 Not many moons, King Uther died himself
 Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule
 After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.
 And that same night, the night of the new year,
 By reason of the bitterness and grief
 That vext his mother, all before his time
 Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
 Deliver'd at a secret postern-gate
 To Merlin, to be holden far apart
 Until his hour should come ; because the lords
 Of that fierce day were as the lords of this,
 Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child
 Piecemeal among them, had they known ; for each
 But sought to rule for his own self and hand,
 And many hated Uther for the sake
 Of Gorlois. Wherefore Merlin took the child,
 And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
 And ancient friend of Uther ; and his wife
 Nursed the young prince, and rear'd him with her own ;
 And no man knew. And ever since the lords
 Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
 So that the realm has gone to wrack ; but now,
 This year, when Merlin (for his hour had come)

Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
 Proclaiming, 'Here is Uther's heir, your king,'
 A hundred voices cried, 'Away with him !
 No king of ours ! a son of Gorlois he, Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
 Or else baseborn.' Yet Merlin thro' his craft,
 And while the people clamor'd for a king,
 Had Arthur crown'd ; but after, the great lords
 Banded, and so brake out in open war."

Then while the king debated with himself
 If Arthur were the child of shameful-ness,
 Or born the son of Gorlois, after death,
 Or Uther's son, and born before his time,
 Or whether there were truth in anything
 Said by these three, there came to Cameliard,
 With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
 Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent ;
 Whom as he could, not as he would, the king
 Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat,

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas—
 Ye come from Arthur's court : think ye this king—
 So few his knights, however brave they be—
 Hath body enow to beat his foemen down ?"

"O king," she cried, "and I will tell thee : few,
 Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him ;

For I was near him when the savage
yells
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur
sat
Crown'd on the dais, and his warriors
cried,
'Be thou the king, and we will work
thy will
Who love thee.' Then the king in
low, deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so strait vows to his
own self,
That when they rose, knighted from
kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one
who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheer'd his
Table Round
With large divine and comfortable
words
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I be-
held
From eye to eye thro' all their Order
flash
A momentary likeness of the king:
And ere it left their faces, thro' the
cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the casement, over Arthur,
smote
Flame-color, vert and azure, in three
rays,
One falling upon each of three fair
queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne,
the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with
bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his
need.

"And there I saw mage Merlin,
whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the
hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

"And near him stood the Lady of
the Lake,
Who knows a subtler magic than his
own—
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful.
She gave the king his huge cross
hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out: a
mist [face
Of incense curl'd about her, and her
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster
gloom;
But there was heard among the holy
hymns [dwells
A voice as of the waters, for she
Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever
storms
May shake the world, and when the
surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like
our Lord.

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the
sword
That rose from out the bosom of the
lake,
And Arthur row'd across and took it—
rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye—the blade
so bright
That men are blinded by it—on one
side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this
world,
'Take me,' but turn the blade and you
shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak
yourself,
'Cast me away!' and sad was Arthur's
face
Taking it, but old Merlin counsell'd
him,
'Take thou and strike! the time to
cast away
Is yet far-off.' So this great brand the
king
Took, and by this will beat his foemen
down."

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but
 thought
 To sift his doubtings to the last, and
 ask'd,
 Fixing full eyes of question on her
 face,
 "The swallow and the swift are near
 akin,
 But thou art closer to this noble prince,
 Being his own dear sister;" and she
 said,
 "Daughter of Gorlois and Ygerne am
 I;"
 "And therefore Arthur's sister," asked
 the King.
 She answer'd, "These be secret things,"
 and sign'd
 To those two sons to pass and let them
 be.
 And Gawain went and breaking into
 song
 Sprang out, and follow'd by his flying
 hair, [saw:
 Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he
 But Modred laid his ear beside the
 doors,
 And there half heard; the same that
 afterward
 Struck for the throne, and striking
 found his doom.

And then the Queen made answer,
 "What know I?
 For dark my mother was in eyes and
 hair,
 And dark in hair and eyes am I; and
 dark
 Was Gorlois, yea and dark was Uther
 too,
 Wellnigh to blackness; but this king
 is fair
 Beyond the race of Britons and of
 men.
 Moreover always in my mind I hear
 A cry from out the dawning of my life,
 A mother weeping, and I hear her
 say,
 'O that ye had some brother, pretty
 one,
 To guard thee on the rough ways of
 the world.'"

"Ay," said the King, "and hear ye
 such a cry?
 But when did Arthur chance upon thee
 first?"

"Oh king!" she cried, "and I will
 tell thee true:
 He found me first when yet a little
 maid:
 Beaten I had been for a little fault
 Whereof I was not guilty; and out I
 ran
 And flung myself down on a bank of
 heath,
 And hated this fair world and all
 therein,
 And wept, and wish'd that I were dead,
 and he—
 I know not whether of himself he
 came,
 Or brought by Merlin, who, they say,
 can walk
 Unseen at pleasure—he was at my
 side,
 And spake sweet words, and comforted
 my heart,
 And dried my tears, being a child with
 me.
 And many a time he came, and ever-
 more
 As I grew greater grew with me; and
 sad
 At times he seem'd, and sad with him
 was I,
 Stern too at times, and then I loved
 him not,
 But sweet again, and then I loved him
 well.
 And now of late I see him less and
 less,
 But those first days had golden hours
 for me,
 For then I surely thought he would be
 king.

"But let me tell thee now another
 tale:
 For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they
 say,
 Died but of late, and sent his cry to
 me,

To hear him speak before he left his life.
 Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage,
 And when I enter'd told me that himself
 And Merlin ever served about the king, [night
 Uther, before he died, and on the
 When Uther in Tintagel past away
 Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
 Left the still king, and passing forth
 to breathe,
 Then from the castle gateway by the cham
 Descending thro' the dismal night—a
 night
 In which the bounds of heaven and
 earth were lost—
 Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
 It seem'd in heav'n, a ship, the shape
 thereof
 A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to
 stern
 Bright with a shining people on the
 decks,
 And gone as soon as seen: and then
 the two
 Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the
 great sea fall,
 Wave after wave, each mightier than
 the last,
 Till last, a ninth one, gathering half
 the deep
 And full of voices, slowly rose and
 plunged
 Roaring, and all the waves was in a
 flame:
 And down the wave and in the flame
 was borne
 A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's
 feet,
 Who stoopt and caught the babe, and
 cried, 'The King!
 Here is an heir for Uther!' and the
 fringe
 Of that great breaker, sweeping up the
 strand,
 Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the
 word,

And all at once all round him rose in
 fire,
 So that the child and he were clothed
 in fire.
 And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
 Free sky and stars: 'And this same
 child,' he said,
 'Is he who reigns; nor could I part in
 peace
 Till this were told.' And saying this
 the seer
 Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass
 of death,
 Not ever to be question'd any more
 Save on the further side; but when I
 met
 Merlin, and ask'd him if these things
 were truth—
 The shining dragon and the naked
 child
 Descending in the glory of the seas—
 He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd
 me
 In riddling triplets of old time, and
 said:
 " 'Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in
 the sky!
 A young man will be wiser by and by;
 An old man's wit may wander ere he
 die.
 Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on
 the lea!
 And truth is this to me, and that to
 thee;
 And truth or clothed or naked let
 it be.
 Rain, sun, and rain! and the free
 blossom blows:
 Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he
 who knows?
 From the great deep to the great deep
 he goes.'
 "So Merlin riddling anger'd me;
 but thou
 Fear not to give this king thine only
 child,
 Guinevere: so great bards of him will
 sing
 Hereafter; and dark sayings from of
 old

Ranging and ringing thro' the minds
 of men,
 And echo'd by old folk beside their
 fires
 For comfort after their wage-work is
 done,
 Speak of the king; and Merlin in our
 time
 Hath spoken also, not in jest, and
 sworn
 Tho' men may wound him that he will
 not die,
 But pass, again to come; and then or
 now
 Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
 Till these and all men hail him for
 their king.'

She spake and King Leodogran re-
 joiced,
 But musing "Shall I answer yea or
 nay?"
 Doubted and drowsed, nodded and
 slept, and saw,
 Dreaming, a slope of land that ever
 grew,
 Field after field, up to a height, the
 peak [king,
 Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom
 Now looming, and now lost; and on
 the slope
 The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd
 was driven,
 Fire glimpsed; and all the land from
 roof and rick,
 In drifts of smoke before a rolling
 wind,
 Stream'd to the peak, and mingled
 with the haze
 And made it thicker; while the phan-
 tom king
 Sent out at times a voice; and here or
 there
 Stood one who pointed toward the
 voice, the rest
 Slew on and burnt, crying, "No king
 of ours,
 No son of Uther, and no king of
 ours;"
 Till with a wink his dream was
 changed, the haze

Descended, and the solid earth became
 As nothing, and the king stood out in
 heaven,
 Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and
 sent
 Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
 Back to the court of Arthur answering
 yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrior
 whom he loved
 And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to
 ride forth
 And bring the Queen;—and watch'd
 him from the gates:
 And Lancelot past away among the
 flowers,
 (For then was latter April) and re-
 turn'd
 Among the flowers, in May, with Gui-
 nevere.
 To whom arrived, by Dubric the high
 saint,
 Chief of the church in Britain, and
 before
 The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the
 king
 That morn was married, while in stain-
 less white,
 The fair beginners of a nobler time,
 And glorying in their vows and him,
 his knights
 Stood round him, and rejoicing in his
 joy.
 And holy Dubric spread his hands and
 spake,
 "Reign ye, and live and love, and
 make the world
 Other, and may thy Queen be one with
 thee,
 And all this Order of thy Table Round
 Fulfil the boundless purpose of their
 king,"

Then at the marriage feast came in
 from Rome,
 The slowly-fading mistress of the
 world,
 Great lords, who claim'd the tribute
 as of yore.
 But Arthur spake, "Behold, for these
 have sworn

To fight my wars, and worship me
 their king;
 The old order changeth, yielding place
 to new;
 And we that fight for our fair father
 Christ,
 Seeing that ye be grown too weak and
 old
 'To drive the heathen from your Roman
 wall,
 No tribute will we pay:" so those
 great lords
 Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove
 with Rome

And Arthur and his knighthood for
 a space
 Were all one will, and thro' that
 strength the king
 Drew in the petty princedoms under
 him,
 Fought, and in twelve great battles
 overcame
 The heathen hordes, and made a realm
 and reign'd.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

FROM noiseful arms, and acts of
 prowess done
 In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale,
 Whom Arthur and his knighthood
 call'd The Pure,
 Had pass'd into the silent life of
 prayer,
 Praise, fast, and alms; and leaving for
 the cowl
 The helmet in an abbey far away
 From Camelot, there, and not long
 after, died.

And one, a fellow-monk among the
 rest,
 Ambrosius, loved him much beyond
 the rest,
 And honor'd him, and wrought into his
 heart
 A way by love that waken'd love with-
 in,

To answer that which came: and as
 they sat
 Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darken-
 ing half
 The cloisters, on a gustful April morn
 That puff'd the swaying branches into
 smoke
 Above them, ere the summer when he
 died,
 The monk Ambrosius question'd Per-
 civale:

"O brother, I have seen this yew-
 tree smoke,
 Spring after spring, for half a hundred
 years:
 For never have I known the world
 without,
 Nor ever stray'd beyond the pale: but
 thee,
 When first thou camest—such a cour-
 tesy
 Spake thro' the limbs and in the voice
 —I knew
 For one of those who eat in Arthur's
 hall;
 For good ye are and bad, and like to
 coins,
 Some true, some light, but every one
 of you
 Stamp'd with the image of the King;
 and now
 Tell me, what drove thee from the
 Table Round,
 My brothe? was it earthly passion
 crost?

"Nay," said the knight; "for no
 such passion mine.
 But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
 Drove me from all vainglories, rival-
 ries,
 And earthly heats that spring and
 sparkle out
 Among us in the jousts, while women
 watch
 Who wins, who falls; and waste the
 spiritual strength
 Within us, better offer'd up to
 Heaven."

To whom the monk: "The Holy
 Grail!—I trust
 We are green in Heaven's eyes; but
 here too much
 We moulder—as to things without I
 mean—
 Yet one of your own knights, a guest
 of ours,
 Told us of this in our refectory,
 But spake with such a sadness and so
 low
 We heard not half of what he said.
 What is it?
 The phantom of a cup that comes and
 goes?"

"Nay, monk! what phantom?" an-
 swer'd Percivale,
 "The cup, the cup itself, from which
 our Lord
 Drank at the last sad supper with his
 own.
 This, from the blessed land of
 Aromat—
 After the day of darkness, when the
 dead
 Went wandering o'er Moriah—the
 good saint,
 Arimathæan Joseph, journeying
 brought
 To Glastonbury, where the winter
 thorn
 Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our
 Lord.
 And there awhile it bode; and if a
 man
 Could touch or see it, he was heal'd
 at once,
 By faith, of all his ills. But then the
 times
 Grew to such evil that the holy cup
 Was caught away to Heaven, and dis-
 appear'd."

To whom the monk: "From our
 old books I know
 That Joseph came of old to Glaston-
 bury,
 And there the heathen Prince, Arvi-
 ragus,
 Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to
 build ;

And there he built with wattles from
 the marsh
 A little lonely church in days of yore,
 For so they say, these books of ours,
 but seem
 Mute of this miracle, far as I have
 read.
 But who first saw the holy thing to-
 day?"

"A woman," answer'd Percivale, a
 nun,
 And one no further off in blood from
 me
 Than sister; and if ever holy maid
 With knees of adoration wore the
 stone,
 A holy maid; tho' never maiden
 glow'd,
 But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
 With such a fervent flame of human
 love,
 Which being rudely blunted, glanced
 and shot
 Only to holy things: to prayer and
 praise
 She gave herself, to fast and alms.
 And yet,
 Nun as she was, the scandal of the
 Court,
 Sin against Arthur and the Table
 Round,
 And the strange sound of an adulter-
 ous race,
 Across the iron grating of her cell
 Beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the
 more.

"And he to whom she told her sins,
 or what
 Her all but utter whiteness held for
 sin,
 A man wellnigh a hundred winters old,
 Spake often with her of the Holy
 Grail,
 A legend handed down thro' five or
 six,
 And each of these a hundred winters
 old,
 From our Lord's time. And when
 King Arthur made

His Table Round, and all men's hearts
 became
 Clean for a season, surely he had
 thought
 That now the Holy Grail would come
 again;
 But sin broke out. Ah, Christ, that it
 would come,
 And heal the world of all their wicked-
 ness!
 'O Father!' asked the maiden, 'might
 it come
 To me by prayer and fasting?' 'Nay,'
 said he,
 'I know not, for thy heart is pure as
 snow.'
 And so she pray'd and fasted, till the
 sun
 Shone, and the wind blew, thro' her,
 and I thought
 She might have risen and floated when
 I saw her.

"For on a day she sent to speak
 with me.
 And when she came to speak, behold
 her eyes
 Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
 Beyond all knowing of them, wonder-
 ful,
 Beautiful in the light of holiness.
 And 'O my brother, Percivale,' she
 said, [Grail:
 'Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy
 For, waked at dead of night, I heard a
 sound
 As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
 Blown, and I thought, "It is not
 Arthur's use
 To hunt by moonlight;" and the slender
 sound
 As from a distance beyond distance
 grew
 Coming upon me—O never harp nor
 horn,
 Nor aught we blow with breath, or
 touch with hand,
 Was like that music as it came; and
 then
 Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and sil-
 ver beam,

And down the long beam stole the
 Holy Grail,
 Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
 Till all the white walls of my cell were
 dyed
 With rosy colors leaping on the wall;
 And then the music faded, and the
 Grail
 Pass'd, and the beam decay'd, and
 from the walls
 The rosy quiverings died into the night.
 So now the Holy Thing is here again
 Among us, brother, fast thou too and
 pray,
 And tell thy brother knights to fast
 and pray, [seen
 That so perchance the vision may be
 By thee and those, and all the world
 be heal'd.'

"Then leaving the pale nun, I spake
 of this
 To all men; and myself fasted and
 pray'd
 Always, and many among us many a
 week [most,
 Fasted and pray'd even to the utter-
 Expectant of the wonder that would
 be.

"And one there was among us, ever
 moved
 Among us in white armor, Galahad.
 'God make thee good as thou art
 beautiful,'
 Said Arthur, when he dubb'd him
 knight; and none,
 In so young youth, was ever made a
 knight
 Till Galahad; and this Galahad, when
 he heard
 My sister's vision, fill'd me with
 amaze;
 His eyes became so like her own, they
 seem'd
 Hers, and himself her brother more
 than I.

"Sister or brother none had he; but
 some
 Call'd him a son of Lancelot, and some
 said

Begotten by enchantment—chatterers
they,
Like birds of passage piping up and
down,
That gape for flies—we know not
whence they come ;
For when was Lancelot wanderingly
lewd

“But she, the wan sweet maiden
shore away
Clean from her forehead all that wealth
of hair
Which made a silken mat-work for her
feet ;
And out of this she plaited broad and
long
A strong sword-belt, and wove with
silver thread
And crimson in the belt a strange
device,
A crimson grail within a silver beam ;
And saw the bright boy-knight, and
bound it on him,
Saying, ‘My knight, my love, my knight
of heaven,
O thou, my love, whose love is one with
mine,
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind
my belt.
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I
have seen,
And break thro’ all, till one will crown
thee king
Far in the spiritual city :’ and as she
spake
She sent the deathless passion in her
eyes
Thro’ him, and made him hers, and laid
her mind
On him, and he believed in her be-
lief.

“Then came a year of miracle : O
brother,
In our great hall there stood a vacant
chair,
Fashion’d by Merlin ere he past away,
And carven with strange figures ; and
in and out
The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll

Of letters in a tongue no man could
read.
And Merlin call’d it ‘The Siege
perilous,’
Perilous for good and ill ; ‘for there,’
he said,
‘No man could sit but he should lose
himself :’
And once by misadventence Merlin sat
In his own chair, and so was lost ; but
he,
Galahad, when he heard of Merlin’s
doom,
Cried, ‘If I lose myself I save myself !’

“Then on a summer night it came to
pass,
While the great banquet lay along the
hall,
That Galahad would sit down in Mer-
lin’s chair.

“And all at once, as there we sat,
we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending, and a blast, and over-
head
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
And in the blast there smote along the
hall
A beam of light seven times more clear
than day :
And down the long beam stole the
Holy Grail
All over cover’d with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it
past.
But every knight beheld his fellow’s
face
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
And staring each at other like dumb
men
Stood, till I found a voice and sware a
vow.

“I sware a vow before them all,
that I,
Because I had not seen the Grail, would
ride
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,
Until I found and saw it, as the nun

My sister saw it; and Galahad sware
the vow,
And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's
cousin, sware,
And Lancelot sware, and many among
the knights,
And Gawain sware, and louder than the
rest."

Then spake the monk Ambrosius,
asking him,
"What said the king? Did Arthur take
the vow?"

"Nay, my lord," said Percivale,
"the King
Was not in hall: for early that same
day,
'Scaped thro' a cavern from a bandit
hold,
An outraged maiden sprang into the
hall
Crying on help: for all her shining hair
Was smear'd with earth, and either
milky arm
Red-rent with hooks of bramble, and
all she wore
Torn as a sail that leaves the rope is
torn
In tempest: so the King arose and went
To smoke the scandalous hive of those
wild bees
That made such honey in his realm.
Howbeit
Some little of this marvel he too saw,
Returning o'er the plain that then
began
To darken under Camelot: whence the
King
Look'd up, calling aloud, 'Lo there!
the roofs
Of our great Hall are rolled in thunder-
smoke!
Pray Heaven, they be not smitten by
the bolt.'
For dear to Arthur was that hall of
ours,
As having there so oft with all his
knights
Fæsted, and as the stateliest under
heaven.

"O brother, had you known our
mighty hall,
Which Merlin built for Arthur long
ago!
For all the sacred mount of Camelot,
And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove, and garden-lawn, and rushing
brook,
Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin
built.
And four great zones of sculpture, set
betwixt
With many a mystic symbol, gird the
hall:
And in the lowest beasts are slaying
men,
And in the second men are slaying
beasts,
And on the third are warriors, perfect
men,
And on the fourth are men with grow-
ing wings,
And over all one statue in the mould
Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a
crown,
And peak'd wings pointed to the Nor-
thern Star.
And eastward fronts the statue, and
the crown
And both the wings are made of gold,
and flame
At sunrise till the people in far fields,
Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
Behold it, crying, 'We have still a
king.'

"And, brother, had you known our
hall within,
Broader and higher than any in all the
lands!
Where twelve great windows blazon
Arthur's wars,
And all the light that falls upon the
board
Streams thro' the twelve great battles
of our King.
Nay, one there is, and at the eastern
end,
Wealthy with wandering lines of mount
and mere,

Where Arthur finds the brand, Excalibur,
 And also one to the west, and counter
 to it,
 And blank: and who shall blazon it?
 when and how?—
 O there, perchance, when all our wars
 are done,
 The brand Excalibur will be cast away.

“So to this hall full quickly rode the
 King,
 In horror lest the work by Merlin
 wrought,
 Dreamlike, should on the sudden van-
 ish, wrapt
 In unremorseful folds of rolling fire.
 And in he rode, and up I glanced, and
 saw
 The golden dragon sparkling over all:
 And many of those who burnt the hold,
 their arms
 Hack'd, and their foreheads grimed
 with smoke, and sear'd,
 Follow'd, and in among bright faces,
 ours,
 Full of the vision, prest: and then the
 King
 Spake to me, being nearest, ‘Percivale,
 (Because the hall was all in tumult—
 some
 Vowing, and some protesting), ‘what is
 this?’

“O brother, when I told him what
 had chanced,
 My sister's vision, and the rest, his face
 Darken'd, as I have seen it more than
 once,
 When some brave deed seem'd to be
 done in vain,
 Darken; and ‘Woe is me, my
 knights!’ he cried,
 ‘Had I been here, ye had not sworn the
 vow.’
 Bold was mine answer, ‘Had thyself
 been here,
 My King, thou wouldst have sworn.’
 ‘Yea, yea,’ said he,
 ‘Art thou so bold and hast not seen the
 Grail?’

“‘Nay, Lord, I heard the sound, I
 saw the light,
 But since I did not see the Holy Thing,
 I swear a vow to follow it till I saw.’

“Then when he asked us, knight by
 knight, if any
 Had seen it, all their answers were as
 one:

‘Nay, Lord, and therefore have we
 sworn our vows.’

“‘Lo now,’ said Arthur, have ye
 seen a cloud?
 What go ye into the wilderness to see?’

“Then Galahad on the sudden, and
 in a voice
 Shrilling along the hall to Arthur,
 call'd,
 ‘But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,
 I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
 O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.’

“‘Ah, Galahad, Galahad,’ said the
 King, ‘for such
 As thou art is the vision, not for these.
 Thy holy nun and thou have seen a
 sign—
 Holier is none, my Percivale, than
 she—
 A sign to maim this Order which I
 made.

But you, that follow but the leader's
 bell,’

(Brother, the king was hard upon his
 knights),

‘Taliessin is our fullest throat of song,
 And one hath sung and all the dumb
 will sing.

Lancelot is Lancelot, and hath over-
 borne

Five knights at once, and every younger
 knight,

Unproven, holds himself as Lancelot,
 Till overborne by one, he learns--and
 ye,

What are ye? Galahads?—no, nor
 Percivales’

(For thus it pleased the King to range
 my close

After Sir Galahad); 'nay,' said he,
 'but men
 With strength and will to right the
 wrong'd, of power
 To lay the sudden head of violence flat,
 Knights that in twelve great battles
 splash'd and dyed
 The strong White Horse in his own
 heathen blood—
 But one hath seen, and all the blind
 will see.
 Go, since your vows are sacred being
 made:
 Yet—for ye know the cries of all my
 realm,
 Pass thro' this hall,—how often, O my
 knights,
 Your places being vacant at my side,
 This chance of noble deeds will come
 and go
 Unchallenged, while you follow wan-
 dering fires
 Lost in the quagmire? many of you,
 yea most,
 Return no more: ye think I show my-
 self
 Too dark a prophet: come now, let us
 meet
 The morrow morn once more in one
 full field [king,
 Of gracious pastime, that once more the
 Before you leave him for this Quest,
 may count
 The yet-unbroken strength of all his
 knights,
 Rejoicing in that Order which he
 made.'

"So when the sun broke next from
 underground,
 All the great table of our Arthur closed
 And clash'd in such a tourney and so
 full,
 So many lances broken—never yet
 Had Camelot seen the like, since
 Arthur came;
 And I myself and Galahad, for a
 strength
 Was in us from the vision, overthrew
 So many knights that all the people
 cried,

And almost burst the barriers in their
 heat,
 Shouting, 'Sir Galahad and Sir Perci-
 vale!'

"But when the next day brake from
 underground—
 O brother, had you known our Came-
 lot,
 Built by old kings, age after age, so old
 The king himself had fears tha it would
 fall,
 So strange, and rich, and dim: for
 where the roofs
 Totter'd toward each other in the sky,
 Met foreheads all along the street of
 those
 Who watch'd us pass; and lower, and
 where the long
 Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd the
 necks
 Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls,
 Thicker than drops from thunder,
 showers of flowers
 Fell as we past; and men and boys
 astride
 On wyvern, lion, dragon, griffin, swan,
 At all the corners, named us each by
 name,
 Calling 'God speed!' but in the street
 below
 The knights and ladies wept, and rich
 and poor
 Wept, and the King himself could
 hardly speak
 For grief, and in the middle street the
 Queen,
 Who rode by Lancelot, wail'd and
 shriek'd aloud,
 'This madness has come on us for our
 sins.'
 And then we reach'd the weirdly
 sculptured gate,
 Where Arthur's wars were render'd
 mystically,
 And thence departed every one his
 way.
 "And I was lifted up in heart, and
 thought
 Of all my late-shown prowess in the
 lists,

How my strong lance had beaten down
the knights,
So many and famous names; and
never yet
Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor
earth so green,
For all my blood danced in me, and I
knew
That I should light upon the Holy
Grail.

“Thereafter, the dark warning of
our King,
That most of us would follow wander-
ing fires,
Came like a driving gloom across my
mind. [once,
Then every evil word I had spoken
And every evil thought I had thought
of old,
And every evil deed I ever did,
Awoke and cried, ‘This Quest is not
for thee.’
And lifting up mine eyes, I found my-
self
Alone, and in a land of sand and
thorns,
And I was thirsty even unto death;
And I, too, cried, ‘This Quest is not
for thee.’

“And on I rode, and when I thought
my thirst
Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and
then a brook,
With one sharp rapid, where the crisp-
ing white
Play'd ever back upon the sloping wave,
And took both ear and eye; and o'er
the brook
Were apple-trees, and apples by the
brook
Fallen, and on the lawns, ‘I will rest
here,’
I said, ‘I am not worthy of the Quest;’
But even while I drank the brook, and
ate
The goodly apples, all these things at
once
Fell into dust, and I was left alone,
And thirsting, in a land of sand and
thorns.

“And then behold a woman at a
door
Spinning; and fair the house whereby
she sat,
And kind the woman's eyes and inno-
cent,
And all her bearing gracious; and she
rose
Opening her arms to meet me, as who
should say,
‘Rest here;’ but when I touch'd her,
lo! she, too,
Fell into dust and nothing, and the
house
Became no better than a broken shed,
And in it a dead babe; and also this
Fell into dust, and I was left alone.

“And on I rode, and greater was
my thirst.
Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the
world,
And where it smote the ploughshare
in the field,
The ploughman left his ploughing, and
fell down
Before it; where it glitter'd on her
pail,
The milkmaid left her milking, and fell
down
Before it, and I knew not why, but
thought [risen.
‘The sun is rising,’ tho' the sun had
Then was I ware of one that on me
moved
In golden armor with a crown of gold
About a casque all jewels; and his
horse
In golden armor jewell'd everywhere:
And on the splendor came, flashing me
blind;
And seem'd to me the Lord of all the
world,
Being so huge. But when I thought
he meant
To crush me, moving on me, lo! he,
too,
Opened his arms to embrace me as he
came,
And up I went and touch'd him, and
he, too,

Fell into dust, and I was left alone
And wearying in a land of sand and
thorns.

“And I rode on and found a mighty
hill,
And on the top, a city wall'd : the
spires
Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into
heaven.

And by the gateway stirr'd a crowd ;
and these
Cried to me climbing, ‘ Welcome, Per-
civale !

Thou mightiest and thou purest
among men !’

And glad was I and clomb, but found
at top

No man, nor any voice. And thence
I past

Far thro' a ruinous city, and I saw
That man had once dwelt there ; but
there I found

Only one man of an exceeding age.

‘ Where is that goodly company,’ said I,
‘ That so cried out upon me ?’ and he
had

Scarce any voice to answer, and yet
gasp'd

‘ Whence and what art thou ?’ and
even as he spoke

Fell into dust, and disappear'd, and I
Was left alone once more, and cried in
grief,

‘ Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself
And touch it, it will crumble into
dust.’

“And thence I dropt into a lowly
vale,

Low as the hill was high, and where
the vale

Was lowest, found a chapel and there-
by

A holy hermit in a hermitage,
To whom I told my phantoms, and he
said :

“‘ O son, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them
all ;

For when the Lord of all things made
Himself

Naked of glory for His mortal change,
“ Take thou my robe,” she said, “ for
all is thine.”

And all her form shone forth with
sudden light

So that the angels were amazed, and
she

Follow'd him down, and like a flying
star

Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the
east ;

But her thou hast not known : for
what is this

Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and
thy sins ?

Thou hast not lost thyself to save thy-
self

As Galahad.' When the hermit made
an end,

In silver armor suddenly Galahad
shone

Before us, and against the chapel door
Laid lance, and enter'd, and we knelt
in prayer.

And there the hermit slaked my burn-
ing thirst,

And at the sacrificing of the mass I saw
The holy elements alone ; but he :

‘ Saw ye no more ? I, Galahad, saw
the Grail,

The Holy Grail, descend upon the
shrine :

I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and
went ;

And hither am I come ; and never
yet

Hath what thy sister taught me first to
see,

This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side,
nor come

Cover'd, but moving with me night
and day,

Fainter by day, but always in the
night

Blood-red, and sliding down the black-
en'd marsh

Blood-red, and on the naked mountain
top

Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere
 below
 Blood-red. And in the strength of
 this I rode,
 Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
 And past thro' Pagan realms, and
 made them mine,
 And clashed with Pagan hordes, and
 bore them down,
 And broke thro' all, and in the strength
 of this
 Come victor. But my time is hard at
 hand,
 And hence I go; and one will crown
 me king
 Far in the spiritual city; and come
 thou, too,
 For thou shalt see the vision when
 I go.'

"While thus he spake, his eye,
 dwelling on mine,
 Drew me, with power upon me, till I
 grew
 One with him, to believe as he be-
 lieved.
 Then, when the day began to wane, we
 went.

"There rose a hill that none but
 man could climb,
 Scarr'd with a hundred wintry water-
 courses—
 Storm at the top, and when we gain'd
 it, storm
 Round us and death; for every mo-
 ment glanced
 His silver arms and gloom'd: so quick
 and thick
 The lightnings here and there to left
 and right
 Struck, till the dry old trunks about us,
 dead,
 Yea, rotten with a hundred years of
 death,
 Sprang into fire: and at the base we
 found
 On either hand, as far as eye could
 see,
 A great black swamp and of an evil
 smell,

Part black, part whiten'd with the
 bones of men,
 Not to be crost, save that some ancient
 king
 Had built a way, where, link'd with
 many a bridge,
 A thousand piers ran into the great
 Sea.
 And Galahad fled along them bridge
 by bridge,
 And every bridge as quickly as he
 crost
 Sprang into fire and vanish'd, tho' I
 yearn'd
 To follow; and thrice above him all
 the heavens
 Open'd and blaz'd with thunder such
 as seem'd
 Shoutings of all the sons of God: and
 first [Sea,
 At once I saw him far on the great
 In silver-shining armor starry-clear;
 And o'er his head the holy vessel hung
 Clothed in white samite or a luminous
 cloud.
 And with exceeding swiftness ran the
 boat
 If boat it were—I saw not whence it
 came.
 And when the heavens open'd and
 blazed again
 Roaring, I saw him like a silver star—
 And had he set the sail, or had the
 boat
 Become a living creature clad with
 wings?
 And o'er his head the holy vessel hung
 Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
 For now I knew the veil had been
 withdrawn.
 Then in a moment when they blazed
 again
 Opening, I saw the least of little stars
 Down on the waste, and straight be-
 yond the star
 I saw the spiritual city and all her
 spires
 And gateways in a glory like one
 pearl—
 No larger, tho' the goal of all the
 saints—

Strike from the sea; and from the star
 there shot
 A rose-red sparkle to the city, and
 there
 Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy
 Grail, [see.
 Which never eyes on earth again shall
 Then fell the floods of heaven drown-
 ing the deep.
 And how my feet recross'd the death-
 ful ridge
 No memory in me lives; but that I
 touch'd
 The chapel-doors at dawn I know; and
 thence
 Taking my war-horse from the holy
 man,
 Glad that no phantom vex't me more,
 return'd
 To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's
 war

“O brother,” ask'd Ambrosius,—
 “for in sooth
 These ancient books—and they would
 win thee—teem,
 Only I find not there this Holy Grail,
 With miracles and marvels like to
 these,
 Not all unlike; which oftentime I
 read,
 Who read but on my breviary with
 ease,
 Till my head swims; and then go
 forth and pass
 Down to the little thorpe that lies so
 close,
 And almost plaster'd like a martin's
 nest
 To these old walls—and mingle with
 our folk;
 And knowing every honest face of
 theirs,
 As well as ever shepherd knew his
 sheep,
 And every homely secret in their
 hearts,
 Delight myself with gossip and old
 wives,
 And ills and aches, and teethings,
 lyings-in,

And mirthful sayings, children of the
 place,
 That have no meaning half a league
 away:
 Or lulling random squabbles when
 they rise,
 Chafferings and chatterings at the
 market-cross,
 Rejoice, small man, in this small world
 of mine, [eggs,—
 Yea, even in their hens and in their
 O brother, saving this Sir Galahad
 Came ye on none but phantoms in your
 quest,
 No man, no woman?”

Then, Sir Percivale:
 “All men, to one so bound by such a
 vow,
 And women were as phantoms. O my
 brother,
 Why wilt thou shame me to confess to
 thee
 How ar I falter'd from my quest and
 vow?
 For after I had lain so many nights
 A bedmate of the snail and eft and
 snake,
 In grass and burdock, I was changed
 to wan
 And meagre, and the vision had not
 come,
 And then I chanced upon a goodly
 town
 With one great dwelling in the middle
 of it;
 Thither I made, and there was I dis-
 arm'd
 By maidens each as fair as any flower:
 But when they led me into hall, behold
 The Princess of that castle was the one,
 Brother, and that one only, who had
 ever
 Made my heart leap; for when I moved
 of old
 A slender page about her father's hall,
 And she a slender maiden, all my heart
 Went after her with longing: yet we
 twain
 Had never kiss'd a kiss, or vow'd a vow.
 And now I came upon her once again,

And one had wedded her, and he was
dead,
And all his land and wealth and state
were hers.

And while I tarried, every day she set
A banquet richer than the day before
By me ; for all her longing and her will
Was toward me as of old ; till one fair
morn,

I walking to and fro beside a stream
That flash'd across her orchard under-
neath

Her castle-walls, she stole upon my
walk,

And calling me the greatest of all
knights,

Embraced me, and so kiss'd me the
first time,

And gave herself and all her wealth to
me.

Then I remember'd Arthur's warning
word,

That most of us would follow wander-
ing fires,

And the Quest faded in my heart.
Anon,

The heads of all her people drew to me.
With supplication both of knees and
tongue.

' We have heard of thee : thou art our
greatest knight :

Our Lady says it, and we well believe :
Wed thou our Lady, and rule over us,
And thou shalt be as Arthur in our
land.'

O me, my brother ! but one night my
vow

Burnt me within, so that I rose and
fled,

But wail'd and wept, and hated mine
own self,

And ev'n the Holy Quest, and all but
her ;

Then after I was join'd with Galahad
Cared not for her, nor anything upon
earth."

Then said the monk, " Poor men,
when yule is cold,
Must be content to sit by little fires.
And this am I, so that ye care for me

Ever so little ; yea, and blest be
Heaven

That brought thee here to this poor
house of ours,

Where all the brethren are so hard, to
warm

My cold heart with a friend ; and O the
pity

To find thine own first love once more
—to hold,

Hold her a wealthy bride within thine
arms,

Or all but hold, and then—cast her
aside,

Foregoing all her sweetness, like a
weed.

For we that want the warmth of double
life,

We that are plagued with dreams of
something sweet

Beyond all sweetness in a life so rich,—
Ah, blessed Lord, I speak too earthly-
wise,

Seeing I never stray'd beyond the cell,
But live like an old badger in his earth,

With earth about him everywhere,
despite

All fast and penance. Saw ye none
beside,

None of your knights ? "

' Yea so,' said Percivale :

' One night my pathway swerving east,
I saw

The pelican on the casque of our Sir
Bors

All in the middle of the rising moon :
And toward him spurr'd and hail'd him,

and he me,
And each made joy of either ; than he
ask'd.

' Where is he ? hast thou seen him—
Lancelot ? Once,'

Said good Sir Bors, ' he dash'd across
me—mad,

And maddening what he rode : and
when I cried,

" Ridest thou then so hotly on a quest
So holy ? " Lancelot shouted, " Stay
me not !

I have been the sluggard, and I ride
apace,
For now there is a lion in the way."
So vanish'd.'

"Then Sir Bors had ridden on
Softly, and sorrowing for our Lancelot,
Because his former madness, once the
talk

And scandal of our table, had return'd;
For Lancelot's kith and kin so worship
him

That ill to him is ill to them; to Bors
Beyond the rest: he well had been
content

Not to have seen, so Lancelot might
have seen,

The Holy Cup of healing; and, indeed,
Being so clouded with his grief and
love,

Small heart was his after the Holy
Quest:

If God would send the vision, well: if
not,

The Quest and he were in the hands of
Heaven.

"And then, with small adventure
met, Sir Bors

Rode to the lonest tract of all the realm,
And found a people there among their
craggs,

Our race and blood, a remnant that
were left

Paynim amid their circles, and the
stones

They pitch up straight to heaven: and
their wise men

Were strong in that old magic which
can trace

The wandering of the stars, and scoff'd
at him,

And this high Quest as at a simple
thing;

Told him he follow'd—almost Arthur's
words—

A mocking fire: 'what other fire than
he,

Whereby the blood beats, and the
blossom blows,

And the sea rolls, and all the world is
warm'd?'

And when his answer chafed them, the
rough crowd,

Hearing he had a difference with their
priests,

Seized him, and bound and plunged
him into a cell

Of great piled stones; and lying
bounden there

In darkness thro' innumerable hours
He heard the hollow-ringing heavens
sweep

Over him, till by miracle—what else?
Heavy as it was, a great stone slipt and
fell,

Such as no wind could move: and thro'
the gap

Glimmer'd the streaming scud: then
came a night

Still as the day was loud; and thro'
the gap

The seven clear stars of Arthur's
Table Round—

For, brother, so one night, because they
roll

Thro' such a round in heaven, we
named the stars,

Rejoicing in ourselves and in our king—
And these, like bright eyes of familiar
friends,

In on him shone, 'And then to me, to
me,'

Said good Sir Bors, 'beyond all hopes
of mine,

Who scarce had pray'd or ask'd it for
myself—

Across the seven clear stars—O grace
to me—

In color like the fingers of a hand
Before a burning taper, the sweet Grail
Glided and past, and close upon it
peal'd

A sharp quick thunder.' Afterwards
a maid,

Who kept our holy faith among her kin
In secret, entering loosed and let him
go."

To whom the monk: "And I re-
member now

That pelican on the casque: Sir Bors
it was

Who spake so low and sadly at our board ;
 And mighty reverent at our grace was he :
 A square-set man and honest : and his eyes,
 An out-door sign of all the warmth within,
 Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a cloud,
 But Heaven had meant it for a sunny one :
 Ay, ay, Sir Bors, who else? But when ye reach'd
 The city, found ye all your knights return'd,
 Or was there sooth in Arthur's prophecy,
 Tell me, and what said each, and what the King ?

Then answer'd Percivale ; “ And that can I,
 Brother, and truly : since the living words
 Of so great men as Lancelot and our King
 Pass not from door to door and out again,
 But sit within the house. O, when we reach'd
 The city, our horses stumbling as they trode
 On heaps of ruin, hornless unicorns,
 Crack'd basilisks, and splinter'd cockatrices,
 And shatter'd talbots, which had left the stones
 Raw, that they fell from, brought us to the hall.

“ And there sat Arthur on the dais-throne,
 And those that had gone out upon the Quest,
 Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them,
 And those that had not, stood before the King.
 Who, when he saw me, rose, and bade me hail.

Saying, ‘ A welfare in thine eye re-proves
 Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee
 On hill, or plain, at sea, or flooding ford.
 So fierce a gale made havoc here of late
 Among the strange devices of our kings ;
 Yea, shook this newer, stronger hall of ours,
 And from the statue Merlin moulded for us
 Half wrench'd a golden wing ; but now—the quest,
 This vision—hast thou seen the Holy Cup,
 That Joseph brought of old to Glastonbury ? ’

“ So when I told him all thyself hast heard,
 Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve
 To pass away into the quiet life,
 He answer'd not, but, sharply turning, ask'd
 Of Gawain, ‘ Gawain, was this Quest for thee ? ’

“ ‘ Nay, lord,’ said Gawain, ‘ not for such as I.
 Therefore I communed with a saintly man,
 Who made me sure the Quest was not for me.
 For I was much awearied of the Quest ;
 But found a silk pavilion in a field,
 And merry maidens in it ; and then this gale
 Tore my pavilion from the tenting-pin,
 And blew my merry maidens all about
 With all discomfort ; yea, and but for this,
 My twelvemonth and a day were pleasant to me.’

“ He ceased ; and Arthur turn'd to whom at first
 He saw not, for Sir Bors, on entering,
 push'd

Athwart the throng to Lancelot, caught
his hand,
Held it, and there, half hidden by him,
stood,
Until the King espied him, saying to
him,
'Hail, Bors ! if ever loyal man and
true
Could see it, thou hast seen the Grail ;'
and Bors,
'Ask me not, for I may not speak of it,
I saw it :'
and the tears were in his
eyes—

"Then there remain'd but Lancelot,
for the rest
Spake but of sundry perils in the
storm ;
Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy
Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last.
'Thou, too, my Lancelot,' ask'd the
King, 'my friend,
Our mightiest, hath this Quest avail'd
for thee?'

"Our mightiest !' answer'd Lancelot,
with a groan ;
'O King !'—and when he paused, me-
thought I spied
A dying fire of madness in his eyes,—
'O King, my friend, if friend of thine
I be,
Happier are those that welter in their
sin,
Swine in the mud, that cannot see
for slime,
Slime of the ditch : but in me lived a
sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of
pure,
Noble, and knightly in me twined and
clung
Round that one sin, until the whole-
some flower
And poisonous grew together, each as
each,
Not to be pluck'd asunder ; and when
thy knights
Sware, I swear with them only in the
hope

That could I touch or see the Holy
Grail
They might be pluck'd asunder : then
I spake
To one most holy saint, who wept and
said,
That save they could be pluck'd
asunder, all
My quest were but in vain ; to whom I
vow'd
That I would work according as he
will'd.
And forth I went, and while I yearn'd
and strove
To tear the twain asunder in my heart,
My madness came upon me as of old,
And whipt me into waste fields far
away ;
There was I beaten down by little
men,
Mean knights, to whom the moving of
my sword
And shadow of my spear had been
enow
To scare them from me once ; and then
I came
All in my folly to the naked shore,
Wide flats, where nothing but coarse
grasses grew ;
But such a blast, my King, began to
blow,
So loud a blast along the shore and
sea, [blast,
Ye could not hear the waters for the
Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all
the sea
Drove like a cataract, and all the sand
Swept like a river, and the clouded
heavens
Were shaken with the motion and the
sound.
And blackening in the sea-foamsway'd
a boat,
Half swallow'd in it, anchor'd with a
chain ;
And in my madness to myself I said,
"I will embark and I will lose myself,
And in the great sea wash away my
sin."
I burst the chain, I sprang into the
boat.

Seven days I drove along the weary
 deep,
 And with me drove the moon and all
 the stars;
 And the wind fell, and on the seventh
 night
 I heard the shingle grinding in the
 surge,
 And felt the boat shock earth, and
 looking up,
 Behold, the enchanted towers of Car-
 bonek,
 A castle like a rock upon a rock,
 With chasm-like portals open to the
 sea,
 And steps that met the breaker ! there
 was none
 Stood near it but a lion on each side
 That kept the entry, and the moon was
 full.
 Then from the boat I leapt, and up
 the stairs.
 There drew my sword. With sudden-
 flaring manes
 Those two great beasts rose upright
 like a man,
 Each gript a shoulder, and I stood be-
 tween ;
 And when I would have smitten them,
 heard a voice,
 "Doubt not, go forward; if thou
 doubt, the beasts
 Will tear thee piecemeal;" then with
 violence
 The sword was dash'd from out my
 hand, and fell.
 And up into the sounding hall I past ;
 But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,
 No bench nor table, painting on the
 wall
 Or shield of knight ; only the rounded
 moon
 Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.
 But always in the quiet house I heard,
 Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,
 A sweet voice singing in the topmost
 tower
 To the eastward : up I climb'd a thou-
 sand steps
 With pain: as in a dream I seem'd to
 climb

Forever : at the last I reach'd a door,
 A light was in the crannies, and I
 heard,
 "Glory and joy and honor to our Lord,
 And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail."
 Then in my madness I essay'd the
 door ;
 It gave, and thro' a stormy glare, a
 heat
 As from a seventimes-heated furnace,
 I,
 Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I
 was,
 With such a fierceness that I swoon'd
 away—
 O, yet methought I saw the Holy
 Grail,
 All pall'd in crimson samite, and
 around
 Great angels, awful shapes, and wings
 and eyes.
 And but for all my madness and my
 sin, [saw
 And then my swooning, I had sworn I
 That which I saw ; but what I saw was
 veil'd
 And cover'd ; and this quest was not
 for me.'

"So speaking, and here ceasing
 Lancelot left
 The hall long silent, till Sir Gawain
 —nay,
 Brother, I need not tell thee foolish
 words,—
 A reckless and irreverent knight was
 he,
 Now bolden'd by the silence of his
 King.
 Well, I will tell thee: 'O king, my
 liege,' he said,
 'Hath Gawain fail'd in any quest of
 thine ?
 When have I stinted stroke in foughten
 field ?
 But as for thine, my good friend, Per-
 cival,
 Thy holy nun and thou have driven
 men mad,
 Yea, made our mightiest madder than
 our least.

But by mine eyes and by mine ears I
swear,
I will be deafer than the blue-eyed cat,
And thrice as blind as any noonday
owl,
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
Henceforward.'

" 'Deafer,' said the blameless King,
'Gawsin, and blinder unto holy things
Hope not to make thyself by idle vows,
Being too blind to have desire to see.
But if indeed there came a sign from
heaven,

Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and Perci-
vale,
For these have seen according to their
sight.

For every fiery prophet in old times,
And all the sacred madness of the
bard,
When God made music thro' them,
could but speak
His music by the framework and the
chord ;
And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth.

" 'Nay—but thou errest, Lancelot :
never yet
Could all of true and noble in knight
and man

Twine round one sin, whatever it might
be,

With such a closeness, but apart there
grew,

Save that he were the swine thou
spakest of,

Some root of knighthood and pure
nobleness ;

Whereto see thou, that it may bear its
flower.

" 'And spake I not too truly, O my
knights?

Was I too dark a prophet when I said
To those who went upon the Holy
Quest,

That most of them would follow wand-
ering fires,

Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me and
gone,

And left me gazing at a barren board,

And a lean Order—scarce return'd a
tithe—

And out of those to whom the vision
came

My greatest hardly will believe he saw ;
Another hath beheld it afar off,

And leaving human wrongs to right
themselves,

Cares but to pass into the silent life.

And one hath had the vision face to
face,

And now his chair desires him here in
vain,

However they may crown him other-
where.

" 'And some among you held, that
if the King

Had seen the sight he would have
sworn the vow :

Not easily, seeing that the King must
guard

That which he rules, and is but as the
hind,

To whom a space of land is given to
plough,

Who may not wander from the allotted
field

Before his work be done ; but, being
done,

Let visions of the night or of the day
Come, as they will ; and many a time
they come,

Until this earth he walks on seems not
earth,

This light that strikes his eyeball is
not light,

This air that smites his forehead is not
air

But vision—yea, his very hands and
feet—

In moments when he feels he cannot
die,

And knows himself no vision to him-
self,

Nor the high God a vision, nor that
One

Who rose again : ye have seen what ye
have seen.'

" So spake the king : I knew not all
he meant."

PELLEAS AND ETTARRE.

KING ARTHUR made new knights to
fill the gap
Left by the Holy Quest; and as he
sat
In hall at old Caerleon, the high doors
Were softly sunder'd, and thro' those
a youth,
Pelleas, and the sweet smell of the fields
Past, and the sunshine came along
with him.

“Make me thy knight, because I
know, Sir King,
All that belongs to knighthood, and I
love.”
Such was his cry; for having heard the
King
Had let proclaim a tournament—the
prize
A golden circlet and a knightly sword,
Full fain had Pelleas for his lady won
The golden circlet, for himself the
sword:
And there were those who knew him
near the King
And promised for him: and Arthur
made him knight.

And this new knight, Sir Pelleas of
the isles—
But lately come to his inheritance,
And lord of many a barren isle was
he—
Riding at noon, a day or twain before,
Across the forest call'd of Dean, to
find
Caerleon and the King, had felt the
sun
Beat like a strong knight on his helm,
and reel'd
Almost to falling from his horse; but
saw
Near him a mound of even-sloping
side,
Whereon a hundred stately beeches
grew,
And here and there great hollies under
them.
But for a mile all round was open
space,

And fern and heath: and slowly Pel-
leas drew
To that dim day, then binding his good
horse
To a tree, cast himself down; and as
he lay
At random looking over the brown
earth
Thro' that green-glooming twilight of
the grove,
It seem'd to Pelleas that the fern with-
out
Burnt as a living fire of emeralds,
So that his eyes were dazzled looking
at it.
Then o'er it crost the dimness of a
cloud
Floating, and once the shadow of a bird
Flying, and then a fawn; and his eyes
closed.
And since he loved all maidens, but
no maid
In special, half awake he whisper'd,
“Where?
O where? I love thee, tho' I know
thee not.
For fair thou art and pure as Guine-
vere,
And I will make thee with my spear
and sword
As famous—O my queen, my Guine-
vere,
For I, will be thine Arthur when we
meet.”
Suddenly waken'd with a sound of
talk
And laughter at the limit of the wood,
And glancing thro' the hoary boles, he
saw,
Strange as to some old prophet might
have seem'd
A vision hovering on a sea of fire,
Damsels in divers colors like the cloud
Of sunset and sunrise, and all of them
On horses, and the horses richly trapt
Breast-high in that bright line of
bracken stood:
And all the damsels talk'd confusedly,
And one was pointing this way, and
one that,
Because the way was lost.

And Pelleas rose,
 And loosed his horse, and led him to
 the light.
 There she that seem'd the chief among
 them said,
 "In happy time behold our pilot-star!
 Youth, we are damsels-errant, and we
 ride,
 Arm'd as ye see, to tilt against the
 knights
 There at Caerleon, but have lost our
 way:
 right? to left? straight forward?
 back again?
 Which? tell us quickly."

And Pelleas gazing thought,
 "Is Guinevere herself so beautiful?"
 For large her violet eyes look'd, and
 her bloom
 A rosy dawn kindled in stainless
 heavens,
 And round her limbs, mature in woman-
 hood,
 And slender was her hand and small
 her shape,
 And but for those large eyes, the
 haunts of scorn,
 She might have seem'd a toy to trifle
 with,
 And pass and care no more. But
 while he gazed
 The beauty of her flesh abash'd the
 boy,
 As tho' it were the beauty of her soul:
 For as the base man, judging of the
 good,
 Puts his own baseness in him by de-
 fault
 Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend
 All the young beauty of his own soul
 to hers,
 Believing her; and when she spake to
 him,
 Stammer'd, and could not make her a
 reply.
 For out of the waste islands had he
 come,
 Where saving his own sisters he had
 known
 Scarce any but the women of his isles,

Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd
 against the gulls,
 Makers of nets, and living from the
 sea.

Then with a slow smile turn'd the
 lady round
 And look'd upon her people; and as
 when
 A stone is flung into some sleeping
 tarn,
 The circle widens till it lip the marge,
 Spread the slow smile thro' all her
 company.
 Three knights were thereamong; and
 they too smiled,
 Scorning him; for the lady was Et-
 tarre,
 And she was a great lady in her land.

Again she said, "O wild and of the
 woods,
 Knowest thou not the fashion of our
 speech?
 Or have the Heavens but given thee a
 fair face,
 Lacking a tongue?"

"O damsel," answer'd he,
 "I woke from dreams; and comin,
 out of gloom
 Was dazzled by the sudden light, and
 crave
 Pardon: but will ye to Caerleon? I
 Go likewise: shall I lead you to the
 King?"

"Lead then," she said; and thro' the
 woods they went.
 And while they rode, the meaning in
 his eyes,
 His tenderness of manner, and chaste
 awe,
 His broken utterances and bashful-
 ness,
 Were all a burden to her, and in her
 heart
 She mutter'd, "I have lighted on a
 fool,
 Raw, yet so stale!" but since her mind
 was bent

On hearing, after trumpet blown, her
name
And title, "Queen of Beauty," in the
lists
Cried—and beholding him so strong,
she thought
That peradventure he will fight for
me,
And win the circlet: therefore flatter'd
him,
Being so gracious, that he wellnigh
deem'd
His wish by hers was echo'd; and her
knights
And all her damsels too were gracious
to him,
For she was a great lady.

And when they reach'd
Carleton, ere they past to lodging, she,
Taking his hand, "O the strong hand,"
she said,
"See! look at mine! but wilt thou
fight for me,
And win me this fine circlet, Pelleas,
That I may love thee?"

Then his helpless heart
Leapt, and he cried, "Ay! wilt thou if
I win?"

"Ay, that will I," she answer'd, and
she laugh'd,
And straitly nipt the hand, and flung it
from her;
Then glanced askew at those three
knights of hers,
Till all her ladies laugh'd along with
her.

"O happy world," thought Pelleas,
"all, meseems,
Are happy; I the happiest of them
all."
Nor slept that night for pleasure in
his blood,
And green wood-ways and eyes among
the leaves;
Then being on the morrow knighted,
sware
To love one only, and as he came
away,

The men who met him rounded on
their heels
And wonder'd after him, because his
face
Shone like the countenance of a priest
of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven: so glad
was he.

Then Arthur made vast banquets,
and strange knights
From the four winds came in and
each one sat,
Tho' served with choice from air, land,
stream, and sea,
Oft in mid-banquet measuring with his
eyes
His neighbor's make and might: and
Pelleas look'd
Noble among the noble, for he dream'd
His lady loved him, and he knew him-
self
Loved of the King: and him his new-
made knight
Worshipt, whose lightest whisper
moved him more
Than all the ranged reasons of the
world.

Then blush'd and brake the morning
of the jousts,
And this was call'd "The Tournament
of Youth:"
For Arthur, loving his young knight,
withheld
His older and his mightier from the
lists,
That Pelleas might obtain his lady's
love,
According to her promise, and remain
Lord of the tourney. And Arthur had
the jousts
Down in the flat field by the shore of
Usk
Holden: the gilded parapets were
crown'd
With faces, and the great tower fill'd
with eyes
Up to the summit, and the trumpets
blew.

There all day long Sir Pelleas kept the
field
With honor: so by that strong hand
of his
The sword and golden cirlet were
achieved.

Then rang the shout his lady loved:
the heat
Of pride and glory fired her face; her
eye
Sparkled; she caught the cirlet from
his lance,
And there before the people crown'd
herself:
So for the last time she was gracious
to him.

Then at Caerleon for a space—her
look
Bright for all others, cloudier on her
knight—
Linger'd Ettarre: and seeing Pelleas
droop,
Said Guinevere, "We marvel at thee
much,
O damsel, wearing this unsunny face
To him who won thee glory!" and she
said,
"Had ye not held your Lancelot in
your bower,
My Queen, he had not won." Whereat
the Queen,
As one whose foot is bitten by an ant,
Glanced down upon her, turn'd and
went her way.

But after, when her damsels, and
herself,
And those three knights all set their
faces home,
Sir Pelleas follow'd. She that saw
him cried,
"Damsels—and yet I should be shamed
to say it—
I cannot bide Sir Baby. Keep him
back
Among yourselves. Would rather that
we had
Some rough old knight who knew the
worldly way,

Albeit grizzlier than a bear, to ride
And jest with: take him to you, keep
him off,
And pamper him with papmeat, if ye
will,
Old milky fables of the wolf and
sheep,
Such as the wholesome mothers tell
their boys.
Nay, should ye try him with a merry
one
To find his mettle, good: and if he fly
us,
Small matter! let him." This the
damsels heard,
And mindful of her small and cruel
hand,
They, closing round him thro' the
journey home,
Acted her hest, and always from her
side [vice,
Restrain'd him with all manner of de-
So that he could not come to speech
with her.
And when she gain'd her castle, up-
sprang the bridge,
Down rang the grate of iron thro' the
groove,
And he was left alone in open field.

"These be the ways of ladies," Pel
leas thought,
"To those who love them, trials of
our faith.
Yea, let her prove me to the utter-
most,
For loyal to the uttermost am I."
So made his moan; and, darkness fall-
ing, sought
A priory not far off, there lodged, but
rose
With morning every day, and moist or
dry
Full-arm'd upon his charger all day
long
Sat by the walls, and no one open'd to
him.

And this persistence turn'd her scorn
to wrath.
Then calling her three knights, she
charged them, "Out!

And drive him from the walls." And
out they came,
But Pelleas overthrew them as they
dash'd
Against him one by one; and these re-
turn'd,
But still he kept his watch beneath the
wall.

Thereon her wrath became a hate;
and once,
A week beyond, while walking on the
walls
With her three knights, she pointed
downward, "Look,
He haunts me—I cannot breathe—be-
siegues me;
Down! strike him! put my hate into
your strokes,
And drive him from my walls." And
down they went,
And Pelleas overthrew them one by
one;
And from the tower above him cried
Ettarre,
"Bind him, and bring him in."

He heard her voice;
Then let the strong hand, which had
overthrown
Her minion-knights, by those he over-
threw
Be bounden straight, and so they
brought him in.

Then when he came before Ettarre,
the sight
Of her rich beauty made him at one
glance
More bondsman in his heart than in
his bonds.
Yet with good cheer he spake, "Be-
hold me, Lady,
A prisoner, and the vassal of thy will;
And if thou keep me in thy donjon
here,
Content am I so that I see thy face
But once a day: for I have sworn my
vows,
And thou hast given thy promise, and
I know

That all these pains are trials of my
faith,
And that thyself when thou hast seen
me strain'd
And sifted to the utmost, wilt at
length
Yield me thy love and know me for
thy knight."

Then she began to rail so bitterly,
With all her damsels, he was stricken
mute;
But when she mock'd his vows and the
great King,
Lighted on words: "For pity of thine
own self,
Peace, Lady, peace: is he not thine and
mine "
"Thou fool," she said, "I never heard
his voice
But long'd to break away. Unbind
him now,
And thrust him out of doors; for save
he be
Fool to the midmost marrow of his
bones,
He will return no more." And those,
her three,
Laugh'd, and unbound, and thrust him
from the gate.

And after this, a week beyond, again
She call'd them, saying, "There he
watches yet,
There like a dog before his master's
door!
Kick'd, he returns: do ye not hate him,
ye?
Ye know yourselves: how can ye bide
at peace,
Affronted with his fulsome innocence?
Are ye but creatures of the board and
bed,
No men to strike? fall on him all at
once,
And if ye slay him I reckon not: if ye fail
Give ye the slave mine order to be
bound,
Bind him as heretofore, and bring him
in:
It may be ye shall slay him in his
bonds."

She spake; and at her will they
 couch'd their spears,
 Three against one: and Gawain passing
 by,
 Bound upon solitary adventure, saw
 Low down beneath the shadow of those
 towers
 A villany, three to one: and thro' his
 heart
 The fire of honor and all noble deeds
 Flash'd, and he call'd, "I strike upon
 thy side—
 The caitiffs!" "Nay," said Pelleas,
 "but forbear;
 He needs no aid who doth his lady's
 will."

So Gawain, looking at the villany
 done,
 Forbore, but in his heat and eagerness
 Trembled and quiver'd, as the dog,
 withheld
 A moment from the vermin that he sees
 Before him shivers, ere he springs and
 kills.

And Pelleas overthrew them, one to
 three;
 And they rose up, and bound, and
 brought him in.
 Then first her anger, leaving Pelleas,
 burn'd
 Full on her knights in many an evil
 name
 Of craven, weakling, and thrice-beaten
 hound:
 "Yet, take him, ye that scarce are fit to
 touch,
 Far less to bind, your victor, and thrust
 him out,
 And let who will release him from his
 bonds.
 And if he comes again"—there she
 brake short;
 And Pelleas answer'd, "Lady, for in-
 deed
 I loved you and I deem'd you beauti-
 ful,
 I cannot brook to see your beauty
 marr'd
 Thro' evil spite: and if ye love me not,

I cannot bear to dream you so forsworn:
 I had liefer ye were worthy of my love,
 Than to be loved again of you—fare-
 well;
 And tho' ye kill my hope, not yet my
 love,
 Vex not yourself: ye will not see me
 more."

While thus he spake, she gazed upon
 the man
 Of princely bearing, tho' in bonds, and
 thought,
 "Why have I push'd him from me?
 this man loves,
 If love there be: yet him I loved not.
 Why?
 I deem'd him fool? yea, so? or that in
 him
 A something—was it nobler than my-
 self?—
 Seem'd my reproach? He is not of my
 kind.
 He could not love me, did he know me
 well.
 Nay, let him go—and quickly." And
 her knights
 Laugh'd not, but thrust him bounden
 out of door.

Forth sprang Gawain, and loosed him
 from his bonds,
 And flung them o'er the walls; and
 afterward
 Shaking his hands, as from a lazar's
 rag,
 "Faith of my body," he said, "and art
 thou not—
 Yea, thou art he, whom late our Arthur
 made
 Knight of his table; yea and he that
 won
 The cirlet? wherefore hast thou so de-
 famed
 Thy brotherhood in me and all the rest,
 As let these caitiffs on thee work their
 will?"

And Pelleas answer'd, "O, their
 wills are hers
 For whom I won the cirlet; and mine,
 hers.

Thus to be bounden, so to see her face,
 Marr'd tho' it be with spite and mock-
 ery now,
 Other than when I found her in the
 woods;
 And tho' she hath me bounden but in
 spite,
 And all to flout me, when they bring
 me in,
 Let me be bounden, I shall see her
 face;
 Else must I die thro' mine unhappi-
 ness."

And Gawain answer'd kindly tho' in
 scorn,
 "Why, let my lady bind me if she will,
 And let my lady beat me if she will:
 But an she send her delegate to thrall
 These fighting hands of mine—Christ
 kill me then
 But I will slice him handless by the
 wrist,
 And let my lady sear the stump for him,
 Howl as he may. But hold me for your
 friend:
 Come, ye know nothing : here I pledge
 my troth,
 Yea, by the honor of the Table Round,
 I will be leal to thee and work thy work,
 And tame thy jailing princess to thine
 hand.
 Lend me thine horse and arms, and I
 will say
 That I have slain thee. She will let
 me in
 To hear the manner of thy fight and
 fall;
 Then, when I come within her counsels,
 then
 From prime to vespers will I chant thy
 praise
 As prouest knight and truest lover,
 more
 Than any have sung the living, till she
 long
 To have thee back in lusty life again,
 Not to be bound, save by white bonds
 and warm,
 Dearer than freedom. Wherefore now
 thy horse

And armor : let me go : be comforted,
 Give me three days to melt her fancy,
 and hope
 The third night hence will bring thee
 news of gold."

Then Pelleas lent his horse and all his
 arms,
 Saving the goodly sword, his prize, and
 took
 Gawain's, and said, "Betray me not,
 but help—
 Art thou not he whom men call light-of-
 love?"
 "Ay," said Gawain, "for women be
 so light."
 Then bounded forward to the castle
 walls,
 And raised a bugle hanging from his
 neck,
 And winded it, and that so musically
 That all the old echoes hidden in the
 wall
 Rang out like hollow woods at hunting
 tide.

Up ran a score of damsels to the
 tower;
 "Avaunt," they cried, "our lady loves
 thee not."
 But Gawain lifting up his visor said,
 "Gawain am I, Gawain of Arthur's
 court,
 And I have slain this Pelleas whom ye
 hate :
 Behold his horse and armor. Open
 gate,
 And I will make you merry."

And down they ran,
 Her damsels, crying to their lady, "Lo !
 Pelleas is dead—he told us, he that
 hath
 His horse and armor : will ye let him
 in ?
 He slew him ! Gawain, Gawain of the
 court,
 Sir Gawain—there he waits below the
 wall,
 Blowing his bugle as who should say
 him nay."

And so, leave given, straight on thro'
 open door
 Rode Gawain, whom she greeted cour-
 teously.
 "Dead, is it so?" she ask'd. "Ay,
 ay," said he,
 "And oft in dying cried upon your
 name."
 "Pity on him," she answer'd, "a good
 knight,
 But never let me bide one hour at
 peace."
 "Ay," thought Gawain, "and ye be fair
 enow :
 But I to your dead man have given my
 troth,
 That whom ye loathe him will I make
 you love."

So these three days, aimless about
 the land,
 Lost in a doubt, Pelleas wandering
 Waited, until the third night brought a
 moon,
 With promise of large light on woods
 and ways.

The night was hot: he could not rest,
 but rode
 Ere midnight to her walls, and bound
 his horse
 Hard by the gates. Wide open were
 the gates,
 And no watch kept; and in thro' these
 he past,
 And heard but his own steps, and his
 own heart [self,
 Beating, for nothing moved but his own
 And his own shadow. Then he crost
 the court,
 And saw the postern portal also wide
 Yawning; and up a slope of garden, all
 Of roses white and red, and wild ones
 mixt
 And overgrowing them, went on, and
 found,
 Here too, all hush'd below the mellow
 moon,
 Save that one rivulet from a tiny cave
 Came lightning downward, and so spilt
 itself
 Among the roses, and was lost again.

Then was he ware that white pavil-
 ions rose,
 Three from the bushes, gilden-peakt :
 in one,
 Red after revel, droned her lurdan
 knights
 Slumbering, and their three squires
 across their feet :
 In one, their malice on the placid lip
 Froz'n by sweet sleep, four of her dam-
 sels lay :
 And in the third, the circlet of the
 jousts
 Bound on her brow, were Gawain and
 Ettarre.

Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the
 leaf
 To find a nest and feels a snake, he
 drew :
 Back, as a coward slinks from what he
 fears
 To cope with, or a traitor proven, or
 hound
 Beaten, did Pelleas in an utter shame
 Creep with his shadow thro' the court
 again,
 Fingering at his sword handle until he
 stood
 There on the castle-bridge once more,
 and thought,
 "I will go back, and slay them where
 they lie."

And so went back, and seeing them
 yet in sleep
 Said, "Ye, that so dishallow the holy
 sleep,
 Your sleep is death," and drew the
 sword, and thought,
 "What! slay a sleeping knight? the
 King hath bound
 And sworn me to this brotherhood ;"
 again,
 "Alas that ever a knight should be so
 false."
 Then turn'd, and so return'd, and groan-
 ing laid
 The naked sword athwart their naked
 throats,
 There left it, and them sleeping; and
 she lay,

The circlet of the tourney round her
brows,
And the sword of the tourney across her
throat.

And forth he past, and mounting on
his horse
Stared at her towers that, larger than
themselves
In their own darkness, throng'd into
the moon.
Then crush'd the saddle with his thighs,
and clench'd
His hands, and madden'd with himself
and moan'd :

“Would they have risen against me
in their blood
At the last day? I might have answer'd
them
Even before high God. O towers so
strong,
So solid, would that even while I gaze
The crack of earthquake shivering to
your base
Split you, and Hell burst up your har-
lot roofs
Bellowing, and charr'd you thro' and
thro' within,
Black as the harlot's heart—hollow as
a skull!
Let the fierce east scream thro' your
eyelet-holes,
And whirl the dust of harlots round
and round
In dung and nettles! hiss, snake—I
saw him there—
Let the fox bark, let the wolf yell. Who
yells
Here in the still sweet summer night,
but I—
I, the poor Pelleas whom she call'd
her fool?
Fool, beast—he, she, or I? myself
most fool;
Beast too, as lacking human wit—dis-
graced,
Dishonor'd all for trial of true love—
Love?—we be all alike: only the
king
Hath made us fools and liars. O
noble vows!

O great and sane and simple race of
brutes
That own no lust because they have
no law!
For why should I have loved her to
my shame?
I loathe her, as I loved her to my
shame.
I never loved her, I but lusted for
her—
Away—”

He dash'd the rowel into his horse,
And bounded forth and vanish'd thro'
the night.

Then she, that felt the cold touch on
her throat,
Awaking knew the sword, and turn'd
herself
To Gawain: “Liar, for thou hast not
slain
This Pelleas! here he stood and might
have slain
Me and thyself.” And he that tells
the tale
Says that her ever-veering fancy turn'd
To Pelleas, as the one true knight on
earth,
And only lover; and thro' her love her
life
Wasted and pined, desiring him in
vain.

But he by wild and way, for half the
night,
And over hard and soft, striking the
sod
From out the soft, the spark from off
the hard,
Rode till the star above the wakening
sun,
Beside that tower where Percivale was
cowl'd,
Glanced from the rosy forehead of the
dawn.
For so the words were flash'd into his
heart
He knew not whence or wherefore:
“O sweet star,
Pure on the virgin forehead of the
dawn.”

And there he would have wept, but
 felt his eyes
 Harder and drier than a fountain bed
 In summer: thither came the village
 girls
 And linger'd talking, and they come no
 more
 Till the sweet heavens have fill'd it
 from the heights
 Again with living waters in the change
 Of seasons: hard his eyes; harder his
 heart
 Seem'd; but so weary were his limbs,
 that he,
 Gaspng, "Of Arthur's hall am I, but
 here,
 Here let me rest and die," cast himself
 down,
 And gulf'd his griefs in inmost sleep;
 so lay,
 Till shaken by a dream, that Gawain
 fired
 The hall of Merlin, and the morning
 star
 Reel'd in the smoke, brake into flame,
 and fell.

He woke, and being ware of some
 one nigh,
 Set hands upon him, as to tear him,
 crying
 "False! and I held thee pure as Gui-
 nevere."

But Percivale stood near him and
 replied,
 "Am I but false as Guinevere is pure?
 Or art thou mazed with dreams? or
 being one
 Of our free-spoken Table hast not
 heard
 That Lancelot"—there he check'd him-
 self and paused.

Then fared it with Sir Pelleas as
 with one
 Who gets a wound in battle, and the
 sword
 That made it plunges thro' the wound
 again
 And pricks it deeper: and he shrank
 and wail'd,

"Is the Queen false?" and Percivale
 was mute.
 "Have any of our Round Table held
 their vows?"
 And Percivale made answer not a
 word.
 "Is the king true?" "The king!"
 said Percivale.
 "Why then let men couple at once
 with wolves.
 What! art thou mad?"

But Pelleas, leaping up,
 Ran thro' the doors and vaulted on
 his horse
 And fled: small pity upon his horse
 had he,
 Or on himself, or any, and when he
 met
 A cripple; one that held a hand for
 alms—
 Hunch'd as he was, and like an old
 dwarf elm
 That turns its back on the salt blast,
 the boy
 Paused not but overrode him, shouting,
 "False,
 And false with Gawain!" and so left
 him bruised
 And batter'd, and fled on, and hill and
 wood
 Went ever streaming by him till the
 gloom,
 That follows on the turning of the
 world,
 Darken'd the common path: he
 twitch'd the reins,
 And made his beast that better knew
 it, swerve
 Now off it and now on; but when he
 saw
 High up in heaven the hall that Merlin
 built,
 Blackening against the dead-green
 stripes of Even,
 "Black nest of rats," he groan'd, "ye
 build too high."

Not long thereafter from the city
 gates
 Issued Sir Lancelot riding airily,

Warm with a gracious parting from
the Queen,
Peace at his heart, and gazing at a
star

And marvelling what it was: on whom
the boy, [grass

Across the silent seeded meadow-
Borne, clash'd: and Lancelot, saying,

"What name hast thou
That ridest here so blindly and so
hard?"

"I have no name," he shouted, "a
scourge am I,

To lash the treasons of the Table
Round."

"Yea, but thy name?" "I have many
names," he cried;

"I am wrath and shame and hate and
evil fame, [blast

And like a poisonous wind I pass to
And blaze the crime of Lancelot and
the Queen."

"First over me," said Lancelot, "shalt
thou pass."

"Fight, therefore," yell'd the other,
and either knight

Drew back a space, and when they
closed, at once

The weary steed of Pelleas floundering
flung

His rider, who called out from the
dark field.

"Thou art false as Hell: slay me: I
have no sword."

Then Lancelot, "Yea, between thy
lips—and sharp;

But here will I disedge it by thy
death."

"Slay then," he shriek'd, "my will is
to be slain."

And Lancelot, with his heel upon the
fall'n,

Rolling his eyes, a moment stood, then
spake:

"Rise, weakling; I am Lancelot; say
thy say."

And Lancelot slowly rode his war-
horse back

To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief
while

Caught his unbroken limbs from the
dark field,

And follow'd to the city. It chanced
that both

Brake into hall together, worn and
pale.

There with her knights and dames was
Guinevere.

Full wonderingly she gazed on Lan-
celot

So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas,
Him who had not greeted her, but cast
himself

Down on a bench, hard-breathing.

"Have ye fought?"

She ask'd of Lancelot. "Ay, my
Queen," he said.

"And thou hast overthrown him?"

"Ay, my Queen."

Then she, turning to Pelleas, "O young
knight,

Hath the great heart of knighthood in
thee fail'd

So far thou canst not bide, unfrowardly,
A fall from him?" Then, for he an-
swer'd not,

"Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the
Queen,

May help them, loose thy tongue, and
let me know."

But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce
She quail'd; and he, hissing "I have
no sword,"

Sprang from the door into the dark.
The Queen

Look'd hard upon her lover, he on
her;

And each foresaw the dolorous day to
be:

And all talk died, as in a grove all
song

Beneath the shadow of some bird of
prey,

Then a long silence came upon the
hall,

And Modred thought, "The time is
hard at hand."

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

THAT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the
knights,
Told, when the man was no more than
a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other
minds.

Before that last weird battle in the
west
There came on Arthur sleeping,
Gawain kill'd
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain
blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his
ear
Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all
delight!
Hail, king! to-morrow thou shalt pass
away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for
thee.
And I am blown along a wandering
wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all de-
light."
And fainter onward like wild birds
that change [way
Their season in the night and wail their
From cloud to cloud, down the long
wind the dream
Shrill'd; but in going mingled with
dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the
hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child
with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke
and call'd,
"Who spake? A dream. O light
upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are
these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the
waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with
me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere
and spake:
"O me, my king, let pass whatever
will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of
the field;
But in their stead thy name and glory
cling
To all high places like a golden cloud
Forever: but as yet thou shalt not
pass.
Light was Gawain in life, and light in
death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the
man;
And care not thou for dreams from
him, but rise—
I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people, and
knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but
grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows
and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for
the King.
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Be-
divere:
"Far other is this battle in the west
Whereto we move, than when we strove
in youth,
And thrust the heathen from the
Roman wall,
And shook him thro' the north. Ill
doom is mine
To war against my people and my
knights.
The king who fights his people fights
himself.
And they my knights, who loved me
once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death
to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a
way
Thro' this blind haze, which ever since
I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the world."

Then rose the King and moved his
 host by night,
 And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by
 league,
 Back to the sunset bound of Lyon-
 nesse—
 A land of old upheaven from the abyss
 By fire, to sink into the abyss again ;
 Where fragments of forgotten peoples
 dwelt,
 And the long mountains ended in a
 coast
 Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
 The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
 There the pursuer could pursue no
 more,
 And he that fled no further fly the
 king ;
 And there, that day when the great
 light of heaven
 Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
 On the waste sand by the waste sea
 they closed.
 Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
 Like this last, dim, weird battle of the
 west. [sea :
 A deathwhite mist slept over sand and
 Whereof the chill, to him who breathed
 it, drew
 Down with his blood, till all his heart
 was cold
 With formless fear ; and ev'n on
 Arthur fell
 Confusion, since he saw not whom he
 fought,
 For friend and foe were shadows in the
 mist,
 And friend slew friend not knowing
 whom he slew :
 And some had visions out of golden
 youth,
 And some beheld the faces of old
 ghosts
 Look in upon the battle ; and in the
 mist
 Was many a noble deed, many a base,
 And chance and craft and strength in
 single fights,
 And ever and anon with host to host
 Shocks, and the splintering spear, the
 hard mail hewn,

Shield-breakings, and the clash of
 brands, the crash
 Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and
 shrieks
 After the Christ, of those who falling
 down
 Looked up for heaven, and only saw
 the mist ;
 And shouts of heathen and the traitor
 knights,
 Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous
 blasphemies,
 Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of
 the lungs
 In that close mist, and cryings for the
 light,
 Moans of the dying, and voices of the
 dead.

Last, as by some one death-bed after
 wail
 Of suffering, silence follows, or thro'
 death
 Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that
 shore,
 Save for some whisper of the seething
 seas,
 A dead hush fell ; but when the dolor-
 ous day
 Grew drearier toward twilight falling,
 came
 A bitter wind, clear from the North,
 and blew
 The mist aside, and with that wind the
 tide
 Rose, and the pale king glanced across
 the field
 Of battle : but no man was moving
 there ;
 Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
 Nor yet of heathen ; only the wan wave
 Break in among dead faces, to and fro
 Swaying the helpless hands, and up and
 down
 Tumbling the hollow helmets, of the
 fallen,
 And shiver'd brands that once had
 fought with Rome.
 And rolling far along the gloomy shores
 The voice of days of old and days to be

Then spake King Arthur to Sir
Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day
long
Had held the field of battle was the
King:

“Hearest thou this great voice that
shakes the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon
we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho’ they had not died for
me?—
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall’n
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be
king.
Behold, I seem but king among the
dead.”

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere:
“My King,
King everywhere! and so the dead
have kings,
There also will I worship thee as king.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I
live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he
that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder
stands,
Modred, unharm’d, the traitor of thine
house.”

Then spake the king: “My house
hath been my doom.
But call not thou this traitor of my
house
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof
with me.
My house are rather they who sware
my vows,
Yea, even while they brake them,
own’d me king.
And well for thee, saying in my dark
hour,
When all the purport of my throne
hath fail’d,
That quick or dead thou holdest me
for king.

King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of knighthood shalt
thou see
Yet, ere I pass.” And uttering this
the king
Made at the man: then Moored smote
his liege
Hard on that heim, which many a
heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one
blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he
fell.

So all day long the noise of battle
roll’d
Among the mountains by the winter
sea;
Until King Arthur’s Table, man by
man,
Had fall’n in Lyonesse about their
lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his
wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the
field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren
land:
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was
full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir
Bedivere:
“The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous
knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such
a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think
that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly
deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the
halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—

Tho' Merlin sware that I should come
again
To rule once more; but let what will
be, be.
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till
morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excali-
bur,
Which was my pride: for thou remem-
berest how
In those old days, one summer noon,
an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the
lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd
across [king;
And took it, and have worn it, like a
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In after time, this also shall be known;
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seest, and lightly
bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee
thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the
helm—
A little thing may harm a wounded
man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring
thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he
stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of
tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient
men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-
wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He,
stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed
rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Ex-
calibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter
moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,
ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against
the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond
sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-
work
Of subtler jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he
stood,
This way and that dividing the swift
mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it
seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the
marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded
King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir
Bedivere:
"Hast thou performed my mission
which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir
Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the
reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the
crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, fair:
and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and
thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy féalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either
hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go
again,

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring
me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second
time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the
mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in
thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the
hilt,

How curiously and strangely chased,
he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud :

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy
note,

Should thus be lost forever from the
earth,

Which might have pleased the eyes of
many men.

What good should follow this, if this
were done?

What harm, undone? deep harm to
disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king de-
mand

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The King is sick and knows not what
he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to after time, but empty
breath

And rumors of a doubt? but were this
kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of
mighty kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of
arms,

Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excali-
bur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the
Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the
deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the
aftertime

To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame
were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own
conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the
wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing
heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what
hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

"I heard the water lapping on the
crag,

And the long ripple washing in the
reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much
in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is
me!

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what
thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my
knights

In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the pre-
cious hilt;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the
eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time prosper, get thee
hence:

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my
hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and
ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd
the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it.
 The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the
 moon,
 And flashing round and round, and
 whirl'd in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern
 morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter
 shock
 By night, with noises of the northern
 sea.
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excali-
 bur : [arm
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
 derful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brand-
 ish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in
 the mere.
 And lightly went the other to the
 King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing
 thicker breath :
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is
 done.
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard
 or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
 vere :
 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest
 the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never
 saw,
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I
 die,
 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal
 men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
 Then with both hands I flung him,
 wheeling him ;
 But when I look'd again, behold an
 arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
 derful,
 That caught him by the hilt, and
 brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in
 the mere."

And answer made King Arthur,
 breathing hard :
 "My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I
 were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive
 my weight,
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I
 fear
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall
 die."

So saying, from the pavement he
 half rose,
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his
 arm,
 And looking wistfully with wide blue
 eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found
 not words ;
 Then took with care, and kneeling on
 one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the lan-
 guid hands,
 And rising bore him thro' the place of
 tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur
 panted hard,
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his
 bed
 When all the house is mute. So
 sigh'd the King,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear,
 "Quick, quick!
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge
 to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking,
 as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a
 cry
 Before. His own thought drove him
 like a goad.
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy
 caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and
 right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him,
 as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that
 rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed
 heels—
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter
 moon.

Then saw they how there hove a
 dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to
 stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they
 were ware
 That all the decks were dense with
 stately forms,
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a
 dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold:
 and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling
 stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one
 comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the
 world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me
 in the barge;"
 So to the barge they came. There
 rose three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the
 King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them
 all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her
 lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and
 chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complain-
 ing loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his
 brow
 Striped with dark blood: for all his
 face was white
 And colorless, and like the wither'd
 moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-
 ing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd
 with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous
 curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising
 sun
 High from the dais-throne — were
 parch'd with dust;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging
 loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that
 fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the
 King;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance
 in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tourna-
 ment,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and
 charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-
 vere:
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall
 I go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and
 my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are
 dead,
 When every morning brought a noble
 chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble
 knight.
 Such times have been not since the
 the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of
 myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is
 dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty
 world;
 And I, the last, go forth companion
 less,
 And the days darken round me, and
 years,
 Among new men, strange faces, oth-
 er
 minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from
the barge :

"The old order changeth, yielding
place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt
the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in
me?
I have lived my life, and that which I
have done
May He within himself make pure!
but thou, [again,
If thou shouldst never see my face
Pray for my soul. More things are
wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Where-
fore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and
day.
For what are men better than sheep or
goats [brain,
That nourish a blind life within the
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer
Both for themselves and those who
call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every
way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God. [way
But now farewell. I am going a long
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a
doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any
snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it
lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with or-
chard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with
summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous
wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar
and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-
breasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her
death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes
the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir
Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the
hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge
of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died
away.

At length he groan'd, and turning
slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron
crag;
Thence mark'd the black hull moving
yet, and cried,
"He passes to be king among the
dead,
And after healing of his grievous
wound
He comes again; but—if he come no
more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon
black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three
whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with
living light,
They stood before his throne in si-
lence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his
need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there
came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one
voice
Around a king returning from his
wars.

Thereat once more he moved about,
and clomb
E'en to the highest he could climb,
and saw,

Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand, Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the king, Down that long water opening on the deep	Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go From less to less and vanish into light. And the new sun rose bringing the new year.
--	---

MISCELLANEOUS

NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

I.

DOSN'T thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as
they canters awaäy ?
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's
what I 'ears 'em saäy.
Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam,
thou's an ass for thy paaïns :
Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs
nor in all thy braaïns.

II.

Woä—theer's a crow to pluck wi' tha,
Sam : yon 's parson's 'ouse—
Dosh't thou know that a man mun be
eäther a man or a mouse ?
Time to think on it then ; for thou 'll
be twenty to weeäk.*
Proputty, proputty—woä then woä—
let ma 'ear mysén speäk.

III.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-
talkin' o' thee ;
Thou's been talkin' to muther, an' she
beän a tellin' it me.
Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's
sweet upo' parson's lass—
Noä—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we
boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

IV.

Seeä'd her todaäy goä by—Saäint's-
daäy—they was ringin' the bells.
She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is
scoors o' gells,

* This week.

Them as 'as munny an' all—wot 's a
beauty?—the flower as blows.
But proputty, proputty sticks, an' pro-
putty, proputty grows.

V.

Do'ant be stunt : * taäke time : I knaws
what maäkes tha sa mad.
Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén
when I wur a lad ?
But I know'd a Quaäker feller as often
'as tow'd ma this :
“Doant thou marry for munny, but goä
wheer munny is !”

VI.

An' I went wheer munny war : an' thy
mother coom to 'and,
Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nice-
tish bit o' land.
Maäybe she warn't a beauty :—I niver
give it a thowt—
But warn't she as good to cuddle an'
kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt ?

VII.

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt
'a nowt when 'e 's deäd,
Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and
addle † her breäd :
Why ? fur 'e 's nobbut a curate, ar
weänt niver git naw 'igher ;
An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor
'e coom'd to the shire.

* Obstinate.

† Earn.

VIII.

And thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi'
lots o' 'Varsity debt,
Stook to his taa'il they did, an' 'e 'ant
got shut on 'em yet.
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi'
noän to lend 'im a shove,
Woorse nor a far-welter'd* yowe : fur
Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

IX.

Luvv? What's luvv? thou can luvv
thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Maakin' 'em goä together as they've
good right to do.
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o'
'er munny laid by?
Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight
moor fur it : reäson why.

X.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to
marry the lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we
boäth on us thinks tha an ass.
Woä then, proputty, wiltha?—an ass
as near as mays nowt †—
Woä then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees
is as fell as owt. ‡

XI.

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd,
lad, out o' the fence!
Gentleman burn! what 's gentleman
burn: is it shillins an' pence?
Proputty, proputty 's ivrything 'ere, an',
Sammy, I'm blest
If it is'nt the saäme oop yonder, fur
them as 'as it 's the best.

XII.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into
'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coats to their backs an'
taäkes their regular meäls.

* Or fow-welter'd—said of a sheep lying on
its back in a furrow.

† Makes nothing.

‡ The flies are as fierce as anything.

Noä, but it's them as niver knows
wheer a meäl 's to be 'ad.
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor
in a loomp is bad.

XIII.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a
beän a laäzy lot,
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin'
whiniver munny was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leästwaays
'is munny was 'id
But 'e tued an' moil'd issén deäd, an' 'e
died a good un, 'e did.

XIV.

Look thou theer wheer Wigglesby
beck comes out by the 'ill!
Feyther run up to the farm, an' I runs
up to the mill;
An' I'll run up to the brig, an' that
thou'll live to see;
And if thou marries a good un I'll
läve the land to thee.

XV.

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby
I means to stick;
But if thou marries a bad un, I 'll läve
the land to Dick.—
Coom oop, proputty, proputty—that's
what I 'ears 'im saäy—
Proputty, proputty, proputty—canter
an' canter awaäy.

THE VICTIM.

I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried,
"The Gods are moved against the
land."
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:

" Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life."

II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with
flame:
And ever and aye the Priesthood
moan'd
Till at last it seem'd that an answer
came:

" The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years in-
creased.
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
" The Gods have answer'd:
We give them the boy."

IV.

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said: " They have taken
the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeas'd,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.

They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is he your dearest?
Or I the wife?"

V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
" O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for
me."

The King was shaken with holy fear;
" The Gods," he said, " would have
chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
" We have his dearest,
His only son!"

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
" Me, not my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry:
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking, " I am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rush'd on the
knife.

And the Priest was happy,
" O Father Odin.
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Who was his dearest?
The Gods have answer'd;
We give them the wife!"

WAGES.

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory
of song,
Paid with a voice flying to be lost on
an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle,
to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no
lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and
still to be,

The wages of sin is death : if the wages
of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for
the life of the worm and the fly ?
She desires no isles of the blest, no
quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask
in a summer sky :
Give her the wages of going on, and
not to die.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

THE sun, the moon, the Stars, the seas,
the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of
Him who reigns ?

Is not the Vision He ? tho' He be not
that which he seems ?
Dreams are true while they last, and
do we not live in dreams ?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of
body and limb,
And they not sign and symbol of thy
division from Him ?

Dark is the world to thee : thyself art
the reason why ?
For if He not all but thou, that hast
power to feel " I am I ? "

Glory about thee, without thee ; and
thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a
stifled splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and
Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise ; O Soul, and
let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder
is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some : no God at all,
says the fool ;
For all we have power to see is a
straight staff bent in a pool ;

And the ear of man cannot hear and
the eye of man cannot see ;
But if we could see and hear, this
Vision—were it not He ?

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my
hand,
Little flower—but if I could under-
stand
What you are, root and all, and all in
all,
I should know what God and man is.

LUCRETIUS.

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold ; for when the morn-
ing flush
Of passion and the first embrace had
died
Between them, tho' he loved her none
the less,
Yet often when the women heard his
foot
Return from pacings in the field, and
ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master
took
Small notice, or austere, for—his
mind
Half buried in some weightier argu-
ment,
Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise
And long roll of the Hexameter— he
past
To turn and ponder those three hun-
dred scrolls
Left by the Teacher whom he held
divine.
She brook'd it not ; but wrathful, petu-
lant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found
a witch
Who brew'd the philtre which had
power, they said,
To lead an errant passion home again

And this, at times, she mingled with
 his drink,
 And this destroy'd him; for the wicked
 broth
 Confused the chemic labor of the blood,
 And tickling the brute brain within
 the man's,
 Made havoc among those tender cells,
 and check'd
 His power to shape: he loath'd him-
 self; and once
 After a tempest woke upon a morn
 That mock'd him with returning calm,
 and cried:

"Storm in the night! for thrice I
 heard the rain
 Rushing; and once the flash of a thun-
 derbolt—
 Methought I never saw so fierce a
 fork—
 Struck out the streaming mountain-
 side, and show'd
 A riotous confluence of watercourses
 Blowing and billowing in a hollow
 of it,
 Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

"Storm, and what dreams, ye holy
 Gods, what dreams!
 For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Per-
 chance
 We do but recollect the dreams that
 come
 Just ere the waking: terrible! for it
 seem'd
 A void was made in nature; all her
 bonds
 Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-
 streams
 And torrents of her myriad universe,
 Ruining along the illimitable inane,
 Fly on to clash together again, and
 make
 Another and another frame of things
 Forever: that was mine, my dream, I
 knew it
 Of and belonging to me, as the dog
 With inward yelp and restless forefoot
 plies
 His function of the woodland; but the
 next!

I thought that all the blood by Sylla
 shed
 Came driving rainlike down again on
 earth,
 And where it dash'd the reddening
 meadow, sprang
 No dragon warriors from Cadmean
 teeth,
 For these I thought my dream would
 show to me,
 But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,
 Hired animalisms, vile as those that
 made
 The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies
 worse
 Than aught they fable of the quiet
 Gods.
 And hands they mixt, and yell'd and
 round me drove
 In narrowing circles till I yell'd again,
 Half suffocated, and sprang up, and
 saw—
 Was it the first beam of my latest day?

"Then, then, from utter gloom stood
 out the breasts,
 The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a
 sword
 Now over and now under, now direct,
 Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down
 shamed
 At all that beauty; and as I stared, a
 fire,
 The fire that left a roofless Ilium,
 Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that
 I woke

"Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus,
 thine,
 Because I would not one of thine own,
 doves,
 Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee?
 thine,
 Forgetful how my rich procœmion
 makes
 Thy glory fly along the Italian field,
 In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

"Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My
 tongue
 Trips, or I speak profanely. Which
 of these

Angers thee most, or angers thee at
all?

Not if thou be'st of those who, far
aloof

From envy, hate and pity, and spite
and scorn,

Live the great life which all our
greatest fain

Would follow, centr'd in eternal calm.

“Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like
ourselves

Touch, and be touch'd, then would I
cry to thee

To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender
arms

Round him, and keep him from the
lust of blood

That makes a steaming slaughter-house
of Rome.

“Ay but I meant not thee; I meant
not her,

Whom all the pines of Ida shook to
see

Slide from that quiet heaven of hers,
and tempt

The Trojan, while his neat-herds were
abroad;

Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter
wept

Her Deity false in human-amorous
tears;

Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter
Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,

Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Calliope to grace his golden verse—

Ay, and this Kypris also—did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow

forth
The all-generating powers and genial
heat

Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the
thick blood

Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs
are glad

Nosing the mother's udder, and the
bird

Makes his heart voice amid the blaze
of flowers:

Which things appear the work of
mighty Gods.

“The Gods! and if I go *my* work is
left

Unfinish'd—*if* I go. The Gods, who
haunt

The lucid interspace of world and
world.

Where never creeps a cloud, or moves
a wind,

Nor ever falls the least white star of
snow,

Nor ever lowest roll of thunder: moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to
mar

Their sacred everlasting calm! and
such,

Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may
gain

Letting his own life go. The Gods,
the Gods!

If all be atoms, how then should the
Gods

Being atomic not be dissoluble,
Not follow the great law? My master
held

That Gods there are, for all men so
believe.

I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
Of flowery clauses onward to the proof

That Gods there are, and deathless.
Meant? I meant?

I have forgotten what I meant: my
mind

Stumbles, and all my faculties are
lamed.

“Look where another of our Gods,
the Sun,

Apollo, Delius, or of older use
All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—
Has mounted yonder; since he never
sware,

Except his wrath were wreak'd on
wretched man,

That he would only shine among the
dead

Hereafter; tales! for never yet on
earth

Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roast-
ing ox

Moan round the spit—nor knows he
 what he sees;
 King of the East altho' he seem, and girt
 With song and flame and fragrance,
 slowly lifts
 His golden feet on those empurpled
 stairs
 That climb into the windy halls of
 heaven:
 And here he glances on an eye new-
 born,
 And gets for greeting but a wail of
 pain:
 And here he stays upon a freezing orb
 That fain would gaze upon him to the
 last;
 And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n
 And closed by those who mourn a
 friend in vain,
 Not thankful that his troubles are no
 more.
 And me, altho' his fire is on my face
 Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can
 tell
 Whether I mean this day to end my-
 self,
 Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
 That men like soldiers may not quit
 the post
 Allotted by the Gods: but he that
 holds
 The Gods are careless, wherefore need
 he care
 Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at
 once,
 Being troubled, wholly out of sight,
 and sink
 Past earthquake—ay, and gout and
 stone, that break
 Body toward death, and palsy, death-
 in-life, [of all,
 And wretched age—and worst disease
 These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,
 And twisted shapes of lust, unspeak-
 able,
 Abominable, strangers at my hearth
 Not welcome, harpies miring every
 dish,
 The phantom husks of something foully
 one,

And fleeting thro' the boundless uni-
 verse,
 And blasting the long quiet of my
 breast
 With animal heat and dire insanity?

“How should the mind, except it
 loved them, clasp
 These idols to herself? or do they fly
 Now thinner, and now thicker, like the
 flakes
 In a fall of snow, and so press in, per-
 force
 Of multitude, as crowds that in an
 hour
 Of civic tumult jam the doors, and
 bear
 The keepers down, and throng, their
 rags and they,
 The basest, far into that council-hall
 Where sit the best and stateliest of
 the land?

“Can I not fling this horror off me
 again,
 Seeing with how great ease Nature can
 smile,
 Balmier and nobler from her bath of
 storm,
 At random ravage? and how easily
 The mountain there has cast his cloudy
 slough,
 Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
 A mountain o'er a mountain,—ay, and
 within
 All hollow as the hopes and fears of
 men.

“But who was he, that in the garden
 snared
 Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale
 To laugh at—more to laugh at in my-
 self—
 For look! what is it? there? yon ar-
 butus
 Totters; a noiseless riot underneath
 Strikes through the wood, sets all the
 tops quivering—
 The mountain quickens into Nymph
 and Faun;
 And here an Oread—how the sun do
 ghts

To glance and shift about her slippery
sides,
And rosy knees and supple rounded-
ness,
And budded bosom-peaks—who this
way runs
Before the rest—A satyr, a satyr, see,
Follows; but him I proved impossi-
ble;
Twy-natured is no nature: yet he
draws
Nearer and nearer, and I scan him
now
Beastlier than any phantom of his
kind
That ever butted his rough brother-
brute
For lust or lusty blood or provender:
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and
she
Loathes him as well; such a precipi-
tate heel,
Fledged as it were with Mercury's an-
kle-wing,
Whirls her to me: but will she fling
herself,
Shameless upon me? Catch her,
goatfoot: nay,
Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wil-
derness,
And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide!
do I wish—
What?—that the bush were leafless?
or to overwhelm
All of them in one massacre? O ye
Gods,
I know you careless, yet, behold, to
you
From childly wont and ancient use I
call—
I thought I lived securely as your-
selves—
No lewdness, narrowing-envy, monkey-
spite,
No madness of ambition, avarice,
none:
No larger feast than under plane or
pine
With neighbors laid along the grass, to
take
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,

Affirming each his own philosophy—
Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.
But now it seems some unseen monster
lays
His vast and filthy hands upon my
will,
Wrenching it backward into his: and
spoils
My bliss in being; and it was not
great;
For save when shutting reasons up in
rhythm,
Or Heliconian honey in living words,
To make a truth less harsh, I often
grew
Tired of so much within our little life,
Or of so little in our little life—
Poor little life that toddles half an
hour
Crown'd with a flower or two, and
there an end—
And since the nobler pleasure seems
to fade,
Why should I, beastlike as I find my-
self,
Not manlike end myself?—our privi-
lege—
What beast has heart to do it? And
what man,
What Roman would be dragg'd in
triumph thus?
Not I; not he, who bears one name
with her,
Whose death-blow struck the dateless
doom of kings,
When brooking not the Tarquin in her
veins,
She made her blood in sight of Colla-
tine
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless
air,
Spout from the maiden fountain in her
heart.
And from it sprang the Common-
wealth, which breaks
As I am breaking now!

“And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of
all,

Great Nature, take, and forcing far
 apart
 Those blind beginnings that have made
 me man
 Dash them anew together at her will
 Through all her cycles—into man once
 more,
 Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent
 flower :
 But till this cosmic order everywhere
 Shatter'd into one earthquake in one
 day
 Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour
 perhaps
 Is not so far when momentary man
 Shall seem no more a something to
 himself,
 But he, his hopes and hates, his homes
 and fanes,
 And even his bones long laid within
 the grave,
 The very sides of the grave itself shall
 pass,
 Vanishing, atom and void, atom and
 void,
 Into the unseen forever,—till that
 hour,
 My golden work in which I told a
 truth
 That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
 And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake,
 and plucks
 The mortal soul from out immortal
 hell, [last
 Shall stand: ay, surely: then it fails at
 And perishes as I must; for O Thou,
 Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
 Yearn'd after by the wisest of the
 wise,
 Who fail'd to find thee, being as thou
 art
 Without one pleasure and without one
 pain,
 Howbeit I know thou surely must be
 mine
 Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
 I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
 How roughly men may woo thee so
 they win—
 Thus—thus: the soul flies out and
 dies in the air."

With that he drove the knife into
 his side :
 She heard him raging, heard him fall ;
 ran in,
 Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon
 herself
 As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
 That she but meant to win him back,
 fell on him,
 Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answer'd,
 "Care not thou!
 Thy duty? What is duty? Fare thee
 well!"

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

[This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio.

A young lover, Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel of it. He speaks of having been haunted in delirium by visions and the sound of bells, sometimes tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage: but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.]

* * * * *

HE flies the event: he leaves the event
 to me:
 Poor Julian—how he rush'd away; the
 bells,
 Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear
 and heart—
 But cast a parting glance at me, you
 saw,
 As who should say "continue." Well,
 he had
 One golden hour—of triumph shall I
 say?
 Solace at least—before he left his
 home.

Would you had seen him in that
 hour of his!
 He moved thro' all of it majestically—
 Restrain'd himself quite to the close—
 but now—

Whether they *were* his lady's mar-
 riage-bells,
 Or prophets of them in his fantasy,

I never ask'd: but Lionel and the girl
 Were wedded, and our Julian came again
 Back to his mother's house among the pines.
 But there, their gloom, the mountains and the Bay,
 The whole land weigh'd him down as Ætna does
 The Giant of Mythology: he would go,
 Would leave the land forever, and had gone
 Surely, but for a whisper "Go not
 Some warning, and divinely as it seem'd
 By that which follow'd—but of this I deem
 As of the visions that he told—the event
 Glanced back upon them in his after
 And partly made them—tho' he knew it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not look at her—
 No not for months: but, when the eleventh moon
 After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
 Heard yet once more the tolling bell,
 and said,
 Would you could toll me out of life,
 but found—
 All softly as his mother broke it to him—
 A crueller reason than a crazy ear,
 For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
 Dead—and had lain three days without a pulse:
 All that look'd on her had pronounced her dead.
 And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
 They never nail a dumb head up in elm),
 Bore her free-faced to the free airs of heaven,
 And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die: he is here and hale—
 Not plunge headforemost from the mountain there,
 And leave the name of Lover's Leap: not he:
 He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
 Thought that he knew it. "This, I stay'd for this;
 O love, I have not seen you for so long.
 Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
 I will be all alone, with all I love,
 And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more:
 The dead returns to me, and I go down
 To kiss the dead."

The fancy stirr'd him so
 He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
 And, making there a sudden light beheld
 All round about him that which all will be.
 The light was but a flash, and went again.
 Then at the far end of the vault he saw
 His lady with the moonlight on her face;
 Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
 Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
 Struck from an open grating overhead
 High in the wall, and all the rest of her
 Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

"It was my wish," he said, "to pass, to sleep,
 To rest, to be with her—till the great day
 Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,
 And raised us hand in hand." And kneeling there

Down in the dreadful dust that once
 was man,
 Dust, as he said, that once was loving
 hearts,
 Hearts that had beat with such a love
 as mine—
 Not such as mine, no, nor for such as
 her—
 He softly put his arm about her
 neck
 And kiss'd her more than once, till
 helpless death
 And silence made him bold—nay, but
 I wrong him,
 He revered his dear lady even in
 death ;
 But, placing his true hand upon her
 heart,
 "O, you warm heart," he moan'd, "not
 even death
 Can chill you all at once : " then start-
 ing, thought
 His dreams had come again. "Do I
 wake or sleep ?
 Or am I made immortal, or my love
 Mortal once more?" It beat—the
 heart—it beat :
 Faint—but it beat : at which his own
 began
 To pulse with such a vehemence that
 it drown'd
 The feebler motion underneath his
 hand.
 But when at last his doubts were satis-
 fied,
 He raised her softly from the sep-
 ulchre,
 And, wrapping her all over with the
 cloak
 He came in, and now striding fast, and
 now
 Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
 Holding his golden burthen in his
 arms,
 So bore her thro' the solitary land
 Back to the mother's house where she
 was born.

There the good mother's kindly min-
 istering,
 With half a night's appliances, recall'd

Her fluttering life: she raised an eye
 that ask'd
 "Where?" till the things familiar to
 her youth
 Had made a silent answer: then she
 spoke,
 "Here! and how came I here?" and
 learning it
 (They told her somewhat rashly as I
 think)
 At once began to wander and to wail,
 "Ay, but you know that you must give
 me back :
 Send! bid him come;" but Lionel was
 away,
 Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none
 knew where.
 "He casts me out," she wept, "and
 goes"—a wail
 That seeming something, yet was noth-
 ing, born
 Not from believing mind, but shatter'd
 nerve,
 Yet haunting Julian, as her own re-
 proof
 At some precipitance in her burial.
 Then, when her own true spirit had
 return'd,
 "O yes, and you," she said, "and
 none but you.
 For you have given me life and love
 again,
 And none but you yourself shall tell
 him of it,
 And you shall give me back when he
 returns."
 "Stay then a little," answer'd Julian,
 "here,
 And keep yourself, none knowing, to
 yourself ;
 And I will do your will. I may not
 stay,
 No, not an hour; but send me notice
 of him [turn,
 When he returns, and then will I re-
 And I will make a solemn offering of
 you
 To him you love." And faintly she
 replied,
 "And I will do *your* will, and none
 shall know."

Not know? with such a secret to
be known.
But all their house was old and loved
them both,
And all the house had known the loves
of both ;
Had died almost to serve them any
way,
And all the land was waste and soli-
tary :
And then he rode away ; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
Upon her, and that-day a boy was
born,
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

And thus our lonely lover rode
away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him : myself
was then
Travelling that land, and meant to rest
an hour ;
And sitting down to such a base re-
past,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning overhead, and
climb'd
The moulder'd stairs (for everything
was vile)
And in a loft, with none to wait on
him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
Raving of dead men's dust and beating
hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
A flat malarian world of reed and
rush !
But there from fever and my care of
him
Sprang up a friendship that may help
us yet,
For while we roam'd along the dreary
coast,
And waited for her message, piece by
piece
I learnt the drearier story of his life ;
And, tho' he loved and honor'd Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady
made

Dwelt in his fancy : did he know her
worth,
Her beauty even? should he not be
taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set upon
it,
The value of that jewel he had to
guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we
past,
I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind,
the soul :
That makes the sequel pure ; tho'
some of us
Beginning at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I : and yet I say, the
bird
That will not hear my call, however
sweet,
But if my neighbor whistle answers
him—
What matter? there are others in the
wood.
Yet when I saw her (and I thought
him crazed,
Tho' not with such a craziness as
needs
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of
hers—
Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes
alone,
But all from these to where she touch'd
on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's seem'd
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she
came
To greet us, her young hero in her
arms!
"Kiss him," she said. "You gave
me life again.
He, but for you, had never seen it
once.
His other father you! Kiss him, and
then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian
too."

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart I
 his own
 Sent such a flame into his face, I
 knew
 Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him
 there.

But he was all the more resolved to
 go,
 And sent at once to Lionel, praying
 him
 By that great love they both had borne
 the dead,
 To come and revel for one hour with
 him
 Before he left the land forevermore;
 And then to friends—they were not
 many—who lived
 Scatteringly about that lonely land of
 his,
 And bade them to a banquet of fare-
 wells.

And Julian made a solemn feast; I
 never
 Sat at a costlier; for all round his hall
 From column on to column, as in a
 wood,
 Not such as here—an equatorial one,
 Great garlands swung and blossom'd;
 and beneath,
 Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of
 Art,
 Chalice and salver, wines that, Heaven
 knows when,
 Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten
 sun,
 And kept it thro' a hundred years of
 gloom,
 Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
 Where nymph and god ran ever round
 in gold—
 Others of glass as costly—some with
 gems
 Movable and resettable at will,
 And trebling all the rest in value—Ah
 heavens!
 Why need I tell you all?—suffice to
 say
 That whatsoever such a house as his,
 And his was old, has in it rare or fair

Was brought before the guest: and
 they, the guests,
 Wonder'd at some strange light in
 Julian's eyes
 (I told you that he had his golden
 hour),
 And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd
 To such a time, to Lionel's loss and
 his,
 And that resolved self-exile from a
 land
 He never would revisit, such a feast
 So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n
 than rich,
 But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the
 hall
 Two great funereal curtains, looping
 down,
 Parted a little ere they met the floor,
 About a picture of his lady, taken
 Some years before, and falling hid the
 frame.
 And just above the parting was a
 lamp:
 So the sweet figure folded round with
 night
 Seem'd stepping out of darkness with
 a smile.

Well then—our solemn feast—we
 ate and drank,
 And might—the wines being of such
 nobleness—
 Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
 And something weird and wild about
 it all:
 What was it? for our lover seldom
 spoke,
 Scarce touch'd the meats; but ever
 and anon
 A priceless goblet with a priceless
 wine
 Arising, show'd he drank beyond his
 use:
 And when the feast was near an end,
 he said:

“There is a custom in the Orient,
 friends—
 I read of it in Persia—when a man

Will honor those who feast with him,
 he brings
 And shows them whatsoever he ac-
 counts
 Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
 Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may
 be.
 This custom—”

Pausing here a moment, all
 The guests broke in upon him with
 meeting hands
 And cries about the banquet—“ Beau-
 tiful !
 Who could desire more beaut- at a
 feast ? ”

The lover answer'd, “ There is more
 than one
 Here sitting who desires it. Laud me
 not
 Before my time, but hear me to the
 close.
 This custom steps yet further when
 the guest
 Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.
 For after he has shown him gems or
 gold,
 He brings and sets before him in rich
 guise
 That which is thrice as beautiful as
 these,
 The beauty that is dearest to his
 heart—
 ‘ O my heart's lord, would I could
 show you,’ he says.
 ‘ Ev'n my heart too.’ And I propose
 to-night
 To show you what is dearest to my
 heart,
 And my heart too.

“ But solve me first a doubt
 I knew a man, nor many years ago ;
 He had a faithful servant, one who
 loved
 His master more than all on earth
 beside.
 He falling sick, and seeming close on
 death,
 His master would not wait until he
 died,

But bade his menials bear him from
 the door,
 And leave him in the public way to die.
 I knew another, not so long ago,
 Who found the dying servant, took him
 home,
 And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved
 his life.
 I ask you now, should this first master
 claim
 His service, whom does it belong to ?
 him
 Who thrust him out, or him who saved
 his life ? ”

This question, so flung down before
 the guests,
 And balanced either way by each, at
 length
 When some were doubtful how the law
 would hold,
 Was handed over by consent of all
 To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of
 phrase.
 And he beginning languidly—his loss
 Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as
 he went,
 Glanced at the point of law, to pass it
 by,
 Affirming that as long as either lived,
 By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
 The service of the one so saved was
 due
 All to the saver—adding, with a smile,
 The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
 As at a strong conclusion—“ body and
 soul
 And life and limbs, all his to work his
 will.”

Then Julian made a secret sign to
 me
 To bring Camilla down before them all
 And crossing her own picture as she
 came,
 And looking as much lovelier as her-
 self
 Is lovelier than all others—on her
 head
 A diamond cirlet and from under this

A veil, that seem'd no more than gilded
 air,
 Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern
 gauze
 With seeds of gold—so, with that grace
 of hers,
 Slow-moving as a wave against the
 wind,
 That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
 And bearing high in arms the mighty
 babe,
 The younger Julian, who himself was
 crown'd
 With roses, none so rosy as himself—
 And over all her babe and her the
 jewels
 Of many generations of his house
 Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked
 them out
 As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
 So she came in :—I am long in telling
 it,
 I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
 Sad, sweet, and strange together—
 floated in,—
 While all the guests in mute amaze-
 ment rose,—
 And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
 Before the board, there paused and
 stood, her breast
 Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her
 feet,
 Not daring yet to glance at Lionel
 But him she carried, him nor lights nor
 feast
 Dazed or amaz'd, nor eyes of men ;
 who cared
 Only to use his own, and staring wide
 And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd
 world
 About him, look'd, as he is like to
 prove,
 When Julian goes, the lord of all he
 saw.

“ My guests,” said Julian : “ you
 are honor'd now
 Ev'n to the uttermost : in her behold
 Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
 Of all things upon earth the dearest to
 me.”

Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
 Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
 And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
 Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
 Thrice in a second, felt him tremble
 too,
 And heard him muttering, “ So like, so
 like :
 She never had a sister. I knew none.
 Some cousin of his and hers—O God,
 so like ! ”
 And then he suddenly ask'd her if she
 were.
 She shook, and cast her eyes down, and
 was dumb.
 And then some other question'd if she
 came
 From foreign lands, and still she did
 not speak.
 Another, if the boy were hers : but she
 To all their queries answer'd not a
 word,
 Which made the amazement more, till
 one of them
 Said, shuddering, “ Her spectre ! ” But
 his friend
 Replied, in half a whisper, “ Not at
 least
 The spectre that will speak if spoken
 to.
 Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
 Prove, as I almost dread to find her,
 dumb ! ”

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd
 all :
 “ She is but dumb, because in her you
 see
 That faithful servant whom we spoke
 about,
 Obedient to her second master now ;
 Which will not last. I have here to-
 night a guest
 So bound to me by common love and
 loss—
 What ! shall I bind him more ? in his
 behalf,
 Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him
 That which of all things is the dearest
 to me,

Not only showing ? and he himself pronounced

That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

“ Now all be dumb, and promise all of you

Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart.”

And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—

Past thro' his visions to the burial; thence

Down to this last strange hour in his own hall ;

And then rose up, and with him all his guests

Once more as by enchantment ; all but Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,

And sat as if in chains—to whom he said :

“ Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife :

And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seems so like the one you lost,

Yet cast her not away so suddenly.
Lest there be none left here to bring,
her back :

I leave this land forever.” Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,

And bearing on one arm the noble babe,

He slowly brought them both to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife

Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd

For some new death than for a life renew'd ;

At this the very babe began to wail ;
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in

To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him closed and claspt again.

But Lionel, when at last he freed himself

From wife and child, and lifted up a face

All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this

So frighted our good friend, that turning to me

And saying, “ It is over : let us go ”—
There were our horses ready at the doors—

We bade them no farewell, but mounting these

He past forever from his native land ;
And I with him, my Julian back to mine.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

NOTE.—The Poems which follow include all those which have been omitted by the author from his latest revised editions, or never acknowledged by him. They are here printed, because, although unsanctioned by Mr. Tennyson, they have recently been collected from various sources, and printed in *America*.

TIMBUCTOO.*

“Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise.”
—CHAPMAN.

I STOOD upon the Mountain which
o'erlooks

The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe, when
the Sun

Had fall'n below th' Atlantic, and
above

The silent heavens were blench'd with
fairy light,

Uncertain whether fairy light or cloud,
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of
deep, deep blue

Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory
and pale.

I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time
infix'd

The limits of his prowess, pillars high
Long time erased from earth: even as
the Sea

When weary of wild inroad buildeth
up

Huge mounds whereby to stay his
yeasty waves.

And much I mused on legends quaint
and old

Which whilome won the hearts of all
on earth

Towards their brightness, ev'n as flame
draws air; [man

But had their being in the heart o'
As air is th' life of flame: and thou
wert then

A centred glory-circled memory,
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later
name,

Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold:
Shadows to which, despite all shocks
of change,

All on-set of capricious accident,
Men clung with yearning hope which
would not die.

As when in some great city where the
walls

Shake, and the streets with ghostly
faces thronged,

Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retired
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,
Before the awful genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith,
the while

Above her head the weak lamp dips
and winks

Unto the fearful summoning without:
Nathless she ever clasps the marble
knees,

Bathes the cold hand with tears, and
gazeth on

Those eyes which wear no light but
that wherewith

Her fantasy informs them.

* A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, MDCCCXXIX. By A. Tennyson, of Trinity College.

Where are ye,
 Thrones of the Western wave, fair
 Islands green?
 Where are your moonlight halls, your
 cedarn glooms,
 The blossoming abysses of your hills?
 Your flowering capes, and your gold-
 sanded bays
 Blown round with happy airs of odor-
 ous winds?
 Where are the infinite ways, which,
 seraph-trod,
 Wound through your great Elysian
 solitudes,
 Whose lowest depths were, as with
 visible love,
 Filled with Divine effulgence, circum-
 fused,
 Flowing between the clear and pol-
 ished stems,
 And ever circling round their emerald
 cones
 In coronals and glories, such as gird
 The unfading foreheads of the Saints
 in Heaven?
 For nothing visible, they say, had
 birth
 In that blest ground, but it was played
 about
 With its peculiar glory. Then I
 raised
 My voice and cried, "Wide Afric, doth
 thy Sun
 Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
 As those which starred the night o' the
 elder world?
 Or is the rumor of thy Timbuctoo
 A dream as frail as those of ancient
 time?"
 A curve of whitening, flashing, ebb-
 ing light!
 A rustling of white wings! the bright
 descent
 Of a young Seraph! and he stood be-
 side me
 There on the ridge, and looked into
 my face
 With his unutterable, shining orbs,
 So that with hasty motion I did veil
 My vision with both hands, and saw
 before me

Such colored spots as dance athwart
 the eyes
 Of those that gaze upon the noonday
 Sun.
 Girt with a zone of flashing gold be-
 neath
 His breast, and compassed round about
 his brow
 With triple arch of everchanging
 bows,
 And circled with the glory of living
 light
 And alternation of all hues, he stood.
 "O child of man, why muse you
 here alone
 Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of
 old
 Which filled the earth with passing
 loveliness,
 Which flung strange music on the
 howling winds,
 And odors rapt from remote Paradise?
 Thy sense is clogged with dull mor-
 tality:
 Open thine eyes and see."
 I looked, but not
 Upon his face, for it was wonderful
 With its exceeding brightness, and the
 light
 Of the great Angel Mind which looked
 from out
 The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
 I felt my soul grow mighty, and my
 spirit
 With supernatural excitation bound
 Within me, and my mental eye grew
 large
 With such a vast circumference of
 thought,
 That in my vanity I seemed to stand
 Upon the outward verge and bound
 alone
 Of full beatitude. Each failing sense,
 As with a momentary flash of light,
 Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I
 saw
 The smallest grain that dappled the
 dark earth,
 The indistinctest atom in deep air,
 The Moon's white cities, and the opa'
 width

Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
 Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
 And the unsounded, undescended depth
 Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy
 Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
 Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
 Blaze within blaze, an unimagined depth
 And harmony of planet-girded suns
 And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
 Arched the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,
 Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
 And notes of busy life in distant worlds [ear.
 Beat like a far wave on my anxious
 A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
 Involving and embracing each with each,
 Rapid as fire, inextricably linked,
 Expanding momentarily with every sight
 And sound which struck the palpitating sense,
 The issue of strong impulse, hurried through
 The riven rapt brain; as when in some large lake
 From pressure of descendent crags, which lapse
 Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope
 At slender interval, the level calm
 Is ridged with restless and increasing spheres
 Which break upon each other, each th' effect
 Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong
 Than its precursor, till the eye in vain
 Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade
 Dappled with hollow and alternate rise
 Of interpenetrated arc, would scan
 Definite round.

I know not if I shape
 These things with accurate similitude
 From visible objects, for but dimly now,
 Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,
 The memory of that mental excellence
 Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine
 The indecision of my present mind
 With its past clearness, yet it seems to me
 As even then the torrent of quick thought
 Absorbed me from the nature of itself
 With its own fleetness. Where is he, that borne
 Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,
 Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,
 And muse midway with philosophic calm
 Upon the wondrous laws which regulate
 The fierceness of the bonding element?
 My thoughts which long had grovelled in the slime
 Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
 Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
 Upon some earth-awakening day of Spring
 Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
 Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
 Double display of star-lit wings, which burn
 Fan-like and fibred with intensest bloom;
 Even so my thoughts erewhile so low, now felt
 Unutterable buoyancy and strength
 To bear them upward through the trackless fields
 Of undefined existence far and free.
 Then first within the South me-thought I saw
 A wilderness of spires, and crystal pile
 Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,

Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the Imperial height
Of canopy o'ercanopied.

Behind

In diamond light upspring the daz-
zling peaks
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each
aloft
Upon his narrowed eminence bore
globes
Of wheeling suns, or stars, or sem-
blances
Of either, showering circular abyss
Of radiance. But the glory of the
place
Stood out a pillared front of burnished
gold,
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more ethereal, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where
no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye
could scan,
Through lengths of porch and valve
and boundless hall,
Part of a throne of fiery flame, where-
from
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitude of multi-
tudes
That ministered around it—if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human
brain
Staggered beneath the vision, and thick
night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.
With ministering hand he raised me
up:
Then with a mournful and ineffable
smile,
Which but to look on for a moment
filled
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swoln river's gushings in still
night
Mingled with floating music, thus he
spake:
"There is no mightier Spirit than I
to sway

The heart of man: and teach him to
attain

By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty
stair

Whose landing-place is wrapt about
with clouds

Of glory of heaven.* With earliest
light of Spring,

And in the glow of fallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are
wild

With gambols, and when full-voiced
Winter rofs

The headlands with inviolate white
snow,

I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and
wood,

—Of winds which tells of waters, and
of waters

Betraying the close kisses of the wind—
And win him unto me: and few there
be

So gross of heart who have not felt and
known

A higher than they see: they with dim
eyes

Behold me darkling. Lo! I have given
thee

To understand my presence, and to feel
My fulness: I have filled thy lips with
power.

I have raised thee nigher to the spheres
of heaven,

Man's first, last home: and thou with
ravished sense

Listenest the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth
through

All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which, out-
spread

With growth of shadowing leaf and
clusters rare,

Reacheth to every corner under heaven,

* "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in
heaven is perfect."

<p>Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth ; Se that men's hopes and fears take refuge in The fragrance of its complicated glooms, And cool impeachéd twilights. Child of man, Seest thou yon river, whose translucent wave, Forth issuing from the darkness, wind- eth through The argent streets o' the city, imaging The soft inversion of her tremulous domes, Her gardens frequent with the stately palm, [bells, Her pagods hung with music of sweet Her obelisks of rangéd chrysolite, Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by, And gulfs himself in sands, as not enduring To carry through the world those waves, which bore</p>	<p>The reflex of my city in their depth. O city! O latest throne! where I was raised To be a mystery of loveliness Unto all eyes, the time is wellnigh come When I must render up this glorious home To keen Discovery ; soon yon brilliant towers Shall darken with the waving of her wand ; Darken and shrink and shiver into huts, Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand, Low-built, mud-walled, barbarian set- tlements. How changed from this fair city !" Thus far the spirit : Then parted heavenward on the wing : and I Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon Had fallen from the night, and all was dark !</p>
---	--

—◆—

POEMS PUBLISHED IN THE EDITION OF 1830,
 AND OMITTED IN LATER EDITIONS.

ELEGIACS.

LOW-FLOWING breezes are roaming the
 broad valley dimmed in the gloam-
 ing :
 Thro' the black-stemmed pines only
 the far river shines.
 Creeping through blossomy rushes and
 bowers of rose-blowing bushes,
 Down by the poplar tall rivulets bab-
 ble and fall.
 Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerily ;
 the grasshopper carolleteth clearly ;
 Deeply the turtle cooes ; shrilly the
 owlet halloos ;
 Winds creep ; dews fall chilly : in her
 first sleep earth breathes stilly :

Over the pools in the burn water gnat
 murmur and mourn.
 Sadly the far kine loweth : the glim-
 mering water outfloweth ;
 Twin peaks shadowed with pine slope
 to the dark hyaline.
 Low-throned Hesper is stayéd betw
 the two peaks ; but the Naiad
 Throbbing in wild unrest holds him be-
 neath in her breast.
 The ancient poetess singeth that Hes-
 perus all things bringeth,
 Smoothing the wearied mind : bring
 me my love, Rosalind.
 Thou comest morning and even ; she
 cometh not morning or even.
 False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is
 my sweet Rosalind ?

THE "HOW" AND THE "WHY."

?

I AM any man's suitor,
 If any will be my tutor:
 Some say this life is pleasant,
 Some think it speedeth fast,
 In time there is no present,
 In eternity no future,
 In eternity no past.
 We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,
 Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The bulrush nods unto its brother.
 The wheatears whisper to each other:
 What is it they say? what do they
 there?

Why two and two make four? why
 round is not square?

Why the rock stands still, and the light
 clouds fly?

Why the heavy oak groans, and the
 white willows sigh?

Why deep is not high, and high is not
 deep?

Whether we wake or whether we
 sleep?

Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
 How you are you? why I am I?

Who will riddle me the *how* and the
why?

The world is somewhat; it goes on
 somehow:

But what is the meaning of *then* and
now?

I feel there is something; but how
 and what?

I know there is somewhat: but what
 and why?

I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.
 The little bird pipeth—"why?
 why?"

In the summer woods when the sun
 falls low,

And the great bird sits on the opposite
 bough,

And stares in his face and shouts
 "how? how?"

And the black owl scuds down the
 mellow twilight,
 And chants "how? how?" the whole
 of the night.

Why the life goes out when the blood
 is spilt?

What the life is? where the soul may
 lie?

Why a church is with a steeple built:
 And a house with a chimney-pot?

Who will riddle me the how and the
 what?

Who will riddle me the what and
 the why?

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND
 NOT IN UNITY WITH ITSELF

O GOD! my God! have mercy now.
 I faint, I fall. Men say that thou
 Didst die for me, for such as *me*,
 Patient of ill, and death, and scorn,
 And that my sin was as a thorn
 Among the thorns that girt thy brow,
 Wounding thy soul.—That even now,
 In this extremest misery
 Of ignorance, I should require
 A sign! and if a bolt of fire
 Would rive the slumberous summer
 noon

While I do pray to thee alone,
 Think my belief would stronger grow!
 Is not my human pride brought low?
 The boastings of my spirit still?
 The joy I had in my free will
 All cold, and dead, and corpse-like
 grown?

And what is left to me, but thou,
 And faith in thee? Men pass me by,
 Christians with happy countenances—
 And children all seem full of thee!
 And women smile with saintlike
 glances

Like thine own mother's when she
 bowed

Above thee, on that happy morn
 When angels spake to men aloud,

And thou and peace to earth were born.
 Goodwill to me as well as all—
 —I one of them: my brothers they;
 Brothers in Christ—a world of peace,
 A confidence, day after day;
 And trust and hope till things should
 cease,
 And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith!
 To hold a common scorn of death!
 And at a burial to hear
 The creaking cords which wound and
 eat

Into my human heart, when'er
 Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,
 With hopeful grief, were passing
 sweet!

A grief not uninformed, and dull,
 Hearted with hope, of hope as full
 As is the blood with life, or night
 And a dark cloud with rich moonlight.
 To stand beside a grave, and see
 The red small atoms wherewith we
 Are built, and smile in calm, and
 say—

“These little motes and grains shall be
 Clothed on with immortality
 More glorious than the noon of day.

All that is pass'd into the flowers,
 And into beasts and other men,
 And all the Norland whirlwind shsower
 From open vaults, and all the sea
 O'erwashes with sharp salts, again
 Shall fleet together all, and be
 Indued with immortality.

Thrice happy state again to be
 The trustful infant on the knee!
 Who lets his waxen fingers play
 About his mother's neck, and knows
 Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.
 They comfort him by night and day,
 They light his little life away;
 He hath no thought of coming woes
 He hath no care of life or death,
 Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
 Because the Spirit of happiness
 And perfect rest so inward is;
 And loveth so his innocent heart,
 Her temple and her place of birth,
 Where she would ever wish to dwell

Life of the fountain there, beneath
 Its salient springs, and far apart,
 Hating to wander out on earth,
 Or breathe into the hollow air,
 Whose chillness would make visible
 Her subtile, warm, and golden breath,
 Which mixing with the infant's blood,
 Full fills him with beatitude.

Oh! sure it is a special care
 Of God, to fortify from doubt,
 To arm in proof, and guard about
 With triple mailéd trust, and clear
 Delight, the infant's dawning year.
 Would that my gloomed fancy were
 As thine, my mother, when with brows
 Propped on thy knees, my hands up-
 held

In thine, I listened to thy vows,
 For me outpoured in holiest prayer—
 For me unworthy!—and beheld
 The mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
 The beauty and repose of faith,
 And the clear spirit shining through.
 Oh! wherefore do we grow awry
 From roots which strike so deep? why
 dare

Paths in the desert? Could not I
 Bow myself down, where thou hast
 knelt,

To th' earth—until the ice would melt
 Here, and I feel as thou hast felt?
 What Devil had the heart to scathe
 Flowers thou hadst reared—to brush
 the dew

From thine own lily, when thy grave
 Was deep, my mother, in the clay?
 Myself? Is it thus? Myself? Had I
 So little love for thee? But why
 Prevailed not thy pure prayers? Why
 pray

To one who heeds not, who can save
 But will not? Great in faith, and strong
 Against the grief of circumstance
 Wert thou, and yet unheard? What if
 Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive
 Through utter dark a full-sailed skiff,
 Unpiloted i' the echoing dance
 Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low
 Unto the death, not sunk! I know
 At matins and at evensong,
 That thou, if thou wert yet alive,

In deep and daily prayers wouldst
strive

To reconcile me with thy God.

Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold
At heart, thou wouldst murmur still
"Bring this lamb back into thy fold,
My Lord, if so it be thy will."

Wouldst tell me I must brook the rod,
And chastisement of human pride :
That pride, the sin of devils, stood
Betwixt me and the light of God !
That hitherto I had defied,
And had rejected God—that Grace
Would drop from his o'erbrimming
love,

As manna on my wilderness,
If I would pray—that God would move
And strike the hard, hard rock, and
thence,

Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence
Which would keep green hope's life.

Alas !

I think that pride hath now no place
Or sojourn in me. I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then ? Why not yet
Anchor thy frailty there, where man
Hath moored and rested ? Ask the sea
At midnight, when the crisp slope
waves

After a tempest, rib and fret
The broad-imbaséd beach, why he
Slumbers not like a mountain tarn ?
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And ripples of an inland meer ?
Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can
Draw down into his vexéd pools
All that blue heaven which hues and
paves

The other ? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken : my own weakness fools
My judgment, and my spirit whirls,
Moved from beneath with doubt and
fear.

' Yet,' said I, in my morn of youth,
The unsunned freshness of my strength
When I went forth in quest of truth,
' It is man's privilege to doubt,

If so be that from doubt at length,
Truth may stand forth unmoved of
-change,

An image with profulgent brows,
And perfect limbs, as from the storm
Of running fires and fluid range
Of lawless airs at last stood out
This excellence and solid form
Of constant beauty. For the Ox
Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills
The hornéd valleys all about,
And hollows of the fringéd hills
In summer heats, with placid lows
Unfearing, till his own blood flows
About his hoof. And in the flocks
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flowered furrow. In a time,
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Through his warm heart : and then,
from whence

He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow ; and his native slope
Where he was wont to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies.
Shall man live thus, in joy and hope
As a young lamb, who cannot dre
Living, but that he shall live on ?
Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death, and things that seem,
And things that be, and analyze
Our double nature, and compare
All creeds till we have found the one,
If one there be ?" Ay me ! I fear
All may not doubt, but everywhere
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God
Whom call I Idol ? Let thy dove
Shadow me over, and my sins
Be unremembered, and thy love
Enlighten me. O teach me yet
Somewhat before the heavy clod
Weighs on me, and the busy fret
Of that sharp-headed worm begins
In the gross blackness underneath.

O weary life ! O weary death !
O spirit and heart made desolate !
O damnéd vacillating state !

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

Hrs eyes in eclipse,
 Pale-cold his lips,
 The light of his hopes unfed,
 Mute his tongue,
 His bow unstrung
 With the tears he hath shed,
 Backward drooping his graceful head,
 Love is dead:
 His last arrow is sped;
 He hath not another dart;
 Go—carry him to his dark deathbed;
 Bury him in the cold, cold heart—
 Love is dead.

O truest love! art thou forlorn,
 And unrevenge'd? thy pleasant wiles
 Forgotten, and thine innocent joy?
 Shall hollow-hearted apathy,
 The cruellest form of perfect scorn,
 With languor of most hateful smiles,
 Forever write,
 In the withered light
 Of the tearless eye,
 An epitaph that all may spy?
 No! sooner she herself shall die.

For her the showers shall not fall,
 Nor the round sun shine that shineth
 to all;
 Her light shall into darkness change;
 For her the green grass shall not spring,
 Nor the rivers flow, nor the sweet birds
 sing,
 Till Love have his full revenge.

TO ———.

SAINTED Juliet! dearest name!
 If to love be life alone,
 Divinest Juliet,
 I love thee, and live; and yet
 Love unreturned is like the fragrant
 flame
 Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice
 Offered to gods upon an altar-
 throne;
 My heart is lighted at thine eyes,
 Changed into fire, and blown about
 with sighs.

SONG

I.

I' THE glooming light
 Of middle night
 So cold and white,
 Worn Sorrow sits by the moaning
 wave,
 Beside her are laid
 Her mattock and spade,
 For she hath half delved her own
 deep grave.
 Alone she is there:
 The white clouds drizzle: her hair falls
 loose:
 Her shoulders are bare; -
 Her tears are mixed with the beaded
 dews.

II.

Death standeth by;
 She will not die;
 With glazed eye
 She looks at her grave she cannot
 sleep;
 Ever alone
 She maketh her moan:
 She cannot speak: she can only weep,
 For she will not hope.
 The thick snow falls on her flake by
 flake,
 The dull wave mourns down
 the slope,
 The world will not change, and her
 heart will not break.

SONG.

I.

THE lintwhite and the throistlecock
 Have voices sweet and clear;
 All in the blooméd May.
 They from the blosmy breere
 Call to the fleeting year,
 If that he would them hear
 And stay.
 Alas! that one so beautiful
 Should have so dull an ear!

II.

Fair year, fair year, thy children call,
 But thou art deaf as death;
 All in the blooméd May.
 When thy light perisheth
 That from thee issueth,
 Our life evanisheth:
 O, stay!
 Alas! that lips so cruel-dumb
 Should have so sweet a breath!

III.

Fair year, with brows of royal love
 Thou comest, as a king,
 All in the blooméd May.
 Thy golden largess fling.
 And longer hear us sing;
 Though thou art fleet of wing,
 Yet stay.
 Alas! that eyes so full of light
 Should be so wandering!

IV.

Thy locks are all of sunny sheen
 In rings of gold yronne,*
 All in the blooméd May.
 We pri'thee pass not on;
 If thou dost leave the sun,
 Delight is with thee gone.
 O, stay!
 Thou art the fairest of thy feres,
 We pri'thee pass not on.

SONG.

I.

EVERY day hath its night:
 Every night its morn:
 Thorough dark and bright
 Wingéd hours are borne;
 Ah! welaway!
 Seasons flower and fade;
 Golden calm and storm
 Mingle day by day.
 There is no bright form
 Doth not cast a shade—
 Ah! welaway!

*"His orispè hair in ringlis was yronne."
 CHAUCER, *Knights Tale*.

II.

When we laugh, and our mirth
 Apes the happy vein,
 We're so kin to earth,
 Pleasance fathers pain—
 Ah! welaway!
 Madness laugheth loud:
 Laughter bringeth tears:
 Eyes are worn away
 Till the end of fears
 Cometh in the shroud,
 Ah! welaway!

III.

All is change, woe or weal;
 Joy is Sorrow's brother;
 Grief and gladness steal
 Symbols of each other:
 Ah! welaway!
 Larks in heaven's cope
 Sing: the culvers mourn
 All the livelong day.
 Be not all forlorn:
 Let us weep in hope—
 Ah! welaway!

NOTHING WILL DIE.

WHEN will the streams be aweary of
 flowing
 Under my eye?
 When will the wind be aweary of
 blowing
 Over the sky?
 When will the clouds be aweary of
 fleeting?
 When will the heart be aweary of beat-
 ing?
 And nature die?
 Never, O never! nothing will die;
 The stream flows,
 The wind blows,
 The cloud fleets,
 The heart beats,
 Nothing will die.
 Nothing will die;
 All things will change
 Through eternity.
 'Tis the world's winter:

Autumn and summer
 Are gone long ago.
Earth is dry to the centre,
 But spring a new comer—
A spring rich and strange,
 Shall make the winds blow
 Round and round,
 Through and through,
 Here and there,
 Till the air
 And the ground
 Shall be fill'd with life anew.
The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.
 So let the wind range;
 For ever, and morn
 Ever will be
 Through eternity.
 Nothing was born;
 Nothing will die;
All things will change.

ALL THINGS WILL DIE.

CLEARLY the blue river chimes in its
 flowing
 Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the south winds
 are blowing
 Over the sky.
One after another the white clouds are
 fleeting;
Every heart this May morning in
 joyance is beating
 Full merrily;
 Yet all things must die.
The stream will cease to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;
The clouds will cease to fleet;
The heart will cease to beat;
 For all things must die.

All things must die.
Spring will come nevermore.
 O, vanity!
Death waits at the door.
See! our friends are all forsaking
The wine and merrymaking.
We are called—we must go.
Laid low, very low,

In the dark we must lie.
The merry glees are still;
The voice of the bird
 Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind on the hill.
 O, misery!
Hark! death is calling
 While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing;
Ice with the warm blood mixing;
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell
Ye merry souls, farewell.

The old earth
 Had a birth,
 As all men know
 Long ago.
And the old earth must die.
 So let the warm winds range,
 And the blue wave beat the
 shore;
 For even and morn
 Ye will never see
 Through eternity.
 All things were born.
 Ye will come nevermore,
 For all things must die.

HERO TO LEANDER.

O GO not yet, my love!
The night is dark and vast;
The white moon is hid in her heaven
 above,
 And the waves climb high and fast.
O, kiss me, kiss me, once again,
 Lest thy kiss should be the last!
O kiss me ere we part;
Grow closer to my heart!
My heart is warmer surely than the
 bosom of the main.
O joy! O bliss of blisses!
My heart of hearts art thou.
Come bathe me with thy kisses,
My eyelids and my brow.
Hark how the wild rain hisses,
 And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,
 So gladly doth it stir ;
 Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.
 I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh ;
 Thy locks are dripping balm ;
 Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,
 I'll stay thee with my kisses.
 To-night the roaring brine
 Will rend thy golden tresses ;
 The ocean with the morrow light
 Will be both blue and calm :
 And the billow will embrace thee with
 a kiss as soft as mine.
 No Western odors wander
 On the black and moaning sea,
 And when thou art dead, Leander,
 My soul must follow thee !
 O go not yet, my love !
 Thy voice is sweet and low ;
 The deep salt wave breaks in above
 Those marble steps below.
 The turret-stairs are wet
 That lead into the sea.
 Leander ! go not yet,
 The pleasant stars have set :
 O, go not, go not yet,
 Or I will follow thee !

THE MYSTIC.

ANGELS have talked with him, and showed him thrones :
 Ye knew him not : he was not one of ye,
 Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn :
 Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
 The still serene abstraction : he hath felt
 The vanities of after and before ;
 Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
 The stern experiences of converse lives,
 The linkéd woes of many a fiery change

Had purified, and chastened, and made free.
 Always there stood before him, night and day,
 Of wayward vary-colored circumstance
 The imperishable presences serene,
 Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,
 Dim shadows but unwaning presences
 Fourfaced to four corners of the sky ;
 And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,
 One forward, one respectant, three but one ;
 And yet again, again and evermore,
 For the two first were not, but only seemed, [light,
 One shadow in the midst of a great
 One reflex from eternity on time,
 One mighty countenance of perfect calm,
 Awful with most invariable eyes.
 For him the silent congregated hours,
 Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath
 Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes
 Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light
 Of earliest youth pierced through and through with all
 Keen knowledges of low-embowéd eld)
 Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud
 Which droops low-hung on either gate of life,
 Both birth and death : he in the centre fixt,
 Saw far on each side through the grated gates
 Most pale and clear and lovely distances.
 He often lying broad awake, and yet
 Remaining from the body, and apart
 In intellect and power and will, hath heard
 Time flowing in the middle of the night,
 And all things creeping to a day of doom.
 How could ye know him? Ye were yet within

The narrower circle : he had wellnigh
reached
The last, which with a region of white
flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,
Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

I.

VOICE of the summer wind,
Joy of the summer plain,
Life of the summer hours,
Carol clearly, bound along.
No Tithon thou as poets feign
(Shame fall 'em, they are deaf and
blind),
But an insect lithe and strong,
Bowing the seeded summer flowers.
Prove their falsehood and thy quar-
rel,
Vaulting on thine airy feet.
Clap thy shielded sides and carol,
Carol clearly, chirrup sweet.
Thou art a mailed warrior in youth and
strength complete
Armed cap-a-pie
Full fair to see ;
Unknowing fear,
Undreading loss,
A gallant cavalier,
Sans peur et sans reproche,
In sunlight and in shadow,
The Bayard of the meadow.

II.

I would dwell with thee,
Merry grasshopper,
Thou art so glad and free,
And as light as air ;
Thou hast no sorrow or tears,
Thou hast no compt of years,
No withered immortality,
But a short youth sunny and free.
Carol clearly, bound along,
Soon thy joy is over,
A summer of loud song,
And slumbers in the clover.

What hast thou to do with evil
In thine hour of love and revel,
In thy heat of summer pride,
Pushing the thick roots aside
Of the singing floweréd grasses,
That brush thee with their silken
tresses ?

What hast thou to do with evil,
Shooting, singing, ever springing
In and out the emerald glooms,
Ever leaping, ever singing,
Lighting on the golden blooms ?

LOVE, PRIDE, AND FORGET-
FULNESS.

ERE yet my heart was sweet Love's
tomb,
Love labored honey busily.
I was the hive, and Love the bee,
My heart the honeycomb.
One very dark and chilly night
Pride came beneath and held a light.

The cruel vapors went through all,
Sweet Love was withered in his cell :
Pride took Love's sweets, and by a
spell
Did change them into gall ;
And Memory, though fed by Pride,
Diu wax so thin on gall,
Awhile she scarcely lived at all.
What marvel that she died ?

CHORUS.

IN AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA, WRIT-
TEN VERY EARLY.

THE varied earth, the moving heaven,
The rapid waste of roving sea,
The fountain-pregnant mountains riven
To shapes of wildest anarchy,
By secret fire and midnight storms
That wander round their windy
cones,
The subtle life, the countless forms
Of living things, the wondrous tones

Of man and beast are full of
strange
Astonishment and boundless
change.

The day, the diamonded night,
The echo, feeble child of sound,
The heavy thunder's griding might,
The herald lightning's starry bound,
The vocal spring of bursting bloom,
The naked summer's glowing birth,
The troublous autumn's sallow gloom,
The hoarhead winter paving earth
With sheeny white, are full of
strange
Astonishment and boundless
change

Each sun which from the centre flings
Grand music and redundant fire,
The burning belts, the mighty rings,
The murm'rous planets' rolling choir,
The globe-filled arch that, cleaving air,
Lost in its own effulgence sleeps,
The lawless comets as they glare
And thunder through the sapphire
deeps
In wayward strength, and full of
strange
Astonishment and boundless
change.

LOST HOPE.

You cast to ground the hope which
once was mine :
But did the while your harsh decree
deplore,
Embalming with sweet tears the vacant
shrine,
My heart, where Hope had been and
was no more.

So on an oaken sprout
A goodly acorn grew ;
But winds from heaven shook the
acorn out,
And filled the cup with dew.

THE TEARS OF HEAVEN.

HEAVEN weeps above the earth all
night till morn,
In darkness weeps as all ashamed to
weep,
Because the earth hath made her state
forlorn
With self-wrought evil of unnumbered
years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonor
reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back
her tears,
Into her own blue eyes so clear and
deep,
And showering down the glory of light-
some day,
Smiles on the earth's worn brow to
win her if she may.

LOVE AND SORROW.

O MAIDEN, fresher than the first green
leaf
With which the fearful springtide
flecks the lea,
Weep not, Almeida, that I said to thee
That thou hast half my heart, for bitter
grief
Doth hold the other half in sovranly.
Thou art my heart's sun in love's crys-
talline :
Yet on both sides at once thou canst
not shine :
Thine is the bright side of my heart,
and thine
My heart's day, but the shadow of my
heart,
Issue of its own substance, my heart's
night
Thou canst not lighten even with *hy*
light,
All-powerful in beauty as thou art.
Almeida, if my heart were substance
less,
Then might thy rays pass through to
the other side,
So swiftly, that they nowhere would
abide,

But lose themselves in utter emptiness.
 Half-light, half-shadow, let my spirit
 sleep ;
 They never learned to love who never
 knew to weep.

TO A LADY SLEEPING.

O THOU whose fringed lids I gaze
 upon,
 Through whose dim brain the wingéd
 dreams are borne,
 Unroof the shrines of clearest vision,
 In honor of the silver-fleckéd morn ;
 Long hath the white wave of the virgin
 light
 Driven back the billow of the dreamful
 dark.
 Thou all unwittingly prolongest night,
 Though long ago listening the poiséd
 lark,
 With eyes dropt downward through
 the blue serene,
 Over heaven's parapet the angels lean.

SONNET.

COULD I outwear my present state of
 woe
 With one brief winter, and indue i' the
 spring
 Hues of fresh youth, and mightily out-
 grow
 Than wan dark coil of faded suffer-
 ing—
 Forth in the pride of beauty issuing
 A sheeny snake, the light of vernal
 bowers,
 Moving his crest to all sweet plots of
 flowers
 And watered valleys where the young
 birds sing ;
 Could I thus hope my lost delight's
 renewing,
 I straightly would command the tears
 to creep
 From my charged lids ; but inwardly I
 weep ;

Some vital heat as yet my heart is
 wooing ;
 That to itself hath drawn the frozen
 rain
 From my cold eyes, and melted it
 again.

SONNET.

THOUGH Night hath climbed her peak
 of highest noon,
 And bitter blasts the screaming autumn
 whirl,
 All night through archways of the
 bridgéd pearl,
 And portals of pure silver, walks the
 moon.
 Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to
 agony,
 Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to
 joy,
 And dross to gold with glorious al-
 chemy,
 Basing thy throne above the world's
 annoy.
 Reign thou above the storms of sorrow
 and ruth
 That roar beneath ; unshaken peace
 hath won thee ;
 So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms.
 of truth ;
 So shall the blessing of the meek be
 on thee ;
 So in thine hour of dawn, the body's
 youth,
 An honorable eld shall come upon
 thee.

SONNET.

SHALL the hag Evil die with child of
 Good,
 Or propagate again her loathéd kind,
 Thronging the cells of the diseaséd
 mind,
 Hateful with hanging cheeks, a withered
 brood,
 Though hourly pastured on the salient
 blood ?

O that the wind which bloweth cold or
 heat
 Would shatter and o'erbear the brazen
 beat
 Of their broad vans, and in the solitude
 Of middle space confound them, and
 blow back
 Their wild cries down their cavern
 throats, and slake
 With points of blast-borne hail their
 heated eyne !
 So their wan limbs no more might
 come between
 The moon and the moon's reflex in the
 night,
 Nor blot with floating shades the solar
 light.

SONNET.

THE pallid thunder-stricken sigh for
 gain,
 Down an ideal stream they ever float,
 And sailing on Pactolus in a boat,
 Drown soul and sense, while wistfully
 they strain
 Weak eyes upon the glistening sands
 that robe
 The understream. 'The wise, could he
 behold
 Cathedralled caverns of thick-ribbed
 gold
 And branching silvers of the central
 globe,
 Would marvel from so beautiful a
 sight
 How scorn and ruin, pain and hate
 could flow :
 But Hatred in a gold cave sits below ;
 Pleached with her hair, in mail of
 argent light
 Shot into gold, a snake her forehead
 clips,
 And skins the color from her trembling
 lips.

LOVE.

I.

THOU, from the first, unborn, undying
 love,
 Albeit we gaze not on thy glories near,
 Before the face of God didst breathe
 and move,
 Though night and pain and ruin and
 death reign here.
 Thou foldest, like a golden atmosphere,
 The very throne of the eternal God :
 Passing through thee the edicts of his
 fear
 Are mellowed into music, borne abroad
 By the loud winds, though they uprend
 the sea,
 Even from its central deeps: thine
 empery
 Is over all ; thou wilt not brook eclipse ;
 Thou goest and returnest to His lips
 Like lightning : thou dost ever brood
 above
 The silence of all hearts, unutterable
 Love.

II.

To know thee is all wisdom, and old
 age
 Is but to know thee : dimly we behold
 thee
 Athwart the veils of evils which in-
 fold
 thee.
 We beat upon our aching hearts in
 rage ;
 We cry for thee ; we deem the world
 thy tomb.
 As dwellers in lone planets look upon
 The mighty disk of their majestic sun,
 Hollowed in awful chasms of wheeling
 gloom,
 Making their day dim, so we gaze on
 thee.
 Come, thou of many crowns, white-
 robéd love,
 Oh ! rend the veil in twain : all men
 adore thee ;
 Heaven crieth after thee ; earth waiteth
 for thee ;
 Breathe on thy wingéd throne, and it
 shall move
 In music and in light o'er land and sea.

III.

And now—methinks I gaze upon thee
 now,
 As on a serpent in his agonies
 Awe-stricken Indians; what time laid
 low
 And crushing the thick fragrant reeds
 he lies,
 When the new year warm-breathed on
 the Earth,
 Waiting to light him with her purple
 skies,
 Calls to him by the fountain to uprise.
 Already with the pangs of a new birth
 Strain the hot spheres of his convulséd
 eyes,
 And in his writhings awful hues begin
 To wander down his sable-sheeny sides,
 Like light on troubled waters: from
 within
 Anon he rusheth forth with merry din,
 And in him light and joy and strength
 abides;
 And from his brows a crown of living
 light
 Looks through the thick-stemmed
 woods by day and night.

THE KRAKEN.

BELOW the thunders of the upper deep;
 Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
 His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded
 sleep,
 The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sun-
 lights flee
 About his shadowy sides; above him
 swell
 Huge sponges of millennial growth and
 height;
 And far away into the sickly light,
 From many a wondrous grot and secret
 cell
 Unnumbered and enormous polypi
 Winnower with giant fins the slumbering
 green.
 There hath he lain for ages and will lie
 Battening upon huge seaworms in his
 sleep,

Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
 Then once by man and angels to be
 seen,
 In roaring he shall rise and on the
 surface die.

ENGLISH WAR SONG.

WHO fears to die? Who fears to
 die?
 Is there any here who fears to die?
 He shall find what he fears; and none
 shall grieve
 For the man who fears to die;
 But the withering scorn of the many
 shall cleave
 To the man who fears to die.

CHORUS.

Shout for England!
 Ho! for England!
 George for England!
 Merry England!
 England for aye!

The hollow at heart shall crouch
 forlorn,
 He shall eat the bread of common
 scorn;
 It shall be steeped in the salt, salt tear,
 Shall be steeped in his own salt tear:
 Far better, far better he never were
 born
 Than to shame merry England here.
 CHO.—Shout for England! etc.
 There standeth our ancient enemy;
 Hark! he shouteth—the ancient
 enemy!
 On the ridge of the hill his banners
 rise;
 They stream like fire in the skies;
 Hold up the Lion of England on high
 Till it dazzle and blind his eyes.
 CITO.—Shout for England! etc.
 Come along! we alone of the earth
 are free;
 The child in our cradles is bolder
 than he;

For where is the heart and strength of slaves ?

Oh ! where is the strength of slaves ?
He is weak ! we are strong : he a slave,
we are free ;

Come along ! we will dig their graves.

CHO.—Shout for England ! etc.

There standeth our ancient enemy ;
Will he dare to battle with the free ?
Spur along ! spur amain ! charge to the
fight :

Charge ! charge to the fight !
Hold up the Lion of England on high !
Shout for God and our right !

CHO.—Shout for England ! etc.

NATIONAL SONG.

THERE is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no hearts like English
hearts,
Such hearts of oak as they be.

There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and bold as they be.

CHORUS.

For the French the Pope may shrive 'em
For the devil a whit we heed 'em :
As for the French, God speed 'em
Unto their heart's desire,
And the merry devil drive 'em
Through the water and the fire.

FULL CHORUS.

Our glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea ;
We are the sons of freedom,
We are free.

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be.

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no maids like English maids
So beautiful as they be.

CHO.—For the French, etc.

DUALISMS.

Two bees within a crystal flowerbell
rockéd,

Hum a lovelay to the west-wind at
noontide

Both alike, they buzz together,
Both alike, they hum together,
Through and through the flowered
heather.

Where in a creeping cove the wave
unshockéd

Lays itself calm and wide
Over a stream two birds of glanc-
ing feather

Do woo each other, carolling
together

Both alike, they glide together,
Side by side ;

Both alike, they sing together,
Arching blue-glosséd necks beneath
the purple weather

Two children lovelier than Love adown
the lea are singing
As they gambol, lily-garlands ever
stringing :

Both inblossm white silk are frockéd :
Like, unlike, they roam together
Under a summer vault of golden
weather :

Like, unlike, they sing together
Side by side,

Mid May's darling golden lockéd,
Summer's tanling diamond eyed.

WE ARE FREE.

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the wingéd sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, "We are free."

The streams through many a lilled row
Down-carolling to the crispéd sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, "We are free."

THE SEA FAIRIES.*

SLOW sailed the weary mariners, and
saw
Between the green brink and the run-
ning foam
White limbs unrobéd in a crystal air,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms
prest
To little harps of gold: and while they
mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reached them on the middle
sea.

SONG.

Whither away, whither away, whither
away? Fly no more:
Whither away wi' the singing sail?
whither away wi' the oar?
Whither away from the high green field
and the happy blossoming shore?
Weary mariners, hither away,
One and all, one and all,
Weary mariners, come and play;
We will sing to you all the day;
Furl the sail and the foam will fall
From the prow! One and all
Furl the sail! Drop the oar!
Leap ashore,
Know danger and trouble and toil no
more.
Whither away wi' the sail and the oar?
Drop the oar,
Leap ashore,
Fly no more!
Whither away wi' the sail? whither
away wi' the oar?
Day and night to the billow the foun-
tain calls:
Down showef the gambolling water-
falls
From wandering over the lea;

* Original form.

They freshen the silvery-crimson
shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-
hill swells
High over the full-toned sea.
Merrily carol the revelling gales
Over the islands free;
From the green seabanks the rose
down trails
To the happy brimméd sea.
Come hither, come hither and be our
lords,
For merry brides are we;
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak
sweet words.
O listen, listen, your eyes shall
glisten
With pleasure and love and revelry:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall
glisten,
When the sharp clear twang of the
golden chords
Runs up the ridgéd sea.
Ye will not find so happy a shore.
Weary mariners! all the world o'er;
O, fly no more!
Hearken ye, hearken ye, sorrow shall
darken ye,
Danger and trouble and toil no more;
Whither away?
Drop the oar;
Hither away
Leap ashore;
O fly no more—no more:
Whither away, whither away, whither
away with the sail and the oar?

Oi *ῥεοντες*.

I.

ALL thoughts, all creeds, all dreams
are true,
All visions wild and strange:
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change,
All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream:
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream,

II.

There is no rest, no calm, no pause,
Nor good nor ill, nor light nor shade,
Nor essence nor eternal laws:
For nothing is, but all is made.

But if I dream that all these are,
They are to me for that I dream;
For all things are as they seem to all
And all things flow like a stream.
Argal—this very opinion is only true
relatively to the flowing philosophers.

POEMS PUBLISHED IN THE EDITION OF 1833,
AND OMITTED IN LATER EDITIONS.

SONNET.

MINE be the strength of spirit fierce
and free,
Like some broad river rushing down
alone,
With the selfsame impulse wherewith
he was thrown
From his loud fount upon the echoing
lea:—
Which with increasing might doth for-
ward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape,
and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt
sea
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a
mile.
Mine be the Power which ever to its
sway
Will win the wise at once, and by de-
grees
May into uncongenial spirits flow;
Even as the great gulf stream of Flor-
ida
Floats far away into the Northern
seas
The lavish growths of southern Mex-
ico.

TO —

I.

ALL good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wandered into other ways;
I have not lacked thy mild reproof,

Nor golden largess of thy praise,
But life is full of weary days.

II

Shake hands, my friend, across the
brink
Of that deep grave to which I go.
Shake hands once more: I cannot
sink
So far—far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below.

III.

When, in the darkness over me,
The four-handed mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,
Nor wreath thy cap with doleful
crape,
But pledge me in the flowing grape.

IV.

And when the sappy field and wood
Grow green beneath the showery
gray,
And rugged barks begin to bud,
And through damp holts, new flushed
with May,
Ring sudden laughters of the Jay;

V.

Then let wise Nature work her will,
And on my clay the darnels grow.
Come only when the days are still,
And at my headstone whisper low,
And tell me if the woodbines blow,

VI.

If thou art blest, my mother's smile
 Undimmed, if bees are on the wing :
 Then cease, my friend, a little while,
 That I may hear the throstle sing
 His bridal song, the boast of spring.

VII.

Sweet as the noise in parchéd plains
 Of bubbling wells that fret the
 stones
 (If any sense in me remains),
 Thy words will be; thy cheerful
 tones
 As welcome to my crumbling bones.

BONAPARTE.

HE thought to quell the stubborn
 hearts of oak,
 Madman!—to chain with chains, and
 bind with bands
 That island queen that sways the floods
 and lands
 From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight
 woke,
 When from her wooden walls, lit by
 sure hands,
 With thunders, and with lightnings,
 and with smoke,
 Peal after peal, the British battle
 broke,
 Lulling the brine against the Coptic
 sands.
 We taught him lowlier moods, when
 Elsinore
 Heard the war moan along the distant
 sea,
 Rocking with shattered spars, with
 sudden fires
 Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once
 more
 We taught him: late he learned hu-
 mility
 Perforce, like those whom Gideon
 schooled with briers.

SONNETS.

I.

O BEAUTY, passing beauty! sweetest
 Sweet!
 How canst thou let me waste my
 youth in sighs?
 I only ask to sit beside thy feet,
 Thou knowest I dare not look into
 thine eyes.
 Might I but kiss thy hand! I dare not
 fold
 My arms about thee—scarcely dare
 to speak.
 And nothing seems to me so wild and
 bold,
 As with one kiss to touch thy blessed
 cheek.
 Methinks if I should kiss thee, no con-
 trol
 Within the thrilling brain could keep
 afloat
 The subtle spirit. Even while I
 spoke,
 The bare word kiss hath made my
 inner soul
 To tremble like a lutestring, ere the
 note
 Hath melted in the silence that it
 broke.

II.

But were I loved, as I desire to be,
 What is there in the great sphere of the
 earth,
 And range of evil between death and
 birth;
 That I should fear,—if I were loved
 by thee?
 All the inner, all the outer world of
 pain
 Clear love would pierce and cleave, if
 thou wert mine,
 As I have heard that, somewhere in
 the main,
 Fresh-water springs come up through
 bitter brine.
 'Twere joy, not fear, clasped hand-in-
 hand with thee,
 To wait for death—mute—careless of
 all ills.

Apart upon a mountain, through the surge
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge
Below us, as far on as eye could see.

THE HESPERIDES.

"Hesperus and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree."

Comus.

THE North-wind fall'n, in the new-starréd night
Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond
The hoary promontory of Soloë
Past Thymiaterion, in calméd bays,
Between the southern and the western Horn,
Heard neither warbling of the nightingale,
Nor melody of the Libyan lotus flute
Blown seaward from the shore; but from a slope
That ran bloom-bright into the Atlantic blue,
Beneath a highland leaning down a weight
Of cliffs, and zoned below with cedar shade,
Came voices, like the voices in a dream,
Continuous, till he reached the outer sea.

SONG.

I.

The golden apple, the golden apple,
the hallowed fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Singing airily.
Standing about the charméd root.
Round about all is mute,
As the snow-field on the mountain-peaks,
As the sand-field at the mountain-foot.
Crocodiles in briny creeks

Sleep and stir not: all is mute.
If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,
We shall lose eternal pleasure,
Worth eternal want of rest.
Laugh not loudly: watch the treasure
Of the wisdom of the West.
In a corner wisdom whispers. Five and three
(Let it not be preached abroad) make
an awful mystery.
For the blossom unto threefold music
bloweth;
Evermore it is born anew:
And the sap to threefold music floweth,
From the root
Drawn in the dark,
Up to the fruit,
Creeping under the fragrant bark,
Liquid gold, honeysweet, thro' and thro'.
Keen-eyed Sisters, singing airily,
Looking warily
Every way,
Guard the apple night and day,
Lest one from the East come and take
it away.

II.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch,
watch, ever and aye,
Looking under silver hair with a silver eye.
Father, twinkle not thy steadfast sight:
Kingdoms lapse, and climates change,
and races die;
Honor comes with mystery;
Hoarded wisdom brings delight.
Number, tell them over and number
How many the mystic fruit-tree holds
Lest the red-combed dragon slumber
Rolled together in purple folds.
Look to him, father, lest he wink, and
the golden apple be stol'n away,
For his ancient heart is drunk with
overwatchings night and day,
Round about the hallowed fruit-tree
curled—
Sing away, sing aloud evermore in the
wind, without stop,

Lest his scaléd eyelid drop
 For he is older than the world.
 If he waken, we waken,
 Rapidly levelling eager eyes.
 If he sleep, we sleep,
 Dropping the eyelid over the eyes.
 If the golden apple be taken,
 The world will be overwise.
 Five links, a golden chain, are we,
 Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,
 Bound about the golden tree.

III.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch,
 watch, night and day,
 Lest the old wound of the world be
 healéd,
 The glory unsealéd,
 The golen apple stolén away,
 And the ancient secret revealéd
 Look from west to east along:
 Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus
 is bold and strong
 Wandering waters unto wandering
 waters call;
 Let them clash together, foam and
 fall.
 Out of watchings, out of wiles,
 Comes the bliss of secret smiles.
 All things are not told to all.
 Half-round the mantling night is
 drawn,
 Purple fringed with even and dawn,
 Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening
 hateth morn.

IV.

Every flower and every fruit the redo-
 lent breath
 Of this warm sea-wind ripeneth,
 Arching the billow in his sleep;
 But the land-wind wandereth,
 Broken by the highland-steep,
 Two streams upon the violet deep;
 For the western sun and the western
 star,
 And the low west-wind, breathing afar,
 The end of day and beginning of night
 Make the apple holy and bright;

Holy and bright, round and full, bright
 and blest,
 Mellowed in a land of rest;
 Watch it warily day and night;
 All good things are in the west.
 Till mid noon the cool east light
 Is shut out by the tall hillbrow;
 But when the full-faced sunset yellowly
 Stays on the flowering arch of the
 bough,
 The luscious fruitage clustereth mel-
 lowly,
 Golden-kernelled, golden-cored,
 Sunset-ripened above on the tree.
 The world is wasted with fire and
 sword,
 But the apple of gold hangs over the
 sea.
 Five links, a golden chain are we,
 Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three.
 Daughters three,
 Bound about
 The gnarléd bole of the charméd tree.
 The golden apple, the golden apple,
 the hallowed fruit,
 Guard it well, guard it warily,
 Watch it warily,
 Singing arily,
 Standing about the charméd root.

ROSALIND.

I.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
 My frolic falcon with bright eyes,
 Whose free delight, from any height of
 rapid flight,
 Stoops at all games that wing the skies,
 My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
 My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon,
 whither,
 Careless both of wind and weather,
 Whither fly ye, what game spy ye,
 Up or down the streaming wind?

II.

The quick lark's closest-carolled
 strains,
 The shadow rushing up the sea,
 The lightning flash atween the rains,

The sunlight driving down the lea,
 The leaping stream, the very wind,
 That will not stay, upon his way,
 To stoop the cowslip to the plains,
 Is not so clear and bold and free
 As you, my falcon Rosalind.
 You care not for another's pains,
 Because you are the soul of joy,
 Bright metal all without alloy.
 Life shoots and glances thro' your
 veins,
 And flashes off a thousand ways
 Through lips and eyes in subtle rays.
 Your hawkeyes are keen and bright,
 Keen with triumph, watching still
 To pierce me through with pointed
 light;
 But oftentimes they flash and glitter
 Like sunshine on a dancing rill,
 And your words are seeming-bitter,
 Sharp and few, but seeming-bitter
 From excess of swift delight.

III.

Come down, come home, my Rosalind,
 My gay young hawk, my Rosalind :
 Too long you keep the upper skies ;
 Too long you roam and wheel at will :
 But we must hood your random eyes ;
 That care not whom they kill,
 And your cheek, whose brilliant hue
 Is so sparkling-fresh to view,
 Some red heath-flower in the dew,
 Touched with sunrise. We must bind
 And keep you fast, my Rosalind,
 Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind,
 And clip your wings, and make you
 love :
 When we have lured you from above,
 And that delight of frolic flight, by day
 or night,
 From north to south ;
 Will bind you fast in silken cords,
 And kiss away the bitter words
 From off your rosy mouth.*

* **AUTHOR'S NOTE.** — Perhaps the following lines may be allowed to stand as a separate poem; originally they made part of the text, where they were manifestly superfluous.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
 Bold, subtle, careless Rosalind,

SONG.

WHO can say
 Why To-day
 To-morrow will be yesterday?
 Who can tell
 Why to smell
 The violet recalls the dewy prime
 Of youth and buried time?
 The cause is nowhere found in rhyme

KATE.

I KNOW her by her angry air,
 Her bright black eyes, her bright black
 hair,
 Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
 As laughters of the woodpecker
 From the bosom of a hill.
 'Tis Kate — she sayeth what she
 will :
 For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
 Clear as the twanging of a harp.
 Her heart is like a throbbing star-

Is one of those who know no strife
 Of inward woe or outward fear ;
 To whom the slope and stream of Life,
 The life before, the life behind,
 In the ear, from far and near,
 Chimeth musically clear.
 My falcon-hearted Rosalind,
 Full-sailed before a vigorous wind,
 Is one of those who cannot weep
 For others' woes, but overleap
 All the petty shocks and fears
 That trouble life in early years,
 With a flash of frolic scorn
 And keen delight, that never falls
 Away from freshness, self-upborne
 With such gladness as, whenever
 The fresh-flushing springtime calls
 To the flooding waters cool,
 Young fishes, on an April morn,
 Up and down a rapid river,
 Leap the little waterfalls
 That sing into the pebbled pool,
 My happy falcon, Rosalind,
 Hath daring fancies of her own,
 Fresh as the dawn before the day.
 Fresh as the early sea-smell blown
 Through vineyards from an inland bay.
 My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
 Because no shadow on you falls,
 Think you hearts are tennis balls
 To play with, wanton Rosalind?

Kate hath a spirit ever strung
 Like a new bow, and bright and sharp
 As edges of the cimeter.
 Whence shall she take a fitting mate?
 For Kate no common love will feel;
 My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
 As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith "the world is void of might."

Kate saith "the men are gilded flies."
 Kate snaps her fingers at my vows;

Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.
 I would I were an armed knight,
 Far famed for well-won enterprise,
 And wearing on my swarthy brows
 The garland of new-wreathed em-
 prise:

For in a moment I would pierce
 The blackest files of clanging fight,
 And strongly strike to left and right,
 In dreaming of my lady's eyes.

Oh! Kate loves well the bold and fierce;

But none are bold enough for Kate,
 She cannot find a fitting mate.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE OUT-
 BREAK OF THE POLISH INSURREC-
 TION.

BLOW ye the trumpet, gather from afar
 The hosts to battle: be not bought and sold.

Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the bold;

Break through your iron shackles—
 fling them far.

O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar
 Grew to his strength among his deserts cold;

When even to Moscow's cupolas were rolled

The growing murmurs of the Polish war!

Now must your noble anger blaze out more

Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,
 The Moslem myriads fell, and fled before—

Than when Zamoysky smote the Tartar Khan;

Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore
 Boleslas drove the Pomeranian.

SONNET

ON THE RESULT OF THE LATE RUSSIAN
 INVASION OF POLAND.

How long, O God, shall men be ridden down,

And trampled under by the last and least

Of men? The heart of Poland hath not ceased

To quiver, though her sacred blood doth drown

The fields; and out of every mouldering town

Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be increased,

Till that o'ergrown Barbarian in the East

Transgress his ample bound to some new crown:—

Cries to Thee, "Lord, how long shall these things be?"

How long shall the icy-hearted Muscovite

Oppress the region?" Us, O Just and Good,

Forgive, who smiled when she was torn in three;

Us, who stand *now*, when we should aid the right—

A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

SONNET.

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,

And ebb into a former life, or seem

To lapse far back in a confused dream
 To states of mystical similitude ;
 If one but speaks or hems or stirs his
 chair,
 Ever the wonder waxeth more and
 more,
 So that we say, " All this hath been be-
 fore,
 All this *hath* been, I know not when or
 where."
 So, friend, when first I looked upon
 your face,
 Our thought gave answer, each to each,
 so true,
 Opposéd mirrors each reflecting each—
 Altho' I knew not in what time or place,
 Methought that I had often met with
 you,
 And each had lived in the other's mind
 and speech.

O DARLING ROOM.

I.

O DARLING room, my heart's delight,
 Dear room, the apple of my sight,
 With thy two couches soft and white,
 There is no room so exquisite,
 No little room so warm and brigl
 Wherein to read, wherein to write.

II.

For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,
 And Oberwinter's vineyards green,
 Musical Lurlei ; and between
 The hills to Bingen have I been,
 Bingen in Darmstadt, where the Rhene
 Curves toward Mentz, a woody scene.

I.

Yet never did there meet my sight,
 In any town to left or right,
 A little room so exquisite,
 With two such couches soft and white ;
 Not any room so warm and bright,
 Wherein to read, wherein to write.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

You did late review my lays,
 Crusty Christopher ;
 You did mingle blame and praise,
 Rusty Christopher.
 When I learnt from whom it came,
 I forgave you all the blame,
 Musty Christopher ;
 I could *not* forgive the praise
 Fusty Christopher.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

NO MORE.*

O SAD *No More!* O sweet *No More!*
 O strange *No More!*
 By a mossed brookbank on a stone
 I smelt a wildweed flower alone ;
 There was a ringing in my ears,
 And both my eyes gushed out with
 tears.
 Surely all pleasant things had gone be-
 fore,
 Low-buried fathom deep beneath with
 thee,
 NO MORE !

* From the Gem, a literary annual, for 1831.

ANACREONTICS.*

WITH roses musky-breathed,
 And drooping daffodilly,
 And silver-leaved lily,
 And ivy darkly-wreathed,
 I wove a crown before her,
 For her I love so dearly,
 A garland for Lenora.
 With a silken cord I bound it.
 Lenora, laughing clearly
 A light and thrilling laugther,
 About her forehead wound
 And loved me ever after.

A FRAGMENT.*

WHERE is the Giant of the Sun, which stood
 In the midnoon the glory of old Rhodes,
 A perfect Idol with profulgent brows
 Far-sheening down the purple seas to those
 Who sailed from Mizraim underneath
 the star
 Named of the Dragon—and between
 whose limbs
 Of brassy vastness broad-blown Argosies
 Drave into haven? Yet endure unscathed
 Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids
 Broad-based amid the fleeting sands,
 and sloped
 Into the slumberous summer-noon; but
 where,
 Mysterious Egypt, are thine obelisks
 Graven with gorgeous emblems undis-
 cerned?
 Thy placid Sphinxes brooding o'er the
 Nile?
 Thy shadowing Idols in the solitudes,
 Awful Memnonian countenances calm
 Looking athwart the burning flats, far
 off
 Seen by the high-necked camel on the
 verge
 Journeying southward? Where are thy
 monuments
 Piled by the strong and sunborn Ana-
 kin
 Over their crowned brethren ON and
 OPH?
 Thy Memnon when his peaceful lips
 are kist
 With earliest rays, that from his
 mother's eyes
 Flow over the Arabian bay, no more
 Breathes low into the charmed ears of
 morn
 Clear melody flattering the crisped Nile
 By columned Thebes. Old Memphis
 hath gone down:
 The Pharaohs are no more: somewhere
 in death

They sleep with staring eyes and gilded
 lips,
 Arapped round with spiced cerements
 in old grots
 Rock-hewn and sealed forever.

SONNET.†

ME my own fate to lasting sorrow
 doometh:
 Thy woes are birds of passage, transi-
 tory:
 Thy spirit, circled with a living glory,
 In summer still a summer joy resumeth
 Alone my hopeless melancholy gloom-
 eth,
 Like a lone cypress, through the twi-
 light hoary,
 From an old garden where no flower
 bloometh,
 One cypress on an island promontory.
 But yet my lonely spirit follows thine.
 As round the rolling earth night rol-
 lows day:
 But yet thy lights on my horizon shine
 Into my night, when thou art far
 away.
 I am so dark, alas! and thou so bright
 When we two meet there's never per-
 fect light.

SONNET.†

CHECK every outflash, every ruder sally
 Of thought and speech; speak low
 and give up wholly
 Thy spirit to mild-minded melancholy;
 This is the place. Through yonder
 poplar valley
 Below the blue-green river windeth
 slowly;
 But in the middle of the sombre valley
 The crisped waters whisper musically,
 And all the haunted place is dark and
 holy.
 The nightingale, with long and low
 preamble,

* From the Gem, a literary annual, for 1861.

† Friendship's Offering, 1833.

Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn
larches,
And in and out the woodbine's flow-
ery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton
gambol,
And all the white-stemmed pinewood
slept above—
When in this valley first I told my
love.

THE SKIPPING-ROPE.*

SURE never yet was Antelope
Could skip so lightly by.
Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
Will hit you in the eye.
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope!
How fairy-like you fly!
Go, get you gone, you muse and
mope—
I hate that silly sigh.
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
Or tell me how to die.
There, take it, take my skipping-
rope,
And hang yourself thereby.

THE NEW TIMON AND THE
POETS.†

WE know him, out of Shakespeare's
art,
And those fine curses which he
spoke;
The old Timon, with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.
So died the Old; here comes the New.
Regard him; a familiar face:
I thought we knew him: What, it's you
The padded man—that wears the
stays—
Who killed the girls and thrilled the
boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote!

* Omitted from the edition of 1842.

† Published in *Punch*, February, 1846, signed "Alcibiades."

A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.
And once you tried the Muses too;
You failed, Sir; therefore now you
turn,
To fall on those who are to you
As Captain is to Subaltern.
But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may
bring,
Can pardon little would-be POPES
And BRUMMELS, when they try to
sting.
An Artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.
But you, Sir, you are hard to please;
You never look but half content;
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.
And what with spites and what with
fears,
You cannot let a body be:
It's always ringing in your ears,
"They call this man as good as *me*."
What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?
You talk of tinsel! why we see
The old mark of rouge upon your
cheeks.
You prate of Nature! you are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.
A TIMON you! Nay, nay, for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take his name,
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

STANZAS.‡

WHAT time I wasted youthful hours,
One of the shining winged powers,
Show'd me vast cliffs with crown of
towers.

‡ The Keepsake, 1851.

As towards the gracious light I bow'd,
They seem'd high palaces and proud,
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labor is not small;
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

SONNET

TO WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.*

FAREWELL, Macready, since to-night
we part.

Full-handed thunders often have
confest

Thy power, well-used to move the
public breast.

We thank thee with one voice, and
from the heart.

Farewell, Macready; since this night
we part.

Go, take thine honors home: rank
with the best,

Garrick, and statelier Kemble, and
the rest

Who made a nation purer thro' their
art.

Thine is it, that our Drama did not
die,

Nor flicker down to brainless pan-
tomime,

And those gilt gauds men-children
swarm to see.

Farewell, Macready; moral, grave,
sublime.

Our Shakespeare's bland and universal
eye

Dwells pleased, thro' twice a hundred
years, on thee.

BRITONS, GUARD YOUR OWN.†

RISE, Britons, rise, if manhood be not
dead;

'The world's last tempest darkens over-
head;

* Read by Mr. John Forster at a dinner
given to Mr. Macready, March 1, 1851, on his
retirement from the stage.

† The Examiner, 1852.

The Pope has bless'd him;
The Church caress'd him;
He triumphs; maybe we shall stand
alone.

Britons, guard your own.

His ruthless host is bought with plur-
der'd gold,

By lying priests the peasants' votes
controll'd.

All freedom vanish'd,
The true men banish'd,

He triumphs: maybe we shall stand
alone.

Britons, guard your own.

Peace-lovers we—sweet Peace we all
desire—

Peace-lovers we—but who can trust a
liar?—

Peace-lovers, haters

Of shameless traitors,

We hate not France, but this man's
heart of stone,

Britons, guard your own.

We hate not France, but France has
lost her voice.

This man is France, the man they call
her choice.

By tricks and spying,

By craft and lying,

And murder was her freedom over-
thrown.

Britons, guard your own.

"Vive l'Empereur" may follow by and
by:

[cry.

"God save the Queen" is here a truer
God save the Nation,

The toleration,

And the free speech that makes a
Briton known.

Britons, guard your own.

Rome's dearest daughter now is cap-
tive France,

The Jesuit laughs, and reckoning on
his chance,

Would unrelenting,

Kill all dissenting,

Till we were left to fight for truth
alone.

Britons, guard your own.

Call home your ships across Biscayan
tides,
To blow the battle from their oaken
sides.

Why waste they yonder
Their idle thunder?

Why stay they there to guard a foreign
throne?

Seamen, guard your own.

We were the best of marksmen long
ago.

We won old battles with our strength,
the bow.

Now practise, yeomen,
Like those bowmen,

Till your balls fly as their shafts have
flown.

Yeomen, guard your own.

His soldier-ridden Highness might in-
cline

To take Sardinia, Belgium, or the
Rhine:

Shall we stand idle,
Nor seek to bridle

His rude aggressions, till we stand
alone?

Make their cause your own.

Should he land here, and for one hour
prevail,

There must no man go back to bear
the tale:

No man to bear it—
Swear it! we swear it!

Although we fight the banded world
alone,

We swear to guard our own.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY,
1852.*

My lords, we heard you speak; you
told us all

That England's honest censure went
too far;

That our free press should cease to
brawl,

Not sting the fiery Frenchman into
war.

It was an ancient privilege, my lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing,
into words.

We love not this French God, this
child of Hell,

Wild War, who breaks the converse
of the wise;

But though we love kind Peace so
well,

We dare not, e'en by silence, sanc-
tion lies. [draw;

It might safe be our censures to with-
And yet, my lords, not well; there is
a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak
free,

Though all the storm of Europe on
us break;

No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe; we
must speak;

That if to-night our greatness were
struck dead,

There might remain some record of
the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be
bold.

Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant
o'er.

Better the waste Atlantic roll'd
On her and us and ours for ever-
more.

What! have we fought for freedom
from our prime,

At last to dodge and palter with a
public crime?

Shall we fear him? our own we never
feared.

From our first Charles by force we
wrung our claims,

Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
And flung the burden of the second
James.

I say we never fear'd! and as for
these,

We broke them on the land, we drove
them on the seas.

*The Examiner, 1852, and signed "Merlin."

And you, my lords, you make the
people muse,

In doubt if you be of our Barons'
breed—

Were those your sires who fought at
Lewes?

Is this the manly strain of Runny-
mede?

O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this
monstrous fraud.

We feel, at least, that silence here were
sin.

Not ours the fault if we have feeble
hosts—

If easy patrons of their kin

Have left the last free race with
naked coasts!

They knew the precious things they
had to guard:

For us, we will not spare the tyrant
one hard word.

Though niggard throats of Manchester
may bawl,

What England was, shall her true
sons forget?

We are not cotton-spinners all,

But some love England, and her
honor yet.

And these in our Thermopylæ shall
stand,

And hold against the world the honor
of the land.

HANDS ALL ROUND.*

FIRST drink a health, this solemn
night,

A health to England, every guest;

That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.

May freedom's oak for ever live
With stronger life from day to day;

That man's the best Conservative

Who lops the mouldered branch
away.

* The Examiner, 1852, and signed "Merlin."

Hands all round!

God the tyrant's hope confound!

To this great cause of freedom drink,
my friends,

And the great name of England,
round and round.

A health to Europe's honest men!

Heaven guard them from her tyrants'
jails!

From wronged Poerio's noisome den,

From iron limbs and tortured nails

We curse the crimes of southern kings,
The Russian whips and Austrian
rods—

We likewise have our evil things;

Too much we make our Ledges,
Gods.

Yet hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!

To Europe's better health we drink,
my friends,

And the great name of England,
round and round!

What health to France, if France be
she,

Whom martial progress only
charms?

Yet tell her—better to be free

Than vanquish all the world in
arms.

Her frantic city's flashing heats

But fire, to blast, the hopes of men

Why change the titles of your streets?
You fools, you'll want them all again.

Hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!

To France, the wiser France, we drink,
my friends,

And the great name of England,
round and round.

Gigantic daughter of the West,

We drink to thee across the flood,

We know thee and we love thee best,

For art thou not of British blood?

Should war's mad blast again be blown,

Permit not thou the tyrant powers

To fight thy mother here alone,

But let thy broadsides roar with ours

Hands all round !
 God the tyrant's cause confound !
 To our dear kinsmen of the West,
 my friends,
 And the great name of England,
 round and round.

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
 When war against our freedom
 springs !
 O speak to Europe through your guns !
 They *can* be understood by kings
 You must not mix our Queen with
 those
 That wish to keep their people fools ;
 Our freedom's foemen are her foes,
 She comprehends the race she rules,
 Hands all round !
 God the tyrant's cause confound !
 To our dear kinsman in the West, my
 friends,
 And the great name of England,
 round and round.

THE WAR.*

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,
 Storm in the South that darkens the
 day,
 Storm of battle and thunder of war,
 Well, if it do not roll our way.
 Form ! form ! Riflemen form !
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm !
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form !

Be not deaf to the sound that warns !
 Be not gull'd by a despot's plea !
 Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns ?
 How should a despot set men free ?
 Form ! form ! Riflemen form !
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm !
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form !

Let your Reforms for a moment go,
 Look to your butts and take good
 aims.
 Better a rotten borough or so,
 Than a rotten fleet or a city of flames !
 Form ! form ! Riflemen form !
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm !
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form !

* London Times, May, 9 1859.

Form, be ready to do or die !
 Form in Freedom's name and the
 Queen's !
 True, that we have a faithful ally,
 But only the Devil knows what he
 means
 Form ! form ! Riflemen form !
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm !
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form !
 T.

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.†

HERE, it is here—The close of the year,
 And with it a spiteful letter
 My fame in song has done him much
 wrong,
 For himself has done much better.

O foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
 If men neglect your pages ?
 I think not much of yours or of mine :
 I hear the roll of the ages

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief ?
 My rhymes may have been the
 stronger.
 Yet hate me not, but abide your lot ;
 I last but a moment longer.

O faded leaf, isn't fame as brief ?
 What room is here for a hater ?
 Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener
 leaf,
 For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—isn't that your cry ?
 And I shall live to see it.
 Well, if it be so, so it is, you know ;
 And if it be so—so be it !

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief ?
 But this is the time of hollies.
 And my heart, my heart is an evergreer ;
 I hate the spites and the follies.

1865-1866.‡

I STOOD on a tower in the wet,
 And New Year and Old Year met,

† Once a Week, January 4, 1868.

‡ Good Words, March, 1863.

And winds were roaring and blowing ;
 And I said, "O years that meet in tears,
 Have ye aught that is worth the know-
 ing ?

Science enough and exploring,
 Wanderers coming and going

Matter enough for deploring,
 But aught that is worth the knowing ?"
 Seas at my feet were flowing,
 Waves on the shingle pouring,
 Old Year roaring and blowing,
 And New Year blowing and roaring.

THE WINDOW ;

OR,

THE SONGS OF THE WRENS.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

THE MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

FOUR years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as "Orpheus with his Lute," and I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days ; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

A. TENNYSON.

December, 1870.

I.

ON THE HILL.

THE lights and shadows fly !
 Yonder it brightens and darkens down
 on the plain.

A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's
 eye !

O is it the brook, or a pool ; or her
 window pane,

When the winds are up in the morn-
 ing ?

Clouds that are racing above,
 And winds and lights and shadows that
 cannot be still,

All running on one way to the home
 of my love

You are all running on, and I stand on
 the slope of the hill,
 And the winds are up in the morn-
 ing !

Follow, follow the chase !
 And my thoughts are as quick and as
 quick, ever on, on, on.

O lights, are you flying over her
 sweet little face ?

And my heart is there before you are
 come and gone,

When the winds are up in the
 morning !

Follow them down the slope !
 And I follow them down to the window-
 pane of my dear,

And it brightens and darkens and
 and brightens like my hope,

And it darkens and brightens and darkens
like my fear,
And the winds are up in the morning.

II

AT THE WINDOW

VINE, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine !
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss
Kiss, kiss ; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a flower.
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine ?
Rose, rose and clematis,
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,
Kiss, kiss--And out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,
Dropt, a flower.

III.

GONE !

GONE !
Gone till the end of the year,
Gone, and the light gone with her and
left me in shadow here !
Gone—flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night and the
sun from the day !
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a
storm in the air !
Flown to the east or the west, flitted I
know not where !
Down in the south is a flash and a
groan : she is there ! she is there !

IV.

WINTER.

THE frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going
year.

Bite, frost, bite !
You roll up away from the light
The blue woodlouse and the plump
dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies
are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the
house,
But not in to mine.

Bite, frost, bite !
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the
earth,
But not into mine.

V.

SPRING.

BIRDS' love and birds' song
Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with gold for hair.
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
To love once and forever.

Men's love and birds' love,
And women's love and men's !
And you my wren with a crown of gold,
You my Queen of the wrens !
You the Queen of the wrens—
We'll be birds of a feather,
I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens.
And all in a nest together.

VI.

THE LETTER.

WHERE is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy ?
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? shall I go?
 Ask her to marry me by and by?
 Somebody said that she'd say no;
 Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?
 Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
 Go, little letter, apace, apace,
 Fly!
 Fly to the light in the valley below—
 Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:
 Somebody said that she'd say no;
 Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

VII.

NO ANSWER.

THE mist and the rain, the mist and
 the rain!

Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
 And never a glimpse of her window-
 pane!

And I may die but the grass will
 grow,

And the grass will grow when I am
 gone,

And the wet west wind and the world
 will go on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres,
 No is trouble and cloud and storm,
 Ay is life for a hundred years,

No will push me down to the worm,
 And when I am there and dead and
 gone,

The wet west wind and the world will
 go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and
 the wet!

Wet west wind, how you blow, you
 blow!

And never a line from my lady yet!

Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
 Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,

The wet west wind and the world may
 go on.

VIII.

NO ANSWER.

WINDS are loud and you are dumb:
 Take my love, for love will come,

Love will come but once a life.

Winds are loud and winds will pass!
 Spring is here with leaf and grass:

Take my love and be my wife

After-loves of maids and men

Are but dainties drest again:

Love me now, you'll love me then

Love can love but once a life.

IX.

THE ANSWER.

Two little hands that meet,
 Claspt on her seal, my sweet!

Must I take you and break you,

Two little hands that meet?

I must take you, and break you,

And loving hands must part—

Take, take—break, break—

Break—you may break my heart.

Faint heart never won—

Break, break, and all's done.

IXb.

AY

BE merry, all birds, to-day,

Be merry on earth as you never were
 merry before,

Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far
 away,

And merry forever and ever, and
 one day more.

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.

Look, look, how he flits,

The fire-crown'd king of the wrens,
 from out of the pine!

Look how they tumble the blossom,
 the mad little tits!

"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" was ever
 May so fine?

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.

O merry the linnet and dove,
 And swallow and sparrow and
 throstle, and have your desire!
 O merry my heart, you have gotten the
 wings of love,
 And flit like the king of the wrens
 with a crown of fire.
 Why?
 For it's ay ay ay, ay ay.

x.

WHEN?

SUN comes, moon comes,
 Time slips away.
 Sun sets, moon sets,
 Love, fix a day.

"A year hence, a year hence."
 "We shall both be gray."
 "A month hence, a month hence."
 "Far, far away."
 "A week hence, a week hence."
 "Ah, the long delay."
 "Wait a little, wait a little,
 "You shall fix a day."
 "To-morrow, love, to-morrow,
 And that 's an age away."

Blaze upon her window, sun,
 And honor all the day.

XI.

MARRIAGE MORNING.

LIGHT, so low upon earth,
 You send a flash to the sun
 Here is the golden close of love,
 All my wooing is done.
 O the woods and the meadows,
 Woods where we hid from the wet,
 Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
 Meadows in which we met!
 Light, so low in the vale,
 You flash and lighten afar:
 For this is the golden morning of love,
 And you are his morning star,
 Flash, I am coming, I come,
 By meadow and stile and wood:
 O lighten into my eyes and my heart,
 Into my heart and my blood!
 Heart, are you great enough
 For a love that never tires?
 O heart, are you great enough for love?
 I have heard of thorns and briers.
 Over the thorns and briers,
 Over the meadows and stiles,
 Over the world to the end of it
 Flash for a million miles.

GARETH AND LYNETTE.

THE last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
 And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful
 spring
 Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted
 Pine
 Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd
 away.
 "How he went down," said Gareth,
 "as a false knight
 Or evil king before my lance if lance
 Were mine to use—O senseless cat-
 aract,

Bearing all down in thy precipitancy--
 And yet thou art but swollen with cold
 snows,
 And mine is living blood: thou dost
 His will,
 The Maker's, and not knowest, and I
 that know,
 Have strength and wit, in my good
 mother's hall
 Linger with vacillating obedience,
 Prison'd, and kept and coaxed and
 whistled to—

Since the good mother holds me still a
child —

Good mother is bad mother unto me !
A worse were better; yet no worse
would I.

Heaven yield her for it, but in me put
force

To weary her ears with one continuous
prayer,

Until she let me fly discharg'd to sweep
In ever-highering eagle-circles up

To the great Son of Glory, and thence
swoop

Down upon all things base, and dash
them dead,

A knight of Arthur, working out his
will,

To cleanse the world. Why, Gawain,
when he came

With Modred hither in the summer-
time, [knight.

Ask'd me to tilt with him, the proven
Modred for want of worthier was the

judge. [said,

Then I so shook him in the saddle, he
'Thou hast half prevail'd against me,'

said so—he—
Tho' Modred biting his thin lips was
mute,

For he is alway sullen : what care I ?"

And Gareth went, and hovering
round her chair,

Ask'd, "Mother, tho' ye count me still
the child,

Sweet mother, do ye love the child ?"
She laugh'd,

"Thou art but a wild goose to ques-
tion it."

"Then, mother, an ye love the child,"
he said,

"Being a goose and rather tame than
wild,

Hear the child's story." "Yea, my
well-beloved,

An 'twere but of the goose and golden
eggs."

And Gareth answer'd her with kin-
dling eyes,

"Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg
of mine

Was finer gold than any goose can
lay ;

For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid
Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a

palm
As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours.

And there was ever haunting round
the palm

A lusty youth, but poor, who often
saw

The splendor sparkling from aloft,
and thought

'An I could climb and lay my hand
upon it,

Then were I wealthier than a leash of
kings.'

But ever when he reach'd a hand to
climb,

One, that had loved him from his
childhood, caught

And stay'd him, 'Climb not lest thou
break thy neck,

I charge thee by my love,' and so the
boy,

Sweet mother, neither clomb, nor
brake his neck,

But brake his very heart in pining for
it,

And past away."

To whom the mother said,
"True love, sweet son, had risk'd him-
self and climb'd,
And handed down the golden treasure
to him."

And Gareth answer'd her with kin-
dling eyes,

"Gold ? said I gold ?—ay then, why
he, or she,

Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world
Had ventured—*had* the thing I spake

of been
Mere gold—but this was all of that

true steel,
Whereof they forged the brand Excal-
ibur,

And lightnings play'd about it in the
storm,

And all the little fowl were flurried at
it,

And there were cries and clashings in
the nest,
That sent him from his senses : let me
go."

Then Bellicent bemoan'd herself
and said,
"Hast thou no pity upon my loneli-
ness?

Lo, where thy father Lot beside the
hearth
Lies like a log, and all but smoulder'd
out!

For ever since when traitor to the
King

He fought against him in the Barons'
war,

And Arthur gave him back his terri-
His age hath slowly droopt, and now
lies there

A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburi-
No more ; nor sees, nor hears, nor
speaks, nor knows.

And both thy brethren are in Arthur's
hall,

Albeit neither loved with that full love
I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love :
Stay therefore thou ; red berries charm
the bird,

And thee, mine innocent, the jousts,
the wars,

Who never knewest finger-ache, nor
Of wrench'd or broken limb—an often
chance

In those brain-stunning shocks, and
tourney-falls,

Frights to my heart ; but stay : follow
the deer

By these tall firs and our fast-falling
burns ;

So make thy manhood mightier day by
Sweet is the chase : and I will seek
thee out

Some comfortable bride and fair, to
grace

Thy climbing life, and cherish my
prone year,

Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness
I know not thee, myself, nor anything.

Stay, my best son ! ye are yet more
boy than man."

Then Gareth, "An ye hold me yet
for child,

Hear yet once more the story of the
child.

For, mother, there was once a King,
like ours ;

The prince his heir, when tall and
marriageable,

Ask'd for a bride ; and thereupon the
King

Set two before him. One was fair,
strong, arni'd—

But to be won by force—and many
men

Desired her ; one, good lack, no man
desired.

And these were the conditions of the
King :

That save he won the first by force, he
needs

Must wed that other, whom no man
desired,

A red-faced bride who knew herself so
vile,

That evermore she long'd to hide her-
self,

Nor fronted man or woman eye to
eye—

Yea—some she cleaved to, but they
died of her.

And one—they call'd her Fame : and
one, O Mother,

How can ye keep me tether'd to you—
Shame !

Man am I grown, a man's work must I
do.

Follow the deer ? follow the Christ,
the King,

Live pure, speak true, right wrong,
follow the King—

Else, wherefore born ?"

To whom the mother said,
"Sweet son, for there be many who
deem him not,

Or will not deem him, wholly proven
King—

Albeit in mine own heart I knew him
King,

When I was frequent with him in my
youth,

And heard him Kingly speak, and
doubted him
No more than he, himself; but felt
him mine,
Of closest kin to me: yet—wilt thou
leave
Thine easeful bidding here, and risk
thine all,
Life, limbs, for one that is not proven
King?
Stay, till the cloud that settles round
his birth
Hath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet
son."

And Gareth answer'd quickly,
"Not an hour,
So that ye yield me—I will walk thro'
fire,
Mother, to gain it—your full leave to
go.
Not proven, who swept the dust of
ruin'd Rome
From off the threshold of the realm,
and crush'd
The Idolaters, and made the people
free?
Who should be King save him who
makes us free?"

So when the Queen, who long had
sought in vain
To break him from the intent to which
he grew,
Found her son's will unwaveringly
one,
She answer'd craftily, "Will ye walk
thro' fire?
Who walks thro' fire will hardly heed
the smoke.
Ay, go then, an ye must: only one
proof,
Before thou ask the King to make thee
knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to
me,
Thy mother,—I demand."

And Gareth cried,
"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
Nay—quick! the proof to prove me to
the quick!"

But slowly spake the mother, look-
ing at him,
"Prince, thou shall go disguised to
Arther's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and
drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-
knaves,
And those that hand the dish across
the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any
one.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth
and a day."

For so the Queen believed that
when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down thro' villain kitchen-vas-
salage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-
proud
To pass thereby: so should he rest
with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound of
arms

Silent awhile was Gareth, then re-
plied,
"The thrall in person may be free in
soul,
And I shall see the jousts. Thy son
am I,
And since thou art my mother, must
obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;
For hence will I, disguised, and hire
myself
To serve with scullions and with
kitchen-knives;
Nor tell my name to any—no, not the
King."

Gareth awhile linger'd The mother's
eye
Full of the wistful fear that he would
go,
And turning toward him wheresoe'er
he turn'd,
Perplexed his outward purpose, till an
hour,

When waken'd by the wind which with
full voice
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on
to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling two
That still had tended on him from his
birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him,
went.

The three were clad like tillers of the
soil.
Southward they set their faces. The
birds made
Melody on branch, and melody in mid-
air,
The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd
into green,
And the live green had kindled into
flowers,
For it was past the time of Easterday.

So, when their feet were planted on
the plain
That broaden'd toward the base of
Camclot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the Royal
mount,
That rose between the forest and the
field.
At times the summit of the high city
flash'd;
At times the spires and turrets half-
way down
Prick'd thro' the mist: at times the
great gate shone
Only, that open'd on the field below:
Anon, the whole fair city had disap-
peared.

Then those who went with Gareth
were amazed,
One crying, "Let us go no farther.
lord.
Here is a city of Enchanters, built
By fairy Kings." The second echo'd
him,
"Lord, we have heard from our wise
men at home
To Northward, that this King is not
the King,

But only changeling out of Fairyland,
Who drave the heathen hence by sor-
cery
And Merlin's glamour." Then the first
again,
"Lord, there is no such city anywhere.
But all a vision."

Gareth answer'd them
With laughter, swearing he had glamour
enow
In his own blood, his principedom, youth
and hopes,
To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian
sea;
So push'd them all unwilling towards
the gate,
And there was no gate like it under
heaven;
For barefoot on the keystone, which
was lined
And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,
The Lady of the Lake stood: all her
dress
Wept from her sides as water flowing
away;
But like the cross her great and goodly
arms
Stretch'd under all the cornice and up-
held:
And drops of water fell from either
hand;
And down from one a sword was hung,
from one
A censer, either worn with wind and
storm;
And o'er her breast floated the sacred
fish;
And in the space to left of her, and
right,
Were Arthur's wars in weird devices
done,
New things and old co-twisted, as if
Time
Were nothing, so inveterately, that men
Were giddy gazing there; and over all
High on the top were those three
Queens, the friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his
need.

Then those with Gareth for so long
 a space
 Stared at the figures, that at last it
 seem'd
 The dragon-boughs and elvish em-
 blemings
 Began to move, seethe, twine and curl :
 they call'd
 To Gareth, "Lord, the gateway is
 alive."

And Gareth likewise on them fixt
 his eyes
 So long, that ev'n to him they seem'd
 to move.
 Out of the city a blast of music peal'd.
 Back from the gate started the three,
 to whom
 From out thereunder came an ancient
 man,
 Long-bearded, saying, "Who be ye,
 my sons?"

Then Gareth, "We be tillers of the
 soil,
 Who leaving share in furrow come to
 see
 The glories of our King: but these,
 my men
 (Your city moved so weirdly in the
 mist),
 Doubt if the King be King at all, or
 come
 From Fairyland; and whether this be
 built
 By magic, and by fairy Kings and
 Queens;
 Or whether there be any city at all,
 Or all a vision; and this music now
 Hath scared them both, but tell thou
 these the truth."

Then that old Seer made answer
 playing on him
 And saying, "Son, I have seen the
 goodship sail
 Keel upward and mast downward in
 the heavens,
 And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air:
 And here is truth; but an it please
 thee not,

Take thou the truth as thou hast told
 it me.
 For truly, as thou sayest, a Fairy King
 And Fairy Queens have built the city,
 son;
 They came from out a sacred mountain-
 cleft
 Toward the sunrise, each with harp in
 hand,
 And built it to the music of their
 harps.
 And as thou sayest, it is enchanted,
 son,
 For there is nothing in it as it seems
 Saving the King; tho' some there be
 that hold
 The King a shadow, and the city real:
 Yet take thou heed of him, for, se
 thou pass
 Beneath this archway, then wilt thou
 become
 A thrall to his enchantments, for the
 King
 Will bind thee by such vows, as is a
 shame
 A man should not be bound by, yet the
 which
 No man can keep; but, so thou dread
 to swear,
 Pass not beneath this gateway, but
 abide
 Without, among the cattle of the field.
 For, an ye heard a music, like enow
 They are building still, seeing the city
 is built
 To music, therefore never built at all,
 And therefore built forever.

Gareth spake
 Anger'd, "Old Master, reverence thine
 own beard
 That looks as white as utter truth, and
 seems
 Wellnigh as long as thou art stured
 tall!
 Why mockest thou the stranger that
 hath been
 To thee fair spoken?"

But the Seer replied,
 "Know ye not then the Riddling of
 the Bards?"

'Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Eluion, and occasion, and evasion?'
I mock thee not but as thou mockest
me,
And all that see thee, for thou art not
who
Thou seemest, but I know thee who
thou art.
And now thou goest up to mock the
King,
Who cannot brook the shadow of any
lie."

Unmockingly the mocker ending
here
Turn'd to the right, and past along the
plain;
Whom Gareth looking after, said, "My
men,
Our one white lie sits like a little
ghost
Here on the threshold of our enter-
prise.
Let love be blamed for it, not she,
nor I:
Well, we will make amends."

With all good cheer
He spake and laugh'd, then enter'd
with his twain
Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces,
And stately, rich in emblem and the
work
Of ancient Kings who did their days
in stone;
Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at
Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touch'd and
everywhere
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessen-
ing peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to
heaven.
And ever and anon a knight would
pass
Outward, or inward to the hall: his
arms
Clash'd; and the sound was good to
Gareth's ear.
And out of bower and casement shyly
glanced

Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars
of love;
And all about a healthful people slept
As in the presence of a gracious King.

Then into hall Gareth ascending
heard
A voice, the voice of Arthur, and be-
held
Far over heads in that long-vaulted
hall
The splendor of the presence of the
King
Throned, and delivering doom—and
look'd no more—
But felt his young heart hammering in
his ears,
And thought, "For this half-shadow of
a lie
The truthful King will doom me when
I speak."
Yet pressing on, tho' all in fear to
find
Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor
one
Nor other, but in all the listening
eyes
Of those tall knights, that ranged about
the throne,
Clear honor shining like the dewy
star
Of dawn, and faith in their great King,
with pure
Affection, and the light of victory,
And glory gain'd, and evermore to
gain.

Then came a widow crying to the
King,
"A boon, Sir King! Thy father,
Uther, reft
From my dead lord a field with vio-
lence.
For howso'er at first he proffer'd
gold,
Yet, for the field was pleasant in our
eyes,
We yielded not; and then he reft us
of it
Perforce, and left us neither gold nor
field."

Said Arthur, "Whether would ye?
gold or field?"
To whom the woman weeping, "Nay,
my lord,
The field was pleasant in my husband's
eye."

And Arthur, "Have thy pleasant
field again,
And thrice the gold for Uther's use
thereof,
According to the years. No boon is
here,
But justice, so thy say be proven true.
Accursed, who from the wrongs his
father did
Would shape himself a right!"

And while she past,
Came yet another widow crying to
him,
"A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy,
King, am I.
With thine own hand thou slewest my
dear lord,
A knight of Uther in the Barons' war,
When Lot and many another rose and
fought
Against thee, saying thou wert basely
born.
I held with these, and loath to ask
thee aught,
Yet lo! my husband's brother had my
son
Thrall'd in his castle, and hath starved
him dead;
And standeth seized of that inheritance
Which thou that slewest the sire hast
left the son.
So tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate,
Grant me some knight to do the battle
for me,
Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for
my son."

Then strode a good knight forward,
crying to him,
"A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman,
I.
Give me to right her wrong, and slay
the man."

Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal,
and cried,
"A boon, Sir King! ev'n that thou
grant her none,
This railer, that hath mock'd thee in
full hall—
None; or the wholesome boon of gyve
and gag."

But Arthur, "We sit, King, to help
the wrong'd
Thro' all our realm. The woman loves
her lord.
Peace to thee, woman, with thy loves
and hates!
The kings of old had doom'd thee to
the flames,
Aurelius Emrys would have scourged
thee dead,
And Uther slit thy tongue: but get
thee hence—
Lest that rough humor of the kings of
old
Return upon me! Thou that art her
kin,
Go likewise; lay him low and slay him
not,
But bring him here, that I may judge
the right,
According to the justice of the King:
Then, be he guilty, by that deathless
King
Who lived and died for men, the man
shall die."

Then came in hall the messenger of
Mark,
A name of evil savor in the land,
The Cornish king. In either hand he
bore
What dazzled all, and shone far-off as
shines
A field of charlock in the sudden sun
Between two showers, a cloth of palest
gold,
Which down he laid before the throne,
and knelt,
Delivering, that his Lord, the vassal
king,
Was ev'n upon his way to Camelot;
For having heard that Arthur of his
grace

Had made his goodly cousin, Tristram,
knight,
And, for himself was of the greater
state,
Being a king, he trusted his liege-lord
Would yield him this large honor all
the more ;
So pray'd him well to accept this cloth
of gold,
In token of true heart and fealty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth,
to rend
In pieces and so cast it on the hearth.
An oak-tree smouldered there. " The
goodly knight !
What ! shall the shield of Mark stand
among these ? "
For midway down the side of that long
hall
A stately pile,—whereof along the front
Some blazon'd, some but carven, and
some blank,
There are a treble range of stony
shields,—
Rose and high-arching overbrow'd the
hearth.
And under every shield a knight was
named ;
For this was Arthur's custom in his
hall ;
When some good knight had done one
noble deed,
His arms were carven only ; but if
twain
His arms were blazon'd also ; but if
none
The shield was blank and bare without
a sign
Saving the name beneath ; and Gareth
saw
The shield of Gawain blazon'd rich and
bright,
And Modred's blank as death ; and
Arthur cried
To rend the cloth and cast it on the
hearth.

" More like are we to reave him of
his crown
Than make him knight because men
call him king.

The kings we found, ye know we stay'd
their hands
From war among themselves, but left
them kings ;
Of whom were any bounteous, merciful,
Truth-speaking, brave, good livers,
them we enroll'd
Among us, and they sit within our hall.
But Mark hath tarnish'd the great name
of king,
As Mark would sully the low state of
churl :
And seeing he hath sent us cloth of
gold,
Return, and meet, and hold him from
our eyes,
Lest we should lap him up in cloth of
lead, [plots.
Silenced forever—craven—a man of
Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside
ambushings—
No fault of thine : let Kay, the senes-
chal,
Look to thy wants, and send thee
satisfied—
Accursed, who strikes nor lets the
hand be seen ! "

And many another suppliant crying
came
With noise of ravage wrought by beast
and man,
And evermore a knight would ride
away.

Last Gareth leaning both hands
heavily
Down on the shoulders of the twain,
his men,
Approach'd between them toward the
King, and ask'd,
" A boon, Sir King (his voice was all
ashamed),
For see ye not how weak and hunger-
worn
I seem—leaning on these ? grant me to
serve
For meat and drink among the kitchen-
knaves
A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek my
name.
Hereafter I will fight."

To him the King,
 "A goodly youth and worth a goodlier
 boon!
 But an thou wilt no goodlier, then must
 Kay,
 The master of the meats and drinks be
 thine."

He rose and past; then Kay, a man
 of mien
 Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself
 Root-bitten by white lichen,

"Lo ye now!
 This fellow hath broken from some
 Abbey, where,
 Got wot, he had not beef and brewis
 enow,
 However that might char.ce! but an he
 work,
 Like any pigeon will I cram his crop,
 And sleeker shall he shine than any
 hog."

Then Lancelot standing near, "Sir
 Seneschal,
 Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray,
 and all the hounds;
 A horse thou knowest, a man thou dost
 not know:
 Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and
 fine,
 High nose, a nostril large and fine, and
 hands
 Large, fair and fine!—Some young lad's
 mystery—
 But, or from sheepcot or king's hall,
 the boy
 Is noble-natured. Treat him with all
 grace,
 Lest he should come to shame thy judg-
 ing of him."

Then Kay, "What murmurest thou
 of mystery?
 Think ye this fellow will poison the
 King's dish?
 Nay, for he spake too fool-like: mys-
 tery!
 Tut, an the lad were noble, he had
 ask'd
 For horse and armor: fair and fine,
 forsooth!

Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? but see
 thou to it
 That thine own fineness, Lancelot,
 some fine day
 Undo thee not—and leave my man to
 me."

So Gareth all for glory underwent
 The sooty yoke of kitchen vassalage;
 Ate with young lads his portion by the
 door,
 And couch'd at night with grimy kit-
 chen-knives.

And Lancelot ever spake him pleas-
 antly,
 But Kay the seneschal who loved him
 not
 Would hustle and harry him, and labor
 him

Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and
 set

To turn the broach, draw water, or
 hew wood,
 Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd
 himself

With all obedience to the King, and
 wrought
 All kind of service with a noble ease
 That graced the lowliest act in doing
 it.

And when the thralls had talk among
 themselves.

And one would praise the love that
 linkt the King

And Lancelot—how the King had
 saved his life

In battle twice, and Lancelot once the
 King's—

For Lancelot was the first in Tourna-
 ment,

But Arthur mightiest on the battle-
 field—

Gareth was glad. Or if some other
 told,

How once the wandering forester at
 dawn,

Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas,
 On Caer-Eryri's highest found the King

A naked babe, of whom the Prophet
 spake,

"He passes to the Isle Avilion,

He passes and is heal'd and cannot die."—

Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,

Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,

Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud

That first they mock'd, but, after, revered him.

Or Gareth telling some prodigious tale Of knights, who sliced a red life-bubbling way [held

Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon, All in a gap-mouth'd circle his good mates

Lying or sitting round him, idle hands, Charm'd ; till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come [wind

Blustering upon them, like a sudden Among dead leaves, and drive them all apart.

Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,

So there were any trial of mastery, He, by two yards in casting bar or stone

Was counted best ; and if there chanced a joust,

So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to go,

Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights

Clash like the coming and retiring wave,

And the spear spring, and good horse reel, the boy

Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

• So for a month he wrought among the thralls ;

But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,

Repentant of the word she made him swear,

And saddening in her childless castle, sent,

Between the increscent and decrescent moon,

Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot

With whom he used to play at tourney once,

When both were children, and in lonely haunts

Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,

And each at either dash from either end—

Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.

He laugh'd ; he sprang. " Out of the smoke, at once

I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee—

These news be mine, none other's— nay, the King's—

Descend into the city : " whereon he sought

The King alone, and found, and told him all.

" I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt

For pastime ; yea he said it : joust can I.

Make me thy knight—in secret ! let my name

Be hidd'n, and give me the first quest, I spring

Like flame from ashes."

Here the King's calm eye Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow

Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him,

" Son, the good mother let me know thee here,

And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.

Make thee my knight ? my knights are sworn to vows

Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness, And loving, utter faithfulness in love,

And uttermost obedience to the King "

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees,

" My King, for hardihood I can promise thee.

For uttermost obedience make demand
Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal,
No mellow master of the meats and drinks!
And as for love, God wot, I love not yet,
But love I shall, God willing."

And the King—
"Make thee my knight in secret? yea, but he,
Our noblest brother, and our truest man,
And one with me in all, he needs must know."

"Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know,
Thy noblest and thy truest!"

And the King—
"But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?
Nay, rather for the sake of me, their King,
And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed,
Than to be noised of."

Merrily Gareth ask'd,
"Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it?
Let be my name until I make my name!
My deeds will speak: it is but for a day."
So with a kindly hand on Gareth's arm
Smiled the great King, and half unwillingly
Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to him.
Then, after summoning Lancelot privily,
"I have given him the first quest: he is not proven.
Look therefore when he calls for this in hall,
Thou get to horse and follow him far away.

Cover the lions on thy shield, and see
Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor slain."

Then that same day there past into the hall
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower;
She into hall past with her page and cried,

"O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,
See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset
By bandits, every one that owns a tower
The Lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?
Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king,
Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as free
From cursed bloodshed, as thine altar-cloth
From that blest blood it is a sin to spill."

"Comfort thyself," said Arthur, "I nor mine
Rest: so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,
The wastest moorland of our realm shall be
Safe, damsel, as the centre of this hall.
What is thy name? thy need?"

"My name?" she said—
"Lynette my name; noble; my need, a knight
To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
And comely, yea, and comelier than myself.
She lives in Castle Perilous: a river
Runs in three loops about her living place;

And o'er it are three passings, and three
knights
Defend the passings, brethren, and a
fourth,
And of that four the mightiest, holds
her stay'd
In her own castle and so besieges her
To break her will, and make her wed
with him :
And but delays his purport till thou
send
To do the battle with him, thy chief
man
Sir Lancelot whom he trusts to over-
throw,
Then wed, with glory ; but she will
not wed
Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.
Now therefore have I come for Lance-
lot."

Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth
ask'd,
"Damsel, ye know this Order lives to
crush
All wrongers of the Realm. But say,
these four,
Who be they? What the fashion of
the men?"

"They be of foolish fashion, O Sir
King,
The fashion of that old knight-erran-
try
Who ride abroad and do but what they
will ;
Courteous or bestial from the moment,
Such as have nor law nor king : and
three of these
Proud in their fantasy call themselves,
the Day,
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and
Evening-Star,
Being strong fools ; and never a whit
more wise
The fourth who always rideth arm'd in
black,
A huge man-beast of boundless sav-
agery.
He names himself the Night and
oftener Death,

And wears a helmet mounted with a
skull
And bears a skeleton figured on his
arms,
To show that who may slay or scape
the three
Slain by himself shall enter endless
night.
And all these four be fools, but mighty
men,
And therefore am I come for Lance-
lot."

Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where
he rose,
A head with kindling eyes above the
throng,
"A boon, Sir King—this quest!" then
—for he mark'd
Kay near him groaning like a wounded
bull—

"Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-
knave am I,
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks
am I,
And I can topple over a hundred such.
Thy promise, King," and Arthur
glancing at him,
Brought down a momentary brow.
"Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be knight—
Go therefore," and all hearers were
amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame,
pride, wrath,
Slew the May-white: she lifted either
arm,
"Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy
chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen
knave."
Then ere a man in hall could stay her,
turn'd,
Fled down the lane of access to the
King,
Took horse, descended the slope street,
and past
The weird white gate, and paused
without, beside
The field of tourney, murmuring
"kitchen-knave."

Now two great entries open'd from
 the hall,
 At one end one, that gave upon a
 range
 Of level pavement where the King
 would pace
 At sunrise, gazing over plain and
 wood.
 And down from this a lordly stairway
 sloped
 Till lost in blowing trees and tops of
 towers.
 And out by this main doorway past the
 King.
 But one was counter to the hearth, and
 rose
 High that the highest-crested helm
 could ride
 Therethro' nor graze: and by this
 entry fled
 The damsel in her wrath, and on to
 this
 Sir Gareth strode, and saw without
 the door
 King Arthur's gift, the worth of half a
 town,
 A war-horse of the best, and near it
 stood
 The two that out of north had follow'd
 him.
 This bare a maiden shield, a casque;
 that held
 The horse, the spear; whereat Sir
 Gareth loosed
 A cloak that dropt from collar-bone to
 heel,
 A cloth of roughest web, and cast it
 down,
 And from it like a fuel-smother'd fire,
 That lookt half-dead, brake bright,
 and flash'd as those
 Dull-coated things, that making slide
 apart
 Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath
 there burns
 A jewel'd harness, ere they pass and
 fly.
 So Gareth ere he parted flash'd in
 arms.
 Then while he donn'd the helm, and
 took the shield

And mounted horse and graspt a spear,
 of grain
 Storm-strengthened on a windy site,
 and tipt
 With trenchant steel, around him
 slowly prest
 The people, and from out of kitchen
 came
 The thralls in throng, and seeing who
 had work'd
 Lustier than any, and whom they
 could but love,
 Mounted in arms, threw up their caps
 and cried,
 "God bless the King, and all his fel-
 lowship!"
 And on thro' lanes of shouting Gareth
 rode
 Down the slope street, and past with-
 out the gate.

So Gareth past with joy; but at the
 cur
 Pluckt from the cur he fights with, ere
 his cause
 Be cool'd by fighting, follows, being
 named,
 His owner, but remembers all, and
 growls
 Remembering, so Sir Kay beside the
 door
 Mutter'd in scorn of Gareth whom he
 used
 To harry and hustle.

"Bound upon a quest
 With horse and arms—the King hath
 past his time—
 My scullion knave! Thralls to your
 work again,
 For an your fire below ye kindle mine!
 Will there be dawn in West and
 eve in East?
 Begone!—my knave!—belike and like
 enow
 Some old head-blow not heeded in his
 youth
 So shook his wits they wander in his
 prime—
 Crazed! How the villain lifted up his
 voice.

Nor shamed to bawl himself a kitchen-knave.

Tut: he was tame and meek enow with me,

Till peacock'd up with Lancelot's noticing.

Well—I will after my loud knave, and learn

Whether he know me for his master yet.

Out of the smoke he came, and so my lance

Hold; by God's grace, he shall into the mire—

Thence, if the King awaken from his craze,

Into the smoke again."

But Lancelot said,
"Kay, wherefore will ye go against the King,

For that did never he whereon ye rail,
But ever meekly served the King in thee?

Abide: take counsel; for this lad is great

And lusty, and knowing both of lance and sword."

"Tut, tell not me," said Kay, 'ye are over-fine

To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies."

Then mounted, on thro' silent faces rode

Down the slope city, and out beyond the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering yet

Muttered the damsel, "Wherefore did the King

Scorn me? for, were Sir Lancelot lackt, at least

He might have yielded to me one of those

Who tilt for lady's love and glory here,
Rather than—O sweet heaven! O fie upon him—

His kitchen-knave."

To whom Sir Gareth drew
(And there were none but few goodlier than he)

Shining in arms, "Damsel, the quest is mine.

Lead, and I follow." She thereat, as one

That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in theholt,

And deems it carrion of some woodland thing, [nose

Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender
With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, "Hence!

Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease.

And look who comes behind," for there was Kay.

"Knowest thou not me? thy master? I am Kay

We lack thee by the hearth."

And Gareth to him,
"Master no more! too well I know thee, ay—

The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."

"Have at thee then," said Kay; they shock'd, and Kay

Fell shoulder-slipt, and Gareth cried again,

"Lead, and I follow," and fast away she fled.

But after sod and shingle ceased to fly

Behind her, and the heart of her good horse

Was nigh to burst with violence of the beat,

Perforce she stay'd, and overtaken spoke.

"What doest thou, scullion, in my fellowship?

Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught the more,

Or love thee better, that by some device

Full cowardly, or by mere unhappiness,
Thou hast overthrown and slain thy

master—thou!—
Dish-washer and broach-turner, loon!

—to me
Thou smellest all of kitchen as before."

"Damsel," Sir Gareth answer'd gently, "say
Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye
say,
I leave not till I finish this fair quest,
Or die therefor."

"Ay, wilt thou finish it?
Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he
talks!
The listening rogue hath caught the
manner of it.
But, knave, anon thou shalt be met
with, knave,
And then by such a one that thou for
all
The kitchen brewis that was ever supt
Shalt not once dare to look him in the
face."

"I shall assay," said Gareth with a
smile
That madden'd her, and away she
flash'd again
Down the long avenues of a bound-
less wood,
And Gareth following was again be-
knaved.

"Sir Kitchen-knave, I have miss'd
the only way
Where Arthur's men are set along the
wood;
The wood is nigh as full of thieves as
leaves:
If both be slain, I am rid of thee; but
yet,
Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spit
of thine?
Fight, an thou canst: I have miss'd
the only way."

So till the dusk that followed even-
song
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled:
Then after one long slope was mounted,
saw,
Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thou-
sand pines,
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink
To westward—in the deeps whereof a
mere,
Round as the red eye of an Eagle-owl,

Under the half-dead sunset glared:
and cries
Ascended, and there brake a serving-
man
Flying from out of the black wood,
and crying,
"They have bound my lord to cast him
in the mere."
Then Gareth, "Bound am I to right
the wrong'd,
But straitlier bound am I to bide with
thee."
And when the damsel spake contempt-
uously,
"Lead and I follow," Gareth cried
again,
"Follow, I lead!" so down among the
pines
He plunged, and there, black-shadow'd
nigh the mere,
And mid-thigh-deep, in bulrushes and
reed,
Saw six tall men haling a seventh along,
A stone about his neck, to drown him
in it.
Three with good blows he quieted, but
three
Fled thro' the pines; and Gareth
loosed the stone
From off his neck, then in the mere
beside
Tumbled it; oilily bubbled up the
mere.
Last, Gareth loosed his bonds and on
free feet
Set him a stalwart Baron, Arthur's
friend.

"Well that ye came, or else these
caitiff rogues
Had wreak'd themselves on me; good
cause is theirs
To hate me, for my wont hath ever been
To catch my thief, and then like ver-
min here
Drown him, and with a stone about his
neck;
And under this wan water many of
them
Lie rotting; but at night let go the
stone,

And rise, and flickering in a grimly
light
Dance on the mere. Good now, ye
have saved a life
Worth somewhat as the cleanser of
this wood.
And fain would I reward thee worship-
fully.
What guerdon will ye?"

Gareth sharply spake,
"None! for the deed's sake have I
done the deed,
In uttermost obedience to the King.
But will ye yield this damsel harbor-
age?"

hereat the Baron saying, "I well
believe
Ye be of Arthur's Table," a light laugh
Broke from Lynette, "Ay, truly of a
truth,
And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-
knave!—
But deem not I accept thee aught the
more,
Scullion, for running sharply with thy
spit
Down on a rout of craven foresters.
A thresher with his flail had scatter'd
them.
Nay—for thou smellest of the kitchen
still.
But an this lord will yield us harbor-
age,
Well."

So she spake. A league beyond
the wood,
All in a full-fair manor and a rich,
His towers where that day a feast had
been
Held in high hall, and many a viand
left,
And many a costly cate, received the
three.
And there they placed a peacock in his
pride
Before the damsel, and the Baron set
Gareth beside her, but at once she
rose.

"Meseems that their is much dis-
courtesy,
Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my
side.

Hear me—this morn I stood in Arthur's
hall,
And pray'd the King would grant me
Lancelot
To fight the brotherhood of Day and
Night—

The last a monster unsubduable
Of any save of him for whom I call'd—
Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-
knave,

'The quest is mine; thy kitchen-knave
am I,
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks
am I.'

Then Arthur all at once gone mad re-
plies,
'Go therefore,' and so gives the quest
to him—

Him—here—a villain fitter to stick
swine
Than ride abroad redressing women's
wrong,
Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

Then half-ashamed and part amazed,
the lord
Now look'd at one and now at other,
left

The damsel by the peacock in his
pride,

And, seating Gareth at another board,
Sat down beside him, ate and then be-
gan.

"Friend, whether ye be kitchen-
knave, or not,

Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy,
And whether she be mad, or else the
King,

Or both or neither, or thyself be mad,
I ask not; but thou strikest a strong
stroke,

For strong thou art and goodly there
withal,

And savor of my life; and therefore,
now,

For here be mighty men to joust with,
weigh

Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel
back
To crave again Sir Lancelot of the
King
T'ay pardon; I but speak for thine
avail,
The saver of my life."

And Gareth said,
"Full pardon, but I follow up the
quest,
Despite of Day and Night and Death
and Hell."

So when, next morn, the lord whose
life he saved
Had, some brief space, convey'd them
on their way
And left them with God-speed, Sir
Gareth spake,
"Lead, and I follow." Haughtily she
replied,

"I fly no more : I allow thee for an
hour.
Lion and stoat have isled together,
knave,
In time of flood. Nay, furthermore,
methinks
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt
thou, fool?
For hard by here is one will overthrow
And slay thee: then will I to court
again,
And shame the King for only yielding
me
My champion from the ashes of his
hearth."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd
courteously,
"Say thou thy say, and I will do my
deed.
Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt
find
My fortunes all as fair as hers, who lay
Among the ashes and wedded the
King's son."

Then to the shore of one of those
long loops
Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd,
they came.

Rough thicketed were the banks and
steep; the stream
Full, narrow; this a bridge of single
arc
Took at a leap; and on the further
side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily
in hue,
Save that the dome was purple, and
above,
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering
And therefore the lawless warrior
paced
Unarm'd, and calling, "Damsel, is this
he,
The champion ye have brought from
Arthur's hall?
For whom we let thee pass." "Nay,
nay," she said,
"Sir Morning-Star. The King in
utter scorn
Of thee and thy much folly hath sent
thee here
His kitchen-knave: and look thou to
thyself:
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,
And slay thee unarm'd: he is no
knight but knave."

Then at his call, "O daughters of
the Dawn,
And servants of the Morning-Star, ap-
proach,
Arm me," from out the silken curtain-
folds
Barefooted and bare headed three
fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came: their
feet
In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the
hair
All over glanced with dewdrop or with
gem
Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine.
These arm'd him in blue arms, and
gave a shield
Blue also, and thereon the morning
star.
And Gareth silent gazed upon the
knight,

Who stood a moment, ere his horse
was brought,
Glorying; and in the stream beneath
him, shone,
Immingled with Heaven's azure waver-
ingly,
The gay pavilion and the naked feet,
His arms, the rosy raiment, and the
star.

Then she that watch'd him, "Where-
fore stare ye so?
Thou shakest in thy fear: there yet is
time:
Flee down the valley before he get to
horse.
Who will cry shame? Thou art not
knight but knave."

Said Gareth, "Damsel, whether
knave or knight,
Far liefer had I fight a score of times
Than hear thee so missay me and re-
vile.
Fair words were best for him who
fights for thee;
But truly foul are better, for they send
That strength of anger thro' mine arms,
I know
That I shall overthrow him."

And he that bore
The star, being mounted, cried from
o'er the bridge,
"A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of
me!
Such fight not I, but answer scorn with
scorn.
For this were shame to do him further
wrong
Than set him on his feet, and take his
horse
And arms, and so return him to the
King.
Come, therefore, leave thy lady lightly,
knave.
Avoid: for it besemeth not a knave
To ride with such a lady."

"Dog, thou liest.
I spring from loftier lineage than thine
own."

He spake; and all at fiery speed the
two
Shock'd on the central bridge, and
either spear
Bent but not brake, and either knight
at once, [pult
Hurl'd as a stone from out of a cata-
Beyond his horse's crupper and the
bridge,
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and
drew, [brand
And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his
He drave his enemy backward down
the bridge,
The damsel crying, "Well-stricken,
kitchen-knave!"
Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but
one stroke
Laid him that clove it grovelling on
the ground.

Then cried the fall'n, "Take not my
life: I yield."
And Gareth, "So this damsel ask it of
me
Good—I accord it easily as a grace."
She reddening, "Insolent scullion: I
of thee?
I bound to thee for any favor ask'd!"
"Then shall he die." And Gareth
there unlaced
His helmet as to slay him, but she
shriek'd,
"Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay
One nobler than thyself." "Damsel,
thy charge
Is an abounding pleasure to me.
Knight,
Thy life is thine at her command.
Arise
And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and
say
His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See
thou crave
His pardon for thy breaking of his
laws.
Myself, when I return, will plead for
thee.
Thy shield is mine—farewell; and,
damsel, thou
Lead, and I follow."

And fast away she fled.
 Then when he came upon her, spake,
 "Methought,
 Knave, when I watch'd thee striking
 on the bridge
 The savor of thy kitchen came upon me
 A little faintlier: but the wind hath
 changed:
 I scent it twentyfold." And then she
 sang,
 "'O morning star' (not that tall felon
 there
 Whom thou by sorcery or unhappiness
 Or some device, hast foully over-
 thrown),
 'O morning star that smilest in the
 blue,
 O star, my morning dream hath proven
 true,
 Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath
 smiled on me.'

"But thou begone, take counsel, and
 away,
 For hard by here is one that guards a
 ford—
 The second brother in their fool's par-
 able—
 Will pay thee all thy wages, and to
 boot.
 Care not for shame: thou art not
 knight but knave."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd
 laughingly,
 "Parables? Hear a parable of the
 knave.
 When I was kitchen-knave among the
 rest
 Fierce was the hearth, and one of my
 comates
 Own'd a rough dog, to whom he cast
 his coat,
 'Guard it,' and there was none to med-
 dle with it.
 And such a coat art thou, and thee the
 King
 Gave me to guard, and such a dog
 am I,
 To worry, and not to flee—and—knight
 or knave—

The knave that doth thee service as
 full knight
 Is all as good, meseems, as any knight
 Toward thy sister's freeing."

"Ay, Sir Knave!
 Ay, knave, because thou strikest as a
 knight,
 Being but knave, I hate thee all the
 more."

"Fair damsel, ye should worship me
 the more,
 That, being but knave, I throw thine
 enemies."

"Ay, ay," she said, "but thou shalt
 meet thy match."

So when they touch'd the second
 riverloop,
 Huge on a huge red horse, and all in
 mail
 Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noon-
 day Sun
 Beyond a raging shallow. As if the
 flower,
 That blows a globe of after arrowlets,
 Ten thousand-fold had grown, flash'd
 the fierce shield,
 All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying
 blots
 Before them when he turn'd from
 watching him.
 He from behind the roaring shallow
 roar'd

"What doest thou, brother, in my
 marches here?"
 And she athwart the shallow shrill'd
 again,
 "Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's
 hall
 Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath
 his arms"
 "Ugh!" cried the Sun, and vizoring
 up a red
 And cipher face of rounded foolish-
 ness,
 Push'd horse across the foamings of
 the ford,
 Whom Gareth met midstream; no
 room was there

For lance or tourney-skill: four strokes
they struck
With sword, and these were mighty;
the new knight
Had fear he might be shamed; but as
the Sun
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike
the fifth,
The hoof of his horse slipt in the
stream, the stream
Descended, and the Sun was wash'd
away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart
the ford;
So drew him home; but he that would
not fight,
As being all bone-battered on the rock,
Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the
King. [thee.

"Myself when I return will plead for
Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.
"Hath not the good wind, damsel,
changed again?"

"Nay, not a point: nor art thou victor
here. [ford;
There lies a ridge of slate across the
His horse thereon stumbled—ay, for I
saw it.

"'O Sun' (not this strong fool whom
thou, Sir Knave,
Hast overthrown thro' mere unhap-
piness),
'O Sun, that wakenest all to bliss or
pain,
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
'hine sweetly: twice my love hath
smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of lovesong or
of love?
Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly
born,
Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea,
perchance,—

"'O dewy flowers that open to the
sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is
done,
Blow sweetly: twice my love hath
smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of flowers, ex-
cept, belike,
To garnish meats with? hath not our
good King
Who lent me thee, the flower of kit-
chendom,
A foolish love for flowers? what stick
ye round
The pasty? wherewithal deck the
boar's head?
Flowers? nay, the boar hath rose-
maries and bay.

"'O birds, that warble to the morn-
ing sky,
O birds, that warble as the day goes
by,
Sing sweetly: twice my love hath
smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of birds, lark,
mavis, merle,
Linnet? what dream ye when they
utter forth
May-music growing with the growing
light,
Their sweet sun-worship? these be for
the snare
(So runs thy fancy) these be for the
spit,
Larding and basting. See thou have
not now
Larded thy last, except thou turn and
fly.
There stands the third fool of their
allegory.'

For there beyond a bridge of treble
bow,
All in a rose-red from the west, and
all
Naked it seem'd, and glowing in the
broad
Deep-dimpled current underneath, the
knight,
That named himself the Star of Even-
ing, stood.

And Gareth, "Wherefore waits the
madman there
Naked in open dayshine?" "Nay,"
she cried

“Not naked, only wrapt in harden’d
skins
That fit him like his own; and so ye
cleave
His armor off him, these will turn the
blade.”

Then the third brother shouted o’er
the bridge,
“O brother-star, why shine ye here so
low?
Thy ward is higher up: but have ye
slain
The damsel’s champion?” and the
damsel cried,

“No star of thine, but shot from
Arthur’s heaven
With all disaster unto thine and thee!
For both thy younger brethren have
gone down
Before this youth; and so wilt thou,
Sir Star;
Art thou not old?”

“Old, damsel, old and hard,
Old, with the might and breath of
twenty boys,”
Said Gerath. “Old, and over-bold in
brag!
But that same strength which threw
the Morning-Star
Can throw the Evening.”

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
“Approach and arm me!” With slow
steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-
stain’d
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came.
And arm’d him in old arms, and
brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the Star of
Even
Half-tarnish’d and half-bright, his em-
blem, shone.
But when it glitter’d o’er the saddle-
bow,
They madly hurl’d together on the
bridge,

And Gareth overthrew him, lighted,
drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew
him again,
But up like fire he started: and as oft
As Gareth brought him grovelling on
his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great
heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in
vain,
Labor’d within him, for he seem’d as
one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and
cry,
“Thou hast made us lords, and canst
not put us down!”
He half despairs; so Gareth seem’d
to strike
Vainly, the damsel clamoring all the
while,
“Well done, knave-knight, well-
stricken, O good knight-knave—
O knave, as noble as any of all the
knights—
Shame me not, shame me not. I have
prophesied—
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table
Round—
His arms are old, he trusts the harden’d
skin—
Strike—strike—the wind will never
change again.”
And Gareth hearing ever stronglier
smote,
And hew’d great pieces of his armor
off him,
But lash’d in vain against the harden’d
skin, [more
And could not wholly bring him under,
Than loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge
on ridge,
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips
and springs
Forever; till at length Sir Gareth’s
brand
Clash’d his, and brake it utterly to the
hilt.

"I have thee now;" but forth that
 other sprang,
 And, all unknighthlike, writhed his wiry
 arms
 Around him, till he felt, despite his
 mail,
 Strangled, but straining ev'n his utter-
 most
 Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er
 the bridge
 Down to the river, sink or swim, and
 cried,
 "Lead, and I follow."

But the damsel said,
 "I lead no longer; ride thou at my
 side;
 Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-
 knives.

"O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy
 plain,
 O rainbow with three colors after rain,
 Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath
 smiled on me.'

"Sir,—and good faith, I fain had
 added—knight,
 But that I heard thee call thyself a
 knave,—
 Shamed am I that I so rebuked, re-
 viled,
 Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought
 the King
 Scorn'd me and mine; and now thy
 pardon, friend,
 For thou hast ever answer'd courte-
 ously,
 And wholly bold thou art, and meek
 withal
 As any of Arthur's best, but, being
 knave,
 Hast mazed my wit: I marvel what
 thou art."

"Damsel," he said, "ye be not all to
 blame,
 Saving that ye mistrusted our good
 King
 Would handle scorn, or yield thee, ask-
 ing, one

Not fit to cope thy quest. Ye said
 your say;
 Mine answer was my deed. Good
 sooth! I hold
 He scarce is knight, yea but half-man,
 nor meet
 To fight for gentle damsel, he, who
 lets
 His heart be stirr'd with any foolish
 heat
 At any gentle damsel's wayardness.
 Shamed? care not! thy foul sayings
 fought for me:
 And seeing now my words are fair,
 methinks,
 There rides no knight, not Lancelot,
 his great self,
 Hath force to quell me."

Nigh upon that hour
 When the lone hern forgets his melan-
 choly,
 Lets down his other leg, and stretch-
 ing dreams
 Of goodly supper in the distant pool,
 Then turn'd the noble damsel smiling
 at him,
 And told him of a cavern hard at hand,
 Where bread and baken meats and
 good red wine
 Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors
 Had sent her coming champion, waited
 him.

Anon they past a narrow comb
 wherein
 Were slabs of rock with figures, knights
 on horse
 Sculptured, and deckt in slowly waning
 hues.
 "Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once
 was here.
 Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on
 the rock
 The war of Time against the soul of
 man.
 And yon four fools have suck'd their
 allegory
 From these damp walls, and taken but
 the form.
 Know ye not these?" and Gareth
 lookt and read--

In letters like to those the vexillary
Hath left crag-carven o'er the stream-
ing Gelt—

"PHOSPHORUS," then "MERIDIES"—
"HESPERUS"—

"NOX"—"MORS," beneath five
figures, armed men,
Slab after slab, their faces forward
all,

And running down the Soul, a Shape
that fled

With broken wings, torn raiment and
loose hair,

For help and shelter to the hermit's
cave.

"Follow the faces, and we find it.
Look,

Who comes behind?"

For one—delay'd at first
Thro' helping back the dislocated Kay
To Camelot, then by what thereafter
chanced,

The damsel's headlong error thro' the
wood—

Sir Lancelot having swum the river-
loops—

His blue shield-lions cover'd—softly
drew [star

Behind the twain, and when he saw the
Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him,
cried,

"Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for
my friend."

And Gareth crying prick'd against the
cry;

But when they closed—in a moment—
at one touch

Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of the
world—

Went sliding down so easily, and fell,
That when he found the grass within
his hands

He laugh'd; the laughter jarr'd upon
Lynette:

Harshly she ask'd him, 'Shamed and
overthrown,

And tumbled back into the kitchen-
knave,

Why laugh ye? that ye blew your boast
in vain?"

"Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the
son

Of old King Lot and good Queen Bel-
licent,

And victor of the bridges and the ford,
And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown
by whom

I know not, all thro' mere unhappi-
ness—

Device and sorcery and unhappiness—
Out, sword; we are thrown!" and

Lancelot answered, "Prince,
O Gareth—thro' the mere unhappiness

Of one who came to help thee not to
harm,

Lancelot, all and as glad to find thee
whole,

As on the day when Arthur knighted
him."

Then Gareth, "Thou—Lancelot!—
thine the hand

That threw me? And some chance to
mar the boast

Thy brethren of thee make—which
could not chance—

Had sent thee down before a lesser
spear

Shamed had I been and sad—O Lan-
celot—thou!"

Whereat the maiden, petulant,
"Lancelot,

Why came ye not, when call'd? and
wherefore now

Come ye, not call'd? I gloried in my
knave,

Who being still rebuked, would
answer still

Courteous as any knight—but now, if
knight,

The marvel dies, and leaves me fool'd
and trick'd,

And only wondering wherefore play'd
upon:

And doubtful whether I and mine be
scorn'd.

Where should be truth if not in
Arthur's hall,

In Arthur's presence? Knight, knave,
prince and fool,

I hate thee and forever."

And Lancelot said,
 "Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! knight
 art thou
 To the King's best wish. O damsel,
 be ye wise
 To call him shamed, who is but over-
 thrown?
 Thrown have I been, nor once, but
 many a time.
 Victor from vanquish'd issues at the
 last,
 And overthrower from being over-
 thrown.
 With sword we have not striven; and
 thy good horse
 And thou art weary; yet not less I felt
 Thy manhood thro' that wearied lance
 of thine.
 'Tell hast thou done: for all the stream
 is freed,
 And thou hast wreak'd his justice on
 his foes,
 And when reviled, hast answer'd
 graciously,
 And makest merry, when overthrown.
 Prince, Knight,
 Hail, Knight and Prince, and of our
 Table Round!"

And then when turning to Lynette
 he told
 The tale of Gareth, petulantly she said,
 "Ay well—ay well—for worse than
 being fool'd
 Of others, is to fool one's self. A
 cave,
 Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with meats
 and drinks
 And forage for the horse, and flint for
 fire.
 But all about it flies a honeysuckle.
 Seek, till we find." And when they
 sought and found,
 Sir Gareth drank and ate, and all his
 life
 Past into sleep; on whom the maiden
 gazed.
 "Sound sleep be thine! sound cause
 to sleep hast thou.
 Wake lusty! Seem I not as tender to
 him

As any mother? Ay, but such a one
 As all day long hath rated at her child,
 And vext his day, but blesses him
 asleep—
 Good lord, how sweetly smells the
 honeysuckle
 In the hush'd night, as if the world
 were one
 Of utter peace, and love, and gentle-
 ness!
 O Lancelot, Lancelot"—and she clapt
 her hands—
 "Full merry am I to find my goodly
 knave
 Is knight and noble. See now, sworn
 have I,
 Else yon black felon had not let me
 pass,
 To bring thee back to do the battle
 with him.
 Thus an thou goest, he will fight thee
 first:
 Who doubts thee victor? so will my
 knight-knave
 Miss the full cower of this accomplish-
 ment."

Said Lancelot, "Peradventure he
 ye name,
 May know my shield. Let Gareth, an
 he will,
 Change his for mine, and take my
 charger, fresh,
 Not to be spurr'd, loving the battle as
 well
 As he that rides him." "Lancelot-
 like," she said,
 "Courteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as
 in all."

And Gareth, wakening, fiercely
 clutch'd the shield;
 "Ramp, ye lance-splintering lions, on
 whom all spears
 Are rotten sticks! ye seem agape to
 roar!
 Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your
 lord!—
 Care not, good beasts, so well I care
 for you.
 O noble Lancelot, from my hold on
 these

Streams virtue—fire—thro' one that
will not shame
Even the shadow of Lancelot under
shield.
Hence: let us go.

Silent the silent field
They traversed. Arthur's harp tho'
summer-wan,
In counter motion to the clouds, al-
lured
The glance of Gareth dreaming on his
liege.

A star shot: "Lo," said Gareth, "the
foe falls!"

An owl whoopt: "Hark the victor
pealing there!"

Suddenly she that rode upon his left
Clung to the shield that Lancelot lent
him crying,

"Yield, yield him this again: 'tis he
must fight:

I curse the tongue that all thro' yester-
day

Reviled thee, and hath wrought on
Lancelot now

To lend thee horse and shield:
wonders ye have done;

Miracles ye cannot: here is glory enow
In having flung the three: I see thee
maim'd,

Mangled: I swear thou canst not fling
the fourth."

"And wherefore, damsel? tell me
all ye know.

Ye cannot scare me; nor rough face,
or voice,

Brute bulk of limb, or boundless savag-
Appall me from the quest."

"Nay, Prince," she cried,
"God wot, I never look'd upon the
face,

Seeing he never rides abroad by day;
But watch'd him have I like a phantom
pass

Chilling the night: nor have I heard
the voice.

Always he made his mouthpiece of a
page

Who came and went, and still reported
him

As closing in himself the strength of
ten,

And when his anger tare him, massa-
cring

Man, woman, lad and girl—yea, the
soft babe—

Some hold that he hath swallow'd in-
fant flesh,

Monster! O prince, I went for Lance-
lot first,

The quest is Lancelot's: give him back
the shield."

Said Gareth laughing, "An he fight
for this,

Belike he wins it as the better man:
Thus—and not else?"

But Lancelot on him urged
All the devisings of their chivalry

Where one might meet a mightier than
himself;

How best to manage horse, lance,
sword and shield,

And so fill up the gap where force
might fail

With skill and fineness. Instant were
his words.

Then Gareth, "Here he rules. I
know but one—

To dash against mine enemy and to
win.

Yet have I watch'd thee victor in the
And seen thy way." "Heaven help
thee," sigh'd Lynette.

[joust,

Then for a space, and under cloud
that grew

To thunder-gloom palling all stars,
they rode

In converse till she made her palfrey
halt,

Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd,
"There."

And all the three were silent seeing,
pitch'd

Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak

Sunder the glooming crimson on the
marge,

Black, with black banner, and a long
black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth
graspt,
And so, before the two could hinder
him,
Sent all his heart and breath thro' all
the horn.
Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled;
anon
Came lights and lights, and once again
he blew;
Whereon were hollow tramlings up
and down [past;
And muffled voices heard, and shadows
Till high above him, circled with her
maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window stood,
Beautiful among lights, and waving to
him
White hands, and courtesy; but when
the Prince
Three times had blown—after long
hush—at last—
The huge pavilion slowly yielded up,
Thro' those black foldings, that which
housed therein.
High on a nightblack horse, in night-
black arms,
With white breast-bone, and barren ribs
of Death,
And crown'd with fleshless laughter—
some ten steps—
In the half light—through the dim
dawn—advanced
The monster, and then paused, and
spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indig-
nantly.
"Fool, for thou hast, men say, the
strength of ten,
Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God
hath given,
But must, to make the terror of thee
more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries
Of that which Life hath done with,
and the clod,
Less dull than thou, will hide with
mantling flowers

As if for pity?" But he spake no
word; [swoon'd;
Which set the horror higher: a maiden
The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands
and wept,
As doom'd to be the bride of Night
and Death;
Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his
helm;
And ev'n Sir Lancelot thro' his warm
blood felt
Ice strike, and all that mark'd him
were aghast.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger
fiercely neigh'd—
At once the black horse bounded for-
ward with him.
Then those that did not blink the ter-
ror, saw
That Death was cast to ground, and
slowly rose.
But with one stroke Sir Gareth split
the skull. [lay.
Half fell to right and half to left and
Then with a stronger buffet he clove
the helm
As throughly as the skull; and out
from this [boy
Issued the bright face of a blooming
Fresh as a flower new-born, and cry-
ing, "Knight,
Slay me not: my three brethren bade
me do it,
To make a horror all about the house,
And stay the world from Lady Lyonors.
They never dream'd the passes would
be past."
Answer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one
Not many a moon his younger, "My
fair child,
What madness made thee challenge
the chief knight
Of Arthur's hall?" "Fair Sir, they
bade me do it.
They hate the King, and Lancelot, the
King's friend,
They hoped to slay him somewhere on
the stream,
They never dream'd the passes could
be past."

Then sprang the happier day from
under-ground;
And Lady Lyonors and her house,
with dance
And revel and song, made merry over
Death,
As being after all their foolish fears

And horrors only prov'n a blooming
boy. [the quest
So large mirth lived, and Gareth won
And he that told the tale in older
times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he, that told it later, says Lynette.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in
his moods
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's
Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing
woods,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the
Hall.
And toward him from the Hall, with
harp in hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye
so, Sir Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding
once
Far down beneath a winding wall of
rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak
half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of
carven snakes
Clutched at the crag, and started thro'
midair
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the
tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the
wind
Pierced ever a child's cry: and crag
and tree
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous
nest,
This ruby necklace thrice around her
neck,

And all unscarr'd from beak or talon
brought
A maiden babe; which Arthur pitying
took,
Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the
Queen
But coldly acquiescing, in her white
arms
Received, and after loved it tenderly,
And named it Nestling; so forgot her-
self
A moment, and her cares; till that
young life
Being smitten in mid-heaven with mortal
cold
Past from her; and in time the car-
canet
Vext her with plaintive memories of
the child:
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
"Take thou the jewels of this dead in-
nocence,
And make them, an thou wilt, a tour-
ney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine
eagle-borne
Dead nestling, and this honor after
death, [I muse
Following thy will! but, O my Queen,
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or
zone,
Those diamonds that I rescued from
the tarn,
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee
to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall,"
 she cried,
 "Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they
 were,
 A bitterness to me!—ye look amazed,
 Not knowing they were lost as soon as
 given—
 Slid from my hands, when I was lean-
 ing out
 Above the river—that unhappy child
 Past in her barge : but rosier luck will
 go
 With these rich jewels, seeing that
 they came
 Not from the skeleton of a brother-
 slayer,
 But the sweet body of a maiden babe.
 Perchance—who knows?—the purest
 of thy knights
 May win them for the purest of my
 maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great
 jousts
 With trumpet-blowings ran on all the
 ways
 From Camelot in among the faded
 fields
 To furthest towers; and everywhere
 the knights
 Arm'd for a day of glory before the
 King.

But on the hither side of that loud
 morn
 Into the hall stagger'd, his visage
 ribb'd
 From ear to ear with dog-whip weals,
 his nose
 Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one
 hand off,
 And one with shatter'd fingers dang-
 ling lame,
 A churl, to whom indignantly the
 King,

"My churl, for whom Christ died,
 what evil beast
 Hath drawn his claws athwart thy
 face? or fiend?
 Man was it who marr'd Heaven's im-
 age in thee thus?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of
 splinter'd teeth,
 Yet strangers to the tongue, and with
 blunt stump
 Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air said the
 maim'd churl,

"He took them and he drave them
 to his tower—
 Some hold he was a table-knight of
 thine—
 A hundred goodly ones—the Red
 Knight, he—
 Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red
 Knight
 Brake in upon me and drave them to
 his tower;
 And when I called upon thy name as
 one
 That does right by gentle and by churl,
 Maim'd me and maul'd, and would out-
 right have slain,
 Save that he sware me to a message,
 saying—

'Tell thou the King and all his liars,
 that I
 Have founded my Round Table in the
 North,
 And whatsoever his own knights have
 sworn
 My knights have sworn the counter to
 it—and say
 My tower is full of harlots, like his
 court,
 But mine are worthier, seeing they
 profess
 To be none other than themselves—
 and say
 My knights are all adulterers like his
 own,
 But mine are truer, seeing they pro-
 fess
 To be none other; and say his hour is
 come,
 The heathen are upon him, his long
 lance
 Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.'"

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the sen-
 eschal,
 "Take thou my churl, and tend him
 curiously

Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.
 The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,
 Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,
 Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,
 Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom
 The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere,—
 Friends, thro' your manhood and your féalty,—now
 Make their last head like Satan in the North.
 My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower
 Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,
 Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,
 The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
 But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place
 Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field:
 For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
 Only to yield my Queen her own again?
 Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well:
 Yet better if the King abide, and leave
 The leading of his younger knights to me.
 Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him,
 And while they stood without the doors, the King
 Turn'd to him saying, "Is it then so well?
 Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
 Of whom was written, 'a sound is in his ears'—

The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
 That only seems half-loyal to command,—
 A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—
 Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
 Tells of a manhood ever less and lower?
 Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
 By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
 From flat confusion and brute violences,
 Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
 Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd
 North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen,
 Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
 Watched her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.
 Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme
 Of bygone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,
 By these in earnest those in mockery call'd
 The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,
 Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,
 Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,
 The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,
 And down a streetway hung with folds of pure
 White samite, and by fountains running wine,

Where children sat in white with cups
of gold,
Moved to the lists, and there, with
slow sad steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd
chair.

He glanced and saw the stately gal-
leries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of
their Queen
White-robed in honor of the stainless
child,
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a
bank
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks
of fire.
He lookt but once, and veil'd his eyes
again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a
dream
To ears but half-awaked, then one low
roll
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts be-
gan:
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing
leaf
And gloom and gleam, and shower and
shorn plume
Went down it. Sighing wearily, as
one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are past
away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er
the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tourna-
ment
Broken, but spake not; once, a knight
cast down
Before his throne of arbitration cursed
The dead babe and the follies of the
King;
And once the laces of a helmet
crack'd,
And show'd him, like a vermin in its
hole,
Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard
The voice that billow'd round the bar-
riers roar

An ocean-sounding welcome to one
knight,
But newly enter'd, taller than the rest,
And armor'd all in forest green, where-
on
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
With ever-scattering berries, and on
shield
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—
late
From overseas in Brittany return'd,
And marriage with a princess of that
realm,
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the
Woods—
Whom Lancelot knew, had held some-
time with pain
His own against him, and now yearn'd
to shake
The burthen off his heart in one full
shock
With Tristram ev'n to death: his
strong hands gript
And dinted the gilt dragons right and
left,
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many
of those,
That ware their ladies' colors on the
casque,
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the
bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering
mockeries
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven
crests! O shame!
What faith have these in whom they
sware to love?
The glory of our Round Table is no
more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave,
the gems,
Not speaking other word than "Hast
thou won?
Art thou the purest, brother? See, the
hand
Wherewith thou takest is red!" to
whom
Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's
lanquorous mood,

Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss
me this
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry
hound?
Let me thy fair Queen's fantasy.
Strength of heart
And might of limb, but mainly use and
skill, [King.
Are winners in this pastime of our
My hand—belike the lance hath dript
upon it—
No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief
knight,
Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield,
Great brother, thou nor I have made
the world;
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in
mine."

And Tristram round the gallery
made his horse
Caracole; then bow'd his homage,
bluntly saying,
"Fair damsels, each to him who wor-
ships each
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, be-
hold
This day my Queen of Beauty is not
here."
Then most of these were mute, some
anger'd, one
Murmuring, "All courtesy is dead,"
and one,
"The glory of our Round Table is no
more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt
and mantle clung, [day
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan
Went glooming down in wet and wear-
iness:
But under her black brows a swarthy
dame
Laught shrilly, crying "Praise the
patient saints,
Our one white day of Innocence hath
past,
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt.
So be it.
The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the
year,

Would make the world as blank as
wintertide.
Come—let us comfort their sad eyes,
our Queen's
And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
With all the kindlier colors of the
field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the
feast
Variously gay: for he that tells the
tale
Liken'd them, saying "as when an hour
of cold
Falls on the mountain in midsummer
snows,
And all the purple slopes of mountain
flowers
Pass under white, till the warm hour
returns
With veer of wind, and all are flowers
again;"
So dame and damsel cast the simple
white,
And glowing in all colors, the live grass
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy,
glanced
About the revels, and with mirth so
loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the
Queen,
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless
jousts,
Brake up their sports, then slowly to
her bower
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow
morn,
High over all the yellowing Autumn-
tide,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the
hall.
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye
so, Sir Fool?"
Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet
replied,
"Belike for lack of wiser company;
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I
skip

To know myself the wisest knight of
all."

"Ay, fool," said Tristram "but 'tis
eating dry

To dance without a catch, a roundelay
To dance to." Then he twangled on
his harp,

And while he twangled little Dagonet
stood,

Quiet as any water-sodden log
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a
brook ;

But when the twangling ended, skipt
again ;

Then being ask'd, "Why skipt ye not,
Sir Fool?"

Made answer, "I had liefer twenty
years

Skip to the broken music of my brains
Than any broken music ye can make."

Then Aristram, waiting for the quip to
come, [fool?"

"Good now, what music have I broken,
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur,
the king's ;

For when thou playest that air with
Queen Isolt,

Thou makest broken music with thy
bride, [tany—

Her daintier namesake down in Brit—
And so thou breakest Arthur's music
too."

"Save for that broken music in thy
brains,

Sir Fool," said Aristram, "I would
break thy head.

Fool, I came late, the heathen was
were o'er,

The life had flown, we sware but by the
shell—

I am but a fool to reason with a fool.
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour : but
lean me down,

Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses'
ears,

And hearken if my music be not true.

"Free love—free field—we love but
while we may :

The woods are hush'd, their music is
no more :

The leaf is dead, the yearning past
away :

New leaf, new life—the days of frost
are o'er :

New life, new love to suit the newer
day :

New loves are sweet as those that wert
before :

Free love,—free field—we love but
while we may.'

"Ye might have moved slow-meas-
ure to my tune,

Not stood stockstill. I made it in the
woods,

And found it ring as true as tested
gold."

But Dagonet with one foot poised in
his hand,

"Friend, did ye mark that fountain
yesterday

Made to run wine?—but this had run
itself

All out like a long life to a sour end—
And them that round it sat with golden
cups

To hand the wine to whomsoever
came—

The twelve small damosels white as
Innocence,

In honor of poor Innocence the babe,
Who left the gems which Innocence
the Queen

Lent to the King, and Innocence the
King

Gave for a prize—and one of those
white slips [one,

Handed her cup and piped, the pretty
'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and there-
upon I drank,

Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the
draught was mud."

And Tristram, "Was it muddier than
thy gibes?

Is all the laughter gone dead out of
thee?—

Not marking how the knighthood mock
thee, fool—

'Fear God : honor the king—his one
true knight—

Sole follower of the vows'—for here
 be they
 Who knew thee swine enow before I
 came,
 Smuttier than blasted grain : but when
 the King
 Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot
 up
 It frighted all free fool from out thy
 heart ;
 Which left thee less than fool, and less
 than swine,
 A naked aught—yet swine I hold thee
 still,
 For I have flung thee pearls, and find
 thee swine."

And little Dagonet mincing with his
 feet,
 " Knight, an ye fling those rubies round
 my neck
 In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast
 some touch
 Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.
 Swine? I have wallow'd, I have
 wash'd—the world
 Is flesh and shadow—I have had my
 day.
 The dirty nurse, Experience, in her
 kind
 Hath foul'd me—an I wallow'd, then I
 wash'd—
 I have had my day and my philoso-
 phies—
 And thank the Lord I am King Ar-
 thur's fool.
 Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses,
 rams and geese
 Troop'd round a Paynim harper once,
 who thrumm'd
 On such a wire as musically as thou
 Some such fine song—but never a king's
 fool."

And Tristram, " Then were swine,
 goats, asses, geese
 The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
 Had such a mastery of his mystery
 That he could harp his wife up out of
 He.l."

The Dagonet, turning on the ball of
 his foot,
 "And whither harp'st thou thine? down!
 and thyself
 Down! and two more : a helpful harper
 thou,
 That harpest downward! Dost thou
 know the star
 We call the harp of Arthur up in
 heaven? "

And Tristram, " Ay, Sir Fool, for
 when our King
 Was victor wellnigh day by day, the
 knights,
 Glorying in each new glory, set his
 name
 High on all hills, and in the signs of
 heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, " Ay, and
 when the land
 Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set
 yourself
 To babble about him, all to show your
 wit—
 And whether he were king by courtesy,
 Or king by right—and so went harping
 down
 The black king's highway, got so far,
 and grew
 So witty, that ye play'd at ducks and
 drake
 With Arthur's vows on the great lake
 of fire.

Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the
 star? "
 " Nay, fool," said Tristram, " not in
 open day."
 And Dagonet, " Nay, nor will : I see it
 and hear.
 It makes a silent music up in heaven,
 And I, and Arthur and the angels
 hear,
 And then we skip." " Lo, fool," he
 said, " ye talk
 Fool's treason : is the king thy brother
 fool? "

Then little Dagonet clapt his hands
 and shrill'd,
 " Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of
 fools!

Conceits himself as God that he can
make
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles,
milk
From burning spurge, honey from horn-
net-combs,
And men from beasts.—Long live the
king of fools !”

And down the city Dagonet danced
away.

But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues
And solitary passes of the wood
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and
the west.

Before him fled the face of Queen
Isolt

With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
Made dull his inner, keen his outer
eye

For all that walk'd, or crept, or
perched, or flew.

Anon the face, as, when a gust hath
blown,

Unruffling waters re-collect the shape
Of one that in them sees himself, re-
turn'd;

But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to
lawn

Thro' many a league-long bower he
rode. At length

A lodge of intertwisted beechen-
boughs

Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the
which himself

Built for a summer day with Queen
Isolt

Against a shower, dark in the golden
grove

Appearing, sent his fancy back to
where

She lived a moon in that low lodge
with him :

Till Mark her lord had past, the Cor-
nish king,

With six or seven, when Tristram was
away,

And snatch'd her thence ; yet dread-
ing worse than shame

Her warrior Tristram spake not any
word,

But bode his hour, devising wretched-
ness.

And now that desert lodge to Tris-
tram lookt

So sweet, that, halting, in he past, and
sank

Down on a drift of foliage random-
blown ;

But could not rest for musing how to
smooth

And sleek his marriage over to the
Queen.

Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all
The tonguesters of the court she had
not heard.

But then what folly had sent him over-
seas

After she left him lonely here ? a
name ?

Was it the name of one in Brittany,
Isolt, the daughter of the King ?

“ Isolt

Of the white hands ” they call'd her :
the sweet name

Allured him first, and then the maid
herself,

Who served him well with those white
hands of hers,

And loved him well, until himself had
thought

He loved her also, wedded easily,
But left her all as easily, and return'd.

The black-blue Irish hair and Irish
eyes

Had drawn him home—what marvel ?
then he laid

His brows upon the drifted leaf and
dream'd.

He seem'd to pace the strand of
Brittany

Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby-chain,

and both

Began to struggle for it, till his Queen
Graspt it so hard, that all her hand
was red.

Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!
 These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
 And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
 With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
 Is all as cool and white as any flower."
 Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
 A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
 Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears
 Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
 And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,
 The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
 Glared on a huge machicolated tower
 That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
 A roar of riot, as from men secure
 Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
 Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
 "Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth,
 for there,
 High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
 A goodly brother of The Table Round
 Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield
 Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
 And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights
 At that dishonor done the gilded spur,
 Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn.
 But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode
 Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn
 That sent the face of all the marsh aloft

An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud
 Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,
 Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
 In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to the King,

"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!—
 Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King
 Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world—
 The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's curse, and I!
 Slain was the brother of my paramour
 By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine
 And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
 Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,
 And stings itself to everlasting death,
 To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
 And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face
 Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
 Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.
 And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
 But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
 To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
 Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
 Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
 Heard in dead night along that table-shore
 Drops flat, and after the great waters break
 Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves
 Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,

From less and less to nothing; thus he
 fell
 Head-heavy, while the knights, who
 watch'd him, roar'd
 And shouted and leapt down upon the
 fall'n;
 There trampled out his face from be-
 ing known,
 And sank his head in mire, and slided
 themselves:
 Nor heard the King for their own cries,
 but sprang
 Thro' open doors, and swording right
 and left
 Men, women, on their sodden faces,
 huri'd
 The tables over and the wines, and
 slew
 Till all the rafters rang with woman-
 yells,
 And all the pavement stream'd with
 massacre:
 Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired
 the tower,
 Which half that autumn night, like the
 live North,
 Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
 Made all above it, and a hundred
 meres
 About it, as the water Moab saw
 Come round by the East, and out be-
 yond them flush'd
 The long low dune, and lazy-plunging
 sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore
 to shore.
 But in the heart of Arthur pain was
 lord.

Then out of Tristram waking the
 red dream
 Fled with a shout, and that low lodge
 return'd,
 Mid-forest, and the wind among the
 boughs.
 He whistled his good warhorse left to
 graze
 Among the forest greens, vaulted upon
 him,
 And rode beneath an ever-showering
 leaf,

Till one lone woman, weeping near a
 cross,
 Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord,"
 she said, "my man
 Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he
 thought—
 "What an she hate me now? I would
 not this.
 What an she love me still? I would
 not that.
 I know not what I would"—but said
 to her,—
 "Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate
 return,
 He find thy favor changed and love
 thee not"—
 Then pressing day by day thro' Lyon-
 esse
 Last in a rocky hollow, belling, heard
 The hounds of Mark, and felt the
 goodly hounds
 Yelp at his heart, but, turning, past
 and gain'd
 Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
 A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
 A low sea-sunset glorying round her
 hair
 And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the
 Queen.
 And when she heard the feet of Tris-
 tram grind
 The spiring stone that scaled about
 her tower,
 Flush'd, started, met him at the doors,
 and there
 Belted his body with her white em-
 brace,
 Crying aloud, "Not Mark—not Mark,
 my soul! |he:
 The footstep flutter'd me at first: not
 Catlike thro' his own castle steals my
 Mark,
 But warrior-wise thou stridest through
 his halls
 Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the
 death.
 My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
 Quicken within me, and knew that thou
 wert nigh."

To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.

Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,

"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,

But save for dread of thee had beaten me,

Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—Mark?

What rights are his that dare not strike for them?

Not lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus!

But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went

To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—

And so returns belike within an hour. Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not

thou with him,

Because he hates thee even more than fears;

Nor drink: and when thou passest any wood

Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush

Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.

My God, the measure of my hate for Mark

Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,

Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake

To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,

"O hunter, and O blower of the horn, Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,

For, ere I mated with my shambling king,

Ye twain had fallen out about the bride Of one—his name is out of me—the

prize, If prize she were—(what marvel—she could see)—

Thine, friend: and ever since my craven seeks

To wreck thee villainously: but, O Sir Knight,

What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,

Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,

And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first

Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,

Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt,

"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen

My dole of beauty trebled?" and he said,

"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine, [kind—

And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy

lips Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,

Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow

To make one doubt if ever the great Queen

Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,

"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou

Who breakest thro' the scruple of my bond,

Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me

That Guinevere had sinned against the highest,

And I—mis-yoked with such a want of man—

That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!

If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,

If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
 Crown'd warrant had we for the crown-
 ing sin
 That made us happy: but how ye
 greet me—fear
 And fault and doubt—no word of that
 fond tale—
 Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet
 memories
 Of Tristram in that year he was away.”

And, saddening on the sudden, spake
 Isolt,
 “I had forgotten all in my strong joy
 To see thee — yearnings? — ay! for,
 hour by hour,
 Here in the never-ended afternoon,
 O sweeter than all memories of thee,
 Deeper than any yearnings after thee
 Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-
 smiling seas,
 Watched from this tower. Isolt of
 Britain dash'd
 Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
 Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss?
 Wedded her?
 Fought in her father's battles? wounded
 there?
 The King was all fulfill'd with grate-
 fulness,
 And she, my namesake of the hands,
 that heal'd
 Thy hurt and heart with unguent and
 caress—
 Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
 Than having known thee? her too hast
 thou left
 To pine and waste in those sweet
 memories?
 O were I not my Mark's, by whom all
 men
 Are noble, I should hate thee more
 than love.”

And Tristram, fondling her light
 hands, replied,
 “Grace, Queen, for being loved: she
 loved me well.
 Did I love her? the name at least I
 loved.
 Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!

The night was dark; the true star set
 Isolt!
 The name was ruler of the dark—
 Isolt?
 Care not for her! patient, and prayer-
 ful, meek,
 Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to
 God.”

And Isolt answered, “Yea, and why
 not I?
 Mine is the larger need, who am not
 meek,
 Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell
 thee now.
 Here one black, mute midsummer night
 I sat
 Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering
 where,
 Murmuring a light song I had heard
 thee sing,
 And once or twice I spake thy name
 aloud.
 Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near
 me stood,
 In fuming sulphur blue and green, a
 fiend—
 Mark's way to steal behind one in the
 dark—
 For there was Mark: ‘He has wedded
 her,’ he said,
 Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown
 of towers
 So shook to such a roar of all the sky,
 That here in utter dark I swoon'd
 away,
 And woke again in utter dark, and
 cried,
 ‘I will flee hence and give myself to
 God’—
 And thou wert lying in thy new leman's
 arms.”

Then Tristram, ever dallying with
 her hand,
 “May God be with thee, sweet, when
 old and gray,
 And past desire!” a saying that
 anger'd her.
 “‘May God be with thee, sweet, when
 thou art old,

And sweet no more to me ! ' I need Him
now.

For when had Lancelot utter'd aught
so gross

Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the
mast ?

The greater man, the greater courtesy.
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild
beasts—

Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a
lance

Becomes thee well—art grown wild
beast thyself. [even

How darrest thou, if lover, push me
In fancy from thy side, and set me far

In the gray distance, half a life away,
Her to be loved no more ? Unsay it,
unswear !

Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and soli-
tude,

Thy marriage and mine own, that I
should suck

Lies like sweet wines : lie to me : I
believe.

Will ye not lie ? not swear, as there ye
kneel,

And solemnly as when ye sware to him,
The man of men, our King—My God,
the power

Was once in vows when men believed
the King !

They lied not then, who sware, and
thro' their vows

The King prevailing made his realm :
—I say,

Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n
when old,

Gray-haired, and past desire, and in de-
spair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up
and down,

"Vows ! did ye keep the vow ye made
to Mark

More than I mine ? Lied, say ye ? Nay,
but learnt,

The vow that binds too strictly snaps
itself—

My knighthood taught me this—ay,
being snapt—

We run more counter to the soul thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swear no
more.

I swore to the great King, and am for-
sworn.

For once—ev'n to the height—I honor'd
him.

'Man, is he man at all ?' methought,
when first

I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and
beheld

That victor of the Pagan throned in
hall—

His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a
brow

Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-
blue eyes,

The golden beard that clothed his lips
with light—

Moreover, that weird legend of his
birth,

With Merlin's mystic babble about his
end,

Amazed me ; then, his foot was on a
stool

Shaped as a dragon ; he seem'd to me
no man,

But Michaël trampling Satan ; so I
sware,

Being amazed : but this went by—the
vows !

O ay—the wholesome madness of an
hour—

They served their use, their time ; for
every knight

Believed himself a greater than him-
self,

And every follower eyed him as a God ;
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,

Did mightier deeds than otherwise he
had done,

And so the realm was made ; but then
their vows—

First mainly thro' that sullyng of our
Queen—

Began to gall the knighthood, asking
whence

Had Arthur right to bind them to him-
self ?

Dropt down from heaven ? wash'd up
from out the deep ?

They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh
and blood
Of our old Kings: whence then? a
doubtful lord
To bind them by inviolable vows,
Which flesh and blood perforce would
violate: [within
For feel this arm of mine—the tide
Red with free chase and heather-
scented air, [pure
Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me
As any maiden child? lock up my
tongue
From uttering freely what I freely hear?
Bind me to one? The great world
laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and
know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his
hour
Wooes his own end; we are not angels
here
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of
the woods,
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
Mock them: my soul, we love but
while we may;
And therefore is my love so large for
thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love.”

Here ending, he moved toward her,
and she said,
“Good: an I turn'd away my love for
thee
To some one thrice as courteous as
thyself—
For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valor may—but he that closes both
Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller in-
deed,
Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I
loved
This knightliest of all knights, and cast
thee back
Thine own small saw, ‘We love but
while we may,’
Well then, what answer?”

He that while she spake,
Mindful of what he brought to adorn
her with,

The jewels, had let one finger lightly
touch
The warm white apple of her throat
replied,
“Press this a little closer, sweet, un-
til—
Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'd
—meat,
Wine, wine—and I will love thee to
the death,
And out beyond into the dream to
come.”

So then, when both were brought to
full accord,
She rose, and set before him all he
will'd;
And after these had comforted the
blood
With meats and wines, and satiated
their hearts—
Now talking of their woodland para-
dise,
The deer, the dews, the fern, the
founts, the lawns;
Now mocking at the much ungainli-
ness,
And craven shifts, and long crane legs
of Mark—
Then Tristram laughing caught the
harp, and sang:

“Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend
the brier!
A star in heaven, a star within the
mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
And one was far apart, and one was
near:
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the
grass!
And one was water and one star was
fire,
And one will ever shine and one will
pass.
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the
mere.”

Then in the light's last glimmer
Tristram show'd
And swung the ruby carcanet. She
cried,

"The collar of some order, which our King
Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,
For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."

"Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red fruit
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven,
And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,
And hither brought by Tristram for his last
Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
Claspt it but while ne bow'd himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,

Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
"Mark's wav," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,
The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
"What art thou?" and the voice about his feet
Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again."

TO THE QUEEN.

EPILOGUE TO THE IDYLS.

O LOYAL to the royal in thyself,
And loyal to thy land, as this to thee—
Bear witness, that rememberable day,
When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince,
Who scarce had pluck'd his flickering life again
From half-way down the shadow of the grave,
Past with thee thro' thy people and their love,
And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
Her trebled millions, and loud leagues of man
And welcome! witness, too, the silent cry,

The prayer of many a race and creed,
and clime— [sea
Thunderless lightnings striking under
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,
And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us "keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! friends—your love
Is but a burden: loose the bond, and go."
Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice

And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
 Left mightiest of all peoples under
 heaven?
 What shock has fool'd her since, that
 she should speak
 So feebly? wealthier—wealthier—hour
 by hour!
 The voice of Britain, or a sinking
 land,
 Some third-rate isle half-lost among
 her seas?
There rang her voice, when the full city
 peal'd
 Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to
 their crown
 Are loyal to their own far sons, who
 love
 Our ocean-empire with her boundless
 homes
 For ever-broadening England, and her
 throne
 In our vast Orient, and one isle, one
 isle,
 That knows not her own greatness: if
 she knows
 And dreads it we are fall'n.—But
 thou, my Queen,
 Not for itself, but thro' thy living love
 For one to whom I made it o'er his
 grave
 Sacred, accept this old imperfect tale,
 New-old, and shadowing Sense at war
 with Soul
 Rather than that gray king, whose
 name, a ghost
 Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from
 mountain peak,
 And cleaves to cairn and cromlech
 still for him
 Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Mal-
 lor's one
 Touched by the adulterous finger of a
 time

That hover'd between war and wan-
 tonness,
 And crownings and dethronements;
 take withal
 Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that
 Heaven
 Will blow the tempest in the distance
 back
 From thine and ours: for some are
 scared, who mark,
 Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
 Waverings of every vane with every
 wind,
 And wordy trucklings in the transient
 hour,
 And fierce or careless looseners of the
 faith,
 And Softness breeding scorn of simple
 life,
 Or Cowardice, the child of lust for
 gold,
 Or Labor, with a groan and not a
 voice,
 Or Art, with poisonous honey stol'n
 from France,
 And that which knows, but careful for
 itself,
 And that which knows not, ruling that
 which knows
 To its own harm: the goal of this
 great world
 Lies beyond sight: yet—if our slowly-
 grown
 And crown'd Republic's crowning com-
 mon-sense,
 That saved her many times, not fail—
 their fears
 Are morning shadows huger than the
 shapes
 That cast them, not those gloomier
 which forego
 The darkness of that battle in the
 West,
 Where all of high and holy dies away,

A WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

MARCH, 1874.

I.

THE Son of him with whom we strove
for power—

Whose will is lord thro' all his world-
domain—

Who made the serf a man, and burst
his chain—

Has given our Prince his own Imperial
Flower,

Alexandrovna.

And welcome, Russian flower, a
people's pride,

To Britain, when her flowers begin to
blow!

From love to love, from home to
home you go,

From mother unto mother, stately
bride,

Marie-Alexandrovna.

II.

The golden news along the steppes is
blown,

And at thy name the Tartar tents
are stirred:

Elburz and all the Caucasus have
heard;

And all the sultry palms of India
known,

Alexandrovna.

The voices of our universal sea,
On capes of Afric as on cliffs of

Kent,
The Maoris and that Isle of Con-
tinent,

And loyal pines of Canada murmur
thee,

Marie-Alexandrovna!

III.

Fair empires branching, both, in lusty
life!—

Yet Harold's England fell to Nor-
man swords:

Yet thine own land has bow'd to
Tartar hordes

Since English Harold gave its throne
a wife,

Alexandrovna!

For thrones and peoples are as waifs
that swing,

And float or fall, in endless ebb and
flow;

But who love best have best the
grace to know

That Love by right divine is deathless
king,

Marie-Alexandrovna!

IV.

And Love has led thee to the stranger
land,

Where men are bold and strongly
say their say;—

See, empire upon empire smiles to-
day,

As thou with thy young lover hand in
hand,

Alexandrovna!

So now thy fuller life is in the West,
Whose hand at home was gracious

to thy poor:
Thy name was blest within the nar-
row door;

Here also, Marie, shall thy name be
blest,

Marie-Alexandrovna!

V.

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame
again?

Or at thy coming, Princess, every-
where,

QUEEN MARY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

QUEEN MARY.

PHILIP (*King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain*).

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

REGINALD POLE (*Cardinal and Papal Legate*).

SIMON RENARD (*Spanish Ambassador*).

LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES (*French Ambassador*).

THOMAS CRANMER (*Archbishop of Canterbury*).

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH (*Archbishop of York; Lord Chancellor after Gardiner*).

EDWARD COURTENAY (*Earl of Devon*).

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD (*afterwards Lord Howard and Lord High Admiral*).

LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME.

LORD PAGET.

LORD PETRE.

STEPHEN GARDINER (*Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor*).

EDMUND BONNER (*Bishop of London*).

THOMAS THIRLBY (*Bishop of Ely*).

SIR THOMAS WYATT } (*Insurrectionary Leaders*).

SIR THOMAS STAFFORD }

SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

SIR WILLIAM CECIL

SIR THOMAS WHITE (*Lord Mayor of London*).

THE DUKE OF ALVA } (*attending on Philip*).

THE COUNT DE FERIA }

PETER MARTYR.

FATHER COLE.

FATHER BOURNE.

VILLA GARCIA.

SOTO.

CAPTAIN BRETT } (*Adherents of Wyatt*).

ANTONY KNYVETT }

PETERS (*Gentleman of Lord Howard*).

ROGER (*Servant to Noailles*).

WILLIAM (*Servant to Wyatt*).

STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD *to the Princess Elizabeth*.

OLD NOKES and NOKES.

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER (*Mother of Courtenay*).

LADY CLARENCE

LADY MAGDALEN DACRES } (*Ladies in waiting to the Queen*).

ALICE

MAID OF HONOR *to the Princess Elizabeth*.

JOAN } (*Two Country Wives*).

TIB

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ALDGATE RICHLY
DECORATED.

CROWD. MARSHALMEN.

Marshalman. Stand back, keep a clear lane. When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth. Shout, knaves!

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary!

First Citizen. That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

Second Citizen. It means a bastard.

Third Citizen. Nay, it means true-born.

First Citizen. Why, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard?

Second Citizen. No; it was the Lady Elizabeth.

Third Citizen. That was after, man; that was after.

First Citizen. Then which is the bastard?

Second Citizen. Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council.

Third Citizen. Ay, the Parliament can make every true-born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christ-masses.

Old Nokes (dreamily). Who's a-passing? King Edward or King Richard?

Third Citizen. No, old Nokes.

Old Nokes. It's Harry!

Third Citizen. It's Queen Mary.

Old Nokes. The blessed Mary's a-passing! [*Falls on his knees.*]

Nokes. Let father alone, my masters! he's past your questioning.

Third Citizen. Answer thou for him, then! thou art no such cockerel thy-

self, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh.

Nokes. Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard.

Third Citizen. But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fray'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels.

Nokes. I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it; but I and my old woman 'ud burn upon it, that would we.

Marshalman. What, are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood I will.

First Citizen. He swears by the Rood. Whew!

Second Citizen. Hark! the trumpets.

[*The Procession passes, MARY and ELIZABETH riding side by side, and disappears under the gate.*]

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary! down with all traitors! God save Her Grace; and death to Northumberland! [*Exeunt.*]

Manent two Gentlemen.

First Gentleman. By God's light a noble creature, right royal.

Second Gentleman. She looks comelier than ordinary to-day; but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal.

First Gentleman. I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at Wanstead with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following.

Second Gentleman. Ay, that was in

her hour of joy, there will be plenty to sunder and unsister them again; this Gardiner for one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer.

First Gentleman. And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father; and furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy.

Second Gentleman. Well, sir, I look for happy times.

First Gentleman. There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know.

Second Gentleman. I suppose you touch upon the rumor that Charles, the master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the Devil. I trust it is but a rumor.

First Gentleman. She is going now to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

Second Gentleman. Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

First Gentleman. Ay, but he's too old.

Second Gentleman. And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal, but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

First Gentleman. O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his achage and his breakage, if that were all: but will you not follow the procession?

Second Gentleman. No; I have seen enough for this day.

First Gentleman. Well, I shall follow; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether Her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

Cranmer. To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms, Geneva, Basle—our Bishops from their sees
Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet, Barlow,
Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the Deans
Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—
Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more;
So they report: I shall be left alone;
No: Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.

Enter PETER MARTYR.

Peter Martyr. Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, your name
Stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent
That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.

Cranmer. Stand first it may, but it was written last:
Those that are now her Privy Council, sign'd
Before me: nay, the Judges had pronounced
That our young Edward might bequeath the crown
Of England, putting by his father's will.
Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.
The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes
Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,
Damp with the sweat of death, and griping mine,
Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield

His Church of England to the Papal
wolf

And Mary; then I could no more—I
sign'd.

Nay, for bare shame, of inconsistency,
She cannot pass her traitor council by,
To make me headless.

Peter Martyr. That might be for-
given.

I tell you, fly, my Lord. You do not
own

The bodily presence in the Eucharist,
Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice:
Your creed will be your death.

Cranmer. Step after step,
Thro' many voices crying right and
left,

Have I climb'd back into the primal
church,

And stand within the porch, and Christ
with me :

My flight were such a scandal to the
faith,

The downfall of so many simple souls,
I dare not leave my post.

Peter Martyr. But you divorced
Queen Catharine and her father; hence,
her hate

Will burn till you are burn'd.

Cranmer. I cannot help it.
The Canonists and Schoolmen were
with me.

"Thou shalt not wed thy brother's
wife."—'Tis written,

"They shall be childless." True,
Mary was born,

But France would not accept her for a
bride

As being born from incest; and this
wrought

Upon the king; and child by child,
you know,

Were momentary sparkles, out as
quick

Almost as kindled; and he brought
his doubts

And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for
him

He *did* believe the bond incestuous.

But wherefore am I trenching on the
time

That should already have seen your
steps a mile

From me and Lambeth? God be with
you! Go.

Peter Martyr. Ah, but how fierce a
letter you wrote against
Their superstition when they slander'd
you

For setting up a mass at Canterbury
To please the Queen.

Cranmer. It was a wheedling monk
Set up the mass.

Peter Martyr. I know it, my good
Lord.

But you so bubbled over with hot
terms

Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,
She never will forgive you. Fly, my
Lord, fly!

Cranmer. I wrote it, and God grant
me power to burn!

Peter Martyr. They have given me
a safe conduct: for all that

I dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see
you,

Dear friend, for the last time; farewell,
and fly.

Cranmer. Fly and farewell, and let
me die the death.

[*Exit* PETER MARTYR.]

Enter OLD SERVANT.

Old Servant. O, kind and gentle
master, the Queen's Officers
Are here in force to take you to the
Tower.

Cranmer. Ay, gentle friend, admit
them. I will go.

I thank my God it is too late to fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

FATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit.* A
crowd. MARCHIONESS OF EXETER,
COURTENAY. *The SIEUR DE NOAILLES*
and his man ROGER in front of
the stage. Hubbub.

Noailles. Hast thou let fall those
papers in the palace?

Roger. Ay, sir.

Noailles. "There will be no peace for Mary till Elizabeth lose her head."

Roger. Ay, sir.

Noailles. And the other. "Long live Elizabeth the Queen."

Roger. Ay, sir; she needs must tread upon them.

Noailles. Well.

These beastly swine make such a grunting here,

I cannot catch what Father Bourne is saying.

Roger. Quiet a moment, my masters; hear what the shaveling has to say for himself.

Crowd. Hush—hear.

Bourne. —and so this unhappy land, long divided in itself, and sever'd from the faith, will return into the one true fold, seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen hath—

Crowd. No pope! no pope!

Roger. (to those about him, mimicking BOURNE). —hath sent for the holy legate of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal Pole, to give us all that holy absolution which—

First Citizen. Old Bourne to the life!

Second Citizen. Holy absolution! holy Inquisition!

Third Citizen. Down with the Papist.

[*Hubbub.*]

Bourne. —and now that your good bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long under bonds for the faith—

[*Hubbub.*]

Noailles. Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd,

And get the swine to shout Elizabeth. Yon gray old Gospeller, sour as mid-winter,

Begin with him.

Roger. (goes). By the mass, old friend, we'll have no pope here while the Lady Elizabeth lives.

Gospeller. Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the mass?

Roger. Ay. that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to my tongue yet.

First Citizen. He says right; by the mass we'll have no mass here.

Voices of the Crowd. Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Papist. From thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him down.

Bourne. —and since our Gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple—

First Citizen. Virgin Mary! we'll have no virgins here—we'll have the Lady Elizabeth!

[*Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled, and sticks in the pulpit. The mob throng to the pulpit stairs.*]

Marchioness of Exeter. Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy father Murder'd before thy face? up, son, and save him!

They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.

Courtenay (in the pulpit). Shame, shame, my masters! are you English-born,

And set yourselves by hundreds against one?

Crowd. A Courtenay! a Courtenay! [A train of Spanish servants crosses at the back of the stage.]

Noailles. These birds of passage come before their time:

Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard there.

Roger. My masters, yonder's fatter game for you

Than this old gaping gurgyle: look you there—

The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Queen!

After him, boys! and pelt him from the city.

[*They seize stones and follow the Spaniards. Exeunt on the other side MARCHIONESS OF EXETER and Attendants.*]

Noailles (to ROGER). Stand from me If Elizabeth lose her head—

That makes for France.

And if her people, anger'd thereupon, Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—

That makes for France.
 And if I breed confusion anyway—
 That makes for France.
 Good day, my Lord of Devon ;
 A bold heart yours to beard that rag-
 ing mob !
Courtenay. My mother said, Go up ;
 and up I went.
 I knew they would not do me any
 wrong,
 For I am mighty popular with them,
 Noailles
Noailles. You look'd a king.
Courtenay. Why not ? I am king's
 blood.
Noailles. And in the whirl of change
 may come to be one.
Courtenay. Ah !
Noailles But does your gracious
 Queen entreat you king-like ?
Courtenay 'Fore God, I think she
 entreats me like a child.
Noailles. You've but a dull life in this
 maiden court,
 I fear, my Lord.
Courtenay. A life of nods and yawns.
Noailles. So you would honor my
 poor house to-night,
 We might enliven you. Divers honest
 fellows,
 The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from
 prison,
 Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas
 Wyatt,
 Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more
 —we play.
Courtenay. At what ?
Noailles. The Game of Chess.
Courtenay The Game of Chess !
 I can play well, and I shall beat you
 there.
Noailles. Ay, but we play with Henry,
 King of France,
 And certain of his court.
 His Highness makes his moves across
 the channel,
 We answer him with ours and there
 are messengers
 That go between us.
Courtenay. Why, such a game, sir,
 wore whole years a playing.

Noailles. Nay ; not so long, I trust
 That all depends
 Upon the skill and swiftness of the
 players.
Courtenay. The King is skilful at it ?
Noailles. Very, my Lord.
Courtenay. And the stakes high ?
Noailles. But not beyond your means.
Courtenay. Well, I'm the first of
 players. I shall win.
Noailles. With our advice and in our
 company,
 And so you will attend to the king's
 moves,
 I think you may.
Courtenay. When do you meet ?
Noailles To-night.
Courtenay (aside) I will be there ;
 the fellow's at his tricks—
 Deep—I shall fathom him. (*Aloud.*)
 Good-morning, Noailles
 [*Exit COURTENAY.*]
Noailles. Good-day, my Lord.
 Strange game of chess ! a King
 That with her own pawns plays against
 a Queen,
 Whose play is all to find herself a
 King.
 Ay ; but this fine blue-blooded Cour-
 tenay seems
 Too princely for a pawn. Call him a
 Knight,
 That, with an ass's not an horse's
 head,
 Skips every way, from levity or from
 fear.
 Well, we shall use him somehow, so
 that Gardiner
 And Simon Renard spy not out our
 game
 Too early. Roger, thinkest thou that
 any one
 Suspected thee to be my man ?
Roger. Not one, sir.
Noailles. No ! the disguise was per-
 fect. Let's away ! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—LONDON. A ROOM
IN THE PALACE.

ELIZABETH. *Enter* COURTENAY.

Courtenay. So yet am I,
Unless my friends and mirrors lie to
me,
A goodlier-looking fellow than this
Philip.

Pah!
The Queen is ill advised: shall I turn
traitor?

They've almost talk'd me into: yet the
word
Affrights me somewhat; to be such a
one

As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in
it.

Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by
your age,
And by your looks you are not worth
the having,

Yet by your crown you are.
[*Seeing* ELIZABETH.
The Princess there?

If I tried her and la—she's amorous.
Have we not heard of her in Edward's
time,

Her freaks and frolics with the late
Lord Admiral?

I do believe she'd yield. I should be
still

A party in the state; and then, who
knows—

Elizabeth. What are you musing on,
my Lord of Devon?

Courtenay. Has not the Queen—

Elizabeth. Done what, Sir?

Courtenay. —Made you follow
The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox.

You,
The heir presumptive.

Elizabeth. Why do you ask? you
know it.

Courtenay. You needs must bear it
hardly.

Elizabeth. No, indeed!
I am utterly submissive to the Queen.

Courtenay. Well, I was musing upon
that; the Queen

Is both my foe and yours: we should
be friends.

Elizabeth. My Lord, the hatred of
another to us

Is no true bond of friendship.
Courtenay. Might it not
Be the rough preface of some closer
bond?

Elizabeth. My Lord, you late were
loosed from out the Tower,
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,
You spent your life; that broken, out
you flutter

Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now
would settle

Upon this flower, now that; but all
things here [ited

At court are known; you have solici-
The Queen, and been rejected.

Courtenay. Flower, she!
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh
and sweet

As the first flower no bee has ever
tried.

Elizabeth. Are you the bee to try
me? why, but now

I called you butterfly.

Courtenay. You did me wrong,
I love not to be called a butterfly:

Why do you call me butterfly?
Elizabeth. Why do you go so gay
then?

Courtenay. Velvet and gold.
This dress was made me as the Earl of
Devon

To take my seat in: looks it not right
royal?

Elizabeth. So royal that the Queen
forbade you wearing it.

Courtenay. I wear it then to spite
her.

Elizabeth. My Lord, my Lord;
I see you in the Tower again. Her
Majesty

Hears you affect the Prince—prelates
kneel to you.—

Courtenay. I am the noblest blood
in Europe, Madam,

A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin.

Elizabeth. She hears you make your
boast that after all

She means to wed you. Folly, my good Lord.

Courtenay. How folly? a great party in the state

Wills me to wed her.

Elizabeth. Failing her, my Lord, Doth not as great a party in the state Will you to wed me?

Courtenay. Even so, fair lady.

Elizabeth. You know to flatter ladies.

Courtenay. Nay, I meant

True matters of the heart.

Elizabeth. My heart, my Lord, Is no great party in the state as yet.

Courtenay. Great, said you? nay, you shall be great. I love you,

Lay my life in your hands. Can you be close?

Elizabeth. Can you, my Lord?

Courtenay. Close as a miser's casket.

Listen:

The King of France, Noailles the Ambassador,

The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,

Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some others,

Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall not be.

If Mary will not hear us—well—conjecture—

Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,

The people there so worship me—Your ear;

You shall be Queen.

Elizabeth. You speak too low, my Lord;

I cannot hear you.

Courtenay. I'll repeat it.

Elizabeth. No!

Stand farther off, or you may lose your head.

Courtenay. I have a head to lose for your sweet sake.

Elizabeth. Have you, my Lord? Best keep it for your own.

Nay, pout not, cousin.

Not many friends are mine, except indeed

Among the mary. I believe you mine:

And so you may continue mine, fare well,
And that at once.

Enter MARY, behind.

Mary. Whispering—leagued together

To bar me from my Philip.

Courtenay. Pray—consider—

Elizabeth (seeing the QUEEN). Well, that's a noble horse of yours, my Lord.

I trust that he will carry you well to-day,
And heal your headache.

Courtenay. You are wild; what headache?

Heartache, perchance; not headache.

Elizabeth (aside to COURTENAY).

Are you blind?

[*Courtenay sees the QUEEN and exit.*

Exit MARY.

Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

Howard. Was that my Lord of Devon? do not you

Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.

He hath fallen out of favor with the Queen.

She fears the Lords may side with you and him

Against her marriage; therefore is he dangerous.

And if this Prince of fluff and feather come

To woo you, niece, he is dangerous every way.

Elizabeth. Not very dangerous that way, my good uncle.

Howard. But your own state is full of danger here.

The disaffected, heretics, reformers, Look to you as the one to crown their ends.

Mix not yourself with any plot, I pray you;

Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,

Speak not thereof—no, not to your best friend,

Lest you should be confounded with it.
Still—

Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says,
You know your Latin—quiet as a dead
body.

What was my Lord of Devon telling
you?

Elizabeth. Whether he told me any
thing or not,
[follow your good counsel, gracious
uncle.

Quiet as a dead body.

Howard. You do right well.
I do not care to know, but this I
charge you,
Tell Courtenay nothing. The Lord
Chancellor

(I count it as a kind of virtue in him,
He hath not many), as a mastiff dog
May love a puppy cur for no more
reason

Than that the twain have been tied up
together,

Thus Gardiner—for the two were fel-
low prisoners

So many years in yon accursed Tower—
Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look
to it, niece,

He hath no fence when Gardiner
questions him;

All oozes out; yet him—because they
know him

The last White Rose, the last Planta-
genet

(Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the
people

Claim as their natural leader—ay, some
say,

That you shall marry him, make him
King belike.

Elizabeth. Do they say so, good
uncle?

Howard. Ay, good niece!
You should be plain and open with me,
niece.

You should not play upon me.

Elizabeth. No, good uncle.

Enter GARDINER.

Gardiner. The Queen would see
your Grace upon the moment.

Elizabeth. Why, my lord Bishop?

Gardiner. I think she means to
counsel your withdrawing
To Ashridge, or some other country
house.

Elizabeth. Why, my lord Bishop?

Gardiner. I do but bring the mes-
sage, know no more.
Your Grace will hear her reasons from
herself.

Elizabeth. 'Tis mine own wish ful-
fill'd before the word
Was spoken, for in truth I had meant
to crave

Permission of her Highness to retire
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies
there.

Gardiner. Madam, to have the wish
before the word
Is man's good Fairy—and the Queen
is yours.

I left her with rich jewels in her hand,
Whereof 'tis like enough she means to
make

A farewell present to your Grace.

Elizabeth. My Lord,
I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

Gardiner. I doubt it not, Madam,
most loyal. [*Bows low and exit.*

Howard. See,
This comes of parleying with my Lord
of Devon. [self

Well, well, you must obey; and I my-
Believe it will be better for your wel-
fare.

Your time will come.

Elizabeth. I think my time will come.
Uncle,

I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd; and I have felt
within me

Stirrings of some great doom when
God's just hour

Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—
his big baldness,

That irritable forelock which he rubs,
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd
eyes

Half fright me.

Howard. You've a bold heart; keep
it so.

He cannot touch you save that you
turn traitor ;
And so take heed I pray you—you are
one
Who love that men should smile upon
you, niece.
They'd smile you into treason—some
of them.

Elizabeth. I spy the rock beneath the
smiling sea.

But if this Philip, the proud Catholic
prince,
And this bald priest, and she that hates
me, seek [life,
In that lone house, to practise on my
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

Howard. They will not, niece.

Mine is the fleet and all the power at
sea—
Or will be in a moment. If they
dared

To harm you, I would blow this Philip
and all
Your trouble to the dogstar and the
devil.

Elizabeth. To the Pleiads, uncle ;
they have lost a sister.

Howard. But why say that? what
have you done to lose her?

Come, come, I will go with you to the
Queen. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A ROOM IN THE
PALACE.

MARY with PHILIP'S miniature. ALICE.

Mary (kissing the miniature). Most
goodly, king-like, and an emperor's
son,—

A king to be,—is he not noble, girl?

Alice. Goodly enough, your Grace,
and yet, methinks,

I have seen goodlier.

Mary. Ay; some waxen doll
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike ;
All red and white, the fashion of our
land.

But my good mother came (God rest
her soul)

Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
And in my likings.

Alice. By your Grace's leave
Your royal mother came of Spain, but
took

To the English red and white. Your
royal father
(For so they say) was all pure lily and
rose

In his youth, and like a lady.

Mary. O, just God!
Sweet mother, you had time and cause
enough

To sicken of his lilies and his roses.
Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced,
forlorn!

And then the king—that traitor past
forgiveness,

The false archbishop fawning on him,
married

The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic
Ev'n as *she* is; but God hath sent me
here

To take such order with all heretics
That it shall be, before I die, as tho'
My father and my brother had not
lived.

What wast thou saying of this Lady
Jane,

Now in the Tower?

Alice. Why, Madam, she was pass-
ing [her
Some chapel down in Essex, and with
Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady
Anne

Bow'd to the Pyx; but Lady Jane
stood up

Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady
Anne,

To him within there who made Heaven
and Earth?

I cannot, and I dare not, tell your Grace
What Lady Jane replied.

Mary. But I will have it.
Alice. She said—pray pardon me,
and pity her—

She hath hearken'd evil counsel—ah!
she said,

The baker made him.

Mary. Monstrous! blasphemous!
She ought to burn. Hence, thou
(Exit ALICE.) No—being traitor

Her head will fall : shall it? she is but
a child.

We do not kill the child for doing that
His father whipt him into doing—a
head

So full of grace and beauty! would
that mine

Were half as gracious! O, my lord to
be,

My love, for thy sake only.

I am eleven years older than he is.

But will he care for that?

No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,

But love me only: then the bastard
sprout,

My sister, is far fairer than myself.

Will he be drawn to her?

No, being of the true faith with myself.

Paget is for him—for to wed with
Spain

Would treble England—Gardiner is
against him;

The Council, people, Parliament
against him;

But I will have him! My hard father
hated me;

My brother rather hated me than
loved:

My sister cowers and hates me. Holy
Virgin,

Plead with thy blessed Son; grant me
my prayer;

Give me my Philip; and we two will
lead

The living waters of the Faith again
Back thro' their widow'd channel here,
and watch

The parch'd banks rolling incense, as
of old,

To heaven, and kindled with the palms
of Christ!

Enter USHER.

Who waits, Sir?

Usher Madam, the Lord Chancellor.

Mary. Bid him come in. (*Enter*
GARDINER.) Good-morning, my
good Lord. [*Exit USHER.*

Gardiner. That every morning of
your Majesty

May be most good, is every morning's
prayer

Of your most loyal subject, Stephen
Gardiner.

Mary. Come you to tell me this,
my Lord?

Gardiner. And more.

Your people have begun to learn your
worth.

Your pious wish to pay King Edward's
debts,

Your lavish household curb'd, and the
remission

Of half that subsidy levied on the peo-
ple,

Make all tongues praise and all hearts
beat for you.

I'd have you yet more loved: the
realm is poor,

The exchequer at neap-ebb: we might
withdraw

Part of our garrison at Calais.

Mary. Calais!

Our one point on the main, the gate of
France!

I am Queen of England; take mine
eyes, mine heart,

But do not lose me Calais.

Gardiner. Do not fear it.

Of that hereafter. I say your Grace
is loved.

That I may keep you thus, who am
your friend

And ever faithful counsellor, might I
speak?

Mary. I can forespeak your speak-
ing. Would I marry

Prince Philip, if all England hate him?
That is

Your question, and I front it with
another:

Is it England, or a party? Now, your
answer.

Gardiner. My answer is, I wear
beneath my dress

A shirt of mail: my house hath been
assaulted,

And when I walk abroad, the popu-
lace,

With fingers pointed like so many
daggers,

Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip;

And when I sleep, a hundred men-at-arms

Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would murder me,

Because they think me favorer of this marriage.

Mary. And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner. But our young Earl of Devon—

Mary. Earl of Devon?

I freed him from the Tower, placed him at Court;

I made him Earl of Devon, and—the fool—

He wrecks his health and wealth on courtesans,

And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

Gardiner. More like a school-boy that hath broken bounds,

Sickening himself with sweets.

Mary. I will not hear of him. Good, then, they will revolt: but I am Tudor,

And shall control them.

Gardiner. I will help you, Madam, Even to the utmost. All the church is grateful.

You have ousted the mock priest, repulpited

The shepherd of St. Peter, raised the rood again,

And brought us back the mass. I am all thanks

To God and to your Grace: yet I know well,

Your people, and I go with them so far,

Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play

The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church.

Mary (showing the picture). Is this the face of one who plays the tyrant?

Peruse it: is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

Gardiner. Madam, methinks a cold face and a haughty.

And when your Highness talks of Courtenay—

Ay, true—a goodly one. I would his life

Were half as goodly (*aside*).

Mary. What is that you mutter?

Gardiner. Oh, Madam, take it bluntly; marry Philip,

And be step-mother of a score of sons! The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha!

For Philip—

Mary. You offend us; you may leave us.

You see thro' warping glasses.

Gardiner. If your Majesty—

Mary. I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ

I'll none but Philip.

Gardiner. Hath your Grace so sworn?

Mary. Ay, Simon Renard knows it.

Gardiner. News to me! It then remains for your poor Gardiner,

So you still care to trust him somewhat less [event

Than Simon Renard, to compose the In some such form as least may harm your Grace.

Mary. I'll have the scandal sounded to the mud.

I know it a scandal.

Gardiner. All my hope is now It may be found a scandal.

Mary. You offend us.

Gardiner (aside). These princes are like children, must be physick'd,

The bitter in the sweet. I have lost mine office,

It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a fool. [Exit.

Enter USHER.

Mary. Who waits?

Usher. The Ambassador from France, your Grace.

Mary. Bid him come in. Good-morning, Sir de Noailles.

[Exit USHER

Noailles (*entering*). A happy morning to your Majesty.

Mary. And I should some time have a happy morning ; I have had none yet. What says the King your master ?

Noailles. Madam, my master hears, with much alarm,
That you may marry Philip, Prince of Spain— [ness,
Foreseeing, with whate'er unwilling-
That if this Philip be the titular king
Of England, and at war with him,
your Grace

And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,

Ay, tho' you long for peace ; wherefore, my master,

If but to prove your Majesty's good will,

Would fain have some fresh treaty drawn between you.

Mary. Why some fresh treaty ? wherefore should I do it ?

Sir, if we marry, we shall still maintain

All former treaties with his Majesty. Our royal word for that ! and your good master,

Pray God he do not be the first to break them,

Must be content with that ; and so, farewell.

Noailles (*going, returns*). I would your answer had been other, Madam,

For I foresee dark days.

Mary. And so do I, sir ; Your master works against me in the dark.

I do believe he help Northumberland Against me.

Noailles. Nay, pure fantasy, your Grace.

Why should he move against you ?

Mary. Will you hear why ? Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd

My sister, and I will not,—after me Is heir of England ; and my royal father,

To make the crown of Scotland one with ours,

Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's bride ;

Ay, but your king stole her a babe from Scotland

In order to betroth her to your Dauphin.

See then : Mary of Scotland, married to your Dauphin,

Would make our England, France ; Mary of England, joining hands with Spain,

Would be too strong for France. Yea, were there issue born to her,

Spain and we, One crown, might rule the world.

There lies your fear. That is your drift. You play at hide and seek.

Show me your faces !

Noailles. Madam, I am amazed : French, I must needs wish all good things for France.

That must be pardon'd me ; but I protest

Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight [seek

Than mine into the future. We but Some settled ground for peace to stand upon.

Mary. Well, we will leave all this, sir, to our council.

Have you seen Philip ever ?

Noailles. Only once. *Mary*. Is this like Philip ?

Noailles. Ay, but nobler-looking. *Mary*. Hath he the large ability of the Emperor ?

Noailles. No, surely. *Mary*. I can make allowance for thee,

Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king.

Noailles. Make no allowance for the naked truth.

He is every way a lesser man than Charles :

Stone-hard, ice-cold—no dash of daring in him.

Mary. If cold, his life is pure.

Noailles. Why (*smiling*), no, indeed.

Mary. Sayst thou?

Noailles. A very wanton life indeed (*smiling*).

Mary. Your audience is concluded, sir.

[*Exit* NOAILLES.

You cannot

Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.

Enter USHER.

Who waits?

Usher. The ambassador of Spain, your Grace. [*Exit.*

Enter SIMON RENARD.

Mary. Thou art ever welcome, Simon Renard. Hast thou brought me the letter which thine Emperor promised

Long since, a formal offer of the hand of Philip?

Renard. Nay, your Grace, it hath not reach'd me.

I know not wherefore—some mischance of flood,

And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or wave

And wind at their old battle; he must have written.

Mary. But Philip never writes me one poor word,

Which in his absence had been all my wealth.

Strange in a wooer!

Renard. Yet I know the Prince, So your king-parliament suffer him to land,

Yearns to set foot upon your island shore.

Mary. God change the pebble which his kingly foot

First presses into some more costly stone

'Than ever blinded eye. I'll have one mark it

And bring it me. I'll have it burnish'd firelike;

I'll set it round with gold, with pearl, with diamond.

Let the great angel of the church come with him;

Stand on the deck and spread his wings for sail!

God lay the waves and strew the storms at sea,

And here at land among the people. O Renard,

I am much beset, I am almost in despair.

Paget is ours. Gardiner perchance is ours;

But for our heretic Parliament—
Renard. O Madam,

You fly your thoughts like kites. My master, Charles,

Bade you go softly with your heretics here,

Until your throne had ceased to tremble. Then

Spit them like larks for aught I care. Besides,

When Henry broke the carcass of your church

To pieces, there were many wolves among you

Who dragg'd the scatter'd limbs into their den.

The Pope would have you make them render these;

So would your cousin, Cardinal Pole; ill counsel!

These let them keep at present; stir not yet

This matter of the Church lands. At his coming

Your star will rise.

Mary. My star! a baleful one. I see but the black night, and hear the wolf.

What star?

Renard. Your star will be your princely son,

Heir of this England and the Netherlands!

And if your wolf the while should howl for more

We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold.

I do believe, I have dusted some already,
That, soon or late, your parliament is ours.

Mary. Why do they talk so foully of your Prince,

Renard?

Renard. The lot of princes. To sit high

Is to be lied about.

Mary. They call him cold,

Haughty, ay, worse.

Renard. Why, doubtless, Philip shows

Some of the bearing of your blue blood—still

All within measure—nay, it well becomes him.

Mary. Hath he the large ability of his father?

Renard. Nay, some believe that he will go beyond him.

Mary. Is this like him?

Renard. Ay, somewhat; but your Philip

Is the most princelike Prince beneath the sun.

This is a daub to Philip.

Mary. Of a pure life?

Renard. As an angel among angels.

Yea, by Heaven,

The text—Your Highness knows it, "Whosoever

Looketh after a woman," would not graze

The Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,

Chaste as your Grace!

Mary. I am happy in him there.

Renard. And would be altogether happy, Madam,

So that your sister were but look'd to closer.

You have sent her from the court, but then she goes,

I warrant, not to hear the nightingales, But hatch you some new treason in the woods.

Mary. We have our spies abroad to catch her tripping, And then if caught, to the Tower.

Renard. The Tower! the block. The word has turned your Highness pale; the thing

Was no such scarecrow in your father's time.

I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest

When the head leapt—so common! I do think

To save your crown that it must come to this.

Mary. I love her not, but all the people love her,

And would not have her even to the Tower.

Renard. Not yet; but your old Traitors of the Tower—

Why, when you put Northumberland to death, [all,

The sentence having past upon them Spared you the Duke of Suffolk,

Guildford Dudley,

Ev'n that young girl who dared to wear your crown?

Mary. Dared, no, not that; the child obey'd her father.

Spite of her tears her father forced it on her.

Renard. Good Madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign,

He slew not him alone who wore the purple,

But his assessor in the throne, perchance

A child more innocent than Lady Jane.

Mary. I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor.

Renard. Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,

And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this

Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne

Where you should sit with Philip: he will not come

Till she be gone.

Mary. Indeed, if that were true— But I must say farewell. I am somewhat faint

With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am not Queen

Of mine own heart, which every now
and then

Beats me half dead: yet stay, this
golden chain—

My father on a birthday gave it me,
And I have broken with my father—
take

And wear it as memorial of a morning
Which found me full of foolish doubts,
and leaves me

As hopeful.

Renard (aside). Whew—the folly of
all follies

Is to be love-sick for a shadow.

(Aloud) Madam,

This chains me to your service, not
with gold,

But dearest links of love. Farewell,
and trust me,

Philip is yours. *[Exit.*

Mary. Mine—but not yet all mine.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Your Council is in Session,
please your Majesty.

Mary. Sir, let them sit. I must
have time to breathe.

No, say I come. *(Exit USHER.)* I
won by boldness once.

The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to
Flanders.

I would not; but a hundred miles I
rode,

Sent out my letters, call'd my friends
together,

Struck home and won.

And when the Council would not
crown me—thought

To bind me first by oaths I could not
keep,

And keep with Christ and conscience
—was it boldness

Or weakness that won there? When
I their Queen,

Cast myself down upon my knees be-
fore them,

And those hard men brake into woman
tears,

Ev'n Gardiner, all amazed, and in that
passion

Gave me my crown.

Enter ALICE.

Girl, hast thou ever heard
Slanders against Prince Philip in our
Court?

Alice. What slanders? I, your
Grace; no, never.

Mary. *Nothing?*

Alice. Never, your Grace.

Mary. See that you neither hear
them nor repeat!

Alice (aside). Good Lord! but I
have heard a thousand such.

Ay, and repeated them as often—
mum!

Why comes that old fox-Fleming back
again?

Enter RENARD.

Renard. Madam, I scarce had left
your Grace's presence
Before I chanced upon the messenger
Who brings that letter which we waited
for—

The formal offer of Prince Philip's
hand.

It craves an instant answer, Ay or No?

Mary. An instant, Ay or No! the
Council sits.

Give it me quick.

Alice (stepping before her). Your
Highness is all trembling.

Mary. Make way.

[Exit into the Council Chamber.]

Alice. O, Master Renard, Master
Renard,

If you have falsely painted your fine
Prince;

Praised, where you should have blamed
him, I pray God

No woman ever love you, Master
Renard.

It breaks my heart to hear her moan at
night

As tho' the nightmare never left her
bed.

Renard. My pretty maiden, tell me,
did you ever

Sigh for a beard?

Alice. That's not a pretty question.

Renard. Not prettily put? I mean
my pretty-maiden,

A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

Alice. My Lord of Devon is a pretty man.

I hate him. Well, but if I have, what then?

Renard. Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether

A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan

A kindled fire.

Alice. According to the song.

"His friends would praise him, I believed 'em
His foes would blame him, and I scorned 'em,

His friends—as Angels I received 'em,
His foes—the Devil had suborn'd 'em."

Renard. Peace, pretty maiden.

I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber.

Lord Paget's "Ay" is sure—who else? and yet,

They are all too much at odds to close at once

In one full throated No! Her Highness comes.

Enter MARY.

Alice. How deathly pale!—a chair, your Highness.

[*Bringing one to the QUEEN.*

Renard. Madam,

The Council?

Mary. Ay! My Philip is all mine.

[*Sinks into a chair, half fainting.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ALLINGTON CASTLE.

Sir Thomas Wyatt. I do not hear from Carew or the Duke

Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move.

The Duke hath gone to Leicester; Carew stirs

In Devon: that fine porcelain Courtenay,

Save that he fears he might be crack'd in using,

(I have known a semi-madman in my time

So fancy-ridd'n) should be in Devon too.

Enter WILLIAM.

News abroad, William?

William. None so new, Sir Thomas, and none so old, Sir Thomas. No new news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no old news that all men hate it. Old Sir Thomas would have hated it. The bells are ringing at Maidstone. Doesn't your worship hear?

Wyatt. Ay, for the Saints are come to reign again.

Most like it is a Saint's-day. There's no call

As yet for me; so in this pause, before

The mine be fired, it were a pious work

To string my father's sonnets, left about

Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,

And head them with a lamer rhyme of mine,

To grace his memory.

William. Ay, why not, Sir Thomas? He was a fine courtier, he; Queen Anne loved him. All the women loved him. I loved him, I was in Spain with him. I couldn't eat in Spain, I couldn't sleep in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. But thou couldst drink in Spain if I remember.

William. Sir Thomas, we may grant the wine. Old Sir Thomas always granted the wine.

Wyatt. Hand me the casket with my father's sonnets.

William. Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier of the old Court, old Sir Thomas.

[*Exit.*

Wyatt. Courtier of many courts, he loved the more

His own gray towers, plain life and letter'd peace,

To read and rhyme in solitary fields,

The lark above, the nightingale below,
 And answer them in song. The Sire
 begets
 Not half his likeness in the son. I
 fail
 Where he was fullest: yet—to write it
 down. [*He writes.*]

Re-enter WILLIAM.

William. There *is* news, there *is*
 news, and no call for sonnet-sorting
 now, nor for sonnet-making either, but
 ten thousand men on Penenden Heath
 all calling after your worship, and
 your worship's name heard into Maid-
 stone market, and your worship the
 first man in Kent and Christendom,
 for the world's up, and your worship
 a-top of it.

Wyatt. Inverted Æsop—mountain
 out of mouse.

Say for ten thousand ten—and pot-
 house knaves,
 Brain-dizzied with a draught of morn-
 ing ale.

Enter ANTONY KNYVETT.

William. Here's Antony Knyvett.

Knyvett. Look you, Master Wyatt,
 Tear up that woman's work there.

Wyatt. No; not these,
 Dumb children of my father, that will
 speak

When I and thou and all rebellions lie
 Dead bodies without voice. Song flies,
 you know,

For ages.

Knyvett. Tut, your sonnet's a flying
 ant,

Wing'd for a moment.

Wyatt. Well, for mine own work,
[*Tearing the paper.*]

It lies there in six pieces at your feet;
 For all that I can carry it in my head.

Knyvett. If you can carry your head
 upon your shoulders.

Wyatt. I fear you come to carry it
 off my shoulders,

And sonnet-making's safer.

Knyvett. Why, good Lord,

Write you as many sonnets as you will,
 Ay, but not now; what, have you eyes,
 ears, brains?

This Philip and the black-faced swarms
 of Spain,

The hardest, cruellest people in the
 world,

Come locusting upon us, eat us up,
 Confiscate lands, goods, money—
 Wyatt, Wyatt.

Wake, or the stout old island will be-
 come

A rotten limb of Spain. They roar
 for you

On Penenden Heath, a thousand of
 them—more—

All arm'd, waiting a leader; there's no
 glory

Like his who saves his country: and
 you sit

Sing-singing here; but, if I'm any
 judge,

By God, you are as poor a poet,
 Wyatt,

As a good soldier.

Wyatt. You as poor a critic
 As an honest friend: you stroke me
 on one cheek,

Buffet the other. Come, you bluster,
 Antony!

You know I know all this. I must
 not move

Until I hear from Carew and the
 Duke.

I fear the mine is fired before the
 time.

Knyvett (showing a paper). But here's
 some Hebrew. Faith, I half for-
 got it.

Look; can you make it English? A
 strange youth

Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd.
 "Wyatt,"

And whisking round a corner, show'd
 his back

Before I read his face.

Wyatt. Ha! Courtenay's cipher.
 [*Reads.*] "Sir Peter Carew fled to
 France: it is thought the Duke will be
 taken. I am with you still; but for
 appearance' sake, stay with the Queen,

Gardiner knows, but the Council are all at odds, and the Queen hath no force for resistance. Move, if you move, at once."

Is Peter Carew fled? Is the Duke taken?

Down scabbard, and out sword! and let Rebellion

Roar till throne rock, and crown fall. No; not that;

But we will teach Queen Mary how to reign.

Who are those that shout below there? *Knyvett.* Why, some fifty

That follow'd me from Penenden Heath in hope

To hear you speak.

Wyatt. Open the window, Knyvett; The mine is fired, and I will speak to them.

Men of Kent; England of England; you that have kept your old customs upright, while all the rest of England bow'd theirs to the Norman, the cause that hath brought us together is not the cause of a county or a shire, but of this England, in whose crown our Kent is the fairest jewel. Philip shall not wed Mary; and ye have called me to be your leader. I know Spain. I have been there with my father; have seen them in their own land; have marked the haughtiness of their nobles; the cruelty of their priests. If this man marry our Queen, however the Council and the Commons may fence round his power with restriction, he will be King, King of England, my masters; and the Queen, and the laws, and the people, his slaves. What! shall we have Spain on the throne and in the parliament; Spain in the pulpit and on the law-bench; Spain in all the great offices of state; Spain in our ships, in our forts, in our houses, in our beds?

Crowd. No! no! no Spain.

William. No Spain in our beds—that were worse than all. I have been

there with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I know. I hate Spain.

A Peasant. But, Sir Thomas, must we levy war against the Queen's Grace?

Wyatt. No, my friend; war for the Queen's Grace—to save her from herself and Philip—war against Spain. And think not we shall be alone—thousands will flock to us. The Council, the Court itself, is on our side. The Lord Chancellor himself is on our side. The King of France is with us; the King of Denmark is with us; the world is with us—war against Spain! And if we move not now, yet it will be known that we have moved; and if Philip come to be King, O my God! the rope, the rack, the thumb-screw, the stake, the fire. If we move not now, Spain moves, bribes our nobles with her gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about our legs till we cannot move at all; and ye know, my masters, that wherever Spain hath ruled she hath wither'd all beneath her. Look at the New World—a paradise made hell; the red man, that good helpless creature, starv'd, naim'd, flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd, buried alive, worried by dogs; and here, nearer home, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, Lombardy. I say no more—only this, their lot is yours. Forward to London with me! forward to London! If ye love your liberties or your skins, forward to London!

Crowd. Forward to London! A Wyatt! a Wyatt!

Wyatt. But first to Rochester, to take the guns

From out the vessels lying in the river. Then on.

A Peasant. Ay, but I fear we be too few, Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. Not many yet. The world as yet, my friend, Is not half-waked; but every parish tower

Shall clang and clash alarum as we pass,

And pour along the land, and swoll'n
and fed

With indraughts and side-currents, in
full force

Roll upon London.

Crowd. A Wyatt! a Wyatt! Forward!

Knyvett. Wyatt, shall we proclaim
Elizabeth?

Wyatt. I'll think upon it, Knyvett.

Knyvett. Or Lady Jane?

Wyatt. No, poor soul; no.

Ah, gray old castle of Allington, green
field

Beside the brimming Medway, it may
chance

That I shall never look upon you
more.

Knyvett. Come, now, you're sonnet-
ting again.

Wyatt. Not I.

I'll have my head set higher in the
state;

Or—if the Lord God will it—on the
stake. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—GUILDHALL.

SIR THOMAS WHITE (*The Lord Mayor*), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD,
SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDER-
MEN and CITIZENS.

White. I trust the Queen comes
hither with her Guards.

Howard. Ay, all in arms.

[Several of the Citizens move hastily out of the hall.]

Why do they hurry out there?
White. My Lord, cut out the rotten
from your apple,

Your apple eats the better. Let them
go.

They go like those old Pharisees in
John

Convicted by their conscience, arrant
cowards,

Or tamperers with that treason out of
Kent.

When will her Grace be here?

Howard. In some few minutes.

She will address your guilds and com-
panies.

I have striven in vain to raise a man
for her.

But help her in this exigency, make
Your city loyal, and be the mightiest
man

This day in England.

White. I am Thomas White.
Few things have fail'd to which I set
my will.

I do my most and best.

Howard. You know that after
The Captain Brett, who went with
your train bands

To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to
him

With all his men, the Queen in that
distress

Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the
Feigning to treat with him about her
marriage—

Know too what Wyatt said.

White. He'd sooner be,
While this same marriage question
was being argued,

Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—
and demanded

Possession of her person and the
Tower.

Howard. And four of her poor
Council too, my Lord,
As hostages.

White. I know it. What do and say
Your Council at this hour?

Howard. I will trust you.
We fling ourselves on you, my Lord.
The Council,

The parliament as well, are troubled
waters;

And yet like waters of the fen they
know not

Which way to flow. All hangs on her
address,

And upon you, Lord Mayor.

White. How look'd the city
When now you past it? Quiet?

Howard. Like our Council,
Your city is divided. As we past,
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. **There**
were citizens

Stood each before his shut-up booth,
 and look'd
 As grim and grave as from a funeral.
 And here a knot of ruffians all in rags,
 With execrating execrable eyes,
 Glared at the citizen. Here was a
 young mother,
 Her face on flame, her red hair all
 blown back,
 She shrilling "Wyatt," while the boy
 she held
 Mimick'd and piped her "Wyatt," as
 red as she
 In hair and cheek; and almost elbow-
 ing her,
 So close they stood, another, mute as
 death,
 And white as her own milk; her babe
 in arms
 Had felt the faltering of his mother's
 heart,
 And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious
 Catholic,
 Mumbling and mixing up in his scared
 prayers
 Heaven and earth's Maries; over his
 bow'd shoulder
 Scowl'd that world-hated and world-
 hating beast,
 A haggard Anabaptist. Many such
 groups.
 The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Cour-
 tenay,
 Nay the Queen's right to reign—'fore
 God, the rogues—
 Were freely buzz'd among them. So
 I say
 Your city is divided, and I fear
 One scruple, this or that way, of suc-
 cess
 Would turn it thither. Wherefore
 now the Queen
 In this low pulse and palsy of the
 state,
 Bade me to tell you that she counts on
 you
 And on myself as her two hands; on
 you,
 In your own city, as her right, my
 Lord,
 For you are loyal.

White. Am I Thomas White?
 One word before she comes. Eliza-
 beth—
 Her name is much abused among these
 traitors.
 Where is she? She is loved by all of
 us.
 I scarce have heart to mingle in this
 matter.
 If she should be mishandled?
Howard. No; she shall not.
 The Queen has written her word to
 come to court.
 Methought I smelt out Renard in the
 letter,
 And fearing for her, sent a secret mis-
 sive,
 Which told her to be sick. Happily
 or not,
 It found her sick indeed.
White. God send her well;
 Here comes her Royal Grace.
Enter Guards, MARY and GARDINER.
SIR THOMAS WHITE leads her to a
raised seat on the dais.
White. I, the Lord Mayor, and these
 our companies
 And guilds of London, gathered here,
 beseech
 Your Highness to accept our lowliest
 thanks
 For your most princely presence: and
 we pray
 That we, your true and loyal citizens,
 From your own royal lips, at once may
 know
 The wherefore of this coming, and so
 learn
 Your royal will, and do it.—I, Lord
 Mayor
 Of London, and our Guilds and Com-
 panies.
Mary. In mine own person am I
 come to you,
 To tell ye what indeed ye see and
 know,
 How traitorously these rebels out of
 Kent
 Have made strong head against our-
 selves and you.

They would not have me wed the
 Prince of Spain ;
 That was their pretext—so they spake
 at first—
 But we sent divers of our Council to
 them,
 And by their answers to the question
 ask'd,
 It doth appear this marriage is the
 least
 Of all their quarrel.
 They have betrayed the treason of
 their hearts :
 Seek to possess our person, hold our
 Tower,
 Place and displace our councillors, and
 use
 Both us and them according as they
 will.
 Now what am I ye know right well—
 your Queen ;
 To whom, when I was wedded to the
 realm
 And the realm's laws (the spousal ring
 whereof,
 Not ever to be laid aside, I wear
 Upon this finger), ye did promise full
 Allegiance and obedience to the death.
 Ye know my father was the rightful
 heir
 Of England, and his right came down
 to me,
 Corroborate by your acts of Parlia-
 ment :
 And as ye were most loving unto
 him,
 So doubtless will ye show yourselves
 to me.
 Wherefore, ye will not brook that any
 one
 Should seize our person, occupy our
 state,
 More specially a traitor so presump-
 tuous
 As this same Wyatt, who hath tam-
 per'd with
 A public ignorance, and, under color
 Of such a cause as hath no color,
 seeks
 To bend the laws to his own will, and
 yield

Full scope to persons rascal and for-
 lorn,
 To make free spoil and havoc of your
 goods.
 Now as your Prince, I say,
 I, that was never mother, cannot tell
 How mothers love their children ; yet,
 methinks,
 A prince as naturally may love his
 people
 As these their children ; and be sure
 your Queen
 So loves you, and so loving, needs
 must deem
 This love by you return'd as heartily ;
 And thro' this common knot and bond
 of love,
 Doubt not they will be speedily over-
 thrown.
 As to this marriage, ye shall under-
 stand
 We made thereto no treaty of our-
 selves, [vised
 And set no foot theretoward unad-
 Of all our Privy Council ; further-
 more,
 This marriage had the assent of those
 to whom
 The king, my father, did commit his
 trust ;
 Who not alone esteemed it honorable,
 But for the wealth and glory of our
 realm,
 And all our loving subjects, most ex-
 pedient.
 As to myself,
 I am not so set on wedlock as to
 choose
 But where I list, nor yet so amorous
 That I must needs be husbanded ; I
 thank God,
 I have lived a virgin, and I noway
 doubt
 But that, with God's grace, I can live
 so still.
 Yet if it might please God that I should
 leave
 Some fruit of mine own body after
 me,
 To be your king, ye would rejoice
 thereat,

As if to win the man by flattering him.

Is he so safe to fight upon her side ?

First Alderman. If not, there's no man safe.

White. Yes, Thomas White.

I am safe enough ; no man need flatter me.

Second Alderman. Nay, no man need ; but did you mark our Queen ?

The color freely play'd into her face,
And the half sight which makes her look so stern,

Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of hers,

To read our faces, I have never seen
So queenly or so goodly.

White. Courage, sir,

That makes or man or woman look their goodliest.

Die like the torn fox dumb, but never whine

Like that poor heart, Northumberland,
at the block.

Bagenhall. The man had children,
and he whined for those.

Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else

Should we so doat on courage, were it commoner ?

The Queen stands up, and speaks for her own self ;

And all men cry, she is queenly, she is goodly.

Yet she's no goodlier ; tho' my Lord Mayor here,

By his own rule, he hath been so bold to-day,

Should look more goodly than the rest of us.

White. Goodly ? I feel most goodly heart and hand,

And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all Kent.

Ha ! ha ! sir ; but you jest ; I love it : a jest

In time of danger shows the pulses even.

Be merry ! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but sad.

I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself,

Tho' all the world should bay like winter wolves.

Bagenhall. Who knows ? the man is proven by the hour.

White. The man should make the hour, not this the man ;

And Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt,

And he will prove an Iden to this Cade,

And he will play the Walworth to this Wat ;

Come, sirs, we prate ; hence all — gather your men —

Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to Southwark ;

I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the Thames,

And see the citizen arm'd. Good day ; good day. [Exit WHITE.

Bagenhall. One of much outdoor bluster.

Howard. For all that,
Most honest, brave, and skilful ; and his wealth

A fountain of perennial alms — his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self

Bagenhall. Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,

So one's own self be thorough, were to do

Great things, my lord.

Howard. It may be.

Bagenhall. I have heard
One of your council flee and jeer at him.

Howard. The nursery-cocker'd child will jeer at aught

That may seem strange beyond his nursery.

The statesman that shall jeer and flee at men,

Makes enemies for himself and for his king ;

And if he jeer not seeing the true man
Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool ;

And if he see the man and still will jeer,

He is child and fool, and traitor to the State.

Who is he? Let me shun him.

Bagenhall. Nay, my Lord,

He is damn'd enough already.

Howard. I must set

The guard at Ludgate. Fare you well,
Sir Ralph.

Bagenhall. "Who knows?" I am

for England. But who knows,

That knows the Queen, the Spaniard,
and the Pope,

Whether I be for Wyatt, or the
Queen? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—LONDON BRIDGE.

*Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT and
BRETT.*

Wyatt. Brett, when the Duke of
Norfolk moved against us

Thou criest "a Wyatt," and flying to
our side

Left his all bare, for which I love thee,
Brett.

Have for thine asking aught that I can
give,

For thro' thine help we are come to
London Bridge;

But how to cross it balks me. I fear
we cannot.

Brett. Nay, hardly, save by boat,
swimming, or wings.

Wyatt. Last night I climb'd into the
gate-house, Brett,

And scared the gray old porter and his
wife.

And then I crept along the gloom and
saw

They had hewn the drawbridge down
into the river.

It roll'd as black as death; and that
same tide

Which, coming with our coming,
seem'd to smile

And sparkle like our fortune as thou
saidst,

Ran sunless down, and moan'd against
the piers.

But o'er the chasm I saw Lord Wil-
liam Howard

By torchlight, and his guard; four
guns gaped at me,

Black, silent mouths: had Howard
spied me there

And made them speak, as well he
might have done,

Their voice had left me none to tell
you this.

What shall we do?

Brett. On somehow. To go back
Were to lose all.

Wyatt. On over London Bridge
We cannot: stay we cannot; there is
ordnance

On the White Tower and on the
Devil's Tower,

And pointed full at Southwark; we
must round

By Kingston Bridge.

Brett. Ten miles about.

Wyatt. Ev'n so

But I have notice from our partisans
Within the city that they will stand by
us

If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn to-
morrow.

Enter one of WYATT'S men.

Man. Sir Thomas, I've found this
paper, pray your worship read it; I
know not my letters; the old priests
taught me nothing.

Wyatt (reads). "Whosoever will
apprehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt
shall have a hundred pounds for re-
ward."

Man. Is that it? That's a big lot of
money.

Wyatt. Ay, ay, my friend; not read
it? 'tis not written

Half plain enough. Give me a piece
of paper!

[*Writes "THOMAS WYATT" large.*
There, any man can read that.

[*Sticks it in his cap.*
Brett. But that's foolhardy.

Wyatt. No! boldness, which will
give my followers boldness.

Enter MAN with a prisoner.

Man. We found him, your worship, a plundering o' Bishop Winchester's house; he says he's a poor gentleman.

Wyatt. Gentleman, a thief! Go hang him. Shall we make Those that we come to serve our sharpest foes?

Brett. Sir Thomas—

Wyatt. Hang him, I say.

Brett. Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon.

Wyatt. Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life.

Brett. Ev'n so; he was my neighbor once in Kent.

He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out

All that he had, and gentleman he was.

We have been glad together; let him live.

Wyatt. He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs.

No, no, my word's my word. Take thy poor gentleman!

Gamble thyself at once out of my sight,

Or I will dig thee with my dagger. Away!

Women and children!

Enter a Crowd of WOMEN and CHILDREN

First Woman. O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day He'll be the death on us; and you'll set the Devil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain.

Second Woman. Don't ye now go to think we be for Philip o' Spain.

Third Woman. No, we know that ye be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you on all our bended knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas; look ye, here's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's

but a side-cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen farther off, Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen

Or here or there: I come to save you all,

And I'll go farther off.

Crowd. Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end.

Wyatt. Be happy, I am your friend. To Kingston, forward!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—ROOM IN THE GATE-HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE.

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES

Alice O madam, if Lord Pembroke should be false?

Mary. No, girl; most brave and loyal, brave and loyal.

His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland.

At the park gate he hovers with our guards.

These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards.

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards And gone to Ludgate.

Gardiner. Madam, I much fear That all is lost; but we can save your Grace:

The river still is free I do beseech you,

There yet is time, take boat and pass to Windsor.

Mary. I pass to Windsor and I lose my crown.

Gardiner. Pass, then, I pray your Highness, to the Tower.

Mary. I shall but be their prisoner in the Tower.

Cries (without). The traitor! treason!
son! Pembroke!

Ladies. Treason! treason!

Mary. Peace.

False to Northumberland, is he false
to me?

Bear witness, Renard, that I live and
die

The true and faithful bride of Philip—
A sound

Of feet and voices thickening hither—
blows—

Hark, there is battle at the palace
gates,

And I will out upon the gallery.

Ladies. No, no, your Grace; see
there the arrows flying.

Mary. I am Harry's daughter, Tu-
dor, and not fear.

[*Goes out on the gallery.*]

The guards are all driven in, skulk
into corners

Like rabbits to their holes. A gra-
cious guard

Truly; shame on them, they have shut
the gates!

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Southwell. The porter, please your
Grace, hath shut the gates

On friend and foe. Your gentlemen-
at-arms,

If this be not your Grace's order, cry
To have the gates set wide again, and
they

With their good battle-axes will do
you right

Against all traitors.

Mary. They are the flower of Eng-
land; set the gates wide.

[*Exit* SOUTHWELL.

Enter COURTENAY.

Courtenay. All lost, all lost, all
yielded; a barge, a barge,

The Queen must to the Tower.

Mary. Whence come you, sir?

Courtenay. From Charing Cross;
the rebels broke us there,

And I sped hither with what haste I
might

To save my royal cousin.

Mary. Where is Pembroke?
Courtenay. I left him somewhere in
the thick of it.

Mary. Left him and fled; and thou
that wouldst be King,
And hast nor heart nor honor. I my-
self

Will down into the battle and there
bide

The upshot of my quarrel, or die with
those

That are no cowards and no Courte-
nays.

Courtenay. I do not love your
Grace should call me coward.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Messenger. Over, your Grace, all
crush'd; the brave Lord William
Thrust him from Ludgate, and the
traitor flying

To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice
Berkeley

Was taken prisoner.

Mary. To the Tower with *him!*

Messenger. 'Tis said he told Sir
Maurice there was one

Cognizant of this, and party thereunto,
My Lord of Devon.

Mary. To the Tower with *him!*

Courtenay. O la, the Tower, the
Tower, always the Tower,

I shall grow into it—I shall be the
Tower.

Mary. Your Lordship may not
have so long to wait.

Remove him!

Courtenay. La, to whistle out my
life,

And carve my coat upon the walls
again!

[*Exit* COURTENAY, guarded.

Messenger. Also this Wyatt did
confess the Princess

Cognizant thereof, and party there-
unto.

Mary. What? whom—whom did
you say?

Messenger. Elizabeth,

Your royal sister.

Mary. To the Tower with *her!*

My foes are at my feet and I am Queen.

GARDINER and her LADIES kneel to her.

Gardiner (rising). There let them lie, your footstool! (*Aside*). Can I strike

Elizabeth?—not now and save the life Of Devon: if I save him, he and his Are bound to me—may strike hereafter. (*Aloud*) Madam,

What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,

Cries of the moment and the street—*Mary.* He said it.

Gardiner. Your courts of justice will determine that.

Renard (advancing). I trust by this your highness will allow

Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,

When last we talk'd, that Philip would not come

Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk

And Lady Jane had left us.

Mary. They shall die.

Renard. And your so loving sister?

Mary. She shall die.

My foes are at my feet, and Philip King. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE CONDUIT IN GRACE-CHURCH,

Painted with the Nine Worthies, among them King Henry VIII. holding a book, on it inscribed "Verbum Dei."

Enter SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and SIR THOMAS STAFFORD.

Bagenhall. A hundred here and hundreds hang'd in Kent.

The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at last,

And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd them.

In every London street a gibbet stood
They are down to-day. Here by this house was one;

The traitor husband dangled at the door,

And when the traitor wife came out for bread

To still the petty treason therewithin,
Her cap would brush his heels.

Stafford. It is Sir Ralph,
And muttering to himself as heretofore.

Sir, see you aught up yonder?

Bagenhall. I miss something.
The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone.

Stafford. What tree, sir?

Bagenhall. Well, the tree in Virgil, sir,

That bears not its own apples.

Stafford. What! the gallows?

Bagenhall. Sir, this dead fruit was ripening overmuch,

And had to be removed lest living Spain

Should sicken at dead England.

Stafford. Not so dead,
But that a shock may rouse her.

Bagenhall. I believe
Sir Thomas Stafford?

Stafford. I am ill disguised.
Bagenhall. Well, are you not in

peril here?

Stafford. I think so.

I came to feel the pulse of England, whether

It beats hard at this marriage. Did you see it?

Bagenhall. Stafford, I am a sad man and a serious.

Far liefer had I in my country hall

Been reading some old book, with mine old hound

Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask of wine

Beside me, than have seen it, yet I saw it.

Stafford. Good; was it splendid?
Bagenhall. Ay, if Dukes and Earls,

And Counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers.

Some six or seven Bishops, diamonds,
pearls,
That royal commonplace too, cloth of
gold,
Could make it so.

Stafford. And what was Mary's
dress?

Bagenhall. Good faith, I was too
sorry for the woman

To mark the dress. She wore red
shoes!

Stafford. Red shoes!

Bagenhall. Scarlet, as if her feet
were wash'd in blood,

As if she had waded in it.

Stafford. Were your eyes
So bashful that you look'd no higher?

Bagenhall. A diamond,

And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's
love,

Who hath not any for any,—tho' a
true one,

Blazed false upon her heart.

Stafford. But this proud Prince—

Bagenhall. Nay, he is King, you
know, the King of Naples.

The father ceded Naples, that the son
Being a King, might wed a Queen—O

he
Flamed in brocade—white satin his
trunk hose,

Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a
collar,

Gold, thick with diamonds; hanging
down from this

The Golden Fleece—and round his
knee, misplaced,

Our English Garter, studded with
great emeralds,

Rubies, I know not what. Have you
had enough

Of all this gear?

Stafford. Ay, since you hate the
telling it.

How look'd the Queen?

Bagenhall. No fairer for her jewels.
And I could see that as the new-made
couple

Came from the Minster, moving side
by side

Beneath one canopy, ever and anon

She cast on him a vassal smile of love,
Which Philip with a glance of some
distaste,

Or so methought, return'd. I may be
wrong, sir.

This marriage will not hold.

Stafford. I think with you.

The King of France will help to break
it.

Bagenhall. France!

We once had half of France, and
hurl'd our battles

Into the heart of Spain; but England
now

Is but a ball chuck'd between France
and Spain,

His in whose hand she drops; Harry
of Bolingbroke

Had holpen Richard's tottering throne
to stand,

Could Harry have foreseen that all
our nobles

Would perish on the civil slaughter—
And leave the people naked to the
crown,

And the crown naked to the people;
the crown

Female, too! Sir, no woman's regimen
Can save us. We are fallen, and as I
think,

Never to rise again.

Stafford. You are too black-
blooded.

I'd make a move myself to hinder
that:

I know some lusty fellows there in
France.

Bagenhall. You would but make
us weaker, Thomas Stafford.

Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he
fail'd,

And strengthen'd Philip.

Stafford. Did not his last breath
Clear Courtenay and the Princess from
the charge

Of being his co-rebels?

Bagenhall. Ay, but then
What such a one as Wyatt says is
nothing:

We have no men among us. The
new Lords

Are quieted with their sop of Abbey-lands,

And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them

With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage!

Why, ev'n the haughty prince, Northumberland,

The leader of our Reformation, knelt And blubber'd like a lad, and on the scaffold

Recanted, and resold himself to Rome.

Stafford. I swear you do your country wrong, Sir Ralph.

I know a set of exiles over there, Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit it out

At Philip's beard: they pillage Spain already.

The French king winks at it. An hour will come

When they will sweep her from the seas. No men? [man?

Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true Is not Lord William Howard a true man?

Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black-blooded:

And I, by God, believe myself a man. Ay, even in the church there is a man—Cranmer.

Fly, would he not, when all men bade him fly.

And what a letter he wrote against the Pope!

There's a brave man, if any.

Bagenhall. Ay; if it hold.

Crowd (coming on). God save their Graces!

Stafford. Bagenhall, I see The Tudor green and white. (*Trumpets.*) They are coming now.

And here's a crowd as thick as herring-shoals.

Bagenhall. Be limpets to this pillar, or we are torn

Down the strong wave of brawlers.

Crowd. God save their Graces.

[*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelin-men, etc.; then Spanish and Flemish Nobles intermingled.*

Stafford. Worth seeing, Bagenhall! These black dog-Dons

Garb themselves bravely. Who's the long-face there,

Looks very Spain of very Spain?

Bagenhall. The Duke Of Alva, an iron soldier.

Stafford. And the Dutchman, Now laughing at some jest?

Bagenhall. William of Orange, William the Silent.

Stafford. Why do they call him so?

Bagenhall. He keeps, they say, some secret that may cost

Philip his life.

Stafford. But then he looks so merry.

Bagenhall. I cannot tell you why they call him so.

The KING and QUEEN pass, attended by Peers of the Realm, Officers of State, etc. Cannon shot off.

Crowd. Philip and Mary, Philip and Mary.

Long live the King and Queen, Philip and Mary.

Stafford. They smile, as if content with one another.

Bagenhall. A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home.

[*KING and QUEEN pass on. Procession.*

First Citizen. I thought this Philip had been one of those black devils of Spain, but he hath a yellow beard.

Second Citizen. Not red like Iscariot's.

First Citizen. Like a carrot's, as thou sayst, and English carrot's better than Spanish licorice; but I thought he was a beast.

Third Citizen. Certain I had heard that every Spaniard carries a tail like a devil under his trunk hose.

Tailor. Ay, but see what trunk hoses! Lord! they be fine; I never stitch'd none such. They make amend' for the tails.

Fourth Citizen. Tut! every Spanish priest will tell you that all English heretics have tails.

Fifth Citizen. Death and the Devil—if he find I have one—

Fourth Citizen. Lo! thou hast call'd them up! here they come—a pale horse for Death and Gardiner for the Devil.

Enter GARDINER, turning back from the procession.

Gardiner. Knave, wilt thou wear thy cap before the Queen?

Man. My Lord, I stand so squeezed among the crowd

I cannot lift my hands unto my head.

Gardiner. Knock off his cap there, some of you about him!

See there be others that can use their hands.

Thou art one of Wyatt's men?

Man. No, my Lord, no.

Gardiner. Thy name, thou knave!

Man. I am nobody, my Lord.

Gardiner (shouting). God's passion! knave, thy name?

Man. I have ears to hear.

Gardiner. Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear.

Find out his name and bring it me (*to ATTENDANT*).

Attendant. Ay, my Lord.

Gardiner. Knave, thou shalt lose thine ears and find thy tongue,

And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that.

[*Coming before the Conduit.*

The conduit painted—the nine worthies—ay!

But then what's here? King Harry with a scroll.

Ha—*Verbum Dei*—*verbum*—word of God!

God's passion! do you know the knave that painted it?

Attendant. I do, my Lord.

Gardiner. Tell him to paint it out, and put some fresh device in lieu of it—

A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir; ha?

There is no heresy there.

Attendant. I will, my Lord.

The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure

(Knowing the man) he wrought it ignorantly, And not from any malice.

Gardiner. Word of God In English! over this the brainless loons

That cannot spell Esaias from St. Paul,

Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare

Into rebellions. I'll have their Bibles burnt. [what!

The Bible is the priest's. Ay! fellow, Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping rogue.

Man. I have, my Lord, shouted till I am hoarse.

Gardiner. What hast thou shouted, knave?

Man. Long live Queen Mary.

Gardiner. Knave, their be two.

There be both King and Queen,

Philip and Mary. Shout.

Man. Nay, but, my Lord, The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.

Gardiner. Shout, then,

Mary and Philip.

Man. Mary and Philip!

Gardiner. Now, Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine!

Philip and Mary!

Man. Must it be so, my Lord?

Gardiner. Ay, knave.

Man. Philip and Mary!

Gardiner. I distrust thee.

Thine is a half voice and a lean assent. What is thy name?

Man. Sanders.

Gardiner. What else?

Man. Zerubbabel.

Gardiner. Where dost thou live?

Man. In Cornhill.

Gardiner. Where, knave, where?

Man. Sign of the Talbot.

Gardiner. Come to me to-morrow.—Rascal!—this land is like a hill of fire, One crater opens when another shuts. But so I get the laws against the heretic,

Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William
 Howard,
 And others of our Parliament, revived,
 I will show fire on my side—stake and
 fire—
 Sharp work and short. The knaves
 are easily cow'd.
 Follow their Majesties.

[*Exit. The crowd following.*]

Bagenhall. As proud as Becket.

Stafford. You would not have him
 murder'd as Becket was?

Bagenhall. No—murder fathers murder;
 but I say

There is no man—there was one
 woman with us—

It was a sin to love her married, dead
 I cannot choose but love her.

Stafford. Lady Jane?

Crowd (going off). God save their
 Graces.

Stafford. Did you see her die?

Bagenhall. No, no; her innocent
 blood had blinded me.

You call me too black-blooded—true
 enough

Her dark dead blood is in my heart
 with mine.

If ever I cry out against the Pope,
 Her dark dead blood that ever moves
 with mine

Will stir the living tongue and make
 the cry.

Stafford. Yet doubtless you can tell
 me how she died?

Bagenhall. Seventeen—and knew
 eight languages—in music

Peerless—her needle perfect, and her
 learning

Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek,
 so modest,

So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
 Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have
 heard

She would not take a last farewell of
 him,

She fear'd it might unman him for his
 end.

She could not be unmann'd—no, nor
 out-woman'd—

Seventeen—a rose of grace!

Girl never breathed to rival such a
 rose;

Rose never blew that equal'd such a
 bud.

Stafford. Pray you go on.

Bagenhall. She came upon the scaf-
 fold,

And said she was condemn'd to die for
 treason;

She had but follow'd the device of
 those

Her nearest kin: she thought they
 knew the laws,

But for herself, she knew but little law,
 And nothing of the titles to the crown;

She had no desire for that, and wrung
 her hands,

And trusted God would save her thro'
 the blood

Of Jesus Christ alone.

Stafford. Pray you go on.

Bagenhall. Then knelt and said the
 Miserere Mei—

But all in English, mark you; rose
 again,

And when the headsman pray'd to be
 forgiven,

Said, "You will give me my true crown
 at last, [she,

But do it quickly;" then all wept but
 Who changed not color when she saw
 the block,

But ask'd him, childlike: "Will you
 take it off

Before I lay me down?" "No,
 madam," he said,

Gasping; and when her innocent eyes
 were bound,

She, with her poor blind hands feeling
 —"where is it?"

Where is it?"—You must fancy that
 which follow'd,

If you have heart to do it!

Crowd (in the distance). God save
 their Graces!

Stafford. Their Graces, our dis-
 graces! God confound them!

Why she's grown bloodier! when I
 last was here,

This was against her conscience—
 would be murder!

Bagenhall. The "Thou shalt do no murder," which God's hand
Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd
out pale—

She could not make it white—and over
that,

Traced in the blackest text of Hell—
"Thou shalt!"

And sign'd it—Mary!

Stafford. Philip and the Pope
Must have sign'd too. I hear this
Legate's coming

To bring us absolution from the Pope.
The Lords and Commons will bow
down before him—

You are of the house? what will you
do, Sir Ralph?

Bagenhall. And why should I be
bolder than the rest,

Or honestier than all?

Stafford. But, sir, if I—
And over sea they say this state of
yours

Hath no more mortise than a tower of
cards;

And that a puff would do it—then if I
And others made that move I touch'd
upon,

Back'd by the power of France, and
landing here,

Came with a sudden splendor, shout,
and show,

And dazzled men and deat'n'd by
some bright

Loud venture, and the people so un-
quiet—

And I the race of murder'd Bucking-
ham—

Not for myself, but for the kingdom—
Sir,

I trust that you would fight along with
us.

Bagenhall. No! you would fling
your lives into the gulf.

Stafford. But if this Philip, as he's
like to do,

Left Mary a wife-widow here alone,
Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads
hither

To seize upon the forts and fleet, and
make us

A Spanish province; would you not
fight then?

Bagenhall. I think I should fight
then.

Stafford. I am sure of it.
Hist! there's the face coming on here
of one

Who knows me. I must leave you.
Fare you well,

You'll hear of me again.

Bagenhall. Upon the scaffold.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—ROOM IN WHITE-
HALL PALACE.

MARY. *Enter PHILIP and CARDINAL
POLE.*

Pole. Ave Maria, gratia plena, Ben-
edicta tu in mulieribus.

Mary. Loyal and royal cousin, hum-
blest thanks.

Had you a pleasant voyage up the
river?

Pole. We had your royal barge, and
that same chair,

Or rather throne of purple, on the
deck.

Our silver cross sparkled before the
prow,

The ripples twinkled at their diamond-
dance,

The boats that follow'd, were as glow-
ing gay

As regal gardens; and your flocks of
swans,

As fair and white as angels; and your
shores

Wore in mine eyes the green of Para-
dise.

My foreign friends, who dream'd us
blanketed

In ever-closing fog, were much amazed
To find as fair a sun as might have
flash'd

Upon their Lake of Garda fire the
Thames;

Our voyage by sea was all but miracle;
And here the river flowing from the
sea,

Not toward it (for they thought not of
our tides),
Seem'd as a happy miracle to make
glide—

In quiet—home your banish'd coun-
tryman.

Mary. We heard that you were sick
in Flanders, cousin.

Pole. A dizziness.

Mary. And how came you round
again?

Pole. The scarlet thread of Rahab
saved her life;

And mine, a little letting of the blood.

Mary. Well? now?

Pole. Ay, cousin, as the heathen
giant

Had but to touch the ground, his force
return'd—

Thus, after twenty years of banish-
ment,

Feeling my native land beneath my
foot,

I said thereto: "Ah, native land of
mine,

Thou art much beholden to this foot
of mine,

That hastes with full commission from
the Pope

To absolve thee from thy guilt of
heresy.

Thou hast disgraced me and attainted
me,

And mark'd me ev'n as Cain, and I
return

As Peter, but to bless thee: make me
well."

Methinks the good land heard me, for
to-day

My heart beats twenty, when I see you,
cousin.

Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's
death,

How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's
gate!

And Mary would have risen and let
him in,

But, Mary, there were those within the
house

Who would not have it.

Mary. True, good cousin Pole;

And there were also those without the
house

Who would not have it.

Pole. I believe so, cousin.

State-policy and church-policy are con-
joint,

But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.
I fear the Emperor much misvalued

me.

But all is well; 'twas ev'n the will of
God,

[now,
Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd,
Makes me his mouth of holy greeting.

"Hail,

Daughter of God, and saver of the
faith,

Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui!"

Mary. Ah, heaven!

Pole. Unwell, your Grace?

Mary. No, cousin, happy—
Happy to see you; never yet so

happy

Since I was crown'd.

Pole. Sweet cousin, you forget
That long low minster where you gave
your hand

To this great Catholic King.

Philip. Well said, Lord Legate.

Mary. Nay, not well said; I thought
of you, my liege,

Ev'n as I spoke.

Philip. Ay, Madam; my Lord Paget
Waits to present our Council to the

Legate.

Sit down here, all; Madam, between
us you.

Pole. Lo, now you are enclosed with
boards of cedar,

Our little sister of the Song of Songs!
You are doubly fenced and shielded

sitting here

Between the two most high-set thrones
on earth,

The Emperor's highness happily sym-
bol'd by

The King your husband, the Pope's
Holiness

By mine own self.

Mary. True, cousin, I am happy.
When will you that we summon both

our houses

To take his absolution from your lips
And be regather'd to the Papal fold?

Pole. In Britain's calendar the bright-
est day

Beheld our rough forefathers break
their Gods,
And clasp the faith in Christ; but af-
ter that

Might not St. Andrew's be her hap-
piest day?

Mary. Then these shall meet upon
St. Andrew's day.

Enter PAGET, *who presents the Coun-
cil. Dumb show.*

Pole. I am an old man wearied with
my journey,
Ev'n with my joy. Permit me to with-
draw.

To Lambeth?

Philip. Ay, Lambeth has ousted
Cranmer.

It was not meet the heretic swine
should live

In Lambeth.

Mary. There or anywhere, or at all.

Philip. We have had it swept and
garnish'd after him.

Pole. Not for the seven devils to en-
ter in?

Philip. No, for we trust they parted
in the swine.

Pole. True, and I am the Angel of
the Pope.

Farewell, your Graces.

Philip. Nay, not here—to me;
I will go with you to the waterside.

Pole. Not be my Charon to the
counter side?

Philip. No, my Lord Legate, the
Lord Chancellor goes.

Pole. And unto no dead world; but
Lambeth palace,

Henceforth a centre of the living faith.
[*Exeunt* PHILIP, POLE, PAGET, *etc.*

Manet MARY

Mary. He hath awaked! he hath
awaked!

He stirs within the darkness!

Oh, Philip, husband! now thy love to
mine

Will cling more close, and those bleak
manners thaw,

That make me shamed and tongue-
tied in my love.

The second Prince of Peace—

The great unborn defender of the
Faith,

Who will avenge me of mine ene-
mies—

He comes, and my star rises.

The stormy Wyatts and Northumber-
lands,

The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fieriest partisans—are
pale

Before my star!

The light of this new learning wanes
and dies:

The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius
fade

Into the deathless hell which is their
doom

Before my star! [Ind!]

His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to
His sword shall hew the heretic peo-
ples down!

His faith shall clothe the world that
will be his,

Like universal air and sunshine!

Open,
Ye everlasting gates! The King is
here!—

My star, my son!

Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, *etc.*

Oh, Philip, come with me;
Good news have I to tell you, news to
make

Both of us happy—ay, the Kingdom
too.

Nay come with me—one moment!

Philip (to ALVA). More than that;
There was one here of late—William
the Silent

They call him—he is free enough in
talk,

But tells me nothing. You will be,
we trust,

Some time the viceroy of those prov-
inces—

He must deserve his surname better.

Alva. Ay, sir ;
Inherit the Great Silence.

Philip. True ; the provinces
Are hard to rule and must be hardly
ruled ; rind,
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty
All hollow'd out with stinky heresies ;
And for their heresies, *Alva*, they will
fight :

You must break them or they break
you.

Alva (*proudly*). The first.

Philip. Good!

Well, Madam, this new happiness of
mine. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter THREE PAGES.

First Page. News, mates ! a miracle,
a miracle ! news !

'The bells must ring ; Te Deums must
be sung ;

The Queen hath felt the motion of her
babe !

Second Page. Ay ; but see here !

First Page. See what ?

Second Page. This paper, Dickon.
I found it fluttering at the palace
gates :—

"The Queen of England is delivered
of a dead dog !"

Third Page. These are the things
that madden her. Fie upon it.

First Page. Ay, but I hear she hath
a dropsy, lad,

Or a high-dropsy, as the doctors call
it.

Third Page. Fie on her dropsy, so
she have a dropsy !

I know that she was ever sweet to me.

First Page. For thou and thine are
Roman to the core.

Third Page. So thou and thine must
be. Take heed !

First Page. Not I,

And whether this flash of news be
false or true,

So the wine run, and there be revelry,
Content am I. Let all the steeples
clash,

Till the sun dance, as upon Easter
Day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—GREAT HALL IN
WHITEHALL.

*At the far end a dais. On this three
chairs, two under one canopy for
MARY and PHILIP, another on the
right of these for POLE. Under the
dais on POLE'S side, ranged along the
wall, sit all the Spiritual Peers, and
along the wall opposite, all the Tem-
poral. The Commons on cross benches
in front, a line of approach to the
dais between them. In the foreground
SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and other
MEMBERS of the COMMONS.*

First Member. St. Andrew's day ; sit
close, sit close, we are friends.

Is reconciled the word ? the Pope
again ?

It must be thus ; and yet, cocksbody !
how strange

That Gardiner, once so one with all of
us

Against this foreign marriage, should
have yielded

So utterly !—strange ! but stranger
still that he,

So fierce against the Headship of the
Pope,

Should play the second actor in this
pageant

That brings him in ; such a chameleon
he !

Second Member. This Gardiner turn'd
his coat in Henry's time ;

The serpent that hath slough'd will
slough again.

Third Member. Tut, then we all are
serpents.

Second Member. Speak for yourself.

Third Member. Ay, and for Gar-
diner ! being English citizen,

How should he bear a bridegroom out
of Spain ?

The Queen would have him ! being
English churchman,

How should he bear the headship of
the Pope ?

The Queen would have it ! Statesmen
that are wise

Shape a necessity, as the sculptor
clay,
To their own model.

Second Member. Statesmen that are
wise

Take truth herself for model, what say
you?

[To SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.

Bagenhall. We talk and talk.

First Member. Ay, and what use to
talk?

Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's
husband,

He's here, and king, or will be,—yet,
cocksbody!

So hated here! I watch'd a hive of
late;

My seven-years' friend was with me,
my young boy;

Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm
behind.

"Philip," says he. I had to cuff the
rogue

For infant treason.

Third Member. But they say that
bees,

If any creeping life invade their hive
Too gross to be thrust out, will build
him round,

And bind him in from harming of their
combs.

And Philip by these articles is bound
From stirring hand or foot to wrong
the realm.

Second Member. By bonds of bees-
wax, like your creeping thing;

But your wise bees had stung him first
to death.

Third Member. Hush, hush!

You wrong the Chancellor: the clauses
added

To that same treaty which the emperor
sent us

Were mainly Gardiner's: that no fore-
igner

Hold office in the household, fleet,
forts, army;

That if the Queen should die without
a child,

The bond between the kingdoms be
dissolved;

That Philip should not mix us any
way

With his French wars—

Second Member. Ay, ay, but what se-
curity,

Good sir, for this, if Philip—

Third Member. Peace—the Queen,
Philip, and Pole. [All rise, and stand.

Enter MARY, PHILIP, and POLE.

[GARDINER conducts them to the three
chairs of state. PHILIP sits on the
QUEEN'S left, POLE on her right.

Gardiner. Our short-lived sun, be-
fore his winter plunge,

Laughs at the last red leaf, and An-
drew's day.

Mary. Should not this day be held
in after years

More solemn than of old?

Philip. Madam, my wish
Echoes your majesty's.

Pole. It shall be so.

Gardiner. Mine echoes both your
Graces'; (*aside*) but the Pope—

Can we not have the Catholic church
as well

Without as with the Italian? if we
cannot,

Why then the Pope.

My lords of the upper house,
And ye, my masters, of the lower
house,

Do ye stand fast by that which ye re-
solved?

Voices. We do.

Gardiner. And be you all one mind
to supplicate

The Legate here for pardon, and ac-
knowledge

The primacy of the Pope?

Voices. We are all one mind.

Gardiner. Then must I play the vas-
sal to this Pole. [*Aside.*

[He draws a paper from under his
robes and presents it to the KING
and QUEEN, who look through it
and return it to him; then ascends
a tribune and reads.

We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,

And Commons here in Parliament assembled,
 Presenting the whole body of this realm
 Of England, and dominions of the same,
 Do make most humble suit unto your Majesties,
 In our own name and that of all the state,
 That by your gracious means and intercession
 Our supplication be exhibited
 To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as Legate
 From our most holy father Julius, Pope,
 And from the apostolic see of Rome;
 And do declare our penitence and grief
 For our long schism and disobedience,
 Either in making laws and ordinances
 Against the Holy Father's primacy,
 Or else by doing or by speaking aught
 Which might impugn or prejudice the same;
 By this our supplication promising,
 As well for our own selves as all the realm,
 That now we be and ever shall be quick,
 Under and with your Majesties' authorities,
 To do to the utmost all that in us lies
 Towards the abrogation and repeal
 Of all such laws and ordinances made;
 Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,
 As persons undefiled with our offence,
 So to set forth this humble suit of ours
 That we the rather by your intercession
 May from the apostolic see obtain,
 Thro' this most reverend Father, absolution,
 And full release from danger of all censures
 Of Holy Church that we be fall'n into,

So that we may, as children penitent,
 Be once again received into the bosom
 And unity of Universal Church,
 And that this noble realm thro' after years
 May in this unity and obedience
 Unto the holy see and reigning Pope
 Serve God and both your Majesties
Voices Amen. [*All sit*
He again presents the petition to the
 KING and QUEEN, who hand it reverentially to POLE.
Pole (sitting). This is the loveliest
 day that ever smiled
 On England. All her breath should,
 incense like,
 Rise to the heavens in grateful praise
 of Him
 Who now recalls her to his ancient
 fold.
 Lo! once again God to this realm hath
 given
 A token of His more especial Grace;
 For as this people were the first of
 all
 The islands call'd into the dawning
 church
 Out of the dead, deep night of heath
 endom,
 So now are these the first whom God
 hath given
 Grace to repent and sorrow for their
 schism;
 And if your penitence be not mockery,
 Oh how the blessed angels who rejoice,
 Over one saved do triumph at this
 hour
 In the reborn salvation of a land
 So noble. [*A pause.*
 For ourselves we do protest
 That our commission is to heal, not
 harm;
 We come not to condemn, but recon-
 cile;
 We come not to compel, but call
 again;
 We come not to destroy, but edify;
 Nor yet to question things already
 done;
 These are forgiven—matters of the
 past—

And range with jetsam and with offal
thrown
Into the blind sea of forgetfulness.

[A pause.

Ye have reversed the attainder laid on
us

By him who sack'd the house of God;
and we,

Amplier than any field on our poor
earth

Can render thanks in fruit for being
sown,

Do here and now repay you sixty-fold,
A hundred, yea, a thousand thousand

fold,
With heaven for earth.

[Rising and stretching forth his hands.

All kneel but SIR RALPH BAGEN-
HALL, who rises and remains stand-
ing.

The Lord who hath redeem'd us
With his own blood, and wash'd us
from our sins,

To purchase for Himself a stainless
bride;

He, whom the Father hath appointed
Head

Of all his church, He by His mercy
absolve you!

[A pause.

And we by that authority Apostolic
Given unto us, his Legate, by the

Pope,
Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius,

God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon
earth,

Do here absolve you and deliver you
And every one of you, and all the

realm
And its dominions from all heresy,

All schism, and from all and every cen-
sure,

Judgment, and pain accruing there-
upon;

And also we restore you to the bosom
And unity of Universal Church.

[Turning to GARDINER.

Our letters of commission will declare
this plainlier.

[QUEEN heard sobbing. Cries of
Amen! Amen! Some of the
members embrace one another.

All but SIR RALPH BAGENHALL
pass out into the neighboring
chapel, whence is heard the Te
Deum.

Bagenhall. We strove against the
papacy from the first,

In William's time, in our first Edward's
time,

And in my master Henry's time; but
now,

The unity of Universal Church,
Mary would have it; and this Gardiner

follows;

The unity of Universal Hell,
Philip would have it; and this Gar-
diner follows!

A Parliament of imitative apes!
Sheep at the gap which Gardiner

takes, who not
Believes the Pope, nor any of them be-
lieve—

These spaniel-Spaniard English of the
time,

Who rub their fawning noses in the
dust,

For that is Philip's gold-dust, and
adore

This Vicar of their Vicar. Would I
had been

Born Spaniard! I had held my head
up then.

I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,
English.

Enter OFFICER.

Officer. Sir Ralph Bagenhall.

Bagenhall. What of that?

Officer. You were the one sole man
in either house

Who stood upright when both the
houses fell.

Bagenhall. The houses fell!

Officer. I mean the houses kneel
Before the Legate.

Bagenhall. Do not scrimp your
phrase,

But stretch it wider; say when Eng-
land fell.

Officer. I say you were the one
sole man who stood.

Bagenhall. I am the one sole man
in either house.

Perchance in England, loves her like a son.

Officer. Well, you one man, because you stood upright,

Her Grace the Queen commands you to the Tower.

Bagenhall. As traitor, or as heretic, or for what?

Officer. If any man in any way would be

The one man he shall be so to his cost.

Bagenhall. What! will she have my head?

Officer. A round fine likelier.

Your pardon. [*Calling to Attendant*
By the river to the Tower.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—WHITEHALL. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET, BONDNER, *etc.*

Mary. The king and I, my Lords, now that all traitors

Against our royal state have lost the heads

Wherewith they plotted in their treasonous malice,

Have talk'd together, and are well agreed

That those old statutes touching Lollardism

To bring the heretic to the stake, should be

No longer a dead letter, but requicken'd.

One of the Council. Why, what hath fluster'd Gardiner? how he rubs

His forelock.

Paget. I have changed a word with him

In coming, and may change a word again.

Gardiner. Madam, your Highness is our sun, the King

And you together our two suns in one; And so the beams of both may shine upon us,

The faith that seem'd to droop will feel your light,

Lift head, and flourish; yet not light alone,

There must be heat—there must be heat enough

To scorch and wither heresy to the root.

For what saith Christ? "Compel them to come in."

And what saith Paul? "I would they were cut off

That trouble you." Let the dead letter live!

Trace it in fire, that all the louts to whom

Their A B C is darkness, clowns and grooms

May read it! so you quash rebellion too,

For heretic and traitor are all one; Two vipers of one breed—an amphibœna,

Each end a sting: Let the dead letter burn!

Paget. Yet there be some disloyal Catholics,

And many heretics loyal: heretic throats

Cried no God-bless-her to the Lady Jane,

But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be

Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and cord.

To take the lives of others that are loyal,

And by the churchman's pitiless doom of fire,

Were but a thankless policy in the crown,

Ay, and against itself; for there are many.

Mary. If we could burn out heresy, my Lord Paget,

We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England—

Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

Gardiner. Right, your Grace.

Paget. you are all for this poor life of

And care but little for the life to be.

Paget. I have some time, for
curiousness, my Lord,
Watch'd children playing at *their* life
to be,
And cruel at it, killing helpless flies;
Such is our time—all times for aught
I know.

Gardiner. We kill the heretics that
sting the soul—
They, with right reason, flies that prick
the flesh.

Paget. They had not reach'd right
reason; little children!
They kill'd but for their pleasure and
the power

They felt in killing.

Gardiner. A spice of Satan, ha!
Why, good! what then? granted!—
we are fallen creatures;
Look to your Bible, *Paget!* we are
fallen.

Paget. I am but of the laity, my
Lord Bishop,
And may not read your Bible, yet I
found
One day a wholesome scripture,
"Little children,
Love one another."

Gardiner. Did you find a scripture,
"I come not to bring peace but a
sword?" The sword

Is in her Grace's hand to smite with.
Paget,

You stand up here to fight for heresy,
You are more than guess'd at as a
heretic,
And on the steep-up track of the true
faith

Your lapses are far seen.

Paget. The faultless *Gardiner!*
Mary. You brawl beyond the ques-
tion; speak, Lord Legate.

Pole. Indeed, I cannot follow with
your Grace,
Rather would say—the shepherd doth
not kill

The sheep that wander from his flock,
but sends

His careful dog to bring them to the
fold.

Look to the Netherlands, wherein
have been
Such holocausts of heresy! to what
end?

For yet the faith is not established
there.

Gardiner. The end's not come.

Pole. No—nor this way will come,
Seeing there lie two ways to every
end,

A better and a worse—the worse is
here

To persecute, because to persecute
Makes a faith hated, and is further-
more

No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes: when men are
tost

On tides of strange opinion, and not
sure

Of their own selves, they are wroth
with their own selves,
And thence with others; then *who*
lights the fagot?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking
doubt.

Old Rome, that first made martyrs in
the Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these
were trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble?

Paget. Did she not
In Henry's time and Edward's?

Pole. What, my Lord!
The Church on Peter's rock? never!

I have seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the
pine—

The cataract shook the shadow. To
my mind,

The cataract typed the headlong
plunge and fall

Of heresy to the pit: the pine was
Rome.

You see, my Lords,
It was the shadow of the Church that
trembled;

Your church was but the shadow of a
church,

Wanting the triple mitre.

Gardiner (*muttering*). Here he tropes.
Pole. And tropes are good to clothe a naked truth,
 And make it look more seemly.
Gardiner. Tropes again!
Pole. You are hard to please. Then without tropes, my Lord,
 An overmuch severeness, I repeat,
 When faith is wavering makes the waverer pass
 Into more settled hatred of the doctrines
 Of those who rule, which hatred by and by
 Involves the ruler (thus there springs to light
 That Centaur of a monstrous Commonwealth,
 The traitor-heretic), then tho' some may quail,
 Yet others are that dare the stake and
 And their strong torment, bravely borne, begets
 An admiration and an indignation,
 And hot desire to imitate; so the plague
 Of schism spreads; were there but three or four
 Of these misleaders, yet I would not say
 Burn! and we cannot burn whole towns; they are many,
 As my Lord Paget says.
Gardiner. Yet my Lord Cardinal—
Pole. I am your Legate; please you let me finish.
 Methinks that under our Queen's regimen
 We might go softlier than with crimson rowel
 And streaming lash. When Herod-Henry first
 Began to batter at your English Church,
 This was the cause, and hence the judgment on her.
 She seethed with such adulteries, and the lives
 Of many among your churchmen were so foul,

That heaven wept and earth blush'd.
 I would advise
 That we should thoroughly cleanse the Church within
 Before these bitter statutes be requickened.
 So after that when she once more is seen
 White as the light, the spotless bride of Christ,
 Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly
 The Lutheran may be won to her again; [ance-
 Till when, my Lords, I counsel tolerance.
Gardiner. What if a mad dog bit your hand, my Lord,
 Would you not chop the bitten finger off,
 Lest your whole body should madden with the poison?
 I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the heretic,
 No, not an hour. The ruler of a land
 Is bounden by his power and place to see
 His people be not poison'd. Tolerate them!
 Why? do they tolerate you? Nay, many of them
 Would burn—have burnt each other; call they not
 The one true faith a loathsome idol-worship?
 Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime
 Than heresy is itself; beware, I say,
 Lest men accuse you of indifference
 To all faiths, all religion; for you know
 Right well that you yourself have been supposed
 Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.
Pole (*angered*). But you, my Lord,
 beyond all supposition,
 In clear and open day were congruent
 With that vile Cranmer in the accursed lie
 Of good Queen Catherine's divorce—the spring
 Of all those evils that have flow'd upon us;
 For you yourself have truckled to the tyrant,

And done your best to bastardize our
Queen,
For which God's righteous judgment
fell upon you
In your five years of imprisonment,
my Lord,
Under young Edward. Who so bol-
ster'd up
The gross King's headship of the
Church, or more
Denied the Holy Father!

Gardiner. Ha! what! eh?
But you, my Lord, a polish'd gentle-
man,
A bookman, flying from the heat and
tussle,
You lived among your vines and
oranges,
In your soft Italy yonder! you were
sent for,
You were appeal'd to, but you still pre-
ferr'd
Your learned leisure. As for what I
did
I suffer'd and repented. You, Lord
Legate

And Cardinal-Deacon, have not now to
learn
That ev'n St. Peter in his time of fear
Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, my
Lord.

Pole. But not for five and twenty
years, my Lord.

Gardiner. Ha! good! it seems then
I was sommon'd hither
But to be mock'd and baited. Speak,
friend Bonner,
And tell this learned Legate he lacks
zeal.

The Church's evil is not as the King's,
Cannot be heal'd by stroking. The
mad bite
Must have the cautery—tell him—and
at once.

What wouldst thou do hadst thou his
power, thou
That layest so long in heretic bonds
with me.

Wouldst thou not burn and blast them
root and branch?

Bonner. Ay, after you, my Lord.

Gardiner. Nay, God's passion, be-
fore me! speak.

Bonner. I am on fire until I see
them flame.

Gardiner. Ay, the psalm-singing
weavers, cobblers, scum—
But this most noble prince Plantagenet,
Our good Queen's cousin—dallying
over seas

Even when his brother's, nay, his noble
mother's,

Head fell—

Pole. Peace, mad man!

Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not
fathom.

Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord
Chancellor

Of England! no more rein upon thine
anger

Than any child! Thou mak'st me
much ashamed [thee.

That I was for a moment wroth at
Mary. I come for counsel and ye
give me feuds,

Like dogs that set to watch their mas-
ter's gate,

Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the
walls,

To worrying one another. My Lord
Chancellor,

You have an old trick of offending us:
And but that you are art and part with
us [this

In purging heresy, well we might, for
Your violence and much roughness to
the Legate,

Have shut you from our counsels
Cousin Pole,

You are fresh from brighter lands. Re-
tire with me. [us]

His highness and myself (so you allow
Will let you learn in peace and priv-
vacv

What power this cooler sun of Eng-
land hath

In breeding Godless vermin. And
pray Heaven

That you may see according to our
sight.

Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and POLE, etc*

Gardiner. Pole has the Plantagenet face,
But not the force made them our mightiest kings.
Fine eyes — but melancholy, irresolute—
A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard. [ha?
But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—

Bonner. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

Gardiner. And not like thine
To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.

Bonner. I'd do my best, my Lord ;
but yet the Legate
Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,
And if he go not with you—

Gardiner. Tut, Master Bishop,
Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he flush'd ?

Touch him upon his old heretical talk,
He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.

And let him call me truckler. In those times,

Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck, or die ;

I kept my head for use of Holy Church ;

And see you, we shall have to dodge again,

And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge

His foreign fist into our island Church
To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.

For a time, for a time.

Why ? that these statutes may be put in force,

And that his fan may thoroughly purge his floor.

Bonner. So then you hold the Pope—

Gardiner. I hold the Pope !
What do I hold him ? what do I hold the Pope ?

Come, come, the morsel stuck—this Cardinal's fault—

I have gulpt it down. I am wholly for the Pope,

Utterly and altogether for the Pope,
The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,
Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king of kings,
God upon earth ! what more ? what would you have ?
Hence, let's be gone.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Well that you be not gone,
My Lord. The Queen, most wroth at first with you,

Is now content to grant you full forgiveness,

So that you crave full pardon of the Legate.

I am sent to fetch you.

Gardiner. Doth Pole yield, sir, ha !
Did you hear 'em ? were you by ?

Usher. I cannot tell you,
His bearing is so courtly-delicate ;
And yet methinks he falters ; their two Graces

Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,

So press on him the duty which as Legate

He owes himself, and with such royal smiles—

Gardiner. Smiles that burn men
Bonner, it will be carried.

He falters, ha ? 'fore God we change and change ;

Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you,

At threescore years ; then if we change at all

We needs must do it quickly ; it is an age

Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,

As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it

If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,

Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often,

He knows not where he stands which, if this pass,

We too shall have to teach him; let
 'em look to it,
 Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Lat-
 imer,
 Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is
 come,
 Their hour is hard at hand, their
 "dies Iraë,"
 Their "dies Illa," which will test their
 sect.
 I feel it but a duty—you will find in it
 Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bon-
 ner,—
 To test their sect. Sir, I attend the
 Queen
 To crave most humble pardon—of her
 most
 Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—WOODSTOCK.

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING.

Lady. The colors of our Queen are
 green and white,
 These fields are only green, they make
 me gape.
Elizabeth. There's whitethorn, girl.
Lady. Ay, for an hour in May.
 But court is always May, buds out in
 masks,
 Breaks into feather'd merriments, and
 flowers
 In silken pageants. Why do they
 keep us here?
 Why still suspect your Grace?
Elizabeth. Hard upon both.
 [Writes on the window with a dia-
 mond.]

Much suspected, of me
 Nothing proven can be,
 Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

Lady. What hath your Highness
 written?
Elizabeth. A true rhyme.
Lady. Cut with a diamond; so to
 last like truth.
Elizabeth. Ay, if truth last.
Lady. But truth, they say, will out,

So it must last. It is not like a word,
 That comes and goes in uttering.
Elizabeth. Truth, a word!
 The very Truth and very Word are
 one.
 But truth of story, which I glanced at,
 girl,
 Is like a word that comes from olden
 days,
 And passes thro' the peoples: every
 tongue
 Alters it passing, till it spells and
 speaks
 Quite other than at first.
Lady. I do not follow.
Elizabeth. How many names in the
 long sweep of time
 That so foreshortens greatness, may
 but hang
 On the chance mention of some fool
 that once
 Brake bread with us, perhaps; and
 my poor chronicle
 Is but of glass. Sir Henry Beding-
 field
 May split it for a spite.
Lady. God grant it last,
 And witness to your Grace's inno-
 cence,
 Till doomsday melt it.
Elizabeth. Or a second fire,
 Like that which lately crackled under-
 foot
 And in this very chamber, fuse the
 glass,
 And char us back again into the dust
 We spring from. Never peacock
 against rain
 Scream'd as you did for water.
Lady. And I got it.
 I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to
 you—
 I read his honest horror in his eyes.
Elizabeth. Or true to you?
Lady. Sir Henry Bedingfield!
 I will have no man true to me, your
 Grace,
 But one that pares his nails; to me?
 the clown!
 For, like his cloak, his manners want
 the nap

And gloss of court ; but of this fire he
says,

Nay swears, it was no wicked wilful-
ness,

Only a natural chance.

Elizabeth. A chance—perchance
One of those wicked wilfuls that men
make,

Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I
know

They hunt my blood. Save for my
daily range

Among the pleasant fields of Holy
Writ

I might despair. But there hath some
one come ;

The house is all in movement. Hence,
and see. [*Exit* LADY.]

Milkmaid (*singing without*).

Shame upon you, Robin,

Shame upon you now !

Kiss me would you ? with my hands

Milking the cow ?

Daisies grow again,

Kingcups blow again,

And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,

Kiss'd me well I vow ;

Cuff him could I ? with my hands

Milking the cow ?

Swallows fly again,

Cuckoos cry again,

And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,

Come and kiss me now ;

Help it can I ? with my hands

Milking the cow ?

Ringdoves coo again,

All things woo again.

Come behind and kiss me milking the cow !

Elizabeth. Right honest and red-
cheek'd ; Robin was violent,

And she was crafty—a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft. I would I were a
milkmaid,

To sing, love, marry, churn, brew,
bake, and die,

Then have my simple headstone by
the church,

And all things lived and ended hon-
estly.

I could not if I would. I am Harry's
daughter ;

Gardiner would have my head. They
are not sweet,

The violence and the craft that do di-
vide

The world of nature ; what is weak
must lie ;

The lion needs but roar to guard his
young ;

The lapwing lies, says " here " when
they are there.

Threaten the child ; " I'll scourge you
if you did it."

What weapon hath the child, save his
soft tongue,

To say " I did not ? " and my rod's
the block.

I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, " Wilt thou lie there
to-morrow ? " [fell,

How off the falling axe, that never
Hath shock'd me back into the day-
light truth

That it may fall to-day ! Those damp,
black, dead

Nights in the Tower ; dead—with the
fear of death—

Too dead ev'n for a death-watch ! Toll
of a bell,

Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a
rat

Affrighted me, and then delighted me,
For there was life—And there was life
in death—

The little murder'd princes, in a pale
light,

Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd
" come away,

The civil wars are gone forevermore :
Thou last of all the Tudors, come
away,

With us in peace ! " The last ? It
was a dream ;

I must not dream, not wink, but watch.
She has gone,

Maid Marian to her Robin—by and by
Both happy ! a fox may filch a hen by
night,

And make a morning outcry in the
yard :

But there's no Renard here to " catch
her tripping."

Catch me who can; yet sometime I
 have wish'd
 That I were caught, and kill'd away at
 once
 Out of the flutter. The gray rogue,
 Gardiner,
 Went on his knees, and pray'd me to
 confess
 In Wyatt's business, and to cast my-
 self
 Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay,
 when, my Lord?
 God save the Queen. My jailer—

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

Bedingfield. One, whose bolts,
 That jail you from free life, bar you
 from death.
 There haunt some Papist ruffians here-
 about
 Would murder you.

Elizabeth. I thank you heartily, sir,
 But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,
 And God hath blest or cursed me with
 a nose—

Your boots are from the horses.

Bedingfield. Ay, my Lady.
 When next there comes a missive from
 the Queen

It shall be all my study for one hour
 To rose and lavender my horsiness,
 Before I dare to glance upon your
 Grace

Elizabeth. A missive from the Queen:
 last time she wrote,

I had like to have lost my life: it takes
 my breath:

O God, sir, do you look upon your
 boots,

Are you so small a man? Help me:
 what think you,

Is it life or death?

Bedingfield. I thought not on my
 boots; [made

The devil take all boots were ever
 Since man went barefoot. See, I lay
 it here,

For I will come no nearer to your
 Grace; [*Laying down the letter.*

And whether it bring you bitter news
 or sweet,

And God have given your Grace a
 nose, or not,
 I'll help you, if I may.

Elizabeth. Your pardon, then?
 It is the heat and narrowness of the
 cage

That makes the captive testy; with
 free wing

The world were all one Araby. Leave
 me now,

Will you, companion to myself, sir?

Bedingfield. Will I?
 With most exceeding willingness, I
 will;

You know I never come till I be call'd.
 [*Exit.*

Elizabeth. It lies there folded; is
 there venom in it?

A snake—and if I touch it, it may
 sting.

Come, come, the worst!

Best wisdom is to know the worst at
 once. [*Reads:*

“It is the King's wish that you
 should wed Prince Philibert of Savoy.
 You are to come to Court on the in-
 stant; and think of this in your coming.
 “MARY THE QUEEN.”

Think! I have many thoughts;
 I think there may be birdlime here for
 me;

I think they fain would have me from
 the realm;

I think the Queen may never bear a
 child;

I think that I may be sometime the
 Queen,

Then, Queen indeed: no foreign prince
 or priest

Should fill my throne, myself upon the
 steps.

I think I will not marry any one,
 Specially not this landless Philibert

Of Savoy; but, if Philip menace me,
 I think that I will play with Philibert,—

As once the holy father did with mine,
 Before my father married my good

mother.—
 For fear of Spain.

Enter LADY.

Lady. O Lord! your Grace, your Grace,
I feel so happy : it seems that we shall fly
These bald, blank fields, and dance into the sun
That shines on princes.

Elizabeth. Yet, a moment since, I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing here,
To kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers—

A right rough life and healthful.

Lady. But the wench Hath her own troubles ; she is weeping now ;
For the wrong Robin took her at her word.

Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.

Your Highness such a milkmaid?

Elizabeth. I had kept My Robins and my cows in sweeter order
Had I been such.

Lady (silyly). And had your grace a Robin.

Elizabeth. Come, come, you are chill here ; you want the sun
That shines at court ; make ready for the journey.

Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke.
Ready at once. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

LORD PETRE *and* LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

Petre. You cannot see the Queen.
Renard denied her,
Ev'n now, to me.

Howard. Their Flemish go-between
And all-in-all. I came to thank her Majesty
For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the Tower ;
A grace to me ! Mercy, that herb-of-grace,
Flowers now but seldom.

Petre. Only now, perhaps,
Because the Queen hath been three days in tears
For Philip's going—like the wild hedge-rose
Of a soft winter, possible, not probable.

However, you have prov'n it.

Howard. I must see her

Enter RENARD.

Renard. My Lords, you cannot see her Majesty.

Howard. Why then the King ! for I would have him bring it

Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,

Before he go, that since these statutes past,

Gardiner out-Gardiners Gardiner in his heat,

Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own self—

Beast !—but they play with fire as children do,

And burn the house. I know that these are breeding

A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men

Against the King, the Queen, the Holy Father,

The faith itself. Can I not see him ?

Renard. Not now.
And in all this, my Lord, her Majesty

Is flint of flint, you may strike fire from her,

Not hope to melt her. I will give your message.

[*Exeunt* PETRE *and* HOWARD.]

Enter PHILIP (*musings*)

Philip. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy,

I talk'd with her in vain—she says she will live

And die true maid—a goodly creature too.

Would *she* had been the Queen ! yet she must have him ;

She troubles England : that she breathes in England

Is life and lungs to every rebel birth
That passes out of embryo.

Simon Renard!—

This Howard, whom they fear, what
was he saying?

Renard. What your imperial father
said, my liege,

To deal with heresy gentlier. Gardiner
burns,

And Bonner burns: and it would
seem this people

Care more for our brief life in their
wet land,

Than yours in happier Spain. I told
my Lord

He should not vex her Highness; she
would say

These are the means God works with,
that his church

May flourish.

Philip. Ay, sir, but in statesmanship
To strike too soon is oft to miss the
blow.

Thou knowest I bade my chaplain,
Castro, preach

Against these burnings.

Renard. And the Emperor
Approved you, and when last he wrote,
declared

His comfort in your Grace that you
were bland

And affable to men of all estates,
In hope to charm them from their hate

of Spain.

Philip. In hope to crush all heresy
under Spain.

But, Renard, I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me passing

hence,
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea.

So sick am I with biding for this child.
Is it the fashion in this clime for

women
To go twelve months in bearing of a
child?

The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped,
they led

Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd
their bells,

Shot off their lying cannon, and her
priests

Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair
prince to come,

Till, by St. James, I find myself the
fool. [thus?

Why do you lift your eyebrow at me
Renard. I never saw your Highness
moved till now.

Philip. So, weary am I of this wet
land of theirs,

And every soul of man that breathes
therein.

Renard. My liege, we must not drop
the mask before

The masquerade is over—

Philip. —Have I dropt it?
I have but shown a loathing face to

you,
Who knew it from the first.

Enter MARY.

Mary (aside). With Renard. Still
Parleying with Renard, all the day with

Renard,
And scarce a greeting all the day for
me—

And goes to-morrow. [*Exit MARY.*

*Philip (to RENARD, who advances to
him).* Well, sir, is there more?

*Renard (who has perceived the
QUEEN).* May Simon Renard
speak a single word?

Philip. Ay.

Renard. And be forgiven for it?
Philip. Simond Renard

Knows me too well to speak a single
word

That could not be forgiven.
Renard. Well, my liege,

Your Grace hath a most chaste and
loving wife.

Philip. Why not? The Queen of
Philip should be chaste.

Renard. Ay, but, my Lord, you know
what Virgil sings,

Woman is various and most mutable.
Philip. She play the harlot! never.

Renard. No, sire, no,
Not dream'd of by the rabidest Gos-
peller.

There was a paper thrown into the
palace,

"The King hath wearied of his barren bride."

She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,

With all the rage of one who hates a truthor

He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have you—

What should I say, I cannot pick my words—

Be somewhat less—majestic to your Queen.

Philip. Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard, Because these islanders are brutal beasts?

Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,

And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

Renard. Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen them, sire,

When you perchance were trifling royally [fill

With some fair dame of court, suddenly With such fierce fire—had it been fire indeed

It would have burnt both speakers.

Philip. Ay, and then?

Renard. Sire, might it not be policy in some matter

Of small importance now and then to cede

A point to her demand?

Philip. Well, I am going.

Renard. For should her love, when you are gone, my liege,

Witness these papers, there will not be wanting

Those that will urge her injury—should her love—

And I have known such women more than one—

Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse

Almost into one metal love and hate,— And she impress her wrongs upon her Council,

And these again upon her Parliament— We are not loved here, and would be then perhaps

Not so well holpen in our wars with France,

As else we might be—here she comes.

Enter MARY.

Mary. O Philip!

Nay, must you go indeed?

Philip. Madam, I must.

Mary. The parting of a husband and a wife [half

Is like the cleaving of a heart; one Will flutter here, one there.

Philip. You say true, Madam.

Mary. The Holy Virgin will not have me yet

Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.

If such a prince were born and you not here!

Philip. I should be here if such a prince were born.

Mary. But must you go?

Philip. Madam, you know my father, Retiring into cloistral solitude

To yield the remnant of his years to heaven,

Will shift the yoke and weight of all the world

From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brussels.

But since mine absence will not be for long, [me,

Your Majesty shall go to Dover with And wait my coming back.

Mary. To Dover? no, I am too feeble. I will go to Green-

wich,

So you will have me with you; and there watch

All that is gracious in the breath of heaven

Draw with your sails from our poor land, and pass

And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for you.

Philip. And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.

Mary. Methinks that would you tarry one day more

(The news was sudden) I could mould myself

To bear your going better ; will you do it ?

Philip. Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

Mary. A day may save a heart from breaking too.

Philip. Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day ?

Renard. Your Grace's business will not suffer, sire,

For one day more, so far as I can tell.

Philip. Then one day more to please her Majesty.

Mary. The sunshine sweeps across my life again.

O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip, As I do !

Philip. By St. James I do protest, Upon the faith and honor of a Spaniard,

I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.

Simon, is supper ready ?

Renard. Ay, my liege,

I saw the covers laying.

Philip. Let us have it. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, CARDINAL POLE.

Mary. What have you there ?

Pole. So please your Majesty, A long petition from the foreign exiles To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop

Thirlby, And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,

Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace.

Hath he not written himself—infatuated—

To sue you for his life ?

Mary. His life ? Oh, no ; Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain.

But so much of the anti-papal leaven

Works in him yet, he hath prayed me not to sully

Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm

By seeking justice at a stranger's hand Against my natural subject. King and Queen,

To whom he owes his loyalty after God, Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince ?

Death would not grieve him more. I cannot be

True to this realm of England and the Pope

Together, says the heretic.

Pole. And there errs ; As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity.

A secular kingdom is but as the body Lacking a soul ; and in itself a beast.

The Holy Father in a secular kingdom Is as the soul descending out of heaven Into a body generate.

Mary. Write to him, then.

Pole. I will.

Mary. And sharply, Pole.

Pole. Here comes the Cranmerites!

Enter THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

Howard. Health to your Grace. Good-morrow, my Lord Cardinal ;

We make our humble prayer unto your Grace

That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,

Or into private life within the realm. In several bills and declarations,

Madam, He hath recanted all his heresies.

Paget. Ay, ay ; if Bonner have not forged the bills. *[Aside.]*

Mary. Did not More die, and Fisher ? he must burn.

Howard. He hath recanted, Madam. *Mary.* The better for him.

He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell. *Howard.* Ay, ay, your Grace ; out

it was never seen

That any one recanting thus at full, As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth.

Mary. It will be seen now, then.
Thirby. O Madam, Madam !
 I thus implore you, low upon my
 knees,
 To reach the hand of mercy to my
 friend.
 I have err'd with him ; with him I have
 recanted.
 What human reason is there why my
 friend
 Should meet with lesser mercy than
 myself ?
Mary. My Lord of Ely, this. After
 a riot
 We hang the leaders, let their follow-
 ing go.
 Cranmer is head and father of these
 heresies, God
 New learning as they call it ; yea, may
 Forget me at most need when I forget
 Her foul divorce—my sainted mother
 —No!—

Howard. Ay, ay, but mighty doctors
 doubted there.
 The Pope himself waver'd ; and more
 than one
 Row'd in that galley—Gardiner to wit,
 Whom truly I deny not to have been
 Your faithful friend and trusty coun-
 cillor.
 Hath not your Highness ever read his
 book,
 His tractate upon True Obedience,
 Writ by himself and Bonner ?

Mary. I will take
 Such order with all bad, heretical books
 That none shall hold them in his house
 and live,
 Henceforward. No, my Lord.

Howard. Then never read it.
 The truth is here. Your father was a
 man
 Of such colossal kinghood, yet so
 courteous,
 Except when wroth, you scarce could
 meet his eye
 And hold your own ; and were he
 wroth indeed,
 You held it less, or not at all. I say,
 Your father had a will that beat men
 down ;

Your father had a brain that beat men
 down—

Pole. Not me, my Lord.

Howard. No, for you were not
 here ;

You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's
 throne ;

And it would more become you, my
 Lord Legate,

To join a voice, so potent with her
 Highness,

To ours in plea for Cranmer than to
 stand

On naked self-assertion.

Mary. All your voices
 Are waves on flint. The heretic must
 burn.

Howard. Yet once he saved your
 Majesty's own life ;

Stood out against the King in your be-
 half,

At his own peril.

Mary. I know not if he did ;
 And if he did I care not, my Lord
 Howard.

My life is not so happy, no such boon,
 That I should spare to take a heretic
 priest's,

Who saved it or not saved. Why do
 you vex me ?

Paget. Yet to save Cranmer were to
 save the Church.

Your Majesty's I mean ; he is effaced,
 Self-blotted out ; so wounded in his
 honor,

He can but creep down into some dark
 hole,

Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and
 die ;

But if you burn him,—well, your High-
 ness knows

The saying, "Martyr's blood—seed of
 the Church."

Mary. Of the true Church ; but his
 is none, nor will be.

You are too politic for me, my Lord
 Paget.

And if he hath to live so loath'd a life,
 It were more merciful to burn him now.

Thirby. O yet relent. O Madam,
 if you knew him

As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning—

Mary. Yet a heretic still
His learning makes his burning the
more just.

Thirby. So worshipt of all those
that came across him;
The stranger at his hearth, and all his
house—

Mary. His children and his concu-
bine, belike.

Thirby. To do him any wrong was
to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart was
rich,

Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd
therein

The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.
Pole. "After his kind it costs him
nothing," there's

An old world English adage to the
point.

These are but natural graces, my good
Bishop,
Which in the Catholic garden are as
flowers,

But on the heretic dunghill only weeds.

Howard. Such weeds make dung-
hills gracious.

Mary. Enough, my Lords.
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,
And Philip's will, and mine, that he
should burn.

He is pronounced anathema.

Howard. Farewell, Madam,
God grant you ampler mercy at your
call

Than you have shown to Cranmer.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Pole. After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to over-
look

This same petition of the foreign exiles,
For Cranmer's life.

Mary. Make out the writ to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—OXFORD. CRAN-
MER IN PRISON.

Cranmer. Last night, I dream'd the
fagots were alight,

And that myself was fasten'd to the
stake,

And found it all a visionary flame,
Cool as the light in old decaying wood;
And then King Harry look'd from out
a cloud,

And bade me have good courage; and
I heard

An angel cry, "there is more joy in
Heaven,"—

And after that, the trumpet of the dead.

[*Trumpets without.*]

Why, there are trumpets blowing now;
what is it?

Enter FATHER COLE.

Cole. Cranmer, I come to question
you again; [Faith

Have you remain'd in the true Catholic
I left you in?

Cranmer. In the true Catholic faith,
By Heaven's grace, I ain more and
more confirm'd.

Why are the trumpets blowing, Father
Cole?

Cole. Cranmer, it is decided by the
Council

That you to-day should read your re-
cantation

Before the people in St. Mary's
Church.

And there be many heretics in the town,
Who loathe you for your late return to
Rome,

And might assail you passing through
the street,

And tear you piecemeal: so you have
a guard.

Cranmer. Or seek to rescue me. I
thank the Council.

Cole. Do you lack any money?

Cranmer. Nay, why should I:
The prison fare is good enough for me.

Cole. Ay, but to give the poor.

Cranmer. Hand it me, then!
I thank you.

Cole. For a little space, farewell;
Until I see you in St. Mary's Church.

[*Exit COLE.*]

Cranmer. It is against all prece-
dent to burn

One who recants ; they mean to pardon me.
 To give the poor—they give the poor who die.
 Well, burn me or not burn me, I am fixt ;
 It is but a communion, not a mass :
 A holy supper not a sacrifice :
 No man can make his Maker—Villa Garcia.

Enter VILLA GARCIA.

Villa Garcia. Pray you write out this paper for me, Cranmer.

Cranmer. Have I not writ enough to satisfy you ?

Villa Garcia. It is the last.

Cranmer. Give it me, then.

[*He writes.*

Villa Garcia. Now sign.

Cranmer. I have sign'd enough and I will sign no more.

Villa Garcia. It is no more than what you have sign'd already,

The public form thereof.

Cranmer. It may be so ; I sign it with my presence, if I read it.

Villa Garcia. But this is idle of you.

Well, sir, well,

You are to beg the people to pray for you ;

Exhort them to a pure and virtuous

Declare the Queen's right to the

throne ; confess

Your faith before all hearers ; and retract

That Eucharistic doctrine in your book.

Will you not sign it now ?

Cranmer. No, Villa Garcia, I sign no more. Will they have mercy on me ?

Villa Garcia. Have you good hopes of mercy ! So, farewell [*Exit.*

Cranmer. Good hopes, not theirs, have I that I am fixt,

Fixt beyond fall ; however, in strange hours,

After the long brain-dazing colloquies,
 And thousand-times recurring argu-
 ment

Of those two friars ever in my prison,

When left alone in my despondency,
 Without a friend, a book, my faith
 would seem

Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam
 heavily

Against the huge corruptions of the
 Church,

Monsters of mistradition, old enough
 To scare me into dreaming, "what

am I,
 Cranmer, against whole ages?" was

it so,
 Or am I slandering my most inward
 friend,

To veil the fault of my most outward
 foe—

The soft and tremulous coward in the
 flesh ?

O higher, holier, earlier, purer church,
 I have found thee and not leave thee

any more.

It is but a communion, not a mass—
 No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast !

(*Writes.*) So, so ; this will I say—
 thus will I pray. [*Puts up the paper.*

Enter BONNER.

Bonner. Good-day, old friend ;
 what, you look somewhat worn :

And yet it is a day to test your health
 Ev'n at the best : I scarce have spoken

with you
 Since when?—your degradation. At

your trial
 Never stood up a bolder man than you ;

You would not cap the Pope's com-
 missioner—

Your learning, and your stoutness, and
 your heresy,

Dumfounded half of us. So, after that,
 We had to dis-archbishop and unlord,

And make you simple Cranmer once
 again.

The common barber clipt your hair,
 and I

Scraped from your finger-points the
 holy oil ;

And worse than all, you had to kneel
 to me :

Which was not pleasant for you, Mas-
 ter Cranmer.

Now you, that would not recognize the
Pope,
And you, that would not own the Real
Presence,
Have found a real presence in the
stake,
Which frights you back into the an-
cient faith;
And so you have recanted to the Pope.
How are the mighty fallen, Master
Cranmer!

Cranmer. You have been more
fierce against the Pope than I;
But why fling back the stone he strikes
me with? [*Aside.*]

O Bonner, if I ever did you kindness—
Power hath been given you to try faith
by fire—

Pray you, remembering how yourself
have changed,

Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,
To the poor flock—to women and to
children— [*me.*]

That when I was archbishop held with
Bonner. Ay—gentle as they call you
—live or die!

Pitiful to this pitiful heresy?
I must obey the Queen and Council,
man.

Win thro' this day with honor to your-
self,

And I'll say something for you—so—
good-by. [*Exit.*]

Cranmer. This hard coarse man of
old hath crouch'd to me
Till I myself was half ashamed for him.

Enter THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby.

Thirlby. O, my Lord, my Lord!
My heart is no such block as Bonner's
is:

Who would not weep?

Cranmer. Why do you so my-lord
me,

Who am disgraced?

Thirlby. On earth; but saved in
heaven

By your recanting.

Cranmer. Will they burn me,
Thirlby?

Thirlby. Alas, they will; these burn-
ings will not help

The purpose of the faith; but my poor
voice

Against them is a whisper to the roar
Of a spring-tide.

Cranmer. And they will surely burn
me?

Thirlby. Ay; and besides, will have
you in the church

Repeat your recantation in the ears
Of all men, to the saving of their souls,
Before your execution. May God help
you

Thro' that hard hour.

Cranmer. And may God bless you,
Thirlby.

Well, they shall hear my recantation
there. [*Exit THIRLBY.*]

Disgraced, dishonor'd!—not by them,
indeed,

By mine own self—by mine own hand!
O thin-skinn'd hand and jutting veins,
'twas you

That sign'd the burning of poor Joan
of Kent;

But then she was a witch. You have
written much,

But you were never raised to plead for
Frith,

Whose dogmas I have reach'd: he was
deliver'd

To the secular arm to burn: and there
was Lambert;

Who can foresee himself? truly these
burnings,

As Thirlby says, are profitless to the
burners,

And help the other side. You shall
burn too,

Burn first when I am burnt.

Fire—inch by inch to die in agony!
Latimer

Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper
burn'd

Three-quarters of an hour. Will my
fagots

Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain.
I will not muse upon it.

My fancy takes the burner's part, and
makes

The fire seem even crueller than it is.
No, I not doubt that God will give me
strength,
Albeit I have denied him.

Enter SOTO and VILIA GARCIA.

Villa Garcia. We are ready
To take you to St. Mary's, Master
Cranmer.

Cranmer. And I: lead on; ye loose
me from my bonds. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

COLE *in the Pulpit*, LORD WILLIAMS
OF THAME *presiding*. LORD WIL-
LIAM HOWARD, LORD PAGET, and
others. CRANMER *enters between*
SOTO and VILIA GARCIA, and the
*whole Choir strike up "Nunc Dimit-
tis."* CRANMER *is set upon a Scaf-
fold before the people.*

Cole. Behold him—

[*A pause; people in the foreground.*]

People. Oh, unhappy sight!

First Protestant. See how the tears
run down his fatherly face.

Second Protestant. James, didst thou
ever see a carrion crow

Stand watching a sick beast before he
dies?

First Protestant. Him perch'd up
there? I wish some thunderbolt

Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit
and all.

Cole. Behold him, brethren: he hath
cause to weep!—

So have we all: weep with him if ye
will,

Yet—

It is expedient for one man to die,
Yea, for the people, lest the people
die.

Yet wherefore should he die that hath
return'd

To the one Catholic Universal Church,
Repentant of his errors?

Protestant Murmurs. Ay, tell us
that.

Cole. Those of the wrong side will
despise the man,
Deeming him one that thro' the fear of
death

Gave up his cause, except he seal his
faith

In sight of all with flaming martyrdom.

Cranmer. Ay.

Cole. Ye hear him, and albeit there
may seem

According to the canons pardon due
To him that so repents, yet are there
causes

Wherefore our Queen and Council at
this time

Adjudge him to the death. He hath
been a traitor,

A shaker and confounder of the realm:
And when the King's divorce was sued

at Rome,

He here, this heretic metropolitan,
As if he had been the Holy Father, sat

And judged it. Did I call him here-
tic?

A huge heresiarch! never was it
known

That any man so writing, preaching
so,

So poisoning the Church, so long con-
tinuing,

Hath found his pardon; therefore he
must die,

For warning and example.

Other reasons
There be for this man's ending, which
our Queen

And Council at this present deem it
not expedient to be known.

Protestant Murmurs. I warrant you.

Cole. Take therefore, all, example
by this man,

For if our Holy Queen not pardon
him,

Much less shall others in like cause
escape,

That all of you, the highest as the
lowest,

May learn there is no power against
the Lord.

There stands a man, once of so high de-
gree,

Chief prelate of our Church, arch-
 bishop, first
 In Council, second person in the realm,
 Friend for so long time of a mighty
 King;
 And now ye see downfallen and de-
 based
 From councillor to caitiff—fallen so
 low,
 The leprous flutterings of the byway
 scum
 And offal of the city would not change
 Estates with him; in brief, so miser-
 able,
 There is no hope of better left for
 him,
 No place for worse.

Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad.
 This is the work of God. He is glori-
 fied
 In thy conversion: lo! thou art re-
 claim'd;
 He brings thee home: nor fear but
 that to day
 Thou shalt receive the penitent thief's
 award,
 And be with Christ the Lord in Para-
 dise.
 Remember how God made the fierce
 fire seem
 To those three children like a pleasant
 dew.
 Remember, too,
 The triumph of St. Andrew on his
 cross,
 The patience of St. Lawrence in the
 fire.
 Thus, if thou call on God and all the
 saints,
 God will beat down the fury of the
 flame,
 Or give thee saintly strength to un-
 dergo.
 And for thy soul sha!l masses here be
 sung
 By every priest in Oxford. Pray for
 him.
Cranmer. Ay, one and all, dear
 brothers, pray for me;
 Pray with one breath, one heart one
 soul, for me.

Colo. And now, lest any one among
 you doubt
 The man's conversion and remorse of
 heart,
 Yourselves shall hear him speak.
 Speak, Master Cranmer,
 Fulfil your promise made me, and pro-
 claim
 Your true undoubted faith, that all
 may hear.

Cranmer. And that I will. O God,
 Father of Heaven!
 O Son of God, Redeemer of the
 world! [both,
 O Holy Ghost! proceeding from them
 Three persons and one God, have
 mercy on me,
 Most miserable sinner, wretched man.
 I have offended against heaven and
 earth
 More grievously than any tongue can
 tell.
 Then whither should I flee for any
 help?
 I am ashamed to lift my eyes to
 Heaven,
 And I can find no refuge upon earth.
 Shall I despair then?—God forbid! O
 God,
 For thou art merciful, refusing none
 That come to Thee for succor, unto
 Thee.
 Therefore, I come; humble myself to
 Thee,
 Saying, O Lord God, although my
 sins be great,
 For thy great mercy have mercy! O
 God the Son,
 Not for slight faults alone, when thou
 becamest
 Man in the Flesh, was the great mys-
 tery wrought;
 O God the Father, not for little sins
 Didst thou yield up thy Son to human
 death;
 But for the greatest sin that can be
 sinn'd,
 Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,
 Unpardonable,—sin against the light,
 The truth of God, which I had proven
 and known.

Thy mercy must be greater than all
 sin.
 Forgive me, Father, for no merit of
 mine,
 But that Thy name by man be glorified,
 And Thy most blessed Son's, who
 died for man.
 Good people, every man at time of
 death
 Would fain set forth some saying that
 may live
 After his death and better human-
 kind;
 For death gives life's last word a
 power to live,
 And, like the stone-cut epitaph, re-
 main [men.
 After the vanish'd voice, and speak to
 God grant me grace to glorify my
 God!
 And first I say it is a grievous case,
 Many so dote upon this bubble world,
 Whose colors in a moment break and
 fly,
 They care for nothing else. What
 saith St. John:—
 "Love of this world is hatred against
 God."
 Again, I pray you all that, next to
 God,
 You do unmurmuringly and willingly
 Obey your King and Queen, and not
 for dread
 Of these alone, but 'from the fear of
 Him
 Whose ministers they be to govern
 you.
 Thirdly, I pray you all to love together
 Like brethren; yet what hatred Chris-
 tian men
 Bear to each other, seeming not as
 brethren,
 But mortal foes! But do you good to
 all
 As much as in you lieth. Hurt no
 man more
 Than you would harm your loving
 natural brother
 Of the same roof, same breast. If any
 do,

Albeit he think himself at home with
 God,
 Of this be sure, he is whole worlds
 away.
Protestant Murmurs. What sort of
 brothers then be those that lust
 To burn each other?
Williams. Peace among you, there.
Cranmer. Fourthly, to those that
 own exceeding wealth,
 Remember that sore saying spoken
 once
 By Him that was the truth, "how hard
 it is
 For the rich man to enter into Heav-
 en;"
 Let all rich men remember that hard
 word.
 I have not time for more: if ever,
 now
 Let them flow forth in charity, seeing
 now
 The poor so many, and all food so
 dear.
 Long have I lain in prison, yet have
 heard
 Of all their wretchedness. Give to
 the poor,
 Ye give to God. He is with us in the
 poor.
 And now, and forasmuch as I have
 come
 To the last end of life, and thereupon
 Hangs all my past, and all my life to
 be,
 Either to live with Christ in Heaven
 with joy,
 Or to be still in pain with devils in
 hell;
 And, seeing in a moment, I shall find
 [Pointing upwards.
 Heaven or else hell ready to swallow
 me, [Pointing downwards.
 I shall declare to you my very faith
 Without all color.
Cole. Hear him, my good brethren.
Cranmer. I do believe in God,
 Father of all;
 In every article of the Catholic faith,
 And every syllable taught us by our
 Lord,

His prophets, and apostles, in the Testaments,
Both Old and New.

Cole. Be plainer, Master Cranmer.
Cranmer. And now I come to the great cause that weighs

Upon my conscience more than any thing

Or said or done in all my life by me ;
For there be writings I have set abroad
Against the truth I knew within my heart,

[*life,*
Written for fear of death, to save my
If that might be ; the papers by my hand

Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand [*Holding out his right hand.*

Written and sign'd—I here renounce them all ;

And, since my hand offended, having written

Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,

So I may come to the fire.

[*Dead silence.*

Protestant murmurs.

First Protestant. I knew it would be so.

Second Protestant. Our prayers are heard !

Third Protestant. God bless him !

Catholic Murmurs. Out upon him !
out upon him !

Liar ! dissembler ! traitor ! to the fire !

Williams (raising his voice). You know that you recanted all you said

Touching the sacrament in that same book

You wrote against my Lord of Winchester ;

Dissemble not ; play the plain Christian man.

Cranmer. Alas, my Lord,
I have been a man loved plainness all my life ;

I *did* dissemble, but the hour has come
For utter truth and plainness ; wherefore, I say,

I hold by all I wrote within that book.
Moreover,

As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,

With all his devil's doctrines ; and refuse,

Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.

Cries (on all sides). Pull him down !
Away with him.

Cole. Ay, stop the heretic's mouth.
Hale him away.

Williams. Harm him not, harm him not, have him to the fire.

[*CRANMER goes out between two Friars, smiling ; hands are reached to him from the crowd.*
LORD WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD PAGET are left alone in the Church.

Paget. The nave and aisles all empty
as a fool's jest !

No, here's Lord William Howard.
What, my Lord,

You have not gone to see the burning !
Howard. Fie !

To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,

[*again.*
And watch a good man burn ! Never
I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley.

Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not,
For the pure honor of our common nature,

Hear what I might—another recantation

Of Cranmer at the stake.

Paget. You'd not hear that.
He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd upright ;

His eye was like a soldier's, whom the general

He looks to and leans on as his God,
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidd'n him

Charge one against a thousand, and the man

Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and dies.

Howard. Yet that he might not after all those papers

Of recantation yield again, who knows?

Paget. Papers of recantation, think you then

That Cranmer read all papers that he sign'd?

Or sign'd all those they tell us that he sign'd?

Nay, I trow not: and you shall see, my Lord,

That howsoever hero-like the man Dies in the fire, this Bonner or another

Will in some lying fashion misreport His ending to the glory of their church.

And you saw Latimer and Ridley die? Latimer was eighty, was he not? his best

Of life was over then.

Howard. His eighty years Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his frieze;

But after they had stript him to his shroud,

He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one, And gather'd with his hands the starting flame,

And wash'd his hands and all his face therein,

Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.

Ridley was longer burning: but he died

As manfully and boldly, and 'fore God, I know them heretics, but right English ones.

If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with Spain,

Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-sailors

Will teach her something.

Paget. Your mild Legate Pole Will tell you that the devil helpt them thro' it.

[*A murmur of the Crowd in the distance.*]

Hark, how those Roman wolfdogs howl and bay him.

Howard. Might it not be the other side rejoicing

In his brave end?

Paget. They are too crush'd, too broken,

They can but weep in silence.

Howard. Ay, ay, *Paget,* They have brought it in large measure on themselves.

Have I not heard them mock the blessed Host

In songs so lewd, the beast might roar his claim

To being in God's image, more than they?

Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the groom,

Gardener, and huntsman, in the parson's place,

The parson from his own spire swung out dead,

And Ignorance crying in the streets, and all men

Regarding her? I say they have drawn the fire

On their own heads: yet, *Paget,* I do hold

The Catholic, if he have the greater right,

Hath been the crueller.

Paget. Action and re-action, The miserable see-saw of our child-

world,

Make us despise it at odd hours, my Lord.

Heaven help that this re-action not react

Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth, So that she come to rule us.

Howard. The world's mad. *Paget.* My Lord, the world is like a drunken man,

Who cannot move straight to his end—but reels

Now to the right, then as far to the left,

Push'd by the crowd beside—and underfoot

An earthquake; for since Henry for a doubt—

Which a young lust had clapt upon the back,

Crying, "Forward,"—set our old church rocking, men

Have hardly known what to believe, or
whether
They should believe in anything; the
currents
So shift and change, they see not how
they are borne,
Nor whither. I conclude the King a
beast;

Verily a lion if you will—the world
A most obedient beast and fool—my-
self
Half beast and fool as appertaining to
it;

Altho' your Lordship hath as little of
each
Cleaving to your original Adam-clay,
As may be consonant with mortality.

Howard. We talk and Cranmer suffers
The kindest man I ever knew; see,
see,
I speak of him in the past. Unhappy
land!

Hard-natured Queen, half Spanish in
herself,
And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock
of Spain— [lost

Her life, since Philip left her, and she
Her fierce desire of bearing him a
child,

Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's
day,

Gone narrowing down and darkening
to a close.

There will be more conspiracies, I
fear.

Paget. Ay, ay, beware of France.
Howard. O Paget, Paget!

I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,
Expectant of the rack from day to day,
To whom the fire were welcome, lying
chain'd

In breathless dungeons over steaming
sewers,

Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon
the tongue,

And putrid water, every drop a worm,
Until they died of rotted limbs; and
then

Cast on the dunghill naked, and be-
come

Hideously alive again from head to
heel,
Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel
vomit
With hate and horror.

Paget. Nay, you sicken *me*
To hear you.

Howard. Fancy-sick; these things
are done,
Done right against the promise of this
Queen

Twice given.
Paget. No faith with heretics, my
Lord!

Hist! there be two old gossips—Gos-
pellers,

I take it; stand behind the pillar
here;

I warrant you they talk about the burn-
ing.

*Enter TWO OLD WOMEN. JOAN, and
after her TIB.*

Joan. Why, it be Tib.
Tib. I cum behind tha, gall, and

couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind
and the wet! What a day, what a
day! nigh upo' judgment daay loike.
Pwoaps be pretty things, Joan, but
they wunt set i' the Lords' cheer o'
that daay.

Joan. I must set down myself, Tib;
it be a var waay vor my owld legs up
vro' Islip. Eh, my rheumatizy be that
bad howiver be I to win to the
burnin'.

Tib. I should saay 'twur over by
now. I'd ha' been here avore, but
Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, and
Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

Joan. Our Daisy's as good 'z her.
Tib. Noa, Juan.

Joan. Our Daisy's butter's as good
'z hern.

Tib. Noa, Joon.
Joan. Our Daisy's cheeses be better.

Tib. Noa, Joan.
Joan. Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me,
Tib; ez thou hast wi' thy owld man.

Tib. Ay, Joan, and my owld man
wur up and awaay betimes wi' dree hard

eggs for a good pleace at the burnin'; and barrin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha been a-harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield—and barrin' the wind, Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we was forced to stick her, but we fetched her round at last. Thank the Lord therevore. Dumble 's the best milcher in Islip.

Joan. Thou 's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib. I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell 'ee now, I heerd summat as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a wur so owld a couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor "I wunt 'dine," says my Lord Bishop, says he 'not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley, be a-vire;" and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt. "Now," says the bishop, says he, "we'll gwo to dinner;" and the owld lord fell to 's meat wi' a will, God bless un; but Gardiner wur struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a set him all a-vire, so 'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord, therevore.

Paget. The fools!

Tib. Ay, Joan; and Queen Mary gwoes on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to git her baaby born; but all her burnin's 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy that makes the water in her. There 's nought but the vire of God's hell ez can burn out that.

Joan. Thank the Lord, therevore.

Paget. The fools!

Tib. A-burnin', and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk madder and madder; but tek thou my word vor 't, Joan—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year—the burnin' o' the owld arch-bishop 'll burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver.

Howard. Out of the church, you brace of cursed croncs, Or I will have you duck'd. (*Women hurry out.*) Said I not right? For how should reverend prelate or throned prince Brook for an hour such brute malignity?

Ah, what an acrid wine has Luther brew'd!

Paget. Pooh, pooh, my Lord! poor garrulous country-wives.

Buy you their cheeses, and they'll side with you;

You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.

Howard. I think that in some sort we may. But see,

Enter PETERS.

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,

Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.

One that would neither misreport nor lie,

Not to gain paradise: no, nor if the Pope

Charged him to do it—he is white as death.

Peters, how pale you look! you bring the smoke

Of Cranmer's burning with you.

Peters. Twice or thrice
The smoke of Cranmer's burning
wrapt me round.

Howard. Peters, you know me Catholic, but English.

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave

All else untold.

Peters. My Lord, he died most bravely.

Howard. Then tell me all.

Paget. Ay, Master Peters, tell us.

Peters. You saw him how he past among the crowd;

And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars

Still plied him with entreaty and reproach:

But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm
 Steers, ever looking to the happy haven
 Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death ;
 And I could see that many silent hands
 Came from the crowd and met his own ; and thus,
 When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer,
 He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind [rags
 Is all made up, in haste put off the
 They had mock'd his misery with, and all in white,
 His long white beard, which he had never shaven
 Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain
 Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood,
 More like an ancient father of the Church,
 Than heretic of these times ; and still the friars
 Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,
 Or answer'd them in smiling negatives ;
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry :—
 "Make short ! make short !" and so they lit the wood.
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame ;
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,
 "This hath offended—this unworthy hand !"
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before
 The flame had reach'd his body ; I stood near—
 Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain :
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a statue,
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,

Gave up the ghost ; and so past martyr-like—
 Martyr I may not call him—past—but whither ?
Paget. To purgatory, man, to purgatory.
Peters. Nay, but my Lord, he denied purgatory.
Paget. Why then to heaven, and God ha' mercy on him.
Howard. Paget, despite his fearful heresies,
 I loved the man, and needs must moan for him ;
 O Cranmer !
Paget. But your moan is useless now :
 Come out, my Lord, it is a world of fools. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—LONDON. HALL IN THE PALACE.

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

Heath. Madam,
 I do assure you that it must be look'd to :
 Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes
 Are scarce two hundred men, and the French fleet
 Rule in the narrow seas. It must be look'd to,
 If war should fall between yourself and France ;
 Or you will lose your Calais.
Mary. It shall be look'd to ;
 I wish you a good-morning, good Sir Nicholas :
 Here is the King. [Exit HEATH.

Enter PHILIP.

Philip. Sir Nicholas tells you true,
 And you must look to Calais when I go.
Mary. Go ! must you go, indeed—again—so soon ?

Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the
swallow,
That might live always in the sun's
warm heart,
Stays longer here in our poor north
than you :—
Knows where he nested—ever comes
again.

Philip. And, madam, so shall I.

Mary. O, will you? will you?
I am faint with fear that you will come
no more.

Philip. Ay, ay; but many voices call
me hence.

Mary. Voices—I hear unhappy rum-
ors—nay,

I say not, I believe. What voices call
you

Dearer than mine that should be dear-
est to you?

Alas, my Lord! what voices and how
many?

Philip. The voices of Castile and
Aragon,

Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—
The voices of Franche-Comté, and the
Netherlands,

The voices of Peru and Mexico,
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,
And all the fair spice-islands of the
East.

Mary (admiringly). You are the
mightiest monarch upon earth,

I but a little Queen: and so, indeed,
Need you the more; and wherefore
could you not

Helm the huge vessel of your state,
my liege,

Here, by the side of her who loves you
most?

Philip. No, Madam, no! a candle in
the sun [moon]

Is all but smoke—a star beside the
Is all but lost; your people will not
crown me—

Your people are as cheerless as your
clime;

Hate me and mine: witness the
brawls, the gibbets.

Here swings a Spaniard—there an
Englishman;

The peoples are unlike as their com-
plexion;

Yet will I be your swallow and re-
turn—

But now I cannot bide.

Mary. Not to help me?

They hate me also for my love to you,
My Philip; and these judgments on
the land—

Harvestless autumns, horrible agues,
plague—

Philip. The blood and sweat of
heretics at the stake

Is God's best dew upon the barren
field.

Burn more!

Mary. I will, I will; and you will
stay.

Philip. Have I not said? Madam, I
came to sue [war.

Your Council and yourself to declare

Mary. Sir, there are many English
in your ranks

To help your battle.

Philip. So far, good. I say
I came to sue your Council and your-
self

To declare war against the King of
France.

Mary. Not to see me?

Philip. Ay, Madam, to see you.
Unalterably and pesteringly fond!

[*Aside.*

But, soon or late you must have war
with France;

King Henry warms your traitors at his
hearth.

Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford
there.

Courtenay, belike—

Mary. A fool and featherheart!

Philip. Ay, but they use his name.
In brief, this Henry

Stirs up your land against you to the
intent

That you may lose your English her-
itage.

And then, your Scottish namesake
marrying

The Dauphin, he would weld France,
England, Scotland,

Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

Mary. And yet the Pope is now col-leagued with France ;
You make your wars upon him down in Italy :—

Philip, can that be well ?

Philip. Content you, Madam ;
You must abide my judgment, and my father's,
Who deems it a most just and holy war.

The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples :

He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.

The Pope has push'd his horns beyond his mitre—

Beyond his province. Now,
Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns,

And he withdraws ; and of his holy head—

For Alva is true son of the true church—

No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me here ?

Mary. Alas ! the Council will not hear of war

They say your wars are not the wars of England.

They will not lay more taxes on a land
So hunger-nipt and wretched ; and you know

The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back :

The nobles would not ; nay, they clapt their hands

Upon their swords when ask'd ; and therefore God

Is hard upon the people. What's to be done ?

Sir, I will move them in your cause again,

And we will raise us loans and subsidies

Among the merchants ; and Sir Thomas Gresham

Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

Philip. Madam, my thanks.

Mary. And you will stay your going ?

Philip. And further to discourage and lay lame

The plots of France, altho' you love her not,

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

Mary. The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.

Philip. Ay, Madam, Catholic ; but I will not have

The King of France the King of England too.

Mary. But she's a heretic, and, when I am gone,

Brings the new learning back.

Philip. It must be done.
You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

Mary. Then it is done ; but you will stay your going

Somewhat beyond your settled purpose ?

Philip. No !

Mary. What, not one day ?

Philip. You beat upon the rock.

Mary. And I am broken there.

Philip. Is this a place
To wait in, Madam ? what ! a public hall.

Go in, I pray you.

Mary. Do not seem so changed.

Say go ; but only say it lovingly.

Philip. You do mistake. I am not one to change.

I never loved you more.

Mary. Sire, I obey you

Come quickly.
Philip. Ay. [Exit MARY.]

Enter COUNT DE FERIA.

Feria (aside). The Queen in tears.
Philip. Feria !

Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to mine ear—

How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown

Since she lost hope of bearing us a child ?

Feria. Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I.

Philip. Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,
How fair and royal—like a Queen, indeed?

Feria. Allow me the same answer as before—

That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I.

Philip. Good, now; methinks my Queen is like enough

To leave me by and by.

Feria. To leave you, sire?

Philip. I mean not like to live. Elizabeth—

To Philibert of Savoy, as you know, We meant to wed her; but I am not sure

She will not serve me better—so my Queen

Would leave me—as—my wife.

Feria. Sire, even so.

Philip. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy.

Feria. No, sire.

Philip. I have to pray you, some odd time,

To sound the Princess carelessly on this;

Not as from me, but as your fantasy; And tell me how she takes it.

Feria. Sire, I will.

Philip. I am not certain but that Philibert

Shall be the man; and I shall urge his suit

Upon the Queen, because I am not certain:

You understand, *Feria.*

Feria. Sire, I do.

Philip. And if you be not secret in this matter,

You understand me there, too?

Feria. Sire, I do.

Philip. You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman.

She is none of those who loathe the honey-comb. *[Exit FERIA.]*

Enter RENARD.

Renard. My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.

Philip. Well.

Renard. There will be war with France, at last, my liege; Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,

Sailing from France, with thirty Englishmen,

Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York;

Proclaims himself protector, and affirms

The Queen has forfeited her right to reign

By marriage with an alien—other things

As idle; a weak Wyatt! Little doubt This buzz will soon be silenced! but

the Council (I have talk'd with some already) are

for war.

This is the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France;

They show their teeth upon it; and your Grace,

So you will take advice of mine, should stay

Yet for a while, to shape and guide the event.

Philip. Good! Renard, I will stay then.

Renard. Also, sire, Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen?

Philip. Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. — A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY and CARDINAL POLE. LADY CLARENCE and ALICE in the background.

Mary. Reginald Pole, what news hath plagued thy heart? What makes thy favor like the bloodless head

Fall'n on the block, and held up by the hair ?

Philip ?—

Pole. No, Philip is as warm in life As ever.

Mary. Ay; and then as cold as ever. Is Calais taken ?

Pole. Cousin, there hath chanced A sharper harm to England and to Rome,

Than Calais taken. Julius the Third Was ever just, and mild, and father-like ;

But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the Fourth,

Not only reft me of that legateship Which Julius gave me, and the legateship

Annex'd to Canterbury — nay, but worse—

And yet I must obey the holy father, And so must you, good cousin ;—worse than all,

A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear— He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy, Before his Inquisition.

Mary. I knew it, cousin, But held from you all papers sent by Rome,

That you might rest among us, till the Pope,

To compass which I wrote myself to Rome,

Reversed his doom, and that you might not seem

To disobey his Holiness.

Pole. He hates Philip ; He is all Italian, and he hates the Spaniard ;

He cannot dream that *I* advised the war ;

He strikes thro' me at Philip and yourself.

Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me too ; [dom

So brands me in the stare of Christen— A heretic !

Now, even now, when bow'd before my time,

The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be out ;

When I should guide the Church in peace at home,

After my twenty years of banishment, And all my lifelong labor to uphold The primacy—a heretic. Long ago, When I was ruler in the patrimony, I was too lenient to the Lutheran, And I and learned friends among ourselves

Would freely canvass certain Lutheranisms.

What then, he knew I was no Lutheran.

A heretic ! [head,

He drew this shaft against me to the When it was thought I might be chosen Pope,

But then withdrew it. In full consistency,

When I was made Archbishop, he approved me.

And how should he have sent me Legate hither,

Deeming me heretic ? and what heresy since ?

But he was evermore mine enemy, And hates the Spaniard—fiery-choleric,

A drinker of black, strong, volcanic wines,

That ever make him fierier. I, a heretic !

Your Highness knows that in pursuing heresy

I have gone beyond your late Lord Chancellor,—

He cried Enough ! enough ! before his death,—

Gone beyond him and mine own natural man

(It was God's cause) ; so far they call me now,

The scourge and butcher of their English church.

Mary. Have courage, your reward is heaven itself.

Pole. They groan amen ; they swarm into the fire

Like flies—for what ? no dogma. They know nothing,

They burn for nothing.

Mary. You have done your best.

Pole. Have done my best, and as a faithful son,

That all day long hath wrought his father's work,

When back he comes at evening hath the door

Shut on him by the father whom he loved,

His early follies cast into his teeth,

And the poor son turn'd out into the street

To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin.

Mary. I pray you be not so disconsolate ;

I still will do mine utmost with the Pope.

Poor cousin.

Have I not been the fast friend of your life

Since mine began, and it was thought we two

Might make one flesh, and cleave unto each other

As man and wife.

Pole. Ah, cousin, I remember how I would dandle you upon my knee

At lisp-ing-age. I watch'd you dancing once

With your huge father ; he look'd the Great Harry,

You but his cockboat ; prettily you did it,

And innocently. No — we were not made [here ;

One flesh in happiness, no happiness but now we are made one flesh in misery ;

Our bridemaids are not lovely—Disappointment,

Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,

Labor-in-vain.

Mary. Surely, not all in vain. Peace, cousin, peace ! I am sad at heart myself.

Pole. Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,

Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond ;

And there is one Death stands behind the Groom,

And there is one Death stands behind the Bride—

Mary. Have you been looking at the "Dance of Death?"

Pole. No ; but these libellous papers which I found

Strewn in your palace. Look you here—the Pope

Pointing at me with "Pole, the heretic,

Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn thyself,

Or I will burn thee," and this other ; see !—

"We pray continually for the death Of our accursed Queen and Cardinal

Pole."

This last—I dare not read it her.

[*Aside.*

Away!

Mary.

Why do you bring me these ?

I thought you knew me better. I never read,

I tear them ; they come back upon my dreams.

The hands that write them should be burnt clean off

As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them

Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to death, or lie

Famishing in black cells, while famish'd rats

Eat them alive. Why do they bring me these ?

Do you mean to drive me mad ?

Pole. I had forgotten how these poor libels trouble you.

Your pardon,

Sweet cousin, and farewell ! "O bubble world,

Whose colors in a moment break and fly !"

Why, who said that ? I know not—true enough !

[*Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls. Exit POLE.*

Alice. If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,

And heard these two, there might be sport for him.

Mary. Clarence, they hate me; even while I speak

There lurks a silent dagger, listening In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,

And panting for my blood as I go by.

Lady Clarence. Nay, Madam, there be loyal papers too,

And I have often found them.

Mary. Find me one!

Lady Clarence. Ay, Madam; but Sir Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor, Would see your Highness.

Mary. Wherefore should I see him?

Lady Clarence. Well, Madam, he may bring you news from Philip.

Mary. So, Clarence.

Lady Clarence. Let me first put up your hair; it tumbles all abroad.

Mary. And the gray dawn Of an old age that never will be mine Is ail the clearer seen. No, no; what matters?

Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

Heath. I bring your Majesty such grievous news I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is taken.

Mary. What traitor spoke? Here, let my cousin Pole Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran.

Heath. Her Highness is unwell. I will retire.

Lady Clarence. Madam, your chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

Mary. Sir Nicholas? I am stunn'd—Nicholas Heath?

Methought some traitor smote me on the head.

What said you, my good Lord, that our brave English

Had sallied out from Calais and driven back

The Frenchmen from their trenches?

Heath. Alas! no.

That gateway to the mainland over which

Our flag hath floated for two hundred years

Is France again.

Mary. So; but it is not lost— Not yet. Send out: let England as of old

Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into

The prey they are rending from her— ay, and rend

The renders too. Send out, send out, and make

Musters in all the counties; gather all

From sixteen years to sixty; collect the fleet;

Let every craft that carries sail and gun

Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not taken yet?

Heath. Guisnes is not taken yet.

Mary. There yet is hope.

Heath. Ah, Madam, but your people are so cold;

I do much fear that England will not care.

Methinks there is no manhood left among us.

Mary. Send out; I am too weak to stir abroad;

Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament;

Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself

To babble of their coldness. O would I were

My father for an hour! Away now— quick!

[*Exit HEATH.* I hoped I had served God with all my might!

It seems I have not. Ah! much heresy

Shelter'd in Calais. Saints, I have rebuilt

Your shrines, set up your broken images;

Be comfortable to me. Suffer not That my brief reign in England be de-

famed

Thro' all her angry chronicles here-
after

By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais.
Philip,

We have made war upon the Holy
Father

All for your sake: what good could
come of that?

Lady Clarence. No, Madam, not
against the Holy Father;

You did but help King Philip's war
with France.

Your troops were never down in Italy.
Mary. I am a byword. Heretic and
rebel

Point at me and make merry. Philip
gone!

And Calais gone! Time that I were
gone too!

Lady Clarence. Nay, if the fetid gut-
ter had a voice

And cried I was not clean, what should
I care?

Or you, for heretic cries? And I be-
lieve,

Spite of your melancholy Sir Nich-
Your England is as loyal as myself.

Mary (*seeing the paper dropt by POLE*).
There, there! another paper! Said
you not

Many of these were loyal? Shall I
try

If this be one of such?

Lady Clarence. Let it be, let it be.
God pardon me! I have never yet
found one.

Mary (*reads*). "Your people hate
you as your husband hates you."

Clarence, Clarence, what have I done?
what sin

Beyond all grace, all pardon? Mother
of God,

Thou knowest never woman meant so
well,

And fared so ill in this disastrous
world.

My people hate me and desire my
death.

Lady Clarence. No, Madam, no.
Mary. My husband hates me, and
desires my death.

Lady Clarence. No, Madam; these
are libels.

Mary. I hate myself, and I desire my
death.

Lady Clarence. Long live your Maj-
esty! Shall Alice sing you

One of her pleasant songs? Alice, my
child,

Bring us your lute. (*ALICE goes.*) They
say the gloom of Saul

Was lighten'd by young David's harp.
Mary. Too young!

And never knew a Philip. (*Re-enter*
ALICE.) Give me the lute.

He hates me!

(*She sings.*)

Hapless doom of woman, happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in
loathing:

Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the
world is nothing—

Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they
first awaken;

Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be over-
taken;

Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and
are forsaken—

Low, dear lute, low!

Take it away! not low enough for me!

Alice. Your Grace hath a low voice.

Mary. How dare you say it?

Even for that he hates me. A low
voice

Lost in a wilderness where none can
hear!

A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless
sea!

A low voice from the dust and from the
grave. (*Sitting on the ground.*)

There, am I low enough now?

Alice. Good Lord! how grim and
ghastly looks her Grace,

With both her knees drawn upward to
her chin.

There was an old-world tomb beside
my father's,

And this was open'd, and the dead
were found

Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks
a corpse.

Enter LADY MAGDALEN DACRES.

Lady Magdalen. Madam, the Count de Feria waits without, In hopes to see your Highness.

Lady Clarence (*pointing to MARY*). Wait he must—

Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,

And may not speak for hours.

Lady Magdalen. Unhappiest Of Queens and wives and women.

Alice (*in the foreground with LADY MAGDALEN*). And all along Of Philip.

Lady Magdalen. Not so loud! Our Clarence there

Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,

It gilds the greatest wronger of her Who stands the nearest to her.

Alice. Ay, this Philip; I used to love the Queen with all my heart—

God help me, but methinks I love her For such a dotage upon such a man.

I would I were as tall and strong as you.

Lady Magdalen. I seem half-shamed at times to be so tall.

Alice. You are the stateliest deer in all the herd—

Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,

And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

Lady Magdalen. Why? I never heard him utter worse of you Than that you were low-statured.

Alice. Does he think Low stature is low nature, or all women's

Low as his own?

Lady Magdalen. There you strike in the nail.

This coarseness is a want of fantasy. It is the low man thinks the woman low;

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

Alice. Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as well as dull.

How dared he?

Lady Magdalen. Stupid soldiers oft are bold.

Poor lads, they see not what the general sees,

A risk of utter ruin. I am *not*

Beyond his aim, or was not.

Alice. Who? Not you?

Tell, tell me: save my credit with myself.

Lady Magdalen. I never breathed it to a bird in the eaves,

Would not for all the stars and maiden moon

Our drooping Queen should know: In Hampton Court

My window look'd upon the corridor; And I was robing;—this poor throat

of mine, Barer than I should wish a man to see

it,— When he we speak of drove the window back,

And, like a thief, push'd in his royal hand;

But by God's providence a good stout staff

Lay near me; and you know me strong of arm;

I do believe I lamed his Majesty's For a day or two, tho', give the Devil

his due, I never found he bore me any spite.

Alice. I would she could have wedded that poor youth,

My Lord of Devon—light enough, God knows,

And mixt with Wyatt's rising—and the boy

Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse, cruel,

And more than all—no Spaniard.

Lady Clarence. Not so loud. Lord Devon, girls! what are you whispering here?

Alice. Probing an old state secret—how it chanced

That this young Earl was sent on foreign travel,

Not lost his head.

Lady Clarence. There was no proof against him.

Alice. Nay, Madam; did not Gardiner intercept
A letter which the Count de Noailles
wrote
To that dead traitor, Wyatt, with full
proof
Of Courtenay's treason? What be-
came of that?

Lady Clarence. Some say that Gardiner, out of love for him,
Burnt it, and some relate that it was
lost

When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's
house in Southwark.

Let dead things rest.

Alice. Ay, and with him who died
Alone in Italy.

Lady Clarence. Much changed, I
hear,
Had put off levity and put graveness
on.

The foreign courts report him in his
manner

Noble as his young person and old
shield.

It might be so—but all is over now;
He caught a chill in the lagoons of
Venice,

And died in Padua.

Mary (looking up suddenly). Died in
the true faith?

Lady Clarence. Ay, Madam, happily.

Mary. Happier he than I.

Lady Magdalen. It seems her High-
ness hath awaken'd. Think you
That I might dare to tell her that the
Count—

Mary. I will see no man hence for-
evermore,
Saving my confessor and my cousin
Pole.

Lady Magdalen. It is the Count de
Feria, my dear lady.

Mary. What Count?

Lady Magdalen. The Count de Fe-
ria, from his Majesty
King Philip.

Mary. Philip! quick! loop up my
hair!

Throw cushions on that seat, and
make it throne-like.

Arrange my dress—the gorgeous In-
dian shawl

That Philip brought me in our happy
days!—

That covers all. So—am I somewhat
Queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon
earth?

Lady Clarence. Ay, so your Grace
would bide a moment yet.

Mary. No, no, he brings a letter. I
may die
Before I read it. Let me see him at
once.

Enter COUNT DE FERIA (*kneels*).

Feria. I trust your Grace is well.

(*Aside.*) How her hand burns.

Mary. I am not well, but it will bet-
ter me,

Sir Count, to read the letter which you
bring.

Feria. Madam, I bring no letter.

Mary. How! no letter?

Feria. His Highness is so vex'd with
strange affairs—

Mary. That his own wife is no affair
of his.

Feria. Nay, Madam, nay! he sends
his veriest love,

And says, he will come quickly.

Mary. Doth he, indeed?

You, sir, do *you* remember what *you*
said

When last you came to England?

Feria. Madam, I brought

My King's congratulations; it was
hoped

Your Highness was once more in
happy state

To give him an heir male.

Mary. Sir, you said more;

You said he would come quickly. I
had horses

On all the road from Dover, day and
On all the road from Harwich, night
and day;

But the child came not, and the hus-
band came not;

And yet he will come quickly. . . .

Thou hast learnt

Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no need
For Philip so to shame himself again.
Return,
And tell him that I know he comes no more.
Tell him at last I know his love is dead,
And that I am in state to bring forth death—

Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth,
And not to me

Feria. Mere compliments and wishes,
But shall I take some message from your Grace?

Mary. Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,
And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.

Feria. Then I may say your Grace will see your sister?
Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air and sunshine.

I would we had you, Madam, in our warm Spain.

You droop in your dim London.

Mary. Have him away,
I sicken of his readiness.

Lady Clarence. My Lord Count, Her Highness is too ill for colloquy.

Feria (*kneels, and kisses her hand*). I wish her Highness better. (*Aside.*)
How her hand burns. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

ELIZABETH. STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD, ATTENDANTS.

Elizabeth. There's half an angel wrong'd in your account;
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it
Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er again.

Steward. I were whole devil if I wrong'd you, Madam.

[*Exit STEWARD.*]

Attendant. The Count de *Feria*, from the King of Spain.

Elizabeth. Ah!—let him enter. Nay, you need not go: [*To her LADIES.*]

Remain within the chamber, but apart.
We'll have no private conference.
Welcome to England!

Enter FERIA.

Feria. Fair island star.

Elizabeth. I shine! What else, Count?

Feria. As far as France, and into Philip's heart.

My King would know if you be fairly served,

And lodged, and treated.

Elizabeth. You see the lodging, sir, I am well served, and am in every thing

Most loyal and most grateful to the Queen.

Feria. You should be grateful to my master, too,

He spoke of this; and unto him you owe

That Mary hath acknowledged you her

Elizabeth. No, not to her nor him; but to the people,

Who know my right, and love me, as I love

The people! whom God aid!

Feria. You will be Queen. And, were I Philip—

Elizabeth. Wherefore pause you—what?

Feria. Nay, but I speak from mine own self, not him:

Your royal sister cannot last; your hand

Will be much coveted! What a delicate one!

Our Spanish ladies have none such—and there,

Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—

Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty dawn—

That hovers round your shoulder—

Elizabeth. Is it so fine? Troth, some have said so.

Feria.—would be deemed a miracle.
Elizabeth. Your Philip hath gold hair and golden beard,

There must be ladies many with hair
like mine.

Feria. Some few of Gothic blood
have golden hair,

But none like yours.

Elizabeth. I am happy you approve
it.

Feria. But as to Philip and your
Grace—consider,—

If such a one as you should match with
Spain,

What hinders but that Spain and Eng-
land join'd,

Should make the mightiest empire
earth has known.

Spain would be England on her seas,
and England

Mistress of the Indies.

Elizabeth. It may chance, that Eng-
land

Will be the mistress of the Indies yet,
Without the help of Spain.

Feria. Impossible ;
Except you put Spain down.

Wide of the mark ev'n for a madman's
dream.

Elizabeth. Perhaps ; but we have
seamen. Count de Feria,

I take it that the King hath spoken to
you ;

But is Don Carlos such a goodly
match ?

Feria. Don Carlos, Madam, is but
twelve years old.

Elizabeth. Ay, tell the king that I
will muse upon it ;

He is my good friend, and I would
keep him so ;

But—he would have me Catholic of
Rome, [now

And that I scarce can be ; and, sir, till
My sister's marriage, and my father's
marriages,

Make me full fain to live and die a
maid.

But I am much beholden to your
King.

Have you aught else to tell me ?

Feria. Nothing, Madam,

Save that methought I gather'd from
the Queen

That she would see your Grace before
she—died.

Elizabeth. God's death ! and where-
fore spake you not before ?

We dally with our lazy moments here,
And hers are number'd. Horses there !
without !

I am much beholden to the King, your
master.

Why did you keep me prating ?
Horses, there !

[*Exit, ELIZABETH, etc.*

Feria. So from a clear sky falls the
thunderbolt !

Don Carlos ? Madam, if you marry
Philip,

Then I and he will snaffle your "God's
death,"

And break your paces in, and make
you tame ;

God's death, forsooth — you do not
know King Philip. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—LONDON. BEFORE THE PALACE.

*A light burning within. Voices of the
night passing.*

First. Is not yon light in the Queen's
chamber ?

Second. Ay,

They say she's dying.

First. So is Cardinal Pole

May the great angels join their wings
and make

Down for their heads to heaven !

Second. Amen. Come on. [*Exeunt.*

TWO OTHERS.

First. There's the Queen's light. I
hear she cannot live.

Second. God curse her and her Leg-
ate ! Gardiner burns

Already ; but to pay them full in kind,
The hottest hold in all the devil's den

Were but a sort of winter ; sir, in
Guernsey,

I watch'd a woman burn ; and in her
agony

The mother came upon her—a child
 was born—
 And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the
 fire,
 That, being but baptized in fire, the
 babe
 Might be in fire forever. Ah, good
 neighbor,
 There should be something fierier than
 fire
 To yield them their deserts.

First. Amen to all
 You wish, and further.

A Third Voice. Deserts! Amen to
 what? Whose deserts? Yours? You
 have a gold ring on your finger, and
 soft raiment about your body; and is
 not the woman up yonder sleeping af-
 ter all she has done, in peace and
 quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed
 room, with light, fire, physic, tendance;
 and I have seen the true men of
 Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and
 under no ceiling but the cloud that
 wept on them, not for them.

First. Friend, tho' so late, it is not
 safe to preach.

You had best go home. What are
 you?

Third. What am I? One who cries
 continually with sweat and tears to the
 Lord God that it would please Him
 out of His infinite love to break down
 all kingship and queenship, all priest-
 hood and prelacy; to cancel and abol-
 ish all bonds of human allegiance, all
 the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the
 wealthy; and to send us again, accord-
 ing to his promise, the one King, the
 Christ, and all things in common, as
 in the day of the first church, when
 Christ Jesus was King.

First. If ever I heard a madman,—
 let's away!

Why, you long-winded—Sir, you go
 beyond me.

I pride myself on being moderate.

Good-night! Go home! Besides, you
 curse so loud.

The watch will hear you. Get you
 home at once.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—LONDON. A ROOM
 IN THE PALACE.

*A Gallery on one side. The moonlight
 streaming through a range of windows
 on the wall opposite. MARY, LADY
 CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DA-
 CRES, ALICE. QUEEN pacing the
 Gallery. A writing-table in front.
 QUEEN comes to the table and writes
 and goes again, pacing the Gallery.*

Lady Clarence. Mine eyes are dim:
 what hath she written? read.

Alice. "I am dying, Philip; come to
 me."

Lady Magdalen. There — up and
 down, poor lady, up and down.

Alice. And how her shadow crosses
 one by one

The moonlight casements pattern'd on
 the wall,

Following her like her sorrow. She
 turns again. [*again.*]

[*QUEEN sits and writes, and goes
 Lady Clarence.* What hath she writ-
 ten now?

Alice. Nothing: but "come, come,
 come," and all awry,

And blotted by her tears. This can-
 not last. [*QUEEN returns.*]

Mary. I whistle to the bird has bro-
 ken cage,

And all in vain. [*Sitting down.*
Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and

Philip gone!

Lady Clarence. Dear Madam, Philip
 is but at the wars;

I cannot doubt but that he comes
 again;

And he is with you in a measure still.

I never look'd upon so fair a likeness
 As your great King in armor there, his
 hand

Upon his helmet.

[*Pointing to the portrait of PHILIP
 on the wall.*]

Mary. Doth he not look noble?
 I had heard of him in battle over seas,
 And I would have my warrior all in
 arms.

He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted

Before the Queen. He had his gracious moment

Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles

As if he loved me yet!

Lady Clarence. And so he does.

Mary. He never loved me—nay, he could not love me.

It was his father's policy against France.

I am eleven years older than he,

Poor boy. [Weeps.

Alice. That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven; [Aside.

Poor enough in God's grace!

Mary. —And all in vain!

The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,

And Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone;

And all his wars and wisdoms past away;

And in a moment I shall follow him.

Lady Clarence. Nay, dearest Lady, see your good physician.

Mary. Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me—says

That rest is all—tells me I must not think—

That I must rest—I shall rest by and by.

Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs

And maims himself against the bars, say "rest:"—

Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest—

Dead or alive you cannot make him happy.

Lady Clarence. Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,

And done such mighty things by Holy Church,

I trust that God will make you happy yet.

Mary. What is the strange thing happiness? Sit down here:

Tell me thine happiest hour.

Lady Clarence. I will, if that

May make your Grace forget yourself a little.

There runs a shallow brook across our field

For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,

And doth so bound and babble all the way

As if itself were happy. It was May-time,

And I was walking with the man I loved.

I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.

And both were silent, letting the wild brook

Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one [nots,

From out a bed of thick forget-me-look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me,

I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,

And put it in my bosom, and all at once

I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

Mary. O God! I have been too slack;

There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—

Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt

The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.

Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath,—

We have so play'd the coward; but by God's grace,

We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up

The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,

And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!

Burn!—

Fie, what a savor! tell the cooks to close

The doors of all the offices below.

Latimer!

Sir, we are private with our women here—

Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow—

Thou light a torch that never will go out !

'Tis out—mine flames. Women, the Holy Father

Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole—

Was that well done? and poor Pole pines of it,

As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,

I have no power.—Ah, weak and meek old man,

Sevenfold dishonor'd even in the sight Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon !—

Why that was false: there is the right hand still

Beckons me hence.

Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,

Remember that! 'twas I and Bonner did it,

And Pole; and we are three to one—Have you found mercy there,

Grant it me here: and see, he smiles and goes,

Gentle as in life.

Alice. Madam, who goes? King Philip?

Mary. No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.

Women, when I am dead,

Open my heart, and there you will find written

Two names, Philip and Calais; open his,—

So that he have one,—

You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—

Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me !

Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice !

Adulterous to the very heart of Hell.

Hast thou a knife?

Alice. Ay, Madam, but o' God's mercy—

Mary. Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own soul

By slaughter of the body? I could not, girl,

Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,

Unwoundable. Thy knife !

Alice. Take heed, take heed ! The blade is keen as death.

Mary. This Philip shall not Stare in upon me in my haggardness ;

Old, miserable, diseased,

Incapable of children. Come thou down.

[*Cuts out the picture and throws it down.*]

Lie there. (*Wails.*) O God, I have killed my Philip.

Alice. No, Madam, you have but cut the canvas out,

We can replace it.

Mary. All is well then ; rest— I will to rest ; he said I must have rest.

[*Cries of "ELIZABETH" in the street.*]

A cry ! What's that? Elizabeth? revolt?

A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?

I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave.

Lady Clarence. Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.

Mary. I will not see her. Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister?

I will see none except the priest. Your arm.

[*To LADY CLARENCE.* O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile

Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

The PRIEST passes. Enter ELIZABETH and SIR WILLIAM CECIL.

Elizabeth. Good counsel yours— No one in waiting? still,

As if the chamberlain were Death himself !

The room she sleeps in—is not this the way?

No, that way there are voices. Am I too late?

Cecil . . . God guide me lest I lose the way. [*Exit ELIZABETH.*]

Cecil. Many points weather'd, many perilous ones,

At last a harbor opens; but therein Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—much it is

To be nor mad, nor bigot—have a mind—

Not let Priests' talk, or dream of worlds to be,

Miscolor things about her—sudden touches

For him, or him—sunk rocks; no passionate faith—

But—if let be—balance and compromise;

Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor

School'd by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too,

Glancing across the Tudor—not so well.

Enter ALICE.

How is the good Queen now?

Alice. Away from Philip. Back in her childhood—prattling to her mother

Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles,

And childlike-jealous of him again—and once

She thank'd her father sweetly for his book

Against that godless German. Ah, those days

Were happy. It was never merry world

In England, since the Bible came among us.

Cecil. And who says that?

Alice. It is a saying among the Catholics.

Cecil. It never will be merry world in England

Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

Alice. The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth. The Queen is dead.

Cecil. Then here she stands! my homage.

Elizabeth. She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,

Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith;

Then clasp't the cross, and pass'd away in peace.

I left her lying still and beautiful, More beautiful than in life. Why

would you vex yourself, Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart

To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,

Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.

Her life was winter, for her Spring was nipt:

And she loved much: pray God she be forgiven.

Cecil. Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!

Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—

That never English monarch dying left England so little.

Elizabeth. But with Cecil's aid

And others, if our person be secured From traitor stabs—we will make England great.

Enter PAGET and other LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, etc.

Lords. God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England!

Bagenhall. God save the Crown: the Papacy is no more.

Paget (aside). Are we so sure of that?

Acclamation. God save the Queen!

HAROLD.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,

VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,—After old-world records,—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his "Harold" to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my "Harold" to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876.

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of Spring—
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying "with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest:" and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battle-axe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm:
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago;
Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

STIGAND (*created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict*).

ALDRED (*Archbishop of York*).

THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.

HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England* }

TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria* }

GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia* }

LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex* }

WULFNOTH

COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM MALET* (*a Norman Noble*).

EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia* }

MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria after Tostig* }

GAMEL (*a Northumbrian Thane*).

GUY (*Count of Ponthieu*).

ROLF (*a Ponthieu Fisherman*).

HUGH MARGOT (*a Norman Monk*).

OSGOD and ATHELRIC (*Canons from Waltham*).

THE QUEEN (*Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin*).

ALDWYTH (*Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffyth, King of Wales*).

EDITH (*Ward of King Edward*).

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, etc.

* Computar Heraldii, quidam partim Normannus et Anglus. *Guy of Amiens.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. THE
KING'S PALACE.*(A comet seen through the open window.)*ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERS
*(talking together).**First Courtier.* Lo! there once more
—this is the seventh night!Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd
scourge
Of England!*Second Courtier.* Horrible!*First Courtier.* Look you, there's a
star

That dances in it as mad with agony!

Third Courtier. Ay, like a spirit in
hell who skips and fliesTo right and left, and cannot scape the
flame.*Second Courtier.* Steam'd upward
from the undescendible

Abysm

First Courtier. Or floated downward
from the throne

Of God Almighty.

Aldwyth. Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?*Gamel.* War, my dear lady!*Aldwyth.* Doth this affright thee?*Gamel.* Mightily, my dear lady!*Aldwyth.* Stand by me then, and
look upon my face,

Not on the comet.

Enter MORCAR.

Brother! why so pale?

Morcar. It glares in heaven, it flares
upon the Thames,The people are as thick as bees below,
They hum like bees,—they cannot
:peak—for awe;Look to the skies, then to the river,
strikeTheir hearts, and hold their babies up
to it.I think that they would Molochize them
too,

To have the heavens clear.

Aldwyth. They fright not me.*Enter* LEOFWIN, *after him* GURTH.Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks
of this!*Morcar.* Lord Leofwin, dost thou be-
lieve that theseThree rods of blood-red fire up yonder
meansThe doom of England and the wrath
of Heaven?*Bishop of London (passing).* Did ye
not cast with bestial violenceOur holy Norman bishops down from
allTheir thrones in England? I alone
remain.

Why should not Heaven be wroth?

Leofwin.

With us, or thee?

Bishop of London. Did ye not out-
law your archbishop Robert,Robert of Jumièges—well-nigh murder
him too?Is there no reason for the wrath of
Heaven?*Leofwin.* Why then the wrath of
Heaven hath three tails,

The devil only one.

[*Exit* BISHOP OF LONDON.]*Enter* ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.

Ask our Archbishop.

Stigand should know the purposes of
Heaven.*Stigand.* Not I. I cannot read the
face of heaven.Perhaps our vines will grow the better
for it.*Leofwin (laughing).* He can but read
the king's face on his coins.*Stigand.* Ay, ay, young lord, *there* the
king's face is power.*Gurth.* O father, mock not at a pub-
lic fear,But tell us, is this pendent hell in
heaven

A harm to England?

Stigand. Ask it of King Edward!
And may he tell thee, *I* am a harm to

England.

Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Anti-

pope!

Not he the man—for in our windy world

What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.

Our friends, the Normans, help to shake his chair.

I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely. . . . What it means?

Ask our broad Earl.

[*Pointing to HAROLD, who enters.*

Harold (seeing GAMEL). Hail, Gamel, son of Orm!

Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel,

Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy life at home

Is easier than mine here. Look! am I not

Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

Gamel. Art thou sick, good Earl?

Harold. Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage,

Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound

Beyond the seas—a change! When camest thou hither?

Gamel. To-day, good Earl.

Harold. Is the North quiet, Gamel?

Gamel. Nay, there be murmurs, for thy brother breaks us

With over-taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—Nothing as yet.

Harold. Stand by him, mine old friend,

Thou art a great voice in Northumberland!

Advise him: speak him sweetly, he will hear thee.

He is passionate but honest. Stand thou by him!

More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign

Not blast us in our dreams.—Well, father Stigand—

[*To STIGAND, who advances to him.*

Stigand (pointing to the comet). War there, my son? is that the doom of England?

Harold. Why not the doom of all the world as well?

For all the world sees it as well as England.

These meteors came and went before our day,

Not harming any: it threatens us no more

Than French or Norman. War? the worst that follows

Things that seem jerk'd out of the common rut

Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit

Makes it on earth: but look, where Edward draws

A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.

He hath learnt to love our Tostig much of late.

Leofwin. And he hath learnt, despite the tiger in him,

To sleek and supple himself to the king's hand.

Gurth. I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil

May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

Leofwin. He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.

Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.

Harold. Nay! Better die than lie!

Enter KING, QUEEN and TOSTIG.

Edward. In heaven signs! Signs upon earth! signs everywhere! your Priests

Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd! They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches

Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland

God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells

In stelier shrines. I say not this, as being

Half Norman-blooded, nor, as some have held,

Because I love the Norman better—no, But dreading God's revenge upon this realm

For narrowness and coldness: and I
say it

For the last time perchance, before I
go

To find the sweet refreshment of the
Saints.

I have lived a life of utter purity:
I have builded the great church of Holy
Peter:

I have wrought miracles—to God the
glory—

And miracles will in my name be
wrought

Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and
go—

I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—
And it is well with me, tho' some of
you

Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am
gone

Woe, woe to England! I have had a
vision;

The seven sleepers' in the cave at
Ephesus

Have turn'd from right to left.

Harold. My most dear Master,
What matters? let them turn from left
to right

And sleep again.

Tostig. Too hardy with thy king!
A life of prayer and fasting well may
see

Deeper into the mysteries of heaven
Than thou, good brother.

Aldwyth (aside). Sees he into thine,
That thou wouldst have his promise for
the crown?

Edward. Tostig says true; my son,
thou art too hard,

Not stagger'd by this ominous earth
and heaven.

But heaven and earth are threads of
the same loom,

Play into one another, and weave the
web

That may confound thee yet.

Harold. Nay, I trust not,
For I have served thee long and hon-
estly.

Edward. I know it, son; I am not
thankless: thou

Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for
me

The weight of this poor crown, and left
me time

And peace for prayer to gain a better
one.

Twelve years of service! England
loves thee for it.

Thou art the man to rule her!

Aldwyth (aside). So, not Tostig!
Harold. And after those twelve
years a boon, my king,

Respite, a holiday; thyself wast wont
To love the chase: thy leave to set my
feet

On board, and hunt and hawk beyond
the seas!

Edward. What, with this flaming
horror overhead?

Harold. Well, when it passes then.
Edward. Ay, if it pass.

Go not to Normandy—go not to Nor-
mandy.

Harold. And wherefore not, my king,
to Normandy?

Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage
there

For my dead father's loyalty to thee?
I pray thee, let me hence and bring
him home.

Edward. Not thee, my son: some
other messenger.

Harold. And why not me, my lord,
to Normandy?

Is not the Norman Count thy friend
and mine?

Edward. I pray thee, do not go to
Normandy.

Harold. Because my father drove
the Normans out

Of England?—That was many a sum-
mer gone—

Forgotten and forgiven by them and
thee.

Edward. Harold, I will not yield
thee leave to go.

Harold. Why, then, to Flanders. I
will hawk and hunt

In Flanders.

Edward. Be there not fair woods and
fields

In England? Wilful, wilful. Go—the Saints

Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out
And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again.

Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[*Exit, leaning on TOSTIG, and followed by STIGAND, MORCAR, and COURTIER.*]

Harold. What lies upon the mind of our good king

That he should harp this way on Normandy?

Queen. Brother, the king is wiser than he seems;

And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves the king.

Harold. And love should know; and—be the king so wise,—

Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.

I love the man but not his fantasies.

Re-enter TOSTIG.

Well, brother,

When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

Tostig. When did I hear aught but this "*When*" from thee?

Leave me alone, brother, with my Northumbria:

She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her! The king hath made me Earl; make me not fool!

Nor make the King a fool, who made me Earl!

Harold. No, Tostig—lest I make myself a fool

Who made the King who made thee, make the Earl.

Tostig. Why chafe me, then? Thou knowest I soon go wild.

Gurth. Come, come! as yet thou art not gone so wild

But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

Harold. So says old Gurth, not I; yet hear! thine earldom,

Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old crown

Is yet a force among them. a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house

To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly glare

May heat their fancies.

Tostig. My most worthy brother, That art the quietest man in all the world— [war—

Ay, ay, and wise in peace and great in Pray God the people choose thee for their king!

But all the powers of the house of Godwin

Are not enframed in thee.

Harold. Thank the Saints, no! But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,

And thou art ever here about the King:

Thine absence well may seem a want of care.

Cling to their love; for, now the sons of Godwin

Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,

Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,

Waits till the man let go.

Tostig. Good counsel, truly! I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.

Harold. How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well?

Tostig. And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well?

Harold. I would it went as well as with mine earldom, Leofwin's and Gurth's.

Tostig. Ye govern milder men. *Gurth.* We have made them milder by just government.

Tostig. Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

Leofwin. An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver

And taker be but honest! but they bribe

Each other, and so often, an honest world

Will not believe them.

Harold. I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland to-
day.

Tostig. From spies of thine to spy
my nakedness
In my poor North!

Harold. There is a movement there,
A blind one—nothing yet.

Tostig. Crush it at once
With all the power I have!—I must—
I will!—

Crush it half-born! Fool still? or
wisdom there,
My wise head-shaking Harold?

Harold. Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom
when in power,

And wisest, should not frown as Power,
but smile [must

As kindness, watching all, till the true
Shall make her strike as Power: but
when to strike—

O Tostig, O dear brother—If they
prance,

Reign in, not lash them, lest they rear
and run

And break both neck and axle.

Tostig. Good again!
Good counsel tho' scarce needed.

Pour not water
In the full vessel running out at top
To swamp the house.

Leofwin. Nor thou be a wild thing
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the
hand

Would help thee from the trap.

Tostig. Thou playest in tune.

Leofwin. To the deaf adder thee,
that will not dance

However wisely charm'd.

Tostig. No more, no more!
Gurth. I likewise cry "no more."

Unwholesome talk
For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou
hast a tongue!

Tostig, thou lookst as thou wouldst
spring upon him.

St. Olaf, not while I am by! Come,
come,

Join hands, let brethren dwell in
unity;

Let kith and kin stand close as our
shield-wall,

Who breaks us then? I say, thou hast
a tongue,

And Tostig is not stout enough to
bear it.

Vex him not, Leofwin.

Tostig. No, I am not vext,—
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.
I have to make report of my good earl-
dom

To the good king who gave it—not to
you—

Not any of you.—I am not vext at all.

Harold. The king? the king is ever
at his prayers;

In all that handles matter of the state
I am the king.

Tostig. That shalt thou never be
If I can thwart thee.

Harold. Brother, brother!

Tostig. Away!

[Exit TOSTIG.]

Queen. Spite of this grisly star ye
three must gall

Poor Tostig.

Leofwin. Tostig, sister, galls him-
self. [nose

He cannot smell a rose but pricks his
Against the thorn, and rails against
the rose.

Queen. I am the only rose of all the
stock

That never thorn'd him; Edward loves
him, so

Ye hate him. Harold always hated
him.

Why—how they fought when boys—
and, Holy Mary!

How Harold used to beat him!

Harold. Why, boys will fight.
Leofwin would often fight me, and I
beat him.

Even old Gurth would fight. I had
much ado

To hold mine own against old Gurth,
Old Gurth,

We fought like great states for grave
cause; but Tostig—

On a sudden—at a something—for a
nothing—

The boy would fist me hard, and when
we fought
I conquer'd, and he loved me none the
less,
Till thou wouldst get him all apart,
and tell him
That where he was but worsted, he
was wrong'd.
Ah! thou hast taught the king to spoil
him too;
Now the spoilt child sways both.
Take heed, take heed;
Thou art the Queen; ye are boy and
girl no more;
Side not with Tostig in any violence,
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the
violence.

Queen. Come fall not foul on me.
I leave thee, brother.

Harold. Nay, my good sister—
[*Exeunt* QUEEN, HAROLD,
GURTH, and LEOFWIN.]

Aldwyth. Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means?

[*Pointing to the comet.*]

Gamel. War, my dear lady,
War, waste, plague, famine, all maligni-
tities.

Aldwyth. It means the fall of Tostig
from his earldom.

Gamel. That were too small a matter
for a comet!

Aldwyth. It means the lifting of the
house of Alfgar.

Gamel. Too small! a comet would
not show for that!

Aldwyth. Not small for thee, if thou
canst compass it.

Gamel. Thy love?

Aldwyth. As much as I can give
thee, man;

This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant;
Stir up thy people: oust him!

Gamel. And thy love?

Aldwyth. As much as thou canst
bear.

Gamel. I can bear all,

And not be giddy.

Aldwyth. No more now: to-morrow.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN.
THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR
LONDON. SUNSET.

Edith. Mad for thy mate, passionate
nightingale. . . .

I love thee for it—ay, but stay a mo-
ment:

He can but stay a moment: he is go-
ing.

I fain would hear him coming! . . .
near me . . . near,

Somewhere—to draw him nearer with
a charm

Like thine to thine.

(*Singing.*)

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song:
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay? They call him away:
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. The nightingales at Haver-
ing-in-the-bower

Sang out their loves so loud, that Ed-
ward's prayers

Were deafen'd, and he pray'd them
dumb, and thus

I dumb thee, too, my wingless nightin-
gale!

[*Kissing her.*]

Edith. Thou art my music! Would
their wings were mine

To follow thee to Flanders! Must
thou go?

Harold. Not must, but will. It is
but for one moon.

Edith. Leaving so many foes in Ed-
ward's hall

To league against thy weal. The Lady
Aldwyth

Was here to-day, and when she touch'd
on thee,

She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure
she hates thee.

Pants for thy blood.

Harold. Well, I have given her
cause—

I fear no woman.

Edith. Hate not one who felt

Some pity for thy hater! I am sure
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so
praised

The convent and lone life—within the
pale—

Beyond the passion. Nay—she held
with Edward,

At least methought she held with holy
Edward,

That marriage was half sin.

Harold. A lesson worth
Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his fin-*
gers). And my answer to it—

See here—an interwoven H and E!

Take thou this ring; I will demand
his ward

From Edward when I come again.

Ay, would she?

She to shut up my blossom in the
dark! [arms.

Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine
Edith (*taking the ring*). Yea, but

Earl Tostig—

Harold. That's a truer fear!

For if the North take fire, I should be
back;

I shall be, soon enough.

Edith. Ay, but last night
An evil dream that ever came and
went—

Harold A gnat that vext thy pillow!

Had I been by

I would have spoil'd his horn. My
girl, what was it?

Edith. Oh! that thou wert not go-
ing!

For so methought it was our marriage-
morn,

And while we stood together, a dead
man

Rose from behind the altar, tore away
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal
veil;

And then I turn'd, and saw the church
all fill'd

With dead men upright from their
graves, and all

The dead men made at thee to murder
thee,

But thou didst back thyself against a
pillar,

And strike among them with thy bat-
tle-axe—

There, what a dream!

Harold. Well, well—a dream—no
more!

Edith. Did not Heaven speak to
men in dreams of old?

Harold. Ay—well—of old. I tell
thee what, my child;

Thou hast misread this merry dream
of thine,

Taken the rifted pillars of the wood
For smooth stone columns of the
sanctuary,

The shadows of a hundred fat dead
deer

For dead men's ghosts. True, that
the battle-axe

Was out of place; it should have been
the bow.—

Come, thou shalt dream no more such
dreams; I swear it,

By mine own eyes—and these two sap-
phires—these [all

Twin rubies, that are amulets against
The kisses of all kind of womankind

In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me
back

To tumble at thy feet.

Edith. That would but shame me,
Rather than make me vain. The sea
may roll

Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the liv-
ing rock

Which guards the land.

Harold. Except it be a soft one,
And undereaten to the fall. Mine am-
ulet. . . .

This last . . . upon thine eyelids, to
shut in

A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and
thou shalt see

My greyhounds fleeting like a beam of
light,

And hear my peregrine and her bells
in heaven;

And other bells on earth, which yet
are heaven's;

Guess what they be.

Edith. He cannot guess who knows
Farewell, my king.

Harold. Not yet, but then — my Queen. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ALDWYTH from the thicket.

Aldwyth. The kiss that charms thine eyelids into sleep,
Will hold mine waking. Hate him?
I could love him
More, tenfold, than this fearful child can do;
Griffyth I hated: why not hate the foe
Of England? Griffyth when I saw him flee,
Chased deer-like up his mountains, all the blood
That should have only pulsed for Griffyth, beat
For his pursuer. I love him or think I love him.
If he were King of England, I his queen,
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love him.—
She must be cloister'd somehow, lest the king
Should yield his ward to Harold's will.
What harm?
She hath but blood enough to live, not love.—
When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I play
The craftier Tostig with him? fawn upon him?
Chime in with all? "O thou more saint than king!"
And that were true enough. "O blessed relics!"
"O Holy Peter!" If he found me thus,
Harold might hate me; he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness . . . not like Aldwyth . . .
For which I strangely love him. Should not England
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that part
The sons of Godwin from the sons of Alfgar

By such a marrying? Courage, noble Aldwyth!

Let all thy people bless thee!

Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him Earl: he would be king:—

The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the bone.—

I trust he may do well, this Ganeel, whom

I play upon, that he may play the note
Whereat the dog shall howl and run,
and Harold

Hear the king's music, all alone with him,

Pronounced his heir of England.

I see the goal and half the way to it.—

Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness—so—to shake the North

With earthquake and disruption—some division—

Then fling mine own fair person in the gap

A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,

A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of
The houses on mine head—then a fair life

And bless the Queen of England.

Morcar (coming from the thicket).

Art thou assured

By this, that Harold loves but Edith?

Aldwyth. Morcar!

Why creepst thou like a timorous
beast of prey

Out of the bush by night?

Morcar. I follow'd thee.

Aldwyth. Follow my lead, and I will make thee earl.

Morcar. What lead then?

Aldwyth. Thou shalt flash it secretly
Among the good Northumbrian folk,
that I—

That Harold loves me—yea, and presently

That I and Harold are betroth'd—and last—

Perchance that Harold wrongs me; tho' I would not

That it should come to that.

Morcar. I will both flash
And thunder for thee.

Aldwyth. I said "secretly;"
It is the flash that murders, the poor
thunder

Never harm'd head.

Morcar. But thunder may bring
down

That which the flash hath stricken.

Aldwyth. Down with Tostig!
That first of all.—And when doth Har-
old go?

Morcar. To-morrow—first to Bos-
ham, then to Flanders.

Aldwyth. Not to come back till Tos-
tig shall have shown
And redden'd with his people's blood
the teeth

That shall be broken by us—yea, and
thou

Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and
dream thyself

Their chosen Earl. [*Exit ALDWYTH.*]

Morcar. Earl first, and after that
Who knows I may not dream myself
their King!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SEA—SHORE. PON- THIEU. NIGHT.

HAROLD and his men, wrecked.

Harold. Friends, in that last inhos-
pitable plunge
Our boat hath burst her ribs; but ours
are whole;

I have but bark'd my hands.

Attendant. I dug mine into
My old fast friend the shore, and cling-
ing thus

Felt the remorseless outdraught of the
deep

Haul like a great strong fellow at my
legs,

And then I rose and ran. The blast
that came

So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—

Put thou the comet and this blast to
gether—

Harold. Put thou thyself and mother
wit together.
Be not a fool!

*Enter FISHERMEN with torches, HAR-
OLD going up to one of them, ROLF.*

Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp!
Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy lying
lights

Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks
of thine!

Rolf. Ay, but thou liest as loud as
the black herring-pond behind thee.
We be fishermen: I came to see after
my nets.

Harold. To drag us into them.
Fishermen? devils!

Who, while ye fish for men with your
false fires,
Let the great Devil fish for your own
souls.

Rolf. Nay then, we be liker the
blessed Apostles; they were fishers of
men, Father Jean says.

Harold. I had liefer that the fish had
swallowed me,
Like Jonah, than have known there
were such devils.

What's to be done?

[*To his men—goes apart with them.*]
Fisherman. Rolf, what fish did swal-
low Jonah?

Rolf. A whale!

Fisherman. Then a whale to a whelk
we have swallowed the King of Eng-
land. I saw him over there. Look
thee, Rolf, when I was down in the
fever, she was down with the hunger,
and thou didst stand by her and give
her thy crabs, and set her up again,
till now, by the patient Saints, she's as
crabb'd as ever.

Rolf. And I'll give her my crabs
again, when thou art down again.

Fisherman. I thank thee, Rolf. Run
thou to Count Guy; he is hard at
hand. Tell him what hath crept into
our creel, and he will fee thee as freely
as he will wrench this outlander's ran-

some out of him—and why not? for what right had he to get himself wreck'd on another man's land?

Rolf. Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers! Share and share alike!

[*Exit.*

Harold (to FISHERMAN). Fellow, dost thou catch crabs?

Fisherman. As few as I may in a wind, and less than I would in a calm. Ay!

Harold. I have a mind that thou shalt catch no more.

Fisherman. How?

Harold. I have a mind to brain thee with mine axe.

Fisherman. Ay, do, do, and our great Count-crab will make his nippers meet in thine heart; he'll sweat it out of thee, he'll sweat it out of thee. Look, he's here! He'll speak for himself! Hold thine own, if thou canst!

Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTHEIU.

Harold. Guy, Count of Ponthieu!

Guy. Harold, Earl of Wessex!

Harold. Thy villains with their lying lights have wreck'd us!

Guy. Art thou not Earl of Wessex?

Harold. In mine earldom
A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush,
[back
And leave them for a year, and coming
Find them again.

Guy. Thou art a mighty man
In thine own earldom!

Harold. Were such murderous liars
In Wessex—if I caught them, they
should hang

Cliff-gibbeted for sea-marks; our sea-
mew
Winging their only wail!

Guy. Ay, but my men
Hold that the shipwreckt are accursed
of God;—
What hinders me to hold with mine
own men?

Harold. The Christian manhood of
the man who reigns!

Guy. Ay, rave thy worst, but in our
oubliettes

Thou shalt or rot or ransom. Hale
him hence!

[*To one of his Attendants.*

Fly thou to William; tell him we have
Harold.

SCENE II.—BAYEUX PALACE.

COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM MA-
LET.

William. We hold our Saxon wood-
cock in the springe,

But he begins to flutter. As I think
He was thine host in England when I
went

To visit Edward.

Malet. Yea, and there, my lord,
To make allowance for their rougher
fashions,

I found him all a noble host should
be.

William. Thou art his friend: thou
knowest my claim on England
Thro' Edward's promise; we have
him in the toils.

And it were well, if thou shouldst let
him feel,

How dense a fold of danger nets him
round,

So that he bristle himself against my
will.

Malet. What would I do, my lord, if
I were you?

William. What wouldst thou do?

Malet. My lord, he is thy guest.

William. Nay, by the splendor of
God, no guest of mine.

He came not to see me, had passed me
by

To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for
the fate

Which hunted *him* when that un-
Saxon blast,

And bolts of thunder moulded in high
heaven

To serve the Norman purpose, drave
and crack'd

His boat on Ponthieu beach; where
our friend Guy

Had wrung his ransom from him by
the rack,
But that I stept between and purchased him,
Translating his captivity from Guy
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where
he sits
My ransom'd prisoner.

Malet. Well, if not with gold,
With golden deeds and iron strokes
that brought
Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier
close

Than else had been, he paid his ransom
back.

William. So that henceforth they
are not like to league
With Harold against me.

Malet. A marvel, how
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armor'd
Normans up

To fight for thee again!

William. Perchance against
Their savor, save thou save him from
himself.

Malet. But I should let him home
again, my lord.

William. Simple! let fly the bird
within the hand,
To catch the bird again within the
bush!

No.
Smooth thou my way, before he clash
with me;

I want his voice in England for the
crown,

I want thy voice with him to bring
him round;

And being brave he must be subtly
cow'd,

And being truthful wrought upon to
swear

Vows that he dare not break. Eng-
land our own

Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my
dear friend

As well as thine, and thou thyself
shalt have

Large lordship there of lands and ter-
ritory.

Malet I knew thy purpose; he and
Wulfnoth never

Have met, except in public; shall
they meet

In private? I have often talk'd with
Wulfnoth,

And stuff'd the boy with fears that
these may act

On Harold when they meet.

William. Then let them meet!

Malet. I can but love this noble,
honest Harold.

William. Love him! why not? thine
is a loving office.

I have commission'd thee to save the
man;

Help the good ship, showing the
sunken rock,

Or he is wreckt forever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.

William Rufus. Father.

William. Well, boy.

William Rufus. They have taken
away the toy thou gavest me,

The Norman knight.

William. Why, boy?

William Rufus. Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to
break;

I like to have my toys, and break them
too.

William. Well, thou shalt have an-
other Norman knight!

William Rufus. And may I break
his legs?

William. Yea,—get thee gone!

William Rufus. I'll tell them I have
had my way with thee. [*Exit.*]

Malet. I never knew thee check thy
will for aught

Save for the prattling of thy little
ones.

William. Who shall be kings of
England. I am heir

Of England by the promise of her
king.

Malet. But there the great Assembly
choose their king,

The choice of England is the voice of
England.

William. I will be king of England
by the laws,
The choice, and voice of England.

Malet. Can that be?

William. The voice of any people is
the sword
That guards them, or the sword that
beats them down.

Here comes the would-be what I will
be . . . kinglike . . .

Tho' scarce at ease; for, save our
meshes break,
More kinglike he than like to prove a
king.

*Enter HAROLD, musing, with his eyes
on the ground.*

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of
me.

Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair
day?

They are of the best, strong-wing'd
against the wind.

*Harold (looking up suddenly, having
caught but the last word). Which
way does it blow?*

William. Blowing for England, ha?
Not yet. Thou hast not learnt thy
quarters here,
The winds so cross and jostle among
these towers.

Harold. Count of the Normans, thou
hast ransom'd us,
Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally!

William. And thou for us hast
fought as loyally,
Which binds us friendship-fast for-
ever!

Harold. Good!

But lest we turn the scale of courtesy
By too much pressure on it, I would
fain,

Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth
home with us,

Be home again with Wulfnoth.

William. Stay—as yet
Thou hast but seen how Norman hands
can strike,

But walk'd our Norman field, scarce
touch'd or tasted

The splendors of our Court.

Harold. I am in no mood:
I should be as the shadow of a cloud
Crossing your light.

William. Nay, rest a week or two,
And we will fill thee full of Norman
sun,
And send thee back among thine
island mists

With laughter.

Harold. Count, I thank thee, but
had rather
Breathe the free wind from off our
Saxon downs,
Tho' charged with all the wet of all
the west.

William. Why if thou wilt, so let it
be—thou shalt.

That were a graceless hospitality
To chain the free guest to the ban-
quet-board;

To-morrow we will ride with thee to
Harfleur,

And see thee shipt, and pray in thy be-
half

For happier homeward winds than
that which crack'd

Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in
faith,

A happy one—whereby we came to
know

Thy valor and thy value, noble earl.

Ay, and perchance a happy one for
thee,

Provided—I will go with thee to-mor-
row—

Nay—but there be conditions, easy
ones,

So thou, fair friend, will take them
easily.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord, there is a post from
over seas

With news for thee. [*Exit PAGE.*]

William. Come, Malet, let us hear!
[*Exeunt COUNT WILLIAM and*

MALET.]

Harold. Conditions? What condi-
tions? Pay him back

His ransom? "easy"—that were
easy—nay—

No money-lover he! What said the King?

"I pray you do not go to Normandy." And fate hath blown me hither, bound me too

With bitter obligation to the Count— Have I not fought it out? what did he mean?

There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,

Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress me,

And yon huge keep that hinders half the heaven.

Free air! free field!

[*Moves to go out. A MAN-AT-ARMS follows him.*]

Harold (to the MAN-AT-ARMS). I need thee not. Why dost thou follow me?

Man-at-arms. I have the Count's commands to follow thee.

Harold. What then? Am I in danger in this court?

Man-at-arms. I cannot tell. I have the Count's commands.

Harold. Stand out of earshot then, and keep me still

In eyeshot.

Man-at-arms. Yea, lord Harold.

[*Withdraws.*]

Harold. And arm'd men

Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,

And if I walk within the lonely wood, There is an arm'd man ever glides behind:

Enter MALET.

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd?

See yonder!

[*Pointing to the MAN-AT-ARMS.*]

Malet. 'Tis the good Count's care for thee!

The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,

Or—so they deem.

Harold. But wherefore is the wind, Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,

Not ever fair for England? Why, but now

He said (thou heardst him) that I must not hence

Save on conditions.

Malet. So in truth he said.

Harold. Malet, thy mother was an Englishwoman;

There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee!

Malet. Well—for my mother's sake

I love your England,

But for my father I love Normandy.

Harold. Speak for thy mother's sake, and tell me true.

Malet. Then for my mother's sake, and England's sake

That suffers in the daily want of thee, Obey the Count's conditions, my good friend.

Harold. How, Malet, if they be not honorable!

Malet. Seem to obey them.

Harold. Better die than lie!

Malet. Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience

White as a maiden's hand, or whether England

Be shatter'd into fragments.

Harold. News from England?

Malet. Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the Thanes

Against thy brother Tostig's govern-
ance; [storm.

And all the North of Humber is one

Harold. I should be there, Malet, I should be there!

Malet. And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion

Hath massacred the Thane that was his guest,

Gamel, the son of Orm: and there be more

As villainously slain.

Harold. The wolf! the beast!

Ill news for guests, ha, Malet! More? What more?

What do they say? did Edward know of this?

Malet. They say, his wife was knowing and abetting.

Harold. They say, his wife!—To marry and have no husband
Makes the wife fool. My God, I should be there.

I'll hack my way to the sea.

Malet. Thou canst not, Harold;
Our Duke is all between thee and the sea,

Our Duke is all about thee like a God;
All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair,

For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but stark as death

To those that cross him.—Look thou, here is Wulfnoth!

I leave thee to thy talk with him alone;
How wan, poor lad! how sick and sad for home! [*Exit MALET.*]

Harold (muttering). Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy!

Enter WULFNOTH.

Poor brother! still a hostage!

Wulfnoth. Yea, and I shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more

Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,

Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover

Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky

With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed

Thou canst make yield this iron-mooded Duke

To let me go.

Harold. Why, brother, so he will; but on conditions. Canst thou guess at them?

Wulfnoth. Draw nearer,—I was in the corridor,

I saw him coming with his brother Odo
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

Harold. They did thee wrong who made thee hostage; thou wast ever fearful.

Wulfnoth. And he spoke—I heard him—

“This Harold is not of the royal blood,

Can have no right to the crown,” and Odo said,

“Thine is the right, for thine the might; he is here,

And yonder is thy keep.”

Harold. No, Wulfnoth, no.

Wulfnoth. And William laugh'd and swore that might was right,

Far as he knew in this poor world of ours—

“Marry, the Saints must go along with us,

And, brother, we will find a way,” said he—

Yea, yea, he would be king of England.

Harold. Never!

Wulfnoth. Yea, but thou must not this way answer him.

Harold. Is it not better still to speak the truth?

Wulfnoth. Not here, or thou wilt never hence, nor I:

For in the racing towards this golden goal

He turns not right or left, but tramples flat

Whatever thwarts him: hast thou never heard

His savagery at Alençon—the town Hung out raw hides along their walls,

and cried,

“Work for the tanner.”

Harold. That had anger'd me, Had I been William.

Wulfnoth. Nay, but he had prisoners, He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands away,

And flung them streaming o'er the battlements

Upon the heads of those who walk'd within—

O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake.

Harold. Your Welshman says, “The Truth against the World,”

Much more the truth against myself.

Wulfnoth. Thyself? But for my sake, oh brother! oh! for my sake!

Harold. Poor Wulfnoth! do they not entreat thee well?

Wulfnoth. I see the blackness of my
dungeon loom
Across their lamps of revel, and be-
yond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet
clank
The shackles that will bind me to the
wall.

Harold. Too fearful still.

Wulfnoth. Oh no, no—speak him
fair!

Call it to temporize; and not to lie;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.
The man that hath to foil a murderous
aim

May, surely, play with words.

Harold. Words are the man.
Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I
lie.

Wulfnoth. Then for thine Edith?

Harold. There thou prickst me deep.

Wulfnoth. And for our Mother Eng-
land?

Harold. Deeper still.

Wulfnoth. And deeper still the deep-
down oubliette,

Down thirty feet below the smiling
day—

In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon
thy head.

And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars
come and go,

And men are at their markets, in their
fields,

And woo their loves and have forgot-
ten thee;

And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy
side,

And all thine England hath forgotten
thee;

And he our lazy-pious Norman King,
With all his Normans round him once
again,

Counts his old beads, and hath forgot-
ten thee.

Harold. Thou art of my blood, and
so methinks, my boy,

Thy fears infect me beyond reason.
Peace!

Wulfnoth. And then our fiery Tos-
tig, while thy hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians
rise

And hurl him from them,—I have
heard the Normans

Count upon this confusion—may he
not make

A league with William, so to bring him
back?

Harold. That lies within the shadow
of the chance.

Wulfnoth. And like a river in flood
thro' a burst dam

Descends the ruthless Norman—our
good King

Kneels mumbling some old bone—our
helpless folk

Are wash'd away, wailing, in their own
blood—

Harold. Wailing! not warring?

Boy, thou hast forgotten

That thou art English.

Wulfnoth. Then our modest
women—

I know the Norman license—thine own
Edith—

Harold. No more! I will not hear
thee—William comes.

Wulfnoth. I dare not well be seen
in talk with thee.

Make thou not mention that I spake
with thee.

[*Moves away to the back of the stage.*]

Enter WILLIAM, MALET, and OFFICER.

Officer. We have the man that rail'd
against thy birth.

William. Tear out his tongue.

Officer. He shall not rail again;
He said that he should see confusion
fall

On thee and on thine house.

William. Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison.

Officer. It shall be done.

[*Exit OFFICER.*]

William. Look not amazed, fair
earl! Better leave undone.

Than do by halves—tongueless and
eyeless, prison'd—

Harold. Better methinks have slain
the man at once!

William. We have respect for man's
immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life, except in
war;
It frights the traitor more to maim and
blind.

Harold. In mine own land I should
have scorn'd the man,
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him
go.

William. And let him go? To slan-
der thee again! |day
Yet in thine own land in thy father's
They blinded my young kinsman,
Alfred—ay,
Some said it was thy rather's deed.

Harold. They lied.

William. But thou and he—whom at
thy word, for thou
Art known a speaker of the truth, I
free

From this foul charge—
Harold. Nay, nay, he freed himself
By oath and compurgation from the
charge.

The king, the lords, the people clear'd
him of it.

William. But thou and he drove our
good Normans out
From England, and this rankles in us
yet.

Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with
life.

Harold. Archbishop Robert! Rob-
ert the Archbishop!
Robert of Jumièges, he that—

Malet. Quiet! quiet!

Harold. Count! if there sat within
thy Norman chair
A ruler all for England — one who
fill'd

All offices, all bishoprics with Eng-
lish—

We could not move from Dover to
the Humber

Saving thro' Norman bishoprics—I say
Ye would applaud that Norman who
should drive

The stranger to the fiends!

William. Why, that is reason!
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise
withal!

Ay, ay, but many among our Norman
lords

Hate thee for this, and press upon me
—saying

God and the sea have given thee to
our hands—

To plunge thee into life-long prison
here:—

Yet I hold out against them, as I may,
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they
should revolt—

For thou hast done the battle in my
cause;

I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

Harold. I am doubly bound to thee
. . . if this be so.

William. And I would bind thee
more, and would myself
Be bounden to thee more.

Harold. Then let me hence
With Wulnoth to King Edward.

William. So we will.
We hear he hath not long to live.

Harold. It may be.

William. Why then the heir of Eng-
land, who is he?

Harold. The Atheling is nearest to
the throne.

William. But sickly, slight, half-
witted and a child,
Will England have him king?

Harold. It may be, no.

William. And hath King Edward
not pronounced his heir?

Harold. Not that I know.

William. When he was here in Nor-
mandy,
He loved us and we him, because we
found him

A Norman of the Normans.
Harold. So did we.

William. A gentle, gracious, pure
and saintly man!

And grateful to the hand that shielded
him,

He promised that if he ever were king
In England, he would give his king-
ly voice

To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

Harold. I learn it now.

William. Thou knowest I am his cousin [fred?

And that my wife descends from Al-

Harold. Ay.

William. Who hath a better claim then to the crown

So that ye will not crown the Atheling?

Harold. None that I know . . . if that but hung upon

King Edward's will.

William. Wilt thou uphold my claim?

Malet (aside to HAROLD). Be careful of thine answer, my good friend.

Wulfnoth (aside to HAROLD). Oh! Harold, for my sake and for thine own!

Harold. Ay . . . if the king have not revoked his promise.

William. But hath he done it then?

Harold. Not that I know.

William. Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown.

Harold. Ay . . . if the Witan will consent to this.

William. Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,

Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?

Wulfnoth (aside to HAROLD). Oh! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

Harold. Ay, if—

Malet (aside to HAROLD). Thine "ifs" will sear thine eyes out—ay.

William. I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?

And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,

Foremost in England and in Normandy;

Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—

For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;

And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

Wulfnoth (aside to HAROLD). Ay brother—for the sake of England, —ay.

Harold. My lord—

Malet (aside to HAROLD). Take heed now.

Harold. Ay.

William. I am content, For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.

To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur. [Exit WILLIAM.

Malet. Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,

And even as I should bless thee, saving mine,

I thank thee now for having saved thyself. [Exit MALET.

Harold. For having lost myself to save myself,

Said "ay" when I meant "no," lied like a lad

That dreads the pendent scourge, said "ay" for "no!"

Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—

Is "ay" an oath? is "ay" strong as an oath?

Or is it the same sin to break my word As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!

He is a liar who knows I am a liar, And makes believe that he believes my word—

The crime be on his head—not bounden—no.

[Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall COUNT WILLIAM in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two bishops, ODO OF BAYEUX being one: in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the Norman barons.

Enter a JAILER before WILLIAM'S throne.

William (to JAILER). Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner escape?

Jailer. Sir Count,

He had but one foot, he must have
hopt away ;

Yea, some familiar spirit must have
help'd him.

William. Woe knave to thy familiar
and to thee !

Give me thy keys. [*They fall clashing.*
Nay, let them lie. Stand there and
wait my will.

[*The JAILER stands aside.*

William (to HAROLD). Hast thou
such trustless jailers in thy North ?

Harold. We have few prisoners in
mine earldom there,

So less chance for false keepers.

William. We have heard
Of thy just, mild, and equal govern-
ance ;

Honor to thee ! thou art perfect in all
honor !

Thy naked word thy bond ! confirm it
now [age,

Before our gather'd Norman baron-
For they will not believe thee—as I
believe.

[*Descends from his throne and stands
by the ark.*

Let all men here bear witness of our
bond !

[*Beckons to HAROLD, who advances.*

Enter MALET behind him.

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden
pall !

Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius
Woven into the gold. Swear thou on
this !

Harold. What should I swear ?
Why should I swear on this ?

William (savagely). Swear thou to
help me to the crown of England.

Malet (whispering HAROLD). My
friend, thou hast gone too far to
palter now.

Wulfnoth (whispering HAROLD).
Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is
thine own.

Harold. I swear to help thee to the
crown of England . . .

According as King Edward promises.

William. Thou must swear abso-
lutely, noble Earl.

Malet (whispering). Delay is death
to thee, ruin to England.

Wulfnoth (whispering). Swear, dear-
est brother, I beseech thee, swear !

Harold (putting his hand on the jewel).
I swear to help thee to the crown
of England.

William. Thanks, truthful Earl ; I
did not doubt thy word,
But that my barons might believe thy
word,

And that the Holy Saints of Nor-
mandy

When thou art home in England, with
thine own,

Might strengthen thee in keeping of
thy word,

I made thee swear.—Show him by
whom he hath sworn.

[*The two Bishops advance and
raise the cloth of gold. The bod-
ies and bones of Saints are seen
lying in the ark.*

The holy bones of all the Canonized
From all the holiest shrines in Nor-
mandy !

Harold. Horrible !

[*They let the cloth fall again.*

William. Ay, for thou hast sworn
an oath

Which, if not kept, would make the
hard earth rive

To the very devil's horns, the bright
sky cleave

To the very feet of God, and send her
hosts

Of injured Saints to scatter sparks of
plague

Thro' all your cities, blast your infants,
dash

The torch of war among your standing
corn,

Dabble your hearths with your own
blood.—Enough !

Thou wilt not break it ! I, the Count
—the King—

Thy friend—am grateful for thine hon-
est oath,

Not coming fiercely like a conqueror,
now,

But softly as a bridegroom to his own.

For I shall rule according to your laws,

And make your ever-jarring Earldoms move

To music and in order—Angle, Jute, Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne

Out-towering hers of France. . . . The wind is fair

For England now. . . . To-night we will be merry.

To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfeur.

[*Exeunt* WILLIAM and all the Norman barons, etc.]

Harold. To-night we will be merry—and to-morrow—

Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that most—

William the tanner's bastard! Would he heard me!

O God, that I were in some wide, waste field

With nothing but my battle-axe and him

To spatter his brains! Why let earth rive, gulf in

These cursed Normans—yea, and mine own self.

Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that I may say

Ev'n to their faces, "If ye side with William

Ye are not noble." How their pointed fingers

Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold son

Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,

My limbs—they are not mine—they are a liars—

I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—Stigand shall give me absolution for it—

Did the chest move? did it move? I am utter craven!

O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast betray'd me!

Wulfnoth. Forgive me, brother, I will live here and die.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord! the Duke awaits thee at the banquet.

Harold. Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their blood.

Page. My lord—

Harold. I know your Norman cookery is so spiced,

It masks all this.

Page. My lord! thou art white as death.

Harold. With looking on the dead.

Am I so white?

Thy Duke will seem the darker. Hence, I follow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON.

KING EDWARD *dying on a couch, and by him standing* the QUEEN, HAROLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, ALDWYTH, and EDITH.

Stigand. Sleeping or dying there? If this be death,

Then our great Council wait to crown thee King—

Come hither, I have a power:

[*to* HAROLD.]

They call me near, for I am close to thee

And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,

Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,

I have a power!

See here this little key about my neck!

There lies a treasure buried down in Ely:

If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,

Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,

At thy most need—not sooner.

Harold,

So I will

Stigand. Red gold — a hundred purses, yea, and more!
If thou canst make a wholesome use of these
To chink against the Norman, I do believe
My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings
To fly to heaven straight with.

Harold. Thank thee, father!
Thou art English, Edward too is English now:
He hath clean repented of his Normanism.

Stigand. Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot
Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense
Shrills "lost thro' thee." They have built their castles here;
Our prisoners are Norman; the Norman adder
Hath bitten us; we are poison'd: our dear England
Is demi-Norman. He!—

[*Pointing to KING EDWARD sleeping.*

Harold. I would I were
As holy and as passionless as he!
That I might rest as calmly: Look at him—
The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,
The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere—

Stigand. A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts
From a side gorge. Passionless? How he flamed
When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,
He fain had calcined all Northumbria
To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion
Siding with our great Council against Tostig,
Out-passion'd his! Holy? ay, ay, forsooth,
A conscience for his own soul, not his realm;
A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink;

Thine by the sun; nay, by some sun to be,
When all the world hath learnt to speak the truth,
And lying were self-murder by that state
Which was the exception.

Harold. That sun may God speed!
Stigand. Come, Harold, shake the cloud off!

Harold. Can I, father?
Our Tostig parted cursing me and England;
Our sister hates us for his banishment;
He hath gone to kindle Norway against England,
And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy.
For when I rode with William down to Harfeur,
"Wulfnoth is sick," he said; "he cannot follow;"
Then with that friendly-fiendly smile of his,
"We have learnt to love him, let him a little longer
Remain a hostage for the loyalty
Of Godwin's house." As far as touches
Wulfnoth,

I that so prized plain word and naked truth
Have sinn'd against it—all in vain.

Leofwin. Good brother,
By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd,
Of all the lies that ever men have lied,
Thine is the pardonablest.

Harold. May be so!
I think it so, I think I am a fool
To think it can be otherwise than so.

Stigand. Tut, tut, I have absolved thee: dost thou scorn me,
Because I had my Canterbury pallium
From one whom they disposed?

Harold. No, Stigand, no!
Stigand. Is naked truth actable in true life?

I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,
That, were a man of state nakedly true,
Men would but take him for the craftier liar.

Leafwin. Be men less delicate than
the Devil himself ?

I thought that naked Truth would
shame the Devil,
The Devil is so modest.

Gurth. He never said it !

Leafwin. Be thou not stupid-honest,
brother Gurth !

Harold. Better to be a liar's dog, and
hold

My master honest, than believe that
lying

And ruling men are fatal twins that
cannot

Move one without the other. Edward
wakes !—

Dazed—he hath seen a vision.

Edward. 'The green tree !

Then a great Angel past along the
highest,

Crying, "the doom of England," and at
once

He stood beside me, in his grasp a
sword

Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the
tree

From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd
it from him

Three fields away, and then he dash'd
and drench'd,

He dyed, he soak'd the trunk with
human blood,

And brought the sunder'd tree again,
and set it

Straight on the trunk, that thus bap-
tized in blood

Grew ever high and higher, beyond my
seeing,

And shot out sidelong boughs across
the deep

That dropt themselves, and rooted in
far isles

Beyond my seeing: and the great
Angel rose

And past again along the highest, cry-
ing,

"The doom of England,"—Tostig,
raise my head ! [*Falls back senseless.*]

Harold (raising him). Let Harold
serve for Tostig !

Queen. Harold served

Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig !
Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it
low !

The sickness of our saintly king, for
whom

My prayers go up as fast as my tears
fall,

I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself
From lack of Tostig—thou hast ban-
ish'd him.

Harold. Nay—but the Council, and
the king himself !

Queen. Thou hatest him, hatest him.

Harold (coldly). Ay—Stigand, un-
riddle

This vision, canst thou ?

Stigand. Dotage !

Edward (starting up). It is finish'd.

I have built the Lord a house—the
Lord hath dwelt

In darkness. I have built the Lord a
house—

Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden
cherubim [wall—

With twenty-cubit wings from wall to
I have built the Lord a house—sing,

Asaph ! clash

The cymbal, Heman ! blow the trum-
pet, priest !

Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo ! my
two pillars,

Jachin and Boaz !—

[*Seeing HAROLD and GURTH.*]

Harold, Gurth,—where am I ?

Where is the charter of our Westmin-
ster ?

Stigand. It lies beside thee, king,
upon thy bed.

Edward. Sign, sign at once—take,
sign it, Stigand, Aldred !

Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth
and Leafwin,

Sign it, my queen !

All. We have sign'd it

Edward. It is finish'd !
The kingliest Abbey in all Christian

lands,
The lordliest, loftliest minster ever built

To Holy Peter in our English isle !
Let me be buried there, and all our

kings,

And all our just and wise and holy men
That shall be born hereafter. It is
finish'd!

Hast thou had absolution for thine
oath? [To HAROLD.]

Harold. Stigand hath given me abso-
lution for it.

Edward. Stigand is not canonical
enough

To save thee from the wrath of Norman
Saints.

Stigand. Meriman enough! Be there
no Saints of England

To help us from their brethren yonder?

Edward. [Prelate,
The Saints are one, but those of Nor-
manland

Are mightier than our own. Ask it of
Aldred. [To HAROLD.]

Aldred. It shall be granted him, my
king; for he

Who vows a vow to strangle his own
mother

Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it.

Edward. O friends, I shall not over-
live the day.

Stigand. Why then the throne is
empty. Who inherits?

For tho' we be not bound by the king's
voice

In making of a king, yet the king's
voice

Is much toward his making. Who in-
herits?

Edgar the Atheling?

Edward. No, no, but Harold.

I love him: he hath served me: none
but he

Can rule all England. Yet the curse
is on him

For swearing falsely by those blessed
bones;

He did not mean to keep his vow.

Harold. Not mean

To make our England Norman.

Edward. There spake Godwin,

Who hated all the Normans: but
their Saints

Have heard thee, Harold.

Edith. Oh! my lord, my king!

He knew not whom he sware by.

Edward. Yea, I know
He knew not, but those heavenly ears
have heard,

Their curse is on him: wilt thou bring
another,

Edith, upon his head?

Edith. No, no, not I.

Edward. Why then, thou must not
wed him.

Harold. Wherefore, wherefore?

Edward. O son, when thou didst tell
me of thine oath,

I sorrow'd for my random promise
given

To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then
I should be king.—My son, the Saints
are virgins;

They love the white rose of virginity,
The cold, white lily blowing in her
cell:

I have been myself a virgin; and I
sware

To consecrate my virgin here to heav-
en—

The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,
A life of life-long prayer against the
curse

That lies on thee and England.

Harold. No, no, no.

Edward. Treble denial of the tongue
of flesh,

Like Peter's when he fell, and thou
wilt have

To wail for it like Peter. O my son!
Are all oaths to be broken then, all
promises

Made in our agony for help from heav-
en?

Son, there is one who loves thee: and
a wife,

What matters who, so she be service-
able

In all obedience, as mine own hath
been:

God bless thee, wedd'd daughter.

[*Laying his hand on the QUEEN'S
head.*

Queen. Bless thy too

That brother whom I love beyond the
rest,

My banish'd Tostig.

Edward. All the sweet Saints bless him!

Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!

And let him pass unscathed; he loves me, Harold!

Be kindly to the Normans left among us,

Who follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear,

When thou art king, to see my solemn vow

Accomplish'd!

Harold. Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn

Not to swear falsely twice.

Edward. Thou wilt not swear?

Harold. I cannot.

Edward. Then on thee remains the curse,

[thee,

Harold, if thou embrace her; and on Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The KING swoons; EDITH falls and kneels by the couch.*

Stigand. He hath swoon'd! Death? . . . no, as yet a breath.

Harold. Look up! look up! Edith!

Aldred. Confuse her not; she hath begun

Her life-long prayer for thee.

Aldwyth. O noble Harold, I would thou couldst have sworn.

Harold. For thine own pleasure?

Aldwyth. No, but to please our dying king, and those

Who make thy good their own—all England, Earl.

Aldred. I would thou couldst have sworn. Our holy king

Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy Church

To save thee from the curse.

Harold. Alas! poor man, His promise brought it on me.

Aldred. O good son! That knowledge made him all the

carefuller

To find a means whereby the curse might glance

From thee and England.

Harold. Father, we so loved—

Aldred. The more the love, the mightier is the prayer;

The more the love, the more acceptable

The sacrifice of both your loves to heaven.

No sacrifice to heaven, no help from heaven;

That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.

And sacrifice there must be, for the king

Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen

A shadowing horror; there are signs in heaven—

Harold. Your comet came and went.

Aldred. And signs on earth!

Knowest thou Senlac hill?

Harold. I know all Sussex; A good intrenchment for a perilous

hour!

Aldred. Pray God that come not suddenly! There is one

Who passing by that hill three nights ago—

He shook so that he scarce could out with it—

Heard, heard—

Harold. The wind in his hair?

Aldred. A ghostly horn Blowing continually, and faint battle

hymns,

And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men;

And dreadful shadows strove upon the hill,

And dreadful lights crept up from out the marsh—

Corpse-candles gliding over nameless graves—

Harold. At Senlac?

Aldred. Senlac.

Edward (waking). Senlac! Sanguelac,

The Lake of Blood!

Stigand. This lightning before death Plays on the word,—and Normanize

too!

Harold. Hush, father, hush!

Edward. Thou uncanonical fool,
Wilt thou play with the thunder?
North and South
Thunder together, showers of blood
are blown
Before a never-ending blast, and hiss
Against the blaze they cannot quench
—a lake,
A sea of blood—we are drown'd in
blood—for God
Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has
drawn the bow—
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the
arrow! [*Dies.*]
Stigand. It is the arrow of Death in
his own heart—
And our great Council wait to crown
thee King.

SCENE II. — IN THE GARDEN.
THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR
LONDON.

Edith. Crown'd, crown'd and lost,
crown'd King—and lost to me!

(*Singing.*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather;
Night, as black as a raven's feather;
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them.

That is the burthen of it—lost and
found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago; and there's
another,

Lost, lost, the light of day.

To which the lover answers lovingly,

"I am beside thee."

Lost, lost, we have lost the way.

"Love, I will guide thee."

Whither, O whither? into the river,
Where we two may be lost together,
And lost forever? "Oh! never, oh! never,
Tho' we be lost and be found together."

Some think they loved within the pale
forbidden
By Holy Church; but who shall say?
the truth

Was lost in that fierce North, where
they were lost,
Where all good things are lost, where
Tostig lost
The good hearts of his people. It is
Harold!

Enter HAROLD.

Harold, the King!

Harold. Call me not King, but Har-
old.

Edith. Nay, thou art King!

Harold. Thine, thine, or King or
churl!

My girl, thou hast been weeping: turn
not thou

Thy face away, but rather let me be
King of the moment to thee, and com-
mand

That kiss my due when subject, which
will make

My kingship kinglier to me than to
reign

King of the world without it.

Edith. Ask me not,
Lest I should yield it, and the second
curse

Descend upon thine head, and thou be
only

King of the moment over England.

Harold. Edith,
Tho' somewhat less a king to my true
self

Than ere they crown'd me one, for I
have lost

Somewhat of upright stature thro'
mine oath,

Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not
thou

Our living passion for a dead man's
dream;

Stigand believed he knew not what he
spake.

Oh God! I cannot help it, but at
times

They seem to me too narrow, all the
faiths

Of this grown world of ours, whose
baby eye

Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I
fear

This curse, and scorn it. But a little light!—

And on it falls the shadow of the priest;

Heaven yield us more! for better, Woden, all

Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim Walhalla,

Eternal war, than that the Saints at peace

The Holiest of our Holiest one should be

This William's fellow-tricksters;—better die

Than credit this, for death is death, or else

Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me—thou art not

A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear There might be more than brother in my kiss,

And more than sister in thine own.

Edith. I dare not.

Harold. Scared by the church—

“Love for a whole life long”

When was that sung?

Edith. Here to the nightingales.

Harold. Their anthems of no church, how sweet they are!

Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross

Their billings ere they nest.

Edith. They are but of spring, They fly the winter change—not so with us—

No wings to come and go.

Harold. But wing'd souls flying Beyond all change, and in the eternal distance

To settle on the Truth.

Edith. They are not so true,

They change their mates.

Harold. Do they? I did not know it.

Edith. They say thou art to wed the Lady Aldwyth.

Harold. They say, they say.

Edith. If this be politic, And well for thee and England—and for her—

Care not for me who love thee.

Gurth (calling). Harold, Harold!

Harold. The voice of Gurth! (*Enter GURTH.*) Good even, my good brother!

Gurth. Good even, gentle Edith.

Edith. Good even, Gurth.

Gurth. Ill news hath come! Our hapless brother, Tostig—

He, and the giant King of Norway, Harold

I Iardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Orkney,

Are landed North of Humber, and in a field

So packed with carnage that the dikes and brooks

Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have overthrown

Morcar and Edwin.

Harold. Well then, we must fight. How blows the wind?

Gurth. Against St. Valery And William.

Harold. Well then, we will to the North.

Gurth. Ay, but worse news: this William sent to Rome,

Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints:

The Pope and that Archdeacon Hilde- His master, heard him, and have sent him back

A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair Of Peter, and all France, all Bur-

gundy,

Poitou, all Christendom, is raised against thee:

He hath cursed thee, and all those who fight for thee,

And given thy realm of England to the bastard.

Harold. Ha! ha!

Edith. Oh! laugh not! . . . Strange and ghastly in the gloom

And shadowing of this double thunder- cloud

That lowers on England—laughter!

Harold. No, not strange This was old human laughter in old Rome

Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd

Call'd itself God.—A kindly rendering
Of "Render unto Cæsar." . . . The
Good Shepherd!

Take this, and render that.

Gurth. They have taken York.

Harold. The Lord was God and
came as man—the Pope
Is man and comes as God.—York
taken?

Gurth. Yea,
Tostig hath taken York!

Harold. To York then. Edith,
Hadst thou been braver, I had better
braved

All—but I love thee and thou me—
and that

Remains beyond all chances and all
churches,

And that thou knowest.

Edith. Ay, but take back thy ring.
It burns my hand—a curse to thee and
me.

I dare not wear it.

[*Proffers HAROLD the ring, which
he takes.*]

Harold. But I dare. God with thee!

[*Exeunt HAROLD and GURTH.*]

Edith. The King hath cursed him if
he marry me;

The Pope hath cursed him, marry me
or no!

God help me! I know nothing—can
but pray

For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no
help but prayer,

A breath that fleets beyond this iron
world,

And touches Him that made it.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—IN NORTHUMBRIA.

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, ED-
WIN, and Forces. Enter HAROLD;
*the standard of the golden Dragon of
Wessex preceding him.*

Harold. What! are thy people sul-
len from defeat?

Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the
Humber,

No voice to greet it.

Edwin. Let not our great king
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the
quick

Before the king—as having been so
bruised

By Harold, king of Norway; but our
help

Is Harold, king of England. Pardon
us, thou!

Our silence is our reverence for the
king!

Harold. Earl of the Mercians! if
the truth be gall,

Cram me not thou with honey, when
our good hive

Needs every sting to save it.

Voices. Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

Harold. Why cry thy people on thy
sister's name?

Morcar. She hath won upon our
people thro' her beauty,

And pleasantness among them.

Voices. Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

Harold. They shout as they would
have her for a queen.

Morcar. She hath followed with our
host, and suffer'd all.

Harold. What would ye, men?

Voices. Our old Northumbrian crown,
And kings of our own choosing.

Harold. Your old crown
Were little help without our Saxon
carles

Against Hardrada.

Voice. Little! we are Danes,
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our
own field.

Harold. They have been plotting
here! [*Aside.*]

Voice. He calls us little!

Harold. The kingdoms of this world
began with little,

A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a
hand

Down to the field beneath it, "Be
thou mine,"

Then to the next. "Thou also"—if the
field

Cried out "I am mine own," another
hill,

Or fort, or city, took it, and the first
Fell, and the next became an Empire.

Voice. Yet
Thou art but a West Saxon; *we* are
Danes!

Harold. My mother is a Dane, and
I am English;

There is a pleasant fable in old books,
Ye take a stick, and break it; bind a
score

All in one fagot, snap it over knee
Ye cannot.

Voice. Hear King Harold! he says
true!

Harold. Would ye be Norsemen?

Voices. No!

Harold. Or Norman?

Voices. No!

Harold. Snap not the fagot-band
then.

Voice. That is true!

Voice. Ay, but thou art not kingly,
only grandson

To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd.

Harold. This old Wulfnoth
Would take me on his knees and tell
me tales

Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great
Who drove you Danes; and yet he
held that Dane, [all

Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be
One England, for this cow-herd, like
my father,

Who shook the Norman scoundrels off
the throne,

Had in him kingly thoughts—a king
of men,

Not made but born, like the great
King of all,

A light among the oxen.

Voice. That is true!

Voice. Ay, and I love him now, for
mine own father

Was great, and cobbled.

Voice. Thou art Tostig's brother,
Who wastes the land.

Harold. This brother comes to save
Your land from waste; I saved it once
before,

For when your people banish'd Tostig
hence,

And Edward would have sent a host
against you,

Then I, who loved my brother, bade
the king

Who doted on him, sanction your
decree

Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of
Morcar,

To help the realm from scattering.

Voice. King! thy brother,
If one may dare to speak the truth,
was wrong'd.

Wild was he, born so: but the plots
against him

Had madden'd tamer men.

Morcar. Thou art one of those
Who brake into Lord Tostig's treas-
ure-house

And slew two hundred of his follow-
ing,

And now, when Tostig hath come
back with power,

Are frighted back to Tostig.

Old Thane. Ugh! Plots and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday. Can
ye not

Be brethren? Godwin still at feud
with Alfgar,

And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plos-
and feuds!

This is my ninetieth birthday!

Harold. Old man, Harold
Hates nothing; not *his* fault, if our
two houses

Be less than brothers.

Voices. Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!
Harold. Again! Morcar! Edwin!

What do they mean?

Edwin. So the good king might
deign to lend an ear

Not overscornful, we might chance—
perchance—

To guess their meaning.

Morcar. Thine own meaning, Har-
old,

To make all England one, to close all
feuds,

Mixing our bloods, that thence a king
may rise

Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule
All England beyond question, beyond

Harold. Who sow'd this fancy here
among the people?

Morcar. Who knows what sows it-
self among the people?

A goodly flower at times.

Harold. The Queen of Wales?
Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in her
To hate me; I have heard she hates
me.

Morcar. No.

For I can swear to that, but cannot
swear

That these will follow thee against the
Norsemen,

If thou deny them this.

Harold. Morcar and Edwin,
When will ye cease to plot against my
house?

Edwin. The king can scarcely dream
that we, who know

His prowess in the mountains of the
West, [North.

Should care to plot against him in the
Morcar. Who dares arraign us,
king, of such a plot?

Harold. Ye heard one witness even
now.

Morcar. The craven!

There is a faction risen again for Tos-
tig,

Since Tostig came with Norway—
fright not love.

Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye,
if I yield,

Follow against the Norsemen?

Morcar. Surely, surely!

Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye
upon oath

Help us against the Norman?

Morcar. With good will;

Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king.

Harold. Where is thy sister?

Morcar. Somewhere hard at hand,
Call and she comes.

[*One goes out, then enter ALDWYTH.*

Harold. I doubt not but thou know-
est

Why thou art summon'd

Aldwyth. Why?—I stay with these.
Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out
alone,

And flay me all alive.

Harold. Canst thou love one
Who did discrown thine husband, un-
queen thee?

Didst thou not love thine husband?

Aldwyth. Oh! my lord,
The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage
king—

That was, my lord, a match of policy.

Harold. Was it?

I knew him brave: he loved his land:
he fain

Had made her great: his finger on her
harp

(I heard him more than once) had in
it Wales,

Her floods, her woods, her hills: had
I been his,

I had been all Welsh.

Aldwyth. Oh, ay—all Welsh—and
yet

I saw thee drive him up his hills—and
women

Cling to the conquer'd, if they love,
the more;

If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.
We never—oh! good Morcar, speak
for us,

His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.

Harold. Goodly news!

Morcar. Doubt it not thou! Since
Griffyth's head was sent

To Edward, she hath said it.

Harold. I had rather
She would have loved her husband.

Aldwyth, Aldwyth,
Canst thou love me, thou knowing
where I love?

Aldwyth. I can, my lord, for mine
own sake, for thine,

For England, for thy poor white dove,
who flutters

Between thee and the porch, but then
would find

Her nest within the cloister, and be
still.

Harold. Canst thou love one, who
cannot love again?

Aldwyth. Full hope have I that love
will answer love.

Harold. Then in the name of the
great God, so be it!
Come, Aldred, join our hands before
the hosts,
That all may see.

[ALDRED joins the hands of HAROLD
and ALDWYTH, and blesses them.]

Voices. Harold, Harold and Ald-
wyth!

Harold. Set forth our golden Dragon,
let him flap

The wings that beat down Wales!
Advance our Standard of the warrior,
Dark among gems and gold; and thou,
brave banner,

Blaze like a night of fatal stars on
those

Who read their doom and die.
Where lie the Norsemen? on the Der-

went? ay,

At Stamford-bridge.

Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin, my
friend—

Thou lingerest.—Gurth,—

Last night King Edward came to me
in dreams—

The rosy face and long down-silvering
beard—

He told me I should conquer:—

I am no woman to put faith in dreams.

(*To his army.*)

Last night King Edward came to me
in dreams,

And told me we should conquer.

Voices. Forward! Forward!

Harold and Holy Cross!

Aldwyth. The day is won!

SCENE II.—A PLAIN. BEFORE
THE BATTLE OF STAM-
FORD-BRIDGE.

HAROLD and his Guard.

Harold. Who is it comes this way?

Tostig. (*Enter TOSTIG with a
small force.*) O brother,
What art thou doing here?

Tostig. I am foraging
For Norway's army.

Harold. I could take and slay thee
Thou art in arms against us.

Tostig. Take and slay me,
For Edward loved me.

Harold. Edward bade me spare thee.

Tostig. I hate King Edward, for he
join'd with thee

'To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slay
me, I say,

Or I shall count thee fool.

Harold. Take thee, or free thee,
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will
have war;

No man would strike with *Tostig*, save
for Norway.

Thou art nothing in thine England,
save for Norway,

Who loves not thee, but war. What
dost thou here,

'Trampling thy mother's bosom into
blood?

Tostig. She hath wean'd me from it
with such bitterness.

I come for mine own Earldom, my
Northumbria; [house.]

Thou hast given it to the enemy of our

Harold. Northumbria threw thee off,
she will not have thee,

Thou hast misused her; and, O crown-
ing crime!

Hast murder'd thine own guest, the
son of Orm,

Gamel, at thine own hearth.

Tostig. The slow, fat fool!

He draw'd and prated so, I smote him
suddenly:

I knew not what I did.

Harold. Come back to us,

Know what thou dost, and we may find
for thee,

So thou be chasten'd by thy banish-
ment,

Some easier Earldom.

Tostig. What for Norway then?

He looks for land among you, he and
his.

Harold. Seven feet of English land,

or something more,

Seeing he is a giant.

Tostig. O brother, brother,

O Harold—

Harold. Nay, then, come thou back to us!

Tostig. Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig, Conjured the mightier Harold from his North

To do the battle for me here in England,

Then left him for the meaner! thee!—

Thou hast no passion for the House of Godwin—

Thou hast but cared to make thyself a king—

Thou hast sold me for a cry.—

Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council—

I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee.

Farewell forever! [Exit.

Harold. On to Stamford-bridge!

SCENE III.—AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE. BANQUET.

HAROLD and ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, and other Earls and Thanes.

Voices. Hail! Harold! Aldwyth! hail, bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth (talking with HAROLD).

Answer them thou!

Is this our marriage-banquet? Would the wines

Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups

Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory

Been drunk together! these poor hands but sew,

Spin, broider—would that they were man's to have held

The battle-axe by thee!

Harold. There was a moment

When being forced aloof from all my guard,

And striking at Hardrada and his madmen,

I had wish'd for any weapon.

Aldwyth. Why art thou sad?

Harold. I have lost the boy who played at ball with me,

With whom I fought another fight than this

Of Stamford-bridge.

Aldwyth. Ay! ay! thy victories Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side

He conquer'd with thee.

Harold. No—the childish fist That cannot strike again.

Aldwyth. Thou art too kindly. Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence?

Thy fierce forekings had clinch'd their pirate hides

To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.

Harold. Is there so great a need to tell thee why?

Aldwyth. Yea, am I not thy wife?

Voices. Hail, Harold, Aldwyth! Bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth. Answer them!

[To HAROLD.

Harold (to all). Earls and Thanes! Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride!

Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen! the day,

Our day beside the Derwent will not shine

Less than a star among the goldenest hours

Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son, Or Athelstan, or English Ironside

Who fought with Knut, or Knut who coming Dane

Died English. Every man about his king

Fought like a king; the king like his own man,

No better; one for all, and all for one, One soul: and therefore have we shatter'd back

The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet

Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken

The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion croak

From the gray sea forever. Many are gone—

Drink to the dead who died for us, the living

Who fought and would have died, but happier lived,

If happier be to live; they both have life

In the large mouth of England, till *her* voice

Die with the world. Hail—hail!

Morcar. May all invaders perish like Hardrada!

All traitors fail like Tostig!

[*All drink but* HAROLD.

Aldwyth. Thy cup's full!

Harold. I saw the hand of Tostig cover it. [him

Our dear, dead, traitor brother, Tostig, Reverently we buried. Friends, had I been here,

Without too large self-lauding I must hold

The sequel had been other than his league

With Norway, and this battle. Peace be with him!

He was not of the worst. If there be those

At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—

For there be those I fear who prick'd the lion

To make him spring, that sight of Danish blood

Might serve an end not English—peace be with them

Likewise, if *they* can be at peace with what

God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

Aldwyth (*aside to* HAROLD). Make not our *Morcar* sullen: it is not wise.

Harold. Hail to the living who fought, the dead who fell!

Voices. Hail, hail!

First Thane. How ran that answer which King *Harold* gave

To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for England?

Leofwin. "Seven feet of English earth, or something more, Seeing he is a giant!"

First Thane. Then for the bastard Six feet and nothing more!

Leofwin. Ay, but belike Thou hast not learnt his measure.

First Thane. By St. Edmund I over-measure him. Sound sleep to the man

Here by dead Norway without dream or dawn!

Second Thane. What, is he bragging still that he will come

To thrust our *Harold's* throne from under him?

My nurse would tell me of a molehill crying

To a mountain "Stand aside and room for me!"

First Thane. Let him come! let him come. Here's to him, sink or swim! [*Drinks.*

Second Thane. God sink him!

First Thane. Cannot hands which had the strength

To shove that stranded iceberg off our shores, [sea,

And send the shatter'd North again to Scuttle his cockle-shell? What's

Brunanburg To Stamford-bridge? a war-crash, and so hard, [Thor—

So loud, that, by St. Dunstan, old St. By God, we thought him dead—but

our old Thor Heard his own thunder again, and

woke and came

Among us again, and mark'd the sons of those

Who made this Britain England, break the North:

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,
Heard how the war-horn sang,
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,
Heard how the shield-wall rang,
Iron on iron clang,
Anvil on hammer bang—

Second Thane. Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog, Thou art drunk, old dog!

First Thane. Too drunk to fight with thee!

Second Thane. Fight thou with thine own double, not with me,

Keep that for Norman William!

First Thane. Down with William.

Third Thane. The washerwoman's brat!

Fourth Thane. The tanner's bastard!

Fifth Thane. The Falaise byblow!

Enter a THANE, from Pevensey, spat-ter'd with mud.

Harold. Ay, but what late guest, As haggard as a fast of forty days, And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires,

Hath stumbled on our cups?

Thane from Pevensey. My lord the King!

William the Norman, for the wind had changed—

Harold. I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight

At Stamford-bridge. William hath landed, ha?

Thane from Pevensey. Landed at Pevensey—I am from Pevensey—Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—

Hath harried mine own cattle—God confound him!

I have ridden night and day from Pevensey—

A thousand ships, a hundred thousand men—

Thousands of horses, like as many lions

Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land—

Harold. How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

Thane from Pevensey. Some thrice, or so.

Harold. Bring not thy hollowess On our full feast. Famine is fear, were it but

Of being starved. Sit down, sit down, and eat,

And, when again red-blooded, speak again;

(*Aside.*)

The men that guarded England to the South

Were scatter'd to the harvest. . . . No power mine

To hold their force together. . . . Many are fallen

At Stamford-bridge. . . . The people, stupid-sure,

Sleep like their swine. . . . In South and North at once

I could not be.

(*Aloud.*)

Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin! (*Pointing to the revellers.*) The curse of England! these are drown'd in wassail,

And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!

Leave them! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—

Harsh is the news! hard is our honeymoon!

Thy pardon. (*Turning round to his attendants.*) Break the banquet up. . . . Ye four!

And thou, my carrier-pigeon of black news,

Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd. [*Exit HAROLD.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting*; *by him standing* HUGH MARGOT *the Monk*, GURTH, LEOFWIN.

Harold. Refer my cause, my crown to Rome! . . . The wolf Mudded the brook, and predetermined all.

Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant "No"

For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

Margot. Hear me again—for the last time. Arise,
Scatter thy people home, descend the hill,
Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's
And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father
Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

Harold. Then for the last time, monk,
I ask again
When had the Lateran and the Holy Father
To do with England's choice of her own king?

Margot. Earl, the first Christian Cæsar drew to the East
To leave the Pope dominion in the West. [West.

He gave him all the kingdoms of the
Harold. So!—did he?—Earl—I have a mind to play
The William with thine eyesight and thy tongue.

Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William.

I am weary—go: make me not wroth with thee!

Margot. Mock-king, I am the messenger of God,
His Norman Daniel; Mene, Mene, Tekel!

Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare to cry,

Yon heaven is wroth with thee? Hear me again!

Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the world,

And all the Heavens and very God: they heard—

They know King Edward's promise and thine—thine.

Harold. Should they not know free England crowns herself?

Not know that he nor I had power to promise?

Not know that Edward cancell'd his own promise?

And for my part therein—Back to that juggler. [Rising.

Tell him the Saints are nobler than he dreams,

Tell him that God is nobler than the Saints,

And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill,

And bide the doom of God.

Margot. Hear it thro' me.
The realm for which thou art forsworn is cursed,

The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is cursed,

The corpse thou whelmeest with thine earth is cursed,

The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed,

The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,

The steer wherewith thou plougest thy field is cursed,

The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed,

And thou, usurper, liar—

Harold. Out, beast monk!
[Lifting his hand to strike him.

GURTH stops the blow.
I ever hated monks.

Margot. I am but a voice
Among you: murder, martyr me if ye will—

Harold. Thanks, Gurth! The simple, silent, honest man
Is worth a world of tonguesters. (To MARGOT.) Get thee gone!

He means the thing he says. See him out safe.

Leofwin. He hath blown himself as red as fire with curses.

An honest fool! Follow me, honest fool,

But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk,

I know not—I may give that egg-bald head

The tap that silences.

Harold. See him out safe.

[*Exeunt LEOFWIN and MARGOT.*
Gurth. Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother Harold!

Harold. Gurth, when I past by Waltham, my foundation

For men who serve the neighbor, not themselves,
 I cast me down prone, praying; and,
 when I rose,
 They told me that the Holy Rood had
 lean'd
 And bow'd above me; whether that
 which held it
 Had weaken'd and the Rood itself was
 bound
 To that necessity which binds us
 down;
 Whether it bow'd at all but in their
 fancy;
 Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd
 ruin
 Or glory, who shall tell? but they were
 sad,
 And somewhat sadden'd me.
Gurth. Yet if a fear,
 Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange
 Saints
 By whom thou swarest should have
 power to balk
 Thy puissance in this fight with him
 who made
 And heard thee swear—brother—I
 have not sworn—
 If the king fall, may not the kingdom
 fall?
 But if I fall, I fall; and thou art king;
 And if I win, I win, and thou art king?
 Draw thou to London, there make
 strength to breast
 Whatever chance, but leave this day
 to me.
Leofwin (entering). And waste the
 land about thee as thou goest,
 And be thy hand as winter on the
 field,
 To leave the foe no forage.
Harold. Noble Gurth!
 Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall—
 The doom of God! How should the
 people fight
 When the king flies? And, Leofwin,
 art thou mad?
 How should the King of England
 waste the fields
 Of England, his own people?—No
 glance yet

Of the Northumbrian helmet on the
 heath?
Leofwin. No, but a shoal of wives
 upon the heath,
 And some one saw thy willy-nilly nun
 Vying a tress against our golden fern.
Harold. Vying a tear with our cold
 dews, a sigh
 With these low-moaning heavens. Let
 her be fetch'd.
 We have parted from our wife without
 reproach,
 Tho' we have dived thro' all her prac-
 tices;
 And that is well.
Leofwin. I saw her even now:
 She hath not left us.
Harold. Naught of Morcar then?
Gurth. Nor seen, nor heard; thine,
 William's or his own
 As wind blows, or tide flows: belike
 he watches,
 If this war-storm in one of its rough
 rolls
 Wash up that old crown of Northum-
 berland.
Harold. I married her for Morcar—
 a sin against
 The truth of love. Evil for good, it
 seems,
 Is oft as childless of the good as evil
 For evil.
Leofwin. Good for good hath borne
 at times
 A bastard false as William.
Harold. Ay, if Wisdom
 Pair'd not with Good. But I am some-
 what worn,
 A snatch of sleep were like the peace
 of God.
 Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about
 the hill—
 What did the dead man call it—San-
 guelac,
 The lake of blood?
Leofwin. A lake that dips in Wil-
 liam
 As well as Harold.
Harold. Like enough. I have seen
 The trenches dug, the palisades up-
 rear'd

And wattled thick with ash and willow-wands ;

Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once more ;

See all be sound and whole. No Norman horse

Can shatter England, standing shield by shield ;

Tell that again to all.

Gurth. I will, good brother.

Harold. Our guardsman hath but toil'd his hand and foot,

I hand, foot, heart and head. Some wine !

[*One pours wine into a goblet, which he hands to HAROLD.*

Too much !

What? we must use our battle-axe to-day.

Dur guardsmen have slept well, since we came in ?

Leofwin. Ay, slept and snored. Your second-sighted man

That scared the dying conscience of the king,

Misheard their snores for groans. They are up again,

And chanting that old song of Brunan-burg

Where England conquer'd.

Harold. That is well. The Norman, What is he doing ?

Leofwin. Praying for Normandy ; Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells.

Harold. And our old songs are prayers for England too !

But by all Saints—

Leofwin. Barring the Norman !

Harold. Nay,

Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn,

I needs must rest. Call when the Norman moves—

[*Exeunt all but HAROLD.*

No horse—thousands of horses—our shield wall—

Wall—break it not—break not—break—

[*Sleeps.*

Vision of Edward. Son Harold, I thy king, who came before

To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stamford-bridge,

Come yet once more, from where I am at peace,

Because I loved thee in my mortal day, [hill—

To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac Sanguelac !

Vision of Wulfnoth. O brother, from my ghastly oubliette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—

No more, no more, dear brother, nevermore—

Sanguelac !

Vision of Tostig. O brother, most unbrotherlike to me,

'Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,

I give my voice against thee from the grave—

Sanguelac !

Vision of Norman Saints. O hapless Harold ! King but for an hour !

Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones.

We give our voice against thee out of heaven !

Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! The arrow ! the arrow !

Harold (starting up, battle-axe in hand). Away !

My battle-axe against your voices. Peace !

The king's last word—"the arrow !" I shall die—

I die for England then, who lived for England—

What nobler? men must die.

I cannot fall into a falser world—

I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,

Art thou so anger'd?

Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands

Save for thy wild and violent will that wrench'd

All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do

No other than this way advise the king

Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
 That mortal men should bear their earthly heats
 Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence
 Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art revenged—
 I left our England naked to the South
 To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's raid
 Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin
 Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking thoughts
 Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
 Of sullen slumber, and arise again
 Disjointed: only dreams—where mine own self
 Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark
 Of self-disdain born in me when I swear
 Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over
 His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
 I knew not that I swear,—not for myself—
 For England—yet not wholly—

Enter EDITH.

Edith, Edith,

Get thou into thy cloister as the king
 Will'd it: be safe: the perjury-mongering Count
 Hath made too good an use of Holy Church
 To break her close! There the great God of truth
 Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying devil
 Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain
 Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not:
 Thou art my bride! and thou in after years
 Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine

In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—
 This memory to thee!—and this to England,
 My legacy of war against the Pope
 From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,
 Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
 Or till the Pope be Christ's.

Enter ALDWYTH.

Aldwyth (to EDITH). Away from him!

Edith. I will . . . I have not spoken to the king

One word; and one I must. Farewell! [*Going*.]

Harold. Not yet.

Stay.

Edith. To what use?

Harold. The king commands thee, woman!

(*To* ALDWYTH.)

Have thy two brethren sent their forces in?

Aldwyth. Nay, I fear not.

Harold. Then there's no force in thee! [*ear*]

Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's
 To part me from the woman that I loved!

Thou didst arouse the fierce Northumbrians!

Thou hast been false to England and to me!

As . . . in some sort . . . I have been false to thee.

Leave me. No more—Pardon on both sides—Go!

Aldwyth. Alas, my lord, I loved thee.

Harold. With a love
 Passing thy love for Griffyth! wherefore now

Obey my first and last commandment,
 Go!

Aldwyth. O Harold! husband! Shall we meet again?

Harold. After the battle—after the battle. Go.

Aldwyth. I go. (*Aside.*) That I could stab her standing there!

[*Exit* ALDWYTH.]

Edith. Alas, my lord, she loved thee.

Harold. Never! never!

Edith. I saw it in her eyes!

Harold. I see it in thine. And not on thee—nor England—fall God's doom!

Edith. On thee? on me. And thou art England! Alfred

Was England. Ethelred was nothing. England

Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

Harold. Edith,

The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at sea—

My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark dreams—

The Pope's Anathema — the Holy Rood

That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if

I, the last English King of England—

Edith. No,

First of a line that coming from the people,

And chosen by the people—

Harold. And fighting for

And dying for the people—

Edith. Living! living!

Harold. Yea so, good cheer! thou art Harold, I am Edith!

Look not thus wan!

Edith. What matters how I look?

Have we not broken Wales and Norseland? slain,

Whose life was all one battle, incarnate war,

Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms

Than William?

Harold. Ay, my girl, no tricks in him—

No bastard he! when all was lost, he yell'd,

And bit his shield, and dash'd on it the ground,

And swaying his two-handed sword about him,

Two deaths at every swing, ran in upon us

And died so, and I loved him as I hate This liar who made me liar. If Hate can kill,

And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—

Edith. Waste not thy might before the battle!

Harold. And thou must hence. Stigand will see thee safe,

And so—Farewell. [*He is going, but turns back.*

The ring thou dardest not wear, I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.

[*HAROLD shows the ring, which is on his finger.*

Farewell! [*He is going, but turns back again.*

I am dead as Death this day to aught of earth's

Save William's death or mine.

Edith. Thy death!—to-day! Is it not thy birthday?

Harold. Ay, that happy day! A birthday welcome! happy days and many!

One—this! [*They embrace.*

Look, I will bear thy blessing into the battle

And front the doom of God. *Norman cries (heard in the distance).*

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Enter GURTH.

Gurth. The Norman moves!

Harold. Harold and Holy Cross! [*Exeunt* HAROLD and GURTH.]

Enter STIGAND.

Stigand. Our Church in arms—the lamb the lion—not

Spear into pruning hook—the countet way—

Cowl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe. Abbot Alfwig,

Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'

Strike for the king; but I, old wretch, old Stigand,

With hands too limp to brandish iron
—and yet

I have a power—would Harold ask me
for it—

I have a power.

Edith. What power, holy father?

Stigand. Power now from Harold to
command thee hence

And see thee safe from Senlac.

Edith. I remain!

Stigand. Yea, so will I, daughter,
until I find

Which way the battle balance. I can
see it

From where we stand: and, live or die,
I would

I were among them!

*Canons from Waltham (singing with-
out).*

Salva patriam
Sancte Pater,
Salva Fili,
Salva Spiritus,
Salva patriam.
Sancta Mater.*

Edith. Are those the blessed angels
quiring, father?

Stigand. No, daughter, but the
canons out of Waltham,

The king's foundation, that have fol-
low'd him.

Edith. O God of battles, make their
wall of shields

Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their pal-
isades!

What is that whirring sound?

Stigand. The Norman arrow!

Edith. Look out upon the battle—is
he safe?

Stigand. The king of England stands
between his banners.

He glitters on the crowning of the hill.
God save King Harold!

Edith. —chosen by his people,
And fighting for his people!

Stigand. There is one
Come as Goliath came of yore—he
flings

His brand in air and catches it again;
He is chanting some old war-song.

* The *a* throughout these hymns should be
sounded broad, as in "father."

Edith. And no David
To meet him?

Stigand. Ay, there springs a Saxon
on him,
Falls—and another falls.

Edith. Have mercy on us!

Stigand. Lo! our good Gurth hath
smitten him to the death.

Edith. So perish all the enemies of
Harold!

Canons (singing).

Hostis in Angliam
Ruit prædator,
Illorum, domine,
Scutum scindatur!
Hostis per Angliæ
Plagas bacchatur;
Casa crematur,
Pastor fugatur
Grex trucidatur—

Stigand. Illos trucida, Domine.

Edith. Ay, good father.

Canons (singing).

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

English Cries. Harold and Holy
Cross! Out! out!

Stigand. Our javelins
Answer their arrows. All the Norman
foot

Are storming up the hill. The range
of knights

Sit, each a statue on his horse, and
wait.

English Cries. Harold and God Al-
mighty!

Norman Cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!
Canons (singing).

Eques cum pedite
Præpediatur!
Illorum in lacrymas
Cruor fundatur!
Pereant, pereant,
Anglia precatur.

Stigand. Look, daughter, look.

Edith. Nay, father, look for me!

Stigand. Our axes lighten with a
single flash

About the summit of the hill, and heads
And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd
by

Their lightning—and they fly—the
Norman flies.

Edith. Stigand, O father, have we
won the day?

Stigand. No, daughter, no—they fall
behind the horse—

Their horse are thronging to the bar-
ricades;

I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter
Floating above their helmets—ha! he
is down!

Edith. He down! Who down?

Stigand. The Norman count is down.

Edith. So perish all the enemies of
England!

Stigand. No, no, he hath risen again
—he bares his face—

Shouts something—he points onward
—all their horse

Swallow the hill locust-like, swarm-
ing up.

Edith. O God of battles, make his
battle-axe keen [heavy

As thine own sharp-dividing justice,
As thine own bolts that fall on crime-
ful heads

Charged with the weight of heaven
wherefrom they fall!

Canons (singing).

Jacta tonitrua
Deus bellator!
Surgas e tenebris,
Sis vindicator!
Fulmina, fulmina
Deus vastator!

Edith. O God of battles, they are
three to one,

Make thou one man as three to roll
them down!

Canons (singing).

Equus cum equite
Dejiciatur!
Acies, Acies
Prona sternatur!
Illorum lanceas
Frangere Creator!

Stigand. Yea, yea, for how their
lances snap and shiver
Against the shifting blaze of Harold's
axe!

War-woodman of the old Woden, how
he fells

The mortal copse of faces! There!
and there!

The horse and horseman cannot meet
the shield.

The blow that brains the horseman
cleaves the horse,

The horse and horseman roll along the
hill,

They fly once more, they fly, the Nor-
man flies!

Equus cum equite
Præcipitatur.

Edith. O God, the God of truth hath
heard my cry.

Follow them, follow them, drive them
to the sea!

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

Stigand. Truth! no; a lie; a trick, a
Norman trick!

They turn on the pursuer, horse against
foot,

They murder all that follow.

Edith. Have mercy on us!

Stigand. Hot-headed fools—to burst
the wall of shields!

They have broken the commandment
of the king!

Edith. His oath was broken—O holy
Norman Saints.

Ye that are now of heaven, and see be-
yond

Your Norman shrines, pardon it, par-
don it,

That he forswore himself for all he
loved,

Me, me and all! Look out upon the
battle!

Stigand. They press again upon the
barricades.

My sight is eagle, but the strife so
thick—

This is the hottest of it: hold, ash!
hold, willow!

English Cries. Out, out!

Norman Cries. Ha Rou!

Stigand. Ha! Gurth hath leapt upon
him

And slain him: he hath fallen.

Edith. And I am heard.

Glory to God in the Highest! fallen,
fallen!

Stigand. No, no, his horse—he
mounts another—wields

His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and
Gurth,

Dur noble Gurth, is down!

Edith. Have mercy on us!

Stigand. And Leofwin is down!

Edith. Have mercy on us!

O Thou that knowest, let not my
strong prayer

Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love
The husband of another!

Norman Cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Edith. I do not hear our English
war-cry.

Stigand. No.

Edith. Look out upon the battle—is
he safe?

Stigand. He stands between the ban-
ners with the dead

So piled about him he can hardly move.

Edith (takes up the war cry). Out!
out!

Norman Cries. Ha Rou!

Edith (cries out). Harold and Holy
Cross!

Norman Cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Edith. What is that whirring sound?

Stigand. The Norman sends his
arrows up to Heaven,

They fall on those within the palisade!

Edith. Look out upon the hill—is
Harold there?

Stigand. Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the
arrow—the arrow!—away!

SCENE II.—FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT.

ALDWYTH and EDITH.

Aldwyth. O Edith, art thou here?

O Harold, Harold—

Our Harold—we shall never see him
more.

Edith. For there was more than
sister in my kiss,

And so the saints were wroth. I can-
not love them,

For they are Norman saints—and yet I
should—

They are so much holier than their
harlot's son

With whom they play'd their game
against the king!

Aldwyth. The king is slain, the king-
dom overthrown!

Edith. No matter!

Aldwyth. How no matter, Harold
slain?—

I cannot find his body. O help me
thou!

O Edith, if I ever wrought against
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

Edith. No matter.

Aldwyth. Not help me, nor forgive
me?

Edith. So thou saidest.

Aldwyth. I say it now, forgive me!

Edith. Cross me not!

I am seeking one who wedded me in
secret.

Whisper! God's angels only know it.
Ha!

What art *thou* doing here among the
dead?

They are stripping the dead bodies
naked yonder,

And thou art come to rob them of their
rings!

Aldwyth. O Edith, Edith, I have lost
both crown

And husband.

Edith. So have I.

Aldwyth. I tell thee girl,
I am seeking my dead Harold.

Edith. And I mine!

The Holy Father strangled him with a
hair

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;
The wicked sister clapt her hands and

laught;

Then all the dead fell on him.

Aldwyth. Edith, Edith—

Edith. What was he like, this hus-
band? like to thee?

Call not for help from me. I knew
him not.

He lies not here: not close beside the
standard.

Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of
England.

Go further hence and find him.

Aldwyth. She is crazed!

Edith. That doth not matter either.

Lower the light.

He must be here.

*Enter two Canons OSGOD and ATHEL-
RIC, with torches. They turn over
the dead bodies and examine them as
they pass.*

Osgod. I think that this is Thurkill.

Athelric. More likely Godric.

Osgod. I am sure this body

Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.

Athelric. So it is!

No, no—brave Gurth, one gash from
brow to knee!

Osgod. And here is Leofwin.

Edith. And here is *He!*

Aldwyth. Harold? Oh no—nay, if
it were—my God,

They have so maim'd and martyr'd all
his face

There is no man can swear to him.

Edith. But one woman!

Look you, we never mean to part
again.

I have found him, I am happy.

Was there not some one ask'd me for
forgiveness?

I yield it freely, being the true wife
Of this dead King, who never bore ven-
geance.

*Enter COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM
MALET.*

William. Who be these women?

And what body is this?

Edith. Harold, thy better!

William. Ay, and what art thou?

Edith. His wife?

Malet. Not true, my girl, here is the
Queen! [*Pointing out ALDWYTH.*]

William (to ALDWYTH). Wast thou
his Queen?

Aldwyth. I was the Queen of Wales.

William. Why then of England.

Madam, fear us not.

(*To MALET.*)

Knowest thou this other?

Malet. When I visited England
Some held she was his wife in secret—
some—

Well—some believed she was his para-
mour.

Edith. Norman, thou liest! liars all
of you,

Your Saints and all! I am his wife!
and she—

For look, our marriage ring!

[*She draws it off the finger of
HAROLD.*]

I lost it somehow—

I lost it, playing with it when I was
wid.

That bred the doubt: but I am wiser
now . . .

I am too wise . . . Will none among
you all

Bear me true witness—only for this
once—

That I have found it here again?

[*She puts it on.*]

And thou

Thy wife am I forever and evermore.
[*Falls on the body and dies.*]

William. Death!—and enough of
death for this one day,
The day of St. Calixtus, and the day,
My day, when I was born.

Malet. And this dead king's,
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought
and fallen,

His birthday, too. It seems but
yester-even

I held it with him in his English halls,
His day, with all his roof-tree ringing
"Harold,"

Before he fell into the snare of Guy;
When all men Counted Harold would
be king,

And Harold was most happy.

William. Thou art half English
Take them away!

Malet, I vow to build a church to God
Here on this hill of battle; let our
high altar

Stand where their standard fell . . .
where these two lie.

Take them away, I do not love to see them.

Pluck the dead woman off the dead man, Malet!

Malet. Faster than ivy. Must I hack her arms off?

How shall I part them?

William. Leave them. Let them be!

Bury him and his paramour together. He that was false in oath to me, it seems

Was false to his own wife. We will not give him

A Christian burial: yet he was a warrior,

And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow

Which God avenged to-day.

Wrap them together in a purple cloak And lay them both upon the waste seashore

At Hastings, there to guard the land for which

He did forswear himself—a warrior—

ay, And but that Holy Peter fought for us,

And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,

And save for that chance arrow which the saints

Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?—

Three horses had I slain beneath me: twice

I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,

And that was from my boyhood, never yet—

No, by the splendor of God—have I fought men

Like Harold and his brethern, and his guard

Of English. Every man about his Fell where he stood. They loved him:

and, pray God

My Normans may but move as true with me

To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first,

Make them again one people—Norman, English;

And English, Norman;—we should have a hand

To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it. . . .

Flat. Praise the Saints. It is over. No more blood!

I am King of Engiand, so they thwart me not,

And I will rule according to their laws.

(To ALDWYTH.)

Madam, we will entreat thee with all honor.

Aldwyth. My punishment is more than I can bear.

THE REVENGE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET, 1591.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,

And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward!

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : " I know you are no coward ;
 You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
 But I've ninety men or more that are lying sick ashore
 I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard.
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;
 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
 Very carefully and slow,
 Men of Bideford in Devon,
 And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
 For we brought them all aboard,
 And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
 To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
 And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
 " Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
 Good Sir Richard, let us know,
 For to fight is but to die !
 There'll be little of us left by the time the sun be set."
 And Sir Richard said again : " We be all good Englishmen.
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
 For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V.

Sir Richard spoke, and he laugh'd, and we roared a hurrah, and so
 The little " Revenge " ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below ;
 For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
 And the little " Revenge " ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
 Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
 Running on and on, till delay'd
 By their mountain-like " San Philip " that, of fifteen hundred tons,
 And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
 Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII.

And while now the great " San Philip " hung above us like a cloud
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall
 Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away
 From the Spanish fleet that day,
 And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay
 And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII.

But anon the great "San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
 Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;
 And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
 For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
 When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
 But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame;
 For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
 God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X.

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
 And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,
 With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
 And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
 And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
 But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
 So they watch'd what the end would be.
 And we had not fought them in vain,
 But in perilous plight were we,
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
 And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
 In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
 And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
 And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
 "We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
 As may never be fought again!
 We have won great glory, my men!
 And a day less or more
 At sea or shore,

We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!”

XII.

And the gunner said, “Ay, ay,” but the seamen made reply:
“We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow”
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where he lay laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
“I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!”—
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the “Revenge” with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little “Revenge” herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that, which lived
 True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,
 Born of true life and love, divorce thee not
 From earthly love and life—if what we call
 The spirit flash not all at once from out
 This shadow into Substance—then perhaps
 The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise
 From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,
 Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,
 Ascends to thee ; and this March morn that sees
 Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom
 Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,
 And thine Imperial mother smile again,
 May send one ray to thee ! and who can tell—
 Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou
 Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag
 Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear
 But that some broken gleam from our poor earth
 May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay
 At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds
 Of England, and her banner in the East ?

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry !
 Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—
 Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew.
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
 Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives !
 Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
 “ Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post ! ”
 Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave :
 Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave,
 “ Every man die at his post ! ” and there hail'd on our houses and halls
 Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
 Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,

Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stooped to the spade,
 Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell
 Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell,
 Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,
 So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest ;
 Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—
 Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—
 Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
 Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
 Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!
 Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the murderous mole.
 Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!
 Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
 Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
 Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd away,
 Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—
 Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
 Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.
 What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
 Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
 Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
 Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the tide—
 So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
 Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
 Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd with our grape—
 Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
 Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
 Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
 Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
 Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer
 There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:
 "Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—
 Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—
 Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
 Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure they your hand be as true!
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim'd are your flank fusilades—
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

v.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.
 Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—
 One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: "Follow me, follow me!"
 Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.
 Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
 Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
 Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
 Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew
 That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

vi.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms.
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
 Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
 Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
 Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torture of flies,
 Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be heal'd,
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a life,
 Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
 Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
 Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—
 Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
 But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

vii.

Hark cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the scout?
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
 But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

viii.

Hark canonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout?
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
 All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,

Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
 Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears !
 Dance to the pibroch !—saved ! we are saved !—is it you ? is it you ?
 Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven !
 " Hold it for fifteen days ! " we have held it for eighty-seven !
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

THE LOVER'S TALE.

THE original preface to "The Lover's Tale" states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel,—a work of my mature life,—"The Golden Supper?"

MAY, 1879.

ARGUMENT.

Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells, tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage ; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I.

HERE far away, seen from the topmost
 cliff,
 Filling with purple gloom the vacan-
 cies,
 Between the tufted hills, the sloping
 seas
 Hung in mid-heaven, and half way
 down rare sails,
 White as white clouds, floated from
 sky to sky.
 Oh ! pleasant breast of waters, quiet
 bay,
 Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,
 Where the chafed breakers of the outer
 sea
 Sank powerless, as anger falls aside

And withers on the breast of peaceful
 love ;
 Thou didst receive the growth of vines
 that fledged
 The hills that watched thee, as Love
 watcheth Love, [self
 In thine own essence, and delight thy-
 To make it wholly thine on sunny days.
 Keep thou thy name of " Lover's Bay."
 See, sirs,
 Even now the Goddess of the Past,
 that takes
 The heart, and sometimes touches but
 one string
 That quivers, and is silent, and some-
 times
 Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd
 chords

You cannot find their depth; for they
 go back,
 And farther back, and still withdraw
 themselves
 Quite into the deep soul, that evermore
 Fresh springing from her fountains in
 the brain,
 Still pouring thro', floods with redund-
 ant life
 Her narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago
 I should have died, if it were possible
 To die in gazing on that perfectness
 Which I do bear within me: I had
 died,
 But from my farthest lapse, my latest
 ebb,
 Thine image, like a charm of light and
 strength
 Upon the waters, push'd me back again
 On these deserted sands of barren life
 Tho' from the deep vault where the
 heart of Hope
 Fell into dust, and crumbled in the
 dark—
 Forgetting how to render beautiful
 Her countenance with quick and health-
 ful blood—
 Thou didst not sway me upward;
 could I perish
 While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,
 Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's
 quiet urn
 Forever! He, that saith it, hath o'er-
 stept
 The slippery footing of his narrow wit,
 And fall'n away from judgment. Thou
 art light,
 To which my spirit leaneth all her
 flowers,
 And length of days, and immortality
 Of thought, and freshness ever self-
 renewed.
 For Time and Grief abode too long
 with Life,
 And, like all other friends i' the world,
 at last
 They grew weary of her fellowship:
 So Time and Grief did beckon unto
 Death,

And Death drew nigh and beat the
 doors of Life;
 But thou didst sit alone in the inner
 house,
 A wakeful portress, and didst parle
 with Death,—
 "This is a charmed dwelling which I
 hold;"
 So Death gave back, and would no
 further come.
 Yet is my life nor in the present time,
 Nor in the present place. To me
 alone,
 Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,
 The Present is the vassal of the Past:
 So that, in that I *have* lived, do I live,
 And cannot die, and am, in having
 been,
 A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
 Thrust forward on to-day and out of
 place;
 A body journeying onward, sick with
 toil,
 The weight as if of age upon my limbs,
 The grasp of hopeless grief about my
 heart, [that
 And all the senses weaken'd, save in
 Which long ago they had glean'd and
 garner'd up
 Into the granaries of memory—
 The clear brow, bulwark of the precious
 brain,
 Chink'd as you see, and seam'd—and
 all the while
 The light soul twines and mingles with
 the growths
 Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,
 Married, made one with, molten into
 all
 The beautiful in Past of act or place,
 And like the all-enduring camel, driven
 Far from the diamond fountain by the
 palms,
 Who toils across the middle moon-lit
 nights,
 Or when the white heats of the blind-
 ing noons
 Beat from the concave sand; yet in
 him keeps
 A draught of that sweet fountain that
 he loves,

To stay his feet from falling, and his
spirit
From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,
When I began to-love. How should I
tell you?

Or from the after-fulness of my heart,
Flow back again unto my slender spring
And first of love, tho' every turn and
depth

Between is clearer in my life than all
Its present flow. Ye know not what
ye ask. [tell

How should the broad and open flower
What sort of bud it was, wher, prest
together

In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken
folds,

It seem'd to keep its sweetness to it-
self,

Yet was not the less sweet for that it
seem'd?

For young Life knows not when young
Life was born,

But takes it all for granted: neither
Love,

Warm in the heart, his cradle, can re-
member

Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,
Looking on her that brought him to
the light :

Or as men know not when they fall
asleep

Into delicious dreams, our other life,
So know I not when I began to love.

This is my sum of knowledge—that my
love

Grew with myself—say rather, was my
growth,

My inward sap, the hold I have on
earth,

My outward circling air wherewith I
breathe,

Which yet upholds my life, and ever-
more

Is to my daily life and daily death:
For how should I have lived and not
have loved?

Can ye take off the sweetness from the
flower,

The color and the sweetness from the
rose,
And place them by themselves; or set
apart

Their motions and their brightness
from the stars,

And then point out the flower or the
star?

Or build a wall betwixt my life and
love,

And tell me where I am? 'Tis even
thus:

In that I live I love; because I love
I live: whate'er is fountain to the
one

Is fountain to the other; and when-
e'er

Our God unknits the riddle of the
one,

There is no shade or fold of mystery
Swathing the other.

Many, many years
(For they seem many and my most of
life,

And well I could have linger'd in that
porch,

So unproportion'd to the dwelling-
place),

In the May dews of childhood, oppo-
site

The flush and dawn of youth, we lived
together,

Apart, alone together on those hills.

Before he saw my day my father
died,

And he was happy that he saw it not;
But I and the first daisy on his grave

From the same clay came into light at
once.

As Love and I do number equal years,
So she, my love, is of an age with
me.

How like each other was the birth of
each!

On the same morning, almost the same
hour,

Under the selfsame aspect of the stars
(O falsehood of all starcraft!), we were

born. [each!

How like each other was the birth of

The sister of my mother—she that bore
 Camilla close beneath her beating heart,
 Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,
 With its true-touched pulses in the flow
 And hourly visitation of the blood,
 Sent notes of preparation manifold,
 And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—
 My mother's sister, mother of my love,
 Who had a two-fold claim upon my heart,
 One twofold mightier than the other was,
 In giving so much beauty to the world,
 And so much wealth as God hath charged her with—
 Loathing to put it from herself forever,
 Left her own life with it; and dying thus,
 Crown'd with her highest act the placid face [past.
 And breathless body of her good deeds

So we were born, so orphan'd. She was motherless
 And I without a father. So from each
 Of those two pillars which from earth uphold
 Our childhood, one had fallen away, and all
 The careful burden of our tender years
 Trembled upon the other. He that gave
 Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd
 All loving kindnesses, all offices
 Of watchful care and trembling tenderness.
 He waked for both: he pray'd for both: he slept
 Dreaming of both: nor was his love the less
 Because it was divided, and shot forth
 Boughs on each side, laden with whole
 some shade,

Whercin we nested sleeping or awake,
 And sang aloud the matin-song of life,

She was my foster-sister: on one arm
 The flaxen ringlets of our infancies
 Wander'd, the while we rested: one soft lap
 Pillow'd us both: a common light of eyes
 Was on us as we lay: our baby lips,
 Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence
 The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,
 One sustenance, which, still as thought
 grew large,
 Still larger moulding all the house of thought,
 Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps—
 All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,
 Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoe'er
 Our general mother meant for me alone,
 Our mutual mother dealt to both of us:
 So what was earliest mine in earliest life,
 I shared with her in whom myself remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy,
 They tell me, was a very miracle
 Of fellow-feeling and communion.
 They tell me that we would not be alone—
 We cried when we were parted; when I wept,
 Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,
 Staid on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved
 The sound of one another's voices more
 Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learnt
 To lisp in tune together; that we slept

In the same cradle always, face to face,
 Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,
 Folding each other, breathing on each other,
 Dreaming together (dreaming of each other
 They should have added), till the morning light
 Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane
 Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke
 To gaze upon each other. If this be true,
 At thought of which my whole soul languishes
 And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath—as tho'
 A man in some still garden should infuse
 Rich attar in the bosom of the rose,
 Till, drunk with its own wine, and overfull
 Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,
 It fall on its own thorns—if this be true,—
 And that way my wish leads me evermore
 Still to believe it, 'tis so sweet a thought,—
 Why in the utter stillness of the soul
 Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell
 Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn,
 Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest harmony?
 O blossom'd portal of the lonely house,
 Green prelude, April promise, glad new-year
 Of Being, which with earliest violets
 And lavish carol of clear-throated larks
 Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not speak of thee;
 These have not seen thee, these can never know thee,

'They cannot understand me. Pass we then
 A term of eighteen years. Ye would but laugh
 If I should tell ycu how I hoard in thought
 The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient crones,
 Gray relics of the nurseries of the world,
 Which are as gems set in my memory,
 Because she learnt them with me; or what use
 To know her father left us just before
 The daffodil was blown? or how we found
 The dead man cast upon the shore?
 All this
 Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds
 But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of mine
 Is traced with flame. Move with me to the event.
 There came a glorious morning, such a one
 As dawns but once a season. Mercury
 On such a morning would have flung himself
 From cloud to cloud, and swum with balanced wings
 To some tall mountain: when I said to her,
 "A day for gods to stoop," she answered, "Ay,
 And men to soar:" for as that other gazed,
 Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,
 The prophet and the chariot and the steeds,
 Suck'd into oneness like a little star
 Were drunk into the inmost blue, we stood,
 When first we came from out the pines at noon,
 With hands for eaves, uplooking and almost
 Waiting to see some blessed shape in heaven,

So bathed we were in brilliance. Never
yet

Before or after have I known the
spring

Pour with such sudden deluges of light
Into the middle summer; for that day,
Love, rising, shook his wings, and
charged the winds

With spiced May-sweets from bound
to bound, and blew

Fresh fire into the sun, and from
within

Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent
his soul

Into the songs of birds, and touch'd
far off

His mountain-altars, his high hills, with
flame

Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wound:
The great pine shook with lonely
sounds of joy

That came on the sea-wind. As moun-
tain streams

Our bloods ran free: the sunshine
seem'd to brood

More warmly on the heart than on the
brow.

We often paused, and, looking back,
we saw

The clefts and openings in the moun-
tains fill'd

With the blue valley and the glistening
brooks,

And all the low dark groves, a land of
love!

A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the
milk

And honey of delicious memories!

And down to sea, and far as eye could
ken,

Each way from verge to verge a Holy
Land.

Still growing holier as you near'd the
bay,

For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd
The grassy platform on some hill, I
stoop'd, [brows

I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her

And mine made garlands of the self
same flower,

Which she took smiling, and with my
work thus

Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or
twice she told me

(For I remember all things) to let
grow

The flowers that run poison in their
veins.

She said. "The evil flourish in the
world."

Then playfully she gave herself the
lie—

"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful;
So, brother, pluck, and spare not."

So I wove

Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem,
"whose flower,

Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sun-
rise,

Like to the wild youth of an evil
prince,

Is without sweetness, but who crowns
himself

Above the secret poisons of his heart
In his old age." A graceful thought of

hers

Grav'n on my fancy! And oh, how
like a nymph,

A stately mountain nymph, she look'd!
how native

Unto the hills she trod on! While I
gazed,

My coronal slowly disentwined itself
And fell between us both; tho' while I

gazed
My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of
bliss

That strike across the soul in prayer,
and show us

That we are surely heard. Methought
a light

Burst from the garland I had wov'n,
and stood

A solid glory on her bright black hair;
A light methought broke from her
dark, dark eyes,

And shot itself into the singing winds:
A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her

white robe

As from a glass in the sun, and fell
about

My footsteps on the mountains.

To what our people call "The Hill of
Woe." Last we came

A bridge is there, that look'd at from
beneath,

Seems but a cobweb filament to link
The yawning of an earthquake-cloven
chasm,

And thence one night, when all the
winds were loud,

A woful man (for so the story went)
Had thrust his wife and child and
dash'd himself

Into the dizzy depth below. Below,
Fierce in the strength of far descent, a
stream

Flies with a shatter'd foam along the
chasm.

The path was perilous, loosely strewn
with crags:

We mounted slowly; yet to both there
came

The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking
down

On all that had look'd down on us;
and joy

In reathing nearer heaven; and joy
to me,

High over all the azure-circled earth,
To breathe with her as if in heaven it-
self;

And more than joy that I to her be-
came

Her guardian and her angel, raising
her

Still higher, past all peril, until she
saw

Beneath her feet the region far away,
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky
brows,

Burst into open prospect—heath and
hill,

And hollow lined and wooded to the
lips,

And steep-down walls of battlemented
rock

Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into
spires,

And glory of broad waters interfused,
Whence rose as it were breath and
steam of gold,

And over all the great wood rioting
And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at
intervals

With falling brook or blossom'd bush
—and last,

Framing the mighty landscape to the
west,

A purple range of mountain-cones, be-
tween

Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding
bursts

The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.
At length

Descending from the point and stand-
ing both,

There on the tremulous bridge, that
from beneath

Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in
air,

We paused amid the splendor. All
the west

And e'en unto the middle south was
ribb'd

And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The
sun below,

Held for a space 'twixt cloud and
wave, shower'd down

Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over
That various wilderness a tissue of
light

Unparallel'd. On the other side, the
moon,

Half melted into thin blue air, stood
still

And pale and fibrous as a wither'd
leaf,

Nor yet endured in presence of His
eyes

To indue his lustre; most unlover-
like,

Since in his absence full of light and
joy,

And giving light to others. But this
most,

Next to her presence whom I loved so
well,

Spoke loudly even into my inmost
 heart
 As to my outward hearing : the loud
 stream,
 Forth issuing from his portals in the
 crag
 (A visible link unto the home of my
 heart),
 Ran amber toward the west, and nigh
 the sea
 Parting my own loved mountains was
 received,
 Shorn of its strength, into the sym-
 pathy
 Of that small bay, which out to open
 main
 Glow'd intermingling close beneath the
 sun.
 Spirit of love! that little hour was
 bound
 Shut in from Time, and dedicate to
 thee :
 Thy fires from heaven had touched it,
 and the earth
 They fell on became hallow'd ever-
 more.

We turn'd : our eyes met : hers
 were bright, and mine
 Were dim with floating tears, that shot
 the sunset
 In lightnings round me ; and my name
 was borne
 Upon her breath. Henceforth my
 name has been
 A hallow'd memory like the names of
 old,
 A centred, glory-circled memory,
 And a peculiar treasure, brooking not
 Exchange or currency : and in that
 hour
 A hope flowed round me, like a golden
 mist
 Charm'd amid eddies of melodious
 airs,
 A moment, ere the onward whirlwind
 shatter it,
 Waver'd and floated—which was less
 than Hope,
 Because it lack'd the power of perfect
 Hope ;

But which was more and higher than
 all Hope,
 Because all other Hope had lower
 aim ;
 Even that this name to which her gra-
 cious lips
 Did lend such gentle utterance, this
 one name,
 In some obscure hereafter, might in-
 wreath
 (How lovelier, nobler then!) her life,
 her love,
 With my life, love, soul, spirit, and
 heart and strength.

“Brother,” she said, “let this be
 call'd henceforth
 The Hill of Hope ;” and I replied, “O
 sister,
 My will is one with thine ; the Hill of
 Hope.”
 Nevertheless, we did not change the
 name.

I did not speak ; I could not speak
 my love.
 Love lieth deep : Love dwells not in
 lip-depths.
 Love wraps his wings on either side
 the heart,
 Constraining it with kisses close and
 warm,
 Absorbing all the incense of sweet
 thoughts
 So that they pass not to the shrine of
 sound.
 Else had the life of that delighted
 hour
 Drunk in the largeness of the utter-
 ance
 Of Love ; but how should Earthly
 measure mete
 The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlim-
 ited Love,
 Who scarce can tune his high majestic
 sense
 Unto the thunder-song that wheels the
 spheres,
 Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,
 And flowing odor of the spacious air,
 Scarce housed within the circle of this
 Earth,

Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
Which pass with that which breathes
them? Sooner Earth
Might go round Heaven, and the
straight girth of Time
Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,
Than language grasp the infinite of
Love

O day which did enwomb that happy
hour, [day!
Thou art blessed in the years, divinest
O Genius of that hour which dost up-
hold
Thy coronal of glory like a God,
Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
Who walk before thee, ever turning
round
To gaze upon thee till their eyes are
dim
With dwelling on the light and depth
of thine,
Thy name is ever worshipp'd among
hours!
Had I died then, I had not seem'd to
die,
For bliss stood round me like the light
of Heaven—
Had I died then, I had not known the
death;
Yea had the Power from whose right
hand the light
Of life issueth, and from whose left
hand floweth
The shadow of Death, perennial efflu-
ences,
Whereof to all that draw the whole-
some air
Somewhile the one must overflow the
other;
Then had he stemm'd my day with
night, and driven
My current to the fountain whence it
sprang,—
Even his own abiding excellence—
On me, methinks, that shock of gloom
had fall'n
Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged
The other, like the sun I gazed upon,
Which seeming for the moment due to
death,

And dipping his head low beneath the
verge,
Yet bearing round about him his own
day,
In confidence of unabated strength,
Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven,
from light to light,
And holdeth his undimmed forehead
far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the down-
ward hill;
We past from light to dark. On the
other side
Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain
hall,
Which none have fathom'd. If you
go far in
(The country people rumor) you may
hear
The moaning of the woman and the
child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the
rock.
I too have heard a sound—perchance
of streams
Running far on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness; but the cav-
ern-mouth,
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that
passing lightly
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of eglantines, a place of burial
Far lovelier than its cradle; for unseen
But taken with the sweetness of the
place,
It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower
down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding,
leaves
Low banks of yellow sand; and from
the woods
That belt it rise three dark, tall cy-
presses,—
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal
woe,
That men plant over graves.

Hither we came,
 And sitting down upon the golden moss,
 Held converse sweet and low—low
 converse sweet,
 In which our voices bore least part.
 The wind
 Told a love tale beside us, how he
 woo'd
 The waters, and the waters answering
 lisp'd
 To kisses of the wind, that, sick with
 love,
 Fainted at intervals, and grew again
 To utterance of passion. Ye cannot
 shape
 Fancy so fair as is this memory.
 Methought all excellence that ever was
 Had drawn herself from many thousand
 years,
 And all the separate Edens of this
 Earth,
 To centre in this place and time. I
 listen'd,
 And her words stole with most pre-
 vailing sweetness
 Into my heart, as thronging fancies
 come
 To boys and girls when summer days
 are new,
 And soul and heart and body are all
 at ease :
 What marvel my Camilla told me all ?
 It was so happy an hour, so sweet a
 place,
 And I was as the brother of her blood,
 And by that name I moved upon her
 breath ;
 Dear name, which had too much of
 nearness in it
 And heralded the distance of this time !
 At first her voice was very sweet and
 low,
 As if she were afraid of utterance ;
 But in the onward current of her
 speech
 (As echoes of the hollow-banked
 brooks
 Are fashioned by the channel which
 they keep),
 Her words did of their meaning bor-
 row sound,

Her cheek did catch the color of her
 words.
 I heard and trembled, yet I could but
 hear ;
 My heart paused—my raised eyelids
 would not fall,
 But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
 I seem'd the only part of Time stood
 still,
 And saw the motion of all other
 things ;
 While her words, syllable by syllable,
 Like water, drop by drop, upon my
 ear
 Fell ; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not
 to speak ;
 But she spake on, for I did name no
 wish.
 What marvel my Camilla told me all
 Her maiden dignities of Hope and
 Love—
 "Perchance," she said, "return'd."
 Even then the stars
 Did tremble in their stations as I
 gazed :
 But she spake on, for I did name no
 wish,
 No wish—no hope. Hope was not
 wholly dead,
 But breathing hard at the approach of
 Death,—
 Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
 No longer in the dearest sense of
 mine—
 For all the secret of her inmost heart
 And all the maiden empire of her
 mind,
 Lay like a map before me, and I saw
 There, where I hoped myself to reign
 as king,
 There, where that day I crown'd my-
 self as king,
 There in my realm and even on my
 throne,
Another ! Then it seem'd as tho' a
 link
 Of some tight chain within my inmost
 frame [not
 Was riven in twain : that life I heeded
 Flow'd from me, and the darkness of
 the grave,

The darkness of the grave and utter
 night,
 Did swallow up my vision; at her
 feet,
 Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
 Smit with exceeding sorrow unto
 Death.

Then had the earth beneath me
 yawning cloven
 With such a sound as when an iceberg
 splits
 From cope to base—had Heaven from
 all her doors,
 With all her golden thresholds clash-
 ing, roll'd
 Her heaviest thunder—I had lain as
 dead,
 Mute, blind, and motionless as then I
 lay;
 Dead, for henceforth there was no life
 for me!
 Mute, for henceforth what use were
 words to me!
 Blind, for the day was as the night to
 me!
 The night to me was kinder than the
 day;
 The night in pity took away my day,
 Because my grief as yet was newly
 born
 Of eyes too weak to look upon the
 light;
 And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
 Frail Life was startled from the tender
 love
 Of him she brooded over. Would I
 had lain
 Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
 Round my worn limbs, and the wild
 brier had driven
 Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining
 brows,
 Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.
 The wind had blown above me, and
 the rain
 Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded
 snake
 Had nestled in the bosom-throne of
 Love,
 But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me.
 All too soon
 Life (like a wanton too-officious friend,
 Who will not *hear* denial, vain and
 rude
 With proffer of unwished-for services)
 Entering all the avenues of sense
 Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,
 With hated warmth of apprehensive-
 ness.
 And first the chillness of the sprinkled
 brook
 Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd
 to hear
 Its murmur, as the drowning seaman
 hears,
 Who with his head below the surface
 dropt
 Listens the muffled blooming indis-
 tinct
 Of the confused floods, and dimly
 knows
 His head shall rise no more : and then
 came in
 The white light of the weary moon
 above,
 Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.
 Was my sight drunk that it did shape
 to me
 Him who should own that name?
 Were it not well
 If so be that the echo of that name
 Ringing within the fancy had updrawn
 A fashion and a phantasm of the form
 It should attach to? Phantom!—had
 the ghastliest
 That ever lusted for a body, sucking
 The foul steam of the grave to thicken
 by it,
 There in the shuddering moonlight
 brought its face
 And what it has for eyes as close to
 mine
 As he did—better that than his, than
 he
 The friend, the neighbor, Lionel, the
 beloved,
 The loved, the lover, the happy
 Lionel,
 The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel,
 All joy, to whom my agony was a joy.

Oh how her choice did leap forth from
his eyes !
Oh how her love did clothe itself in
smiles
About his lips ! and—not one moment's
grace—
Then when the effect weigh'd seas
upon my head
To come my way ! to twit me with the
cause !

Was not the land as free thro' all
her ways
To him as me ? Was not his wont to
walk
Between the going light and growing
night ?
Had I not learnt my loss before he
came ?
Could that be more because he came
my way ?
Why should he not come my way if he
would ?
And yet to-night to-night—when all
my wealth
Flash'd from me in a moment and I
fell
Beggar'd forever—why *should* he come
my way
Robed in those robes of light I must
not wear,
With that great crown of beams about
his brows—
Come like an angel to a damned soul,
To tell him of the bliss he had with
God—
Come like a careless and greedy heir
That scarce can wait the reading of
will
Before he takes possession ? Was
mine a mood
To be invaded rudely, and not rather
A sacred, secret, unapproached woe,
Unspeakable ? I was shut up with
Grief ;
She took the body of my past delight,
Narded and swathed and balm'd it for
herself,
And laid it in a sepulchre of rock
Never to rise again. I was led mute
Into her temple like a sacrifice ;

I was the High Priest in her holiest
place,
Not to be loudly broken in upon.

O friend, thoughts deep and heavy as
these well nigh
O'erbore the limits of my brain ; but
he
Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm up-
stayed.

I thought it was an adder's fold, and
once

I strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,
Being so feeble : she bent above me,
too ;

Wan was her cheek ; for whatso'er of
blight

Lives in the dewy touch of pity had
made

The red rose there a pale one—and
her eyes—

I saw the moonlight glitter on their
tears—

And some few drops of that distress-
ful rain

Fell on my face, and her long ringlets
moved,

Drooping and beaten by the breeze,
and brush'd

My fallen forehead in their to and fro,
For in the sudden anguish of her heart

Loosed from their simple thrall they
had flow'd abroad,

And floated on and parted round her
neck,

Mantling her form half way. She,
when I woke,

Something she ask'd, I know not what,
and ask'd,

Unanswer'd, since I spake not ; for
the sound

Of that dear voice so musically low,
And now first heard with any sense of
pain,

As it had taken life away before,
Choked all the syllables, that strove
to rise

From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too,
From his great hoard of happiness
distill'd

Some drops of solace : like a vain rich man,
 That, having always prosper'd in the world,
 Folding his hands, deals comfortable words
 To hearts wounded forever: yet, in truth,
 Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,
 Falling in whispers on the sense, address'd
 More to the inward than the outward ear,
 As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,
 Scarce heard, recalling fragrance and the green
 Of the dead spring: but mine was wholly dead,
 No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for me.
 Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd wrong?
 And why was I to darken their pure love,
 If, as I found, they two did love each other,
 Because my own was darken'd? Why was I
 To cross between their happy star and them?
 To stand a shadow by their shining doors,
 And vex them with my darkness?
 Did I love her?
 Ye know that I did love her; to this present
 My full-orb'd love has waned not.
 Did I love her,
 And could I look upon her tearful eyes?
 What had *she* done to weep? Why should *she* weep?
 O innocent of spirit—let my heart
 Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of Heaven
 Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.
 Her love did murder mine? What then? She deem'd

I wore a brother's mind : she call'd me brother;
 She told all her love: she shall not weep.

The brightness of a burning thought, awhile
 In battle with the glooms of my dark will,
 Moon-like emerged, and to itself lift up
 There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe
 Reflex of action. Starting up at once,
 As from a dismal dream of my own death,
 I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love ;
 I, for I loved her, graspt the hand she lov'd,
 And laid it in her own, and sent my cry
 Thro' the blank night to Him who loving made
 The happy and the unhappy love, that He
 Would hold the hand of blessing over them,
 Lionel, the happy, and her, and her his bride!
 Let them so love that men and boys may say,
 "Lo! how they love each other!"
 till their love
 Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all
 Known, when their faces are forgot in the land—
 One golden dream of love, from which may death
 Awake them with heaven's music in a life
 More living to some happier happiness,
 Swallowing its precedent in victory.
 And as for me, Camilla, as for me,—
 The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,
 They will but sicken the sick plant the more.
 Deem that I love thee but as brothers do,

So shalt thou love me still as sisters do ;
 Or if thou dream aught farther, dream
 but how
 I could have loved thee, had there
 been none else
 To love as lovers, loved again by thee.

Or this, or somewhat like to this, I
 spake,
 When I beheld her weep so ruefully ;
 For sure my love should ne'er induc
 the front
 And mask of Hate, who lives on
 others' moans.
 Shall Love pledge Hatred in her bit-
 ter draughts,
 And batten on her poisons? Love
 forbid!
 Love passeth not the threshold of cold
 Hate,
 And Hate is strange beneath the root
 of Love
 O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up
 these tears
 Shed for the love of Love; for tho'
 mine image,
 The subject of thy power, be cold in
 her,
 Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the
 source
 Of these sad tears, and feeds their
 downward flow.
 So Love, arraing'd to judgment and to
 death,
 Received unto himself a part of blame
 Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,
 Who, when the woful sentence hath
 been past,
 And all the clearness of his fame hath
 gone
 Beneath the shadow of the curse of
 man,
 First falls asleep in swoon, wherefrom
 awaked,
 And looking round upon his tearful
 friends,
 Forthwith and in his agony conceives
 A shameful sense as of a cleaving
 crime—
 For whence without some guilt should
 such grief be ?

So died that hour, and fell into the
 abysm
 Of forms outworn, but not to me out-
 worn,
 Who never hail'd another—was there
 one ?
 There might be one—one other, worth
 the life
 That made it sensible. So that hour
 died
 Like odor rapt into the winged wind
 Born into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built,
 that they,
 They—when their love is wreck'd—if
 Love can wreck—
 On that sharp ridge of utmost doom
 ride highly
 Above the perilous seas of Change and
 Chance ;
 Nay, more, hold out the lights of
 cheerfulness ;
 As the tall ship, that many a dreary
 year
 Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at
 sea,
 All thro' the livelong hours of utter
 dark,
 Showers slanting light upon the dol-
 orous wave.
 For me—what light, what gleam on
 those black ways
 Where Love could walk with banish'd
 Hope no more ?

It was ill done to part you, Sisters
 fair ;
 Love's arms were wreath'd about the
 neck of Hope,
 And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew
 in her breath
 In that close kiss, and drank her whis-
 per'd tales.
 They said that Love would die when
 Hope was gone,
 And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd
 after Hope ;
 At last she sought out Memory, and
 they trod

The same old paths where Love had
walk'd with Hope
And Memory fed the soul of Love with
tears.

II.

FROM that time forth I would not see
her more ;

But many weary moons I lived alone—
Alone, and in the heart of the great
forest.

Sometimes upon the hills beside the
sea

All day I watch'd the floating isles of
shade,

And sometimes on the shore, upon the
sands

Insensibly I drew her name, until
The meaning of the letters shot into
My brain; anon the wanton billow
wash'd

Them over, till they faded like my
love.

The hollow caverns heard me—the
black brooks

Of the mid-forest heard me—the soft
winds,

Laden with thistle down and seeds of
flowers,

Paused in their course to hear me, for
my voice

Was all of thee: the merry linnet
knew me,

The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-
fly

Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.
The rough brier tore my bleeding
palms; the hemlock

Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I
past ;

Yet trod I not the wild flower in my
path,

Nor bruised the wild bird's egg.

Was this the end ?

Why grew we then together in one
plot ?

Why fed we from one fountain ? drew
one sun ?

Why were our mothers branches of
one stem ?

Why were we one in all things, save
in that

Where to have been one had been the
cope and crown

Of all I hoped and fear'd ?—if that
same nearness

Were father to this distance, and that
one

Vauntcourier to this *double* ? if Affec-
tion

Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd
out

The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy ?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the
hill

Where last we roam'd together, for the
sound

Of the loud stream was pleasant, and
the wind

Came wooingly with woodbine smells.
Sometimes

All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,
Fixing my eyes on those three cypress
cones

That spired above the wood; and with
mad hand

Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy-
screen,

I cast them in the noisy brook be-
neath,

And watch'd them till they vanish'd
from my sight

Beneath the bower of wreathed eglan-
tines :

And all the fragments of the living
rock

(Huge blocks, which some old trem-
bling of the world

Had loosen'd from the mountain, till
they fell

Half digging their own graves) these
in my agony

Did I make bare of all the golden
moss,

Wherewith the dashing runnel in the
spring

Had liveried them all over. In my
brain

The spirit seem'd to flag from thought
to thought,

As moonlight wandering thro' a mist :
 my blood
 Crept like marsh drains thro' all my
 languid limbs ;
 The motions of my heart seem'd far
 within me,
 Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its
 pulses ;
 And yet it shook me, that my frame
 would shudder,
 As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack.
 But over the deep graves of Hope and
 Fear,
 And all the broken palaces of the Past,
 Brooded one master-passion evermore,
 Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky
 Above some fair metropolis, earth-
 shock'd,—
 Hung round with ragged ruins and
 burning folds,—
 Embathing all with wild and woful
 hues,
 Great hills of ruins, and collapsèd
 masses
 Of thunder-shaken columns indistinct,
 And fused together in the tyrannous
 light—
 Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me !

Sometimes I thought Camilla was
 no more,
 Some one had told she was dead, and
 ask'd me
 If I would see her burial; then I
 seem'd
 To rise, and through the forest-shadow
 borne
 With more than mortal swiftness, I
 ran down
 The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon
 The rear of a procession, curving
 round
 The silver-sheeted bay: in front of
 which
 Six stately virgins, all in white, up-
 bare
 A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest
 lawn,
 Wreathed round the bier with gar-
 lands: in the distance, [hill
 From out the yellow woods upon the

Look'd forth the summit and the pin-
 nacles
 Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals
 A low bell tolling. All the pageantry,
 Save those six virgins which upheld
 the bier,
 Were stoled from head to foot in flow-
 ing black :
 One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd
 his brow,
 And he was loud in weeping and in
 praise
 Of her he follow'd : a strong sympathy
 Shook all my soul : I flung myself upon
 him
 In tears and cries : I told him all my
 love,
 How I had loved her from the first ;
 whereat
 He shrank and howl'd, and from his
 brow drew back
 His hand to push me from him ; and
 the face,
 The very face and form of Lionel
 Flash'd thro' my eyes into my inner-
 most brain,
 And at his feet I seemed to faint and
 fall,
 To fall and die away. I could not
 rise
 Albeit I strove to follow. They past
 on,
 The lordly Phantasms ! in their floating
 folds
 They past and were no more : but I
 had fallen
 Prone by the dashing runnel on the
 grass.

Always the inaudible invisible thought
 Artificer and subject, lord and slave,
 Shaped by the audible and visible,
 Moulded the audible and visible ;
 All crisped sounds of wave and leaf
 and wind
 Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain ;
 The cloud-pavilion'd element, the
 wood,
 The mountain, the three cypresses, the
 cave, [moon
 Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the

Below black firs, when silent-creeping
 winds
 Laid the long night in silver streaks
 and bars,
 Were wrought into the tissue of my
 dream :
 The moanings in the forest, the loud
 brook,
 Cries of the partridge like a rusty key
 Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dor-
 hawk-whir
 Awoke me not, but were a part of
 sleep,
 And voices in the distance calling to
 me
 And in my vision bidding me dream
 on,
 Like sounds without the twilight realm
 of dreams,
 Which wander round the bases of the
 hills,
 And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of
 sleep,
 Half-entering the portals. Often-
 times
 The vision had fair prelude, in the
 end
 Opening on darkness, stately vesti-
 bules
 To caves and shows of Death : whether
 the mind,
 With some revenge,—even to itself
 unknown,—
 Made strange division of its suffering
 With her, whom to have suffering
 view'd had been
 Extreme pain; or that the clear-eyed
 Spirit,
 Being blunted in the Present, grew at
 length
 Prophetic and prescient of whate'er
 The Future had in store: or that
 which most
 Enchains belief, the sorrow of my
 spirit
 Was of so wide a compass it took in
 All I had loved, and my dull agony,
 Ideally to her transferr'd, became
 Anguish intolerable.

The day waned ;
 Alone I sat with her: about my brow

Her warm breath floated in the utter-
 ance
 Of silver-chorded tones: her lips were
 sunder'd
 With smiles of tranquil bliss, which
 broke in light
 Like morning from her eyes—her elo-
 quent eyes
 (As I have seen them many a hundred
 times),
 Filled all with pure clear fire, thro'
 mine down rain'd
 Their spirit-searching splendors. As
 a vision
 Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd
 In damp and dismal dungeons under-
 ground,
 Confined on points of faith, when
 strength is shock'd
 With torment, and expectancy of
 worse
 Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged
 walls,
 All unawares before his half-shut
 eyes,
 Comes in upon him in the dead of
 night,
 And with the excess of sweetness and
 of awe,
 Makes the heart tremble, and the sight
 run over
 Upon his steely gyves; so those fair
 eyes
 Shone on my darkness, forms which
 ever stood
 Within the magic cirque of memory,
 Invisible but deathless, waiting still
 The edict of the will to re-assume
 The semblance of those rare realities
 Of which they were the mirrors. Now
 the light
 Which was their life bursts through
 the cloud of thought
 Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room
 Within the summer-house of which I
 spake,
 Hung round with paintings of the sea,
 and one
 A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved
 prow

Clambering, the mast bent and the
 ravin wind
 In her sail roaring. From the outer
 day,
 Betwixt the close-set ivies came a
 broad
 And solid beam of isolated light,
 Crowded with driving atomies, and
 fell
 Slanting upon that picture, from prime
 youth
 Well known, well loved. She drew it
 long ago
 Forth-gazing on the waste and open
 sea,
 One morning when the upblown billow
 ran
 Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I
 had pour'd
 Into the shadowing pencil's naked
 forms
 Color and life : it was a bond and seal
 Of friendship, spoken of with tearful
 smiles ;
 A monument of childhood and of
 love ;
 The poesy of childhood ; my lost love
 Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it
 together
 In mute and glad remembrance, and
 each heart
 Grew closer to the other, and the eye
 Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing
 like
 The Indian on a still-eyed snake, low-
 couch'd—
 A beauty which is death ; when all at
 once
 That painted vessel, as with inner
 life,
 Began to heave upon that painted sea ;
 An earthquake, my loud heart-beats,
 made the ground
 Reel under us, and all at once, soul,
 life,
 And breath and motion, past and flow'd
 away
 To those unreal billows : round and
 round
 A whirlwind caught and bore us ;
 mighty gyves

Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind-
 driven
 Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she
 shriek'd ;
 My heart was cloven with pain ; I
 wound my arms
 About her : we whirl'd giddily ; the
 wind
 Sung ; but I claspt her without fear :
 her weight
 Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim
 eyes,
 And parted lips which drank her
 breath, down hung
 The jaws of Death : I, groaning, from
 me flung
 Her empty phantom : all the sway and
 whirl
 Of the storm dropt to windless calm,
 and I
 Down welted thro' the dark ever and
 ever.

III.

I CAME one day and sat among the
 stones
 Strewn in the entry of the moaning
 cave ;
 A morning air, sweet after rain, ran
 over
 The rippling levels of the lake, and
 blew
 Coolness and moisture and all smells
 of bud
 And foliage from the dark and drip-
 ping woods
 Upon my fever'd brows that shook and
 throbb'd
 From temple unto temple. To what
 height
 The day had grown I know not. Then
 came on me
 The hollow tolling of the bell, and all
 The vision of the bier. As heretofore
 I walk'd behind with one who veil'd
 his brow.
 Methought by slow degrees the sullen
 bell
 Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on
 the shore

Sloped into louder surf: those that
 went with rue,
 And those that held the bier before
 my face,
 Moved with one spirit round about the
 bay,
 Trod swifter steps; and while I walk'd
 with these
 In marvel at that gradual change, I
 thought
 Four bells instead of one began to
 ring,
 Four merry bells, four merry marriage
 bells,
 In clanging cadence jangling peal on
 peal—
 A long loud clash of rapid marriage
 bells.
 Then those who led the van, and those
 in rear,
 Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bac-
 chanals
 Fled onward to the steeple in the
 woods:
 I, too, was borne along and felt the
 blast
 Beat on my heated eyelids: all at
 once
 The front rank made a sudden halt;
 the bells
 Lapsed into frightful stillness; the
 surge fell
 From thunder into whispers; those
 six maids
 With shrieks and ringing laughter on
 the sand
 Threw down the bier; the woods upon
 the hill
 Waved with a sudden gust that sweep-
 ing down
 Took the edges of the pall, and blew
 it far
 Until it hung, a little silver cloud
 Over the sounding seas: I turn'd: my
 heart

Shrank in me, like a snow-flake in the
 hand,
 Waiting to see the settled countenance
 Of her I lov'd, adorn'd with fading
 flowers.
 But she from out her death-like chrysa-
 lis,
 She from her bier, as into fresher life,
 My sister, and my cousin, and my
 love,
 Leapt lightly clad in bridal white—her
 hair
 Studded with one rich Provence rose
 —a light
 Of smiling welcome round her lips—
 her eyes
 And cheeks as bright as when she
 climb'd the hill.
 One hand she reach'd to those that
 came behind,
 And while I mused nor yet endured to
 take
 So rich a prize, the man who stood
 with me
 Stept gayly forward, throwing down
 his robes,
 And claspt her hand in his: again the
 bells
 Jangled and clang'd: again the stormy
 surf
 Crash'd in the shingle: and the whirl-
 ing rout
 Led by those two rush'd into dance,
 and fled
 Wind-footed to the steeple in the
 woods,
 Till they were swallow'd in the leafy
 bowers,
 And I stood sole beside the vacant
 bier.
 There, there, my latest vision—then
 the event!
 For "THE GOLDEN SUPPER," see
 page 449.

CHILD-SONGS.

THE CITY CHILD.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander ?
 Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells ?
 " Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
 " All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
 Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander ?
 Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours ?
 " Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
 " All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
 Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers."

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

MINNIE and Winnie
 Slept in a shell.
 Sleep, little ladies!
 And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
 Silver without ;
 Sounds of the great sea
 Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies !
 Wake not soon !
 Echo on echo
 Dies to the moon.

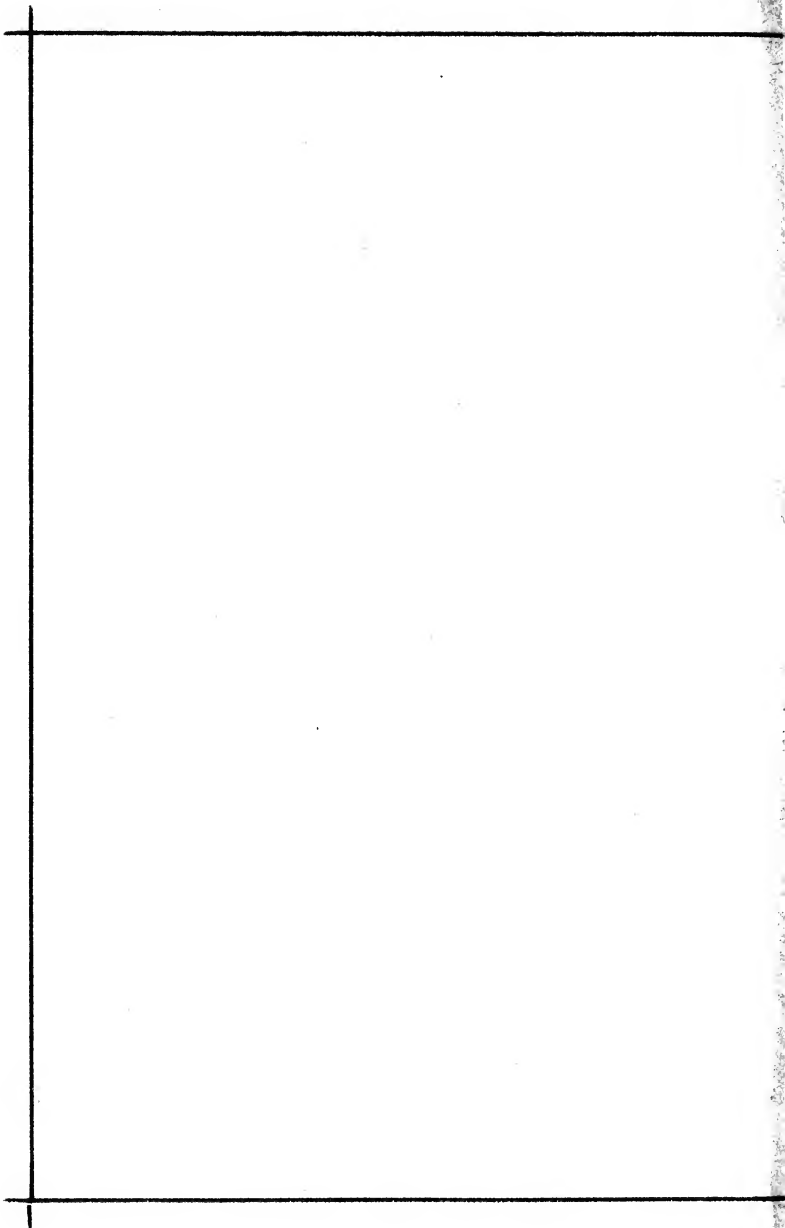
'Two bright stars
 Peep'd into the shell.
 " What are they dreaming of
 Who can tell ? "

Started a green linnnet
 Out of the croft ;
 Wake, little ladies,
 The sun is aloft !

TO
ALFRED TENNYSON,

MY GRANDSON.

GOLDEN hair'd Ally whose name is one with mine,
Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine.
Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,
Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.
May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine !



THE FIRST QUARREL.

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.)

I.

'WAIT a little,' you say, 'you are sure it'll all come right,'
 But the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white :
 Wait ! an' once I ha' waited—I hadn't to wait for long.
 Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry.—No, no, you are doing me wrong !
 Harry and I were married: the boy can hold up his head,—
 The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was dead ;
 I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an' I work an' I wait to the end.
 I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend.

II.

Doctor, if *you* can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life.
 When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own little wife ;
 I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was away,
 An' when we play'd together, I loved him better than play ;
 He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cowslip ball,
 He fought the boys that were rude an' I loved him better than all.
 Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,
 I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in his face.

III.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need
 Of a good stout lad at his farm ; he sent, an' the father agreed ;
 So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years an' for years ;
 I walked with him down to the quay, poor lad, an' we parted in tears.
 The boat was beginning to move, we heard them a-ringing the bell,
 'I'll never love any but you, God bless you, my own little Nell.'

IV.

I was a child, an' he was a child, an' he came to harm ;
 There was a girl, a hussy, that workt with him up at the farm,
 One had deceived her an' left her alone with her sin an' her shame,
 And so she was wicked with Harry ; the girl was the most to blame.

V.

And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall,
 The men would say of the maids 'Our Nelly's the flower of 'em all,'
 I didn't take heed o' *them*, but I taught myself all I could
 To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came home for good.

VI.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy too,
 For I heard it abroad in the fields 'I'll never love any but you ;'
 'I'll never love any but you' the morning song of the lark,
 'I'll never love any but you' the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

VII.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd at me sidelong and shy,
 Vext me a bit, till he told me that so many years had gone by,
 I had grown so handsome and tall—that I might ha' forgot him somehow,
 For he thought—there were other lads—he was fear'd to look at me now.

VIII.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas day,
 Married among the red berries, an' all as merry as May—
 Those were the pleasant times, my house an' my man were my pride,
 We seem'd like ships i' the Channel a-sailing with wind an' tide.

IX.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he tried the villages round,
 So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be found;
 An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I know;
 I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss you before I go.'

X.

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?
 An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd in a corner away,
 It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest,
 I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornets' nest.

XI.

'Sweetheart'—this was the letter—this was the letter I read—
 'You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was dead—
 Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it, my lad,
 An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had.'

XII.

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had past,
 Before I quarrell'd with Harry—*my* quarrel—the first an' the last.

XIII.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,
 An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child,
 'What can it matter, my lass, what I did wi' my single life?
 I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife;
 An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst.' 'Then,' I said, 'I'm none o' the best.'
 An' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let
 it rest!

The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir.'
 But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said 'You were keeping with her,
 When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as before.'
 An' he didn't speak for awhile, an' he anger'd me more and more.
 Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, 'Let bygones be!'

'By-gones ! you kept yours hush'd,' I said, 'when you married me !
By-gones ma' be come-agains ; an' *she*—in her shame an' her sin—
You'll have her to nurse my child, if I die o' my lying in !
You'll make her its second mother ! I hate her—an' I hate you !'
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me black an' blue
Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I were so crazy wi' spite,
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right.'

XIV.

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watch'd him, an' when he came in
I felt that my heart was hard, he was all wet thro' to the skin,
An' I never said 'off wi' the wet,' I never said 'on wi' the dry,'
So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to bid me good-by.
'You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that isn't true, you know ;
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me before I go?'

XV.

'Going ! you're going to her—kiss her—if you will,' I said,—
I was near my time wi' the boy, I must ha' been light i' my head—
'I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd !'—I didn't know well what I meant,
But I turn'd my face from *him*, an' he turn'd *his* face an' he went.

XVI.

And then he sent me a letter, 'I've gotten my work to do ;
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you.
I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go to-night by the boat.'

XVII.

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame ; he was always kind to me.
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right'—
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

RIZPAH.

17—.

I.

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother, come out to me.'
Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go ?
For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow.

II.

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.
The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain.

III.

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden them
all—
What am I saying? and what are *you*? do you come as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

IV.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what have you heard?
Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

V.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should *you* know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only made for the day.
I have gather'd my baby together—and now you may go your way.

VI.

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying wife.
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.
'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has told me a lie.
I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but a child—
'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said; he was always so wild—
And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never could rest.
The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of the
best.

VII.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be
good;
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would;
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done
He flung it among his fellows—I'll none of it, said my son.

VIII.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for robbing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always borne a good
name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't that enough shame?

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide ! but they set him so high
That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by.
God'll pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of the air,
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and hang'd him
there.

IX.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last good-by ;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. ' O mother ! ' I heard him cry.
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something further to say,
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me away.

X.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead,
They seized me and shut me up : they fasten'd me down on my bed.
' Mother, O mother ! '—he call'd in the dark to me year after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that I couldn't but hear ;
And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and still
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had worked their will.

XI.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call it a theft ?—
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laughed and
had cried—
Theirs? O no ! they are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side.

XII.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em
all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the churchyard wall.
My Willy'll rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

XIII.

They would scratch him up—they would hang him again on the cursed
tree.
Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—let all that be,
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward men—
' Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord '—let me hear it again ;
' Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering.' Yes, O yes !
For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour lives but to bless.
He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of the worst,
And the first may be last—I have heard it in church—and the last may be
first.
Suffering—O long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow

XIV.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented his sin.
How do they know it! are *they* his mother? are *you* of his kin?
Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,
The wind that'll wail like a child, and the sea that'll moan like a man?

XV.

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well.
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in Hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care,
And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

XVI.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all your desire:
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a stone.

XVII.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind—
The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good night. I am going. He calls.

THE NORTHERN COBBLER.

I.

WAAIT till our Sally cooms in, fur thou mun a' sights to tell.*
Eh, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha sa 'arty an' well.
'Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a vartical soon!' †
Strange fur to goä fur to think what saäilors a' seäan an' a' doon;
'Summat to drink—sa' 'ot?' I 'a nowt but Adam's wine;
What's the 'eät o' this little 'ill-side to the 'eät o' the line?

II.

'What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?' I'll tell tha. Gin.
But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goä fur it down to the inn.
Naäy—fur I be maäin glad, but thaw tha was iver sa dry,
Thou gits naw gin fro' the bottle theer, an' I'll tell tha why.

* The vowels *ai*, pronounced separately though in the closest conjunction, best render the sound of the long *i* and *y* in this dialect. But since such words as *craäin'*, *daäin'*, *whäi*, *ai* (1) &c., look awkward except in a page of express phonetics, I have thought it better to leave the simple *i* and *y*, and to trust that my readers will give them the broader pronunciation.

† The *oo* short, as in 'wood.'

III.

Meä an' thy sister was married, when wur it? back-end o' June,
 Ten year sin', and wa 'greed as well as a fiddle i' tune :
 I could fettle and clump owd booöts and shoes wi' the best on 'em all,
 As fer as fro' Thursby thurn hup to Harmsby and Hutterby Hall.
 We was busy as beeäs i' the bloom an' as 'appy as 'art could think,
 An' then the babby wur burn, and then I taäkes to the drink.

IV.

An' I weänt gaäinsaäy it, my lad, thaw I be hafe shaämed on it now,
 We could sing a good song at the Plow, we could sing a good song at the
 Plow ;

Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'd an' hurted my huck,*

An' I coom'd neck-an-crop soometimes slaäpe down i' the squad an' the
 muck :

An' once I fowt wi' the Taäilor—not hafe ov a man, my lad—

Fur he scrawm'd an' scatted my faäce like a cat, an' it maäde 'er sa mad
 That Sally she turn'd a tongue-banger, † an' raäted ma, ' Sottin' thy braäins
 Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoäkin' an' hawmin' ‡ about i' the laänes,
 Soä sow-droonk that tha doesn not touch thy 'at to the Squire ;'
 An' I looöked cock-eyed at my noäse an' I seeäd 'im a-gittin' o' fire :
 But sin' I wur hallus i' liquor, an' hallus as droonk as a king,
 Foäls' coostom flitted awaäy like a kite wi' a brokken string.

V.

An' Sally she wesh'd foäls' cloäths to keep the wolf fro' the door,
 Eh but the moor she riled me, she druv me to drink the moor,
 Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd, wheer Sally's owd stockin' wur 'id,
 An' I grabb'd the munny she maäde, and I weär'd it o' liquor, I did.

VI.

An' one night I cooms 'oäm like a bull gotten loose at a faäir,
 An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, an' cryin' an' teärn' 'er 'aäir,
 An' F tumbled athurt the craädle an' sweär'd as I'd breäk ivry stick
 O' furniture 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied our Sally a kick,
 An' I maäsh'd the taäbles an' chairs, an' she an' the babby beäl'd, §
 Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I did nor a mortal beäst o' the feäld.

VII.

An' when I waäked i' the murnin' I seeäd that our Sally went laämed
 Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur dreädful ashaämèd ;
 An' Sally wur sloomy || an' draggel-taäil'd in an owd turn gown,
 An the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd an' the 'ole 'ouse hup-side down.

VIII.

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty an' neät an' sweeät,
 Straät as a pole an' cleän as a flower fro' 'eäd to feeät :

* Hip.

§ Bellowed, cried out.

† Scold.

‡ Lounging.

|| Sluggish, out of spirits.

An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied 'er by Thursby thurn ;
 Theer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of a Sunday at murn,
 Couldn't see 'im, we 'eärd 'im a-mountin' oop 'igher an' 'igher,
 An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like a sparkle o' fire.
 'Doesn't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I can see 'im?' an' I
 Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye ;
 An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an' Sally says 'Noä, thou moänt,'
 But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother an' Sally says 'doänt !'

IX.

An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at fust she wur all in a tew,
 But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn together like birds on a beugh ;
 An' Muggins 'e präch'd o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,
 An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

X.

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick like Saätan as fell
 Down out o' heaven i' Hell-fire—thaw theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell ;
 Meä fur to kick our Sally as kep' the wolf fro' the door,
 All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er as well as afoor.

XI.

Sa like a graät num-cumpus I blubber'd awaäy o' the bed—
 'Weänt niver do it naw moor ;' an' Sally looökt up an' she said,
 'I'll powd it * tha weänt ; thou'rt laike the rest o' the men,
 Thou'll goä sniffin' about the tap till tha does it agëan.
 Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I knaws, as knaws tha sa well,
 That, if tha seeäs 'im an' smells 'im tha'll foller 'im slick into Hell.'

XII.

'Naäy,' says I, 'fur I weänt goä sniffin' about the tap.'
 'Weänt tha?' she says, an' mysen I thowt i' mysen mayhap.
 'Noa : ' an' I started awaäy like a shot, an' down to the Hinn,
 An' I browt what tha seeäs stannin' theer, yon big black bottle o' gin.

XIII.

'That caps owt,' † says Sally, an' saw she begins to cry,
 But I puts it into 'er 'ands, an' I says to 'er, 'Sally,' says I,
 'Stan' 'im theer i' the naäme o' the Lord an' the power ov 'is Graäce,
 Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll looök my hennemy strait i' the faäce,
 Stan' 'm theer i' the winder, an' let ma looök at 'im then,
 'E seeäms naw moor nor watter, an' 'e's the Devil's oän sen.'

XIV.

An' I wur down i' tha mouth, couldn't do naw work an' all,
 Nasty an' snaggy an' shaäky, an' poonch'd my 'and wi' the hawl,
 But she wur a power o' coomfut, an' sattled 'ersen o' my knee,
 An' coäx'd an' coodled me oop till agëan I feel'd mysen free.

* I'll uphold it.

† That's beyond every thing.

XV.

An' Sally she tell'd it about, and foälk stood a-gawmin' * in,
 As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd instead of a quart o' gin ;
 An' some on 'em said it wur watter—an' I wur chousin' the wife,
 Fur I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, wur it nobbut to saäve my life ;
 An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov 'is airm, an' 'e shaws it to me,
 ' Feéal thou this ! thou can't grow this upo' watter ! ' says he.
 An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as candles was lit,
 ' Thou moänt do it,' he says, ' tha mun break 'im off bit by bit.'
 ' Thou'rt but a Methody-man,' says Parson, and laäys down 'is 'at,
 An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, ' but I respects tha fur that ;'
 An' Squire, his oän very sen, walks down fro' the 'All to see,
 An' 'e spansk 'is 'and into mine, ' fur I respects tha,' says 'e ;
 An' coostom ageän draw'd in like a wind fro' far an' wide,
 An' browt me the booöts to be cobbled fro' hafe the coontryside.

XVI.

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan to my dying daäy ;
 I 'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in anoother kind of a waäy,
 Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I keeäps 'im cleän an' bright,
 Loovs 'im, an roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' the light.

XVII.

Wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart ? Naw doubt :
 But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi' an' fowt it out.
 Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I cared to taäste,
 But I moänt, my lad, and I weänt, fur I'd feéal mysen cleän disgräaced.

XVIII.

An' once I said to the Missis, ' My lass, when I cooms to die,
 Smash the bottle to smithers, the Devil's in 'im,' said I.
 But arter I chaänged my mind, an' if Sally be left aloän,
 I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taäke 'im afoor the Throän.

XIX.

Coom thou 'eer—yon laädy a-steppin' along the streeät,
 Doesn't tha know 'er—sa pratty, an' 'er neät, an' sweeät ?
 Look at the cloäths on 'er back, thebbe ammost spick-span new,
 An' Tommy's faäce is as fresh as a codlin 'at's wesh'd i' the dew.

XX.

'Ere's our Sally an' Tommy, an' we be a-goin' to dine,
 Bäacon and taätes, an' a beslings-puddin' † an' Adam's wine ;
 But if tha wants ony grog tha mun goä fur it down to the Hinn,
 Fur I weänt shed a drop on 'is blood, noä, not fur Sally's oän kin.

* Staring vacantly.

† A pudding made with the first milk of the cow after calving.

THE SISTERS.

THEY have left the doors ajar; and
 by their clash,
 And prelude on the keys, I know
 the song,
 Their favorite—which I call 'The
 Tables Turned.'
 Evelyn begins it 'O diviner Air.'

EVELYN.

O diviner Air,
 Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust,
 the glare,
 Far from out the west in shadowing
 showers,
 Over all the meadow baked and
 bare,
 Making fresh and fair
 All the bowers and the flowers,
 Fainting flowers, faded bowers,
 Over all this weary world of ours,
 Breathe, diviner Air!

A sweet voice that—you scarce could
 better that.
 Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn.

EDITH.

O diviner Light,
 Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon
 with night,
 Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding
 showers,
 Far from out a sky forever bright,
 Over all the woodland's flooded
 bowers,
 Over all the meadow's drowning
 flowers,
 Over all this ruin'd world of ours,
 Break, diviner Light!

Marvellously like, their voices—and
 themselves!
 Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the
 other,
 As one is somewhat graver than the
 other—
 Edith than Evelyn. Your good Uncle,
 whom

You count the father of your fortune,
 longs
 For this alliance; let me ask you then,
 Which voice most takes you? for I do
 not doubt,
 Being a watchful parent, you are taken
 With one or other: tho' sometimes I
 fear
 You may be flickering, fluttering in a
 doubt
 Between the two—which must not be
 —which might
 Be death to one: they both are beauti-
 ful:
 Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says
 The common voice, if one may trust it:
 she?
 No! but the paler and the graver,
 Edith,
 Woo her and gain her then: no waver-
 ing, boy!
 The graver is perhaps the one for you
 Who jest and laugh so easily and so
 well.
 For love will go by contrast, as by
 likes.

No sisters ever prized each other
 more.
 Not so: their mother and her sister
 loved
 More passionately still.
 But that my best
 And oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes
 it, [way
 And that I know you worthy every
 To be my son, I might, perchance, be
 loath [yet one
 To part them, or part from them: and
 Should marry, or all the broad lands in
 your view
 From this bay window—which our
 house has held
 Three hundred years—will pass collat-
 erally.

My father with a child on either
 knee,
 A hand upon the head of either child,

Smoothing their locks, as golden as his
 own
 Were silver, 'get them wedded' would
 he say.
 And once my prattling Edith ask'd
 him 'why?'
 Ay, why? said he, 'for why should I
 go lame?'
 Then told them of his wars, and of his
 wound.
 For see—this wine—the grape from
 whence it flow'd
 Was blackening on the slopes of Port-
 ugal,
 When that brave soldier, down the
 terrible ridge
 Plunged in the last fierce charge at
 Waterloo,
 And caught the laming bullet. He
 left me this, [youth,
 Which yet retains a memory of its
 As I of mine, and my first passion.
 Come!
 Here's to your happy union with my
 child!

Yet must you change your name: no
 fault of mine!
 You say that you can do it as willingly
 As birds make ready for their bridal-
 time
 By change of feather: for all that, my
 boy,
 Some birds are sick and sullen when
 they molt.
 An old and worthy name! but mine
 that stirr'd
 Among our civil wars and earlier too
 Among the Roses, the more venerable.
 I care not for a name—no fault of
 mine.
 Once more—a happier marriage than
 my own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the
 plain.
 The highway running by it leaves a
 breadth [ago,
 Of sward to left and right, where, long

One bright May morning in a world
 of song,
 I lay at leisure, watching overhead
 The aerial poplar wave, an amber
 spire.

I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet
 Whirl'd by, which, after it had past
 me, show'd,
 Turning my way, the loveliest face on
 earth.
 The face of one there sitting opposite,
 On whom I brought a strange unhap-
 piness,
 That time I did not see.

Love at first sight
 May seem—with goodly rhyme and
 reason for it—
 Possible—at first glimpse, and for a
 face
 Gone in a moment—strange. Yet
 once, when first
 I came on Lake Llanberris in the dark,
 A moonless night with storm—one
 lightning-fork
 Flash'd out the lake; and tho' I loiter'd
 there
 The full day after, yet in retrospect
 That less than momentary thunder-
 sketch [day,
 Of lake and mountain conquers all the

The Sun himself has limn'd the face
 for me.
 Not quite so quickly, no, nor half as
 well.
 For look you here—the shadows are
 too deep,
 And like the critic's blurring comment
 make
 The veriest beauties of the work appear
 The darkest faults: the sweet eyes
 frown: the lips
 Seem but a gash. My sole memorial
 Of Edith—no, the other,—both indeed.

So that bright face was flash'd thro'
 sense and soul [found
 And by the poplar vanish'd—to be

Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the
tall
Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping
beecheu boughs
Of our New Forest. I was there alone :
The phantom of the whirling landaulet
Forever past me by : when one quick
peal
Of laughter drew me thro' the glim-
mering glades
Down to the snowlike sparkle of a
cloth [again,
On fern and foxglove. Lo, the face
My Rosalind in this Arden—Edith—all
One bloom of youth, health, beauty,
happiness, [jest.
And moved to merriment at a passing

There one of those about her know-
ing me
Call'd me to join them ; so with these
I spent

What seem'd my crowning hour, my
day of days.

I woo'd her then, nor unsuccessfully,
The worse for her, for me ! was I
content ?

Ay—no, not quite ; for now and then I
thought

Laziness, vague love-longings, the
bright May,

Had made a heated haze to magnify
The charm of Edith—that a man's
ideal

Is high in 'Heaven, and lodged with
Plato's God,

Not findable here—content, and not
content,

In some such fashion as a man may be
That having had the portrait of his
friend [says,

Drawn by an artist, looks at it, and
' Good ! very like ! not altogether he.'

As yet I had not bound myself by
words,

Only, believing I loved Edith, made
Edith love *me*. Then came the day
when I,

Flattering myself that all my doubts
were fools

Born of the fool this Age that doubts
of all—

Not I that day of Edith's love or
mine—

Had braced my purpose to declare my-
self :

I stood upon the stairs of Paradise.
The golden gates would open at a word.

I spoke it—told her of my passion,
seen

And lost and found again, had got so
far,

Had caught her hand, her eyelids fell—
I heard

Wheels, and a noise of welcome at the
doors—

On a sudden, after two Italian years
Had set the blossom of her health again,

The younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd—
there,

There was the face, and altogether she.
The mother fell about the daughter's
neck, [arms,

The sisters closed in one another's
Their people throng'd about them from
the hall,

And in the thick of question and reply
I fled the house, driven by one angel
face,

And all the Furies.

I was bound to her ;
I could not free myself in honor—
bound

Not by the sounded letter of the word,
But counter-pressures of the yielded
hand

That timorously and faintly echoed
mine, [her eyes

Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of
Upon me when she thought I did not
see—

Were these not bonds ? nay, nay, but
could I wed her

Loving the other ? do her that great
wrong ? [morn ?

Had I not dream'd I loved her yester-

Had I not known where Love, at first
 a fear,
 Grew after marriage to full height and
 form?
 Yet after marriage, that mock-sister
 there— [it—
 Brother-in-law—the fiery nearness of
 Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood—
 What end but darkness could ensue
 from this [jarr'd
 For all the three? So Love and Honor
 Tho' Love and Honor join'd to raise
 the full
 High-tide of doubt that sway'd me up
 and down
 Advancing nor retreating.

Edith wrote :

'My mother bids me ask' (I did not
 tell you—
 A widow with less guile than many a
 child.
 God help the wrinkled children that are
 Christ's
 As well as the plump cheek—she
 wrought us harm,
 Poor soul, not knowing) 'are you ill?'
 (so ran
 The letter) 'you have not been here of
 late.
 You will not find me here. At last I go
 On that long-promised visit to the
 North.
 I told your way side story to my mother
 And Evelyn. She remembers you.
 Farewell
 Pray come and see my mother. Almost
 blind
 With ever-growing cataract, yet she
 thinks
 She sees you when she hears. Again
 farewell.'

Cold words from one I had hoped
 to warm so far
 That I could stamp my image on her
 heart!
 'Pray come and see my mother and
 farewell.'

Cold, but as welcome as free airs of
 heaven
 After a dungeon's closeness. Selfish,
 strange!
 What dwarfs are men! my strangled
 vanity [self
 Utter'd a stifled cry—to have vex't my—
 And all in vain for her—cold heart or
 none—
 No bride for me. Yet so my path was
 clear
 To win the sister.

Whom I woo'd and won.

For Evelyn knew not^o of my former
 suit, [upon
 Because the simple mother work'd
 By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of
 it.
 And Edith would be bridesmaid on the
 day.

But on that day, not being all at ease,
 I from the altar glancing back upon
 her,
 Before the first 'I will' was utter'd
 saw
 The bridesmaid pale, statuelike, pas-
 sionless—
 'No harm, no harm' I turn'd again,
 and placed
 My ring upon the finger of my bride.

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no
 word,
 She wept no tear, but round my
 Evelyn clung
 In utter silence for so long, I thought
 'What! will she never set her sister
 free?'

We left her, happy each in each, and
 then,
 As tho' the happiness of each in each
 Were not enough, must fain have
 torrents, lakes,
 Hills, the great things of Nature and
 the fair,
 To lift us as it were from commonplace,

And help us to our joy. Better have
sent

Our Edith thro' the glories of the earth,
To change with her horizon, if true
Love

Were not his own imperial all-in-all.

Far off we went. My God, I would
not live

Save that I think this gross hard-seem-
ing world

Is our misshaping vision of the Powers
Behind the world, that make our griefs
our gains.

For on the dark night of our mar-
riage-day

The great Tragedian, that had quench'd
herself

In that assumption of the bridesmaid
—she

That loved me—our true Edith—her
brain broke

With over-acting, till she rose and fled
Beneath a pitiless rush of Autumn rain

To the deaf church—to be let in—to
pray [there

Before *that* altar—so I think; and
They found her beating the hard Prot-
estant doors.

She died and she was buried ere we
knew.

I learnt it first. I had to speak. At
once

The bright quick smile of Evelyn, that
had sunn'd [away:

The morning of our marriage, past
And on our home-return the daily want

Of Edith in the house, the garden, still
haunted us like her ghost; and by and
by,

Either from that necessity for talk
Which lives with blindness, or plain
innocence

Of nature, or desire that her lost child
Should earn from both the praise of
heroism,

The mother broke her promise to the
dead,

And told the living daughter with what
love

Edith had welcomed my short wooing
of her,

And all her sweet self-sacrifice and
death.

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt
the twins—

Did I not tell you they were twins?—
prevail'd

So far that no caress could win my wife
Back to that passionate answer of full
heart [love,

I had from her at first. Not that her
Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power
of love,

Had lessen'd, but the mother's garru-
lous wail

Forever woke the unhappy Past again,
Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be
my bride,

Put forth cold hands between us, and I
fear'd [chill'd;

The very fountains of her life were
So took her thence, and brought her
here, and here

She bore a child, whom reverently we
call'd

Edith; and in the second year was born
A second—this I named from her own
self,

Evelyn; then two weeks—no more—
she joined,

In and beyond the grave, that one she
loved.

Now in this quiet of declining life,
Thro' dreams by night and trances of
the day,

The sisters glide about me hand in
hand,

Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell
One from the other, no, nor care to tell
One from the other, only know they
come,

They smile upon me, till, remembering
all

The love they both have borne me, and
the love

I bore them both—divided as I am
From either by the stillness of the
grave— [best.
I know not which of these I love the

But *you* love Edith; and her own
true eyes
Are traitors to her; our quick Evelyn—
The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they
talk,

And not without good reason, my good
son— [both

Is yet untouch'd; and I that hold them
Dearest of all things—well, I am not
sure—

But if there lie a preference either
way,

And in the rich vocabulary of Love
'Most dearest' be a true superlative—
I think *I* likewise love your Edith most.

THE VILLAGE WIFE; OR, THE ENTAIL.*

I.

OUSE-KEEPER sent tha my lass, fur new Squire coom'd last night,
Butter an' heggs—yis—yis. I'll goä wi' tha back: all right;
Butter I warrants be prime, an' I warrants the heggs be as well,
Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya breaks the shell.

II.

Sit thysen down fur a bit: hev a glass o' cowslip wine!
I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells as thaw they was gells o' mine,
Fur then we was all es one, the Squire an' 'is darters an' me,
Hall but Miss Annie, the heldest, I niver not took to she:
But Nelly, the last of the cletch, † I liked 'er the fust on 'em all,
Fur hoffens we talkt o' my darter es died o' the fever at fall:
An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie she said it wur
draäins,
Fur she hedn't naw coomfut in 'er, an' arn'd naw thanks fur 'er paäins.
Eh! thebbe all wi' the Lord my childer, I han't gotten none!
Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone.

III.

Fur staäte be i' taäil, my lass: tha dosn' know what that be?
But I knows the law, I does, for the lawyer ha towd it me.
'When theer's naw 'eäd to a Ouse by the fault o' that ere maäle—
The gells they counts fur nowt, and the next un he taäkes the taäil.'

IV.

What be the next un like? can tha tell ony harm on 'im lass?—
Naäy sit down—naw 'urry—sa cowd!—hev another glass!
Straänge an' cowd fur the time! we may happen a fall o' snaw—
Not es I cares fur to hear ony harm, but I likes to know.
An' I 'oäps es 'e beänt booäklarn'd: but 'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere;
We'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we haätes booäklarnin' ere.

* See note to 'Northern Cobbler.'

† A brood of chickens.

V.

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholard, an' niver lookt arter the land—
Whoäts or turmuts or taätes—'e 'ed hallus a booök i' 'is 'and,
Hallus aloän wi' 'is booöks, thaw nigh upo' seventy year.
An' booöks, what's booöks? thou knaws thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer.

VI.

An' the gells, they hedn't naw taäils, an' the lawyer he towd it me
That 'is taäil were soä tied up es he couldn't cut down a tree !
' Drat the trees,' says I, to be sewer I haätes 'em, my lass,
Fur we puts the muck o' the land, an' they sucks the muck fro' the grass.

VII.

An' Squire wur hallus a-smilin', an' gied to the tramps goin' by—
An' all o' the wust i' the parish—wi' hoffens a drop in 'is eye.
An' ivry darter o' Squire's hed her awn ridin-erse to 'ersen,
An' they rampaged about wi' their grooms, an' was 'untin' arter the men,
An' hallus a-dallackt * an' dizen'd out, an' a-buyin' new cloäthes,
While 'e sit like a graät glimmer-gowk † wi' 'is glasses athurt 'is noäse,
An' 'is noäse sa grufed wi' snuff as it couldn't be scroob'd awaäy,
Fur atween 'is reaädin' and writin' 'e snifft up a box in a daäy,
An' 'e niver runn'd arter the fox, nor arter the birds wi' 'is gun,
An' 'e niver not shot one 'are, but 'e leäved it to Charlie 'is son,
An' 'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds, but Charlie 'e catch'd the pike,
Fur 'e warn't not burn to the land, an' 'e didn't take kind to it like ;
But I äärs es 'e'd gie fur a howry ‡ owd book thutty pound an' moor,
An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, his awn sen, sa I knaw'd es 'e'd coom to be
poor ;
An' 'e gied—I be fear'd fur to tell tha 'ow much—fur an owd scatted
stoän,
An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land an' 'e got a brown pot an' a boän,
An' 'e bowt owd money, es wouldn't goä, wi' good gowd o' the Queen,
An' 'e bowt little statutes all-naäkt an' which was a shaämeg to be seen ;
But 'e niver looökt ower a bill, nor 'e niver not seed to owt,
An' 'e niver knawd nowt but booöks, an' booöks, as thou knaws, beänt
nowt.

VIII.

But owd Squire's laädy es long es she lived she kep' 'em all clear,
Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed none of 'er darters 'ere ;
But arter she died we was all es one, the childer and me,
An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an' offens we hed 'em to tea.
Lawk ! 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses 'uotalk o' their Missis's waäys,
An' the Missis talk'd o' the lasses.—I'll tell tha some o' these daäys.
Hoänly Miss Annie were saw stuck oop, like 'er mother afoor—
'Er an' 'er blessed darter—they niver derken'd my door.

* Overdrest in gay colors.

† Owl.

‡ Filthy.

IX.

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till 'e'd gotten a fright at last,
 An' 'e calls fur 'is son, fur the 'turney's letters they foller'd sa fast ;
 But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an' 'e says to 'im, meek as a mouse,
 'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taäil, or the gells 'ull goä to the 'Ouse,
 Fur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I 'oaps es thou'll 'elp me a bit,
 An' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy taäil I may saäve mysen yit.'

X.

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e sweärs, an' 'e says to 'im Noa.
 'I've gotten the 'staäte by the taäil an' be dang'd if I iver let goä !
 Coom ! coom ! feyther,' 'e says, 'why shouldn't thy booöks be sowd ?
 I hears es soom o' thy booöks mebbe worth their weight i' gowd.'

XI.

Heäps an' heäps o' booöks, I ha' see'd 'em, belong'd to the Squire,
 But the lasses 'ed teärd out leaves i' the middle to kindle the fire ;
 Sa moäst on 'is owd big booöks fetch'd nigh to nowt at the saäle,
 And Squire were at Charlie ageän to git 'im to cut off 'is taäil.

XII.

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes—'e were that outdacious at 'oäm,
 Not thaw ya went fur to raäke out Hell wi' a small-tooth coämb—
 Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an' droonk wi' the farmer's aäle,
 Mad wi' the lasses an' all—an' 'e wouldn't cut off the taäil.

XIII.

Thou's coom'd oop by the beck ; and a thurn be a-grawin' theer,
 I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the Maäy es I see'd it to-year—
 Theerabouts Charlie joompt—and it gied me a scare tother night,
 Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoäst i' the derk, fur it looökt sa white,
 'Billy,' says 'e, 'hev a joomp !'—thaw the banks o' the beck be sa high,
 Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un, thaw niver a hair wur awry ;
 But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an' Charlie 'e brok 'is neck,
 So theer wur a hend o' the taäil, fur 'e lost 'is taäil i' the beck.

XIV.

Sa 'is taäil wur lost an' is booöks wur gone an' 'is boy wur deäd,
 An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but 'e niver not lift oop 'is eäd :
 Hallus a soft un Squire ! an' 'e smiled, fur 'e hedn't naw friend,
 Sa feyther an' son was buried together, an' this wur the hend.

XV.

An' Parson as hesn't the call, nor the mooney, but hes the pride,
 'E reäds of a sewer an' sartan 'oäp o' the tother side ;
 But I beänt that sewer es the Lord, howsiver they praäy'd an' praäy'd
 Lets them inter 'eaven eäsy es leäves their debts to be paäid.
 Siver the mou'ds rattled down upo' poor owd Squire i' the wood,
 An' I cried along wi' the gells, fur they weänt niver coom to naw good.

XVI.

Fur Molly the youngest she walkt awaäy wi' a hofficer lad,
 An' nawbody 'eärd on 'er sin, sa o' coorse she be gone to the bad !
 An' Lucy wur laäme o' one leg, sweet-'arts she niver 'ed none—
 Straänge an' unheppen * Miss Lucy ! we naämed her 'Dot an' gaw one :'
 An' Hetty wur weak i' the hattics, wi'out ony harm i' the legs,
 An' the fever 'ed baäked Jinny's eäd as bald as one o' them heggs,
 An' Nelly wur up fro' the craädle as big i' the mouth as a cow,
 An' saw she mun hammergrate, † lass, or she weänt git a maäte onyhow !
 An' es fur Miss Annie es call'd me afoor my awn foälks to my faäce
 'A hignorant village wife as 'ud hev to be larn'd her awn plaäce,'
 Hes fur Miss Hannie the heldest hes now be a-grawin' sa howd,
 I knaws that mooch o' sheä, es it beänt not fit to be towd !

XVII.

Sa I didn't not taäke it kindly ov owd Miss Annie to saäy
 Es I should be talkin' ageän em, es soon es they went awaäy,
 Fur, lawks ! 'ow I cried when they went, an' our Nelly she gied me 'et
 'and,
 Fur I'd ha' done owt fur the Squire an' 'is gells es belong'd to the land;
 Booöks, es I said afoor, thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer !
 But I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggs fur huppuds o' twenty year.

XVIII.

An' they hallus paiäd what I hax'd, sa I hallus deal'd wi' the Hall,
 An' they knaw'd what butter wur, an' they knaw'd what a hegg wur
 an' all ;
 Hugger-mugger they lived, but they wasn't that eäsy to pleäse,
 Till I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they laäid big heggs es tha seeäs ;
 An' I niver puts saäme ‡ i' my butter, they does it at Willis's farm,
 Taäste another drop o' the wine—tweänt do tha naw harm.

XIX.

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäl in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone ;
 I heard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter my nightcap wur on ;
 Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur he coom'd last night sa laäte—
 Pluksh !!! § the hens i' the peäs ! why didn't tha hesp the gaäte ?

* Ungainly, awkward.

† Emigrate.

‡ Lard.

§ A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to scare trespassing fowl.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

EMMIE.

I.

OUR doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,
 But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
 Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
 Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands !
 Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
 He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
 And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,
 I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
 And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
 Drench'd with the hellish ooral—*that ever such things should be !*

II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
 But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
 Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
 Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case :
 And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face were not
 kind,
 And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
 And he said to me roughly, 'The lad will need little more of your care.'
 'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer ;
 They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own :'
 But he turn'd to me 'Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone ?'
 Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say,
 'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'

III.

Had ? has it come ? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
 O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie ?
 How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
 But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when you do it to these' ?

IV.

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are
 laid :
 Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid ;
 Empty you see just now ! We have lost her who loved her so much—
 Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch ;
 Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
 Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of her years—
 Nay, you remember our Emmie ; you used to send her the flowers ;
 How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours !

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd
 Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field ;
 Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of the spring,
 They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an Angel's wing ;
 And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her
 breast—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,
 Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said ' Poor little dear,
 Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live thro' it, I fear.'

V.

I walk'd with our kindly old Doctor as far as the head of the stair,
 Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I was there.

VI.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext !
 Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
 ' He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do ?
 Annie consider'd. ' If I,' said the wise little Annie, ' was you,
 I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
 It's all in the picture there: " Little children should come to me." '—
 (Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
 Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
 ' Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, ' but then if I call to the Lord,
 How should he know that it's me ? such a lot of beds in the ward !'
 That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said :
 ' Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—
 The Lord has so *much* to see to ! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,
 It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.'

VII.

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—
 My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.
 That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass,
 There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
 And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,
 The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without ;
 My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife
 And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life ;
 Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
 And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

VIII.

He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed her asleep again—
 Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane ;
 Say that His day is done ! Ah why should we care what they say ?
 The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE
PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that,
which lived
True life, live on—and if the fatal
kiss,
Born of true life and love, divorce thee
not
From earthly love and life—if what we
call
The spirit flash not all at once from
out
This shadow into Substance—then per-
haps
The mellow'd murmur of the people's
praise
From thine own State, and all our
breadth of realm,
Where Love and Longing dress thy
deeds in light,
Ascends to thee ; and this March morn
that sees
Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-
bloom
Break thro' the yews and cypress of
thy grave,
And thine Imperial mother smile
again,
May send one ray to thee ! and who
can tell—
Thou — England's England - loving
daughter—
Dying so English thou wouldst have
her flag
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can
swear
But that some broken gleam from our
poor earth
May touch thee, while remembering
thee, I lay
At thy pale feet this ballad of the
deeds
Of England, and her banner in the
East ?

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD
COBHAM.

(IN WALES.)

My friend should meet me somewhere
hereabout
To take me to that hiding in the hills.

I have broke their cage, no gilded
one, I trow—
I read no more the prisoner's mute
wail
Scribbled or carved upon the pitiless
stone; [or none,
I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer,
For I am emptier than a friar's brains ;
But God is with me in this wilder-
ness,
These wet black passes and foam-
churning chasms,—
And God's free air, and hope of better
things.

I would I knew their speech ; not
now to glean
Not now—I hope to do it—some scat-
ter'd ears,
Some ears for Christ in this wild field
of Wales—
But, bread, merely for bread. This
tongue that wagg'd
They said with such heretical arro-
gance
Against the proud archbishop Arun-
del—
So much God's cause was fluent in it—
is here
But as a Latin Bible to the crowd :
' Bara !'—what use ? The Shepherd,
when I speak,
Veiling a sullen eyelid with his hard
' Dim Saesneg ' passes, wroth at things
of old—
No fault of mine. Had he God's word
in Welsh
He might be kindlier : happily come
the day !

Not least art thou, thou little Bethle-
hem

In Judah, for in thee the Lord was
born ;
Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth,
Least, for in thee the word was born
again.

Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever-living
word,
Who whilom spakest to the South in
Greek

About the soft Mediterranean shores,
And then in Latin to the Latin crowd,
As good need was—thou hast come to
talk our isle.

Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost,
Must learn to use the tongues of all
the world.

Yet art thou thine own witness that
thou bringest
Not peace, a sword, a fire.

What did he say,
My frighted Wiclif-preacher whom I
crost

In flying hither ? that one night a crowd
Throng'd the waste field about the city
gates : [host.

The king was on them suddenly with a
Why there ? they came to hear the
preacher. Then

Some cried on Cobham, on the good
Lord Cobham ;

Ay, for they love me ! but the king—
nor voice

Nor finger raised against him—took
and hang'd,

Took, hang'd and burnt—how many—
thirty-nine—

Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor friends,
as rebels [Priest

And burn'd alive as heretics ! for your
Labels—to take the king along with
him— [traitors

All heresy, treason : but to call men
May make men traitors.

Rose of Lancaster,
Red in thy birth, redder with house-
hold war,

Now reddest with the blood of holy
men,
Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—
If somewhere in the North, as Rumor
sang

Fluttering the hawks of this crown-just-
ing line—

By firth and loch thy silver sister grow,*
That were my rose, there my allegiance
due

Self-starved, they say—nay, murder'd :
doubtless dead.

So to' this king I cleaved : my friend
was he.

Once my fast friend : I would have
given my life

To help his own from scathe, a thou-
sand lives

To save his soul. He might have come
to learn

Our Wiclif's learning : but the worldly
Priests

Who fear the king's hard common-
sense should find

What rotten piles uphold their mason-
work,

Urge him to foreign war. O had he
will'd [him.

I might have stricken a lusty stroke for
But he would not ; far liever led my
friend

Back to the pure and universal church,
But he would not : whether that heir-
less flaw

In his throne's title make him feel so
frail, [mind,

He leans on Antichrist ; or that his
So quick, so capable in soldiership,

In matter of the faith, alas the while !
More worth than all the kingdoms of
this world,

Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest
Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my
dear friend ! [ley!

Burnt too, my faithful preacher, Bever-
Lord give thou power to thy two wit-
nesses !

* Richard II.

Lest the false faith make merry over them !

Two—nay but thirty-nine have risen and stand,

Dark with the smoke of human sacrifice,

Before thy light, and cry continually—
Cry—against whom ?

Him, who should bear the sword
Of Justice—what ! the kingly, kindly
boy ;

Who took the world so easily heretofore,

My boon companion, tavern-fellow—
him

Who gibed and japed—in many a merry
tale

That shook our sides—at Pardoners,
Summoners,

Friars, absolution-sellers, monkeries
And nunneries, when the wild hour and
the wine

Had set the wits aflame.

Harry of Monmouth,
Or Amurath of the East ?

Better to sink
Thy fleurs-de-lys in slime again, and
fling

Thy royalty back into the riotous fits
Of wine and harlotry—thy shame, and
mine,

Thy comrade—than to persecute the
Lord, [Paul,

And play the Saul that never will be

Burnt, burnt ! and while this mitred
Arundel

Dooms our unlicensed preacher to the
flame, [clerks

The mitre-sanction'd harlot draws his
Into the suburb—their hard celibacy,
Sworn to be veriest ice of pureness,
molten

Into adulterous living, or such crimes
As holy Paul—a shame to speak of
them—

Among the heathen—

Sanctuary granted
To bandit, thief, assassin—yea to him

Who hacks his mother's throat—denied
to him,

Who finds the Saviour in his mother
tongue.

The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, flung
down to swine—

The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who
will come,

God willing, to outlearn the filthy friar.
Ah rather, Lord, than that thy Gospel,
meant

To course and range thro' all the
world, should be

Tether'd to these dead pillars of the
Church—

Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart,

and life [long,

Pass in the fire of Babylon ! but how
O Lord, how long !

My friend should meet me here.

Here is the copse, the fountain and—a
Cross !

To thee, dead wood, I bow not head
nor knees. [God,

Rather to thee, green boscaige, work of
Black holly, and white-flower'd way-
faring-tree !

Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn
By this good Wiclif mountain down
from heaven,

And speaking clearly in thy native
tongue— [drink !

No Latin—He that thirsteth, come and

Eh ! how I anger'd Arundel asking
me

To worship Holy Cross ! I spread
mine arms,

God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and
blood

And holier. That was heresy. (My
good friend

By this time should be with me.) 'Im-
ages ?'

'Bury them as God's truer images
Are daily buried.' 'Heresy.—Pen-
ance ?' 'Fast,

Hairshirt and scourge—nay, let a man
repent,
Do penance in his heart, God hears
him.' 'Heresy—
Not shriven, not saved?' 'What prof-
its an ill Priest
Between me and my God? I would
not spurn
Good counsel of good friends, but
shrive myself,
No, not to an Apostle.' 'Heresy.'
(My friend is long in coming.) 'Pil-
grimages?'
'Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's-
dances, vice. [friar.
The poor man's money gone to fat the
Who reads of begging saints in Scrip-
ture?'—'Heresy'—
(Hath he been here—not found me—
gone again?
Have I mislearnt our place of meet-
ing?) 'Bread—
Bread left after the blessing?' how
they stared,
That was their main test-question—
glared at me!
'He veil'd Himself in flesh, and now
He veils [gether.'
His flesh in bread, body and bread to-
Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd
wolves,
'No bread, no bread. God's body!'
Archbishop, Bishop,
Priors, Canons, Friars, bell-ringers,
Parish-clerks—
'No bread, no bread!'—'Authority
of the Church,
Power of the keys!'—Then I, God
help me, I
So mock'd, so spurn'd, so baited two
whole days—
I lost myself and fell from evenness,
And rail'd at all the Popes, that ever
since
Sylvester shed the venom of world-
wealth [selves
Into the church, had only prov'n them-
Poisoners, murderers. Well—God
pardon all—

Me, them, and all the world—yea, that
proud Priest,
That mock-meeek mouth of utter Anti-
christ,
That traitor to King Richard and the
truth,
Who rose and doom'd me to the fire.
Amen!
Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord of
life
Be by me in my death.
Those three! the fourth
Was like the son of God. Not burnt
were they. [past
On *them* the smell of burning had not
That was a miracle to convert the king.
These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Arun-
del
What miracle could turn? *He* here
again,
He thwarting their traditions of Him-
self,
He would be found a heretic to Him-
self,
And doom'd to burn alive.

So, caught, I burn.
Burn? heathen men have borne as
much as this
For freedom, or the sake of those they
loved,
Or some less cause, some cause far less
than mine;
For every other cause is less than
mine.
The moth will singe her wings, and
singed return,
Her love of light quenching her fear of
pain—
How now, my soul, we do not heed the
fire?
Faint-hearted? tut!—faint-stomach'd,
faint as I am,
God willing, I will burn for Him.

Who comes?
A thousand marks are set upon my
head. [then
Friend?—foe perhaps—a tussle for it

Nay, but my friend. Thou art so well
disguised,
I knew thee not. Hast thou brought
bread with thee?
I have not broken bread for fifty hours.
None? I am damn'd already by the
Priest
For holding there was bread where
bread was none—
No bread. My friends await me yonder?
Yes.
Lead on then. *Up* the mountain? Is
it far?
Not far. Climb first and reach me
down thy hand.
I am not like to die for lack of bread,
For I must live to testify by fire.*

COLUMBUS.

CHAINS, my good lord: in your raised
brows I read
Some wonder at our chamber orna-
ments. [gold.
We brought this iron from our isles of

Does the king know you deign to
visit him
Whom once he rose from off his throne
to greet
Before his people, like his brother
king?
I saw your face that morning in the
crowd.

At Barcelona—tho' you were not then
So bearded. Yes. The city deck'd
herself
To meet me, roar'd my name; the
king, the queen
Bade me be seated, speak, and tell
them all [spoke
The story of my voyage, and while I
The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace,
be still!'

And when I ceased to speak, the king,
the queen,
Sank from their thrones, and melted
into tears,
And knelt, and lifted hand and heart
and voice
In praise to God who led me thro' the
waste.
And then the great 'Laudamus' rose
to heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean,
chains [earth,
For him who gave a new heaven, a new
As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the
kings
Of Spain than all their battles! chains
for him [sun,
Who push'd his prows into the setting
And made West East, and sail'd the
Dragon's mouth,
And came upon the Mountain of the
World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the
Ocean, we,
We and our sons forever. Ferdinand
Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic
queen—
Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals
we—
Our title, which we never mean to
yield,
Our guerdon not alone for what we did,
But our amends for all we might have
done—
The vast occasion of our stronger life—
Eighteen long years of waste, seven in
your Spain,
Lost, showing courts and kings a truth
the babe [earth
Will suck in with his milk hereafter—
A sphere.

Were *you* at Salamanca? No.
We fronted there the learning of all
Spain,

* He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417.

All their cosmogonies, their astronomies:

Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the golden guess [truth.

Is morning-star to the full round of No guess-work! I was certain of my goal;

Some thought it heresy; that would not hold. [a tent

King David call'd the heavens a hide, Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat:

Some cited old Lactantius: could it be That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men

Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and besides,

The great Augustine wrote that none could breathe

Within the zone of heat; so might there be

Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean [back

Against God's word: thus was I beaten And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,

And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal

Once more to France or England; but our Queen

Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses

Were half-assured this earth might be a sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity,
All glory to the mother of our Lord,
And Holy Church, from whom I never swerved

Not even by one hair's-breadth of heresy,

I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Not yet—not all—last night a dream—I sail'd

On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights

Of my first crew, their curses and their groans.

The great flame-banner borne by Ten-eriffe,

The compass, like an old friend false at last

In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind

Still westward, and the weedy seas—at length

The landbird, and the branch with berries on it,

The carven staff—and last the light, the light [name;

On Guanahani! but I changed the San Salvador I call'd it; and the light Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad sky

Of dawning over—not those alien palms, [not

The marvel of that fair new nature—That Indian isle, but our most ancient East

Moriah with Jerusalem; and I saw The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat

Thro' all the homely town from jasper, sapphire,

Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase, Jacinth, and amethyst—and those twelve gates,

Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death—I shall die—

I am written in the Lamb's own Book of Life

To walk within the glory of the Lord Sunless and moonless, utter light—but no!

The Lord had sent this bright, strange dream to me

To mind me of the secret vow I made When Spain was waging war against the Moor—

I strove myself with Spain against the Moor.

There came two voices from the Sepulchre, [oust

Two friars crying that if Spain should The Moslem from her limit, he, the fierce

Soldan of Egypt, would break down
and raze
The blessed tomb of Christ ; whereon
I vow'd
That, if our Princes harken'd to my
prayer,
Whatever wealth I brought from that
new world [lead
Should, in this old, be consecrate to
A new crusade against the Saracen,
And free the Holy Sepulchre from
thrall.

Gold? I had brought your Princes
gold enough
If left alone ! Being but a Genovese,
I am handled worse than had I been a
Moor,
And breach'd the belting wall of Cam-
balu,
And given the Great Khan's palaces to
the Moor,
Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester
John,
And cast it to the Moor : but *had* I
brought [all
From Solomon's now-recovered Ophir
The gold that Solomon's navies carried
home,
Would that have gilded *me* ? Blue
blood of Spain,
Tho' quartering your own royal arms
of Spain,
I have not : blue blood and black blood
of Spain,
The noble and the convict of Castile,
Howl'd me from Hispaniola ; for you
know
The flies at home, that ever swarm
about
And cloud the highest heads, and mur-
mur down
Truth in the distance—these out-buzz'd
me so
That even our prudent king, our right-
eous queen—
I pray'd them being so calumniated
They would commission one of weight
and worth

To judge between my slander'd self
and me—
Fonseca my main enemy at their court,
They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla,
one
As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—
Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—
who sack'd
My dwelling, seized upon my papers,
loosed
My captives, fed the rebels of the
crown,
Sold the crown-farms for all but noth-
ing, gave
All but free leave for all to work the
mines,
Drove me and my good brothers home
in chains,
And gathering ruthless gold—a single
piece [—so
Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castillanos
They tell me—weigh'd him down into
the abysm—
The hurricane of the latitude on him
fell,
The seas of our discovering over-roll
Him and his gold ; the frailer caravel,
With what was mine, came happily to
the shore.
There was a glimmering of God's
hand.

And God
Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O
my lord,
I swear to you I heard his voice be-
tween
The thunders in the black Veragua
nights,
'O soul of little faith, slow to believe !
Have I not been about thee from thy
birth ? [sea ?
Given thee the keys of the great Ocean—
Set thee in light till time shall be no
more ?
Is't it I who have deceived thee or the
world ?
Endure ! thou hast done so well for
men, that men

Cry out against thee; was it otherwise
With mine own Son?'

And more than once in days
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when
drowning hope
Sank all but out of sight, I heard his
voice, [hand,
'Be not cast down. I lead thee by the
Fear not.' And I shall hear his voice
again—

I know that he has led me all my life,
I am not yet too old to work his will—
His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord,
I lying here bedridden and alone,
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and
king,

The first discoverer starves—his fol-
lowers, all

Flower into fortune—our world's way
—and I,

Without a roof that I can call mine own,
With scarce a coin to buy a meal
withal,

And seeing what a door for scoundrel
scum [lust,

I open'd to the West, thro' which the
Villany, violence, avarice, of your
Spain

Pour'd in on all those happy naked
isles—

Their kindly native princes slain or
slaved,

Their wives and children Spanish con-
cubines,

Their innocent hospitalities quench'd
in blood,

Some dead of hunger, some beneath
the scourge,

Some over-labor'd, some by their own
hands,—

Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature,
kill

Their babies at the breast for hate of
Spain—

Ah, God, the harmless people whom
we found

In Hispaniola's island-Paradise!
Who took us for the very Gods from
Heaven,

And we have sent them very fiends
from Hell;

And I myself, myself not blameless, I
Could sometimes wish I had never led
the way.

Only the ghost of our great Cath-
olic Queen [forted!

Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou com-
This creedless people will be brought
to Christ

And own the holy governance of
Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who
bore the Cross

Thither, were excommunicated there,
For curbing crimes that scandalized
the Cross,

By him, the Catalonian Minorite,
Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who be-
lieve [Spain

These hard memorials of our truth to
Clung closer to us for a longer term

Than any friend of ours at Court? and
yet

Pardon—too harsh, unjust. I am rack'd
with pains.

You see that I have hung them by
my bed,

And I will have them buried in my
grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are
God's [chance

Own voice to justify the dead—per-
Spain once the most chivalric race on
earth,

Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest
realm on earth,

So made by me, may seek to unbury me,
To lay me in some shrine of this old
Spain,

Or in that vaster Spain I leave to
Spain.

Then some one standing by my grave
will say,
'Behold the bones of Christopher Co-
lon'—
'Ay, but the chains, what do *they* mean
—the chains?'—
I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain.
Who then will have to answer, 'These
same chains
Bound these same bones back thro' the
Atlantic sea,
Which he unchain'd for all the world to
come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the
souls in Hell
And purgatory, I suffer all as much
As they do—for the moment. Stay,
my son
Is here anon: my son will speak for
me
Ablier than I can in these spasms that
grind
Bone against bone. You will not.
One last word.

You move about the Court, I pray
you tell
King Ferdinand who plays with me,
that one,
Whose life has been no play with him
and his
Hulgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers,
fights,

Mutinies, treacheries—wink'd at, and
condoned—
That I am loyal to him till the death,
And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic
Queen,
Who fain had pledged her jewels on
my first voyage,
Whose hope was mine to spread the
Catholic faith,
Who wept with me when I return'd in
chains,
Who sits beside the blessed Virgin
now,
To whom I send my prayer by night
and day—
She is gone—but you will tell the King,
that I,
Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd
with pains
Gain'd in the service of His Highness,
yet
Am ready to sail forth on one last voy-
age,
And readier, if the King would hear, to
lead
One last crusade against the Saracen,
And save the Holy Sepulchre from
thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted: you
have dared
Somewhat perhaps in coming? my
poor thanks!
I am but an alien and a Genovese.

 THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

(Founded on an Irish Legend. A.D. 700.)

I.

I WAS the chief of the race—he had stricken my father dead—
But I gather'd my fellows together, I swore I would strike off his head.
Each of them look'd like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth,
And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.
Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,
And each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.
He lived on an isle in the ocean—we sail'd on a Friday morn—
He that had slain my father the day before **F** was born.

II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he.
But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touch'd at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore, [falls
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long water-
Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourish'd up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above there flicker'd a songless lark,
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog
couldn't bark.

And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath—
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,
And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we strove to speak
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flitter-mouse shriek ;
And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a battle-cry
That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die—
O they to be dumb'd by the charm !—so fluster'd with anger were they
They almost fell on each other ; but after we sail'd away.

IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a score of wild birds
Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words ;
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices peal'd
The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field,
And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of the cattle went lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame ;
And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,
Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and slew ;
But I drew them the one from the other ; I saw that we could not stay,
And we left the dead to the birds and we sail'd with our wounded away.

V.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers : their breath met us out on the seas,
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze ;
And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark blue clematis, clung,
And star'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung ;
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush ;
And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea ;
And we roll'd upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,
And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn,

Till each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to feet,
 And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.
 Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit !
 And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute,
 And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight and bay,
 And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sail'd away.

VI.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits : all round from the cliffs and the capes,
 Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,
 And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,
 And the fig ran up from the beech and rioted over the land,
 And the mountain arose like a jewell'd throne thro' the fragrant air,
 Glowing with all-color'd plums and with golden masses of pear,
 And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and vine,
 But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine ;
 And the peak of the mountain was apples, the hugest that ever were seen,
 And they prest, as they grew, on each other, with hardly a leaflet between,
 And all of them redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame,
 And setting, when Even descended, the very sunset aflame ; [drew
 And we stay'd three days, and we gorged and we madden'd, till every one
 His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew ;
 And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sunder'd the fray,
 Then I bade them remember my father's death, and we sail'd away.

VII.

And we came to the Isle of Fire : we were lured by the light from afar,
 For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern Star ;
 Lured by the glare and the blare, but scarcely could stand upright,
 For the whole isle shudder'd and shook like a man in a mortal affright ;
 We were giddy besides with the fruits we had gorged, and so crazed that
 at last

There were some leap'd into the fire ; and away we sail'd, and we past
 Over that undersea isle, where the water is clearer than air :
 Down we look'd : what a garden ! O bliss, what a Paradise there !
 Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep
 Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep !
 And three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I could say,
 Plunged head down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.

VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on the
 land,
 And ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd o'er us a sunbright hand,
 Then it open'd and dropt at the side of each man, as he rose from his rest
 Bread enough for his need till the laborless day dipt under the West ;
 And we wander'd about it and thro' it. O never was time so good !
 And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our ancient blood,

And we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the gurgle of springs,
 And we chanted the songs of the Bards and the glories of fairy kings ;
 But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch and yawn,
 Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sunbright hand of the dawn,
 For there was not an enemy near, but the whole green isle was our own,
 And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,
 And we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,
 For the passion of battle was in us, we slew and we sail'd away.

IX.

And we came to the Isle of Witches and heard their musical cry—
 ‘Come to us, O come, come’ in the stormy red of a sky
 Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the beautiful shapes,
 For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on each of the loftiest capes,
 And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea-birds in a row,
 And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced on the wrecks in the sand below,
 And a hundred splash'd from the ledges, and bosom'd the burst of the
 spray,
 But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily sail'd away.

X.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers :
 One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with flowers :
 But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the dells,
 And they shock'd on each other and butted each other with clashing of
 bells,
 And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and wrangled in vain,
 And the clash and boom of the bells ran into the heart and the brain,
 Till the passion of battle was on us, and a l took sides with the Towers,
 There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more for the carven
 flowers,
 And the wrathful thunder of God peal'd over us all the day,
 For the one half slew the other, and after we sail'd away.

XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sail'd with St. Brendan of yore,
 He had lived ever since on the isle and his winters were fifteen-score,
 And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
 And his white hair sank to his heels and his white beard fell to his feet,
 And he spake to me, ‘O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine !
 Remember the words of the Lord when he told us “Vengeance is mine !”
 His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,
 Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life,
 Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last ?
 Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past.’
 And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard, and we pray'd as we heard him pray,
 And the Holy man he assoil'd us, and sadly we sail'd away.

XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and there on the shore was
 he,
 The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.
 O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife and the sin,
 When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

DE PROFUNDIS.

THE TWO GREETINGS.

I

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the
 deep,
 Where all that was to be, in all that
 was,
 Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the
 vast
 Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying
 light—
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the
 deep,
 Thro' all this changing world of change-
 less law,
 And every phase of ever-heightening
 life,
 And nine long months of ante-natal
 gloom,
 With this last moon, this crescent—her
 dark orb
 Touch'd with earth's light— thou
 comest, darling boy ;
 Our own ; a babe in lineament and
 limb
 Perfect, and prophet of the perfect
 man ;
 Whose face and form are hers and
 mine in one,
 Indissolubly married like our love ;
 Live, and be happy in thyself, and
 serve
 This mortal race thy kin so well, that
 men
 May bless thee as we bless thee, O
 young life
 Breaking with laughter from the dark ;
 and may

The fated channel where thy motion
 lives
 Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy
 course
 Along the years of haste and random
 youth
 Unshatter'd ; then full-current thro'
 full man ;
 And last in kindly curves, with gentlest
 fall,
 By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,
 To that last deep where we and thou
 are still.

II

I.

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the
 deep,
 From that great deep, before our world
 begins,
 Whereon the Spirit of God moves as
 he will—
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the
 deep,
 From that true world within the world
 we see,
 Whereof our world is but the bounding
 shore—
 Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
 With this ninth moon, that sends the
 hidden sun
 Down yon dark sea, thou comest, dar-
 ling boy.

II.

For in the world, which is not ours
 they said
 'Let us make man' and that which
 should be man,

From that one light no man can look
 upon,
 Drew to this shore lit by the suns and
 moons
 And all the shadows. O dear Spirit
 half-lost [sign
 In thine own shadow and this fleshly
 That thou art thou—who wailest being
 born pain
 And banish'd into mystery, and the
 Of this divisible-indivisible world,
 Among the numerable-innumerable
 Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite
 space
 In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil
 And shatter'd phantom of that infinite
 One,
 Who made thee unconceivably Thyself
 Out of His whole World-self and all in
 all—
 Live thou ! and of the grain and husk,
 the grape
 And ivy-berry, choose ; and still depart
 From death to death thro' life and life,
 and find
 Nearer and ever nearer Him, who
 wrought
 Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,
 But this main-miracle, that thou art
 thou,
 With power on thine own act and on
 the world.

THE HUMAN CRY.

I.

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halle-
 luiah !—
 Infinite Ideality !
 Immeasurable Reality !
 Infinite Personality !
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah !

II.

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou
 and in Thee ;
 We feel we are something—that also
 has come from Thee ;

We know we are nothing—but Thou
 wilt help us to be.
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah !

PREFATORY SONNET

TO THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

THOSE that of late had fled far and
 fast
 To touch all shores, now leaving to the
 skill
 Of others their old craft seaworthy
 still,
 Have charter'd this ; where, mindful of
 the past,
 Our true co-mates regather round the
 mast ;
 Of diverse tongue, but with a common
 will
 Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
 And crocus, to put forth and brave the
 blast ;
 For some, descending from the sacred
 peak
 Of hoar high-templed Faith, have
 leagued again
 Their lot with ours to rove the world
 about ;
 And some are wilder comrades, sworn
 to seek
 If any golden harbor be for men
 In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of
 Doubt.

TO THE REV. W. H. BROOK-
 FIELD.

BROOKS, for they call'd you so that
 knew you best,
 Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth
 my rhymes,
 How oft we two have heard St. Mary's
 chimes !
 How oft the Cantab supper, host and
 guest,

Would echo helpless laughter to your
jest !

How oft with him we paced that walk
of limes,

Him, the lost light of those dawn-
golden times,

Who loved you well ! Now both are
gone to rest.

Yon man of humorous melancholy
mark,

Dead of some inward agony—is it so ?
Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, past

away !
I cannot laud this life, it looks so
dark :

Ἐκιάς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
God bless you. I shall join you in a

day.

MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle
sails,

They kept their faith, their freedom, on
the height,

Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day
and night

Against the Turk ; whose inroad no-
where scales

Their headlong passes, but his footstep
fails,

And red with blood the Crescent reels
from fight

Before their dauntless hundreds, in
prone flight

By thousands down the crags and thro'
the vales.

¶ smallest among peoples ! rough
rock-throne

Of Freedom ! warriors beating back
the swarm

Of Turkish Islam for five hundred
years,

Great Tsernogora ! never since thine
own

Black ridges drew the cloud and brake
the storm

Has breathed a race of mightier moun-
taineers.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and

fears,

French of the French, and Lord of
human tears ;

Child-lover ; Bard whose fame-lit lau-
rels glance

Darkening the wreaths of all that would
advance,

Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy
peers ;

Weird Titan by thy winter weight of
years

As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of
France !

Who does not love our England—so
they say ;

I know not—England, France, all man
to be

Will make one people ere man's race
be run :

And I, desiring that diviner day,
Yield thee full thanks for thy full cour-
tesy

To younger England in the boy my
son.

BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

Constantinus, King of the Scots, after having sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading England, was defeated by Athelstan and his brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 937.

I.

* ATHELSTAN King,
 Lord among Earls,
 Bracelet-bestower and
 Baron of Barons,
 He with his brother,
 Edmund Atheling,
 Gaining a lifelong
 Glory in battle,
 Slew with the sword-edge
 There by Brunanburh,
 Brake the shield-wall,
 Hew'd the linden-wood, †
 Hack'd the battle-shield,
 Sons of Edward with hammer'd
 brands.

II.

Theirs was a greatness
 Got from their Grandsires—
 Theirs that so often in
 Strife with their enemies
 Struck for their hoards and their hearths
 and their homes.

III.

Bow'd the spoiler,
 Bent the Scotsman,
 Fell the ship-crews
 Doom'd to the death.

All the field with blood of the fight-
 ers
 Flow'd, from when first the great
 Sun-star of morning-tide,
 Lamp of the Lord God
 Lord everlasting,
 Glode over earth till the glorious
 creature
 Sunk to his setting.

IV.

There lay many a man
 Marr'd by the javelin,
 Men of the Northland
 Shot over shield,
 There was the Scotsman
 Weary of war.

V.

We the West-Saxons,
 Long as the daylight
 Lasted, in companies
 Troubled the track of the host that
 we hated,
 Grimly with swords that were sharp
 from the grindstone,
 Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before
 us.

* I have more or less availed myself of my son's prose translation of this poem in the *Con-
 temporary Review* (November 1876).

† Shields of linden-wood.

VI.

Mighty the Mercian,
 Hard was his hand-play,
 Sparing not any of
 Those that with Anlaf,
 Warriors over the
 Weltering waters
 Borne in the bark's bosom
 Drew to this island,
 Doom'd to the death.

VII.

Five young kings put asleep by the
 sword-stroke,
 Seven strong Earls of the army of
 Anlaf
 Fell on the war-field, numberless
 numbers,
 Shipmen and Scotsmen.

VIII.

Then the Norse leader,
 Dire was his need of it,
 Few were his following,
 Fled to his war-ship :
 Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king
 in it,
 Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX.

Also the crafty one,
 Constantinus,
 Crept to his North again
 Hoar-headed hero !

X.

Slender reason had
He to be proud of
 The welcome of war-knives—
 He that was reft of his
 Folk and his friends that had
 Fallen in conflict,
 Leaving his son too
 Lost in the carnage,
 Mangled to morsels,
 A youngster in war !

XI.

Slender reason had
He to be glad of
 The clash of the war-graive—
 Traitor and trickster
 And spurner of treaties—
 He nor had Anlaf
 With armies so broken
 A reason for bragging
 That they had the better
 In perils of battle
 On places of slaughter—
 The struggle of standards,
 The rush of the javelins,
 The crash of the charges,*
 The wielding of weapons—
 The play that they play'd with
 The children of Edward.

XII.

Then with their nail'd prows
 Parted the Norsemen, a
 Blood-redden'd relic of
 Javelins over
 The jarring breaker, the deep-
 sea billow,
 Shaping their way toward Dye-
 fn † again,
 Shamed in their souls.

XIII.

Also the brethren,
 King and Atheling,
 Each in his glory,
 Went to his own in his own West-Sax-
 onland,
 Glad of the war.

XIV.

Many a carcass they left to the car-
 rion,
 Many a livid one, many a sallow-
 skin—
 Left for the white-tail'd eagle to
 tear it, and
 Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to
 rend it, and

* Lit. 'the gathering of men.' † Dublin.

Gave to the garbaging war-hawk
to gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the
weald.

xv.

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—
Such as old writers

Have writ of in histories—
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

ILIAD, xviii, 202.

So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd away.
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and
round
The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas
flung
Her fringed ægis, and around his head
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden
cloud,
And from it lighted an all-shining
flame.
As when a smoke from a city goes to
heaven
Far off from out an island girt by foes,
All day the men contend in grievous war
From their own city, but with set of sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the
glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the neigh-
bors round
May see, and sail to help them in the
war;
So from his head the splendor went to
heaven.
From wall to dike he stept, he stood,
nor join'd
The Achæans — honoring his wise
mother's word—
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far
away

Call'd; and a boundless panic shook
the foe.
For like the clear voice when a trumpet
shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguers of a
town,
So rang the clear voice of Æakidês;
And when the brazen cry of Æakidês
Was heard among the Trojans, all their
hearts
Were troubled, and the full-maned
horses whirl'd
The chariots backward, knowing griefs
at hand;
And sheer-astounded were the chariot-
eers
To see the dread, unweariable fire
That always o'er the great Peleion's
head
Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess
made it burn.
Thrice from the dike he sent his mighty
shout,
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and
allies;
And there and then twelve of their
noblest died
Among their spears and chariots.

DESPAIR.

A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but in is rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

I.

Is it you, that preach'd in the chapel there looking over the sand?
Follow'd us too, that night, and dogg'd us, and drew me to land?

II.

What did I feel that night? You are curious. How should I tell?
Does it matter so much what I felt? You rescued me—yet—was it well
That you came unwish'd for, uncall'd, between me and the deep and my doom
Three days since, three more dark days of the Godless gloom
Of a life without sun, without health, without hope, without any delight
In anything here upon earth? but ah God, that night, that night
When the rolling eyes of the light-house there on the fatal neck
Of land running out into rock—they had saved many hundreds from wreck—
Glared on our way toward death, I remember I thought as we past
Does it matter how many they saved? we are all of us wreck'd at last—
“Do you fear,” and there came thro' the roar of the breaker a whisper, a
breath—
“Fear? am I not with you? I am frightened at life, not death.”

III.

And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—
Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our
own—
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

IV.

See, we were nursed in the dark night-fold of your fatalist creed,
And we turn'd to the growing dawn, we had hoped for a dawn indeed,
When the light of a Sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of the
Past,
And the cramping creeds than had madden'd the peoples would vanish at last,
And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,
For He spoke, or it seem'd that He spoke, of a Hell without help, without
end.

V.

Hoped for a dawn and it came, but the promise had faded away;
We had past from a cheerless night to the glare of a drearier day;

He is only a cloud and a smoke who was once a pillar of fire,
 The guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire—
 Of a worm as it writhes in a world of the weak trodden down by the strong,
 Of a dying worm in a world all massacre, murder, and wrong.

VI.

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that lonely shore—
 Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore !
 Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit—
 Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—and to die with the brute—

VII.

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity : I know you of old—
 Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold
 Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage,
 Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

VIII.

But pity—the Pagan held it a vice—was in her and in me,
 Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be !
 Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,
 And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower ;
 Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,
 And pity for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

IX.

“ Lightly step over the sands ! the waters—you hear them call !
 Life with its anguish, and horrors, and errors—away with it all ! ”
 And she laid her hand in my own—she was always loyal and sweet—
 Till the points of the foam in the dusk came playing about our feet.
There was a strong sea-current would sweep us out to the main.
 “ Ah God,” tho’ I felt as I spoke, I was taking the name in vain—
 “ Ah God,” and we turn’d to each other, we kiss’d, we embraced, she and I,
 Knowing the Love we were used to believe everlasting would die :
 We had read their know-nothing books, and we lean’d to the darker side—
 Ah God, should we find Him, perhaps, perhaps, if we died, if we died ;
 We never had found Him on earth, this earth is a fatherless Hell—
 “ Dear Love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever farewell,”
 Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began !
 Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man.

X.

But the blind wave cast me ashore, and you saved me, a valueless life.
 Not a grain of gratitude mine ! You have parted the man from the wife.
 I am left alone on the land, she is all alone in the sea,
 If a curse meant aught, I would curse you for not having let me be.

XI.

Visions of youth—for my brain was drunk with the water, it seems ;
 I had past into perfect quiet at length out of pleasant dreams,
 And the transient trouble of drowning—what was it when match'd with the
 pains
 Of the hellish heat of a wretched life rushing back thro' the veins ?

XII.

Why should I live ? one son had forged on his father and fled,
 And if I believed in a God, I would thank him the other is dead,
 And there was a baby-girl, that had never look'd on the light :
 Happiest she of us all, for she past from the night to the night.

XIII.

But the crime, if a crime, of her eldest-born, her glory, her boast,
 Struck hard at the tender heart of the mother, and broke it almost ;
 Tho', name and fame dying out for ever in endless time,
 Does it matter so much whether crown'd for a virtue, or hang'd for a crime ?

XIV.

And ruin'd by *him*, by *him*, I stood there, naked, amazed
 In a world of arrogant opulence, fear'd myself turning crazed,
 And I would not be mock'd in a madhouse ! and she, the delicate wife,
 With a grief that could only be cured, if cured, by the surgeon's knife,—

XV.

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain
 If every man die for ever, if all his tortures are in vain,
 And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
 Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
 When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will
 have fled
 From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead ?

XVI.

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings ? O yes,
 For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press,
 When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon,
 And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows to the sun and the moon,
 Till the Sun and the Moon of our science are both of them turn'd into blood,
 And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good ;
 For their knowing and know-nothing books are scatter'd from hand to
 hand—
We have knelt in your know-all chapel too looking over the sand.

XVII.

What ! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well ?
 Infinite wickedness rather that made everlasting Hell,

Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own;
Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan !

XVIII.

Hell ? if the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,
And so there were Hell for ever ! but were there a God as you say,
His Love would have power over Hell till it utterly vanish'd away.

XIX.

Ah yet—I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all—after all—the great God for aught that I know ;
But the God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought,
If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to
naught !

XX.

Blasphemy ! whose is the fault ? is it mine ? for why would you save
A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his grave ?
Blasphemy ! ay, why not, being damn'd beyond hope of grace ?
O would I were yonder with her, and away from your faith and your face !
Blasphemy ! true ! I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk,
But the blasphemy to *my* mind lies all in the way that you walk.

XXI.

Hence ! she is gone ! can I stay ? can I breathe divorced from the Past ?
You needs must have good lynx-eyes if I do not escape you at last.
Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a felo-de-se,
And the stake and the cross-road, fool, if you will, does it matter to me ?

 THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

OCTOBER 25TH, 1854.

[The "three hundred" of the "Heavy Brigade" who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the 2d squadron of Inniskillings ; the remainder of the "Heavy Brigade" subsequently dashing up to their support.

The "three" were Elliot, Scarlett's aid-de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter and Shegog the orderly, who had been close behind him.]

I.

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade !—
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd ;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by

When the points of the Russian lances
broke in on the sky ;
And he call'd "Left wheel into line !"
and they wheel'd and obey'd.
Then he look'd at the host that had
halted he knew not why,
And he turn'd half round, and he bade
his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead,
as he waved his blade

To the gallant three hundred whose
glory will never die—
“Follow,” and up the hill, up the hill,
up the hill,
Follow’d the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge,
and the might of the fight!—
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of
Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last
on the height,
With a wing push’d out to the left,
and a wing to the right—
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he
dash’d up alone
Thro’ the great gray slope of men,
And he wheel’d his sabre, he held his
own
Like an Englishman there and then;
And the three that were nearest him
follow’d with force,
Wedge themselves between horse and
horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow
gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill,
up the hill
Gallop the gallant three hundred, the
Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash’d like a hurricane, X
Broke thro’ the mass from below,
Drove thro’ the midst of the foe, X
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow, X
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the
fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the
right,

And roll’d them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle
were we,
When our own good redcoats sank
from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn’d to each other, muttering,
all dismay’d,
Lost are the gallant three hundred, the
Heavy Brigade!

IV.

But they rode like Victors and Lords
Thro’ the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes;
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger’d the mass from without,
For our men galloped up with a cheer
and a shout,
And the Russian surged, and waver’d,
and reel’d
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out
of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all, and the
charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, the
Heavy Brigade!

TO THE PRINCESS FREDERICA ON HER MARRIAGE.

O you that were eyes and light to the
King till he passed away
From the darkness of life—
He saw not his daughter—he blessed
her: the blind King sees you
to-day,
He blesses the wife.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY.

NOT here! the white North has thy
bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage
now
Toward no earthly pole.

TO DANTE.

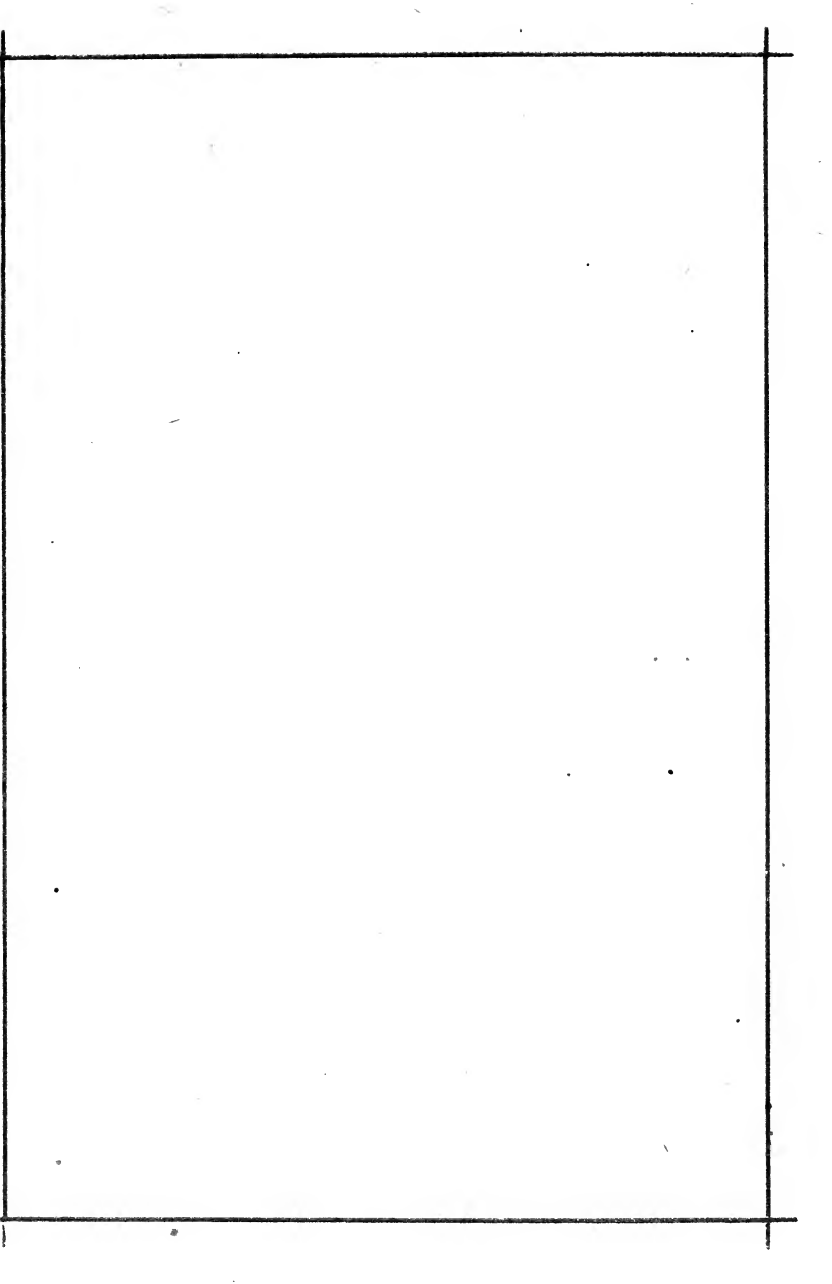
(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE
FLORENTINES.)

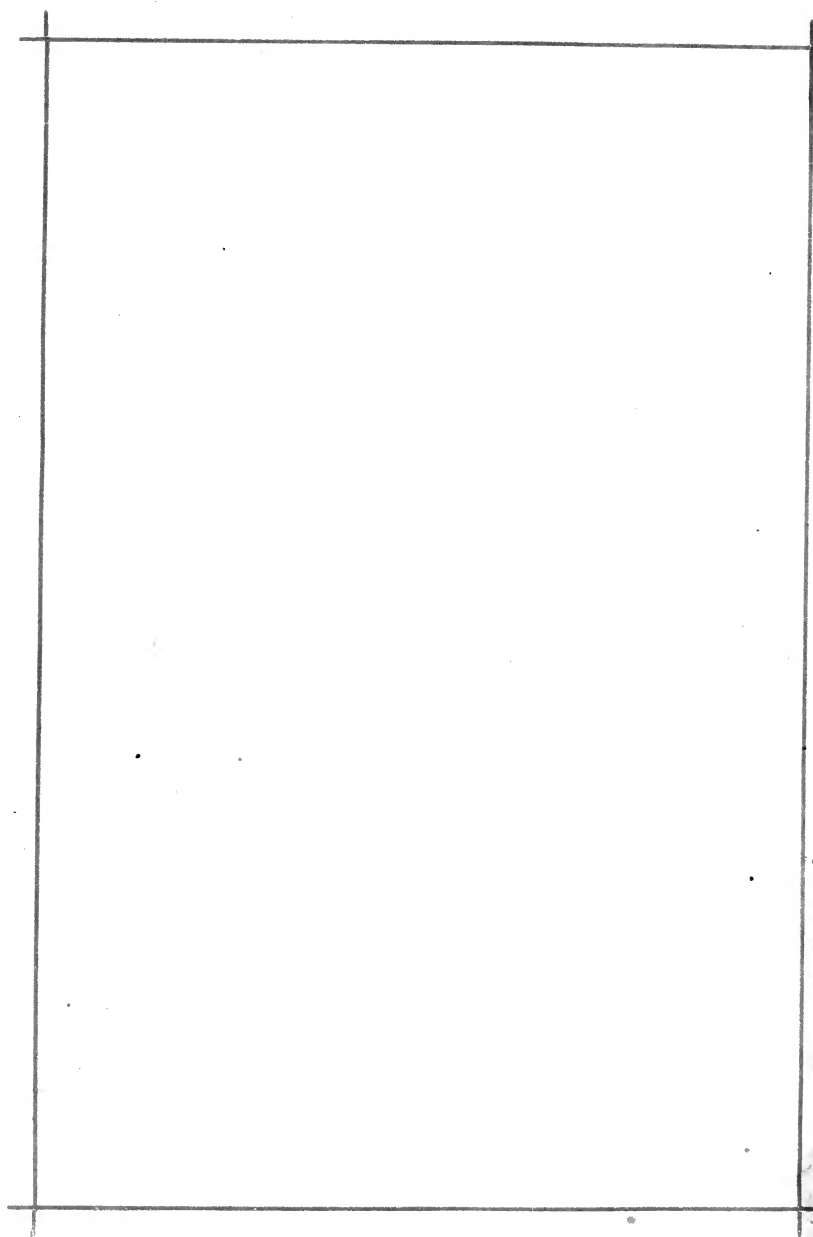
KING, that hast reigned six hundred
years, and grown [own
In power, and ever growest, since thine
Fair Florence, honoring thy nativity,
Thy Florence, now the crown of Italy,
Hath sought the tribute of a verse
from me,
I, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fades
away.

TO VIRGIL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH
CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH.

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre ;
Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he that sang the Works and
Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase ;
Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and
herd ;
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word ;
Poet of the happy Tityrus, piping underneath his beechen bowers ;
Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers ;
Chanter of the Pollio, glorifying in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea ;
Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind ;
Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind ;
Light among the vanished ages ; star that gilded yet this phantom shore :
Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to rise no more ;
Now thy Forum roars no longer ; fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
Though thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound forever of Imperial Rome—
Now the Rome of slaves hath perished, and the Rome of freemen holds nei-
place ;
I, from out the Northern Island sundered once from all the human race,
I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.





14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

OCT 18 1961	
15 Mar 62 19	FEB 3 1969 17
REC'D LD	RECEIVED
MAR 5 1962	JAN 20 '69 - 2 PM
20 Mar '64 SB	LOAN DEPT.
REC'D LD	
MAR 6 '64 - 11 AM	
REC'D LD	
FEB 25 '65 - 8 PM	

082885

1884

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

