







THE WORKS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON







THE WORKS OF

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

POET LAUREATE

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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 sun-lit almond-blossom shakes — Take, Madam, this poor book of song; For the' 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 reposed; A thousand claims to reverence closed 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 compass'd by the inviolate sea.'

March, 1851.

в

I

JUVENILIA.

2

CLARIBEL.

A MELODY.

I.

WHERE Claribel low-lieth 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.

п.

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

NOTHING WILL DIE.

WHEN will the stream 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 beating?

And nature die?

Never, oh! never, nothing will die;

The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

All things will change Thro' 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, Thro' and thro', 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 even and morn Ever will be Thro' 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 far river shines. fleeting; Every heart this May morning in joyance is beating Full merrily; and fall. Yet all things must die. The stream will cease to flow; The wind will cease to blow: The clouds will cease to fleet: owlet halloos: The heart will cease to beat: For all things must die. All things must die. Spring will come never more. Oh! vanity! Death waits at the door. See! our friends are all forsaking The wine and the merrymaking. the dark hyaline. We are call'd — we must go. Laid low, very low, In the dark we must lie. The merry glees are still; beneath in her breast. The voice of the bird Shall no more be heard. Nor the wind on the hill. Oh! misery! my love, Rosalind. Hark ! death is calling While I speak to ye, The jaw is falling, The red cheek paling, sweet Rosalind? 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 Thro' eternity. In this extremest misery

All things were born. Ve will come never more, For all things must die.

LEONINE ELEGIACS.

LOW-FLOWING breezes are roaming the broad valley dimm'd in the gloaming :

- Thro' the black-stemm'd pines only the
- Creeping thro' blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-blowing bushes,
- Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble
- Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly; the grasshopper carolleth clearly;
- Deeply the wood-dove coos; shrilly the
- Winds creep; dews fall chilly: in her first sleep earth breathes stilly:
- Over the pools in the burn water-gnats murmur and mourn.
- Sadly the far kine loweth: the glimmering water outfloweth :
- Twin peaks shadow'd with pine slope to
- Low-throned Hesper is staved between the two peaks; but the Naiad
- Throbbing in mild unrest holds him
- The ancient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things bringeth,
- Smoothing the wearied mind: bring me
- Thou comest morning or even; she cometh not morning or even.
- False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND.

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, Of ignorance, I should require A sign! and if a bolt of fire Would rive the slumbrous 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 freewill 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 saint-like glances Like Thine own mother's when she bow'd 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 And 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, whene'er Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear, With hopeful grief, were passing sweet!

Thrice happy state again to be The trustful infant on the knee! Who lets his rosy 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 alway; 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 subtil, warm, and golden breath, Which mixing with the infant's blood, Fulfils 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-mailèd trust, and clear Delight, the infant's dawning year.

Would that my gloomed fancy were As thine, my mother, when with brows Propt on thy knees, my hands upheld In thine, I listen'd to thy vows, For me outpour'd in holiest prayer ----For me unworthy! - and beheld Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew The beauty and repose of faith, And the clear spirit shining thro'. 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 the earth — until the ice would melt Here, and I feel as thou hast felt? What Devil had the heart to scathe Flowers thou hadst rear'd - to brush the dew From thine own lily, when thy grave Was deep, my mother, in the clay? Is it thus? Myself? Had I Myself? So little love for thee? But why Prevail'd 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 Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd 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 would'st strive To reconcile me with thy God. Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold At heart, thou wouldest murmur still — ' Bring this lamb back into Thy fold, My Lord, if so it be Thy will.' Would'st tell me I must brook the rod And chastisement of human pride;

4

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'er-brimming 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 Nor sojourn in me. I am void, Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not yet Anchor thy frailty there, where man Hath moor'd and rested? Ask the sea At midnight, when the crisp slope waves After a tempest, rib and fret The broad-imbased beach, why he Slumbers not like a mountain tarn? Wherefore his ridges are not curls And ripples of an inland mere? Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can Draw down into his vexed 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 unsunn'd 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 horned valleys all about, And hollows of the fringed 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 flower'd furrow. In a time, Of which he wots not, run short pains Thro' his warm heart; and then, from whence

5

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 dream. 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 analyse Our double nature, and compare All creeds till we have found the one. If one there be?' Av 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 unremember'd, and Thy love Enlighten me. Oh teach me vet 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 damned vacillating state!

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 sunlights 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

Unnumber'd and enormous polypi

Winnow with giant arms 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.

SONG.

THE winds, as at their hour of birth, Leaning upon the ridged sea, Breathed low around the rolling earth With mellow preludes, 'We are free,'

The streams through many a lilied row Down-carolling to the crisped sea, Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.'

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.

п.

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 gathered wimple Glancing with black-beaded eyes, Till the lightning laughters dimple The baby-roses in her cheeks; Then away she flies.

III.

Prythee weep, May Lilian! Gaiety 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.

IV.

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

ISABEL.

1.

- EVES not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
 - With the clear-pointed flame of chastity, Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
 - Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
- Of her still spirit; locks not wide-dispread, Madonna-wise on either side her head;
 - Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
 - 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 lowli
 - head.

п.

The intuitive decision of a bright

- And thorough-edged intellect to part Error from crime; a prudence to withhold:
 - The laws of marriage character'd in gold

Upon the blanched tablets of her heart; A love still burning upward, giving light 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' undescried,
 - Winning its way with extreme gentleness
- 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.

111.

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon; A clear stream flowing with a muddy one.

- Till in its onward current it absorbs
 - With swifter movement and in purer light
 - The vexed eddies of its wayward brother:
 - A leaning and upbearing parasite,
 - Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite
 - With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs
 - Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other —
 - Shadow forth thee: the world hath not another
- (Tho' 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 pear to the gable-wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange: 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 aweary, aweary, 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 aweary, aweary 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: From the dark fen the oxen's low Came to her: without hope of change,
- In sleep she seem'd 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 aweary, aweary,
 - 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 aweary, aweary, 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 aweary, aweary,
 - 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
- Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
- Or from the crevice peer'd 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 aweary, aweary, 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-moted 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 aweary, aweary, Oh God, that I were dead !'

то ----.

I.

CLEAR-HEADED friend, whose joyful scorn, Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwain The knots that tangle human creeds, The wounding cords that bind and strain

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.

п.

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit; Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow: Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not now 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.

III.

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; Like that strange angel which of old, Until the breaking of the light, Wrestled with wandering Israel, Past Yabbok broke the livelong night, And heaven's mazed signs stood still In the dim tract of Penuel.

MADELINE.

ı.

THOU art not steep'd in golden languors, 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 flitting change.

п.

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 fleeter? Whether smile or frown be sweeter, Who may know? Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow Light-glooming 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.

ш.

A subtle, sudden flame, By veering passion fann'd, About thee breaks and dances:

When 1 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,

Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest;

But, looking fixedly the while, All my bounden 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 angerly; And o'er black brows drops down A sudden-curved frown.

SONG - THE OWL.

Ι.

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.

п.

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.

I.

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.

п.

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 inlav

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
- Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome

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, seemed 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-colour'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 odour 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 splendour 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 pleasance, 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 honour 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 humour 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.

ADDRESSED TO -----.

1.

THOU who stealest 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.

11.

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

Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits, Which in wintertide shall star

The black earth with brilliance rare.

ш.

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 Thou leddest by the hand thine infant
- Hope. The eddying of her garments caught from thee
- The light of thy great presence; and the cope

Of the half-attain'd futurity,

Tho' 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 distress;

- For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull
- 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.

IV.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,

- Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
- Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines

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 woodland. O! hither lead thy feet! Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds. 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. v. 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. Well hast thou done, great artist Memory, In setting round thy first experiment With royal frame-work of wrought gold; Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay. 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, That all which thou hast drawn of fairest 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 labour 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. Long alleys falling down to twilight grots, 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 re-inspired, 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.

п.

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
- At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
 - 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.

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 things.' 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	п.
Like one great garden show'd, And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd, Rare sunrise flow'd.	Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear; All the place is holy ground; Hollow smile and frozen sneer Come not here.
And Freedom rear'd in that august sun- rise Her beautiful bold brow,	Holy water will I pour Into every spicy flower Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it around. The flowers would faint at your cruel
When rites and forms before his burning eyes Melted like snow.	cheer. In your eye there is death, There is frost in your breath Which would blight the plants.
There was no blood upon her maiden robes Sunn'd by those orient skies;	Where you stand you cannot hear From the groves within The wild-bird's din.
But round about the circles of the globes Of her keen eyes	In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants. It would fall to the ground if you came
And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame	in. In the middle leaps a fountain Like sheet lightning,
WISDOM, a name to shake All evil dreams of power—a sacred name. And when she spake,	Ever brightening With a low melodious thunder; All day and all night it is ever drawn From the brain of the purple moun-
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,	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;
So was their meaning to her words. No sword	And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and full, You never would hear it; your ears are
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd, But one poor poet's scroll, and with <i>his</i> word	so dull; So keep where you are : you are foul with
She shook the world.	sin; It would shrink to the earth if you came in.
THE POET'S MIND.	THE SEA-FAIRIES.
Ι.	SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and
VEX not thou the poet's mind With thy shallow wit : Vex not thou the poet's mind;	saw, Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,

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.

- 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 reach'd them on the middle	THE DESERTED HOUSE.
sea.	1.
Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.	LIFE and Thought have gone away Side by side,
Whither away from the high green field, and the happy blossoming shore?	Leaving door and windows wide : Careless tenants they !
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:	п.
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls From wandering over the lea: Out of the live-green heart of the dells	All within is dark as night: In the windows is no light; And no murmur at the door,
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,	So frequent on its hinge before.
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells	III.
High over the full-toned sea: O hither, come hither and furl your sails,	Close the door, the shutters close, Or thro' the windows we shall see The nakedness and vacancy
Come hither to me and to me :	Of the dark deserted house.
Hither, come hither and frolic and play; Here it is only the mew that wails;	IV.
We will sing to you all the day:	Come away: no more of mirth Is here or merry-making sound.
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails, For here are the blissful downs and dales,	The house was builded of the earth,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,	And shall fall again to ground.
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,	V.
And the rainbow forms and flies on the	Come away: for Life and Thought
land Over the islands free;	Here no longer dwell; But in a city glorious—
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;	A great and distant city — have bought A mansion incorruptible.
Hither, come hither and see;	Would they could have stayed with us!
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,	
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,	THE DYING SWAN.
And sweet shall your welcome be:	I.
O hither, come hither, and be our lords, For merry brides are we:	THE plain was grassy, wild and bare, Wide, wild, and open to the air,
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak	Which had built up everywhere
sweet words: O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten	An under-roof of doleful gray. With an inner voice the river ran,
With pleasure and love and jubilee :	Adown it floated a dying swan,
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten When the sharp clear twang of the golden	And loudly did lament. It was the middle of the day.
chords	Ever the weary wind went on,
Runs up the ridged sea. Who can light on as happy a shore	And took the reed-tops as it went.
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?	
Whither away? listen and stay: mariner, mariner, fly no more.	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 marish green and still

The tangled water-courses slept, Shot over with purple, and green, and vellow.

ш.

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.

And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,

And the willow-branches hoar and dank,

And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,

And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,

And the silvery marish-flowers that throng

The desolate creeks and pools among, Were flooded over with eddying song.

A DIRGE.

Ι.

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. и.

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.

ш.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed; Chaunteth 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.

1V.

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.

v.

Round thee blow, self-pleached 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.

VI.

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.

VII.

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 gathering 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:

- 'You must begone,' said Death, 'these walks are mine.'
- Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
- Yet ere he parted said, 'This hour is thine:
- Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
- Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
- 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 for ever 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 : What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek. 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,

I hare not the and come to thee, Oriana. I hear the roaring of the sea, Oriana.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbour villages, Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas; Two strangers meeting at a festival;

- Two lovers whispered by an orchard wall;
- Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
- Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,
- Wash'd with still rains and daisy blossomed;

Two children in one hamlet born and bred;

So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

THE MERMAN.

1.

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

п.

- I would be a merman bold,
- I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
- I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
- But at night I would roam abroad and play
- With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
- Dressing their hair with the white seaflower;
- And holding them back by their flowing 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
- To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,

Chasing each other merrily.

III.

There would be neither moon nor star;

- But the wave would make music above us afar —
- Low thunder and light in the magic night —

Neither moon nor star.

- We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
- Call to each other and whoop and cry All night, merrily, merrily;

They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells, Laughing and clapping their hands between,

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?

п.

I would be a mermaid fair;

- I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
- With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
- And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
- 'Who is it loves me? who loves not me?'
- I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall

Low adown, low adown,

- From under my starry sea-bud crown Low adown and around,
- And I should look like a fountain of gold

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
- With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
- And all the mermen under the sea
- Would feel their immortality

Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III.

- But at night I would wander away, away,
 - I would fling on each side my lowflowing locks,
- And lightly vault from the throne and play
 - With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
- We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
 - On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
 - Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
- But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
- And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
 - From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells;
- For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
- Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
- 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
- Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
- All looking down for the love of me.

ADELINE.

Ι.

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 ?

п.

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?

ш.

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?

1V.

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?

v.

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-drooping 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.

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. п.

- 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, alway
- 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.

III.

- 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 falling axe did part The burning brain from the true heart,
 - Even in her sight he loved so well?

IV.

- 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-woeful sympathies.

v.

O sweet pale Margaret,

O rare pale Margaret,

- Come down, come down, and hear me speak:
- Tie up the ringlets on your cheek : The sun is just about to set,
- The arching limes are tall and shady, And faint rainy lights are seen, Moving in the leavy 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,

ROSALIND.

Ι.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,

My frolic falcon, with bright eyes,

Whose free delight, from any height of rapid flight,

Stoops at all game 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?

Π.

The quick lark's closest-caroll'd 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. Thro' lips and eyes in subtle ravs. Your hawk-eyes are keen and bright, Keen with triumph, watching still To pierce me thro' 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, Touch'd 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, We'll bind you fast in silken cords, And kiss away the bitter words From off your rosy mouth.

ELEÄNORE.

I.

THY dark eyes open'd not, Nor first reveal'd themselves to English air,

For there is nothing here, Which, from the outward to the inward

brought,

Moulded thy baby thought.

Far off from human neighbourhood, 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,

But thou wert nursed in some delicious land

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,

And shadow'd coves on a sunny shore, The choicest wealth of all the earth,

Jewel or shell, or starry ore, To deck thy cradle, Eleänore.

п.

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 gardens 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.

ш.

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
Grape-thicken'd from the light, and
blinded
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!

IV.

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 Is nothing sudden, nothing single;

Like two streams of incense free From one censer in one shrine,

Thought and motion mingle, 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, Eleanore?

ν.

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, whene'er

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

So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies, To stand apart, and to adore, Gazing on thee for evermore, Serenc, imperial Eleanore!

٧I.

Sometimes, with most intensity

Gazing, I seem to see

- Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep,
- Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep
- In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd quite,
- 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,

Should slowly round his orb, and slowly grow

To a full face, there like a sun remain

Fix'd — then as slowly fade again,

And draw itself to what it was before;

So full, so deep, so slow,

Thought seems to come and go

In thy large eyes, imperial Eleänore.

vп.

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; In thee all passion becomes passionless, 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 Eleanore.

VIII.

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 MV name Floweth; and then, as in a swoon,

With dinning sound my ears are rife,

My tremulous tongue faltereth,

- I lose my colour, I lose my breath,
- I drink the cup of a costly death,

Brimmed 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.

I.

My life is full of weary days, But good things have not kept aloof, Nor wander'd into other ways:

I have not lack'd thy mild reproof, Nor golden largess of thy praise.

And now shake hands 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. When in the darkness over me

The four-handed mole shall scrape, Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,

Nor wreathe thy cap with doleful crape, But pledge me in the flowing grape.

And when the sappy field and wood Grow green beneath the showery gray,

And rugged barks begin to bud, And thro' damp holts new-flush'd with May,

Ring sudden scritches of the jay,

Then let wise Nature work her will, And on my clay her darnel grow;

Come only, when the days are still, And at my headstone whisper low, And tell me if the woodbines blow.

EARLY SONNETS.

Ι.

TO ____.

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,

And ebb into a former life, or seem

To lapse far back in some 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 before,

- All this hath been, I know not when or where.'
- So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,

Our thought gave answer each to each, so true —

Opposed mirrors each reflecting each — That tho' I knew not in what time or place, Methought that I had often met with you, And either lived in either's heart and speech.

п.

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;

Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:

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

- Half God's good sabbath, while the wornout clerk
- Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from a throne
- Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
- Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark.

ш.

- MINE be the strength of spirit, full 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 forward 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 degrees May into uncongenial spirits flow;

Ev'n as the warm gulf-stream of Florida Floats far away into the Northern seas The lavish growths of southern Mexico.

IV.

ALEXANDER.

- WARRIOR of God, whose strong right arm debased
- The throne of Persia, when her Satrap bled

At Issus by the Syrian gates, or fled

Beyond the Memmian naphtha-pits, disgraced

- For ever—thee (thy pathway sanderased)
- Gliding with equal crowns two serpents led Joyful to that palm-planted fountain-fed Ammonian Oasis in the waste.
- There in a silent shade of laurel brown
- Apart the Chamian Oracle divine
- Shelter'd his unapproached mysteries :
- High things were spoken there, unhanded down;
- Only they saw thee from the secret shrine Returning with hot cheek and kindled eves.

v.

BUONAPARTE.

- HE thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak.
- Madman! to chain with chains, and bind with bands
- That island queen who 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 shatter'd spars, with sudden fires
- Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more We taught him: late he learned humility Perforce, like those whom Gideon school'd
 - with briers.

VI.

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, tho' her sacred blood doth drown
- The fields, and out of every smouldering 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 this 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 !

VП.

CARESS'D or chidden by the slender 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,

- When Sleep had bound her in his rosy band,
- And chased away the still-recurring gnat, And woke her with a lay from fairy land.
- But now they live with Beauty less and less,

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.

VIII.

THE form, the form alone is eloquent ! A nobler yearning never broke her rest

- Than but to dance and sing, be gaily drest.
- And win all eyes with all accomplishment:

Yet in the whirling dances as we went,

- My fancy made me for a moment blest
- To find my heart so near the beauteous breast

That once had power to rob it of content. 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 cannot love,

- And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,
- She still would take the praise, and care no more.

IX.

- WAN Sculptor, weepest 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 for ever, in the pits

Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones.

IF I were 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, claspt hand-in-hand with thee,
- To wait for death mute careless of all ills,

Apart upon a mountain, tho' 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.

XI.

THE BRIDESMAID.

- O BRIDESMAID, ere the happy knot was tied,
- Thine eyes so wept that they could hardly see;
- Thy sister smiled and said, 'No tears for me!
- A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride.'
- And then, the couple standing side by side,
- Love lighted down between them full of glee,
- And over his left shoulder laugh'd at thee,
- 'O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride.'
- And all at once a pleasant truth I learn'd, For while the tender service made thee weep,
- I loved thee for the tear thou couldst not hide,
- And prest thy hand, and knew the press return'd,
- And thought, 'My life is sick of single sleep:
- O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride!'

х.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

AND OTHER POEMS.

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 for ever By the island in the river Flowing down to Camelot. Four gray walls, and four gray towers, Overlook a space of flowers, And the silent isle imbowers 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 with colours 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 whirls, 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 red-cross knight for ever kneel'd 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 armour rung, Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather, The helmet and the helmet-feather Burn'd like one burning flame together,

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; On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode; 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 complaining,

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 seër 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, Dead-pale 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 her 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, And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone, To live forgotten, and love forlorn.' 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 eves 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, To live forgotten, and love forlorn.' 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, 'That won his praises night and morn?' And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake alone. I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn.'

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, And murmuring, as at night and morn,
 - 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, 'Sweet Mother, let me not here alone 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 for evermore.'

"O cruel heart," she changed her tone, And cruel love, whose end is scorn, Is this the end to be left alone, To live forgotten, and die forlorn?"

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 decreased, And slowly rounded to the east
- The one black shadow from the wall. 'The day to night,' she made her

moan.

'The day to night, the night to 'This truth within thy mind rehearse, morn, That in a boundless universe And day and night I am left alone Is boundless better, boundless worse. To live forgotten, and love forlorn.' 'Think you this mould of hopes and fears At eve a dry cicala sung, Could find no statelier than his peers There came a sound as of the sea; In yonder hundred million spheres?' Backward the lattice-blind she flung, And lean'd upon the balcony. It spake, moreover, in my mind: There all in spaces rosy-bright 'Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind, Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears, Yet is there plenty of the kind.' And deepening thro' the silent spheres Heaven over Heaven rose the night. Then did my response clearer fall: And weeping then she made her moan, 'No compound of this earthly ball 'The night comes on that knows not Is like another, all in all.' morn, When I shall cease to be all alone, To live forgotten, and love forlorn.' To which he answer'd scoffingly: 'Good soul! suppose I grant it thee, Who'll weep for thy deficiency? THE TWO VOICES. A STILL small voice spake unto me, 'Or will one beam be less intense, 'Thou art so full of misery, When thy peculiar difference Were it not better not to be?' Is cancell'd in the world of sense?' Then to the still small voice I said: I would have said, 'Thou canst not 'Let me not cast in endless shade know,' What is so wonderfully made.' But my full heart, that work'd below, Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow. To which the voice did urge reply: 'To-day I saw the dragon-fly Again the voice spake unto me: Come from the wells where he did lie. 'Thou art so steep'd in misery, Surely 'twere better not to be. 'An inner impulse rent the veil Of his old husk : from head to tail Came out clear plates of sapphire mail. 'Thine anguish will not let thee sleep, Nor any train of reason keep : 'He dried his wings: like gauze they Thou canst not think, but thou wilt grew; weep.' Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew A living flash of light he flew.' I said, 'The years with change advance: If I make dark my countenance, I said, 'When first the world began, I shut my life from happier chance. Young Nature thro' five cycles ran, And in the sixth she moulded man. 'Some turn this sickness yet might take, Ev'n yet.' But he: 'What drug can 'She gave him mind, the lordliest make Proportion, and, above the rest, A wither'd palsy cease to shake?' Dominion in the head and breast.' I wept, 'Tho' I should die, I know Thereto the silent voice replied: 'Self-blinded are you by your pride: That all about the thorn will blow Look up thro' night: the world is wide. In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;

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' And men, thro' novel spheres of thought	I said, ' When I am gone away,
Still moving after truth long sought,	" He dared not tarry," men will say,
Will learn new things when I am not.'	Doing dishonour to my clay.'
'Yet,' said the secret voice, 'some time, Sooner or later, will gray prime Make thy grass hoar with early rime.	 This is more vile,' he made reply, To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh, Than once from dread of pain to die.
'Not less swift souls that yearn for light, Rapt after heaven's starry flight, Would sweep the tracts of day and night.	 Sick art thou — a divided will Still heaping on the fear of ill The fear of men, a coward still.
'Not less the bee would range her cells,	Do men love thee? Art thou so bound
The furzy prickle fire the dells,	To men, that how thy name may sound
The foxglove cluster dappled bells.'	Will vex thee lying underground?
I said that 'all the years invent;	'The memory of the wither'd leaf
Each month is various to present	In endless time is scarce more brief
The world with some development.	Than of the garner'd Autumn-sheaf.
'Were this not well, to bide mine hour.	'Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust;
Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower	The right ear, that is fill'd with dust,
How grows the day of human power?'	Hears little of the false or just.'
'The highest-mounted mind,' he said,	'Hard task, to pluck resolve,' I cried,
'Still sees the sacred morning spread	'From emptiness and the waste wide
The silent summit overhead.	Of that abyss. or scornful pride!
' Will thirty seasons render plain	'Nay — rather yet that I could raise
Those lonely lights that still remain,	One hope that warm'd me in the days
Just breaking over land and main?	While still I yearn'd for human praise.
"Or make that morn, from his cold crown And crystal silence creeping down, Flood with full daylight glebe and town?	'When, wide in soul and bold of tongue, Among the tents I paused and sung, The distant battle flash'd and rung.
'Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let	• I sung the joyful Pæan clear,
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set	And, sitting, burnish'd without fear
In midst of knowledge, dream'd not yet.	The brand, the buckler, and the spear —
'Thou hast not gain'd a real height,	⁴ Waiting to strive a happy strife,
Nor art thou nearer to the light,	To war with falsehood to the knife,
Because the scale is infinite.	And not to lose the good of life —
"Twere better not to breathe or speak,	'Some hidden principle to move,
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,	To put together, part and prove,
And seem to find, but still to seek.	And mete the bounds of hate and love —
' Moreover, but to seem to find	' As far as might be, to carve out
Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,	Free space for every human doubt,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind.'	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 withdraws, Not void of righteous self-applause, Nor merely in a selfish cause —

' In some good cause, not in mine own, To perish, wept for, honour'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.

^c Thou hadst not between death and birth Dissolved the riddle of the earth. So were thy labour 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, Named man, may hope some truth to find, 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.

^cCry, faint not : either Truth is born Beyond the polar gleam forlorn, Or in the gateways of the morn.

⁶Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope Beyond the furthest flights of hope, Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.

'Sometimes a little corner shines, 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,	' His sons grow up that bear his name,
Bore and forebore, and did not tire,	Some grow to honour, some to shame, —
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.	But he is chill to praise or blame.
'He heeded not reviling tones, Nor sold his heart to idle moans, Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with stones:	' He will not hear the north-wind rave, Nor, moaning, household shelter crave From winter rains that beat his grave.
'But looking upward, full of grace,	'High up the vapours fold and swim:
He pray'd, and from a happy place	About him broods the twilight dim:
God's glory smote him on the face.'	The place he knew forgetteth him.'
The sullen answer slid betwixt: 'Not that the grounds of hope were fix'd, The elements were kindlier mix'd.'	⁴ If all be dark, vague voice,' I said, ⁴ These things are wrapt in doubt and dread, Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.
I said, ' I toil beneath the curse,	'The sap dries up ; the plant declines.
But, knowing not the universe,	A deeper tale my heart divines.
I fear to slide from bad to worse.	Know I not Death? the outward signs?
'And that, in seeking to undo	'I found him when my years were few;
One riddle, and to find the true,	A shadow on the graves I knew,
I knit a hundred others new :	And darkness in the village yew.
' Or that this anguish fleeting hence,	' From grave to grave the shadow crept:
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,	In her still place the morning wept :
Be fix'd and froz'n to permanence :	Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.
'For I go, weak from suffering here:	'The simple senses crown'd his head:
Naked I go, and void of cheer:	"Omega! thou art Lord," they said,
What is it that I may not fear?'	"We find no motion in the dead."
 Consider well,' the voice replied, 'His face, that two hours since hath died; Wilt thou find passion, pain or pride? 	'Why, if man rot in dreamless ease, Should that plain fact, as taught by these, Not make him sure that he shall cease?
'Will he obey when one commands ?	⁴ Who forged that other influence,
Or answer should one press his hands	That heat of inward evidence,
He answers not, nor understands.	By which he doubts against the sense?
' His palms are folded on his breast :	'He owns the fatal gift of eyes,
There is no other thing express'd	That read his spirit blindly wise,
But long disquiet merged in rest.	Not simple as a thing that dies.
'His lips are very mild and meek :	^c Here sits he shaping wings to fly:
Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,	His heart forebodes a mystery:
And on the mouth, he will not speak.	He names the name Eternity.
'His little daughter, whose sweet face	^c That type of Perfect in his mind
He kiss'd, taking his last embrace,	In Nature can he nowhere find.
Becomes dishonour to her race —	He sows himself on every wind.

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' He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,	'These words,' I said, 'are like the rest;
And thro' thick veils to apprehend	No certain clearness, but at best
A labour working to an end.	A vague suspicion of the breast:
'The end and the beginning vex	' But if I grant, thou mightst defend
His reason : many things perplex,	The thesis which thy words intend —
With motions, checks, and counterchecks.	That to begin implies to end;
 His reason: many things perplex, With motions, checks, and counterchecks. ' 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 call'd him then, He sat upon the knees of men In days that never come again. 	 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 toward the lamps of night;
'Before the little ducts began	• Or if thro' lower lives I came —
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran	Tho' all experience past became
Their course, till thou wert also man:	Consolidate in mind and frame —
' Who took a wife, who rear'd his race,	' I might forget my weaker lot;
Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,	For is not our first year forgot?
Whose troubles number with his days :	The haunts of memory echo not.
'A life of nothings, nothing-worth,	⁴ And men, whose reason long was blind,
From that first nothing ere his birth	From cells of madness unconfined,
To that last nothing under earth!'	Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

'Much more, if first I floated free,	One walk'd between his wife and child,
As naked essence, must I be	With measured footfall firm and mild,
Incompetent of memory:	And now and then he gravely smiled.
' For memory dealing but with time,	The prudent partner of his blood
And he with matter, could she climb	Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Beyond her own material prime?	Wearing the rose of womanhood.
' Moreover, something is or seems,	And in their double love secure,
That touches me with mystic gleams,	The little maiden walk'd demure,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams —	Pacing with downward eyelids pure.
' Of something felt, like something here;	These three made unity so sweet,
Of something done, I know not where;	My frozen heart began to beat,
Such as no language may declare.'	Remembering its ancient heat.
The still voice laugh'd. 'I talk,' said he, 'Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee Thy pain is a reality.'	I blest them, and they wander'd on : I spoke, but answer came there none : The dull and bitter voice was gone.
 Thy pain is a reality.' 'But thou,' said I, 'hast missed 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. 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant, Oh 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. 	A second voice was at mine ear, A little whisper silver-clear, A murmur, ' Be of better cheer.' As from some blissful neighbourhood, 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,
Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,	To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
When meres begin to uncongeal,	That every cloud, that spreads above
The sweet church bells began to peal.	And veileth love, itself is love.
On to God's house the people prest :	And forth into the fields I went,
Passing the place where each must rest,	And Nature's living motion lent
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.	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;

And all so variously 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! Rejoice!'

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 drily curl'd. Seem'd half-within and half-without. And full of dealings with the world? In yonder chair I see him sit, Three fingers round the old silver cup -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.

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 sprung 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;

So sweet it seems with thee to walk.

And once again to woo thee mine -

 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-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 ýour taper far away, And full at heart of trenbling hop From off the wold I came, and lay Upon the freshly-flower'd slope. The deep brook groan'd beneath the mill; And 'By that lamp,' I thought, 'she sits!' The white chalk-quarry from the hill Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits. 	 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, Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek 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 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 orse, and, with a silent grace Approaching, press'd you heart to heart Ah, well — but sing the foolish song
And 'By that lamp,' I thought, 'she sits!' The white chalk-quarry from the hill	As near this door you sat apart,
Cleam'd to the fining mean by fta	Ah, well — but sing the foolish song

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 in her ear: For hid in ringlets day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdleAbout 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, While 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,

Round my true heart thine arms entwine My other dearer life in life,

Look thro' my very soul with thine ! Untouch'd with any shade of years,

May those kind eyes for ever 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 had 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:

ng rich in flowers, and far below them roars long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine ataract after cataract to the sea. ind the valley topmost Gargarus ids up and takes the morning: but in front gorges, opening wide apart, reveal as and Ilion's column'd citadel, crown of Troas. Hither came at noon unful (Enone, wandering forlorn Paris, once her playmate on the hills. c cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck ated her hair or seem'd to float in rest. leaning on a fragment twined with vine, g to the stillness, till the mountain- shade ped downward to her seat from the upper cliff. O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida, ar mother Ida, harken ere I die. now the noonday quiet holds the hill : grasshopper is silent in the grass: lizard, with his shadow on the stone, ets like a shadow, and the winds are
se slowly to a music slowly breathed,
mountain brooks, m the daughter of a River-God, ar me, for I will speak, and build up all sorrow with my song, as yonder walls

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'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida, Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.	Ranged in the halls of Peleus; where- upon
I waited underneath the dawning hills, Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,	Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:	But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris, Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd,	Delivering that to me, by common voice Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
white-hooved,	Pallas and Aphroditè, claiming each
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.	This meed of fairest. Thou, within the
'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.	cave Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft :	Mayst well behold them unbeheld, un-
Far up the solitary morning smote The streaks of virgin snow. With down-	heard Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of
dropt eyes	Gods."
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard	'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
skin	It was the deep midnoon: one silvery
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny	cloud
hair Cluster'd about his temples like a God's :	Had lost his way between the piney sides Of this long glen. Then to the bower
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow	they came,
brightens	Naked they came to that smooth-swarded
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart	And at their feet the crocus brake like
Went forth to embrace him coming ere	fire,
he came.	Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.	Lotos and lilies : and a wind arose, And overhead the wandering ivy and
He smiled, and opening out his milk-	vine,
white palm	This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold, That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd	Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs With bunch and berry and flower thro'
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of	and thro'.
speech	(O mother I had an and I had
Came down upon my heart. '" My own Œnone,	'O mother Ida, harken ere I die. On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,	And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind	lean'd
ingrav'n 'For the most fair,' would seem to	Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew. Then first I heard the voice of her, to
award it thine,	whom
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace	Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that
Of movement, and the charm of married	grows Larger and clearer, with one mind the
brows."	Gods
'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.	Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made Proffer of royal power, ample rule
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,	Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
And added "This was cast upon the	Wherewith to embellish state, "from
board, When all the full-faced presence of the	many a vale And river-sunder'd champaign clothed
Gods	with corn,

 Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore. Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll, From many an inland town and haven large, Grom ther Ida, harken ere I die. Still she spake on and still she spake of power, O mother Ida, harken ere I die. Still she spake on and still she spake of power, O mother Ida, harken ere I die. And throned of wisdom — from all neigh- bour crowns Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, the king-born, A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born, in power Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd Rest in a happy place and quits seats Above the thunder, with undying bliss In knowledge of their own supremacy.'' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. Stalt shall boy the e forward thro' a life of shocks, To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks, These three alone lead life to sovereign upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold, The while, above, her full and earent eyear Ore ther snow-cold breast and agriy cheek Yest net free alone lead life to sovereign power. Yest net free alone lead life to sovereign power. Yest not for power (power of herself 		
	 Honour," 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, harken 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 neigh- bour 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, harken 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. 	 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, harken 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, Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest the sure, That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee, So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood, Shall strike within thy pulses 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 ceas'd, 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, harken ere I die. Idalian Aphroditè beautiful, Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells, With rosy slender fingers backward drew From her warn brows and bosom her deep hair Ambrosial, golden round her lucidthroat And shoulder: from the violets her light foot Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes, The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh	With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud, Between the loud stream and the trem- bling stars.
Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise	'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
thee	I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
The fairest and most loving wife in	Among the fragments tumbled from the
Greece."	glens,
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight	Or the dry thickets, I could meet with
for fear:	her
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his	The Abominable, that uninvited came
arm,	Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,	And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,	And bred this change; that I might speak
And I was left alone within the bower;	my mind,
And from that time to this I am alone,	And tell her to her face how much I hate
And I shall be alone until I die.	Her presence, hated both of Gods and
' Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.	men.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?	'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
My love hath told me so a thousand	Hath he not sworn his love a thousand
times.	times,
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,	In this green valley, under this green hill,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,	Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this
Eyed like the evening star, with playful	stone?
tail	Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most	tears?
loving is she?	O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my	O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my
arms	face?
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips	O happy earth, how canst thou bear my
prest	weight?
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling	O death, death, death, thou ever-floating
dew	cloud,
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.	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,
'O mother, hear me yet before I die.	And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
They came, they cut away my tallest	Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
pines,	Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge	'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
High over the blue gorge, and all between	I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract	Do shape themselves within me, more and
Foster'd the callow eaglet — from beneath	more,
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn	Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear Dead sounds at night come from the in-
The panther's roar came muffled, while	most hills,
I sat	Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
Low in the valley. Never, never more	My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Shall lone (Enone see the morning mist	Conjectures of the features of her child
Sweep thro' them; never see them over-	Ere it is born : her child ! — a shudder
laid	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	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!
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	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!
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	TO ——. with the following poem.
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day, All earth and air seem only burning fire.'	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 clarious Davil large in heart and brain
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 !	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
 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 ! 	 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 threshold lie, Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
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:	Was common clay ta'en from the common earth Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

O the Earl was fair to see!

I kissed 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!

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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 I chose. The ranged ramparts bright	A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd From out a golden cup.
From level meadow-bases of deep grass Suddenly scaled the light.	So that she thought, 'And who shall gaze upon My palace with unblinded eyes,
Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf The rock rose clear, or winding stair.	While this great bow will waver in the sun, And that sweet incense rise?'
My soul would live alone unto herself In her high palace there.	For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd,
And 'While the world runs round and round,' I said,	And, while day sank or mounted higher, The light aërial gallery, golden-rail'd, Burnt like a fringe of fire.
'Reign thou apart, a quiet king, Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade	Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,
Sleeps on his luminous ring.' To which my soul made answer readily:	Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced, And tipt with frost-like spires.
'Trust me, in bliss I shall abide In this great mansion, that is built for me,	* * * *
So royal-rich and wide.' * * * * * * * *	Full of long-sounding corridors it was, That over-vaulted grateful gloom, Thro' which the livelong day my soul
Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,	did pass, Well-pleased, from room to room.
In each a squared lawn, wherefrom The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth	Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
A flood of fountain-foam. And round the cool green courts there	All various, each a perfect whole From living Nature, fit for every mood And change of my still soul.
ran a row Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,	For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow Of spouted fountain-floods.	Showing a gaudy summer-morn, Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
And round the roofs a gilded gallery That lent broad verge to distant lands,	His wreathed bugle-horn.
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky Dipt down to sea and sands.	One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand, And some one pacing there alone,
From those four jets four currents in one	Who paced for ever in a glimmering land, Lit with a low large moon.
swell Across the mountain stream'd below In misty folds, that floating as they fell Lit up a torrent-bow.	One show'd an iron coast and angry waves. You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And high on every peak a statue seem'd To hang on tiptoe, tossing up	And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves, Beneath the windy wall.

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And one, a full-fed river winding slow	Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
By herds upon an endless plain,	To list a foot-fall, ere he saw
The ragged rims of thunder brooding	The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian
low,	king to hear
With shadow-streaks of rain.	Of wisdom and of law.
 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. In front they bound the sheaves. Behind 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 look'd at her. Or thronging all one porch of Paradise A group of Houris bow'd to see 	To list a foot-fall, 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 unclasp'd, From off her shoulder backward borne : From one hand droop'd a crocus: one hand grasp'd The mild bull's golden horn. Or else flush'd 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, Moved of themselves, with silver sound; And with choice paintings of wise men I hung The royal dais round. For there was Milton like a seraph strong, Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild; 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.
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes	Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
That said, We wait for thee.	Many an arch high up did lift,
Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son	And angels rising and descending met
In some fair space of sloping greens	With interchange of gift.
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,	Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
And watch'd by weeping queens.	With cycles of the human tale

Of this wide world, the times of every land So wrought, they will not fail. mine. The people here, a beast of burden slow, Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and divine 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 declined. And trusted any cure. But over these she trod: and those great hells Began to chime. She took her throne : She sat betwixt the shining Oriels, eves! To sing her songs alone. wêll! And thro' the topmost Oriels' coloured flame Two godlike faces gazed below; Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam, The first of those who know. And all those names, that in their motion of swine were Full-welling fountain-heads of change, Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair In diverse raiment strange: sleep; Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue, Flush'd in her temples and her eyes, And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, 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 mirth. 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

- "O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
 - O shapes and hues that please me well!

"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.

In this great house so royal-rich, and wide, Be flatter'd to the height.

O silent faces of the Great and Wise, My Gods, with whom I dwell!

 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 churmed deem of Personality. 	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.
The abysmal deeps of Personality, Plagued her with sore despair. When she would think, where'er she	Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd. 'No voice,' she shriek'd in that lone hall,
turn'd her sight The airy hand confusion wrought, Wrote, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite The kingdom of her thought.	'No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world: One deep, deep silence all!'
Deep dread and loathing of her solitude Fell on her, from which mood was born Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood Laughter at her self-scorn.	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,
 What! is not this my place of strength,' she said, My spacious mansion built for me, 	And nothing saw, for her despair, But dreadful time, dreadful eternity, No comfort anywhere;
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid Since my first memory?'	Remaining utterly confused with fears, And ever worse with growing time, And ever unrelieved by dismal tears, And all alone in crime:
But in dark corners of her palace stood Uncertain shapes; and unawares On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood, And horrible nightmares,	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.
 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. 	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;
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.	And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, 'I have found A new land, but I die.'
A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand, Left on the shore; that hears all night	She howl'd aloud, ' I am on fire within. There comes no murmur of reply.

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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. Not thrice your branching limes have

- blown 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 gardener Adam 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.

E

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 harken what you say, And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for evermore, 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 rosebush that I set About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, 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 come 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 passed away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret; There's many a 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 — For ever and for ever with those just souls and true — And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, 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.
- 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
- In the afternoon they came unto a land In which it seemed always afternoon.
- All round the coast the languid air did
- swoon,
- Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
- Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
- And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
- Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.
- A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
- Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
- And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
- Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow From the inner land: far off, three moun-

tain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,

- Stood sunsei-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 Border'd with palm, and many a winding

vale And meadow, set with slender galingale;

- 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.
- Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
- Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them, And taste, to him the gushing of the wave Far far away did seem to mourn and rave On alien shores; and if his fellow spake, His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 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 shore;

And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,

- Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
- Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
- Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
- Then some one said, 'We will return no more; '
- And all at once they sang, 'Our island home

Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG.

Ι.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls Than petals from blown roses on the grass, 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 hangs in sleep.

п.

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

While all things else have rest from weariness? All things have rest: why should we	In silence; ripen, fall and cease: Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.
toil alone,	
We only toil, who are the first of things,	V,
And make perpetual moan,	How sweet it were, hearing the down-
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :	ward stream,
Nor ever fold our wings,	With half-shut eyes ever to seem
And cease from wanderings,	Falling asleep in a half-dream !
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;	To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings, 'There is no joy but calm!'	Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
Why should we only toil, the roof and	To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
crown of things?	Eating the Lotos day by day,
	To watch the crisping ripples on the
III.	beach,
	And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
Lo! in the middle of the wood, The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud	To lend our hearts and spirits wholly To the influence of mild-minded melan-
With winds upon the branch, and there	choly;
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,	To muse and brood and live again in memory,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon	With those old faces of our infancy
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow	Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Falls, and floats adown the air.	Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,	urn of brass!
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mel- low,	VI.
Drops in a silent autumn night.	Dear is the memory of our wedded lives.
All its allotted length of days,	And dear the last embraces of our wives
The flower ripens in its place,	And their warm tears: but all hath suf-
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath	fer'd change:
no toil,	For surely now our household hearths
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.	are cold:
	Our sons inherit us: our looks are
IV.	strange: And we should come like ghosts to
Hateful is the dark-blue sky,	trouble joy.
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.	Or else the island princes over-bold
Death is the end of life; ah, why	Have eat our substance, and the min-
Should life all labour be?	strel sings
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,	Before them of the ten years' war in
And in a little while our lips are dumb.	Troy,
Let us alone. What is it that will last?	And our great deeds, as half-forgotten
All things are taken from us, and become	things.
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.	Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let us alone. What pleasure can we	Let what is broken so remain.
have	The Gods are hard to reconcile:
To war with evil? Is there any peace	Tis hard to settle order once again.
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?	There is confusion worse than death,
All things have rest, and ripen toward	Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
the grave	Long labour unto aged breath,

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Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

- But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
- How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)

With half-dropt eyelid 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 —
- To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
- Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
- Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
- Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :

- The Lotos blows by every winding creek : All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
- Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
- Round and round the spicy downs the vellow 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,
- In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
- On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
- For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
- 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 earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands.
- Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
- But they smile, they find a music centred 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 whisper'd — down in hell
- Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian vallevs dwell,
- Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
- Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
- Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
- Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,

 The Legend of Good Women,' long ago Sung by the morning star of song, who made

His music heard below;

- Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
- Preluded those melodious bursts that fill The spacious times of great Elizabeth

With sounds that echo still.

- And, for a while, the knowledge of his art Held me above the subject, as strong gales
- 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 Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars.
- And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
 - And trumpets blown for wars;
- And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs;
 - And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries;
- And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs

Of marble palaces;

- Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall; Lances in ambush set;
- And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
 - That run before the fluttering tongues of fire;
- White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,

And ever climbing higher;

- Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
 - Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
- Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,

And hush'd seraglios.

- So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
 - Bluster the winds and tides the selfsame way,
- Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,

Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain, Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak, 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
 - Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep
- Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought

Into the gulfs of sleep.

- At last methought that I had wander'd far In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in coolest dew
- The maiden splendours of the morning star Shook in the stedfast blue.
- Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean

Upon the dusky brushwood underneath

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,
- Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun, Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air, Not any song of bird or sound of rill;

Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre Is not so deadly still

- As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
 - Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
- And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd

The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall Dislodging pinnacle and parapet

- 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
- The times when I remember to have been 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,
- Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there;
- A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair.
- Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
 - Froze my swift speech: she turning 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. Many drew swords and died. Where'er

I came I brought calamity.'

- 'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field Myself for such a face had boldly died,'
- I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd To one that stood beside.
- Butshe, with sick and scornfullooks averse, To her full height her stately stature draws;
- 'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse:

This woman was the cause.

- ' I was cut off from hope in that sad place, Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years:
- 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 descry The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,

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 victim's throat;

Touch'd; and I knew no more.'

- Whereto the other with a downward brow:
 - ' I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
- 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,
 - As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea:
- 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 unroll'd;
- A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,

Brow-bound with burning gold.

- She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began : 'I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd
- All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.

Once, like the moon, I made

- 'The ever-shifting currents of the blood According to my humour ebb and flow.
- I have no men to govern in this wood: That makes my only woe.
- ' Nay yet it chafes me that I could not bend
 - One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye

That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend, Where is Mark Antony?	From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change Of liveliest utterance.
'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by God: The Nilus would have risen before his	When she made pause I knew not for delight; Because with sudden motion from the ground She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd
time And flooded at our nod.	with light The interval of sound.
' We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit	Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus. O my life	As once they drew into two burning rings
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit, The flattery and the strife,	All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts Of captains and of kings.
 '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 ! 	Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
'And there he died: and when I heard my name Sigh'd forth with life I would not	And singing clearer than the crested bird That claps his wings at dawn.
brook my fear Of the other: with a worm I balk'd his fame.	'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
What else was left? look here!'	Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell.
(With that she tore her robe apart, and half	Far-heard beneath the moon.
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight	'The balmy moon of blessed Israel Floods all the deep-blue gloom with
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh, Showing the aspick's bite.)	beams divine : All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
'I died a Queen. The Roman soldier	With spires of silver shine.'
found Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,	As one that museth where broad sunshine laves The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the
A name for ever!—lying robed and crown'd, Worthy a Roman spouse.'	door Hearing the holy organ rolling waves Of sound on roof and floor
Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest	Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied

Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance To where he stands, -- so stood I, when that flow

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 To save her father's vow; To save her father's vow; The daughter of the warrior Gileadite, A maiden pure; as when she went along The mailen pure; as when she went along From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with wel- come light, With timbrel and with song. My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes With that wild oath.' She render'd answer bigh: 'Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times I would be born and die. 'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root 'Single I grew, like some for death. 'My God, my land, my father — these did move My God, my land, my father — these did move 'And I went mourning, ''No fair Hebrew boy Shall smile away my maiden blame among 'Leaving the dance and song, 'Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the olive-gardens far below, bower, 'Leaving the ol	 To save her father's vow; To save her father's vow; The daughter of the warrior Gileadite, A maiden pure; as when she went along From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with wel- come light, With timbrel and with song. My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes With that wild oath.' She render'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 'Gedard for my sire! 'I comforts me in this one thought to dwell. That I subdued me to my father's will; Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell, Sweetens the spirit still. 'Moreover it is written that my race Ilew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here here face Glow'd, as I look'd at her. 'She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood: 'Gory to God,' she sang, and past afar, Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood, The alleys of grape-loaded vines that glow 'Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the battled tower. 'The light white cloud swam over us. 		
Beneath the battled tower. 'The light white cloud swam over us. Anon 'Alas! alas!' a low voice, full of care, Murmur'd beside me: 'Turn and look on me: I am that Rosamond, whom men cal	1 If which I was I ha	To save her father's vow; The daughter of the warrior Gileadite, A maiden pure; as when she went along From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with wel- come light, With timbrel and with song. My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes With that wild oath.' She render'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 Creeps to the garden water-pipes be- neath, 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 Nature gave, Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love Down to a silent grave. 'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy Shall smile away my maiden blame among 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, The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow Beneath the battled tower. 'The light white cloud swam over us. Anon	 Or, from the darken'd glen, Saw God divide the night with flying flame, And thunder on the everlasting hills. I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became A solemn scorn of ills. When the next moon was roll'd into the sky, Strength came to me that equall'd my desire. How beautiful a thing it was to die For God and for my sire ! It comforts me in this one thought to dwell, That I subdued me to my father's will; 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 On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here her face Glow'd, as I look'd at her. She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood: Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar, 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, When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly, And the old year is dead. 'Alas! alas!' a low voice, full of care, Murmur'd beside me: 'Turn and look on me: I am that Rosamond, whom men call

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 'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor ! O me, that I should ever see the light ! Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor Do hunt me, day and night.' She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and 	Desiring what is mingled with past years, In yearnings that can never be exprest By sighs or groans or tears; Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
trust: To whom the Egyptian: 'Oh, you tamely died! You should have clung to Fulvia's waist,	Failing to give the bitter of the sweet, Wither beneath the palate, and the heart Faints, faded by its heat.
and thrust The dagger thro' her side.'	THE BLACKBIRD. O BLACKBIRD! sing me something well: While all the neighbours shoot thee
With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams, Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams	I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground, Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.
Ruled in the eastern sky.	The espaliers and the standards all Are thine; the range of lawn and
Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark, Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance	park : The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark, All thine, against the garden wall.
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc, A light of ancient France;	Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring, Thy sole delight is, sitting still, With that gold dagger of thy bill
Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death, Who kneeling, with one arm about	To fret the summer jenneting. A golden bill! the silver tongue,
her king, Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath, Sweet as new buds in Spring.	Cold February loved, is dry: Plenty corrupts the melody That made thee famous once, when young:
No memory labours longer from the deep Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore	And in the sultry garden-squares, Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep To gather and tell o'er	I hear thee not at all, or hoarse As when a hawker hawks his wares.
Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike	Take warning! he that will not sing While yon sun prospers in the blue, Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new, Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.
Into that wondrous track of dreams again!	THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.
But no two dreams are like.	FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,

And the winter winds are wearily sighing:

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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,
- And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,

Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! 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,
- And a new face at the door, my friend,
- 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 dared 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 honour and his living worth: A man more pure and bold and just Was never born into 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 near 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 Grief more. 'Twere better I should cease 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 increase, 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.

ON A MOURNER.

I.

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;

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Fills out the homely quickset-screens, And makes the purple lilac ripe,

Steps from her airy hill, and greens The swamp, where humm'd the dropping snipe,

With moss and braided marish-pipe;

III.

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.'

IV.

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.

v.

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.

VI.

And when no mortal motion jars The blackness round the tombing sod,

Thro' silence and the trembling stars Comes Faith from tracts no feet have trod, And Virtue, like a household god	OF old sat Freedom on the heights, The thunders breaking at her feet : Above her shook the starry lights : She heard the torrents meet.
VII.	There in her place she did mising
Promising empire; such as those Once heard at dead of night to greet Troy's wandering prince, so that he rose With sacrifice, while all the fleet Had rest by stony hills of Crete.	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,
You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease, Within this region I subsist,	And part by part to men reveal'd The fullness of her face —
Whose spirits falter in the mist, And languish for the purple seas.	Grave mother of majestic works, From her isle-altar gazing down, Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
It is the land that freemen till,	And, King-like, wears the crown :
That sober-suited Freedom chose, The land, where girt with friends or foes	Her open eyes desire the truth.
A man may speak the thing he will;	The wisdom of a thousand years Is in them. May perpetual youth Keep dry their light from tears;
A land of settled government, A land of just and old renown, Where Freedom slowly broadens down	That her fair form may stand and shine, Make bright our days and light our
From precedent to precedent :	dreams, Turning to scorn with lips divine The falsehood of extremes!
Where faction seldom gathers head, But by degrees to fullness wrought, The strength of some diffusive thought Hath time and space to work and spread.	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.
Should banded unions persecute Opinion, and induce a time When single thought is civil crime, And individual freedom mute;	True love turn'd round on fixed poles, Love, that endures not sordid ends, For English natures, freemen, friends, Thy brothers and immortal souls.
Tho' Power should make from land to land The name of Britain trebly great — Tho' every channel of the State Should fill and choke with golden sand —	But pamper not a hasty time, Nor feed with crude imaginings The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings That every sophister can lime.
Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth, Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky, And I will see before I die The palms and temples of the South.	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.	A slow-develop'd strength awaits Completion in a painful school; Phantoms of other forms of rule, New Majesties of mighty States —
Watch what main-currents draw the years: Cut Prejudice against the grain: But gentle words are always gain: Regard the weakness of thy peers:	The warders of the growing hour, But vague in vapour, hard to mark; And round them sea and air are dark With great contrivances of Power.
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:	Of many changes, aptly join'd, Is bodied forth the second whole. Regard gradation, lest the soul Of Discord race the rising wind;
Not clinging to some ancient saw; Not master'd by some modern term; Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:	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.
And in its season bring the law; That from Discussion's lip may fall With Life, that, working strongly,	Oh 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 —
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,	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;
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,	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;
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.	Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay, Would serve his kind in deed and word, Certain, if knowledge bring the sword That knowledge takes the sword away—
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.	Would love the gleams of good that broke From either side, nor veil his eyes : And if some dreadful need should rise Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :
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.	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 Decay.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.	And feeding high, and living soft, Grew plump and able-bodied; Until the grave churchwarden doff'd, The parson smirk'd and nodded.
O THOU, that sendest out the man To rule by land and sea, Strong mother of a Lion-line, Be proud of those strong sons of thine Who wrench'd their rights from thee !	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.
What wonder, if in noble heat Those men thine arms withstood, Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught, And in thy spirit with thee fought — Who sprang from English blood!	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.
But Thou rejoice with liberal joy, Lift up thy rocky face, And shatter, when the storms are black, In many a streaming torrent back, The seas that shock thy base !	'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.'
Whatever harmonies of law The growing world assume, Thy work is thine — The single note From that deep chord which Hampden smote Will vibrate to the doom.	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 clamour.
THE GOOSE.	As head and heels upon the floor They flounder'd all together, There strode a stranger to the door, And it was windy weather:
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.	nd He took the goose upon his arm, He utter'd words of scorning: prk 'So keep you cold, or keep you warm, It is a stormy morning.'
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.'	The wild wind rang from park and plain, And round the attics rumbled, Till all the tables danced again, And half the chimneys tumbled.
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.	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:
She dropt the goose, and caught the • pelf, And ran to tell her neighbours; And bless'd herself, and cursed herself, And rested from her labours.	And while on all sides breaking loose Her household fled the danger, Quoth she, 'The Devil take the goose, And God forget the stranger!'
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ENGLISH IDYLS

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE EPIC.

- AT Francis Allen's on the Christmaseve, —
- The game of forfeits done the girls all kiss'd

Beneath the sacred bush and past away-

The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,

- The host, and I sat round the wassailbowl,
- Then half-way ebb'd: and there we held a talk,
- How all the old honour had from Christmas gone,
- Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd games
- In some odd nooks like this; till I, tired
- Tc With cutting eights that day upon the For pond,
- For variation A_{1}^{point} , three times slipping from the outer edge,
- The bump'd the ice into three several stars, Matell in a doze; and half-awake I heard
- Me The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
- Now harping on the church-commissioners,

^A 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,
- And none abroad: there was no anchor, none,
- To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
- On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'
- 'And I,' quoth Everard, ' by the wassailbowl.'
- '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'-
- And then to me demanding why? 'Oh, sir,
- 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:
- God knows: he has a mint of reasons: ask.
- It pleased *me* well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,
- 'Why take the style of those heroic times?
- For nature brings not back the Mastodon,
- Nor we those times; and why should any man
- Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
- Were faint Homeric echoes, nothingworth,
- 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, tho' 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,

But with some prelude of disparagement, 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; Until King Arthur's table, man by man, Had fallen in Lyonnesse 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.

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 Excalibur,

Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

- Holding the sword and how I row'd across
- And took it, and have worn it, like a king:

And, wheresoever I am sung or told In aftertime, this also shall be known:

But now delay not : take Excalibur.

And thing him far into the middle mere: Watch what thou seëst, 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. 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 zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,

Came on the shining levels of the lake.

- There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
- 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 subtlest jewellery. 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 perform'd 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, faint and pale:
- 'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
- Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd Thy fëalty, 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 for ever 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 demand
- 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 rumours 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, Excalibur,
- 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 honour 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 Bedivere:
- '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 precious 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
- Made lightnings in the splendour 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 Excalibur:
- But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonder-
- ful, And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'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 Bedivere:
- '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, wonderful,
- 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 Bevidere
- Personal picture. This Si Devidere
- 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,
- 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,'

And to the barge they came. There those three Queens	Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.	And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
But she, that rose the tallest of them all	'The old order changeth, yielding place
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,	to new,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and	And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
chafed his hands,	Lest one good custom should corrupt the
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,	world. Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
And dropping bitter tears against his brow	I have lived my life, and that which I
Striped with dark blood: for all his face	have done
was white	May He within Himself make pure! but
And colourless, and like the wither'd	thou,
moon	If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing	Pray for my soul. More things are
east ;	wrought by prayer
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd	Than this world dreams of. Wherefore,
with drops	let thy voice
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —	Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
That made his forehead like a rising sun High from the daïs-throne — were	For what are men better than sheep or goats
parch'd with dust ;	That nourish a blind life within the brain,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,	If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.	Both for themselves and those who call
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;	them friend?
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in	For so the whole round earth is every way
rest,	Bound by gold chains about the feet of
From spur to plume a star of tournament,	God.
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged	But now farewell. I am going a long way
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.	With these thou seëst — if indeed I go —
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,	(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?	To the island-valley of Avilion; Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Where shall 1 hide my forehead and my	Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
eyes?	Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-
For now I see the true old times are	lawns
dead,	And bowery hollows crown'd with sum-
When every morning brought a noble	mer sea,
chance,	Where I will heal me of my grievous
And every chance brought out a noble	wound.'
knight.	So said he, and the barge with oar and
Such times have been not since the light	sail
Such times have been not since the light that led The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.	Moved from the brink, like some full- breasted swan
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved	That, fluting a wild carol ere her death, Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes
Which was an image of the mighty world;	the flood.
And I, the last, go forth companionless,	With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir
And the days darken round me, and the years,	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.

- 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 illused.
- '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
- Repeated 'Come again, and thrice as fair;'
- And, further inland, voices echo'd '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, Brothers in Art; a friendship so complete 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 Such touches are but embassies of love,

To tamper with the feelings, ere he found Empire for life? but Eustace painted her, 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
- Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair 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.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love. News from the humming city comes to it In sound of funeral or of marriage bells; And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear

The windy clanging of the minster clock; Although between it and the garden lies 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.

In that still place she, hoarded in herself, 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 common 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. And if I said that Fancy, led by Love, Would play with flying forms and images,

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 sow 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

To one that travels quickly, made the air 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,

Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn. And sure this orbit of the memory folds

For ever 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 neighbour 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

His happy home, the ground. To left and right,

The cuckoo told his name to all the hills; The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;

The redcap whistled; and the nightingale

- Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.
 - 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 nothing 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,
- We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North;
- 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
- Bevond 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 glanced, and moniently
- The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights. 'Eustace,' I said, 'this wonder keeps the house.'
- He nodded, but a moment afterwards
- He cried, 'Look! look!' Before he ceased I turn'd.
- And, ere a star can wink, beheld her there. For up the porch there grew an Eastern 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,
- A single stream of all her soft brown hair Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers

Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering 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
- The greensward into greener circles, dipt, And mix'd with shadows of the common 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
- As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
- 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 tendance turn'd
- Into the world without; till close at hand,
- And almost ere I knew mine own intent, This murmur broke the stillness of that

Which brooded round about her:

- 'Ah, one rose, One rose, but one, by those fair fingers
- cull'd, Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
- 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 livelong way

With solemn gibe did Eustace banter me.

- '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,	Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by day,
A more ideal Artist he than all.' So home I went, but could not sleep	Like one that never can be wholly known Her beauty grew; till Autumn brough
for joy, Reading her perfect features in the gloom,	an hour For Eustace, when I heard his deep '1
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,	will,'
And shaping faithful record of the glance That graced the giving — such a noise of	Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold
life Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice	From thence thro' all the worlds: but i rose up Full of his bliss, and following her dark
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such	eyes
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark.	Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'c The wicket-gate, and found her standing there.
And all that night I heard the watchman peal	There sat we down upon a garder mound,
The sliding season: all that night I heard The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy	Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third Between us, in the circle of his arms
hours. The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good, O'er the mute city stole with folded wings	Enwound us both; and over many a range Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings, Distilling odors on me as they went Fo greet their fairer sisters of the East.	Across a hazy glimmer of the west, Reveal'd their shining windows: from them clash'd
Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all.	The bells; we listen'd; with the time we play'd,
Made this night thus. Henceforward squall nor storm	We spoke of other things; we coursed about
Could keep me from that Eden where she dwelt.	The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Light pretexts drew me; sometimes a Dutch love	Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round
For tulips: then for roses, moss or musk, Fo grace my city rooms; or fruits and cream	The central wish, until we settled there. Then, in that time and place, I spoke to her,
Served in the weeping elm; and more and more	Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear
A word could bring the colour to my cheek; A thought would fill my eyes with happy	Requiring at her hand the greatest gift A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved
dew;	And in that time and place she answer'd me,
Love trebled life within me, and with each	And in the compass of three little words More musical than ever came in one,
The year increased. The daughters of the year,	The silver fragments of a broken voice, Made me most happy, faltering, 'I an
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd;	thine.' Shall I cease here ? Is this enough t
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower Danced into light, and died into the	say That my desire, like all strongest hopes, Built and the sum of the strong s
shade; And each in passing touch'd with some new grace	By its own energy fulfill'd itself, Merged in completion ? Would you lear

- How passion rose thro' circumstantial grades
- Beyond all grades develop'd ? and indeed I had not staid 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,
- And spake, 'Be wise : not easily forgiven
- Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
- The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
- Let in the day.' Here, then, my words have end.
 - Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells —
- 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 utterance,
- Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell
- Of difference, reconcilement, pledges given,
- And vows, where there was never need of vows,
- And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap

Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above

- 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 rivershores,

And in the hollows; or as once we met

- Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering
- 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 raise 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,

- And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
- And often thought, ' I'll make them man and wife.'
- Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,

And yearn'd toward William; but the vouth, because

He had been always with her in the house, Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day When Allan call'd his son, and said, 'My son:

I married Íate, 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 answer'd 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;
- Consider, William: take a month to think,

Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack, And never more darken my doors again.' But William answer'd madly; bit his lips, And broke away. The more he look'd at her 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, And hired himself to work within the fields; And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed A labourer'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, Or change a word with her he calls his wife, My home is none of yours. My will is law.' And Dora promised, being meek. She thought, '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; And day by day he pass'd his father's gate, 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	 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, And for your sake, the woman that he chose, 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 That was unsown, where many poppies grew. Far off the farmer came into the field And spied her not; for none of all his men Dare tell him Dora waited with the child; And Dora would have risen and gone to him, But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers rcap'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: '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.' So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell At Dora's feet. She bowed 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. 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- hood. And Dora said, ' My uncle took the boy; But, Mary, let me live and work with you : the 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 work for William's child, until he grows Of arm to be wa'. 	 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 Marysaid '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 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'!" Them 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 im sobs: — ' I have heaven to blame.
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	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

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I have kill'd him - but I loved him -A damask napkin wrought with horse my dear son. and hound. May God forgive me! - I have been to Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of blame. home. And. half-cut-down, a pasty costly-made, Kiss me, my children.' Then they clung about Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many lay, times. Like fossils of the rock, with golden volks And all the man was broken with re-Imbedded and injellied; last, with these, morse: A flask of cider from his father's vats, And all his love came back a hundred-Prime, which I knew; and so we sat and fold: eat And for three hours he sobb'd o'er Will-And talk'd old matters over: who was iam's child dead. Thinking of William. Who married, who was like to be, and So those four abode how Within one house together: and as years The races went, and who would rent the Went forward. Mary took another mate: hall: But Dora lived unmarried till her death. Then touch'd upon the game, how scarce it was This season; glancing thence, discuss'd the farm, AUDLEY COURT. The four-field system, and the price of 'THE Bull, the Fleece are cramm'd, and grain; And struck upon the corn-laws, where not a room For love or money. Let us picnic there we split, At Audley Court.' And came again together on the king I spoke, while Audley feast With heated faces; till he laugh'd aloud; Humm'd like a hive all round the narrow And, while the blackbird on the pippin hung quay, To Francis, with a basket on his arm, To hear him, clapt his hand in mine and To Francis just alighted from the boat, sang-And breathing of the sea. 'With all my 'Oh! who would fight and march and heart.' countermarch, Said Francis. Then we shoulder'd thro' Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field, the swarm. And shovell'd up into some bloody trench And rounded by the stillness of the beach Where no one knows? but let me live To where the bay runs up its latest mv life. 'Oh! who would cast and balance at horn. We left the dying ebb that faintly lipp'd a desk. The flat red granite; so by many a sweep Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd Of meadow smooth from aftermath we stool, Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints reach'd Are full of chalk? but let me live my The griffin-guarded gates, and pass'd thro' life. all'Who'd serve the state? for if I carved The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycamores, And cross'd the garden to the gardener's niy name Upon the cliffs that guard my native land, lodge. With all its casements bedded, and its I might as well have traced it in the sands; The sea wastes all: but let me live my life. walls And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine. 'Oh! who would love? I woo'd a There, on a slope of orchard, Francis woman once, laid But she was sharper than an eastern wind,

- 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 Marchand 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 arm; 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 bay, My friend; and I, that having wherewithal.
- And in the fallow leisure of my life
- A rolling stone of here and everywhere,
- 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 harbourbuoy,
- Sole star of phosphorescence in the calm, 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 hill-side was redder than a fox. Is von plantation where this byway joins

The turnpike?

- Yes. James.
- John. And when does this come by? James. The mail? At one o'clock.
- What is it now? John. James. A quarter to.
- John. Whose house is that I see? No, not the County Member's with the vane:
- Up higher with the yew-tree by it, and half
- A score of gables.

Tames. That? Sir Edward Head's: But he's abroad: the place is to be sold.

- John. Oh, 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 ---And sick of home went overseas for change.

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 fear of change at home, that drove him hence.
And rummaged like a rat: no servant stay'd:	James. That was the last drop in the cup of gall.
The farmer vext packs up his beds and chairs,	I once was near him, when his bailiff brought
And all his household stuff; and with his boy	A Chartist pike. You should have seen him wince
Betwixt his knees, his wife upon the tilt, Sets out, and meets a friend who hails	As from a venomous thing: he thought himself
him, 'What! You're flitting!' 'Yes, we're flitting,'	A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a cry Should break his sleep by night, and his nice eyes
says the ghost (For they had pack'd the thing among the beds).	Should see the raw mechanic's bloody thumbs
'Oh well,' says he, 'you flitting with us too—	Sweat on his blazon'd chairs; but, sir, you know
Jack, turn the horses' heads and home again.'	That these two parties still divide the world—
John. He left his wife behind; for so I heard.	Of those that want, and those that have : and still
James. He left her, yes. I met my lady once:	The same old sore breaks out from age to age
A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs. John. Oh yet but I remember, ten	With much the same result. Now I myself,
years back — 'Tis now at least ten years — and then she was —	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 :
You could not light upon a sweeter thing : A body slight and round, and like a pear	There lived a flayflint near; we stole his fruit,
In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin	His hens, his eggs; but there was law for us;
As clean and white as privet when it flowers.	We paid in person. He had a sow, sir. She,
James. Ay, ay, the blossom fades, and they that loved At first like dove and dove were cat and	With meditative grunts of much content, Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud.
dog. She was the daughter of a cottager,	By night we dragg'd her to the college tower
Out of her sphere. What betwixt shame and pride,	From her warm bed, and up the cork- screw stair
New things and old, himself and her, she sour'd	With hand and rope we haled the groan- ing sow,
To what she is: a nature never kind! Like men, like manners: like breeds like,	And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.
they say : Kind nature is the best : those manners	Large range of prospect had the mother sow,
next That fit us like a nature second-hand; Which are indeed the manners of the	And but for daily loss of one she loved As one by one we took them — but for this —
great. John. But I had heard it was this bill	As never sow was higher in this world — Might have been happy: but what lot is
that past,	pure?

,	, -
We took them all, till she was left alone Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,	Long learned names of agaric, moss and
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty. John. They found you out?	tern, Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,
James. Not they. John. Well — after all —	Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,
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	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.
world, Which charts us all in its coarse blacks or whites, As ruthless as a baby with a worm, As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows To Pity — more from ignorance than will. But put your best foot forward, or I fear	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
That we shall miss the mail: and here it comes	spoke.
With five at top: as quaint a four-in-hand As you shall see — three pyebalds and a roan.	'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.
EDWIN MORRIS;	My love for Nature and my love for her, Of different ages, like twin-sisters grew,
OR, THE LAKE.	Twin-sisters differently beautiful. To some full music rose and sank the sun,
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 mountain, bridge, Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built When men knew how to build, upon a rock	 And some full music rose and same the suit, And some full music rose and same the suit, 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 wake, to breathe.'
With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock : And here, new-comers in an ancient	Or this or something like to this he spoke.
hold, New-comers from the Mersey, million- aires,	Then said the fat-faced curate Edward Bull, 'I take it, God made the woman for
Here lived the Hills — a Tudor-chimnied bulk	the man, And for the good and increase of the
Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers. O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull	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
The curate; he was fatter than his cure.	Seem but the theme of writers, and in- deed
But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,	Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid
G	

I say, God made the woman for the man, But you can talk: yours is a kindly vein : And for the good and increase of the I have. I think. - Heaven knows. - as world.' much within: Have, or should have, but for a thought 'Parson,' said I, 'you pitch the pipe or two. That like a purple beech among the greens too low: Looks out of place: 'tis from no want in But I have sudden touches, and can run My faith beyond my practice into his: her: Tho' if, in dancing after Letty Hill, It is my shyness, or my self-distrust, Or something of a wayward modern mind I do not hear the bells upon my cap. Dissecting passion. Time will set me I scarce have other music : yet say on. What should one give to light on such a right.' dream?' So spoke I knowing not the things I ask'd him half-sardonically. Give? that were. Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Give all thou art,' he answer'd, and a Bull: light 'God made the woman for the use of Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek; 'I would have hid her needle in my man. And for the good and increase of the heart. world.' To save her little finger from a scratch And I and Edwin laughed; and now we No deeper than the skin : my ears could paused hear About the windings of the marge to hear Her lightest breath: her least remark The soft wind blowing over meadowy was worth The experience of the wise. I went and ' holms And alders, garden-isles; and now we left came; The clerk behind us, I and he, and ran Her voice fled always thro' the summer By ripply shallows of the lisping lake, land: Delighted with the freshness and the I spoke her name alone. Thrice-happy sound. days! The flower of each, those moments when But, when the bracken rusted on their we met, The crown of all, we met to part no crags, My suit had wither'd, nipt to death by more.' him That was a God, and is a lawyer's clerk. Were not his words delicious, I a beast To take them as I did? but something The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles. 'Tis true, we met; one hour I had, no iarr'd: Whether he spoke too largely; that there more: She sent a note, the seal an Elle vous seem'd A touch of something false, some selfsuit, The close, 'Your Letty, only yours ; ' and conceit, Or over-smoothness: howsoe'er it was, this He scarcely hit my humour, and I said: Thrice underscored. The friendly mist of morn Clung to the lake. I boated over, ran 'Friend Edwin, do not think yourself My craft aground, and heard with beatalone Shall not Love to ing heart Of all men happy. The Sweet-Gale rustle round the shelving me. As in the Latin song I learnt at school, keel; Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and And out I stept, and up I crept: she left? moved,

- Like Proserpine in Enna, gathering flowers:
- Then low and sweet I whistled thrice; and she,
- She turn'd, we closed, we kiss'd, swore faith, I breathed
- In some new planet: a silent cousin stole
- Upon us and departed: 'Leave,' she cried,
- '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 cotton-spinning chorus); 'him!'
- I choked. Again they shriek'd the burthen 'Him!'
- Again with hands of wild rejection '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:
- There came a mystic token from the king 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.
 - Nor cared to hear? perhaps: yet long ago
- 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 She moves among my visions of the lake, While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then

While the gold-lily blows, and overhead The light cloud smoulders on the summer 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 blasphemy, I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn and sob.
- Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
- Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.
 - Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God,
- 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, Denving not these weather-beaten limbs
- The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm.
 - O take the meaning, Lord: I do not breathe,

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 heard 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 sometimes saw An angel stand and watch me, as I sang. 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 recognise the fields I know: And both my thighs are rotted with the dew: Yet cease I not to clamour and to cry, kind. While my stiff spine can hold my weary head. Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from the stone, 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? For either they were stoned, or crucified, 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. Bear witness, if I could have found a way (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; Inswathed sometimes in wandering mist, and twice

- Black'd with thy branding thunder, and sometimes
- Sucking the damps for drink, and eating not.
- 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 man-

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 wholesome food, And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls, I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light, Bow 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; 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; Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for this, 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 will 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 main'd; but 	May match his pains with mine; bu 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 powe with Heaven From my long penance: let him speal his wish. Yes, I can heal him. Power goe 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 chrysali Cracks into shining wings, and hope er- death Spreads more and more and more, tha God hath now Sponged and made blank of crimefur 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 hour become Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now From my high nest of penance here pro claim 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.
What is it I can have done to merit this? I am a sinner viler than you all.	sleeve, Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.

They flapp'd my light out as I read: I	I know thy glittering face. I waited long;
Their faces grow between me and my book;	My brows are ready. What! deny it now?
With colt-like whinny and with hoggish whine	Nay, draw, draw, draw nigh. So I clutch it. Christ!
They burst my prayer. Yet this way was left,	'Tis gone: 'tis here again; the crown! the crown!
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	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:
Whole Lents, and pray. I hardly, with slow steps,	I trust That I am whole, and clean, and meet
With slow, faint steps, and much exceed- ing pain,	for Heaven. Speak, if there be a priest, a man of
Have scrambled past those pits of fire, that still Sing in mine ears. But yield not me the	God, Among you there, and let him presently Approach, and lean a ladder on the
praise : God only thro' his bounty hath thought fit, Among the powers and princes of this	shaft, And climbing up into my airy home, Deliver me the blessed sacrament;
world, To make me an example to mankind,	For by the warning of the Holy Ghost, I prophesy that I shall die to-night,
Which few can reach to. Yet I do not say But that a time may come — yea, even now,	A quarter before twelve. But thou, O Lord, Aid all this foolish people; let them take Example, pattern: lead them to thy
Now, now, his footsteps smite the thresh- old stairs	light.
Of life — I say, that time is at the doors When you may worship me without re- proach;	THE TALKING OAK.
For I will leave my relics in your land, And you may carve a shrine about my	ONCE more the gate behind me falls; Once more before my face
dust, And burn a fragrant lamp before my bones,	I see the moulder'd Abbey-walls, That stand within the chace.
When I am gather'd to the glorious saints.	Beyond the lodge the city lies, Beneath its drift of smoke;
While I spake then, a sting of shrewd- est pain	And ah! with what delighted eyes I turn to yonder oak.
Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloudlike change, In passing, with a grosser film made thick	For when my passion first began, Ere that, which in me burn'd,
These heavy, horny eyes. The end! the end!	The love, that makes me thrice a man, Could hope itself return'd;
Surely the end! What's here? a shape, a shade,	To yonder oak within the field
A flash of light. Is that the angel there That holds a crown? Come, blessed brother, come.	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 plagiarised 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

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 teacup-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 hast heard my vows, Declare when last Olivia came To sport beneath thy boughs.

In which the gloomy brewer's soul Went by me, like a stork :

^{&#}x27;The slight she slips of loval blood, And others, passing praise,

'O yesterday, you know, the fair Was holden at the town; Her father left his good arm-chair,	That round me, clasping each in each, She might have lock'd her hands.
And rode his hunter down.	'Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as sweet As woodbine's fragile hold,
'And with him Albert came on his. I look'd at him with joy:	Or when I feel about my feet The berried briony fold.'
As cowslip unto oxlip is, So seems she to the boy.	O muffle round thy knees with fern, And shadow Sumner-chace !
'An hour had past — and, sitting straight Within the low-wheel'd chaise, Her mother trundled to the gate	Long may thy topmost branch discern The roofs of Sumner-place!
Behind the dappled grays.	But tell me, did she read the name I carved with many vows
'But as for her, she stay'd at home, And on the roof she went,	When last with throbbing heart I came To rest beneath thy boughs?
And down the way you use to come, She look'd with discontent.	'O yes, she wander'd round and round These knotted knees of mine,
'She left the novel half-uncut Upon the rosewood shelf;	And found, and kiss'd the name she found,
She left the new piano shut: She could not please herself.	And sweetly murmur'd thine.
'Then ran she, gamesome as the colt, And livelier than a lark She sent her voice thro' all the holt	'A teardrop trembled from its source, And down my surface crept. My sense of touch is something coarse, But I believe she wept.
Before her, and the park.	'Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,
 A light wind chased her on the wing, And in the chase grew wild, As close as might be would he cling About the derling abild. 	She glanced across the plain; But not a creature was in sight: She kiss'd me once again.
About the darling child:	'Her kisses were so close and kind,
' But light as any wind that blows So fleetly did she stir, The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,	That, trust me on my word, Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind, But yet my sap was stirr'd :
And turn'd to look at her.	'And even into my inmost ring
'And here she came, and round me play'd, And sang to me the whole	A pleasure I discern'd, Like those blind motions of the Spring, That show the year is turn'd.
Of those three stanzas that you made About my "giant bole; "	'Thrice-happy he that may caress
'And in a fit of frolic mirth She strove to span my waist :	The ringlet's waving balm — The cushions of whose touch may press The maiden's tender palm.
Alas, I was so broad of girth, I could not be embraced.	' I, rooted here among the groves
' I wish'd myself the fair young beech That here beside me stands,	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	Dropt dews upon her golden head, An acorn in her breast.
leaf,	'But in a pet she started up,
Could slip its bark and walk.	And pluck'd it out, and drew
1	My little oakling from the cup,
'But could I, as in times foregone,	And flung him in the dew.
From spray, and branch, and stem,	
Have suck'd and gather'd into one	'And yet it was a graceful gift —
The life that spreads in them,	I felt a pang within
	As when I see the woodman lift
'She had not found me so remiss;	His axe to slay my kin.
But lightly issuing thro',	
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,	'I shook him down because he was
With usury thereto.'	The finest on the tree.
	He lies beside thee on the grass.
O flourish high, with leafy towers,	O kiss him once for me.
And overlook the lea,	
Pursue thy loves among the bowers	'O kiss him twice and thrice for me,
But leave thou mine to me.	That have no lips to kiss,
O four ish hillow loss is four	For never yet was oak on lea
O flourish, hidden deep in fern,	Shall grow so fair as this.'
Old oak, I love thee well; A thousand thanks for what I learn	
And what remains to tell.	Step deeper yet in herb and fern,
And what remains to ten.	Look further thro' the chace,
'Tis little more: the day was warm;	Spread upward till thy boughs discern
At last, tired out with play,	The front of Sumner-place.
She sank her head upon her arm	*
And at my feet she lay.	This fruit of thine by Love is blest,
	That but a moment lay
'Her eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves.	Where fairer fruit of Love may rest
I breathed upon her eyes	Some happy future day.
Thro' all the summer of my leaves	
A welcome mix'd with sighs.	I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice,
	The warmth it thence shall win
'I took the swarming sound of life —	To riper life may magnetise
The music from the town —	The baby-oak within.
The murmurs of the drum and fife	
And lull'd them in my own.	But thou, while kingdoms overset,
(Compting I lat a suphasm alig	Or lapse from hand to hand,
'Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip, To light her shaded ever	Thy leaf shall never fail, nor yet Thine acorn in the land.
To light her shaded eye; A second flutter'd round her lip	I mile acorn in the land.
Like a golden butterfly;	May never saw dismember thee,
Like a golden batterny,	Nor wielded axe disjoint,
'A third would glimmer on her neck	Thou art the fairest-spoken tree
To make the necklace shine;	From here to Lizard-point.
Another slid, a sunny fleck,	F
From head to ankle fine.	O rock upon thy towery-top
	All throats that gurgle sweet!
'Then close and dark my arms I spread,	All starry culmination drop
And shadow'd all her rest —	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.	Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to law, System and empire? Sin itself be found The cloudy porch oft opening on the Sun? And only he, this wonder, dead, become
The fat earth feed thy branchy root, That under deeply strikes ! The northern morning o'er thee shoot,	Mere highway dust? or year by year alone Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,
High up, in silver spikes!	Nightmare of youth, the spectre of him- self?
Nor ever lightning char thy grain, But, rolling as in sleep, Low thunders bring the mellow rain, That makes thee broad and deep!	If this were thus, if this, indeed, were all, Better the narrow brain, the stony heart, The staring eye glazed o'er with sapless
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.	days, The long mechanic pacings 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
And when my marriage morn may fall, She, Dryad-like, shall wear Alternate leaf and acorn-ball	Art more thro' Love, and greater than thy years, The Sun will run his orbit, and the Moon
In wreath about her hair.	Her circle. Wait, and Love himself will bring
And I will work in prose and rhyme, And praise thee more in both Than bard has honour'd beech or lime, Or that Thessalian growth,	The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large in Time,
In which the swarthy ringdove sat, And mystic sentence spoke; And more than England honours that, Thy famous brother-oak,	And that which shapes it to some perfect end. Will some one say, Then why not ill for good? Why took ye not your Pastime? To that
Wherein the younger Charles abode Till all the paths were dim, And far below the Roundhead rode, And humm'd a surly hymn.	man 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. — So let me think 'tis well for thee and me —
LOVE AND DUTY.	Ill-fated that I am, what lot is mine Whose foresight preaches peace, my heart
OF love that never found his earthly close, What sequel ? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts ?	To feel it! For how hard it seem'd to me,
Or all the same as if he had not been? Not so. Shall Error in the round of time	When eyes, love-languid thro' half tears would dwell One carnest, carnest moment upon mine,
Still father Truth? O shall the braggart shout	Then not to dare to see! when thy low voice,
For some blind glimpse of freedom work itself	Faltering, would break its syllables, to keep

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- My own full-tuned, hold passion in a hung leash. And not leap forth and fall about thy Time neck. And on thy bosom (deep desired relief!) Rain out the heavy mist of tears, that come. weigh'd Upon my brain, my senses and my soul! nerves to rush For Love himself took part against himself To warn us off, and Duty loved of Love --O this world's curse — beloved but hated Like bitter accusation ev'n to death, ~ came Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace and it. And bade adieu for ever. mine,
 - 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 thyself in me :
 - Hard is my doom and thine: thou
 - knowest it all. Could Love part thus? was it not well
 - to speak, To have spoken once? It could not but
 - be well. The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
 - The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
 - And all good things from evil, brought the night
 - In which we sat together and alone,
 - And to the want, that hollow'd all the heart.
 - Gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,
 - 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 In that last kiss, which never was the last,

Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died.

- Then follow'd counsel, comfort, and the words
- That make a man feel strong in speaking truth:

Till now the dark was worn, and overhead The lights of sunset and of sunrise mix'd In that brief night; the summer night,

that paused

- Among her stars to hear us; stars that
- Love-charm'd to listen : all the wheels of
- Spun round in station, but the end had
 - 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.
- Caught up the whole of love and utter'd
- Live vet live Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all
- Life needs for life is possible to will —
- Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended hv
- My blessing! Should my Shadow cross thy thoughts
- Too sadly for their peace, remand it thou
- For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,
- If not to be forgotten not at once-
- Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy dreams.
- O might it come like one that looks content.

With quiet eves 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 refresh'd
- Then when the first low matin-chirp hath grown
- Full quire, and morning driv'n her plow of pearl
- Far furrowing into light the mounded rack,
- 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 And light shall spread, and man be liker there. man And found him in Llanberis: then we Thro' all the season of the golden year. 'Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be crost Between the lakes, and clamber'd half wrens? way up If all the world were falcons, what of The counter side: and that same song of that? The wonder of the eagle were the less. his He told me: for I banter'd him. and But he not less the eagle. Happy days Roll onward, leading up the golden year. SWORE They said he lived shut up within himself, 'Fly, happy happy sails, and bear the A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous days, Press: That, setting the how much before the Fly happy with the mission of the Cross: Knit land to land, and blowing havenhow. Cry, like the daughters of the horseleech, ward 'Give, With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear Cram us with all,' but count not me the of toll. Enrich the markets of the golden year. herd ! To which 'They call me what they 'But we grow old. Ah! when shall will,' he said : all men's good 'But I was born too late: the fair new Be each man's rule, and universal Peace Lie like a shaft of light across the land. forms And like a lane of beams athwart the That float about the threshold of an age. Like truths of Science waiting to be sea. caught -Thro' all the circle of the golden year?' Catch me who can, and make the catcher Thus far he flow'd, and ended; wherecrown'd --upon Are taken by the forelock. Let it be. 'Ah, folly!' in mimic cadence answer'd But if you care indeed to listen, hear James -These measured words, my work of 'Ah, folly ! for it lies so far away, yestermorn. Not in our time, nor in our children's time, 'We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move: 'Tis like the second world to us that The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun: live: 'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse; Heaven And human things returning on them-As on this vision of the golden year.' With that he struck his staff against selves Move onward, leading up the golden year. the rocks 'Ah, tho' the times, when some new And broke it, - James, - you know him, - old. but full thought can bud, Of force and choler, and firm upon his Are but as poets' seasons when they feet. flower, Yet oceans daily gaining on the land, And like an oaken stock in winter woods, Have ebb and flow conditioning their O'erflourish'd with the hoary clematis: march. Then added, all in heat: 'What stuff is this! And slow and sure comes up the golden Old writers push'd the happy season year. 'When wealth no more shall rest in back, — The more fools they, --- we forward: mounded heaps, But smit with freër light shall slowly dreamers both: melt You most, that in an age, when every In many streams to fatten lower lands, hour

- Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,
- Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt
- Upon the teeming harvest, should not plunge
- His hand into the bag: but well I know
- That unto him who works, and feels he works,
- This same grand year is ever at the doors.'
 - He spoke; and, high above, I heard them blast
- The steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap
- 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,
- Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
- 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 enjoy'd
- Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
- 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.
- And manners, climates, councils, governments,
- Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
- And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
- Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
- I am a part of all that I have met;
- Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
- Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
- For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

- To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use ! As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
- 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,
- Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus, To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle— Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil

- This labour, by slow prudence to make
- mild

A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees

- Subdue them to the useful and the good. Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
- 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.
 - There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
- There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
- Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me —
- That ever with a frolic welcome took
- The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
- Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
- Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
- Death closes all: but something ere the end,
- Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
- Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
- The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
- The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
- Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

 '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: It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles, And see the great Achilles, whom we knew. Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' We are not now that strength which in old days Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are; One equal temper of heroic hearts, Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 	 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills, And beat me down and marr'd 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 ?
TITHONUS. THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall, The vapours 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.	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.'	Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing, While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.
Ay me! ay me! with what another heart	Yet hold me not for ever in thine East: How can my nature longer mix with thine?
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;	Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
saw The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;	Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood	Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all	Of happy men that have the power to die,
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,	And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy- warm	Release me, and restore me to the ground;
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds	Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd	Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,	I earth in earth forget these empty courts, And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

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 fullness 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 sympathise 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 for evermore.

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, and 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 the 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 vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour 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 throbb'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 for ever 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.

Or 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, Breadths 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 clime? I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held 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 for ever 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 vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt, 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,
- To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
- 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 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well.
- And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
- Did more, and underwent, and overcame, The woman of a thousand summers back, Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
- Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
- Their children, clamouring, 'If we pay, we starve!'
- 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
- A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
- And pray'd him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
- Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,

'You would not let your little finger ache

- For such as *these*?' 'But I would die,' said she.
- He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
- Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear; 'Oh ay, ay, ay, you talk !'-- 'Alas !' she
- said, 'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
- And from a heart as rough as Esau's
- hand, He answer'd, 'Ride you naked thro' the town.
- And I repeal it; ' and nodding, as in scorn,
- He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
- So left alone, the passions of her mind, As winds from all the compass shift and

blow,

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

- The hard condition; but that she would loose
- 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
- Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
 - Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there

Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,

- The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath She linger'd, looking like a summer
- moon
- Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
- And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
- Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam,
- slid 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:
- The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
- And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
- The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
- Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
- Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
- Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
- Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
- Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
- Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
- The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field

- Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.
 - Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
- And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
- 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,
- Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
- And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
- On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
- And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
- With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
- 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 DAY-DREAM.

PROLOGUE.

O LADY FLORA, let me speak : A pleasant hour has pass'd 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 vou 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.

Ι.

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 yeins.
- Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,
 - Faint murmurs from the meadows come,
- Like hints and echoes of the world To spirits folded in the womb.

п.

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.

ш.

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.

IV.

Here sits the Butler with a flask Between his knees, half-drain'd; and there

The wrinkled steward at his task, The maid-of-honour 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.

ν.

Till all the hundred summers pass, The beams, that thro' 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.

v1.

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 briar, And glimpsing over these, just seen,

High up, the topmost palace spire.

VII.

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.

Ι.

YEAR after year unto her feet, She lying on her couch alone,

Across the purple 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.

п.

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-shadow'd arm With bracelets of the diamond bright :

Her constant beauty doth inform Stillness with love, and day with light.

ш.

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.

I.

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.

п.

The bodies and the bones of those That strove in other days to pass,

Are wither'd in the thorny close, Or scatter'd 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.'

III.

- He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:
 - He breaks the hedge: he enters there:

The colour 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.

IV.

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.

п.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

Pardy,' return'd the king, 'but still My joints are somewhat 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 dving day

The happy princess follow'd him.

II.

'I'd sleep another hundred years, O love, for such another kiss; '

'O wake for ever, love,' she hears,

- 'O love, 'twas 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.

ш.

"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 vapour buoy'd the crescent-bark,

And, rapt thro' many a rosy change, The twilight died into the dark.

IV.

'A hundred summers! can it be? And whither goest 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.

Oh, to what uses shall we put

The wildweed-flower that simply blows? And is there any moral shut

Within the bosom of the rose?

п.

But any man that walks the mead, In bud, or blade, or bloom, may find, According as his humours lead, A meaning suited to his mind. And liberal applications lie

- In Art like Nature, dearest friend; So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
- Should hook it to some useful end.

L'ENVOI.

Ι.

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.

п.

So sleeping, so aroused from sleep Thro' sunny decads new and strange,

Or gay quinquenniads would we reap The flower and quintessence of change.

ш.

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.

IV.

- 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 fullness 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 neighbours 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. Oh, nature first was fresh to men. Nor cared for seed or scion ! And wanton without measure: And had I lived when song was great, So youthful and so flexile then, And legs of trees were limber, You moved her at your pleasure. And ta'en my fiddle to the gate, Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs! And fiddled in the timber! And make her dance attendance; Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs, And scirrhous roots and tendons. 'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue, Such happy intonation, 'Tis vain! in such a brassy age Wherever he sat down and sung I could not move a thistle; He left a small plantation; The very sparrows in the hedge Wherever in a lonely grove Scarce answer to my whistle; He set up his forlorn pipes, The gouty oak began to move, Or at the most, when three-parts-sick With strumming and with scraping, And flounder into hornpipes. A jackass heehaws from the rick, The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown, The passive oxen gaping. And, as tradition teaches. But what is that I hear? a sound Young ashes pirouetted down Coquetting with young beeches; Like sleepy counsel pleading; And briony-vine and ivy-wreath O Lord ! --- 'tis in my neighbour's ground, Ran forward to his rhyming, The modern Muses reading. And from the valleys underneath They read Botanic Treatises, Came little copses climbing. And Works on Gardening thro' there, And Methods of transplanting trees The linden broke her ranks and rent To look as if they grew there. The woodbine wreaths that bind her. And down the middle, buzz! she went The wither'd Misses! how they prose With all her bees behind her: O'er books of travell'd seamen. The poplars, in long order due, And show you slips of all that grows With cypress promenaded, From England to Van Diemen. The shock-head willows two and two They read in arbours clipt and cut, By rivers gallopaded. And alleys, faded places, By squares of tropic summer shut Came wet-shod alder from the wave, And warm'd in crystal cases. Came yews, a dismal coterie; Each pluck'd his one foot from the But these, tho' fed with careful dirt, Are neither green nor sappy: grave Poussetting with a sloe-tree: Half-conscious of the garden-squirt, Old elms came breaking from the vine, The spindlings look unhappy. The vine stream'd out to follow, Better to me the meanest weed And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine That blows upon its mountain, From many a cloudy hollow. The vilest herb that runs to seed Beside its native fountain. And wasn't it a sight to see, When, ere his song was ended, And I must work thro' months of toil, Like some great landslip, tree by tree, And years of cultivation, The country-side descended; Upon my proper patch of soil And shepherds from the mountain-eaves To grow my own plantation. I'll take the showers as they fall, Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frighten'd, I will not vex my bosom : As dash'd about the drunken leaves Enough if at the end of all

The random sunshine lighten'd!

A little garden blossom.

They reel, they roll in clanging lists, And when the tide of combat stands. ST. AGNES' EVE. Perfume and flowers fall in showers. DEEP on the convent-roof the snows That lightly rain from ladies' hands. Are sparkling to the moon : How sweet are looks that ladies bend My breath to heaven like vapour goes: May my soul follow soon ! On whom their favours fall! The shadows of the convent-towers For them I battle till the end. Slant down the snowy sward. To save from shame and thrall: Still creeping with the creeping hours But all my heart is drawn above, That lead me to my Lord: My knees are bow'd in crypt and Make Thou my spirit pure and clear shrine: As are the frosty skies, I never felt the kiss of love. Or this first snowdrop of the year Nor maiden's hand in mine. That in my bosom lies. More bounteous aspects on me beam, Me mightier transports move and As these white robes are soil'd and dark. thrill; To vonder shining ground: So keep I fair thro' faith and praver As this pale taper's earthly spark, A virgin heart in work and will. To yonder argent round; So shows my soul before the Lamb, When down the stormy crescent goes, My spirit before Thee; A light before me swims, So in mine earthly house I am, Between dark stems the forest glows, To that I hope to be. I hear a noise of hymns: Then by some secret shrine I ride: Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far, Thro' all yon starlight keen, I hear a voice but none are there: Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star, The stalls are void, the doors are wide, In raiment white and clean. The tapers burning fair. Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth, He lifts me to the golden doors; The silver vessels sparkle clean, The flashes come and go; The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, All heaven bursts her starry floors, And solemn chaunts resound between. And strows her lights below, And deepens on and up! the gates Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres Roll back, and far within I find a magic bark; For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits, I leap on board: no helmsman steers: To make me pure of sin. I float till all is dark. The sabbaths of Eternity, A gentle sound, an awful light! Three angels bear the holv Grail: One sabbath deep and wide — A light upon the shining sea -With folded feet, in stoles of white, The Bridegroom with his bride! On sleeping wings they sail. Ah, blessed vision! blood of God! My spirit beats her mortal bars, As down dark tides the glory slides, SIR GALAHAD. And star-like mingles with the stars. My good blade carves the casques of men, My tough lance thrusteth sure, When on my goodly charger borne My strength is as the strength of ten, Thro' dreaming towns I go, Because my heart is pure. The cock crows ere the Christmas morn, The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, The streets are dumb with snow. The hard brands shiver on the steel, The tempest crackles on the leads,

The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly, The horse and rider reel: And, ringing, springs 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 vearn 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 odours haunt my dreams; And, stricken by an angel's hand, This mortal armour 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; 'And are you married yet, Edward Gray?; 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 come 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 LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.

MADE AT THE COCK.

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock, To which I most 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 This earth is rich in man and maid; Her laurel in the wine, With fair horizons bound: And lays it thrice upon my lips, This whole wide earth of light and These favour'd lips of mine; shade Until the charm have power to make Comes out a perfect round. High over roaring Temple-bar, New lifeblood warm the bosom, And barren commonplaces break And set in Heaven's third story. In full and kindly blossom. I look at all things as they are, But thro' a kind of glory. I pledge her silent at the board; Her gradual fingers steal And touch upon the master-chord Head-waiter, honour'd by the guest Of all I felt and feel. Half-mused, or reeling ripe, Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans, The pint, you brought me, was the best And phantom hopes assemble: That ever came from pipe. And that child's heart within the man's But tho' the port surpasses praise, Begins to move and tremble. My nerves have dealt with stiffer. Is there some magic in the place? Thro' many an hour of summer suns, Or do my peptics differ? By many pleasant ways, Against its fountain upward runs For since I came to live and learn, The current of my days: No pint of white or red I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd; Had ever half the power to turn The gas-light wavers dimmer: This wheel within my head, And softly, thro' a vinous mist, Which bears a season'd brain about. My college friendships glimmer. Unsubject to confusion, Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and out, I grow in worth, and wit, and sense, Thro' every convolution. Unboding critic-pen. Or that eternal want of pence, For I am of a numerous house, Which vexes public men, With many kinsmen gay, Who hold their hands to all, and cry Where long and largely we carouse As who shall say me nay: For that which all deny them – Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry, Each month, a birth-day coming on, And all the world go by them. We drink defying trouble, Or sometimes two would meet in one. Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake, And then we drank it double: Tho' fortune clip my wings, I will not cramp my heart, nor take Whether the vintage, yet unkept, Half-views of men and things. Had relish fiery-new, Let Whig and Tory stir their blood; Or elbow-deep in sawdust, slept, As old as Waterloo; There must be stormy weather; Or stow'd, when classic Canning died, But for some true result of good All parties work together. In musty bins and chambers, Had cast upon its crusty side Let there be thistles, there are grapes; The gloom of ten Decembers. If old things, there are new; Ten thousand broken lights and shapes, The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is! She answer'd to my call, Yet glimpses of the true. She changes with that mood or this, Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme, Is all-in-all to all: We lack not rhymes and reasons, As on this whirligig of Time She lit the spark within my throat, We circle with the seasons. To make my blood run quicker,

109

Used all her fiery will, and smote Is it the weight of that half-crown, Which I shall have to pay? Her life into the liquor. For, something duller than at first, And hence this halo lives about Nor wholly comfortable, I sit, my empty glass reversed, 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 for ever 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 common; As just and mere a serving-man As any born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me down Into the common day ?

And thrumming on the table : Half fearful that, with self at strife. I take myself to task: Lest of the fullness 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 slipt 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 clamour 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:

Nor 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 for ever 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 most 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, underneath, A pint-pot neatly graven.

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 they: They two 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 brooch 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, And you shall still be Lady Clare.' '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 eves. 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,

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. 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 harbour-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 colour heighten'd, Joyful came his speech :

But a cloudy gladness lighten'd In the eyes of each. 'Chase,' he said : the ship flew forward, 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 shatter'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 sonthey dropt — no Down 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 confounded, 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.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

In her ear he whispers gaily, 'If my heart by signs can tell, Maiden, I have watch'd 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.'

I

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 colour 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 spirit sank: Shaped her heart with woman's meekness 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 burthen of an honour Unto which she was not born. Faint she grew, and ever fainter, And she murmur'd, 'Oh, 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.

THE VOYAGE.

Ι.

WE left behind the painted buoy That tosses at the harbour-mouth; And madly danced our hearts with joy, As fast we fleeted 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 for evermore.

11.

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 !

ш.

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 quivering brine

With ashy rains, that spreading made Fantastic plume or sable pine; By sands and steaming 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 a carven craft would shoot

From havens hid in fairy bowers, With naked limbs and flowers and fruit, But we nor paused for fruit 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 murmur'd, '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.

х.

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 were 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 lov'd 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?

хп.

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 that which flies before :

We know the merry world is round, And we may sail for evermore.

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 sun-lit fall of rain.

In crystal vapour 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 linnet piped his song: Sometimes the throstle whistled strong: Sometimes the sparhawk, 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 fleeter now she skimm'd the plains

Than she whose elfin prancer springs By night to eery warblings,

When all the glimmering moorland rings With jingling bridle-reins.

As fast she fled 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, For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, A rivulet, then a river:

No where by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree, And here thine aspen shiver;

And here by thee will hum the bee, For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee, A thousand moons will quiver; But not by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid; She was more fair than words can say: Bare-footed came the beggar maid

- Before the king Cophetua.
- In robe and crown the king stept 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 EAGLE.

FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with crooked 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 Yon 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, smoothly borne, Dip forward under starry light,

And move me to my marriage-morn, And round again to happy night.

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 LETTERS.

Ι.

- 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.'

Π.

- 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 colours I approved.

III.

She took the little ivory chest,

With half a sigh she turn'd the key, Then raised her head with lips comprest,

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.

IV.

- 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.

v.

'Thro' slander, meanest spawn of Hell — And women's slander is the worst,
And you, whom once I lov'd 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.

VI.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars, And sweet the vapour-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.'

THE VISION OF SIN.

Ι.

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.

п.

Then methought I heard a mellow sound, Gathering up from all the lower ground; Narrowing in to where they sat assembled Low voluptuous music winding trembled, 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 nightingale, The strong tempestuous treble throbb'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.

III.

- And then I look'd up toward a mountaintract,
- 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 vapour heavy, hueless, formless, cold,

- Came floating on for many a month and year,
- Unheeded: and I thought I would have spoken,
- And warn'd that madman ere it grew too late:
- But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was broken,

When that cold vapour 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:

IV.

' Wrinkled ostler, 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 : And I think we know the hue Therefore comes it we are wise. Of that cap upon her brows. Fish are we that love the mud, Rising to no fancy-flies. ' Let her go! her thirst she slakes Where the bloody conduit runs, 'Name and fame! to fly sublime Then her sweetest meal she makes Thro' the courts, the camps, the On the first-horn of her sons. schools. Is to be the ball of Time, 'Drink to lofty hopes that cool ---Bandied by the hands of fools. Visions of a perfect State : Drink we, last, the public fool, 'Friendship! - to be two in one -Frantic love and frantic hate. Let the canting liar pack ! Well I know, when I am gone, 'Chant me now some wicked stave, How she mouths behind my back. Till thy drooping courage rise, And the glow-worm of the grave 'Virtue! - to be good and just -Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes. Every heart, when sifted well, Is a clot of warmer dust, 'Fear not thou to loose thy tongue; Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell. Set thy hoary fancies free; What is loathsome to the young 'O! we two as well can look Savours well to thee and me. Whited thought and cleanly life As the priest, above his book 'Change, reverting to the years, Leering at his neighbour's wife. When thy nerves could understand What there is in loving tears, 'Fill the cup, and fill the can: And the warmth of hand in hand. Have a rouse before the morn: Every moment dies a man, ' Tell me tales of thy first love ----Every moment one is born. April hopes, the fools of chance; Till the graves begin to move, 'Drink, and let the parties rave : And the dead begin to dance. They are fill'd with idle spleen; Rising, falling, like a wave, 'Fill the can, and fill the cup: For they know not what they mean. All the windy ways of men Are but dust that rises up, 'He that roars for liberty And is lightly laid again. Faster binds a tyrant's power; And the tyrant's cruel glee 'Trooping from their mouldy dens Forces on the freer hour. The chap-fallen circle spreads: Welcome, fellow-citizens, 'Fill the can, and fill the cup: Hollow hearts and empty heads! All the windy ways of men Are but dust that rises up, 'You are bones, and what of that ? And is lightly laid again. Every face, however full, Padded round with flesh and fat, 'Greet her with applausive breath, Is but modell'd on a skull. Freedom, gaily doth she tread; In her right a civic wreath, In her left a human head. 'Death is king, and Vivat Rex! Tread a measure on the stones, Madam - if I know your sex, 'No, I love not what is new; She is of an ancient house : 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.

^c Lo ! God's likeness — the ground-plan — Neither modell'd, glazed, nor framed : Buss me, thou rough sketch of man, Far too naked to be shamed !

⁶ 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 folorn.'

$\mathbf{v}.$

The voice grew faint: there came a further change:

Once more uprose the mystic mountainrange:

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 plash 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; A little grain of conscience made him sour.' 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 understand; And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn

God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

то ____,

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,

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 waitsTo 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,Tomobrit, Athos, all things fair, You shadow forth to distant men, I read and felt that I was there :	and I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me. 9 well for the fisherman's boy, That he shouts with his sister at play 1 9 well for the sailor lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay 1 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.
And drops at Glory's temple-gates, For whom the carrion vulture waitsOTo tear his heart before the crowd !ATO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE.AILLYRIAN woodlands, echoing falls Of water, sheets of summer glass, The long divine Peneïan pass, The vast Akrokeraunian walls,BTomohrit, Athos, all things fair, You shadow forth to distant men, I read and felt that I was there :BAnd trust me while I turn'd the page, And track'd you still on classic ground,T	That he shouts with his sister at play is 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.
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And track'd you still on classic ground,	
N C C C C C C C C C C	'HE rain had fallen, the Poet arose, He pass'd by the town and out of the street, light wind blew from the gates of the
thrown	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, hat made the wild-swan pause in her
A glimmering shoulder under gloom Of cavern pillars; on the swell The silver lily heaved and fell; T	cloud, And the lark drop down at his feet. he swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
And many a slope was rich in bloom From him that on the mountain lea By dancing rivulets fed his flocks	The snake slipt under a spray, he wild hawk stood with the down on his beak, And stared, with his foot on the
To him who sat upon the rocks,	nd the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
BREAK, break, break, F On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !	But never a one so gay, or he sings of what the world will be When the years have died away.'

ENOCH ARDEN

AND OTHER POEMS.

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 hazelwood, 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 fishingnets,
- Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;

And built their castles of dissolving sand To watch them overflow'd, or following 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 strongermade

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 company,

And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,

And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,

And the new warmth of life's ascending 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 downstreaming seas:

And all men look'd upon him favourably:

- And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
- He purchased his own boat, and made a home
- For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up The narrow street that clamber'd toward

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,

the mill.

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 burn'd 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 in merrymaking,

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 competence,

And mutual love and honourable toil;

- With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
- With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish

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 oceanspoil

In ocean-smelling osier, and his face.

Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter 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-vewtree of the lonely Hall.

- Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.
 - 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 harbour, 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.

Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man, 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 mischance,
- 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	 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, let 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
With fuller profits lead an easier life, Have all his pretty young ones educated, And pass his days in peace among his own.	Almost as neat and close as Nature packs Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he, Whe pack would work for Appia to the
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 father- like, But had no heart to break his purposes To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke. Then first since Enoch's golden ring	 Who needs would work for Annie to the last, Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn. And Enoch faced this 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
had girt Her finger, Annie fought against his will :	said: 'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God

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.'	Cast all your cares on God; that a holds. Is He not yonder in those uttermos Parts of the morning? if I flee to th Can I go from Him? and the sea is
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, 'and	The sea is His: He made it.'
he, This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —	Enoch
Nay for I love him all the better for it —	Cast his strong arms about his dro wife,
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees	And kiss'd his wonder-stricken ones;
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts, And make him merry, when I come home	But for the third, the sickly one, slept
again. Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'	After a night of feverous wakefulne When Annie would have raised Enoch said,
Him running on thus hopefully she heard,	'Wake him not; let him sleep; should the child
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd	Remember this?' and kiss'd him i cot.
The current of his talk to graver things	But Annie from her baby's forehead
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,	A tiny curl, and gave it: this he Thro' all his future; but now b caught
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,	His bundle, waved his hand, and his way.
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,	She, when the day, that Enoch
Musing on him that used to fill it for her, Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.	tion'd, came, Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : pe She could not fix the glass to suit he
At length she spoke: 'O Enoch, you are wise; And yet for all your wisdom well know I	Perhaps her eye was dim, hand trem She saw him not: and while he sto deck
That I shall look upon your face no more.'	Waving, the moment and the vessel
'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look	Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishin She watch'd it, and departed weepi

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 moments came,

'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted, 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

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ng sail ng for him;

Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his, 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 call'd her from it,
- Or thro' the want of what it 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; ' therefore 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 falteringly, 'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.'

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,

'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn As I am !' half abash'd him; yet unask'd, His bashfulness and tenderness at war,

He set 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'.
- And wherefore did he go this weary way, And leave you lonely? not to see the

world—

For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal

To give his babes a better bringing-up

Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.

And if he come 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 running 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 me—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 favour that 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 repaid; 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 passionately,

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 crost 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,
- With some pretext of fineness in the meal

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 gratitude 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 welcome 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

As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them Uncertain as a vision or a dream,

Faint as a figure seen in early dawn

Down at the far end of an avenue,

- Going we 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 children 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 blossomdust,
- Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saving 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 jubilant cries

Broke from their elders, and tumultuously 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
- He crept into the shadow: at last he said,
- Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
- How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
- Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.

 it, At which, as with a kind of anger in him, it is shich, as with a kind of anger in him, it is shich, as with a kind of anger in him, it is shich, as with a kind of anger in him, it is show a lost? No more of that! why should you kill yourself And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said, '1 thought not of it: but — I know not why — I 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, '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 smow hat it will out at last. O Annie, the belt you ten long years ago Should still be living; well them—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 soquick— Perhaps 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 helieve, if you were fast my wife, To any of his creatures. Think upon it: For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care, No burthen, save my care for you and yours: And I have loved you longer than you know.' it an always bound to you, but you a free.' Then Anie weeping answer'd, 'I would a ways hound to you, but you a free.' Then Annie weeping answer'd, 'I bound.' She spoke; and in one moment as the spo		
know.' She spoke; and in one moment as	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 To any of his creatures. Think upon it : 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,	 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 overhead; Then all descended to the port, and there 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.'
	yours: And we have known each other all our lives, And I have loved you longer than you	Then Annie weeping answer'd, 'I am bound.'
Spoke: You have been as God's good angel in While yet she went about her househ ways,	'You have been as God's good angel in	were, While yet she went about her household

- 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 eves
- 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

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 the palm-tree.' That was nothing to her:
- No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:

When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height, Under a palm-tree, 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 strowing 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 No want was there of human sustewas born. nauce Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourish-Then her new child was as herself renew'd. ing roots; Then the new mother came about her Nor save for pity was it hard to take The helpless life so wild that it was tame. heart. Then her good Philip was her all-in-all, There in a seaward-gazing mountain-And that mysterious instinct wholly died. gorge They built, and thatch'd with leaves of And where was Enoch? prosperously palm, a hut, · Half hut, half native cavern. So the sail'd The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting three. forth Set in this Eden of all plenteousness. The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content. shook And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext For one, the youngest, hardly more She slipt across the summer of the world, than boy, Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and Then after a long tumble about the Cape And frequent interchange of foul and fair, wreck, She passing thro' the summer world again, Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-The breath of heaven came continually life. They could not leave him. After he And sent her sweetly by the golden isles, Till silent in her oriental haven. was gone, The two remaining found a fallen stem: There Enoch traded for himself, and And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself. bought Quaint monsters for the market of those Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone. times, A gilded dragon, also, for the babes. In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.' "Less lucky her home-voyage: at first The mountain wooded to the peak, indeed Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day, the lawns And winding glades high up like ways Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figurehead to heaven. The slender coco's drooping crown of Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows: plumes, Then follow'd calms, and then winds The lightning flash of insect and of variable. bird, Then baffling, a long course of them; The lustre of the long convolvuluses and last That coil'd around the stately stems, and Storm, such as drove her under moonran Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows less heavens Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' And glories of the broad belt of the caine world, The crash of ruin, and the loss of all All these he saw; but what he fain had But Enoch and two others. Half the seen He could not see, the kindly human face, night, Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard The myriad shriek of wheeling oceanspars, These drifted, stranding on an isle at fowl, The league-long roller thundering on the morn Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea. 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 precipices;
- 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 themselves 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-colour'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 everywhere
- 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 destined 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 clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
- Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
- Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
- 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 longbounden tongue
- Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
- 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 pas- sage home;	La Fla
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook	
His isolation from him. None of these Came from his country, or could answer	,
him, If question'd, aught of what he cared to	Hi Hi
know. And dull the voyage was with long delays,	W
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but ever- more	In
His fancy fled before the lazy wind Returning, till beneath a clouded moon	Bu
He like a lover down thro' all his blood Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-	(A
breath Of England, blown across her ghostly	Sti
wall: And that same morning officers and]
men 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 harbour whence he sail'd before.	See A f So He Wł
There Enoch spoke no word to any	Wi
But homeward — home — what home? had he a home?	A h Stil
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,	The
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,	I
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,	No
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;	Tol No
Cut off the length of highway on before, And left but narrow breadth to left and right	So His
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage. On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping	Ho An
haze The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:	He Of
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;	No

ş

- ast, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
- ared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,

- is heart foreshadowing all calamity.
- is eves upon the stones, he reach'd the home
- here Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
- those far-off seven happy years were born:
- it finding neither light nor murmur there
- bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
- ill downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'
 - Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
- eking a tavern which of old he knew,
- front of timber-crost antiquity,
- propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
- e thought it must have gone; but he was gone
- ho kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane.
- ith daily-dwindling profits held the house:
- naunt of brawling seamen once, but now ller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
- ere Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous.

- or let him be, but often breaking in,
- ld him, with other annals of the port,
- t knowing Enoch was so brown, so bow'd.
- broken all the story of his house.
- s baby's death, her growing poverty,
- ow Philip put her little ones to school, d kept them in it, his long wooing
- her, er slow consent, and marriage, and the
- birth Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
- shadow past, nor motion : any one,

- Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale saw Less than the teller: only when she closed. 'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost.' He, shaking his grav head pathetically. girl. Repeated muttering ' cast away and lost: ' Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost !' hand But Enoch vearn'd to see her face again: 'If I might look on her sweet face again arms, And know that she is happy.' So the thought Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth. saw At evening when the dull November day Was growing duller twilight, to the hill. babe. There he sat down gazing on all below: There did a thousand memories roll upon him. him. Unspeakable 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. hahe For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street. The latest house to landward; but behind. 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, all. 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 foot. 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 stoopt 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 toward her babe,
 - But turning now and then to speak with him,
 - Her son, who stood beside 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 beautiful,

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 under foot,

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 prav'd.
 - 'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
- O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
- 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.
- Never: No father's kiss for me the girl
- 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 long and 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 ever-

more 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,'

He said to Miriam, 'that you spoke about,

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 labour for himself,
- Work without hope, there was not life in it
- Whereby the man could live; and as the year
- Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
- 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 lov'd 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,' clamour'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 grav eyes upon her,

- 'Did vou 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 incessantly To rush abroad all round the little haven,

Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;

But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,

Saving only, 'See your bairns before you go!

Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose

Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung

A moment on her words, but then replied :

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last.

But let me hold my purpose till I die.

Sit down again: mark me and understand. 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 any thing 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 nale.

And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals.

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.

THE BROOK.

- 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 it a dead thing; yet himself could make
- The thing that is not as the thing that is.
- O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
- Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
- They flourished 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 brook he loved,
- For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
- Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry 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 thorps, 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 for ever.

- 'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
- Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley 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 for ever.

- '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 summer 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 for ever.

- '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 betrothed,

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 clamour'd from a casement. "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; nor of those

Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,

- And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
- 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 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?"

(Claspt 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 toward us, like a wader in the surf, Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadowsweet.

'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-smelling lapes

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 guineahens;

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 something 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 of 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, menced. Jilt, Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
- We turn'd our foreheads from the falling 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 for ever.

- Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
- My dearest brother, Edmund, All gone. 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 April-autumns. All are gone.'
- So Lawrence Aylmer, 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,

- Poor fellow, could he help it? recom-
- And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,
- Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
- Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the
- Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
- And with me Philip, talking still; and so

- 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,
- Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
- 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 selfperplext,
- 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 before.
- 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 harvestfield:
- But she you will be welcome O, come in !'

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 ornaments, 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 family tree
- Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate king —
- Whose blazing wyvern weathercock'd the spire,
- Stood from his walls and wing'd his entrygates
- 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-mingled corn,	Sanguine he was: a but less vivid hu Than of that islet in the chestnut-bloor
Little about it stirring save a brook !	Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes
A sleepy land, where under the same	that still
wheel	Took joyful note of all things joyfu
The same old rut would deepen year by	beam'd
year;	Beneath a manelike mass of rolling gold
Where almost all the village had one	Their best and brightest, when they dwe
name;	on hers,
Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the	Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else
Hall	But subject to the season or the mood,
And Averill Averill at the Rectory	Shone like a mystic star between the les
Thrice over; so that Rectory and Hall,	And greater glory varying to and fro,
Bound in an immemorial intimacy,	We know not wherefore; bounteousl
Were open to each other; tho' to dream	made,
That Love could bind them closer well	And yet so finely, that a troublous touc
had made	Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in
The hoar hair of the Baronet bristle up	day,
With horror, worse than had he heard	A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.
his priest	And these had been together from th
Preach an inverted scripture, sons of	first.
men	Leolin's first nurse was, five years afte
Daughters of God; so sleepy was the	hers:
land.	So much the boy foreran; but when h
iana.	date
And might not Averill, had he will'd	Doubled her own, for want of playmate
it so,	he
Somewhere beneath his own low range	(Since Averill was a decad and a half
of roofs,	His elder, and their parents underground
Have also set his many-shielded tree?	Had tost his ball and flown his kite, an
There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage	roll'd
once,	His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dip
When the red rose was redder than itself,	Against the rush of the air in the pron
And York's white rose as red as Lancas-	
	swing, Mada blogger ball or daigy shain as
ter's, With wounded perce which each had	Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, ar
With wounded peace which each had	ranged
prick'd to death.	Her garden, sow'd her name and kep
Not proven,' Averill said, or laughingly,	it green
Some other race of Averills' — prov'n	In living letters, told her fairy-tales,
or no, What says a had what if other or the	Show'd her the fairy footings on th
What cared he? what, if other or the	grass,
same?	The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
He lean'd not on his fathers but himself.	The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,
But Leolin, his brother, living oft	Or from the tiny pitted target blew
With Averill, and a year or two before	What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'
Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away	All at one mark, all hitting: make-be
By one low voice to one dear neighbour-	lieves
hood, Would often in his sulls ith Elith	For Edith and himself: or else he forged
Would often, in his walks with Edith,	But that was later, boyish histories
claim	Of battle, bold adventure, dungeor
A distant kinship to the gracious blood	wreck,
That shook the heart of Edith hearing	Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and tru
him.	love

- Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and faint,
- But where a passion yet unborn perhaps Lay hidden as the music of the moon

Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

And thus together, save for college-times Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair

As ever painter painted, poet sang,

- Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded, grew.
- And more and more, the maiden womangrown,
- 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 charming even
- My lady; and the Baronet vet had laid
- No bar between them: dull and selfinvolved,
- Tall and erect, but bending from his height
- With half-allowing smiles for all the world,
- And mighty courteous in the main his pride
- Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring -

He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,

- Would care no more for Leolin's walking 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, and 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 fill'd itself anew.

A whisper half reveal'd her to herself.

For out beyond her lodges, where the brook

Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran By sallowy rims, arose the labourers' homes.

A frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls

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, summer-blanch'd,
- Was parcel-bearded with the traveller'sjoy
- In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here
- The warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
- Broke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle:

One look'd all rosetree, and another wore

A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars:

This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers

- About it; this, a milky-way on earth,
- Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
- A lilv-avenue climbing to the doors;
- One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
- 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:

past. Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by. Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice 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 unannounced With half a score of swarthy faces came. His own, tho' keen and bold and soldierly 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 her 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 flowerage 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 rumour 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 return 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 :

For she --- so lowly-lovely and so loving,

Queenly responsive when the loval hand

Rose from the clay it work'd in as she

- And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard. saving
- '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:

For I am more ungracious ev'n than you,

- 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 neighbour. 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.
- And rolling as it were the substance of it 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 Avlmer 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 Avlmer 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 colour, 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, dishonourable, base,
- Presumptuous ! trusted as he was with her,
- The sole succeeder 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,
- Perplext her, made her half forget herself, Swerve from her duty to herself and us —

Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,

Far as we track ourselves — I say that this —

Else I withdraw favour and countenance From you and yours for ever — 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 oh 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 myself 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, humiliated.
- 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 Chancellor, or what is greatest would he them _ he _ Insolent, brainless, heartless! heiress. 'O brother, I am grieved to learn your wealth. grief — Their wealth, their heiress! wealth Give me my fling, and let me say my say.' enough was theirs For twenty matches. Were he lord of At which, like one that sees his own this. excess Why twenty boys and girls should marry And easily forgives it as his own, He laugh'd; and then was mute; but on it. And forty blest ones bless him. and himpresently Wept like a storm: and honest Averill self Be wealthy still, av wealthier. He beseeing How low his brother's mood had fallen, lieved fetch'd This filthy marriage-hindering Mammon made His richest beeswing from a binn reserved The harlot of the cities: nature crost For banquets, praised the waning red, and Was mother of the foul adulteries told That saturate soul with body. Name, The vintage --- when this Aylmer came of too! name, age — Their ancient name! they might be Then drank and past it: till at length the proud; its worth two. Was being Edith's. Ah how pale she Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed had look'd. That much allowance must be made for Darling, to-night! they must have rated men After an angry dream this kindlier glow her Beyond all tolerance. These old pheasant-Faded with morning, but his purpose held. lords. These partridge-breeders of a thousand Yet once by night again the lovers met, A perilous meeting under the tall pines vears, That darken'd all the northward of her Who had mildew'd in their thousands, doing nothing Hall. Since Egbert - why, the greater their Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest In agony, she promised that no force, disgrace! Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her: Fall back upon a name! rest, rot in that! Not keep it noble, make it nobler? fools, He, passionately hopefuller, would go, Labour for his own Edith, and return With such a vantage-ground for noble-In such a sunlight of prosperity ness! He should not be rejected. 'Write to He had known a man, a quintessence of man. me! The life of all — who madly loved — and They loved me, and because I love their child he.

- Thwarted by one of these old father-fools, They hate Had rioted his life out, and made an end, dear
- 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 :
- 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

L

- 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 decads 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-labour he,

Charier of sleep, and wine, and exercise,

Except when for a breathing-while at eve,

Some niggard fraction of an hour, he ran

Beside the river-bank : and then indeed

- Harder the times were, and the hands of power
- Were bloodier, and the according hearts of men
- Seem'd harder too; but the soft riverbreeze,
- 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 pension'd afternoon, Drove in upon the student once or twice, Ran a Malayan amuck 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 chord 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 Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo. So month by month the noise about their doors.

And distant blaze of those dull banquets, 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 rumour, 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
- They barr'd her: yet she bore it: yet her cheek
- Kept colour: wondrous! but, O mystery! 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; Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and read 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 halter gave
- To him that fluster'd his poor parish wits The letter which he brought, and swore besides
- To play their go-between as heretofore
- Nor let them know themselves betray'd; and then,
- Soul-stricken at their kindness to him, went
- Hating his own lean heart and miserable.
 - Thenceforward oft from out a despot dream
- The father panting woke, and oft, as dawn Aroused the black republic on his elms,
- Sweeping the frothfly from the fescue brush'd
- Thro' the dim meadow toward his treasure-trove,

- 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 child,
- 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
- Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,
- 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 acrimo-
- nies : 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,

life.

Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or Were clipt by horror from his term of men. Yet the sad mother, for the second death Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt -Save Christ as we believe him - found Scarce touch'd her thro' that nearness of 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, ves.' 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 pursuit, And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp a flver: 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 himself 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

the first. And being used to find her pastor texts. Sent to the harrow'd brother, praving 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 hapless loves And double death were widely murmur'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 labour'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 frighted 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 havock as the idolatries,
- Which from the low light of mortality
- Shot up their shadows to the Heaven of Heavens,
- And worshipt their own darkness in the Highest?
- 'Gash thyself, priest, and honour 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 heraldries.

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 dving house

Is wounded to the death that cannot die;

And they thou numberest with the fol-

- Of One who cried, " Leave all and follow 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 sorrow 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 sudden light.
- For so mine own was brighten'd: where indeed
- The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven
- Dawn'd sometime 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;

1	
How often placed upon the sick man's brow	Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow, soldier- like,
Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow smooth !	Erect: but when the preacher's cadence flow'd
Had you one sorrow and she shared it not?	Softening thro' all the gentle attributes Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd
One burthen and she would not lighten it?	his face, Paled at a sudden twitch of his iron
One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?	mouth;
Or when some heat of difference sparkled	And, 'O pray God that he hold up,' she thought,
out, How sweetly would she glide between your wraths,	'Or surely I shall shame myself and him.'
And steal you from each other! for she walk'd	' Nor yours the blame — for who beside your hearths
Wearing the light yoke of that Lord of love,	Can take her place — if echoing me you cry
Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee !	"Our house is left unto us desolate"?
And one — of him I was not bid to speak —	But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou known,
Was always with her, whom you also knew.	O thou that stonest, hadst thou under- stood
Him too you loved, for he was worthy love.	The things belonging to thy peace and ours!
And these had been together from the first;	Is there no prophet but the voice that calls
They might have been together till the last.	Doom upon kings, or in the waste "Re- pent"?
Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,	Is not our own child on the narrow way, Who down to those that saunter in the
May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,	broad Cries "Come up hither," as a prophet to
Without the captain's knowledge: hope with me.	us? Is there no stoning save with flint and
Whose shame is that, if he went hence with shame?	rock? Yes, as the dead we weep for testify —
Nor mine the fault, if losing both of these	No desolation but by sword and fire? Yes, as your moanings witness, and my-
I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls, "My house is left unto me desolate."'	self Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss.
While thus he spoke, his hearers wept;	Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers,
but some,	Not past the living fount of pity in
Sons of the glebe, with other frowns than those	Heaven. But I that thought myself long-suffering,
That knit themselves for summer shadow, scowl'd	meek, Exceeding "poor in spirit" — how the
At their great lord. He, when it seem'd he saw	words Have twisted back upon themselves, and
No pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but fork'd	mean Vileness, we are grown so proud — I
Of the near storm, and aiming at his head,	wish'd my voice A rushing tempest of the wrath of God

.

To blow these sacrifices thro' the world —	That I, their guest, their host, their
Sent like the twelve-divided concubine	ancient friend,
To inflame the tribes: but there — out	I made by these the last of all my race,
vonder — earth	Must cry to these the last of theirs, as
Lightens from her own central Hell-	cried
O there	Christ ere His agony to those that swore
The red fruit of an old idolatry —	Not by the temple but the gold, and made
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,	Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,
They cling together in the ghastly sack —	And left their memories a world's curse —
The land all shambles — naked marriages	"Behold,
Flash from the bridge, and ever-murder'd	Your house is left unto you desolate "?"
France,	
By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,	Ended he had not, but she brook'd no more:
Runs in a river of blood to the sick	Long since her heart had beat remorse-
sea.	lessly,
Is this a time to madden madness then?	Her crampt-up sorrow pain'd her, and a
Was this a time for these to flaunt their	sense
pride?	Of meanness in her unresisting life.
May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense	Then their eyes vext her; for on entering
as those	He had cast the curtains of their seat
Which hid the Holiest from the people's	aside —
eves	Black velvet of the costliest — she herself
Ere the great death, shroud this great	Had seen to that: fain had she closed
sin from all !	them now,
Doubtless our narrow world must canvass	Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd
it:	Her husband inch by inch, but when she
O rather pray for those and pity them,	laid.
Who, thro' their own desire accom-	Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he veil'd
plish'd, bring	His face with the other, and at once, as
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the	falls
grave —	A creeper when the prop is broken, fell
Who broke the bond which they desired	The woman shrieking at his feet, and
to break,	swoon'd.
Which else had link'd their race with	Then her own people bore along the
	nave
times to come —	
Who wove coarse webs to snare her	Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre
purity, Crossly contriving their deer develter's	face
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's	Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty
good —	years:
Poor souls, and knew not what they did,	And her the Lord of all the landscape
but sat	round Fu'n to its last horizon, and of all
Ignorant, devising their own daughter's	Ev'n to its last horizon, and of all
death!	Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd
May not that earthly chastisement suffice?	Out Tall and exact but in the middle state
Have not our love and reverence left	Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle
them bare?	Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded

Will not another take their heritage? Will there be children's laughter in their hall

For ever and for ever, or one stone Left on another, or is it a light thing

- ootsore 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;	SEA DREAMS.
Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot	A CITY clerk, but gently born and bred;
stood,	His wife, an unknown artist's orphan
Strode from the porch, tall and erect again.	child — One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three
But nevermore did either pass the gate Save under pall with bearers. In one	years old : They, thinking that her clear germander eye
month,	Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,
Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,	Came, with a month's leave given them,
The childless mother went to seek her	to the sea :
child;	For which his gains were dock'd, however
And when he felt the silence of his	small :
house	Small were his gains, and hard his work;
About him, and the change and not the	besides,
change,	Their slender household fortunes (for the
And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors	man
Staring for ever from their gilded walls	Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,
On him their last descendant, his own	Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
head	And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Began to droop, to fall; the man became	Would darken, as he cursed his credulous-
Imbecile; his one word was 'desolate; '	ness,
Dead for two years before his death was	And that one unctuous mouth which lured
he;	him, rogue,
But when the second Christmas came,	To buy strange shares in some Peruvian
escaped	mine.
His keepers, and the silence which he	Now seaward-bound for health they
felt,	gain'd a coast,
To find a deeper in the narrow gloom	All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning
By wife and child; nor wanted at his	cave,
end	At close of day; slept, woke, and went
The dark retinue reverencing death	the next,
At golden thresholds; nor from tender	The Sabbath, pious variers from the
hearts,	church,
And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd	To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,
race, Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave.	Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Then the great Hall was wholly broken	Announced the coming doom, and ful-
down,	minated
And the broad woodland parcell'd into	Against the scarlet woman and her creed;
farms; And where the two contrived their	For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
daughter's good, Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,	'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,	The Apocalyptic milestone, and himself Were that great Angel; 'Thus with violence
The rabbit fondles his own harmless	Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
face,	Then comes the close.' The gentle-
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin	hearted wife
weasel there	Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.	He at his own : but when the wordy storm
A	

- 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 promontories,

- 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 spirts of wild seasmoke,
- 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, "forgive," 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 first I 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 uncharity;

Sat 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 thro' 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 pieced

- 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 burs 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 thunder, 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-ransack'd world

- Still so much gold was left; and then I fear'd
- Lest the gay navy there should splinter 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 vanish'd, and I woke,
- I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;

And my poor venture but a fleet of glass Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,

- 'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
- The glass with little Margaret's medicine 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 he of life and death:

- When the great Books (see Daniel seven and ten)
- Were open'd, Í should find he meant me well;

And then began to bloat himself, and ooze 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-blessyou 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 condemn'd:
- 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 eve;
- 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 snake-like 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 vapour, 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 minsterfronts —
- 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 but 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 flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,

Good man, to please the child. She brought strange news.

Why were you silent when I spoke tonight?

- 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 cradlehead
- With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
- That moving moves the nest and nestling, 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 our 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.

LUCRETIUS.

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found Her master cold; for when the morning flush

Of passion and the first embrace had died Between them, tho' he lov'd her none the less,

Yet often when the woman heard his foot

Return from pacings in the field, and ran To greet him with a kiss, the master took Small notice, or austerely, for — his mind Half buried in some weightier argument, Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise

And long roll of the Hexameter — he past

To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls

Left by the Teacher, whom he held divine. She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant, 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 labour of the blood,
- And tickling the brute brain within the man's
- Made havock among those tender cells, and check'd
- His power to shape : he loathed himself; 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

Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt —

Methought I never saw so fierce a fork — Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and show'd

A riotous confluence of watercourses

Blanching 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. Perchance

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 atomstreams

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
- For ever: 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	Live the great life which all our greatest
next!	fain
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed Came driving rainlike down again on	Would follow, centr'd in eternal calm.
earth,	'Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like
And where it dash'd the reddening	ourselves Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry
meadow, sprang No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,	to thee
For these I thought my dream would show to me,	To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms Round him, and keep him from the lust
But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,	of blood
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made	That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse	'Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.	not her,
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and	Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
round me drove	Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and
In narrowing circles till I yell'd again	tempt
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw — Was it the first beam of my latest day?	The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;
was it the first beam of my fatest day.	Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter
'Then, then, from utter gloom stood	wept
out the breasts,	Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword	Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,
Now over and now under, now direct,	Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down	Calliope to grace his golden verse —
shamed	Ay, and this Kypris also — did I take
At all that beauty; and as I stared, a fire,	That popular name of thine to shadow forth
The fire that left a roofless Ilion, Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that	The all-generating powers and genial heat
I woke.	Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick blood
'Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus,	Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs
thine,	are glad
Because I would not one of thine own doves,	Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee? thine,	flowers : Which things appear the work of mighty
Forgetful how my rich procemion makes	Gods.
Thy glory fly along the Italian field, In lays that will outlast thy Deity?	'The Gods! and if I go my work is
	left
'Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue	Unfinish'd— <i>if</i> I go. The Gods, who haunt
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these	The lucid interspace of world and world, Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?	wind,
Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof	Nor ever falls the least white star of
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,	snow, Nor eyer 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,

3

- 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 myself,
- 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
- 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-inlife,
- And wretched age and worst disease of all,
- These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,

And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable, Abominable, strangers at my hearth

- Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,
- The phantom husks of something foully done,
- And fleeting thro' the boundless universe, 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, perforce
- 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

/

Those blind beginnings that have made me man,	Shall stand : ay, surely : then it falls at last And perishes as I must; for O Thou,
Dash them anew together at her will	Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Thro' all her cycles — into man once	Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
more,	Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower :	Without one pleasure and without one
But till this cosmic order everywhere	pain,
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one	Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
day	Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
Cracks all to pieces, — and that hour	I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
perhaps	How roughly men may woo thee so they
Is not so far when momentary man	win —
Shall seem no more a something to him-	Thus thus: the soul flies out and dies
self.	in the air.'
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes	in the art.
and fanes,	With that he drove the knife into his
And even his bones long laid within the	side:
0	
grave, The yeary sides of the group itself shall	She heard him raging, heard him fall;
The very sides of the grave itself shall	ran in,
pass,	Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and	herself
void,	As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
Into the unseen for ever, — till that hour,	That she but meant to win him back, fell
My golden work in which I told a truth	on him,
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,	Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answer'd,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and	'Care not thou!

Thy duty? What is duty? Fare thee well!'

THE PRINCESS;

A MEDLEY.

PROLOGUE.

The mortal soul from out immortal hell,

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 neighbouring borough with their Institute
- Of which he was the patron. I was there

From college, visiting the son, — the son A Walter too, — with others of our set,

Five others: we were seven at Vivianplace.

- 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 pavement lay
- Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
- Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;
- And on the tables every elime and age
- Jumbled together; celts and calumets,
- Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava, fans

Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,

М

plucks

Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere. 'To the Abbey : there is Aunt Elizabeth And sister Lilia with the rest.' We went The cursed Malavan crease, and battle-(I kept the book and had my finger in it) clubs From the isles of palm : and higher on Down thro' the park : strange was the sight to me; the walls. For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and sown deer. With happy faces and with holiday. His own forefathers' arms and armour There moved the multitude, a thousand hung. heads And 'This,' he said, 'was Hugh's at The patient leaders of their Institute Taught them with facts. One rear'd a Agincourt; And that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon : font of stone A good knight he! we keep a chronicle And drew, from butts of water on the With all about him ' - which he brought, slope. and I The fountain of the moment, playing, Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt with now knights, A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls, Half-legend, half-historic, counts and Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded kings ball Danced like a wisp: and somewhat lower Who laid about them at their wills and died: down A man with knobs and wires and vials And mixt with these, a lady, one that arm'd fired Her own fair head, and sallying thro' the A cannon: Echo answer'd in her sleep From hollow fields : and here were telegate. Had beat her foes with slaughter from scopes her walls. For azure views; and there a group of girls 'O miracle of women,' said the book, In circle waited, whom the electric shock 'O noble heart who, being strait-besieged Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter: By this wild king to force her to his wish, round the lake A little clock-work steamer paddling plied Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's death. And shook the lilies : perch'd about the But now when all was lost or seem'd as knolls lost -A dozen angry models jetted steam : Her stature more than mortal in the burst A petty railway ran : a fire-balloon Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire — Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves Brake with a blast of trumpets from the And dropt a fairy parachute and past : And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph gate, And, falling on them like a thunderbolt, They flash'd a saucy message to and fro She trampled some beneath her horses' Between the mimic stations; so that sport Went hand in hand with Science; otherheels. And some were whelm'd with missiles of where the wall, Pure sport: a herd of boys with clamour And some were push'd with lances from bowl'd And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd the rock, And part were drown'd within the whirlabout ing brook : Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men O miracle of noble womanhood !' and maids Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' So sang the gallant glorious chronicle: light And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he said, And shadow, while the twanging 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 ivyclaspt.
- 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 neighbour 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
- Glowlike a sunbeam : near histomb a feast
- Shone, silver-set; about it lay the guests, And there we join'd 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, unworthier, 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 woman 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 Lilias in the brood,
- However deep you might embower the nest,

And our long walks were stript as bare Some boy would spy it.' as brooms. At this upon the sward She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot: We did but talk you over, pledge you all In wassail; often, like as many girls — 'That's your light way; but I would make it death Sick for the hollies and the yews of home ----As many little triffing Lilias - play'd For any male thing but to peep at us.' Charades and riddles as at Christmas Petulant she spoke, and at herself she here. And what's my thought and when and laugh'd: A rosebud set with little wilful thorns, where and how. And often told a tale from mouth to And sweet as English air could make her, mouth she: But Walter hail'd a score of names upon As here at Christmas.' She remember'd that : her. And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful Puss,' A pleasant game, she thought: she liked And swore he long'd at college, only it more Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest. long'd, But these - what kind of tales did men All else was well, for she-society. They boated and they cricketed: they tell men. She wonder'd, by themselves? tałk'd At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics: A half-disdain They lost their weeks; they vext the Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her souls of deans; lips: They rode; they betted; made a hun-And Walter nodded at me; 'He began, The rest would follow, each in turn; and so dred friends, And caught the blossom of the flying We forged a sevenfold story. Kind? terms, what kind? But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place, Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms, The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he Seven-headed monsters only made to kill spoke. Time by the fire in winter.' Part banter, part affection. 'Kill him now, 'True,' she said, The tyrant! kill him in the summer too, Said Lilia; 'Why not now?' the maiden 'We doubt not that. O yes, you miss'd us much. Aunt. I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did.' 'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale? A tale for summer as befits the time. She held it out; and as a parrot turns And something it should be to suit the Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye, place, Heroic, for a hero lies beneath, And takes a lady's finger with all care, And bites it for true heart and not for Grave, solemn !' harm, Walter warp'd his mouth at this So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shriek'd To something so mock-solemn, that I And wrung it. 'Doubt my word again !' laugh'd And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling he said. 'Come, listen! here is proof that you mirth were miss'd: And echo like a ghostly woodpecker, We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read; Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt And there we took one tutor as to read: (A little sense of wrong had touch'd her The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube and face square With colour) turn'd to me with 'As you Were out of season : never man, I think, will; So moulder'd in a sinecure as he: Heroic if you will, or what you will, For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet. Or be yourself your hero if you will.'

'Take Lilia, then, for heroine,' clam- our'd he,	Should come to fight with shadows and to fall.
'And make her some great Princess, six	For so, my mother said, the story ran.
feet high,	And, truly, waking dreams were, more or
Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you	less,
The Prince to win her!' 'Then follow me, the Prince,'	An old and strange affection of the house. Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven
I answer'd, 'each be hero in his turn !	knows what:
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a	On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
dream. —	And while I walk'd and talk'd as hereto-
Heroic seems our Princess as required —	tore,
But something made to suit with Time and place,	I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts.
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,	And feel myself the shadow of a dream.
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,	Our great court-Galen poised his gilt-head
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,	cane,
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experi- ments	And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd 'cata- lepsy.'
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt	My mother pitying made a thousand
them all —	prayers;
This <i>were</i> a medley! we should have him	My mother was as mild as any saint,
back Who told the "Winter's tale" to do it	Half-canonised by all that look'd on her, So gracious was her tact and tenderness :
for us.	But my good father thought a king a
No matter: we will say whatever comes.	king;
And let the ladies sing us, if they will,	He cared not for the affection of the house;
From time to time, some ballad or a song To give us breathing-space.'	He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand
So I began,	To lash offence, and with long arms and
And the rest follow'd: and the women	hands
sang Between the reacher voices of the men	Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from the mass
Between the rougher voices of the men, Like linnets in the pauses of the wind :	For judgment.
And here I give the story and the songs.	Now it chanced that I had been,
	While life was yet in bud and blade,
Ι.	betroth'd To one, a neighbouring Princess: she
A prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in	to me
face,	Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,	At eight years old; and still from time
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,	to time Came murmurs of her beauty from the
For on my cradle shone the Northern star.	South,
	And of her brethren, youths of puissance;
There lived an ancient legend in our	And still I wore her picture by my heart,
house.	And one dark tress; and all around them both
Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grandsire burnt	Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees
Because he cast no shadow, had foretold,	about their queen.
Dying, that none of all our blood should	Detailed the developmental dist
know The shadow from the substance and that	But when the days drew nigh that I should wed.
The shadow from the substance, and that one	My father sent ambassadors with furs

May rue the bargain made.' And Florian And jewels, gifts, to fetch her: these brought back said : A present, a great labour of the loom: 'I have a sister at the foreign court, Who moves about the Princess; she, you And therewithal an answer vague as know. wind : Besides, they saw the king; he took the Who wedded with a nobleman from thence: gifts: He, dving lately, left her, as I hear. He said there was a compact; that was The lady of three castles in that land: true . Thro' her this matter might be sifted But then she had a will; was he to blame? And maiden fancies; loved to live alone clean.' Among her women; certain, would not And Cyril whisper'd: 'Take me with you too.' wed. Then laughing 'what, if these weird seizures come That morning in the presence room I Upon you in those lands, and no one near stood To point you out the shadow from the With Cyril and with Florian, my two friends: truth ! The first, a gentleman of broken means Take me: I'll serve you better in a (His father's fault) but given to starts strait: I grate on rusty hinges here : ' but ' No ! ' and bursts Of revel: and the last, my other heart, Roar'd the rough king, 'you shall not; And almost my half-self, for still we we ourself Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead moved Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and eye. In iron gauntlets : break the council up.' Now, while they spake, I saw my But when the council broke, I rose and father's face past Thro' the wild woods that hung about the Grow long and troubled like a rising moon. town: Inflamed with wrath : he started on his Found a still place, and pluck'd her likefeet. ness out; Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down, Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying bathed and rent The wonder of the loom thro' warp and In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd trees : What were those fancies? wherefore woof break her troth? From skirt to skirt; and at the last he Proud look'd the lips : but while I medisware That he would send a hundred thousand tated men, A wind arose and rush'd upon the South, And bring her in a whirlwind: then he And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks chew'd The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and Of the wild woods together; and a Voice Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou shalt cook'd his spleen, Communing with his captains of the war. win.' At last I spoke. 'My father, let me go. Then, ere the silver sickle of that month Became her golden shield, I stole from It cannot be but some gross error lies In this report, this answer of a king, court With Cyril and with Florian, unperceived, Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable : Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen, Cat-footed thro' the town and half in Whate'er my grief to find her less than dread To hear my father's clamour at our backs fame,

- With Ho! from some bay-window shake the night;
- But all was quiet: from the bastion'd walls
- 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 wilderness,
- 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 wrinkling 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 honour. We remember love ourselves
- In our sweet youth: there did a compact pass
- Long summers back, a kind of ceremony —
- 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,

Twowidows, 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 masterpieces:
- 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 loth 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 frets 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 exclaim'd Averring 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 we 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 reverenced his liege-lady there: He always made a point to post with mares: His daughter and his housemaid were the bovs: 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 clothed 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, holp 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 college lights Began to glitter firefly-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 hammers falling On silver anvils, and the splash and stir Of fountains spouted up and showering down In meshes of the jasmine and the rose : And all about us peal'd the nightingale, 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 stept 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 empire 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 eves:

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 moonlight, swell

On some dark shore just seen that it was rich.

п.

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.

And blessings on the falling out

That all the more endears,

When we fall out with those we love And kiss 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.

- 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 gav

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 beside 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, breathing 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 ve come,

The first-fruits of the stranger : aftertime,

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 Highness that,

He worships your ideal: ' she replied :

'We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear

This barren verbiage, current among men,

Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.

- Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
- As arguing love of knowledge and of power;

Your language proves you still the child. Knowledge is now no more a fountain Indeed. seal'd : We dream not of him: when we set our Drink deep, until the habits of the slave, hand The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite To this great work, we purposed with And slander, die. Better not be at all Than not be noble. Leave us: you may ourself Never to wed. You likewise will do well. go: To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue Ladies, in entering here, to cast and The fresh arrivals of the week before: fling The tricks, which make us toys of men. For they press in from all the provinces. And fill the hive.' that so. Some future time, if so indeed you will, She spoke, and bowing waved Dismissal: back again we crost the court You may with those self-styled our lords To Lady Psyche's: as we enter'd in, ally There sat along the forms, like morning Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale.' doves That sun their milky bosoms on the At those high words, we conscious of thatch. A patient range of pupils; she herself ourselves. Perused the matting; then an officer Erect behind a desk of satin-wood, Rose up, and read the statutes, such as A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon these : eved. Not for three years to correspond with And on the hither side, or so she look'd, Of twenty summers. At her left, a child, home: In shining draperies, headed like a star. Not for three years to cross the liberties; Not for three years to speak with any Her maiden babe, a double April old, Aglaïa slept. We sat: the Lady glanced: men: And many more, which hastily subscribed. Then Florian, but no livelier than the We enter'd on the boards: and 'Now,' dame That whisper'd 'Asses' ears' among the she cried, sedge, 'My sister.' 'Comely, too, by all that's 'Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall! Our statues! --- not of those that men fair.' Said Cyril. 'O hush, hush!' and she desire. Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mode, began. Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she 'This world was once a fluid haze of That taught the Sabine how to rule, and light. she Till toward the centre set the starry tides, The foundress of the Babylonian wall, And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast The Carian Artemisia strong in war, The planets : then the monster, then the The Rhodope, that built the pyramid, man; Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins, That fought Aurelian, and the Roman Raw from the prime, and crushing down brows his mate; Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and As yet we find in barbarous isles, and lose here Convention, since to look on noble forms Among the lowest.' Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism Thereupon she took That which is higher. O lift your natures A bird's-eye-view of all the ungracious up: past; Embrace our aims: work out your free-Glanced at the legendary Amazon dom. Girls, As emblematic of a nobler age;

Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of	But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
those	With woman: and in arts of government
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;	Elizabeth and others; arts of war
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines	The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Of empire, and the woman's state in each,	Sappho and others vied with any man:
How far from just; till warming with her theme	And, last not least, she who had left her place,
She fulmined out her scorn of laws Salique	And bow'd her state to them, that they
And little-footed China, touch'd on Ma-	might grow
homet	To use and power on this Oasis, lapt
With much contempt, and came to	In the arms of leisure, sacred from the
chivalry :	blight
When some respect, however slight, was	Of ancient influence and scorn.
paid	At last
To woman, superstition all awry:	She rose upon a wind of prophecy
However then commenced the dawn: a	Dilating on the future; 'everywhere
beam	Two heads in council, two beside the
Had slanted forward, falling in a land	hearth,
	Two in the tangled business of the world,
Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,	Two in the liberal offices of life,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had	Two plummets dropt for one to sound
dared	the abyss
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,	Of science, and the secrets of the mind :
Disyoke their necks from custom, and	Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:
assert None lordlier then themselves but that	And everywhere the broad and bounteous
None lordlier than themselves but that	Earth Chould hear a double growth of these
which made	Should bear a double growth of those
Woman and man. She had founded;	rare souls, Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood
they must build.	of the world.'
Here might they learn whatever men were	of the world.
taught: Let them not fear: some said their heads	She and ad here and becken'd us the
	She ended here, and beckon'd us : the
were less:	Partode and glowing full faced welcome
Some men's were small; not they the	Parted; and, glowing full-faced welcome, she
least of men;	
For often fineness compensated size :	Began to address us, and was moving on
Besides the brain was like the hand, and	In gratulation, till as when a boat
grew With using the near's if more	Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all
With using; thence the man's, if more	her voice
was more;	Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she
He took advantage of his strength to be	cried
First in the field: some ages had been	'My brother!' 'Well, my sister.' 'O,'
lost; But woman ripan'd carlier, and has life	she said, 'What do you here? and in this dress?
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her life	
Was longer; and albeit their glorious	and these? Why who are these? a wolf within the
names Word four control datars not since in	
Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in	fold!
truth The highest is the measure of the men	A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!
The highest is the measure of the man,	
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,	A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!'
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the	'No plot, no plot,' he answer'd.
glebe,	' Wretched boy,

How saw you not the inscription on the Your own work marr'd: for this your Academe. gate. Whichever side be Victor, in the halloo LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF DEATH?' Will topple to the trumpet down, and 'And if I had,' he answer'd, 'who could pass think With all fair theories only made to gild The softer Adams of your Academe, A stormless summer.' 'Let the Princess O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such judge Of that,' she said : ' farewell, Sir - and As chanted on the blanching bones of men?' to you. 'But you will find it otherwise,' she said. I shudder at the sequel, but I go.' 'You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! my vow 'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I rejoin'd, Binds me to speak, and O that iron will. 'The fifth in line from that old Florian, Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall That axelike edge unturnable, our Head, The Princess.' 'Well then, Psyche, take (The gaunt old Baron with his beetle brow Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights) my life, And nail me like a weasel on a grange As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he For warning: bury me beside the gate, fell. And cut this epitaph above my bones: And all else fled? we point to it, and we Here lies a brother by a sister slain. say, All for the common good of womankind.' The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold. 'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'having But branches current yet in kindred veins.' seen And heard the Lady Psyche.' 'Are you that Psyche,' Florian added; I struck in: 'she 'Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the With whom I sang about the morning hills. truth: Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the Receive it; and in me behold the Prince Your countryman, affianced years ago purple fly, To the Lady Ida: here, for here she was, And snared the squirrel of the glen? are And thus (what other way was left) I vou That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing came.' 'O Sir, O Prince, I have no country; brow. none; To smoothe my pillow, mix the foaming If any, this; but none. Whate'er I was draught Disrooted, what I am is grafted here. Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read Affianced, Sir? love-whispers may not My sickness down to happy dreams? are breathe you Within this vestal limit, and how should That brother-sister Psyche, both in one? I, You were that Psyche, but what are you Who am not mine, say, live: the thundernow?' bolt 'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said, 'for Hangs silent; but prepare: I speak; it whom I would be that for ever which I seem, falls.' 'Yet pause,' I said: 'for that inscription Woman, if I might sit beside your feet, there, And glean your scatter'd sapience.' I think no more of deadly lurks therein, Then once more, Than in a clapper clapping in a garth, 'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I began, To scare the fowl from fruit: if more 'That on her bridal morn before she there be. past If more and acted on, what follows? From all her old companions, when the war; king

Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that These women were too barbarous, would ancient ties not learn: They fled, who might have shamed us: Would still be dear beyond the southern promise, all. hills: That were there any of our people there What could we else, we promised In want or peril, there was one to hear And help them? look! for such are each: and she. these and I.' Like some wild creature newly-caged, 'Are you that Psyche,' Florian ask'd, commenced 'to whom. A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused In gentler days, your arrow-wounded By Florian; holding out her lilv arms Took both his hands, and smiling faintly fawn Came flying while you sat beside the said : 'I knew you at the first: tho' you have well? The creature laid his muzzle on your lap. grown And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it, and You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and glad the blood Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you To see you, Florian. I give thee to wept. death That was fawn's blood, not brother's, My brother! it was duty spoke, not I. vet vou wept. My needful seeming harshness, pardon it. O by the bright head of my little niece, Our mother, is she well?' You were that Psyche, and what are With that she kiss'd His forehead, then, a moment after, you now?' 'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said again, clung 'The mother of the sweetest little maid, About him, and betwixt them blossom'd That ever crow'd for kisses.' up 'Out upon it !' From out a common vein of memory She answer'd, 'peace! and why should Sweet household talk, and phrases of I not play the hearth, The Spartan Mother with emotion, be And far allusion, till the gracious dews The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind ? Began to glisten and to fall: and while They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a Him you call great: he for the common weal. voice. 'I brought a message here from Lady The fading politics of mortal Rome, As I might slav this child, if good need Blanche.' Back started she, and turning round we were. Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on saw The Lady Blanche's daughter where she whom The secular emancipation turns stood, Of half this world, be swerved from right Melissa, with her hand upon the lock, A rosy blonde, and in a college gown, to save That clad her like an April daffodilly A prince, a brother? a little will I vield. (Her mother's colour) with her lips Best so, perchance, for us, and well for you. apart, And all her thoughts as fair within her O hard, when love and duty clash! I fear eves, My conscience will not count me fleck-As bottom agates seen to wave and float In crystal currents of clear morning seas. less; vet ---Hear my conditions: promise (otherwise So stood that same fair creature at the You perish) as you came, to slip away, To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be door. Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah - Melissa - you! said.

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 me and the child I heard, I could not help it, did not wish: But yet your mother's pealous temperame me — Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove The Danaid of a leaky vase, for fear This whole foundation ruin, and I lose hard things 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 wold adsk) Less welcome find among us, if you came Among us, debtors for our lives to you, Myself for something more.' He said not what, 's he 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 we well.' We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child, And held her round the knees against his face abstraction here. Child, And held her round the knees against his face abstraction here. Child, And held her round the knees against his face abstraction here. Child, And held her round the knees against his face abstraction here. Child, And held we the swoll'n cheek of a trumper chro. And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumper chro. And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumper chro. And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumper chro. And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumper chro. And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumper chro. And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumper chro. 	You heard us?' and Melissa, 'O pardon	While Psyche watch'd them, smiling,
 But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not, Nor think I bear that heart within my breast, To give three gallant gentlemen to death.'' I trust your souther's jealous tempera- ment — ment — ment — ment — Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove The Danaid of a leaky vase, for fear This whole foundation ruin, and I lose My honour, these their lives.' 'Ah, fear me not,' Replied Melissa; 'no — I would not tell, No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness, No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness, No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness, No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness, Ye it soy 'the other, 'that we still may lead That Sheba came to ask of Solomon.' 'E it soy '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, pe the wisest man Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls of Lebanonian cedar: nor should you (Tho', Madam, you should answer, zee would ask) Less welcome find among us, if you came 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 yetb well.' We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child, And held her round the knees against his waist, And belw the swoll'n cheek of a trump- 	I heard, I could not help it, did not	Push'd her flat hand against his face
 ment — Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear This whole foundation ruin, and I lose My honour, 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) Less welcome find among us, if you came 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 well.' We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child, We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the keild. Her round the knees against his waist, And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trump- 	 But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not, Nor think I bear that heart within my breast, To give three gallant gentlemen to death.' 'I trust you,' said the other, 'for we two Were always friends, none closer, elm 	And thus our conference closed. And then we stroll'd For half the day thro' stately theatres Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard The grave Professor. On the lecture
 or prove The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear This whole foundation ruin, and I lose My honour, these their lives.' 'Ah, fear me not,' Replied Melissa; 'no — I would not tell, 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, vew would ask) Less welcome find among us, if you came Amog 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 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 cheek of a trump- 	ment —	With flawless demonstration: follow'd
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 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, vee would ask) Less welcome find among us, if you came 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 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 cheek of a trump- Sparkle for ever: 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 attreat of whatsoever can be taught and known; Till like three horses that have broken fence, And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trump- And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trump- No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd The trash that made me sick, and almost 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	Replied Melissa; 'no - I would not tell,	That on the stretch'd forefinger of all
 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, ve would ask) Less welcome find among us, if you came 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 cheek of a trump- The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower, Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest, And whatsoever can be taught 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 trails,' said Cyril, 'very well; But when did woman ever yet invent?' 'Ungracious!' answered Florian; 'have you learnt No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd '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 	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	That treats of whatsoever is, the state, The total chronicles of man, the mind, The morals, something of the frame, the
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And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trump- And learnt? I learnt more from her in a	And held her round the knees against	Should I not call her wise, who made me
	And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trump- eter,	And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash,

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Than if my brainpan were an empty hull, And every Muse tumbled a science in. the bell For dinner, let us go ! ' A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls, And round these halls a thousand baby And in we stream'd loves Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts. Whence follows many a vacant pang; fair hut O With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy. The Head of all the golden-shafted firm, flowers. The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche wits too: He cleft me thro' the stomacher; and now mine own What think you of it, Florian? do I chase The second-sight of some Astræan age. The substance or the shadow? will it hold? I have no sorcerer's malison on me, while. No ghostly hauntings like his Highness. I Flatter myself that always everywhere I know the substance when I see it. terms Of art and science: Lady Blanche alone Well. Are castles shadows? Three of them? Is she

The sweet proprietress a shadow? If not, Shall those three castles patch my tat-

ter'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 mimicrv!

Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat:

Abase those eves 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

Among the columns, pacing staid and still By twos and threes, till all from end to end With beauties every shade of brown and

In colours gaver than the morning mist. The long hall glitter'd like a bed of

- How might a man not wander from his
- Pierced thro' with eves, but that I kept

Intent on her, who rapt in glorious dreams.

Sat compass'd with professors: they, the

Discuss'd a doubt and tost it to and fro:

A clamour thicken'd, mixt with inmost

Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments, 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 petted 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 three 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 labours for the world.

ш.

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.

Morn in the white wake of the morning star

Came furrowing 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 bubble, 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 canvass 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 oh, 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 wholesale 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 elutch'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:
- But heal me with your pardon ere you go.'

'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, Ganymedes,
- 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) inosculated;

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 evelids. 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 Some palace in our land, where you shall reign down Than hammer at this reverend gentle-The head and heart of all our fair shewoman. world. And your great name flow on with broad-I knock'd and bidden. enter'd: found her there ening time For ever." Well, she balanced this a At point to move, and settled in her little. eves The green malignant light of coming And told me she would answer us to-day. Meantime be mute : thus much, nor more storm. Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-I gain'd.' oil'd. As man's could be; yet maiden-meek I He ceasing, came a message from the pray'd Head. Concealment: she demanded who we 'That afternoon the Princess rode to take The dip of certain strata to the North. were. And why we came? I fabled nothing fair, Would we go with her? we should find But, your example pilot, told her all. the land Worth seeing; and the river made a fall Out yonder:' then she pointed on to Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eve. But when I dwelt upon your old affiance. where She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astrav. A double hill ran up his furrowy forks I urged the fierce inscription on the gate, Beyond the thick-leaved platans of the And our three lives. True - we had vale. limed ourselves Agreed to, this, the day fled on thro' With open eyes, and we must take the chance. allIts range of duties to the appointed hour. But such extremes, I told her, well might Then summon'd to the porch we went. harm The woman's cause. "Not more than She stood now," she said, Among her maidens, higher by the head, "So puddled as it is with favouritism." Her back against a pillar, her foot on I tried the mother's heart. Shame might one Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he befall Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew: roll'd Her answer was, "Leave me to deal with And paw'd about her sandal. I drew that." near; I spoke of war to come and many deaths, I gazed. On a sudden my strange seizure And she replied, her duty was to speak, came Upon me, the weird vision of our house : And duty duty, clear of consequences. I grew discouraged, Sir; but since I knew The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show, Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy, No rock so hard but that a little wave Her college and her maidens empty May beat admission in a thousand years, I recommenced; "Decide not ere you masks. And I myself the shadow of a dream, pause. I find you here but in the second place, For all things were and were not. Yet Some say the third — the authentic foun-I felt My heart beat thick with passion and dress you. I offer boldly: we will seat you highest: with awe; Wink at our advent: help my prince to Then from my breast the involuntary gain sigh His rightful bride, and here I promise Brake, as she smote me with the light of you · eyes

That lent my knee desire to kneel, and	'And as to precontracts, we move, my
 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 yestermorn; 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 ambassadresses 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 precontract? 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, 	friend, At no man's beck, but know ourself and thee, O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out 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 preëminence 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 grew Like field-flowers everywhere ! we like
We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt with them:	to thus: Yet will we say for children, would they
do it, Being other—since we learnt our mean-	Like field-flowers everywhere! we like them well: But children die; and let me tell you,
ing here, To lift the woman's fall'n divinity Upon an even pedestal with man.'	girl, Howe'er you babble, great deeds.cannot die;
She paused, and added with a haughtier smile	They with the sun and moon renew their light

For ever, blessing those that look on them.	She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear; And up we came to where the river
Children — that men may pluck them from our hearts,	sloped To plunge in cataract, shattering on
Kill us with pity, break us with our- selves —	black blocks A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the
O — children — there is nothing upon earth	woods, And danced the colour, and, below,
More miserable than she that has a son	stuck out
And sees him err: nor would we work for fame;	The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of Great,	Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,
Who learns the one POU STO whence after- hands	'As these rude bones to us, are we to her
May move the world, tho' she herself effect But little: wherefore up and act, nor	That will be.' 'Dare we dream of that,' I ask'd,
shrink For fear our solid aim be dissipated	'Which wrought us, as the workman and his work,
By frail successors. Would, indeed, we had been,	That practice betters?' 'How,' she cried, 'you love
In lieu of many mortal flies, a race	The metaphysics! read and earn our
Of giants living, each, a thousand years, That we might see our own work out, and watch	prize, A golden brooch : beneath an emerald plane
The sandy footprint harden into stone.'	Sits Diotima, teaching him that died Of hemlock; our device; wrought to
I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself	the life;
If that strange Poet-princess with her grand	She rapt upon her subject, he on her: For there are schools for all.' 'And
Imaginations might at all be won.	yet,' I said,
And she broke out interpreting my thoughts:	'Methinks I have not found among them all One anatomic.' 'Nay, we thought of
'No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you;	that,' She answer'd, 'but it pleased us not: in
We are used to that: for women, up till this	truth We shudder but to dream our maids
Cramp'd under worse than South-sea-isle taboo.	should ape Those monstrous males that carve the
Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far In high desire, they know not, cannot	living hound, And cram him with the fragments of the
guess	grave,
How much their welfare is a passion to us. If we could give them surer, quicker	Or in the dark dissolving human heart, And holy secrets of this microcosm.
proof — Oh if our end were less achievable	Dabbling a shameless hand with shame- ful jest,
By slow approaches, than by single act	Encarnalise their spirits : yet we know
Of immolation, any phase of death, We were as prompt to spring against the	Knowledge is knowledge, and this mat- ter hangs :
pikes, Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it, The compare our door gistor? liberting?	Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty, Nor willing men should come among us,
To compass our dear sisters' liberties.'	learnt,

For many weary moons before we came, This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself Would tend upon you. To your ques- tion 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, And, o'er a bridge of pinewood crossing, 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 philosophies 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 vapour 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	 The bearded Victor of ten-thousar hymns, And all the men mourn'd at his side but we Set forth to climb; then, climbing, Cynkept With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I With mine affianced. Many a little ham Glanced like a touch of sunshine on throcks, Many a light foot shone like a jew set In the dark crag: and then we turn'we wound About the cliffs, the copses, out and in, Hammering and clinking, chatterinstony names Of shale and hornblende, rag and traand tuff, Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Sun Grew broader toward his death and fei and all The rosy heights came out above thas nowy summits old in story: The splendour 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: 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 blowing! 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 for ever and for ever. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, dying. O love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill or field or iver: Our echoes roll from soul to soul, And grow for ever and for ever. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, dying. And grow for ever and for ever. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
Lay out the viands.' At the word, they raised A tent of satin, elaborately wrought	And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying,

- 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 underworld, 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 summer dawns The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds To dying ears, when unto dying eyes The casement slowly grows a glimmering 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 bygones 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 mights 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 beard-blown goat
- Hang on the shaft, and the wild figtree split
- Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear
- A trumpet in the distance pealing news
- Of better, and Hope, a poising 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 retrospect, 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 winging south
- From mine own land, part made long since, and part
- Now while I sang, and maidenlike as far

As I could ape their treble, did I sing.

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South, Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves, 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 follow, and light

Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill, 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 meadowcrake
- 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 honour 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
- Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter bats,
- 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 vour soil,
- That gives the manners of your countrywomen?'
 - 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 glass had wrought,
- Or master'd by the sense of sport, began
- To troll a careless, careless tavern-catch

- Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
- Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded at him,
- I frowning; Psyche flush'd and wann'd and shook;
- The ladylike Melissa droop'd her brows;
- 'Forbear,' the Princess cried; 'Forbear, 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 clamour'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 dovecote doors,
- Disorderly the women. Alone I stood

With Florian, cursing Cyril, vext 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 another 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 gurgling wave
- Mid-channel. Right on this we drove and caught,
- And grasping down the boughs I gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmeringly 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 eves.
- 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 statues, 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 thereupon
- 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 glowworm, 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 uncertain gloom,
- Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this were she,'
- But it was Florian. 'Hist, O hist,' he said,

still the clown, To harm the thing that trusts him, and to shame That which he says he loves: for Cyril, Or like a spire of land that stands apart		
howe'er He deal in frolic, as to-night—the song Cleft from the main, and wail'd about with mews.	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 The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw. 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 Psyche's child to cast it from the doors; She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to face; And I slipt out: but whither will you now? And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are fied: 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	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 waterlily 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 tama- risk 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 handmaid 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 blowzed with health, and wind, and rain, And labour. Each was like a Druid rock; Or like a spire of land that stands apart
to shame That which he says he loves: for Cyril, howe'er Train the main, and wail'd about	Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled, still the clown,	Huge women blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,
howe'er Cleft from the main, and wail'd about		
He deal in frolic, as to-night — the song with mews.	howe'er	Or like a spire of land that stands apart Cleft from the main, and wail'd about
	That which he says he loves: for Cyril, howe'er	Or like a spire of land that stands apar Cleft from the main, and wail'd abou

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing clove

- An advent to the throne: and therebeside,
- 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 turn'd 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 deserts,
- And partly that you were my civil head, And chiefly you were born for something
- great,
- In which I might your fellow-worker be,
- When time should serve; and thus a noble scheme
- Grew up from seed we two 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 darken'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 yestermorn,
- 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 public 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 1 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 talent, 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 ourself.'
 - 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,
- 'To 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 Niobëan 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 pursued,
- 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 dispatches which the Head
- Took half-amazed, and in her lion's mood Tore open, silent we with blind surmise
- Regarding, while she read, till over brow And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful 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 impetuously.

'O not to pry and peer on your reserve, 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
- But venerator, zealous it should be
- All that it might be: hear me, for I bear, Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'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 wildswan in among the stars Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of
- glowworm light
- The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida. Now, Because I would have reach'd you, had
- you been
- Sphered up with Cassiopëia, or the enthroned
- Persephonè in Hades, now at length,
- Those winters of abeyance all worn out,
- A man I came to see you: but, indeed,
- Not in this frequence 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 presage: 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 despair, But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms To follow up the worthiest till he die:

Yet that I came not all unauthorised

Behold your father's letter.'

Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught, and dash'd

Unopen'd at her feet : a tide of fierce

Invective 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

- Gather'd together : from the illumined hall Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er a
- press
- Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
- And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,

On one knee

- 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 clamour 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 you not so much for fear:
- Six thousand years of fear have made you that
- From which I would redeem you: but for those
- That stir this hubbub you and you I know
- Your faces there in the crowd to-morrow morn

- We hold a great convention: then shall they
- 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,
- For ever 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 gentleman.
- 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 precontract Your bride, your bondslave! not tho' all the gold That veins the world were pack'd to make vour crown. And every spoken tongue should lord you. Sir, Your falsehood and yourself are hateful 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 womanguard. 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, Norway

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 halfpossess'd,
- She struck such warbling fury thro' the words;
- And, after, feigning pique at what she call'd
- The raillery, or grotesque, or false sublime —
- 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 colours : if I prove Your knight, and fight your battle, what
- for me?' It chanced, her empty glove upon the tomb
- 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 favour, and assumed the Prince.

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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 and walls of canvas 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 lisping of the innumerous leaf and dies,
- Each hissing in his neighbour's ear; and then
- A strangled titter, out of which there brake
- On all sides, clamouring 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 briers,
- More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath,
- And all one rag, disprinced from head to heel.
- Then some one sent beneath his vaulted palm

- A whisper'd jest to some one near him, 'Look,
- lfe 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.'

As boys that slink

From ferule and the trespass-chiding eye,

- Away we stole, and transient in a trice
- From what was left of faded womanslough
- To sheathing splendours 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
- Into your father's hand, and there she lies,

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 accoutrements,
- Pitiful sight, wrapp'd 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 lav:
- And at her head a follower of the camp,
- A charr'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 And make a wild petition night and day. Until they hate to hear me like a wind not slav Me, nor your prince: look up: be com-Wailing for ever, till they open to me. forted : And lay my little blossom at my feet, Sweet is it to have done the thing one My babe, my sweet Aglaïa, my one child: ought. And I will take her up and go my way, And satisfy my soul with kissing her : When fall'n in darker ways.' And likewise I: Ah! what might that man not deserve of 'Be comforted: have I not lost her too. me In whose least act abides the nameless Who gave me back my child?' 'Be charm comforted.' That none has else for me?' She heard. Said Cyril, ' you shall have it; ' but again She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, she moved. She moan'd, a folded voice; and up she and so Like tender things that being caught feign sat. And raised the cloak from brows as pale death. and smooth Spoke not, nor stirr'd. As those that mourn half-shrouded over By this a murmur ran Thro' all the camp and inward raced the death In deathless marble. 'Her,' she said, scouts 'my friend-With rumour of Prince Arac hard at hand. Parted from her-betray'd her cause We left her by the woman, and without and mine ----Found the gray kings at parle : and 'Look Where shall I breathe? why kept ve not you,' cried your faith? My father, 'that our compact be fulfill'd: O base and bad! what comfort? none You have spoilt this child; she laughs at for me!' you and man: To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Yet I pray She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him: Take comfort: live, dear lady, for your child!' But red-faced war has rods of steel and At which she lifted up her voice and cried. fire: She yields, or war.' 'Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my Then Gama turn'd to me : 'We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy child, My one sweet child, whom I shall see no time With our strange girl: and yet they say more! For now will cruel Ida keep her back; that still And either she will die from want of care, You love her. Give us, then, your mind Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say at large: The child is hers — for every little fault, How say you, war or not?' 'Not war, if possible, The child is hers; and they will beat my O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse of girl Remembering her mother: O my flower! war. Or they will take her, they will make her The desecrated shrine, the trampled year, The smouldering homestead, and the hard, And she will pass me by in after-life household flower Torn from the lintel-all the common With some cold reverence worse than were she dead. wrong -Ill mother that I was to leave her there, A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her To lag behind, scared by the cry they Three times a monster : now she lightens made, scorn The horror of the shame among them all : At him that mars her plan, but then But I will go and sit beside the doors, 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 brooding turn The book of scorn, till all my flitting 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 battle, comes With the air of the trumpet round him, and leaps in Among the women, snares them by the score Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' 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 tigress 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 yesternight, 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 sensual mire, But whole and one : and take them all- in-all, Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind, As truthful, much that Ida claims as right
O	ngnt

- 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 ourself 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 courteously-

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 ploughman's head.
- Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the milking-maid,
- Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of cream:
- But let your 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.

- You, likewise, our late guests, if so you will,
- 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 bole, 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 And blossom-flagrant slipt the heavy dews

- 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 embattled squares,

- And squadrons of the Prince, trampling the flowers
- With clamour: 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 martial 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,	Come, this is all; she will not: waive
Stir in me as to strike: then took the king	your claim : If not, the foughten field, what else, at
His three broad sons; with now a wan- dering hand And now a pointed finger, told them all:	Once Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's will.'
A common light of smiles at our dis- guise	I lagg'd in answer, loth to render up
Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy jest	My precontract, and loth by brainless war
Had labour'd down within his ample lungs,	To cleave the rift of difference deeper yet;
The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words.	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
'Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he	heart.'
himself	A taunt that clench'd his purpose like a
Your captive, yet my father wills not	blow! For form short was Curil's counter scoff
war: And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war	For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-scoff, And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the
or no? But then this question of your troth re- mains:	point Where idle boys are cowards to their shame,
And there's a downright honest meaning in her;	'Decide it here : why not? we are three to three.'
She flies too high, she flies too high!	
and yet	Then spake the third, 'But three to
She ask'd but space and fairplay for her	three? no more?
scheme;	No more, and in our noble sister's cause?
She prest and prest it on me — I myself, What know I of these things? but, life	More, more, for honour: every captain waits
and soul!	Hungry for honour, angry for his king.
I thought her half-right talking of her wrongs;	More, more, some fifty on a side, that each
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what of that?	May breathe himself, and quick! by overthrow
I take her for the flower of woman- kind,	Of these or those, the question settled die.'
And so I often told her, right or wrong,	'Yea,' answer'd I, 'for this wild
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those she loves,	wreath of air, This flake of rainbow flying on the
And, right or wrong, I care not: this is all,	highest Foam of men's deeds — this honour, if
I stand upon her side: she made me	ye will.
swear it	It needs must be for honour if at all :
'Sdeath and with solemn rites by	Since, what decision? if we fail, we fail, And if we win, we fail: she would not
candle-light — Swear by St. something — I forget her	keep
Swear by St. something — I forget her name —	Her compact.' 'Sdeath! but we will
Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest	send to her,'

men;

Said Arac, 'worthy reasons why she She was a princess too; and so I swore. 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 belabour'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 will 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 sware 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 hammer'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 women'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 institutes, And biting laws to scare the beasts of prev
- And prosper'd; till a rout of saucy boys Brake on us at our books, and marr'd our peace.
- Mask'd like our maids, blustering I know 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 honour 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 aftertime,
- Your very armour 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 crowned twins,
- Commerce and conquest, shower the fiery grain
- Of freedom broadcast over all that orbs
- Between the Northern and the Southern 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 seem'd 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 thunderstorms,
- 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
- As are the roots of earth and base of all;
- 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 goodman
- Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell

- straitly curb'd She might not rank with those detestable And thunder. That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in steed. the street. They say she's comely; there's the fairer chance: fire. *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.' horses. Thus the hard old king: I took my leave, for it was nearly noon: down 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, lists. And on the 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win:' I thought on all the wrathful king had said. bang'd And how the strange betrothment was to end. be he Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's curse That one should fight with shadows and dream should fall; And like a flash the weird affection came : eyes, King, camp and college turn'd to hollow shows: like, 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 fight, Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared At the barrier like a wild horn in a land drave Of echoes, and a moment, and once more Prince, The trumpet, and again: at which the storm dream 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.
 - 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
- From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,
- 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, statuelike,

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 secs me light,
- 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 largemoulded man,

a colt -

Mix with his hearth : but you - she's vet

Take, break her: strongly groom'd and

- His visage all agrin as at a wake,
- Made at me thro' the press, and, staggering back
- With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman, came
- As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
- Flaving 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 everything
- Gave way before him: only Florian, he
- 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 colour round his helmet, tough,
- Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms;
- But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that smote
- And threw him : last I spurr'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,
- I did but shear a feather, and dream and truth
- Flow'd from me; darkness closed me; and I fell.

VI.

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 the series this set of a 11

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.'

My dream had never died or lived again. As in some mystic middle state I lay; Seeing 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
- For ever 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 Aglaïa.

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

The noise of songs they would not understand: 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 faggots 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 themselves, nor knew

There dwelt an iron nature in the grain : The glittering axe was broken in their arms, Their arms were shattered 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'din our annals, and perpetual feast, When dames and heroines of the golden 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 enanour'd air sighing, and on their curls	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 whelpless 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
Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed, on they came, Their feet in flowers, her loveliest: by	'He saved my life: my brother slew him for it.' No more: at which the king in bitter
The enamour'd air sighing, and on their	Drew from my neck the painting and the

- 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 him 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 clamouring 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 openmouth'd,
- And turn'd each face her 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, clamouring 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 lav

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 for ever: but howsoe'er

Fix'd in yourself, never in your own arms To hold your own, deny not hers to her,

 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 A doubtful smile dwelt like a cloud moon In a still water: then brake out my sin Lifting his grim head from my wound O you, Woman, whom we thought woman ev now, And were half fool'd to let you tend of son,
 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? Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind? Speak to her I say: is this not she 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 towar
Two women faster welded in one love Than pairs of wedlock; she you walk'd Thro' glittering drops on her sad frier ·'Come hithe
with, she O Psyche,' she cried out, 'embrace m You talk'd with, whole nights long, up in come,
the tower, Of sine and arc, spheroïd and azimuth, And right ascension, Heaven knows what; Unit of the tower is the tower i
and now hour:
A word, but one, one little kindly word, Not one to spare her: out upon you, flint! Come to the hollow heart they slander s Kiss and be friends, like children bei chid!
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 Dut dear,
As fancies like the vermin in a nut Have fretted all to dust and bitterness.' Dear traitor, too much loved, why?-Yet see,
So said the small king moved beyond his wont. Before these kings we embrace you y once more With all forgiveness, all oblivion,
But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'd of And trust, not love, you less.
her force By many a varying influence and so long. Grant me your son, to nurse, to wa

- Dy many a varying influence and so long. Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor wept : Her head a little bent; and on her mouth
- upon him, Like mine own brother. For my debt to him,

This nightmare weight of gratitude, I know it;	Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Taunt me no more: yourself and yours shall have	Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn.
Free adit; we will scatter all our maids Till happier times each to her proper	'Fling our doors wide! all, all, not
hearth: What use to keep them here—now? grant my prayer.	one, but all, Not only he, but by my mother's soul, Whatever man lies wounded, friend or
Help, father, brother, help; speak to the king:	foe, Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls flit,
Thaw this male nature to some touch of that	Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,
Which kills me with myself, and drags me down	The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
From my fixt height to mob me up with all The soft and milky rabble of womankind,	Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,
Poor weakling ev'n as they are.' Passionate tears	But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
Follow'd: the king replied not: Cyril said:	We brook no further insult but are gone.'
'Your brother, Lady, — Florian, — ask for him	She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck
Of your great Head — for he is wounded too —	Was rosed with indignation: but the Prince
That you may tend upon him with the prince.'	Her brother came; the king her father charm'd
'Ay so,' said Ida with a bitter smile, 'Our laws are broken : let him enter too.'	Her wounded soul with words: nor did mine own
Then Violet, she that sang the mournful song,	Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain, Petition'd too for him. 'Ay so,' she said,	Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare
'I stagger in the stream : I cannot keep My heart an eddy from the brawling	Straight to the doors: to them the doors gave way
hour: We break our laws with ease, but let	Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shriek'd The virgin marble under iron heels:
it be.' 'Ay so?' said Blanche: 'Amazed am I	And on they moved and gain'd the hall, and there
to hear Your Highness: but your Highness	Rested: but great the crush was, and each base,
breaks with ease The law your Highness did not make:	To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd
'twas I. I had been wedded wife, I knew man-	In silken fluctuation and the swarm Of female whisperers: at the further end
kind, And block'd them out; but these men	Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats
came to woo Your Highness — verily I think to win.'	Close by her, like supporters on a shield, Bow-back'd with fear: but in the centre stood
So she, and turn'd askance a wintry eye:	The common men with rolling eyes;
But Ida with a voice, that like a bell	They glared upon the women, and aghast

The women stared at these, all silent, save	Let the great river take me to the main: No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
When armour clash'd or jingled, while the day,	Ask me no more.
Descending, struck athwart the hall, and shot	So was their sanctuary violated, So their fair college turn'd to hospital;
A flying splendour out of brass and steel, That o'er the statues leapt from head	At first with all confusion: by and by Sweet order lived again with other laws:
to head, Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,	A kindlier influence reign'd; and every- where
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame, And now and then an echo started up,	Low voices with the ministering hand Hung round the sick : the maidens came,
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died	they talk'd, They sang, they read: till she not fair
Of fright in far apartments.	began
Then the voice Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance :	To gather light, and she that was, be- came
And me they bore up the broad stairs,	Her former beauty treble; and to and fro
and thro'	With books, with flowers, with Angel
The long-laid galleries past a hundred doors	offices, Like creatures native unto gracious act,
To one deep chamber shut from sound,	And in their own clear element, they
and due	moved.
To languid limbs and sickness; left me in it;	But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
And others otherwhere they laid; and all	And hatred of her weakness, blent with
That afternoon a sound arose of hoof	shame. Old studies fail'd; seldom she spoke:
And chariot, many a maiden passing home	but oft
Till happier times; but some were left of those	Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours
Held sagest, and the great lords out and in,	On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men Darkening her female field: void was
From those two hosts that lay beside	her use,
the walls, Walk'd at their will, and everything was	And she as one that climbs a peak to gaze O'er land and main, and sees a great
changed.	black cloud
VII.	Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night,
Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea; The cloud may stoop from heaven and take	Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
the shape	And suck the blinding splendour from the sand,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape; But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?	And quenching lake by lake and tarn
Ask me no more.	by tarn Evolution the world, so fored she gaging
Ask me no more: what answer should I give?	Expunge the world: so fared she gazing there;
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:	So blacken'd all her world in secret,
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die! Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;	blank

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd: I strove against the stream and all in vain:

.

- 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 Universe,

- 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-favour: 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 man

- 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 dewdrops 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 tho' Blanche had sworn

That after that dark night among the fields

- She needs must wed him for her own good name;
- Not the he built upon the babe restored; Nor the 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 in-
- 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

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,

Mine down my face, and with what life I And at the happy lovers heart in heart — And out of hauntings of my spoken love. had. And lonely listenings to my mutter'd And like a flower that cannot all unfold, So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun, dream. Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her And often feeling of the helpless hands, Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisper-And wordless broodings on the wasted ingly : cheek-From all a closer interest flourish'd up. Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to 'If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream. these. Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with I would but ask you to fulfil yourself: But if you be that Ida whom I knew, tears I ask you nothing: only, if a dream, By some cold morning glacier; frail at Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die first And feeble, all unconscious of itself, to-night. Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.' But such as gather'd colour day by day. I could no more, but lay like one in Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death trance. That hears his burial talk'd of by his For weakness: it was evening: silent friends. light Slept on the painted walls, wherein were And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign, wrought Two grand designs; for on one side arose But lies and dreads his doom. She turn'd; The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd she paused: She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt a At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they cramm'd crv; Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of The forum, and half-crush'd among the rest death; And I believed that in the living world A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. On the other My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips: side Till back I fell, and from mine arms she Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind, A train of dames: by axe and eagle sat, Glowing all over noble shame; and all With all their foreheads drawn in Roman Her falser self slipt from her like a robe, scowls. And left her woman, lovelier in her mood And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their Than in her mould that other, when she veins. The fierce triumvirs; and before them came From barren deeps to conquer all with paused Hortensia pleading: angry was her face. love: And down the streaming crystal dropt; and she I saw the forms: I knew not where I Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides, was : Naked, a double light in air and wave. They did but look like hollow shows; To meet her Graces, where they deck'd nor more Sweet Ida: palm to palm she sat: the her out For worship without end; nor end of mine, dew Stateliest, for thee! but mute she glided Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape forth, And rounder seem'd: I moved: I sigh'd: Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and a touch Came round my wrist, and tears upon my slept,

hand:

Then all for languor and self-pity ran

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 porphyry font: The fire-fly 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 sweetness 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 splendour 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 threshold, 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 torrent 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 labour'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 labour was but as a block

Left in the quarry; but she still were loth,

She still were loth 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 thro' all the faultful Past

Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break;

Till notice of a change in the dark world Was lispt about the acacias, and a bird, That early woke to feed her little ones, Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light: She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

- '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 —
- If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
- 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 womanhood. For woman is not undevelopt man,
- Por woman is not undevelopt 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 childward 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 household 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 pictured	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 thy- self; Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.' CONCLUSION.
eyes, Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw Thee woman thro' the crust of iron	So closed our tale, of which I give you all The random scheme as wildly as it rose: The words are mostly mine; for when
moods That mask'd thee from men's reverence up, and forced Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now, Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee, Indeed I love: the new day comes, the light 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,	 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	Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic
sang,	tower
Or in their silent influence as they sat, Had ever seem'd to wrestle with bur-	Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat;
lesque,	The shimmering glimpses of a stream;
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn	the seas;
close — They hated banter, wish'd for something	A red sail, or a white; and far beyond, Imagined more than seen, the skirts of
real,	France.
A gallant fight, a noble princess — why	
Not make her true-heroic — true-sub- lime?	'Look there, a garden!' said my col- lege friend,
Or all, they said, as earnest as the close?	The Tory member's elder son, 'and
Which yet with such a framework scarce	there!
could be. Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,	God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
Betwixt the mockers and the realists :	And keeps our Britain, whole within
And I, betwixt them both, to please	herself,
them both, And yet to give the story as it rose,	A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled — Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,	Some reverence for the laws ourselves
And maybe neither pleased myself nor	have made,
them.	Some patient force to change them when we will,
But Lilia pleased me, for she took no	Some civic manhood firm against the
part In our dispute: the sequel of the tale	crowd — But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden
Had touch'd her; and she sat, she	heat,
pluck'd the grass,	The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,
She flung it from her, thinking : last, she fixt	The king is scared, the soldier will not fight,
A showery glance upon her aunt, and	The little boys begin to shoot and stab,
said, 'You — tell us what we are,' who might	A kingdom topples over with a shriek Like an old woman, and down rolls the
have told,	world
For she was cramm'd with theories out	In mock heroics stranger than our own;
of books, But that there rose a shout: the gates	Revolts, republics, revolutions, most No graver than a schoolboys' barring out ;
were closed	Too comic for the solemn things they are,
At sunset, and the crowd were swarming	Too solemn for the comic touches in them,
now, To take their leave, about the garden	Like our wild Princess with as wise a
rails.	dream
So I and some went out to these: we	As some of theirs — God bless the narrow seas !
climb'd	I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad.'
The slope to Vivian-place, and turning	
saw The happy valleys, half in light, and half	'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves are full
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of	Of social wrong; and maybe wildest
peace;	dreams
Gray halls alone among their massive groves;	Are but the needful preludes of the truth : For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,
5	· - · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·

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 lilv-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 wellpleased we went.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

PUBLISHED IN 1852.

Ι.

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.

П.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

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 for evermore.

ш.

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.

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- 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 mute: Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood.
- The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute.
- Whole in himself, a common good.
- Mourn for the man of amplest influence.
- 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 grav 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.

v.

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 for ever 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 its blazon'd deeds, Dark in its funeral fold. Let the bell be toll'd : And a deeper knell in the heart be

knoll'd;

- And the sound of the sorrowing anthem 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,
- Guarding realms and kings from shame; With those deep voices our dead captain
- taught The tyrant, and asserts his claim
- In that dread sound to the great name, Which he has worn so pure of blame, In praise and in dispraise the same, A man of well-temper'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-echoing avenues of song.

VI.

- Who is he that cometh, like an honour'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 labour'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 Beyond the Pyrenean pines, Follow'd up in valley and glen With blare of bugle, clamour 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 rav, And down we swept and charged and overthrew. So great a soldier taught us there, What long-enduring hearts could do In that world-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 honour, honour, honour, honour

Eternal honour to his name.

VII.

- A people's voice! we are a people yet.
- Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
- Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
- Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
- His Briton 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;
- For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
- Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
- And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
- Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

But wink no more in slothful overtrust. Remember him who led your hosts;

- He hade you guard the sacred coasts.
- Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall:
- His voice is silent in your council-hall
- For ever; and whatever tempests lour
- For ever 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 rumour 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
- All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
- Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named:
- Truth-lover was our English Duke:
- Whatever record leap to light

He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

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 Honour 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 islandstory.
- 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 bursting

Into glossy purples, which outredden 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 toppling crags of Duty scaled

- Are close upon the shining table-lands
- To which our God Himself is moon and cun
- Such was he: his work is done.
- But while the races of mankind endure. Let his great example stand
- Colossal, seen of every land,
- And keep the soldier firm, the statesman 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-illumined cities flame.
- Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame.
- With honour, honour, honour, honour to him.
- Eternal honour to his name.

IX

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; The' 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. 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 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 our ancient privilege, my Lords,

- To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.
- We love not this French God, the child of Hell,
 - Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise;
- But though we love kind Peace so well,
- We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies.

- It might be safe our censures to withdraw;
- And yet, my Lords, not well : there is a higher law.
- As long as we remain, we must speak free,
 - Tho' 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 be left 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 evermore.
- 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 fear'd.
 - From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.
- Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
 - We flung the burthen of the second James.
- I say, we *never* feared! and as for these, We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas.
- 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 Runnymede? 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.

Tho' 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 honour yet.
- And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,
- And hold against the world this honour of the land.

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.

п.

'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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

v.

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.

vi.

When can their glory fade? O the wild charge they made! All the world wonder'd. Honour the charge they made! Honour the Light Brigade, Noble six hundred!

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EX-HIBITION.

Τ.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet, In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,

And praise the invisible universal Lord,

Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,

Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpour'd

Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

п.

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!

ш.

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 enginery, 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.

IV.

Is the goal so far away? Far, how far no tongue can say, Let us dream our dream to-day.

v.

- O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
- From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
- And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
- To happy havens under all the sky,
- And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
- Till each man find his own in all men's good,

And all men work in noble brotherhood, Breaking their mailed fleets and armed

towers.

And ruling by obeying Nature's powers, And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with all her flowers.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

MARCH 7, 1863.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea, Alexandra !

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-budded 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 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 !

A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIE ALEXAN-DROVNA, DUCHESS OF EDIN-BURGH.

MARCH 7, 1874.

Ι.

- THE Son of him with whom we strove for power —
 - Whose will is lord thro' all his worlddomain —
 - 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!

п.

- The golden news along the steppes is blown,
 - And at thy name the Tartar tents are stirr'd;
 - 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 Continent, And loyal pines of Canada murmur thee, Marie Alexandrovna!

ш.

- Fair empires branching, both, in lusty life!-
 - Yet Harold's England fell to Norman 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!

1V.

- And Love has led thee to the stranger land,
 - Where men are bold and strongly say their say; —
 - See, empire upon empire smiles today,
- 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 narrow door;
- Here also Marie, shall thy name be blest, Marie Alexandrovna !

- Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again?
 - Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere,
 - The blue heaven break, and some diviner air
- Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men,

Alexandrovna?

- But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease,
 - And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!

And howsoever this wild world may roll, Between your peoples truth and manful

peace,

Alfred — Alexandrovna !

v.

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.

п.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save, Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave. Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one. Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

ш.

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 babe 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 oneself clean.

x.

And I cried myself well-nigh 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, in the bush beside me chirrupt 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 curtsey 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 two 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 Anne, 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.

XXIII.

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 neighbours 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 Willy 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 past 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? thourt nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän: Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I beänt a fool: Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin' to breäk my rule.

Π.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur 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' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere. An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

ш.

Parson's a beän loikewoise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed. 'The amoighty's a taäkin o' you¹ to 'issén, my friend,' a said, An' a towd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond; I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn. But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy Marris's barne. Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte, An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

¹ ou as in hour.

v.

An' I hallus coom'd to 's chooch afoor moy Sally wur deäd, An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock¹ ower my 'eäd, 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 coom'd awaäy.

vı.

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to meä. Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä. 'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um my lass, tha mun understond; I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the lond.

VII.

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä 'The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend,' says 'eä. I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said it in 'aäste : But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste.

VIII.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then; Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd 'um mysen; Moäst loike a butter-bump,² fur I 'eärd 'um about an' about, But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um out.

IX.

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce Down i' the woild 'enemies³ afoor I coom'd to the plaäce. Noäks or Thimbleby — toäner ⁴ 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a naäil. Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize — but git ma my aäle.

х.

Dubbut looök at the waäste: theer warn't not feeäd for a cow; Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now — Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feeäd, Fourscoor ⁵ yows upon it an' some on it down i' seeäd.⁶

XI.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'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 hoonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond o' my oän.

XII.

Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä? I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä; An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all — a' dear a' dear ! And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michaelmas thutty year.

¹ Cockchafer.

² Bittern. ³ Anemones.

es. ⁴ One or other.

⁶ Clover

⁵ ou as in hour.

XIII.

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant not a 'aäpoth o' sense, Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins — a niver mended a fence : But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoälms to plow !

XIV.

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a passin' boy, Says to thessén naw doubt 'what a man a beä sewer-loy!' Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin fust a coom'd to the 'All; I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

XV.

Squoire's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite, For whoä's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit; Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes, Naw, nor 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. Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet, But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

XVII.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle? Doctor's a 'toättler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taäle; I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy; Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

Ι.

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 paains: Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braains.

II.

Woä — theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam: yon's parson's 'ouse — Dosn't thou knaw that a man mun be eäther a man or a mouse? Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty to weeäk.¹ Proputty, proputty — woä then woä — let ma 'ear mysén speäk.

¹ This week.

Q

ш.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee; Thou's beän 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 luvy — an' we boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

IV.

Seea'd her todaäy goä by — Saäint's-daäy — they was ringing the bells. She's a beauty thou thinks — an' soä is scoors o' gells, Them as 'as munny an' all — wot's a beauty? — the flower as blaws. But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.

v.

Do'ant be stunt:¹ taäke time: I knaws what maäkes tha sa mad. Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad? But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as towd ma this: 'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!'

VI.

An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy muther coom to 'and, Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nicetish bit o' land. Maäybe she warn't a beauty: — I niver giv 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 addle² her breäd: Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weänt niver git hissén clear, An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to the shere.

VIII.

'An thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' Varsity debt, Stook to his taaïl 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 shuvv, Woorse nor a far-welter'd³ yowe: fur, Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

1X.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too, Maakin' 'em goä togither as they've good right to do. Couldn I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaïd by? Naäy — fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reäson why.

х.

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 nowt⁴ — Woä then, wiltha? dangtha! — the bees is as fell as owt.⁵

¹ Obstinate.	² Earn.	³ Or fow-welter'd, — said of a sheep lying on its back.
4 M:	akes nothing.	⁵ The flies are as fierce as anything.

хı.

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 isn't the saäme oop vonder, fur them as 'as it's the best.

XII.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls, Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their regular meäls. Noä, but it's them as niver knaws 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; leästways 'is munny was 'id. But 'e tued an' moil'd 'issén deäd, an' 'e died a good un, 'e did.

XIV.

Looök thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck cooms out by the 'ill! Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill; An' I'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou'll live to see; And if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the land to thee.

\mathbf{XV} .

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick; But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leäve the land to Dick. — Coom oop, proputty, proputty — that's what I 'ears 'im saäy — Proputty, proputty — canter an' canter awaäy.

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 Turbia 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 colour, happy hamlet, Remember how we came at last To Como; shower and storm and blast A moulder'd citadel on the coast. Had blown the lake beyond his limit. Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen And all was flooded; and how we past A light amid its olives green; From Como, when the light was grav. Or olive-hoary cape in ocean; Or rosy blossom in hot ravine, And in my head, for half the day, The rich Virgilian rustic measure Where oleanders flush'd the bed Of Lari Maxume, all the way, Of silent torrents, gravel-spread; And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten Like ballad-burthen music, kept, Of ice, far up on a mountain head. As on the Lariano crept To that fair port below the castle We loved that hall, tho' white and cold. Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept; Those niched shapes of noble mould. A princely people's awful princes, Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake The grave, severe Genovese of old. A cypress in the moonlight shake, The moonlight touching o'er a ter-At Florence too what golden hours, race In those long galleries, were ours; One tall Agavè above the lake. What drives about the fresh Cascine, Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers. What more? we took our last adieu. And up the snowy Splugen drew, In bright vignettes, and each complete, But ere we reach'd the highest sum-Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet, mit Or palace, how the city glitter'd, I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you. Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet. It told of England then to me, But when we crost the Lombard plain And now it tells of Italy. Remember what a plague of rain; O love, we two shall go no longer Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma; To lands of summer across the sea; At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain. So dear a life your arms enfold And stern and sad (so rare the smiles Whose crying is a cry for gold: Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles; Yet here to-night in this dark city, Porch-pillars on the lion resting, When ill and weary, alone and cold, And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles. I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry, O Milan, O the chanting quires, This nurseling of another sky The giant windows' blazon'd fires, Still in the little book you lent me, The height, the space, the gloom, the And where you tenderly laid it by: glory! A mount of marble, a hundred spires! And I forgot the clouded Forth, The gloom that saddens Heaven and I climb'd the roofs at break of day Earth. The bitter east, the misty summer Sun-smitten Alps before me lay. I stood among the silent statues, And gray metropolis of the North. And statued pinnacles, mute as they. Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain, How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair, Perchance, to charm a vacant brain, Was Monte Rosa, hanging there Perchance, to dream you still beside A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys me. And snowy dells in a golden air. My fancy fled to the South again.

 TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE. COME, when no graver cares employ, Godfather, 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; 	 Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet; But when 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. <i>January</i>, 1854.
 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 : 	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 confound 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.
For groves of pine on either hand, To break the blast of winter, stand; And further on, the hoary Channel Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;	II. But ill for him who, bettering not with time, Corrupts the strength of heaven-de scended Will,
 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: 	And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime. Or seeming-genial venial fault, Recurring and suggesting still! He seems as one whose footsteps halt, 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 c'ty sparkles like a grain of salt.
Or whether war's avenging rod Shall lash all Europe into blood; Till you should turn to dearer matters, 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, Valour and charity more and more.	IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ. 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 today.
- 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 a living voice to me.

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

NIGHTINGALES warbled without, Within was weeping for thee: Shadows of three dead men Walk'd in the walks with me. Shadows of three dead men and thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods : The Master was far away : Nightingales warbled and sang Of a passion that lasts but a day; Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known In courtesy like to thee : Two dead men have I loved With a love that will ever be: Three dead men have I loved and thou art last of the three.

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.

REOUIESCAT.

- 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 harbour-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 mermaiden 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 roam, 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.' 	 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 ISLET.	CHILD-SONGS.
 'WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we go,' For a score of sweet little summers or 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, Fairily-delicate palaces shine Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine, And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd With many a rivulet high against the 	I. 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.'
Sun The facets of the glorious mountain flash	II. Minnie and Winnie.
Above the valleys of palm and pine.'	MINNIE AND WINNIE.
'Thither, O thither, love, let us go.' 'No, no, no!	Slept in a shell. Sleep, little ladies ! And they slept well.
For in all that exquisite isle, my dear.	
There is but one bird with a musical throat,	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 linnet Out of the croft; Wake, little ladies, The sun is aloft!

THE SPITEFUL LETTER.

- HERE, it is here, the close of the year, And with it a spiteful letter.
- My name in song has done him much wrong, For himself has done much better.

O little 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.
- Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times !
- Are mine for the moment stronger? Yet hate me not, but abide your lot,

I last but a moment longer.

This faded leaf, our names are as brief; What room is left for a hater?

Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,

For it hangs one moment later.

- Greater than I is that your cry? And men will live to see it.
- Well if it be so so it is, you know; And if it be so, so be it.

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,

- But this is the time of hollies. O hollies and ivies and evergreens,
- How I hate the spites and the follies!

LITERARY SQUABBLES.

AH God! the petty fools of rhyme That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars Before the stony face of Time, And look'd at by the silent stars:

Who hate each other for a song, And do their little best to bite And pinch their brethren in the throng, And scratch the very dead for spite:

And strain to make an inch of room For their sweet selves, and cannot hear The sullen Lethe rolling doom On them and theirs and all things here :

When one small touch of Charity Could lift them nearer God-like state Than if the crowded Orb should cry Like those who cried Diana great :

And I too, talk, and lose the touch I talk of. Surely, after all, The noblest answer unto such Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

THE VICTIM.

Ι.

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.'

п.

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 appeased, 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 by 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, Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why; For is He not all but that which has power to feel 'I am I'?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour 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?

THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

I.

THE voice and the Peak Far over summit and lawn, The lone glow and long roar Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!

П.

All night have I heard the voice Rave over the rocky bar, But thou wert silent in heaven, Above thee glided the star.

ш.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak, That standest high above all? 'I am the voice of the Peak, I roar and rave for I fall. IV.

'A thousand voices go To North, South, East, and West; They leave the heights and are troubled, And moan and sink to their rest.

v.

The fields are fair beside them, The chestnut towers in his bloom;
But they — they feel the desire of the deep — Fall, and follow their doom.

VI.

'The deep has power on the height, And the height has power on the deep;

They are raised for ever and ever, And sink again into sleep.' VII.

Not raised for ever and ever, But when their cycle is o'er, The valley, the voice, the peak, the star Pass, and are found no more.

VIII.

The Peak is high and flush'd At his highest with sunrise fire; The Peak is high, and the stars are high, And the thought of a man is higher.

IX.

A deep below the deep, And a height beyond the height! Our hearing is not hearing, And our seeing is not sight.

x.

The voice and the Peak Far into heaven withdrawn, The lone glow and long roar Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!

FLOWER in the crannied wall, I pluck you out of the crannies, I hold you here, root and all, in my hand, Little flower—but *if* I could understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and man is.

A DEDICATION.

DEAR, near and true — no truer Time himself

Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore

Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life

Shoots to the fall — take this and pray that he

Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,

May trust himself; and after 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.¹

¹ The fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Euonymus Europæus*).

EXPERIMENTS.

BOÄDICÉA.

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian legionaries 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, Catieuchlanian, 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 carcase 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 an emperor-idiot. Such is Rome, and this her deity: hear it, Spirit of Cássivëlaún!

'Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian! Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Catieuchlanian, 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 refluent 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, Catieuchlanian, 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, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant! Me the wife of rich Prasútagus, 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 ruled, 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, Catieuchlanian, shout Coritanian, Trinobant, Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously Like the leaf in a roaring whirlyind, 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 Oueen Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted. Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like, Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her fierce volubility. Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated. Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous lineäments. Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January, Roar'd as when the roaring 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 clamouring 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.

ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.

Hexameters and Pentameters.

THESE lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer ! No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England? When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us, Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters.

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 armouries, Tower, as the deep-domed empyrëan 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 spake; the Trojans roar'd applause;
- 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 vapour far into the heaven.
- And these all night upon the bridge¹ 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 eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,
- Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn. *Iliad* VIII. 542-561.

¹ Or, ridge.

THE WINDOW:

OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS.

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 drest 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.

THE WINDOW.

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 eve!
- Oh is it the brook, or a pool, or her window-pane,
 - When the winds are up in the morning?

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 morning!

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 windowpane of my dear,
 - And it brightens and darkens and brightens like my hope,
- And it darkens and brightens and darkens like my fear,
 - the winds are up in the And morning.

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.

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 !

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 wood-louse, 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 into 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.

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 for ever.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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.	 'A year hence, a year hence.' 'We shall both be gray.' 'A month hence, a month hence. 'Far, far away.'
 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 for ever 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 a May so fine? Why? For it's easy to find a rhyme. Merry the linnet and dove, Ma swallow and sparrow and throstle, and have your desire! 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. 	 '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 honour all the day. 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. Oh, 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, Oh, lighten into my eyes and my heart, Into my heart and my blood ! Heart, are you great enough For a love that never tires?
WHEN.	O heart, are you great enough for love?
Sun comes, moon comes, Time slips away. Sun sets, moon sets, Love, fix a day.	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.

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBHT MDCCCXXXIII.

STRONG Son of (God, ir	nmoi	tal 1	Love,	
Whom we,	that h	nave	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.

R

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, We are fools and slight: But vaster. 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. 1849. Τ. I HELD it truth, with him who sings 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.'

п.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones That name the under-lying 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.

ш.

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 murnurs 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.	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,
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:	Who pledgest 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
O heart, how fares it with thee now, That thou should'st fail from thy desire, Who scarcely darest to inquire,	Thy sailor, — while thy head is bow'd, His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud Drops in his vast and wandering grave.
'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	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;
tears, That grief hath shaken into frost!	Expecting still his advent home;
Such clouds of nameless trouble cross All night below the darken'd eyes; With morning wakes the will, and	And ever met him on his way With wishes, thinking, 'here to-day,' Or 'here to-morrow will he come.'
cries, 'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.' v.	O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove, That sittest ranging golden hair; And glad to find thyself so fair, Poor child, that waitest for thy love!
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.	For now her father's chimney glows In expectation of a guest; And thinking, 'this will please him best,'
But, for the unquiet heart and brain,	She takes a riband or a rose;
A use in measured language lies; The sad mechanic exercise, Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.	For he will see them on to-night; And with the thought her colour burns;
In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er, Like coarsest clothes against the	And, having left the glass, she turns Once more to set a ringlet right;
cold: But that large grief which these enfold	And, even when she turn'd, the curse Had fallen, and her future Lord Was drown'd in passing thro' the
Is given in outline and no more.	ford, Or kill'd in falling from his horse.
VI. One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'	O what to her shall be the end?
That 'Loss is common to the race'— And common is the commonplace, And vacant chaff well meant for grain.	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 remains,

Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn In vain; a favourable speed Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

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

My friend, the brother of my love;

now

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.

х.

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 bring'st 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.	 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
XI. Calm is the morn without a sound, Calm as to suit a calmer grief,	To where the body sits, and learn That I have been an hour away.
And only thro' the faded leaf The chestnut pattering to the ground: Calm and deep peace on this high wold, 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:	 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 for ever new, A void where heart on heart reposed; And, where warm hands have prest and closed, Silence, till I be silent too. Which weep the comrade of my choice, An awful thought, a life removed,
 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. 	An awful thought, a fife 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 wing, And glance about the approaching
XII. Lo, as a dove when up she springs To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe, Some dolorous message knit below	sails, As tho' they brought but merchants' bales, And not the burthen that they bring. XIV.
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	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;
O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large, And reach the glow of southern skies, And see the sails at distance rise. And linger weeping on the marge,	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 labouring 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 delivious 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.	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
Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be, I, falling on his faithful heart, Would breathing thro' his lips im- part	Cold in that atmosphere of Death, And scarce endure to draw the breath, Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:
The life that almost dies in me;	But open converse is there none, So much the vital spirits sink
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.	To see the vacant chair, and think, 'How good! how kind! and he is gone.'
	XXI.
XIX. The Danube to the Severn gave The darken'd heart that beat no	I sing to him that rests below, And, since the grasses round me wave, I take the grasses of the grave,
more; They laid him by the pleasant shore,	And make them pipes whereon to blow.
And in the hearing of the wave.	The traveller hears me now and then,
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.	And sometimes harshly will he speak: 'This fellow would make weakness weak, And melt the waxen hearts of men.'
The Wye is hush'd nor moved along, And hush'd my deepest grief of all, When fill'd with tears that cannot fall, I brim with sorrow drowning song.	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.'
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.	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?
· XX.	'A time to sicken and to swoon,
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;	When Science reaches forth her arms To feel from world to world, and charms Her secret from the latest moon?'
Who speak their feeling as it is, And weep the fulness from the mind:	Behold, ye speak an idle thing: Ye never knew the sacred dust:
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find Another service such as this.'	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 pure 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 our first Sun arose and set.

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 it 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 dreary 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 ---
- Oh, 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 linnet 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, whate'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 goodwill, goodwill and peace,
- Peace and goodwill, 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 sisters 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 our Christmas-eve. At our old pastimes in the 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, altho' 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 neighbours 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 ffeaven, her happy views:

Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse A life that leads melodious days.

Iler faith thro' form is pure as thine, Her hands are quicker unto good: Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood To which she links a truth divine!	 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.'
See thou, that countest 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.	O me, what profits it to put An idle case? If Death were see At first as Death, Love had not been Or been in narrowest working shut,
XXXIV.	Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
My own dim life should teach me this, That life shall live for evermore, Else earth is darkness at the core, And dust and ashes all that is;	Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape Had bruised the herb and crush'e the grape, And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.
This round of green, this orb of flame,	XXXVI.
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks In some wild Poet, when he works Without a conscience or an aim.	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;
What then were God to such as I? 'Twere hardly worth my while to choose Of things all mortal, or to use	For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers, Where truth in closest words shal fail,
A little patience ere I die;	When truth embodied in a tale Shall enter in at lowly doors.
'Twere best at once to sink to peace, Like birds the charming serpent draws,	And so the Word had breath, and wrought
To drop head-foremost in the jaws Of vacant darkness and to cease.	With human hands the creed of creeds In loveliness of perfect deeds,
XXXV.	More strong than all poetic thought;
Yet if some voice that man could trust Should murmur from the narrow house, 'The cheeks drop in; the body	Which he may read that binds the sheat Or builds the house, or digs the grave And those wild eyes that watch the wave
bows; Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:'	In roarings round the coral reef.
	XXXVII.
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 cars and hear	Urania speaks with darken'd brow: 'Thou pratest here where thou ar least; This faith has many a purer priort
But I should turn mine ears and hear	This faith has many a purer priest, And many an abler voice than thou.
The moanings of the homeless sea, The sound of streams that swift or slow	'Go down beside thy native rill, On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
Draw down . Eonian hills, and sow	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 earthly Muse, And owning but a little 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.

Old warder of these buried bones, And answering now my random stroke With fruitful cloud and living smoke,

Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless head, To thee too comes the golden hour When flower is feeling after flower; But Sorrow — fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men, — What whisper'd from her lying lips? Thy gloom is kindled at the tips, And passes into gloom again. XL.

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 those great offices that 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.

XLI.

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss

Did ever rise from high to higher; As mounts the heavenward altarfire.

As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

nscious of the sliding hour, Bare of the body, might it last, And silent traces of the past the colour of the flower: en were nothing lost to man; so that still garden of the souls n many a figured leaf enrolls otal world since life began; ove will last as pure and whole as when he loved me here in Time, and at the spiritual prime ken with the dawning soul. XLIV. fares it with the happy dead? For here the man is more and more; But he forgets the days before hut the doorways of his head.
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But he forgets the days before hut the doorways of his head. lays have vanish'd, tone and tint,
ays have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
le flash, a mystic hint;
n the long harmonious years If Death so taste Lethean springs), May some dim touch of earthly things ise thee ranging with thy peers.
h a dreamy touch should fall,) turn thee round, resolve the doubt; Ay guardian angel will speak out at high place, and tell thee all.
XLV.
aby new to earth and sky,
Vhat time his tender palm is prest Against the circle of the breast,
never thought that 'this is I:'
s he grows he gathers much, And learns the use of 'I,' and
b V A n

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.

XLVI.

We ranging down this 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.

O 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.

XLVII.

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.'

XLVIII.

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born, Were taken to be such as closed Grave doubts and answers here proposed,

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 may flit

- 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.

XLIX.

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 wreathe, 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-pencill'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.

L.

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.

LI.

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?

Shall 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?

There must be wisdom with great Death:

- 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.

LII.

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 wealth is gather'd in,
- When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl.'

LIII.

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?

Or, 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.

LIV.

Oh 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 complete;

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.

LV.

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.

LVI.

'So careful of the type?' but no. From scarped 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 ravine, 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 tare each other in their slime, Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!

O for thy voice to soothe and bless! What hope of answer, or redress? Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII.

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,' for evermore.

LVIII.

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.'

LIX.

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, howsoe'er I know thee, some Could hardly tell what name were thine.

LX.

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 neighbours 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?'

LXI.

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 dwarf'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 Shakspeare love thee more.

LXII.

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.

LXIII.

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.

LXIV.

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 circumstance,

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 labour of his hands, Or in the furrow musing stands; ' Does my old friend remember me?'

LXV.

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.

LXVI.

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.

LXVII.

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.

LXVIII.

- 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 thee.

LXIX.

- 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.

LXX.

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.

LXXI.

- 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.

LXXII.

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 splendour 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 windless flame
 - Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd

A chequer-work of beam and shade Along the hills, yet look'd 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 may'st thy burthen'd brows Thro' clouds that drench the morning 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 dav:

Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray, And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXIII.

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? | To stir a little dust of praise.

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 dving fame, Fade wholly, while the soul exults. And self-infolds the large results
- Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV.

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.

LXXV.

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 howsoe'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

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.

LXXVI.

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?

rum d bhens or honor to

LXXVII.

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

A grief, then changed to something else,

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.

LXXVIII.

- 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.

LXXIX.

' 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 eddying coves; the same All winds that roam the twilight

came

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 want the more As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX.

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.

LXXXI.

Could I have said while he was here, 'My love shall now no further range:

There cannot come a mellower 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.'

lxxxII.

I wage not any 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 shatter'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.

LXXXIII.

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.

LXXXIV.

When I contemplate all alone The life that had been thine below, And fix 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;	What reed was that on which I leant? Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake The old bitterness again, and break The low beginnings of content.
e i un internation et inty en en,	LXXXV.
 Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine; For now the day was drawing on, When thou should'st link thy life with one Of mine own house, and boys of thine Had babbled ' Uncle ' on my knee; But that remorseless iron hour 	 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,
Made cypress of her orange flower, Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.	What kind of life is that I lead;
I seem to meet their least desire, To clap their cheeks, to call them mine. I see their unborn faces shine	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;
Beside the never-lighted fire.	Your words have virtue such as draws
I see myself an honour'd guest, Thy partner in the flowery walk Of letters, genial table-talk, Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;	A faithful answer from the breast, Thro' light reproaches, half exprest, And loyal unto kindly laws.
While now thy prosperous labour fills The lips of men with honest praise, And sun by sun the happy days Descend below the golden hills	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.
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;	The great Intelligences fair That range above our mortal state, In circle round the blessed gate, Received and gave him welcome there;
Till slowly worn her earthly robe, Her lavish mission richly wrought, Leaving great legacies of thought, Thy spirit should fail from off the globe;	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.
What time mine own might also flee, As link'd with thine in love and fate, And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait	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
To the other shore, involved in thee,	him.
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.	 O friendship, equal-poised control, O heart, with kindliest motion warm, O sacred essence, other form, O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,	My old affection of the tomb,
How much of act at human hands	A part of stillness, yearns to speak :
The sense of human will demands	'Arise, and get thee forth and seek
By which we dare to live or die.	A friendship for the years to come.
Whatever way my days decline,	'I watch thee from the quiet shore;
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,	Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
His being working in mine own,	But in dear words of human speech
The footsteps of his life in mine;	We two communicate no more.'
A life that all the Muses deck'd With gifts of grace, that might ex- press All-comprehensive tenderness, All-subtilising intellect :	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 so my passion hath not swerved	And lightly does the whisper fall;
To works of weakness, but I find	'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
An image comforting the mind,	I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And in my grief a strength reserved.	And that serene result of all.'
Likewise the imaginative woe, That loved to handle spiritual strife, Diffused the shock thro' all my life,	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.
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 hopes that make us men.	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;
I woo your love: I count it crime	If not so fresh, with love as true,
To mourn for any overmuch;	I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I, the divided half of such	I could not, if I would, transfer
A friendship as had master'd Time;	The whole I felt for him to you.
Which masters Time indeed, and is	For which be they that hold apart
Eternal, separate from fears :	The promise of the golden hours?
The all-assuming months and years	First love, first friendship, equal
Can take no part away from this:	powers,
But Summer on the steaming floods,	That marry with the virgin heart.
And Spring that swells the narrow	Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
brooks,	That beats within a lonely place,
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,	That yet remembers his embrace,
That gather in the waning woods,	But at his footstep leaps no more,
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 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.

As not unlike to that of Spring. LXXXVI. Sweet after showers, ambrosial air, That rollest from the gorgeous gloom And meadow, slowly breathing bare The round of space, and rapt below Thro' all the dewy-tassell'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 The full new life that feeds thy breath Ill brethren, let the fancy fly From belt to belt of crimson seas On leagues of odour 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 prophet blazon'd on the panes; And caught once more the distant shout,		
 Sweet alter showers, anilyostal alt, gloom That rollest from the gorgeous gloom And neadow, slowly breathing bare The round of space, and rapt below Thro' all the dewy-tassell'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 crimison seas On leagues of odour streaming far, To where in yonder orient star A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.' LXXXVII. 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 prophet 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, but not the same; and last Up that long walk of limes I past 	Knowing the primrose yet is dear, The primrose of the later year, As not unlike to that of Spring.	I linger'd; all within was noise Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'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 and Death, Ill brethren, let the fancy fly From belt to belt of crimson seas On leagues of odour streaming far, To where in yonder orient star A hundred spirits whisper ' Peace.' LXXXVII. 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 prophet 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	That rollest from the gorgeous gloom Of evening over brake and bloom	Of youthful friends, on mind and art, And labour, and the changing mart,
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 odour streaming far, To where in yonder orient star A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.' LXXXVII. 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 prophet 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	Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood, And shadowing down the horned flood	But send it slackly from the string; And one would pierce an outer ring,
On leagues of odour streaming far, To where in yonder orient star A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.' LXXXVII. 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 prophet blazon'd on the panes; And caught once more the distant shout, The measured pulse of racing oars 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	The full new life that feeds thy breath Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,	Would cleave the mark. A willing ear We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
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 prophet 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 I post beside the reverend walls And seem to lift the form, and glow In azure orbits heavenly-wise; And over those ethereal eyes The same to lift the form, and glow In azure orbits heavenly-wise; And over those ethereal eyes The bar of Michael Angelo. LXXXVIII. Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks, O tell me where the passions meet, Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ 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	On leagues of odour streaming far, To where in yonder orient star A hundred spirits whisper ' Peace.'	And music in the bounds of law, To those conclusions when we saw
The storm their high-built organs make, And thunder-music, rolling, shake The prophet 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	I past beside the reverend walls In which of old I wore the gown; I roved at random thro' the town,	In azure orbits heavenly-wise; And over those ethereal eyes
 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 Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ 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 	The storm their high-built organs make, And thunder-music, rolling, shake	Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks, O tell me where the senses mix,
The same, but not the same; and last Up that long walk of limes I past I cannot all command the strings; The glory of the sum of things	The measured pulse of racing oars Among the willows; paced the shores And many a bridge, and all about	Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ Thy spirits in the darkening leaf, And in the midmost heart of grief
	The same, but not the same; and last Up that long walk of limes I past	I cannot all command the strings; The glory of the sum of things

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LXXXIX.

- 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 brawling 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 poets 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 social 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 honied hours.

xc.

- 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 past 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,	That stays him from the native land Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?
I find not yet one lonely thought That cries against my wish for thee. XCI.	No visual shade of some one lost, But he, the Spirit himself, may come Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
When rosy plumelets tuft the larch, And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;	Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost. O, therefore from thy sightless range
Or underneath the barren bush Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;	With gods in unconjectured bliss, O, from the distance of the abyss Of tenfold-complicated change,
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.	Descend, and touch, and enter; hear The wish too strong for words to name; That in this blindness of the frame
When summer's hourly-mellowing change May breathe, with many roses sweet, Upon the thousand waves of wheat,	My Ghost may feel that thine is near. XCIV.
That ripple round the lonely grange; Come: not in watches of the night, But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,	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.
Come, beauteous in thine after form, And like a finer light in light. XCII. If any vision should reveal Thy likeness, I might count it vain	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.
As but the canker of the brain; Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal To chances where our lots were cast	They haunt the silence of the breast, Imaginations calm and fair, The memory like a cloudless air, The conscience as a sea at rest:
Together in the days behind, I might but say, I hear a wind Of memory murmuring the past.	But when the heart is full of din, And doubt beside the portal waits,
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 two	They can but listen at the gates, And hear the household jar within. XCV.
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.	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;
XCIII. I shall not see thee. Dare I say No spirit ever brake the band	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	The blows of Death. At length my trance
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes	Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;	Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
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	In matter-moulded forms of speech, Or ev'n for intellect to reach Thro' memory that which I became :
trees Laid their dark arms about the field.	Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd The knolls once more where, couch'd
	at ease,
But when those others, one by one, Withdrew themselves from me and night,	The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees Laid their dark arms about the field:
And in the house light after light Went out, and I was all alone,	And suck'd from out the distant gloom A breeze began to tremble o'er
A hunger scized my heart; I read Of that glad year which once had been,	The large leaves of the sycamore, And fluctuate all the still perfume,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green, The noble letters of the dead:	And gathering freshlier overhead, Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
And strangely on the silence broke	The heavy-folded rose, and flung The lilies to and fro, and said,
The silent-speaking words, and strange Was love's dumb cry defying change	'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away; And East and West, without a
To test his worth; and strangely spoke	breath, Mixt their dim lights, like life and
The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell On doubts that drive the coward back,	death, To broaden into boundless day.
And keen thro' wordy snares to track Suggestion to her inmost cell.	XCVI.
So word by word, and line by line, The dead man touch'd me from the past,	You say, but with no touch of scorn, Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes Are tender over drowning flies
And all at once it seem'd at last The living soul was flash'd on mine,	Are tender over drowning flies, You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.
And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd About empyreal heights of thought, And came on that which is, and	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:
caught The deep pulsations of the world,	Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
Æonian music measuring out The steps of Time – the shocks of	At last he beat his music out. There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Chance —	Believe me, than in half the creeds.

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.'
XCVIII.
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 splendour 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.

XCIX.

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;

Day, when I lost the nower 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.

С.

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;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw That hears the latest linnet trill, Nor quarry trenched 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 1 ass away,

I think once more he seems to die.

CI.

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 labourer tills His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;

And year by year our memory fades From all the circle of the hills.

CII.

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,	To where a little shallop lay
As down the garden-walks I move,	At anchor in the flood below;
Two spirits of a diverse love	And on by many a level mead,
Contend for loving masterdom.	And shadowing bluff that made the
One whispers, ' Here thy boyhood sung	And shadowing bluit that made the
Long since its matin song, and	banks,
heard	We glided winding under ranks
The low love-language of the bird	Of iris, and the golden reed;
In native hazels tassel-hung.'	And still as vaster grew the shore
The other answers, 'Yea, but here	And rolled the floods in grander
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours	space,
With thy lost friend among the	The maidens gather'd strength and
bowers,	grace
And this hath made them trebly dear.'	And presence, lordlier than before;
These two have striven half the day, And each prefers his separate claim, Poor rivals in a losing game, That will not yield each other way.	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;
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.	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;
CIII. On that last night before we went	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.
From out the doors where I was bred,	The man we loved was there on deck,
I dream'd a vision of the dead,	But thrice as large as man he bent
Which left my after-morn content.	To greet us. Up the side I went,
Methought I dwelt within a hall,	And fell in silence on his neck :
And maidens with me: distant hills	Whereat those maidens with one mind
From hidden summits fed with rills	Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong:
A river sliding by the wall.	'We served thee here,' they said,
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;	' so long, And wilt thou leave us now behind?' So rapt I was, they could not win
And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,	An answer from my lips, but he
The shape of him I loved, and love	Replying, 'Enter likewise ye
For ever: then flew in a dove	And go with us:' they enter'd in.
And brought a summons from the sea : And when they learnt that I must go They wept and wail'd, but led the way	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.

CIV.

The time draws near the birth of Christ; The moon is hid, the night is still; A single church below the hill Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below, That wakens at this hour of rest A single murmur in the breast, That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound, In lands where not a memory strays, Nor landmark breathes of other days, But all is new unhallow'd ground.

cv.

To-night ungather'd let us leave This laurel, let this holly 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 of wassail 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.

CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The 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 ring 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.

CVII.

It is the day when he was born, A bitter day that early sank Behind a purple-frosty bank Of vapour, 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:	CIX. 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
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,	Of freedom in her regal seat Of England; not the schoolboy heat, The blind hysterics of the Celt;
With books and music, surely we Will drink to him, whate'er he be, And sing the songs he loved to hear.	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;
CVIII.	All these have been, and thee mine eyes
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:	Have look'd on: if they look'd in vain, My shame is greater who remain, Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.
What profit lies in barren faith,	CX.
And vacant yearning, tho' with might To scale the heaven's highest height, Or dive below the wells of Death?	Thy converse drew us with delight, The men of rathe and riper years : The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
What find I in the highest place, But mine own phantom chanting hymns?	On thee the loyal-hearted hung, The proud was half disarm'd of
And on the depths of death there swims The reflex of a human face.	ne proud was han disaring of pride, Nor cared the serpent at thy side To flicker with his double tongue.
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. T	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 nearest, sat apart, And felt thy triumph was as mine; And loved them more, that they were thine,

The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Nor 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.

CXI.

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.

CXII.

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 for ever at a touch, And hope could never hope too much.

In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought, And tracts of calm from tempest made.

And world-wide fluctuation sway'd In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXIII.

'Tis 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.

CXIV.

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	CXVI. Is it, then, regret for buried time That keenlier in sweet April wakes, And meets the year, and gives and
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.	takes The colours of the crescent prime? Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
A higher hand must make her mild, If all be not in vain; and guide Her footsteps, moying side by side With wisdom, like the younger child:	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
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,	Upon me, while I muse alone; And that dear voice, I once have known, Still speak to me of me and mine:
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.	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.
	CXVII.
CXV. Now fades the last long streak of snow, Now burgeons every maze of quick About the flowering squares, and thick	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:
By ashen roots the violets blow.	That out of distance might ensue
Now rings the woodland loud and long, The distance takes a lovelier hue, And drown'd in yonder living blue	Desire of nearness doubly sweet; And unto meeting when we meet, Delight a hundredfold accrue,
The lark becomes a sightless song.	For every grain of sand that runs, And every span of shade that
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;	And every kiss of toothed wheels, And all the courses of the suns.
1171	CXVIII.
Where now the seamew pipes, or dives In yonder greening gleam, and fly The happy birds, that change their sky To build and brood; that live their lives	Contemplate all this work of Time, The giant labouring in his youth; Nor dream of human love and truth, As dying Nature's earth and lime;
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.	But trust that those we call the dead Are breathers of an ampler day For ever 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. CXIX. 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-withdrawn 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. CXX. 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.

CXXI.

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.

CXXII.

- Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then, While I rose up against my doom, And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
- To 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,

A warmth within the breast would melt And enter in at breast and bro Till all my blood, a fuller wave. The freezing reason's colder part. And like a man in wrath the heart Be quicken'd with a livelier breath, Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.' And like an inconsiderate boy. As in the former flash of joy. No, like a child in doubt and fear: I slip the thoughts of life and death: But that blind clamour made me wise And all the breeze of Fancy blows, Then was I as a child that cries. And every dew-drop paints a bow, But, crying, knows his father near; The wizard lightnings deeply glow, And every thought breaks out a rose. And what I am beheld again What is, and no man understands: And out of darkness came the CXXIII hands There rolls the deep where grew the tree. That reach thro' nature, moulding men. O earth, what changes hast thou seen! CXXV. There where the long street roars Whatever I have said or sung, hath been The stillness of the central sea. Some bitter notes my harp would give. The hills are shadows, and they flow Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live From form to form, and nothing A contradiction on the tongue, stands: They melt like mist, the solid lands, Yet Hope had never lost her youth: Like clouds they shape themselves and She did but look through dimmer eves: go. Or Love but play'd with gracious But in my spirit will I dwell, lies. Because he felt so fix'd in truth: And dream my dream, and hold it true: For tho' my lips may breathe adieu. And if the song were full of care, He breathed the spirit of the song; I cannot think the thing farewell. And if the words were sweet and strong CXXIV. He set his royal signet there; That which we dare invoke to bless: Our dearest faith; our ghastliest Abiding with me till I sail doubt: To seek thee on the mystic deeps, He, They, One, All; within, with-And this electric force, that keeps out: A thousand pulses dancing, fail. The Power in darkness whom we guess; CXXVI. I found Him not in world or sun, Love is and was my Lord and King, Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye; Nor thro' the questions men may And in his presence I attend To hear the tidings of my friend, try, Which every hour his couriers bring. The petty cobwebs we have spun: If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep, Love is and was my King and Lord. I heard a voice, 'Believe no more' And will be, tho' as yet I keep Within his court on earth, and sleep And heard an ever-breaking shore Encompass'd by his faithful guard, That tumbled in the Godless deep;

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.

CXXVII.

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.

CXXVIII.

The love that rose on stronger wings, Unpalsied when he met with Death, Is comrade of the lesser faith That sees the course of human thin

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.

CXXIX.

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, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be; Loved deeplier, darklier understood; Behold, I dream a dream of good, And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX.

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.

CXXXI.

O living will that shalt endure When all that seems shall suffer shock,

Rise in the spiritual rock,	And brighten like the star that shook
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,	Betwixt the palms of paradise.
That we may lift from out of dust	O when her life was yet in bud,
A voice as unto him that hears,	He too foretold the perfect rose.
A cry above the conquer'd years	For thee she grew, for thee she grows
To one that with us works, and trust,	For ever, and as fair as good.
With faith that comes of self-control,	And thou art worthy; full of power;
The truths that never can be proved	As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Until we close with all we loved,	Consistent; wearing all that weight
And all we flow from, soul in soul.	Of learning lightly like a flower.
O true and tried, so well and long,	But now set out: the noon is near,
Demand not thou a marriage lay;	And I must give away the bride;
In that it is thy marriage day	She fears not, or with thee beside
Is music more than any song.	And me behind her will not fear:
Nor have I felt so much of bliss	For I that danced her on my knee,
Since first he told me that he loved	That watch'd her on her nurse's arm.
A daughter of our house; nor proved	That shielded all her life from harm
Since that dark day a day like this;	At last must part with her to thee;
Tho' I since then have number'd o'er	Now waiting to be made a wife,
Some thrice three years: they went	Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
and came,	Their pensive tablets round her head
Remade the blood and changed the	And the most living words of life
frame, And yet is love not less, but more;	Breathed in her ear. The ring is on, The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of twain
No longer caring to embalm	Her sweet 'I will' has made you one.
In dying songs a dead regret,	Now sign your names, which shall be read
But like a statue solid-set,	Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
And moulded in colossal calm.	By village eyes as yet unborn;
Regret is dead, but love is more	The names are sign'd, and overhead
Than in the summers that are flown,	Begins the clash and clang that tells
For I myself with these have grown	The joy to every wandering breeze;
To something greater than before;	The blind wall rocks, and on the tree
Which makes appear the songs I made	The dead leaf trembles to the bells.
As echoes out of weaker times,	O happy hour, and happier hours
As half but idle brawling rhymes,	Await them. Many a merry face
The sport of random sun and shade.	Salutes them — maidens of the place
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 :	 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
On me she bends her blissful eyes	grave
And then on thee; they meet thy look	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-favour'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 he 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 vapour 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 splendour 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 command 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 divine event,

To which the whole creation moves.

MAUD; A MONODRAMA.

PART I.

I.

ı.

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little wood, Its lips in the field above are dappled with blood-red heath, The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood, And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers 'Death.'

п.

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 dinted into the ground: There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

ш.

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had fail'd, 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.

IV.

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.

v.

Villainy somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all. Not he; his honest fame should at least by me be maintained: 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.

VI.

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?

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.

IX.

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.

x.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head, Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife, And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread, And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life,

XI.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous 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.

XII.

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.

XIII.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill, And the rushing battle-boat sang from the three-decker out of the foam, That the smooth-faced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter and till, And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.

XIV.

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?

XV.

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,

XVI.

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?

XVII.

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.

XVIII.

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, —

XIX.

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 myself, 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 savour 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 little 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?

п.

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 ale-house 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!

III.

When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head of the race? I met her to-day with her brother, but not 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.

IV.

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.

v.

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.

VI.

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth, For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,

MAUD.

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?

VII.

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.

VIII.

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 civilisation be ruled with rod or with knout? I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

IX.

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 clamour 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.

х.

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.

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. п.

Maud with her exquisite face,

- And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
- And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
- Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
- Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
- Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,

And myself so languid and base.

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.

I.

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.

п.

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.

ш.

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 colour'd flame; Till at last when the morning came In a cloud, it faded, and seems

But an ashen-gray delight.

IV.

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.

v.

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.

VI.

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 vestermorn 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.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.

IX.

- 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 splendour, her hand,
- Come sliding out of her sacred glove, And the sunlight broke from her lip?

х.

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.

I.

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?

п.

Men were drinking together, Drinking and talking of me; 'Well, if it prove a girl, the boy Will have plenty: so let it be.' ш.

Is it an echo of something Read with a boy's delight, Viziers nodding together In some Arabian night?

IV.

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, Then returns the dark With no more hope of light.

Χ.

I.

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread? Was not one of the two at her side This new-made lord, whose splendour 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 Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine

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 simper and set their voices lower, And soften as if to a girl, and hold Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine, Seeing his gewgaw 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.

п.

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.

ш.

Last week came one to the country 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-brimm'd hawker of holy things,
- Whose ear is cramm'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 consequence? 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 fireside, With the evil tongue and the evil ear, For each is at war with mankind.

IV.

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.

v.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,

Like some of the simple great ones gone For ever 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.

VI.

And ah for a man to arise 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.

п.

Let the sweet heavens endure, Not close and darken above me

Before 1 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.

I.

Birds in the high Hall-garden When twilight was falling, Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud, They were crying and calling.

II.

Where was Maud? in our wood; And I, who else, was with her, Gathering woodland lilies, Myriads blow together.

III.

Birds in our wood sang Ringing thro' the valleys, Maud is here, here, here In among the lilies.

IV.

I kiss'd her slender hand, She took the kiss sedately; Maud is not seventeen, But she is tall and stately.

v.

I to cry out on pride Who have won her favour! O Maud were sure of Heaven If lowliness could save her.

VI.

I know the way she went Home with her maiden posy, For her feet have touch'd the meadows And left the daisies rosy.

VII.

Birds in the high Hall-garden Were crying and calling to her, Where is Maud, Maud, Maud? One is come to woo her.

VIII.

Look, a horse at the door, And little King Charley snarling, Go back, my lord, across the moor, You are not her darling.

U

XIII.

I.

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 essences turn'd the live air sick, And barbarous opulence jewel-thick Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands.

II.

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, Gorgonised me from head to foot With a stony British stare.

ш.

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 grav 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.

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be! Has not his sister 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.

11.

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 roystering 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.

ш.

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.

IV.

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.

Ι.

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.

п.

- What, if she be 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 if she
- Can break her word were it even for me?

I trust that it is not so.

III.

- Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart.
- Let not my tongue be a thrall to my eve.

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 Over glowing 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.

Ι.

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 promised good.

п.

None like her, none.

- Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering 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.

III.

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 altarflame;
- 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.

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway.

IV.

- 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 labour and the mattock-harden'd hand,
- Than nursed at 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.

v.

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.

vı.

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.

VII.

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 loving 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.'

VIII.

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, my 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 splendours 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.

Ι.

Her brother is coming back to-night, Breaking up my dream of delight. п.

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.

III.

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 !

IV.

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.

v.

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 reconciled;

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!

vı.

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 redden'd her cheek

When I bow'd to her on the moor.

VII.

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.

VIII.

Kind? but the deathbed 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!

IX.

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!

x.

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.

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 vext her and perplext 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 coolness 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 gipsy bonnet Be the neater and completer; For nothing can be sweeter Than maiden Maud in either.

п.

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.

ш.

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.

1V.

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, oh 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 splendour.

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 Mand has sent it by thee (If I read her sweet will right) On a blushing mission to me, Saying in odour and colour, '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 rose is blown.

11

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.

III.

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.

IV.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one With whom she has heart to be gav.

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.

v.

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes In babble 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, 'For ever and ever. mine.'

1 ° 7

And the soul of the rose went into my blood.

As the music clash'd in the hall;

And 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;

vп.

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.

VIII.

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.

IX.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls, Come hither, the dances are done,

- In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Oueen lily and rose in one;
- Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls.

To the flowers, and be their sun.

Χ.

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 lilv whispers, 'I wait.'

XI.

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.

PART II.

T.

Ι.

'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 passionate crv.

A cry for a brother's blood :

It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.

H.

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.

II.

τ

See what a lovely shell, Small and pure as a pearl, Lying close to my foot, Frail, but a work divine, Made so fairily well With delicate spire and whorl, How exquisitely minute, A miracle of design !

Π.

What is it? a learned man Could give it a clumsy name. Let him name it who can, The beauty would be the same.

III.

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 water-world?

IV.

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!

v.

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 ever 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?

VI.

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.

VII.

For years, a measureless ill, For years, for ever, 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.

VIII.

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.

IX.

Who knows if he be dead?

Whether I need have fled?

- 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.

III.

Courage, poor heart of stone! I will not ask thee why Thou canst not understand That thou art left for ever 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.

IV.

O that 'twere possible After long grief and pain To find the arms of my true love Round me once again!

п.

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.

ш.

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.

IV.

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.

v.

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.

VI.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet, And a dewy splendour 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.

VII.

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 passionate 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.

VIII.

Get thee hence, 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.

IX.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall, And the yellow vapours choke The great city sounding wide; The day comes, a dull red ball Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke On the misty river-tide.

х.

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 my heavy eyelids My anguish hangs like shame.

XI.

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.

XH.

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'?

XIII.

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.

V.

<u>ا</u>.

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,

Clamour 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.

п.

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 sufficed,
- But the churchmen fain would kill their church,

As the churches have kill'd their Christ.

ш.

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, betraying His party-secret, fool, to the press;

And vonder a vile physician, blabbing

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.

IV.

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?

v.

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'ergrown whelp to crack;
- Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and die.

VI.

Prophet, curse me the blabbing 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:	1X.
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it, Except that now we poison our babes, poor souls!	But what will the old man say? He laid a cruel snare in a pit To catch a friend of mine one stormy
It is all used up for that.	day; Yet now I could even weep to think
VII.	of it;
Tell him now: she is standing here at my head;	For what will the old man say? When he comes to the second corpse in the pit?
Not beautiful now, not even kind;	1
He may take her now; for she never	X.
speaks her mind, But is ever the one thing silent here. She is not <i>of</i> us, as I divine; She comes from another stiller world of the dead, Stiller, not fairer than mine.	Friend, to be struck by the public 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—
VIII.	I swear to you, lawful and lawless war Are scarcely even akin.
But I know where a garden grows, Fairer than aught in the world beside, All made up of the lily and rose	XI.
That blow by night, when the season is good,	O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
To the sound of dancing music and flutes : It is only flowers, they had no fruits,	Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,
And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood;	Me, that was never a quiet sleeper? Maybe still I am but half-dead;
For the keeper was one, so full of pride,	Then I cannot be wholly dumb;
He linkt a dead man there to a spectral bride;	I will cry to the steps above my head And somebody, surely, some kind heart
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of	will come
brutes,	To bury me, bury me
Would he have that hole in his side?	Deeper, ever so little deeper.

PART III.

VI.

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 night is fair on the dewy downs, And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer And starry Gemini hang like glorious erowns 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.

п.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight To have look'd, 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.

ш.

And as months ran on and rumour 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.

IV.

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 freër 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.

v.

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 myself 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.

IDYLLS OF THE KING.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

'Flos Regum Arthurus.' - JOSEPH OF EXETER.

DEDICATION.

	∔
them dear,	yea
Perchance as finding there unconsciously	Wearing t
Some image of himself — I dedicate,	life
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears	Before a t
These Idylls.	In that fie
These Tuyns.	
	thre
And indeed He seems to me	And black
Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,	Who dare
'Who reverenced his conscience as his	A lovelier
king;	his
Whose glory was, redressing human	Or how sh
wrong;	son
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd	Hope mor
to it;	tan
Who loved one only and who clave to	Of such a
her — '	Thou nobl
Her — over all whose realms to their last	Laborious
isle,	Voice in
Commingled with the gloom of imminent	day
war,	Far-sighte

The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse, Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone:

We know him now: all narrow jealousies Are stlent; and we see him as he moved, How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,

With what sublime repression of himself, 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 vantageground

THESE to His Memory—since he held them dear, Perchance as finding there unconsciously Vearing the white flower of a blameless

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 inheritance
- 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 — Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day —

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 leaves The Crown a lonely splendour.

May all love, His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,

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 wilderness,
- 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 princedoms 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

- 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 !

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 wolflike men,
- Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran
- Groan'd for the Roman legions here again,

And Cæsar's eagle: then his brother king,

- Urien, 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 	 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
saw,	To her that is the fairest under heaven,
One among many, tho' his face was bare.	I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
But Arthur, looking downward as he past,	And cannot will my will, nor work my
Felt the light of her eyes into his life	work
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and	Wholly, nor make myself in mine own
pitch'd	realm
His tents beside the forest. Then he	Victor and lord. But were I join'd with
drave	her,
The heathen; after, slew the beast, and	Then might we live together as one life,
fell'd	And reigning with one will in everything
The forest, letting in the sun, and made	Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
Broad pathways for the hunter and the	And power on this dead world to make
knight	it live.'
And so return'd.	Thereafter — as he speaks who tells the
For while he linger'd there,	tale —
A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the	When Arthur reach'd a field-of-battle
hearts	bright
Of those great Lords and Barons of his	With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, the
realm	world
Flash'd forth and into war: for most of	Was all so clear about him, that he saw
these,	The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
Colleaguing with a score of petty kings,	And even in high day the morning star.
Made head against him, crying, ' Who is	So when the King had set his banner
he	broad,
That he should rule us? who hath proven him	At once from either side, with trumpet- blast,
King Uther's son? for lo! we look at him, And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor	And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
And hid hor face for bearing, finds for	The long-lanced battle let their horses
voice,	run.
Are like to those of Uther whom we	And now the Barons and the kings pre-
knew.	vail'd,
This is the son of Gorloïs, not the King; This is the son of Anton, not the King.'	And now the King, as here and there that war
And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,	Went swaying; but the Powers who walk the world Made lightnings and great thunders over him,

- And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might,
- And mightier of his hands with every blow,
- And leading all his knighthood threw the kings
- Carádos, Urien, Cradlemont of Wales,
- Claudius, and Clariance of Northumberland.
- The King Brandagoras of Latangor.
- With Anguisant of Erin, Morganore,
- And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a voice
- As dreadful as the shout of one who sees
- To one who sins, and deems himself alone
- And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
- Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay the brands
- That hack'd among the flyers, 'Ho! they vield!'
- So like a painted battle the war stood
- Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
- And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord. He laugh'd upon his warrior whom he loved
- And honour'd most. 'Thou dost not doubt me King,
- So well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day.'
- 'Sir and my liege,' he cried, 'the fire of God
- Descends upon thee in the battle-field :
- I know thee for my King!' Whereat the two,
- For each had warded either in the fight,
- Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
- And Arthur said, 'Man's word is God in man:
- Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.'

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent

- Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
- His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,
- 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 holp me at my need,
- Give my one daughter saving to a king,
- And a king's son?' lifted his voice, and called
- 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 replied,
- '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 Ulfius, 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 Gorloïs,
- Others of Anton? Tell me, ye yourselves,
- Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son?'

And Ulfius and Brastias answer'd, 'Ay.'	Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule
 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 rumours on this head: For there be those who bate 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 those 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 Gorloïs, he that held Tintagil 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, Belliccent, 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 Gorloïs, so loathed the bright dishonour of his love, That Gorloïs and King Uther went to war: And overthrown was Gorloïs and slain. Then Uther in his wrath and heat besieged Ygerne within Tintagil, 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. 	 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 Gorloïs. 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 voice's cried, "Away with him ! No king of ours ! a son of Gorloïs he, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else the child of Anton, and no king, Or else baseborn." Yet Merlin thro' his craft, And while the people clamour
Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd in, And there was none to call to but him-	king, Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great
	Then while the King debated with him-
ward,	self
Not many moons, King Uther died him-	If Arthur were the child of shamefulness,

Or Uther's son, and born before his time, Or whether there were truth in anything Said by these three, there came to Came- liard, With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons, Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Belli- cent; 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. Victor his men Report him! Yea, but ye — think ye this king — So many those that hate him, and so strong,	 And cre it left their faces, thro' the cross And those around it and the Crucified, Down from the casement over Arthur, smote Flame-colour, 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,
So few his knights, however brave they be-	Who knows a subtler magic than his own —
Hath body enow to hold his foemen down?'	Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonder- ful.
 '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 daïs, 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 	She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword, Whereby to drive the heathen out : a mist Of incense curl'd about her, and her face Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom; But there was heard among the holy hymns A voice as of the waters, for she dwells 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.
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	'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—
who wakes Half-blinded at the coming of a light. 'But when he spake and cheer'd his	 And Arthur row d across and took n — rich With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt, Bewildering heart and eye — the blade so bright
Table Round With large, divine, and comfortable words, Beyond my tongue to tell thee — I beheld	That men are blinded by it — on one side, Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,

From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash A momentary likeness of the King: "Take me," but turn the blade and ye 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 Gorloïs and Ygerne am I;'

- 'And therefore Arthur's sister?' ask'd 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 Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he saw: 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 Gorloïs, 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?'

'O King!' she cried, 'and I will tell thee true:

He found me first when yet a little maid : Beaten had I 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 evermore 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, Uther, before he died; and on the night When Uther in Tintagil 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 chasm
- 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 heaven, a ship, the shape thereof

A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern	. Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:
Bright with a shining people on the decks, And gone as soon as seen. And then	Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
the two	From the great deep to the great deep he
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great	goes."
sea fall,	0
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,	'So Merlin riddling anger'd me; but thou
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep	Fear not to give this King thine only child, Guinevere: so great bards of him will
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged	sing
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame : And down the wave and in the flame was	Hereafter; and dark sayings from of old Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of
borne A naked habe, and rode to Merlin's feet	And echo'd by old folk beside their fires
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet, Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried "The King!	For comfort after their wage-work is done, Speak of the King; and Merlin in our
Here is an heir for Uther!" And the	time
fringe	Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the	Tho' men may wound him that he will
strand,	not die,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word, And all at once all round him rose in fire,	But pass, again to come; and then or now Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
So that the child and he were clothed in	Till these and all men hail him for their
fire.	king.'
And presently thereafter follow'd calm,	
Free sky and stars: "And this same	She spake and King Leodogran re-
child," he said,	joiced,
"Is he who reigns; nor could I part in	But musing 'Shall I answer yea or nay?'
peace	Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept,
Till this were told." And saying this the	and saw, Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
seer Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of	Field after field, up to a height, the peak
death,	Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom
Nor ever to be question'd any more	king,
Save on the further side; but when I met	Now looming, and now lost; and on the
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were	slope
truth —	The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd
The shining dragon and the naked child	was driven, Fire glimpsed; and all the land from
Descending in the glory of the seas — He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd	roof and rick,
me	In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
In riddling triplets of old time, and said :	Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with
8 1	the haze
"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!	And made it thicker; while the phantom king
A young man will be wiser by and by;	Sent out at times a voice; and here or
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.	there
Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the	Stood one who pointed toward the voice,
lea ! And truth is this to me, and that to thee;	the rest Slew on and burnt, crying, 'No king of
And truth is this to me, and that to thee, And truth or clothed or naked let it be.	ours,
Hard of elocated of handel for it bei	· · · · · ·

No son of Uther, and no king of ours; ' And holv Dubric spread his hands and Till with a wink his dream was changed, spake, the haze 'Reign ye, and live and love, and make Descended, and the solid earth became the world As nothing, but the King stood out in Other, and may thy Queen be one with heaven. thee. Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and And all this Order of thy Table Round Fulfil the boundless purpose of their sent Ulfius, and Brastias and Bedivere. King!' Back to the court of Arthur answering So Dubric said; but when they left the vea. shrine Great Lords from Rome before the portal Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved stood. And honour'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride In scornful stillness gazing as they past; Then while they paced a city all on fire forth And bring the Queen; — and watch'd him With sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew. from the gates: And Arthur's knighthood sang before the And Lancelot past away among the flowers, King : ---(For then was latter April) and return'd Among the flowers, in May, with Guine-'Blow trumpet, for the world is white vere. with May; To whom arrived, by Dubric the high Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd saint. away! Chief of the church in Britain, and before Blow thro' the living world — " Let the The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King reign." King That morn was married, while in stainless 'Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm? white, The fair beginners of a nobler time, Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon And glorying in their vows and him, his helm. Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the knights Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy. King reign. Far shone the fields of May thro' open door. 'Strike for the King and live! his The sacred altar blossom'd white with May, knights have heard The Sun of May descended on their King, That God hath told the King a secret They gazed on all earth's beauty in their word Queen, Fall battleaxe and flash brand! Let the Roll'd incense, and there past along the King reign. hymns A voice as of the waters, while the two 'Blow trumpet! he will lift us from Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless the dust. love : Blow trumpet! live the strength and die And Arthur said, 'Behold, thy doom is the lust! mine Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let Let chance what will, I love thee to the the King reign. death ! ' To whom the Queen replied with drooping 'Strike for the King and die! and if eyes, thou diest, 'King and my lord, I love thee to the The King is King, and ever wills the death !? highest.

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

'Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May ! Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day !

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

- 'The King will follow Christ, and we the King
- In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
- Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King reign.'

So sang the knighthood, moving to their hall.

There at the banquet those great Lords from Rome,

The slow-fading mistress of the world,

- Strode in, and claim'd their tribute as of vore.
- But Arthur spake, 'Behold, for these have sworn

To wage 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 over-
- The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

THE ROUND TABLE.

GARETH AND LYNETTE. THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT. GERAINT AND ENID. BALIN AND BALAN. MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

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 cataract,
- 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

LANCELOT AND ELAINE. THE HOLY GRAIL. PELLEAS AND ETTARRE. THE LAST TOURNAMENT, GUINEVERE.

Linger with vacillating obedience,

- Prison'd, and kept and coax'd 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 discaged to sweep

In ever-highering eagle-circles up

- To the great Sun 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-	And stay'd him, "Climb not lest thou break thy neck,
time, Ask'd me to tilt with him, the proven knight.	I charge thee by my love," and so the boy,
Modred for want of worthier was the	Sweet mother, neither clomb, nor brake his neck,
judge. Then I so shook him in the saddle, he	And brake his very heart in pining for it,
said, "Thou hast half prevail'd against me,"	And past away.'
said so — he — Tho' Modred biting his thin lips was mute,	To whom the mother said, 'True love, sweet son, had risk'd himself and climb'd,
For he is alway sullen: what care I?'	And handed down the golden treasure to him.'
And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair	And Gareth answer'd her with kindling
Ask'd, 'Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,	eyes, 'Gold? said I gold? — ay then, why he,
Sweet mother, do ye love the child?'	or she,
She laugh'd, 'Thou art but a wild-goose to question it.'	Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world Had ventured — had the thing I spake of been
'Then, mother, and ye love the child,' he said,	Mere gold — but this was all of that true steel,
Being a goose and rather tame than wild.	Whereof they forged the brand Excalibur, And lightnings play'd about it in the
Hear the child's story.' 'Yea, my well- beloved,	storm, And all the little fowl were flurried at it,
An 'twere but of the goose and golden eggs.'	And there were cries and clashings in the nest,
And Gareth answer'd her with kind-	That sent him from his senses : let me go.'
'Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg of	Then Bellicent bemoan'd herself and said,
Was finer gold than any goose can lay;	'Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness? Lo, where thy father Lot beside the
For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a	hearth Lies like a log, and all but smoulder'd
palm	out!
As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours. And there was ever haunting round the	For ever since when traitor to the King He fought against him in the Barons' war,
palm A lusty youth, but poor, who often saw	And Arthur gave him back his territory, His age hath slowly droopt, and now lies there
The splendour sparkling from aloft, and thought	A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburiable,
"An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,	No more; nor sees, nor hears, nor speaks, nor knows.
Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings."	And both thy brethren are in Arthur's hall,
But ever when he reach'd a hand to climb,	Albeit neither loved with that full love I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love :
One that had loved him from his child- hood, caught	Stay therefore thou; red berries charm the bird,

And thee, mine innocent, the jousts, the wars,	How can ye keep me tether'd to you — Shame.
Who never knewest finger-ache, nor pang Of wrench'd or broken limb — an often	Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
chance In those brain-stunning shocks, and	Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the King,
tourney-falls, Frights to my heart; but stay: follow the deer	Live pure, speak true, right wrong, fol- low the King — Else, wherefore born?'
By these tall firs and our fast-falling burns;	To whom the mother said,
So make thy manhood mightier day by day;	Sweet son, for there be many who deem him not,
Sweet is the chase: and I will seek thee out	Or will not deem him, wholly proven King —
Some comfortable bride and fair, to grace Thy climbing life, and cherish my prone	Albeit in mine own heart I knew him King,
year, Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness	When I was frequent with him in my youth,
I know not thee, myself, nor anything. Stay, my best son! ye are yet more boy	And heard him Kingly speak, and doubted him
than man.'	No more than he, himself; but felt him mine,
Then Gareth, 'An ye hold me yet for child,	Of closest kin to me: yet — wilt thou leave
Hear yet once more the story of the child.	Thine easeful biding here, and risk thine all,
For, mother, there was once a King, like ours.	Life, limbs, for one that is not proven King?
The prince his heir, when tall and mar- riageable,	Stay, till the cloud that settles round his birth
Ask'd for a bride; and thereupon the King	Hath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet son.'
Set two before him. One was fair, strong, arm'd —	And Gareth answer'd quickly, 'Not an hour,
But to be won by force — and many men Desired her; one, good lack, no man	So that ye yield me — I will walk thro' fire,
desired. And these were the conditions of the King:	Mother, to gain it — your full leave to go. Not proven, who swept the dust of ruin'd Rome
That save he won the first by force, he needs	From off the threshold of the realm, and crush'd
Must wed that other, whom no man desired,	The Idolaters, and made the people free? Who should be King save him who
A red-faced bride who knew herself so vile,	makes us free?'
That evermore she long'd to hide her- self,	So when the Queen, who long had sought in vain
Nor fronted man or woman, eye to eye -	To break him from the intent to which he grew,
Yea — some she cleaved to, but they died of her. And one — they call'd her Fame; and	Found her son's will unwaveringly one, She answer'd craftily, 'Will ye walk
one, — O mother,	thro' fire?

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And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turn'd, Perplext 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 Came- lot, 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 disappear'd. Then those who went with Gareth were amazed, One crying, 'Let us go no further, lord. Here is a city of Enchanters, built By fairy Kings.' The second echo'd him, 'Lord, we have heard from our wise man at home To Northward, that this King is not the

But only changeling out of Fairyland. Who drave the heathen hence by sorcery ings And Merlin's glamour.' Then the first Began to move, seethe, twine and curl: they call'd again. 'Lord, there is no such city anywhere, To Gareth, 'Lord, the gateway is alive.' But all a vision ? Gareth answer'd them eves With laughter, swearing he had glamour So long, that ev'n to him they seem'd to enow move. In his own blood, his princedom, youth and hopes, To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian whom sea: So push'd them all unwilling toward the man. gate. And there was no gate like it under sons?' heaven. For barefoot on the keystone, which was lined And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave. The Lady of the Lake stood: all her men. dress Wept from her sides as water flowing Doubt if the King be King at all, or come away; From Fairyland; and whether this be But like the cross her great and goodly built arms Stretch'd under all the cornice and up-By magic, and by fairy Kings and held: Oueens: And drops of water fell from either Or whether there be any city at all, Or all a vision: and this music now hand: Hath scared them both, but tell thou And down from one a sword was hung, from one these the truth. A censer, either worn with wind and storm: And o'er her breast floated the sacred ing on him And saving, 'Son, I have seen the good fish; And in the space to left of her, and right, ship sail Were Arthur's wars in weird devices Keel upward, and mast downward, in done. the heavens. New things and old co-twisted. as if And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air: Time

> Take thou the truth as thou hast told it me.

For truly as thou savest, a Fairy King

- son;
- They came from out a sacred mountaincleft
- Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand.
- And built it to the music of their harps,

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-boughts and elvish emblem-
- - And Gareth likewise on them fixt his
- Out of the city a blast of music peal'd. Back from the gate started the three, to
- From out thereunder came an ancient
- Long-bearded, saving, 'Who be ye, my

Then Gareth, 'We be tillers of the soil, Who leaving share in furrow come to see The glories of our King: but these, my

- (Your city moved so weirdly in the mist)

Then that old Seer made answer play-

- And here is truth; but an it please thee not.
- And Fairy Queens have built the city.

And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son,	Unmockingly the mocker ending her Turn'd to the right, and past along th
For there is nothing in it as it seems Saving the King; tho' some there be that hold	plain; Whom Gareth looking after said, 'M men,
The King a shadow, and the city real:	Our one white lie sits like a little ghos
Yet take thou heed of him, for, so thou	Here on the threshold of our enterprise
pass Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become	Let love be blamed for it, not she, nor I Well, we will make amends.'
A thrall to his enchantments, for the	With all good chee
King Will bind thee by such vows, as is a	He spake and laugh'd, then enter'd wit his twain
shame	Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
A man should not be bound by, yet the which	And stately, rich in emblem and th work
No man can keep; but, so thou dread to swear,	Of ancient kings who did their days i stone:
Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide	Which Merlin's hand, the Mage a
Without, among the cattle of the field.	Arthur's court, Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and every
For an ye heard a music, like enow They are building still, seeing the city is	where At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessenin
built	peak
To music, therefore never built at all, And therefore built for ever.'	And pinnacle, and had made it spire t heaven.
Courth analys	And ever and anon a knight would past Outward, or inward to the hall: his arm
Gareth spake Anger'd, 'Old Master, reverence thine own beard	Clash'd; and the sound was good t Gareth's ear.
That looks as white as utter truth, and seems	And out of bower and casement shyl glanced
Wellnigh as long as thou art statured tall!	Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of
Why mockest thou the stranger that hath	love; And all about a healthful people step
been To thee fair-spoken?'	As in the presence of a gracious king.
To thee fail-spoken:	Then into hall Gareth ascending hear
But the Seer replied,	A voice, the voice of Arthur, and behel
'Know ye not then the Riddling of the Bards?	Far over heads in that long-vaulted ha The splendour of the presence of th
"Confusion, and illusion, and relation,	King
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion "? I mock thee not but as thou mockest	Throned, and delivering doom—an look'd no more—
me,	But felt his young heart hammering i
And all that see thee, for thou art not who	his ears, And thought, ' For this half-shadow of
Thou seemest, but I know thee who thou art.	lie The truthful King will doom me when
And now thou goest up to mock the King,	speak.' Yet pressing on, tho' all in fear to find

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Of those tall knights, that ranged about the throne,	Which thou that slewest the sire hast left the son.
Clear honour shining like the dewy star Of dawn, and faith in their great King, with pure	So tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate, Grant me some knight to do the battle for me.
Affection, and the light of victory, And glory gain'd, and evermore to gain.	Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son.'
Then came a widow crying to the King, 'A boon, Sir King! Thy father, Uther,	Then strode a good knight forward, crying to him,
reft From my dead lord a field with violence : For howsoe'er at first he proffer'd gold,	'A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman, I. Give me to right her wrong, and slay the man.'
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	Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal, and cried,
field.'	'A boon, Sir King! ev'n that thou grant her none, This miles that both meabled thes in full
Said Arthur, 'Whether would ye? gold or field?' To whom the woman weeping, 'Nay, my	This railer, that hath mock'd thee in full hall — None; or the wholesome boon of gyve
lord, The field was pleasant in my husband's	and gag.'
eye.' And Arthur, 'Have thy pleasant field	But Arthur, 'We sit King, to help the wrong'd Thro' all our realm. The woman loves
again, And thrice the gold for Uther's use	her lord. Peace to thee, woman, with thy loves and
thereof, According to the years. No boon is here, But justice, so thy say be proven true.	hates ! The kings of old had doom'd thee to the flames,
Accursed, who from the wrongs his father did	Aurelius Emrys would have scourged thee dead,
Would shape himself a right!'	And Uther slit thy tongue : but get thee hence — Lest that rough humour of the kings of
And while she past, Came yet another widow crying to him, 'A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy, King,	old Return upon me! Thou that art her
am I. With thine own hand thou slewest my	kin, Go likewise; lay him low and slay him
dear lord, A knight of Uther in the Barons' war, When Lot and many another rose and	not, But bring him here, that I may judge the right,
fought Against thee, saying thou wert basely	According to the justice of the King : Then, be he guilty, by that deathless King Who lived and died for men, the man
born. I held with these, and loathe to ask thee aught.	shall die.'
Yet lo! my husband's brother had my son	Then came in hall the messenger of Mark,
Thrall'd in his castle, and hath starved him dead; And standeth seized of that inheritance	A name of evil savour 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 honour 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 smoulder'd 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 ran 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,
- Silenced for ever craven a man of plots,
- Crafts, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings —
- No fault of thine: let Kay the seneschal 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 hungerworn I seem — leaning on these? grant me to serve
- For meat and drink among thy kitchenknaves
- 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 so thou wilt no goodlier, then must Kav,
- 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,
- God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow,
- However that might chance! 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 judging of him.'
 - Then Kay, 'What murmurest thou of mystery?
- Think ve this fellow will poison the King's dish?
- Nay, for he spake too fool-like: mystery!
- Tut, an the lad were noble, he had ask'd
- For horse and armour: 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 voke of kitchen-vassalage;
- Ate with young lads his portion by the door.
- And couch'd at night with grimy kitchenknaves.
- And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
- But Kay the seneschal, who loved him not, Would hustle and harry him, and labour 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 Tournament, 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-Ervri'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, reverenced him.

- Or Gareth telling some prodigious tale
- Of knights, who sliced a red life-bubbling way
- Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon, held All in a gap-mouth'd circle his good mates Lying or sitting round him, idle hands,

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Charm'd; till Sir Kay, the seneschal,	'I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt
would come Blustering upon them, like a sudden wind	For pastime; yea, he said it : joust can I. Make me thy knight — in secret ! let my
Among dead leaves, and drive them all	name
apart. Or when the thralls had sport among	Be hidd'n, and give me the first quest, I spring
themselves, So there were any trial of mastery,	Like flame from ashes.'
He, by two yards in casting bar or stone Was counted best; and if there chanced a joust,	Here the King's calm eye Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow
So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to go, Would hurry thither, and when he saw	Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him,
the knights	'Son, the good mother let me know thee
Clash like the coming and retiring wave, And the spear spring, and good horse reel, the boy	here, And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.
Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.	Make thee my knight? my knights are sworn to vows
So for a month he wrought among the	Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
thralls; But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,	And, loving, utter faithfulness in love, And uttermost obedience to the King.'
Repentant of the word she made him	Then Gareth, lightly springing from
swear, And saddening in her childless castle, sent.	his knees, ' My King, for hardihood I can promise thee.
Between the in-crescent and de-crescent	For uttermost obedience make demand Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal,
moon, Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.	No mellow master of the meats and drinks!
This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot	And as for love, God wot, I love not yet, But love I shall, God willing.'
With whom he used to play at tourney	And the King —
once, When both were children, and in lonely	'Make thee my knight in secret? yea, but he,
haunts	Our noblest brother, and our truest man,
Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand, And each at either dash from either end—	And one with me in all, he needs must know.'
Shame never made girl redder than	'Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know,
Gareth joy. He laugh'd; he sprang. 'Out of the smoke, at once	Thy noblest and thy truest !'
I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee —	And the King- 'But wherefore would ye men should
These news be mine, none other's — nay, the King's —	wonder at you?
Descend into the city:' whereon he sought	Nay, rather for the sake of me, their King, And the deed's sake my knighthood do
The King alone, and found, and told him all.	the deed, Than to be noised of.'

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Merrily Gareth ask'd,	'My name?' she said —
'Have I not earn'd my cake in baking	'Lynette my name; noble; my need, a
of it?	knight
Let be my name until I make my name!	To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
My deeds will speak : it is but for a day.'	A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
So with a kindly hand on Gareth's arm	And comely, yea, and comelier than my-
Smiled the great King, and half-unwill-	self.
ingly	She lives in Castle Perilous : a river
Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to	Runs in three loops about her living
him.	place;
Then, after summoning Lancelot privily, 'I have given him the first quest: he is	And o'er it are three passings, and three knights
not proven.	Defend the passings, brethren, and a
Look therefore when he calls for this in	fourth
hall,	And of that four the mightiest, holds
Thou get to horse and follow him far	her stayed
away.	In her own castle, and so besieges her
Cover the lions on thy shield, and see Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor	To break her will, and make her wed with him:
slain.'	And but delays his purport till thou send To do the battle with him, thy chief man Six Lancelot, whom, he trusts to sum
Then that same day there past into	Sir Lancelot whom he trusts to over-
the hall	throw,
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow	Then wed, with glory: but she will not
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-	wed
blossom,	Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender	Now therefore have I come for Lancelot.'
nose	Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower;	ask'd,
She into hall past with her page and	'Damsel, ye know this Order lives to
cried,	crush
'O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,	All wrongers of the Realm. But say, these four,
See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset By bandits, everyone that owns a tower	Who be they? What the fashion of the men?'
The Lord for half a league. Why sit ye there? Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king,	'They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King, The fashion of that old knight-errantry Who ride abroad, and do but what they
Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as free	will;
From cursed bloodshed, as thine altar-	Courteous or bestial from the moment,
cloth From that best blood it is a sin to spill.'	such As have nor law nor king; and three of these
'Comfort thyself,' said Arthur, 'I nor	Proud in their fantasy call themselves
mine	the Day,
Rest: so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,	Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Even- ing-Star,
The wastest moorland of our realm shall	Being strong fools; and never a whit
be	more wise
Safe, damsel, as the centre of this hall. What is thy name? thy need?'	The fourth, who always rideth arm'd in black,
Y	

A huge man-beast of boundless sav- agery.	Now two great entries open'd from the hall,
He names himself the Night and oftener Death,	At one end one, that gave upon a range Of level pavement where the King would
And wears a helmet mounted with a skull,	pace At sunrise, gazing over plain and wood;
And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,	And down from this a lordly stairway sloped
To show that who may slay or scape the three,	Till lost in blowing trees and tops of towers;
Slain by himself, shall enter endless night. And all these four be fools, but mighty	And out by this main doorway past the King.
men, And therefore am I come for Lancelot.'	But one was counter to the hearth, and rose
Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where	High that the highest-crested helm could ride
he rose, A head with kindling eyes above the	Therethro' nor graze: and by this entry fled
throng, 'A boon, Sir King—this quest!' then — for he mark'd	The damsel in her wrath, and on to this Sir Gareth strode, and saw without the door
Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull —	King Arthur's gift, the worth of half a town,
'Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen knave am I,	A warhorse of the best, and near it stood The two that out of north had follow'd
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I,	him: This bare a maiden shield, a casque;
And I can topple over a hundred such. Thy promise, King,' and Arthur glan-	that held The horse, the spear; whereat Sir Ga-
cing at him, Brought down a momentary brow.	reth loosed A cloak that dropt from collar-bone to
' Rough, sudden, And pardonable, worthy to be knight — Go therefore,' and all hearers were	A cloth of roughest web, and cast it
amazed.	down, And from it like a fuel-smother'd fire, That lookt half-dead, brake bright, and
But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath	flash'd as those Dull-coated things, that making slide
Slew the May-white: she lifted either arm,	apart Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath there
'Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy chief knight,	burns A jewell'd harness, ere they pass and fly.
And thou hast given me but a kitchen- knave.'	So Gareth ere he parted flash'd in arms. Then as he donn'd the helm, and took
Then ere a man in hall could stay her, turn'd,	the shield And mounted horse and graspt a spear,
Fled down the lane of access to the King, Took horse, descended the slope street,	of grain Storm-strengthen'd on a windy site, and
and past The weird white gate, and paused with-	tipt With trenchant steel, around him slowly
out, beside The field of tourney, murmuring 'kitchen- knave.'	prest The people, while 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 fellowship!'
- And on thro' lanes of shouting Gareth rode
- Down the slope street, and past without the gate.

So Gareth past with joy; but as 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 be low 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 kitchenknave.
- 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 wilt thou 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 overfine
- To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies: '

Then mounted, on thro' silent faces rode Down the slope city, and out beyond the

But by the field of tourney lingering yet Mutter'd the damsel, ' Wherefore did the

- King Scorn me? for, were Sir Lancelot lackt,
- 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.'

gate.

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 the holt.
- And deems it carrion of some woodland thing.
- Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose
- 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 therefore.'

'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 boundless wood,

And Gareth following was again beknaved.

- '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 follow'd evensong

Rode on the two, reviler and reviled;

- Then after one long slope was mounted, saw,
- Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thousand 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 shouts
- 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 contemptuously,

'Lead, and I follow,' Gareth cried again,

- 'Follow, I lead!' so down among the pines
- He plunged; and there, blackshadow'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 ve came, or else these And there they placed a peacock in his caitiff rogues pride Had wreak'd themselves on me: good Before the damsel, and the Baron set cause is theirs. Gareth beside her, but at once she rose. To hate me, for my wont hath ever been To catch my thief, and then like vermin 'Meseems, that here is much dishere courtesy. Drown him, and with a stone about his Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my neck: side. And under this wan water many of them Hear me — this morn I stood in Arthur's Lie rotting, but at night let go the stone. hall. And rise, and flickering in a grimly light And prav'd the King would grant me Dance on the mere. Good now, ve have Lancelot saved a life To fight the brotherhood of Dav and Worth somewhat as the cleanser of this Nightwood. The last a monster unsubduable And fain would I reward thee worship-Of any save of him for whom I call'd -fully. Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-What guerdon will ve?' knave. "The quest is mine; thy kitchen-knave Gareth sharply spake. am I. 'None! for the deed's sake have I done And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am Ĺ." the deed, In uttermost obedience to the King. Then Arthur all at once gone mad But wilt thou yield this damsel harbourreplies, age?' "Go therefore," and so gives the quest to him--Him — here — a villain fitter to stick Whereat the Baron saving, 'I well believe swine You be of Arthur's Table,' a light laugh Than ride abroad redressing woman's Broke from Lynette, 'Ay, truly of a truth, wrong, And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman.' knave! ---But deem not I accept thee aught the Then half-ashamed and part-amazed, more. the lord Scullion, for running sharply with thy Now look'd at one and now at other. left The damsel by the peacock in his pride, spit And, seating Gareth at another board, Down on a rout of craven foresters. A thresher with his flail had scatter'd Sat down beside him, ate and then began. them. Nav-for thou smellest of the kitchen 'Friend, whether thou be kitchenstill. knave, or not, But an this lord will yield us harbourage, Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy. well' And whether she be mad, or else the King, Or both or neither, or thyself be mad. So she spake. A league beyond the wood. I ask not: but thou strikest a strong All in a full-fair manor and a rich, stroke,
- His towers where that day a feast had For strong thou art and goodly therewithal,

been

three.

Held in high hall, and many a viand left, And many a costly cate, received the And saver of my life; and therefore now, For here be mighty men to joust with, weigh

 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 therebefore the lawless warrior paced Unarm'd, and calling, 'Damsel, is this he, The champion thou hast 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 not 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 Bare-footed and bare-headed three fair girls In gilt and rosy raiment came: their feet In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the hair
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,
proach,
folds
girls .
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

.

- 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
- Then hear thee so missay me and revile.
- 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, when 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 beseemeth 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,
- Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult Bevond his horse's crupper and the
- bridge, Fell as if dead, but suickly rose and
- Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,
- And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his brand
- 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 favour 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 savour of thy kitchen came upon me
- A little faintlier: but the wind hath changed:
- I scent it twenty-fold.' And then she sang,
- ""O morning star" (not that tall felon there

Whom thou by sorcery or unhappiness

- Or some device, hast foully overthrown),
- "O morning star that smilest in the blue, () star, my morning dream hath proven true,
- Smile sweetly, thou ! my love hath smiled on me."

	1
'But thou begone, take counsel, and	Ten thousand-fold had grown, flash'd the
away, For hard by here is one that guards a	fierce shield, All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots
ford — The second brother in their fool's para- ble —	Before them when he turn'd from watch-
Will pay thee all thy wages, and to boot.	ing him. He from beyond the roaring shallow
Care not for shame: thou art not knight but knave.'	roar'd, ' What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?'
To whom Sir Gareth answer'd laugh-	And she athwart the shallow shrill'd
ingly, 'Parables? Hear a parable of the knave. When I was kitchen-knave among the	again, 'Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
rest Fierce was the hearth, and one of my	Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath bis arms.'
co-mates Own'd a rough dog, to whom he cast his	'Ugh!' cried the Sun, and vizoring up a red
coat, "Guard it," and there was none to med-	And cipher face of rounded foolishness, Push'd horse across the foamings of the
dle with it. And such a coat art thou, and thee the	ford, Whom Gareth met midstream: no room
King Gave me to guard, and such a dog am I,	was there For lance or tourney-skill : four strokes
To worry, and not to flee — and — knight or knave —	they struck With sword, and these were mighty; the
The knave that doth thee service as full knight	new knight Had fear he might be shamed; but as the
Is all as good, meseems, as any knight Toward thy sister's freeing.'	Sun Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the
'Ay, Sir Knave!	fifth, The hoof of his horse slipt in the stream,
Ay, knave, because thou strikest as a knight, Being but knave, I hate thee all the	the stream Descended, and the Sun was wash'd away.
more.'	Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the
'Fair damsel, you should worship me the more,	ford; So drew him home; but he that fought
That, being but knave, I throw thine enemies.'	no more, As being all bone-batter'd on the rock,
'Ay, ay,' she said, ' but thou shalt meet	Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King.
thy match.'	'Myself when I return will plead for thee.'
So when they touch'd the second river- loop,	'Lead, and I follow.' Quietly she led. 'Hath not the good wind, damsel,
Huge on a huge red horse, and all in mail Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noon-	changed again?' 'Nay, not a point: nor art thou victor
day Sun Beyond a raging shallow. As if the	here. There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
flower,	His horse thereon stumbled — ay, for I

That blows a globe of after arrowlets, saw it.

.

"O Sun" (not this strong fool whom	Larded thy last, except thou turn and
thou, Sir Knave, Hastoverthrown thro' mere unhappiness), "O Sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,	fly. There stands the third fool of their allegory.'
O moon, that layest all to sleep again, Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me."	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
' What knowest thou of lovesong or of love?	broad Deep-dimpled current underneath, the
Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly born,	knight, That named himself the Star of Evening,
Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea, perchance, —	stood.
"O dewy flowers that open to the	And Gareth, 'Wherefore waits the madman there
sun, O dewy flowers that close when day is done,	Naked in open dayshine?' 'Nay,' she cried, 'Not naked, only wrapt in harden'd skins
Blow sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me."	That fit him like his own; and so ye cleave
'What knowest thou of flowers, except,	His armour off him, these will turn the blade.'
belike, To garnish meats with? hath not our good King	Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge,
Who lent me thee, the flower of kitchen- dom,	'O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?
A foolish love for flowers? what stick ye round The pasty? wherewithal deck the boar's head?	Thy ward is higher up: but have ye slain The damsel's champion?' and the damsel cried,
Flowers? nay, the boar hath rosemaries and bay.	'No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven
"O birds, that warble to the morning	With all disaster unto thine and thee ! For both thy younger brethren have gone
sky, O birds that warble as the day goes by,	down Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir
Sing sweetly : twice my love hath smiled on me."	Star; Art thou not old?'
'What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,	'Old, damsel, oid and hard, Old, with the might and breath of twenty
Linnet? what dream ye when they utter forth	boys.' Said Gareth, 'Old, and over-bold in
May-music growing with the growing light,	brag! But that same strength which threw the
Their sweet sun-worship? these be for the snare (So runs thy fancy) these he for the spit	Morning Star Can throw the Evening.'
(So runs thy fancy), these be for the spit, Larding and basting. See thou have not now	Then that other blew A hard and deadly note upon the horn.

	1
'Approach and arm me!' With slow steps from out	The buoy that rides at sea, and dips and springs
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stain'd	For ever; till at length Sir Gareth's brand
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,	Clash'd his, and brake it utterly to the
And arm'd him in old arms, and brought a helm	hilt. 'I have thee now; ' but forth that other
With but a drying evergreen for crest,	sprang,
And gave a shield whereon the Star of Even	And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry arms
Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his em-	Around him, till he felt, despite his mail,
blem, shone.	Strangled, but straining ev'n his utter-
But when it glitter'd o'er the saddle-bow,	niost
They madly hurl'd together on the bridge;	Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er the
And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,	bridge
There met him drawn, and overthrew him	Down to the river, sink or swim, and
again,	cried,
But up like fire he started: and as oft	'Lead, and I follow.'
As Gareth brought him grovelling on his	
knees,	But the damsel said,
So many a time he vaulted up again;	'I lead no longer; ride thou at my side;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great	Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-
heart,	· knaves.
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,	
Labour'd within him, for he seem'd as one	"O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy
That all in later, sadder age begins	plain,
To war against ill uses of a life,	O rainbow with three colours after rain,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,	Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath
'Thou hast made us lords, and canst not	smiled on me."
put us down!'	
He half despairs; so Gareth seem'd to	'Sir,—and, good faith, I fain had
strike	added — Knight,
Vainly, the damsel clamouring all the while,	But that I heard thee call thyself a
'Well done, knave-knight, well stricken,	knave, —
O good knight-knave—	Shamed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
O knave, as noble as any of all the	Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought
knights —	the King
Shame me not, shame me not. I have	Scorn'd me and mine; and now thy
prophesied —	pardon, friend,
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table	For thou hast ever answer'd courteously,
Round —	And wholly bold thou art, and meek
His arms are old, he trusts the harden'd	withal
skin—	As any of Arthur's best, but, being knave,
Strike - strike - the wind will never	Hast mazed my wit: I marvel what thou
change again.'	art.'
And Gareth hearing ever stronglier smote,	' Damsel,' he said, ' you be not all to
And hew'd great pieces of his armour off him,	blame,
But lash'd in vain against the harden'd	Saving that you mistrusted our good
skin,	King
And could not wholly bring him under,	Would handle scorn, or yield you, asking,
more	one
Than loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge	Not fit to cope your quest. You said
. on ridge,	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 waywardness. Shamed! care not! thy foul sayings fought for me: And seeing now thy words are fair, me-	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
thinks	Thro' helping back the dislocated Kay
There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his	To Camelot, then by what thereafter
great self, Hath force to quell me.'	chanced, The damsel's headlong error thro' the wood—
Nigh upon that hour	Sir Lancelot, having swum the river-
When the lone hern forgets his melan-	loops —
choly,	His blue shield-lions cover'd — softly drew
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams	Behind the twain, and when he saw the star
Of goodly supper in the distant pool,	Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him,
Then turn'd the noble damsel smiling at	cried,
him,	' Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for my
And told him of a cavern hard at hand,	friend.'
Where bread and baken meats and good	And Gareth crying prick'd against the cry;
red wine	But when they closed — in a moment — at
Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors	one touch
Had sent her coming champion, waited	Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of the
him.	world —
Anon they past a narrow comb wherein Were slabs of rock with figures, knights	Went sliding down so easily, and fell, That when he found the grass within his hands
on horse	He laugh'd; the laughter jarr'd upon
Sculptured, and deckt in slowly-waning	Lynette:
hues.	Harshly she ask'd him, 'Shamed and over-
 Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was here, Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on the 	thrown, And tumbled back into the kitchen-knave, Why laugh ye? that ye blew your boast in vain?'
rock The war of Time against the soul of man. And yon four fools have suck'd their alle- gory	"Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the son Of old King Lot and good Queen Belli- cent,
From these damp walls, and taken but the form.	And victor of the bridges and the ford, And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown by
Know ye not these?' and Gareth lookt	whom
and read—	I know not, all thro' mere unhappiness —
In letters like to those the vexillary	Device and sorcery and unhappiness —
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming	Out, sword; we are thrown!' And
Gelt —	Lancelot answer'd 'Prince,

'PHOSPHORUS,' then 'MERIDIES'-'HES-

'Nox'- 'MORS,' beneath five figures, armed men,

PERUS' ----

Lancelot, and all as glad to find thee whole, As on the day when Arthur knighted him.'

ų.

	and the second
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 Lancelot	And when reviled, hast answer'd gra- ciously, And makest merry when overthrown. Prince, Knight, Hail, Knight and Prince, and of our Table Round!' And then when turning to Lynette he told
 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 tricked, 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 for ever.' 	 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 honey-suckle In the hush'd night, as if the world were one Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness! 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,
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 overthrown. With sword we have not striven; and thy good horse And thou are weary; yet not less I felt Thy manhood thro' that wearied lance of thine. Well hast thou done; for all the stream is freed, And thou hast wreak'd his justice on his foes,	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 flower of this accomplish- ment.' Said Lancelot, 'Peradventure he, you 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.'	'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
 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.' 	 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, massacring Man, woman, lad and girl — yea, the soft babe! Some hold that he hath swallow'd infant flesh, Monster! O Prince, I went for Lancelot first, The quest is Lancelot's: give him back the shield.'
Silent the silent field They traversed. Arthur's harp tho' summer-wan, In counter motion to the clouds, allured The glance of Gareth dreaming on his liege. A star shot: 'Lo,' said Gareth, 'the foe falls!' An owl whoopt: 'Hark the victor peal- ing 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' yesterday 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. You cannot scare me; nor rough face, or voice, Brute bulk of limb, or boundless savagery Appall me from the quest.'	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 When 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 be rules. I know but one — To dash against mine enemy and to win. Yet have I watch'd thee victor in the joust, And seen thy way.' 'Heaven help thee,' sigh'd Lynette. 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, As if for pity?' But he spake no word; pitch'd Which set the horror higher: a maiden Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field. swoon'd: A huge pavilion like a mountain peak The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and Sunder the glooming crimson on the wept, As doom'd to be the bride of Night and marge. Death: Black, with black banner, and a long black horn Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth helm: And ev'n Sir Lancelot thro' his warm graspt, And so, before the two could hinder him, blood felt Sent all his heart and breath thro' all the Ice strike, and all that mark'd him were horn aghast. Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled; anon Came lights and lights, and once again At once Sir Lancelot's charger fiercely he blew: neigh'd, And Death's dark war-horse bounded Whereon were hollow tramplings up and forward with him. down And muffled voices heard, and shadows Then those that did not blink the terror. past: saw Till high above him, circled with her That Death was cast to ground, and maids, slowly rose. The Lady Lyonors at a window stood, But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the Beautiful among lights, and waving to him skull. White hands, and courtesy; but when Half fell to right and half to left and the Prince lav. Three times had blown — after long hush Then with a stronger buffet he clove the – at last – helm The huge pavilion slowly vielded up. As throughly as the skull; and out from Thro' those black foldings, that which this housed therein. Issued the bright face of a blooming High on a nightblack horse, in nightblack bov Fresh as a flower new-born, and crying, arms. With white breast-bone, and barren ribs 'Knight, of Death. Slay me not: my three brethren bade me And crown'd with fleshless laughter -do it. some ten steps ----To make a horror all about the house, In the half-light — thro' the dim dawn — And stay the world from Lady Lyonors. advanced They never dream'd the passes would be The monster, and then paused, and spake past.' no word. Answer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one Not many a moon his younger, 'My fair But Gareth spake and all indignantly. child. 'Fool, for thou hast, men say, the strength What madness made thee challenge the of ten. chief knight Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God Of Arthur's hall?' 'Fair Sir, they bade hath given. me do it. They hate the King, and Lancelot, the But must, to make the terror of thee more, Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries King's friend, Of that which Life hath done with, and They hoped to slay him somewhere on the clod. the stream, Less dull than thou, will hide with They never dream'd the passes could be mantling flowers past.'

Then sprang the happier day from underground;

- 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 proven a blooming boy. So large mirth lived and Gareth won the

quest.

And he that told the tale in older times Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors, But he, that told it later, says Lynette.

THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT.

- THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,
- A tributary prince of Devon, one
- Of that great Order of the Table Round,
- Had married 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 Geraint
- To make her beauty vary day by day.
- In crimsons and in purples and in gems.
- And Enid, but to please her husband's eve,
- Who first had found and loved her in a state
- Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him
- In some fresh splendour; 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 loveliest, 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 rumour rose about the Queen,
- Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,

- Tho' 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 for Guinevere,
- Had suffer'd, or should suffer any taint
- In nature : wherefore going to the King, He made this pretext, that his princedom lav
- 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 compass'd her with sweet observances 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 princedon and its rame,
- 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 companies,

- Began to scoff and jeer and babble of him
- As of a prince whose manhood was all gone,
- And molten down in mere uxoriousness.
- And this she gather'd from the people's eyes:
- This too the women who attired her head,
- To please her, dwelling on his boundless love,

 more: more: Mad act by day she thought to tell Gerain, But could not out of bashful delicacy; While he that watched her sadden, wat the more Suspicious that her nature had a taint. At last, it chanced that on a summer morn More and the nature had a taint. At last, it chanced that on a summer morn More and the bindless casement of the room, And heated the strong warrior in his dreams; Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside, And arms on which the standing muscle sloped, As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone, Running too rehemently to break upon it. And arms on voluch the standing muscle sloped, and arms or grandly made as he? Then hik a shadow, past the people's talk and accuse, I the people's talk. And I that as had all-puissant arms, Low to her own heart piteously she said: 'O noble breast and all-puissant tarms, And ride with him to battle and standi by, and thought within harmes. I and the cause, because I dare not speak. And tell him what I think and what the sand I gird his harmess on him, And ride with him to battle and stand by, and watch this mightful hand striking great blows. And tactifis and at wrongers of the world. Far beter were I laid in the dark eartm, Not hearing any more his noble voice, Tare ther were I laid in the dark eartm, And ride with him to battle and stand by, and watch his mightful hand striking great blows. And darken'd from the high light in his exest. Than that my lord thro' me should suffer 'I man that my lord thro' me should suffer 'I suff ren, let Enid learn her fault.' 'I suff rens, elt Enid learn her fault.' 		
Not to be folded more in these dear arms, And darken'd from the high light in his eyes,dressAnd darken'd from the high light in his eyes,And ride with me.' And Enid ask'd amazed,Than that my lord thro' me should suffer' If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.'	 And day by day she thought to tell Geraint, But could not out of bashful delicacy; While he that watched her sadden, was the more Suspicious that her nature had a taint. At last, it chanced that on a summer morn (They sleeping each by either) the new sun Beat thro' 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 herself, 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 liefer had I gird his harness on him, And watch his mightful hand striking great blows At caitiffs and at wrongers of the world. Far better were I laid in the dark earth, 	 And see my dear lord wounded in the strife, Or maybe 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 reverenced her too much To dream she could be guilty of foul act, Right thro' his manful breast darted the pang That makes a man, in the sweet face of her And shook his drowsy squire awake and cried, 'My charger and her palfrey;' then to her, I will ride forth into the wilderness; For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to win, I have not fall'n so low as some would wish.
eyes, Than that my lord thro' me should suffer 'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.'	And watch his mightful 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,	 For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to win, I have not fall'n so low as some would wish. And thou, put on thy worst and meanest dress
	eyes, Than that my lord thro' me should suffer	amazed,

Then she bethought her of a faded silk, There swung an apple of the purest gold, Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd A faded mantle and a faded veil, And moving toward a cedarn cabinet. nD Wherein she kept them folded reverently To join them, glancing like a dragon-fly With sprigs of summer laid between the In summer suit and silks of holiday. Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and she. folds. Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace She took them, and array'd herself Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd therein. Remembering when first he came on her him : Drest in that dress, and how he loved 'Late, late, Sir Prince,' she said, 'later her in it. than we!' And all her foolish fears about the dress. 'Yea, noble Queen,' he answer'd, 'and And all his journey to her, as himself so late Had told her, and their coming to the That I but come like you to see the hunt, Not join it.' 'Therefore wait with me.' court she said: For Arthur on the Whitsuntide before 'For on this little knoll, if anywhere, Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk. There is good chance that we shall hear There on a day, he sitting high in hall, the hounds: Here often they break covert at our feet.' Before him came a forester of Dean. Wet from the woods, with notice of a And while they listen'd for the distant hart Taller than all his fellows, milky-white, hunt. And chiefly for the baying of Cavall, First seen that day : these things he told King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth, the King. Then the good King gave order to let there rode Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf; blow Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and the His horns for hunting on the morrow knight morn. Had vizor up, and show'd a youthful And when the Queen petition'd for his face. leave To see the hunt, allow'd it easily. Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments. And Guinevere, not mindful of his face So with the morning all the court were In the King's hall, desired his name, and gone. But Guinevere lav late into the morn, sent Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf; Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of Who being vicious, old and irritable, her love And doubling all his master's vice of For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt; But rose at last, a single maiden with her, pride, Made answer sharply that she should not Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood: know. 'Then will I ask it of himself,' she said. There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not,' cried Waiting to hear the hounds; but heard the dwarf; instead 'Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince him; Geraint. And when she put her horse toward the Late also, wearing neither hunting-dress Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand, knight, Struck at her with his whip, and she re-Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow turn'd ford Behind them, and so gallop'd up the Indignant to the Queen; whereat Geraint Exclaiming, 'Surely I will learn the knoll. A purple scarf, at either end whereof name,' Ζ

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Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd it And valley, with fixt eye following the three. of him. At last they issued from the world of Who answer'd as before; and when the Prince wood. Had put his horse in motion toward the And climb'd upon a fair and even ridge, And show'd themselves against the sky. knight. Struck at him with his whip, and cut his and sank. cheek. And thither came Geraint, and under-The Prince's blood spirted upon the scarf, neath Dyeing it; and his quick, instinctive hand Beheld the long street of a little town In a long valley, on one side whereof, Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him: White from the mason's hand, a fortress But he, from his exceeding manfulness And pure nobility of temperament. rose Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, re-And on one side a castle in decay. frain'd Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry From ev'n a word, and so returning said : ravine : And out of town and valley came a noise 'I will avenge this insult, noble Oueen, As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed Done in your maiden's person to yourself : Brawling, or like a clamour of the rooks And I will track this vermin to their At distance, ere they settle for the night. earths. For tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not doubt And onward to the fortress rode the To find, at some place I shall come at, three. arms And enter'd, and were lost behind the On loan, or else for pledge; and, being walls. 'So,' thought Geraint, 'I have track'd found, Then will I fight him, and will break his him to his earth.⁴ pride, And down the long street riding wearily, And on the third day will again be here, Found every hostel full, and everywhere So that I be not fall'n in fight. Farewell.' Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot hiss 'Farewell, fair Prince,' answer'd the And bustling whistle of the youth who stately Queen. scour'd 'Be prosperous in this journey, as in all; His master's armour; and of such a one He ask'd, 'What means the tumult in And may you light on all things that you love, the town?' And live to wed with her whom first you told him, scouring still, 'The Who love: sparrow-hawk !' But ere you wed with any, bring your Then riding close behind an ancient churl, bride, Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam, And I, were she the daughter of a king, Went sweating underneath a sack of Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the corn, hedge. Ask'd yet once more what meant the Will clothe her for her bridals like the hubbub here? sun.' Who answer'd gruffly, 'Ugh! the sparrowhawk.³ And Prince Geraint, now thinking that Then riding further past an armourer's, he heard Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above The noble hart at bay, now the far horn, his work, A little vext at losing of the hunt, Sat riveting a helmet on his knee, A little at the vile occasion, rode, He put the self-same query, but the man By ups and downs, thro' many a grassy Not turning round, nor looking at him, glade said:

- Friend, he that labours for the sparrowhawk
- Has little time for idle questioners."
- Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden spleen:
- 'A thousand pips eat up your sparrowhawk!
- 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 sparrowhawks!
- Speak, if ye be not like the rest, hawkmad,
- Where can I get me harbourage for the night?
- And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy? Speak!'
- Whereat the armourer 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,
- And there is scantly time for half the work.
- Arms? truth! I know not: all are wanted here.
- Harbourage? truth, good truth, I know not, save,
- It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge
- Yonder.' He spoke 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 magnificence, Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and
- said:
- 'Whither, fair son?' to whom Geraint replied,
- 'O friend, I seek a harbourage for the night.'
- Then Yniol, 'Enter therefore and partake The slender entertainment of a house
- Once rich, now poor, but ever opendoor'd.'

- 'Thanks, venerable friend,' replied - Geraint;
- 'So that ye do not serve me sparrowhawks
- 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 sparrowhawk :
- 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 ruinous.

- 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 Her daughter. In a moment thought friend. Geraint. Or it may be the labour of his hands, 'Here by God's rood is the one maid for To think or say, 'There is the nightingale;' me.' So fared it with Geraint, who thought But none spake word except the hoary and said. Earl 'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice 'Enid, the good knight's horse stands in for me? the court: Take him to stall, and give him corn, and It chanced the song that Enid sang then was one Go to the town and buy us flesh and Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid wine: sang: And we will make us merry as we may. Our hoard is little, but our hearts are 'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and great.' lower the proud: Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, He spake: the Prince, as Enid past storm, and cloud: him, fain Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol caught hate. His purple scarf, and held, and said, 'Forbear! 'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with Rest! the good house, tho' ruin'd. O my smile or frown: son. Endures not that her guest should serve With that wild wheel we go not up or down: himself.' Our hoard is little, but our hearts are And reverencing the custom of the house great. Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore. So Enid took his charger to the stall; 'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands And after went her way across the bridge, Frown and we smile, the lords of our And reach'd the town, and while the own hands: Prince and Earl For man is man and master of his fate. Yet spoke together, came again with one, A youth, that following with a costrel bore The means of goodly welcome, flesh and 'Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd; wine. Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the And Enid brought sweet cakes to make cloud; them cheer. Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor And in her veil enfolded, manchet bread. hate.' And then, because their hall must also serve For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread 'Hark, by the bird's song ye may learn the nest,' the board. Said Yniol; 'enter quickly.' Entering And stood behind, and waited on the then, three. Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen stones, And seeing her so sweet and serviceable. The dusky-rafter'd many-cobwebb'd hall. Geraint had longing in him evermore He found an ancient dame in dim bro-To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb, cade: That crost the trencher as she laid it down : And near her, like a blossom vermeil-But after all had eaten, then Geraint. white. For now the wine made summer in his That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath, veins. Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk, 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 addrest the hoary Earl :	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
'Fair Host and Earl, I pray your cour-	praise
tesy; This sparrow-hawk, what is he? tell me	Your feats of arms, and often when I paused
of him.	Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to hear;
His name? but no, good faith, I will not	So grateful is the noise of noble deeds
have it:	To noble hearts who see but acts of
For if he be the knight whom late I saw	wrong:
Ride into that new fortress by your town,	O never yet had woman such a pair
White from the mason's hand, then have	Of suitors as this maiden; first Limours,
I sworn From his own lips to have it—I am	A creature wholly given to brawls and
Geraint	wine, Drunk even when he woo'd; and be he
Of Devon — for this morning when the	dead
Queen	I know not, but he past to the wild land.
Sent her own maiden to demand the	The second was your foe, the sparrow-
name,	hawk,
His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,	My curse, my nephew — I will not let his
Struck at her with his whip, and she re-	name
turn'd Indignant to the Ouesen, and then Lawers	Slip from my lips if I can help it — he,
Indignant to the Queen; and then I swore That I would track this caitiff to his hold,	When I that knew him fierce and turbu- lent
And fight and break his pride, and have	Refused her to him, then his pride awoke;
it of him.	And since the proud man often is the
And all unarm'd I rode, and thought to	mean,
find	He sow'd a slander in the common ear,
Arms in your town, where all the men are	Affirming that his father left him gold,
mad;	And in my charge, which was not ren-
They take the rustic murmur of their	der'd to him;
bourg For the great ways that school round the	Bribed with large promises the men who served
For the great wave that echoes round the world;	About my person, the more easily
They would not hear me speak : but if ye	Because my means were somewhat broken
know	into
Where I can light on arms, or if yourself	Thro' open doors and hospitality;
Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn	Raised my own town against me in the night
That I will break his pride and learn his	Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my
name,	house;
Avenging this great insult done the Queen.'	From mine own earldom foully ousted me;
Then evid Forl Vriel (Art the h-	Built that new fort to overawe my friends,
Then cried Earl Yniol, 'Art thou he	For truly there are those who love me

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 ye were somewhat, yea, and by your

state

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 myself;

For I have let men be, and have their way; Am much too gentle, have not used my	Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart Danced in his bosom, seeing better days. And looking round he saw not Enid
power: Nor hoor I whather I he very hase	there,
Nor know I whether I be very base	(Who hearing her own name had stol'n
Or very manful, whether very wise	
Or very foolish; only this I know,	away) But that old down to whom full tondorly
That whatsoever evil happen to me,	But that old dame, to whom full tenderly
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,	And fondling all her hand in his he said,
But can endure it all most patiently.'	'Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,
	And best by her that bore her under-
'Well'said, true heart,' replied Geraint,	stood.
'but arms,	Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest
That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew,	Tell her, and prove her heart toward the
fight	Prince.'
In next day's tourney I may break his	
pride.'	So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she
And Yniol answer'd, ' Arms, indeed, but old	With frequent smile and nod departing found,
And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint,	Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl;
Are mine, and therefore at thine asking,	Whom first she kiss'd on either cheek,
thine.	and then
But in this tournament can no man tilt,	On either shining shoulder laid a hand
Except the lady he loves best be there.	And kept her off and gazed upon her
Two forks are fixt into the meadow	face,
ground,	And told her all their converse in the
And over these is placed a silver wand,	hall,
And over that a golden sparrow-hawk,	Proving her heart: but never light and
The prize of beauty for the fairest there.	shade
And this, what knight soever be in field	Coursed one another more on open
Lays claim to for the lady at his side,	ground
And tilts with my good nephew there-	Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and
upon,	pale
Who being apt at arms and big of bone	Across the face of Enid hearing her;
Has ever won it for the lady with him,	While slowly falling as a scale that falls,
And toppling over all antagonism	When weight is added only grain by
Has earn'd himself the name of sparrow-	grain,
hawk.	Sank her sweet head upon her gentle
But thou, that hast no lady, canst not	breast;
fight.'	Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,
ngnt.	Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it;
To whom Geraint with eyes all bright	So moving without answer to her rest
replied,	She found no rest, and ever fail'd to draw
Leaning a little toward him, 'Thy leave !	The quiet night into her blood, but lay
Let <i>me</i> lay lance in rest, O noble host,	Contemplating her own unworthiness;
For this dear child, because I never saw,	And when the pale and bloodless east
Tho' having seen all beauties of our time,	began
Nor can see elsewhere, anything so fair.	To quicken to the sun, arose, and raised
And if I fall her name will yet remain	Her mother too, and hand in hand they
Untarnish'd as before; but if I live,	moved
So aid me Heaven when at mine utter-	Down to the meadow where the jousts
most,	were held,
As I will make her truly my true wife.'	And waited there for Vniol and Geraint.
no, and make her dury my true wher	

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint	The dew of their great labour, and the
Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,	blood Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd
He felt, were she the prize of bodily	their force.
force, Himself beyond the rest pushing could	But either's force was match'd till Yniol's cry,
move	'Remember that great insult done the
The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms Were on his princely person, but thro'	Queen,' Increased Geraint's, who heaved his
these	blade aloft,
Princelike his bearing shone; and errant knights	And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit the bone,
And ladies came, and by and by the town	And fell'd him, and set foot upon his
Flow'd in, and settling circled all the lists.	breast, And said, 'Thy name?' To whom the
And there they fixt the forks into the	fallen man
ground,	Made answer, groaning, 'Edyrn, son of
And over these they placed the silver wand,	Nudd ! Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.
And over that the golden sparrow-hawk.	My pride is broken : men have seen my
Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet	fall.'
blown, Spake to the lady with him and pro-	'Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd,' replied Geraint,
claim'd,	'These two things shalt thou do, or else
'Advance and take, as fairest of the fair,	thou diest.
What I these two years past have won for thee,	First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf,
The prize of beauty.'. Loudly spake the	Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and coming
Prince,	there,
'Forbear: there is a worthier,' and the knight	Crave pardon for that insult done the Queen,
With some surprise and thrice as much	And shalt abide her judgment on it;
disdain Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his	next, Thou shalt give back their earldom to
face	thy kin.
Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at	These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die.'
Yule, So burnt he was with passion, crying	And Edyrn answer'd, 'These things will
out,	I do,
'Do battle for it then,' no more; and thrice	For I have never yet been overthrown, And thou hast overthrown me, and my
They clash'd together, and thrice they	pride
brake their spears.	Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall!'
Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lash'd at each	And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court,
So often and with such blows, that all	And there the Queen forgave him easily.
the crowd	And being young, he changed and came
Wonder'd, and now and then from distant	to loathe His crime of traitor, slowly drew him-
walls There came a clapping as of phantom	self
hands	Bright from his old dark life and fell at

- hands. So twice they fought, and twice they breathed, and still Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last In the great battle fighting for the King.

But when the third day from the hunt-And Enid fell in longing for a dress ing-morn All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a Made a low splendour in the world, and costly gift Of her good mother, given her on the wings Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay night With her fair head in the dim-yellow Before her birthday, three sad years ago, That night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd light. Among the dancing shadows of the birds. their house. Woke and bethought her of her promise And scatter'd all they had to all the given winds: No later than last eve to Prince Geraint-For while the mother show'd it, and the So bent he seem'd on going the third day, two He would not leave her, till her promise Were turning and admiring it, the work given -To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry To ride with him this morning to the That Edyrn's men were on them, and court. they fled And there be made known to the stately With little save the jewels they had on. Oueen. Which being sold and sold had bought And there be wedded with all cerethem bread: And Edyrn's men had caught them in mony. their flight, At this she cast her eyes upon her dress. And placed them in this ruin; and she And thought it never vet had look'd so wish'd The Prince had found her in her ancient mean. For as a leaf in mid-November is home; To what it was in mid-October, seem'd Then let her fancy flit across the past. The dress that now she look'd on to the And roam the goodly places that she dress knew: She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint. And last bethought her how she used And still she look'd, and still the terror to watch. Near that old home, a pool of golden grew Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, carp; a court. And one was patch'd and blurr'd and All staring at her in her faded silk : lustreless And softly to her own sweet heart she Among his burnish'd brethren of the said: pool; And half asleep she made comparison 'This noble prince who won our earl-Of that and these to her own faded self dom back, And the gay court, and fell asleep again; So splendid in his acts and his attire. And dreamt herself was such a faded Sweet heaven, how much I shall discredit form him! Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool; Would he could tarry with us here But this was in the garden of a king; And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she awhile, But being so beholden to the Prince, knew It were but little grace in any of us, That all was bright; that all about were Bent as he seem'd on going this third birds day, Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work; To seek a second favour at his hands. That all the turf was rich in plots that Yet if he could but tarry a day or two, look'd Myself would work eye dim, and finger Each like a garnet or a turkis in it; lame. And lords and ladies of the high court Far liefer than so much discredit him.' . went

 In silver tissue talking things of state; And children of the King in cloth of gold Glanced at the doors or gamboll'd down the walks; And while she thought 'They will not see me,' came A stately queen whose name was Guinevere, 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 exultingly: 'See here, my child, how fresh the colours look, How fast they hold like colours 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 ye know 	 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 ye were talking sweetly with your Prince. Came one with this and laid it in my hand, For love or fear, or seeking favour 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 swerved from sun to shade, And all thro' that young traitor. cruel
Look on it, child, and tell me if ye know it.'	And all thro' that young traitor, cruel need Constrain'd us, but a better time has
 And Enid look'd, but all confused at first, Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream: Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced, 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, 	come; So clothe yourself in this, that better fits Our mended fortunes and a Prince's bride: For tho' ye 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,

Went Yniol thro' the town, and every-where Then were ye shamed, and, worse, might shame the Prince

- To whom we are beholden: but I know. When my dear child is set forth at her best. 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 hv Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose, And left her maiden couch, and robed herself. Help'd by the mother's careful hand and eve. Without a mirror, in the gorgeous gown; Who, after, turn'd her daughter round, and said. She never vet had seen her half so fair: And call'd her like that maiden in the tale. Whom Gwydion made by glamour out of flowers. And sweeter than the bride of Cassivelaun. Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar first 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, Clothed with my gift, and gay among the gay.' But while 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 went; 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 mother's face.

- But silently, in all obedience,
- Her mother silent too, nor helping her,
- Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,
- And robed them in her ancient suit again,
- And so descended. Never man rejoiced 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 satisfied;
- 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 thy 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 hall,
- Beholding one so bright in dark estate,
- I vow'd that could I gain her, our fair Queen,
- No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst
- Sunlike from cloud and likewise thought perhaps,
- That service done so gracionsly would bind
- The two together; fain I would the two

Should love each other : how can Enid find A nobler friend? Another thought was mine :

- 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 daughter's tenderness, Or easy nature, might not let itself
- Be moulded by your wishes for her weal; Or whether some false sense in her own
- 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 perilous 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 splendour dear to women, new to her, And therefore dearer; or if not so new, Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the power

- Of intermitted usage; 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 honour 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 her 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 therein.

GERAINT AND ENID.

O PURBLIND race of miserable men,

How many among us at this very hour

Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,

- 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	To dress her beautifully and keep her true'—
That morning, when they both had got to horse,	And there he broke the sentence in his heart
Perhaps because he loved her passion- ately,	Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue May break it, when his passion masters
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart,	him. And she was ever praying the sweet
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce	heavens To save her dear lord whole from any
Upon a head so dear in thunder, said: 'Not at my side. I charge thee ride	wound. And ever in her mind she cast about
before,	For that unnoticed failing in herself,
Ever a good way on before; and this I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife,	Which made him look so cloudy and so cold;
Whatever happens, not to speak to me, No, not a word!' and Enid was aghast;	Till the great plover's human whistle amazed
And forth they rode, but scarce three paces on,	Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd
When crying out, 'Effeminate as I am, I will not fight my way with gilded arms,	In every wavering brake an ambus- cade.
All shall be iron; ' he loosed a mighty purse,	Then thought again, 'If there be such in me,
Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward the squire.	I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,
So the last sight that Enid had of home Was all the marble threshold flashing,	If he would only speak and tell me of it.'
strown With gold and scatter'd coinage, and	But when the fourth part of the day was gone,
the squire Chafing his shoulder: then he cried	Then Enid was aware of three tall knights
again, 'To the wilds!' and Enid leading down	On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a rock
the tracks Thro' which he bade her lead him on,	In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all; And heard one crying to his fellow,
they past The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,	' Look, Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,	Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound;
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode:	Come, we will slay him and will have his horse
Round was their pace at first, but slack- en'd soon:	And armour, and his damsel shall be ours.'
A stranger meeting them had surely thought	Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and
They rode so slowly and they look'd so pale,	said: 'I will go back a little to my lord,
That each had suffer'd some exceeding wrong.	And I will tell him all their caitiff talk; For, be he wroth even to slaying me,
For he was ever saying to himself, 'O I that wasted time to tend upon her,	Far liefer by his dear hand had I die, Than that my lord should suffer loss or
To compass her with sweet observances,	shame.'

Together, and said to her, 'Drive them
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,
And loosed in words of sudden fire the wrath 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 <i>could</i> 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, behold
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
Iord, 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 villainy. My lord is weary with the fight before. And they will fall upon him unawares. I needs must disobev 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, 'Ye take it, speaking,' and she spoke. 'There lurk three villains vonder in the wood. And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one Is larger-limb'd than you are, and they sav That they will fall upon you while ye pass.' To which he flung a wrathful answer hack · '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 promontory, That had a sapling growing on it, slide

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 slowlier 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 mountainbrook,
- 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 armour, 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	Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl:
But into bad hands fall'n, and now so long	For these are his, and all the field is his,
By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt	And I myself am his; and I will tell him How great a man thou art: he loves to
Her low firm voice and tender government.	know
So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past, And issuing under open heavens beheld	When men of mark are in his territory: And he will have thee to his palace here, And serve thee costlier than with mowers' fare.'
A little town with towers, upon a rock, And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased	Then said Geraint, 'I wish no better fare:
In the brown wild, and mowers mowing	I never ate with angrier appetite
in it:	Than when I left your mowers dinnerless.
And down a rocky pathway from the place There came a fair-hair'd youth, that in his	And into no Earl's palace will I go. I know, God knows, too much of palaces !
hand	And if he want me, let him come to me.
Bare victual for the mowers : and Geraint	But hire us some fair chamber for the
Had ruth again on Enid looking pale:	night,
Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,	And stalling for the horses, and return With victual for these men, and let us
He, when the fair-hair'd youth came by him, said,	know.'
'Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so faint.'	'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth, and went,
'Yea, willingly,' replied the youth; 'and thou,	Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,
My lord, eat also, tho' the fare is coarse, And only meet for mowers;' then set down	And up the rocky pathway disappear'd, Leading the horse, and they were left alone.
His basket, and dismounting on the sward They let the horses graze, and ate them-	But when the Prince had brought his
selves.	errant eyes
And Enid took a little delicately,	Home from the rock, sideways he let
Less having stomach for it than desire To close with her lord's pleasure; but	them glance At Enid, where she droopt: his own false
Geraint Ate all the mowers' victual unawares,	doom, That shadow of mistrust should never cross
And when he found all empty, was amazed:	Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd;
And 'Boy,' said he, 'I have eaten all, but take	Then with another humorous ruth re- mark'd
A horse and arms for guerdon; choose the best.'	The lusty mowers labouring dinnerless, And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning
He, reddening in extremity of delight,	scythe,
'My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.'	And after nodded sleepily in the heat.
'Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried the Prince.	But she, remembering her old ruin'd hall, And all the windy clamour of the daws

* I take it as free gift, then,' said the boy, 'Not guerdon; for myself can easily, While your good damsel rests, return, and fetch

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- c

- About her hollow turret, pluck'd the grass
- There growing longest by the meadow's edge,

.

Free tales, and took the word and play'd And into many a listless annulet, Now over, now beneath her marriage upon it, And made it of two colours: for his talk, ring. Wove and unwove it, till the boy return'd When wine and free companions kindled And told them of a chamber, and they him. Was wont to glance and sparkle like a gem went. Where, after saving to her, 'If ye will, Of fifty facets; thus he moved the Prince Call for the woman of the house.' to To laughter and his comrades to applause. Then, when the Prince was merry, ask'd which She answer'd, 'Thanks, my lord; ' the Limours. two remain'd 'Your leave, my lord, to cross the room, and speak Apart by all the chamber's width, and To your good damsel there who sits apart, mute And seems so lonely?' ' My free leave,' As creatures voiceless thro' the fault of he said; birth. Or two wild men supporters of a shield, 'Get her to speak : she doth not speak to me.' Painted, who stare at open space, nor Then rose Limours, and looking at his glance The one at other, parted by the shield. feet. Like him who tries the bridge he fears On a sudden, many a voice along the may fail. Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes. street. Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisper-And heel against the pavement echoing, ingly: burst Their drowse; and either started while 'Enid, the pilot star of my lone life, the door. Push'd from without, drave backward to Enid, my early and my only love, Enid, the loss of whom hath turn'd me the wall. wild -And midmost of a rout of roisterers, Femininely fair and dissolutely pale, What chance is this? how is it I see you Her suitor in old years before Geraint, here? Enter'd, the wild lord of the place, Ye are in my power at last, are in my Limours. power. He moving up with pliant courtliness, Yet fear me not: I call mine own self Greeted Geraint full face, but stealthily, wild, But keep a touch of sweet civility In the mid-warmth of welcome and graspt Here in the heart of waste and wilderness. hand. Found Enid with the corner of his eye, I thought, but that your father came between. And knew her sitting sad and solitary. Then cried Geraint for wine and goodly In former days you saw me favourably. cheer And if it were so do not keep it back : To feed the sudden guest, and sumptu-Make me a little happier : let me know it : Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost? ously According to his fashion, bade the host Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you Call in what men soever were his friends, are. And feast with these in honour of their And, Enid, you and he, I see with joy, Earl: Ye sit apart, you do not speak to him, 'And care not for the cost; the cost is You come with no attendance, page or mine.' maid. To serve you — doth he love you as of old? And wine and food were brought, and For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know Tho' men may bicker with the things Earl Limours Drank till he jested with all ease, and told 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 ye 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: nay; I do not mean blood:
- Nor need ye 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 whom you ever own'd, I will make use of all the power I have.
- O pardon me! the madness of that hour,
- When first I parted from thee, 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 agg shell for her lord
- Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint, Debating his command of silence given, And that she now perforce must violate 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, heap'd
- The pieces of his armour in one place, All to be there against a sudden need;
- Then dozed awhile herself, but overtoil'd
- By that day's grief and travel, evermore
- Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn, and then
- Went slipping down horrible precipices.
- 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, summoning 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 armour 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; Not all mismated with a vawning clown. Nor left unfold the craft herself had used: But one with arms to guard his head and But ended with apology so sweet, yours, Low-spoken, and of so few words, and With eves to find you out however far. seem'd And ears to hear you even in his dreams.' So justified by that necessity, That tho' he thought ' was it for him she With that he turn'd and look'd as keenly at her wept In Devon?' he but gave a wrathful groan, As careful robins eve the delver's toil: Saying, 'Your sweet faces make good And that within her, which a wanton fool. fellows fools Or hasty judger would have call'd her And traitors. Call the host and bid him guilt. Made her cheek burn and either evelid fall. bring And Geraint look'd and was not satisfied. Charger and palfrev.' So she glided out Among the heavy breathings of the house. Then forward by a way which, beaten And like a household Spirit at the walls broad. Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and Led from the territory of false Limours return'd: To the waste earldom of another earl. Then tending her rough lord, tho' all Doorm, whom his shaking vassals call'd the Bull. unask'd. In silence, did him service as a squire: Went Enid with her sullen follower on. Till issuing arm'd he found the host and Once she look'd back, and when she saw him ride cried. 'Thy reckoning, friend?' and ere he More near by many a rood than yesterlearnt it, ' Take morn. Five horses and their armours; ' and the It wellnigh made her cheerful; till host Geraint Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze, Waving an angry hand as who should say ' My lord, I scarce have spent the worth 'Ye watch me,' sadden'd all her heart of one !' again. 'Ye will be all the wealthier,' said the But while the sun yet beat a dewy blade, Prince. The sound of many a heavily-galloping And then to Enid, 'Forward! and to-day hoof I charge you, Enid, more especially, Smote on her ear, and turning round she What thing soever ye may hear, or see, saw Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it. To charge you) that ye speak not but Then not to disobev her lord's behest. obev.' And yet to give him warning, for he rode As if he heard not, moving back she held And Enid answer'd, 'Yea, my lord, Her finger up, and pointed to the dust. I know At which the warrior in his obstinacy, Your wish, and would obey; but riding Because she kept the letter of his word, Was in a manner pleased, and turning, first. I hear the violent threats you do not hear, stood. I see the danger which you cannot see : And in the moment after, wild Limours, Then not to give you warning, that seems Borne on a black horse, like a thunderhard: cloud Almost beyond me : yet I would obey.' Whose skirts are loosen'd by the breaking storm, 'Yea so,' said he, 'do it: be not too Half ridden off with by the thing he wise: rode. Seeing that ye are wedded to a man, 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 behind. 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 dykes 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.

So vanish mendships only made in whice

- 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, no nor beg:
- And so what say ye, shall we strip him there

Your lover? has your palfrey heart enough

- To bear his armour? shall we fast, or dine?
- No? --- then do thou, 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 Limours. Bled underneath his armour secretly,

- And so rode on, nor told his gentle wife
- What ail'd him, hardly knowing it himself, 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 blistering 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 veilless 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 ye for him thus? ye seem a child.

And be he dead, I count you for a fool;

Your wailing will not quicken him : dead or not,

Ye 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 morning'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 (His gentle charger following him unled), 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.

Till 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 felt 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.'

But 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,

A tribe of women, dress'd in many hues, 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 Women, or what had been those gracious things. flesh : But now desired the humbling of their And none spake word, but all sat down best. at once. And ate with tumult in the naked hall, Yea, would have help'd him to it: and Feeding like horses when you hear them all at once They hated her, who took no thought of feed: Till Enid shrank far back into herself. them. To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe. But answer'd in low voice, her meek head But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he vet Drooping, 'I pray you of your courtesy, would. He roll'd his eves about the hall, and He being as he is, to let me be.' found She spake so low he hardly heard her A damsel drooping in a corner of it. Then he remember'd her, and how she speak. But like a mighty patron, satisfied wept: And out of her there came a power upon With what himself had done so graciously, Assumed that she had thank'd him, addhim: And rising on the sudden he said, 'Eat! ing, 'Yea, I never vet beheld a thing so pale. Eat and be glad, for I account you mine.' God's curse, it makes me mad to see you She answer'd meekly, 'How should I weep. Eat! Look yourself. Good luck had be glad Henceforth in all the world at anything, your good man, For were I dead who is it would weep for Until my lord arise and look upon me? me? Here the huge Earl cried out upon her Sweet lady, never since I first drew breath Have I beheld a lily like yourself. talk. As all but empty heart and weariness And so there lived some colour in your And sickly nothing; suddenly seized on cheek. There is not one among my gentlewomen her, And bare her by main violence to the Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove. But listen to me, and by me be ruled, board. And thrust the dish before her, crying, And I will do the thing I have not done, 'Eat.' For ye shall share my earldom with me, girl, 'No, no,' said Enid, vext, ' I will not eat And we will live like two birds in one Till yonder man upon the bier arise, nest, And eat with me.' 'Drink, then,' he And I will fetch you forage from all fields, For I compel all creatures to my will.' answer'd. 'Here!' (And fill'd a horn with wine and held it He spoke: the brawny spearman let to her.) 'Lo! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, his cheek or hot, Bulge with the unswallow'd piece, and God's curse, with anger — often I myself, turning stared; While some, whose souls the old serpent Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat : long had drawn

leaf

ear

they,

And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's

What shall not be recorded - women

Drink therefore and the wine will change Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd 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 ye 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 ye 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 ye not my gentlewomen here,

- How gav, 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 gens.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved Than hardest tyrants in their day of power, With life-long injuries burning unavenged, 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 honour, where no honour 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 gentleness, 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, 'L count it of no more avail,

Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you;

Take my salute,' unknightly 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 never yet, since high in Paradise
and fled	O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Yelling as from a spectre, and the two	Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Were left alone together, and he said :	Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous
	hour
'Enid, I have used you worse than	Put hand to hand beneath her husband's
that dead man;	heart,
Done you more wrong: we both have	And felt him hers again: she did not
undergone That trouble which has left me thrice	But over her most and her
That trouble which has left me thrice your own:	But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Henceforward I will rather die than doubt.	Like that which kept the heart of Eden
And here I lay this penance on myself,	green
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you	Before the useful trouble of the rain :
yestermorn —	Yet not so misty were her meek blue
You thought me sleeping, but I heard	eves
you say,	As not to see before them on the path,
I heard you say, that you were no true	Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,
wife :	A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his
I swear I will not ask your meaning in it :	lance
I do believe yourself against yourself,	In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.
And will henceforward rather die than	Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of
doubt.'	blood,
	She, with her mind all full of what had
And Enid could not say one tender	chanced,
word,	Shriek'd to the stranger 'Slay not a dead
She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart :	man!'
She only pray'd him, 'Fly, they will	'The voice of Enid,' said the knight;
return And slay you; fly, your charger is with-	but she, Beholding it was Edwar on of Nudd
out,	Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd, Was moved so much the more, and
My palfrey lost.' 'Then, Enid, shall you	shriek'd again,
ride	•O cousin, slay not him who gave you
Behind me.' 'Yea,' said Enid, 'let us go.'	life.'
And moving out they found the stately	And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake :
horse,	'My lord Geraint, I greet you with all
Who now no more a vassal to the thief,	love;
But free to stretch his limbs in lawful	I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm;
fight,	And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon
Neigh'd with all gladness as they came,	him,
and stoop'd	Who love you, Prince, with something of
With a low whinny toward the pair: and	the love
she	Wherewith we love the Heaven that
Kiss'd the white star upon his noble	chastens us.
front,	For once, when I was up so high in pride
Glad also; then Geraint upon the horse	That I was halfway down the slope to
Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot	Hell,
She set her own and climb'd; he turn'd	By overthrowing me you threw me higher.
his face	Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,
And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast	And since I knew this Earl, when I my-
her arms	self
About him, and at once they rode away.	Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,
mini una aconec mej souc anaja	the new a particle in my fan 1655 flour,

I come the mouthpiece of our King to Break into furious flame: being repulsed Doorm By Yniol and yourself. I schemed and (The King is close behind me) bidding wrought Until I overturn'd him; then set up him Disband himself. and scatter all his powers. (With one main purpose ever at my heart) Submit, and hear the judgment of the My haughty jousts, and took a paramour; Did her mock-honour as the fairest fair. King.' And, toppling over all antagonism. 'He hears the judgment of the King of So wax'd in pride, that I believed myself kings.' Unconquerable, for I was wellnigh mad: Cried the wan Prince; 'and lo, the And, but for my main purpose in these powers of Doorm jousts. Are scatter'd,' and he pointed to the field, I should have slain your father, seized yourself. Where, huddled here and there on mound and knoll. I lived in hope that sometime you would Were men and women staring and aghast, come To these my lists with him whom best While some yet fled; and then he plainlier told you loved; And there, poor cousin, with your meek How the huge Earl lay slain within his hall. blue eves. But when the knight besought him. The truest eves that ever answer'd 'Follow me, Heaven. Behold me overturn and trample on him. Prince, to the camp, and in the King's own ear Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd Speak what has chanced; ye surely to me, have endured I should not less have kill'd him. And Strange chances here alone;' that other you came, ---flush'd, But once you came, - and with your And hung his head, and halted in reply, own true eyes Fearing the mild face of the blameless Beheld the man you loved (I speak as King, one And after madness acted question ask'd: Speaks of a service done him) overthrow Till Edyrn crying, 'If ye will not go My proud self, and my purpose three To Arthur, then will Arthur come to you,' years old, 'Enough,' he said, 'I follow,' and they And set his foot upon me, and give me went. life. But Enid in their going had two fears, There was I broken down; there was I One from the bandit scatter'd in the field, saved : Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating And one from Edyrn. Every now and then, the life When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her He gave me, meaning to be rid of it. side. And all the penance the Queen laid upon She shrank a little. In a hollow land, me From which old fires have broken, men Was but to rest awhile within her court; may fear Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged, Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving, said : And waiting to be treated like a wolf, Because I knew my deeds were known, 'Fair and dear cousin, you that most I found, had cause Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn, To fear me, fear no longer, I am changed. Such fine reserve and noble reticence, Yourself were first the blameless cause to Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace make Of tenderest courtesy, that I began My nature's prideful sparkle in the blood To glauce behind me at my former life,

 indeed: And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high Who, with mill beat of holy oratory, Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness, Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man. And you were often there about the Queen, But saw me not, or mark'd not if you saw; Nor did I care or dare to speak with you, But kept myself aloof till I was changed; And fear not, cousin; I am changed; And fear not, cousin; I am changed; And fear not, cousin; I am changed; And 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 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 Yenice, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave You marches, I was prick'd with some reproof, And past to Enid's tent; and thir came Yenice, and falt foul wrong stagnate and be, By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes, there 		
By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes, And Enid tended on him there; there	 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 were often there about the Queen, But saw me not, or mark'd not if you saw; Nor did I care or dare to speak with you, 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, brotherlike, 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 ye pray'd me for my leave To move to your own land, and there defend Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof, 	 With Edyrn and with others: have yee look'd At Edyrn? have ye 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 doth 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 everyway One of our noblest, our most valorous, Sanest and most obedient: and indeed This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself self. After a life of violence, seems to me A thousand-fold more great and wonderfue 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 wonderfue this work was neither great nor wonderfue the King's own leech to look into his
defendAnd past to Enid's tent; and thitYour marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,And past to Enid's tent; and thit cameAs one that let foul wrong stagnate and be, By having look'd too much thro' alien 	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 ye pray'd me for my leave	 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.
hands, breath	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	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

Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood With deeper and with ever deeper love, As 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 eves

On each of all whom 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 Berkshire hills

To keep him bright and clean as heretofore.

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 everywhere

Clear'd the dark places and let in the law, And broke the bandit holds and cleansed

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.

Thence after tarrying for a space they rode.

- 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 fëalty, 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.

BALIN AND BALAN.

PELLAM the King, who held and lost with Lot

In that first war, and had his realm restored But render'd tributary, fail'd of late

To send his tribute: wherefore Arthur call'd

His treasurer, one of many years, and spake.

'Go thou with him and him and bring it to us.

Lest we should set one truer on his throne. Man's word is God in man.'

His Baron said

'We go but harken: there be two strange knights

Who sit near Camelot at a fountain-side, A mile beneath the forest, challenging

And overthrowing every knight who comes.

Wilt thou I undertake them as we pass, And send them to thee?'

Arthur laugh'd upon him.

'Old friend, too old to be so young, depart.

Delay not thou for aught, but let them sit,

Until they find a lustier than themselves.'

So these departed. Early, one fair dawn,

The light-wing'd spirit of his youth return'd

On Arthur's heart; he arm'd himself and went.

So coming to the fountain-side beheld Balin and Balan sitting statuelike,

Brethren, to right and left the spring, that Had often wrought some fury on myself. Saving for Balan: those three kingless down. From underneath a plume of lady-fern, vears Sang, and the sand danced at the bottom Have past - were wormwood-bitter to me. King, of it. And on the right of Balin Balin's horse Methought that if we sat beside the well. Was fast beside an alder, on the left And hurl'd to ground what knight soever Of Balan Balan's near a poplartree. spurr'd 'Fair Sirs,' said Arthur, 'wherefore sit Against us, thou would'st take me gladlier back. ve here?' And make, as ten-times worthier to be Balin and Balan answer'd, 'For the sake Of glory; we be mightier men than all thine Than twenty Balins, Balan knight. T In Arthur's court: that also have we proved: have said. Not so — not all. A man of thine to-day For whatsoever knight against us came Abash'd us both, and brake my boast. Or I or he have easily overthrown.' Thy will?' 'I too,' said Arthur, 'am of Arthur's Said Arthur, 'Thou hast ever spoken hall. But rather proven in his Pavnim wars truth: Thy too fierce manhood would not let Than famous jousts; but see, or proven thee lie. or not. Rise, my true knight. As children learn, Whether me likewise ve can overthrow.' And Arthur lightly smote the brethren be thou Wiser for falling! walk with me, and down. And lightly so return'd, and no man knew. move To music with thine Order and the King. Thy chair, a grief to all the brethren, Then Balin rose, and Balan, and beside stands The carolling water set themselves again, Vacant, but thou retake it, mine again !' And spake no word until the shadow turn'd : Thereafter, when Sir Balin enter'd hall, When from the fringe of coppice round them burst The Lost one Found was greeted as in A spangled pursuivant, and crying 'Sirs, Heaven With joy that blazed itself in woodland Rise, follow! ye be sent for by the King,' wealth Of leaf, and gavest garlandage of flowers, They follow'd; whom when Arthur seeing Along the walls and down the board; ask'd 'Tell me your names; why sat ye by the they sat, And cup clash'd cup; they drank and well?' some one sang, Balin the stillness of a minute broke Saving, 'An unmelodious name to thee, Sweet-voiced, a song of welcome, where-Balin, "the Savage" - that addition upon thine -Their common shout in chorus, mount-My brother and my better, this man here, ing, made Those banners of twelve battles overhead Balan. I smote upon the naked skull A thrall of thine in open hall, my hand Stir, as they stirr'd of old, when Arthur's host Was gauntleted, half slew him; for I Proclaim'd him Victor, and the day was heard He had spoken evil of me; thy just wrath won. Sent me a three-years' exile from thine Then Balan added to their Order lived eves. I have not lived my life delightsomely: A wealthier life than heretofore with these For I that did that violence to thy thrall. And Balin, till their embassage return'd.

 'Sir King,' they brought report, 'we hardly found, 'Sir King,' they brought report, 'we hardly found, 'Sir King,' they brought report, 'we hardly found, 'So bash'd about it is with gloom, the hall, for hims of christ, the great faith to Britain over seas; 'Sin dama or damsel descended from the soaits his life as purer than thing own; Eats scarce enow to keep his pulse abeat; 'He boasts his life as purer than thing own; Eats scarce enow to keep his pulse abeat; 'So haw'd us a shrine wherein were wonders — yea — yea — yea — wherein the Roman pierced the side of Christ. He much amazed us; after, when we sought The tribute, answer'd "I have quite fore gone all matters of this world: Garlon, mine heir, of him demand it," which this Garlon gave With much ado, railing at thine and thee. 'But when we left, in those deep woods we found A knight of thine spear-stricken from behind, 'So Balan warn'd, and went; Balin
behind, So Balan warn'd, and went; Balin
Dead, whom we buried; more than one remain'd:
Dead, whom we buried; more than one of us Cried out on Garlon, but a woodman there Reported of some demon in the woods Was once a man, who driven by evil

To learn what Arthur meant by courtesy,	What, if the Queen disdain'd to grant it !
Manhood, and knighthood; wherefore	nay Deine statilise the statilise h
hover'd round Lancelot, but when he mark'd his high sweet smile	Being so stately-gentle, would she make My darkness blackness? and with how
In passing, and a transitory word	sweet grace She greeted my return ! Bold will I be —
Make knight or churl or child or damsel seem	Some goodly cognizance of Guinevere, In lieu of this rough beast upon my shield,
From being smiled at happier in them- selves —	Langued gules, and tooth'd with grinning savagery.'
Sigh'd, as a boy lame-born beneath a height,	And Arthur, when Sir Balin sought
That glooms his valley, sighs to see the peak	him, said 'What wilt thou bear ?' Balin was bold,
Sun-flush'd, or touch at night the north- ern star:	and ask'd To bear her own crown-royal upon
For one from out his village lately climb'd	shield,
And brought report of azure lands and fair,	Whereat she smiled and turn'd her to the
Far seen to left and right; and he himself	King,
Hath hardly scaled with help a hundred feet	Who answer'd, 'Thou shalt put the crown to use.
Up from the base: so Balin marvelling	The crown is but the shadow of the
oft	King,
How far beyond him Lancelot seem'd to	And this a shadow's shadow, let him
move,	have it,
Groan'd, and at times would mutter, 'These be gifts,	So this will help him of his violences!' 'No shadow,' said Sir Balin, 'O my Queen,
Born with the blood, not learnable, divine,	But light to me ! no shadow, O my King,
Beyond my reach. Well had I foughten 	But golden earnest of a gentler life !'
In those fierce wars, struck hard — and had I crown'd	So Balin bare the crown, and all the knights
With my slain self the heaps of whom I	Approved him, and the Queen, and all
slew—	the world
So - better ! - But this worship of the	Made music, and he felt his being move
Queen,	In music with his Order, and the King.
That honour too wherein she holds him 	The nightingale, full-toned in middle
This was the sunshine that hath given the	May,
man	Hath ever and anon a note so thin
A growth, a name that branches o'er the	It seems another voice in other groves;
rest,	Thus, after some quick burst of sudden
And strength against all odds, and what the King	wrath, The music in him seem'd to change, and
So prizes — overprizes — gentleness.	grow
Her likewise would I worship an I might. I never can be close with her, as he	Faint and far-off.
That brought her hither. Shall I pray the	And once he saw the thrall
King	His passion half had gauntleted to death,
To let me bear some token of his Queen	That causer of his banishment and shame,

forget

Whereon to gaze, remembering her - | Smile at him, as he deem'd, presumptuously: His arm half rose to strike again, but fell: My heats and violences? live afresh?

The memory of that cognizance on shield Weighted it down, but in himself he moan'd:	To whom Sir Lancelot with his eyes on earth, 'Fain would I still be loyal to the Queen.'
'Too high this mount of Camelot for	'Yea so,' she said, 'but so to pass me by—
me : These high-set courtesies are not for me. Shall I not rather prove the worse for	So loyal scarce is loyal to thyself, Whom all men rate the king of courtesy. Let be: ye stand, fair lord, as in a dream.'
these? Fierier and stormier from restraining,	dream.
break Into some madness ev'n before the	Then Lancelot with his hand among the flowers,
Queen?'	'Yea — for a dream. Last night me- thought I saw
Thus, as a hearth lit in a mountain home,	That maiden Saint who stands with lily in hand
And glancing on the window, when the gloom	In yonder shrine. All round her prest the dark,
Of twilight deepens round it, seems a flame	And all the light upon her silver face Flow'd from the spiritual lily that she
That rages in a woodland far below,	held.
So when his moods were darken'd, court and King	Lo! these her emblems drew mine eyes — away:
And all the kindly warmth of Arthur's hall	For see, how perfect-pure! As light a flush
Shadow'd an angry distance: yet he strove	As hardly tints the blossom of the quince Would mar their charm of stainless
To learn the graces of their Table, fought Hard with himself, and seem'd at length	maidenhood.'
in peace.	'Sweeter to me,' she said, 'this garden rose
Then chanced, one morning, that Sir Balin sat	Deep-hued and many-folded! sweeter still
Close-bower'd in that garden nigh the hall.	The wild-wood hyacinth and the bloom of May.
A walk of roses ran from door to door; A walk of lilies crost it to the bower :	Prince, we have ridd'n before among the flowers
And down that range of roses the great Queen	In those fair days — not all as cool as these,
Came with slow steps, the morning on her face;	Tho' season-earlier. Art thou sad? or sick?
And all in shadow from the counter door Sir Lancelot as to meet her, then at	Our noble King will send thee his own leech—
once, As if he saw not, glanced aside, and	Sick? or for any matter anger'd at me?'
paced The long white walk of lilies toward the	Then Lancelot lifted his large eyes; they dwelt
bower.	Deep-tranced on hers, and could not fall:
Follow'd the Queen; Sir Balin heard her 'Prince,	her hue Changed at his gaze: so turning side by
Art thou so little loyal to thy Queen, As pass without good morrow to thy Queen?'	side They past, and Balin started from his bower.

	5 7
'Queen? subject? but I see not what I see.	Now with dug spur and raving at him-
Damsel and lover? hear not what I	self, Now with droopt brow down the long
hear.	glades he rode;
My father hath begotten me in his wrath.	So mark'd not on his right a cavern-chasm
I suffer from the things before me,	Yawn over darkness, where, not far
know,	within,
Learn nothing; am not worthy to be	The whole day died, but, dying, gleam'd
knight;	on rocks
A churl, a clown ! ' and in him gloom on gloom	Roof-pendent, sharp; and others from the floor,
Deepen'd: he sharply caught his lance	Tusklike, arising, made that mouth of
and shield,	night
Nor stay'd to crave permission of the	Whereout the Demon issued up from
King,	Hell.
But, mad for strange adventure, dash'd	He mark'd not this, but blind and deaf
away.	to all
	Save that chain'd rage, which ever yelpt
He took the selfsame track as Balan, saw	within, Dest centured from the falling out
The fountain where they sat together,	Past eastward from the falling sun. At
sigh'd,	He felt the hollow-beaten mosses thud
'Was I not better there with him?' and	And tremble, and then the shadow of a
rode	spear,
The skyless woods, but under open blue	Shot from behind him, ran along the
Came on the hoarhead woodman at a	ground.
bough	Sideways he started from the path, and
Wearily hewing. 'Churl, thine axe!'	Saw,
he cried, Descended, and disjointed it at a blow:	With pointed lance as if to pierce, a shape,
To whom the woodman utter'd wonder-	A light of armour by him flash, and pass
ingly,	And vanish in the woods; and follow'd
'Lord, thou couldst lay the Devil of	this,
these woods	But all so blind in rage that unawares
If arm of flesh could lay him.' Balin	He burst his lance against a forest bough
cried,	Dishorsed himself, and rose again, and
'Him, or the viler devil who plays his	fled
part, To lay that devil would lay the Devil in	Far, till the castle of a King, the hall Of Pellam, lichen-bearded, grayly draped
me.'	With streaming grass, appear'd, low-built
'Nay,' said the churl, 'our devil is a	but strong;
truth,	The ruinous donjon as a knoll of moss,
I saw the flash of him but yestereven.	The battlement overtopt with ivytods,
And some do say that our Sir Garlon too	A home of bats, in every tower an owl.
Hath learn'd black magic, and to ride	
unseen.	Then spake the men of Pellam crying,
Look to the cave.' But Balin answer'd	'Lord,

him, 'Old fabler, these be fancies of the churl,

Look to thy woodcraft,' and so leaving him, Now with slack rein and careless of him-

self,

Why wear ye this crown-royal upon shield?'

Said Balin, 'For the fairest and the best Of ladies living gave me this to bear.' So stall'd his horse, and strode across the

court,

But found the greetings both of knight and King	Relax'd his hold: 'I will be gentle,' he thought,
Faint in the low dark hall of banquet: leaves	'And passing gentle,' caught his hand away.
Laid their green faces flat against the panes, Sprays grated, and the canker'd boughs without	Then fiercely to Sir Garlon, 'Eyes have I That saw to-day the shadow of a spear, Shot from behind me, run along the ground;
Whined in the wood; for all was hush'd within,	Eyes too that long have watch'd how Lancelot draws
Till when at feast Sir Garlon likewise ask'd	From homage to the best and purest, might,
'Why wear ye that crown-royal?' Balin said	Name, manhood, and a grace, but scantly thine,
'The Queen we worship, Lancelot, I, and all,	Who, sitting in thine own hall, canst endure
As fairest, best and purest, granted me To bear it!' Such a sound (for Arthur's	To mouth so huge a foulness—to thy guest,
knights Were hated strangers in the hall) as	Me, me of Arthur's Table. Felon talk ! Let be ! no more !'
makes The white swan-mother, sitting, when she hears	But not the less by night The scorn of Garlon, poisoning all his
A strange knee rustle thro' her secret reeds,	rest, Stung him in dreams. At length, and
Made Garlon, hissing; then he sourly smiled.	dim thro' leaves Blinkt the white morn, sprays grated,
'Fairest I grant her · I have seen; but best,	and old boughs Whined in the wood. He rose, de-
Best, purest? thou from Arthur's hall, and yet	scended, met The scorner in the castle court, and fain,
So simple! hast thou eyes, or if, are these	For hate and loathing, would have past him by; But when Sir Garlon utter'd mocking-
So far besotted that they fail to see This fair wife-worship cloaks a secret shame?	wise, 'What, wear ye still that same crown-
Truly, ye men of Arthur be but babes.'	scandalous?' His countenance blacken'd, and his
A goblet on the board by Balin, boss'd	forehead veins Bloated, and branch'd; and tearing out
With holy Joseph's legend, on his right Stood, all of massiest bronze: one side had sea	of sheath The brand, Sir Balin with a fiery 'Ha! So thou be shadow, here I make thee
And ship and sail and angels blowing on it:	ghost,' Hard upon helm smote him, and the
And one was rough with wattling, and the walls	blade flew Splintering in six, and clinkt upon the
Of that low church he built at Glaston- bury.	stones. Then Garlon, reeling slowly backward,
This Balin graspt, but while in act to hurl,	fell, And Balin by the banneret of his helm
Thro' memory of that token on the shield	Dragg'd him, and struck, but from the castle a cry

Sounded across the court, and — men-at- arms,	'I have shamed thee so that now thou shamest me,
A score with pointed lances, making at	Thee will I bear no more,' high on a branch
him $-$ He dash'd the pummel at the foremost	Hung it, and turn'd aside into the woods,
face, Beneath a low door dipt, and made his	And there in gloom cast himself all along,
feet Wings thro' a glimmering gallery, till he	Moaning 'My violences, my violences!'
mark'd The portal of King Pellam's chapel wide	But now the wholesome music of the wood
And inward to the wall; he stept behind; Thence in a moment heard them pass	Was dumb'd by one from out the hall of Mark,
like wolves	A damsel-errant, warbling, as she rode
Howling; but while he stared about the shrine,	The woodland alleys, Vivien, with her Squire.
In which he scarce could spy the Christ for Saints,	'The fire of Heaven has kill'd the
Beheld before a golden altar lie	barren cold,
The longest lance his eyes had ever seen,	And kindled all the plain and all the
Point-painted red; and seizing thereupon Push'd thro' an open casement down,	wold. The new leaf ever pushes off the old.
lean'd on it,	The fire of Heaven is not the flame of
Leapt in a semicircle, and lit on earth;	Hell.
Then hand at ear, and harkening from what side	'Old priest, who mumble worship in
The blindfold rummage buried in the	your quire —
walls Might echo, ran the counter path, and	Old monk and nun, ye scorn the world's desire,
found	Yet in your frosty cells ye feel the fire!
His charger, mounted on him and away.	The fire of Heaven is not the flame of
An arrow whizz'd to the right, one to the left,	Hell.
One overhead; and Pellam's feeble cry	'The fire of Heaven is on the dusty
'Stay, stay him! he defileth heavenly things	ways. The wayside blossoms open to the blaze.
With earthly uses — made him quickly dive	The whole wood-world is one full peal of praise.
Beneath the boughs, and race thro' many	The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell.
a mile Of dense and open, till his goodly horse,	11611.
Arising wearily at a fallen oak,	'The fire of Heaven is lord of all things
Stumbled headlong, and cast him face to ground.	good, And starve not thou this fire within thy
giouna.	blood,
Half-wroth he had not ended, but all glad,	But follow Vivien thro' the fiery flood ! The fire of Heaven is not the flame of
Knightlike, to find his charger yet un-	Hell!'
lamed, Sir Balin drew the shield from off his	Then turning to her Squire, 'This fire
neck, Stared at the priceless cognizance, and	of Heaven, This old sun-worship, boy, will rise
thought	again,
2 B	

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And beat the cross to earth, and break the King And all his Table.'	Die: let the wolves' black maws en- sepulchre Their brother beast, whose anger was his
Then they reach'd a glade, Where under one long lane of cloudless air	lord. O me, that such a name as Guinevere's, Which our high Lancelot hath so lifted up,
Before another wood, the royal crown Sparkled, and swaying upon a restless elm Drew the vague glance of Vivien, and her Squire;	And been thereby uplifted, should thro' me, My violence, and my villainy, come to shame.'
 Amazed were these; 'Lo there,' she cried, 'a crown— Borne by some high lord-prince of Arthur's hall, And there a horse! the rider? where is he? See, yonder lies one dead within the wood. Not dead; he stirs!—but sleeping. I will speak. Hail, royal knight, we break on thy sweet rest, Not, doubtless, all unearn'd by noble deeds. But bounden art thou, if from Arthur's hall, To help the weak. Behold, I fly from shame, A lustful King, who sought to win my love Thro' evil ways: the knight, with whom I rode, 	Thereat she suddenly laugh'd and shrill, anon Sigh'd all as suddenly. Said Balin to her 'Is this thy courtesy — to mock me, ha? Hence, for I will not with thee.' Again she sigh'd 'Pardon, sweet lord ! we maidens often laugh When sick at heart, when rather we should weep. I knew thee wrong'd. I brake upon thy rest, And now full loth am I to break thy dream, But thou art man, and canst abide a truth, Tho' bitter. Hither, boy — and mark me well. Dost thou remember at Caerleon once — A year ago — nay, then I love thee not — Ay, thou rememberest well — one summer dawn — By the great tower — Caerleon upon
squire Hath in him small defence; but thou,	Usk— Nay, truly we were hidden: this fair
Sir Prince, Wilt surely guide me to the warrior King, Arthur the blameless, pure as any maid, To get me shelter for my maidenhood. I charge thee by that crown upon thy shield, And by the great Queen's name, arise and hence.' And Balin rose, 'Thither no more! nor Prince	lord, The flower of all their vestal knighthood, knelt In amorous homage — knelt — what else? — O ay Knelt, and drew down from out his night-black hair And mumbled that white hand whose ring'd caress Had wander'd from her own King's golden head,
Nor knight am I, but one that hath defamed The cognizance she gave me: here f	And lost itself in darkness, till she cried—
dwell Savage among the savage woods, here	I thought the great tower would crash down on both— "Rise, my sweet King, and kiss me on
die —	the lips,

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 Thou art my King." This lad, whose lightest word Is mere white truth in simple nakedness, Saw them embrace : he reddens, cannot speak, So bashful, he ! but all the maiden Saints, The deathless mother-maidenhood of Heaven, Cry out upon her. Up then, ride with me ! Talk not of shame ! thou canst not, an thou would'st, Do these more shame than these have done themselves.' She lied with ease; but horror-stricken he, Remembering that dark bower at Camelot, Breathed in a dismal whisper 'It is truth.' Sunnily she smiled 'And even in this lone wood, Sweet lord, ye do right well to whisper this. Fools prate, and perish traitors. Woods have tongues, As walls have ears: but thou shalt go with me, And we will speak at first exceeding low. Meet is it the good King be not deceived. See now, I set thee high on vantage ground, From whence to watch the time, and eagle-like Stoop at thy will on Lancelot and the Queen.' She ceased; his evil spirit upon him léapt, He ground his teeth together, sprang with a yell, Tore from the branch, and cast on earth, the shield, Drove his mail'd heel athwart the royal 	broken shell, Art yet half-yolk, not even come to down — Who never sawest Caerleon upon Usk — And yet hast often pleaded for my love —
leapt, He ground his teeth together, sprang with a yell, Tore from the branch, and cast on earth, the shield,	But thou, Sir Chick, that scarce hast broken shell, Art yet half-yolk, not even come to

'Brother, I dwelt a day in Pellam's hall:
This Garlon mock'd me, but I heeded not.
And one said "Eat in peace! a liar is he,
And hates thee for the tribute!" this good knight
 Told me that twice a wanton damsel came, And sought for Garlon at the castlegates, Whom Pellam drove away with holy heat. I well believe this damsel, and the one Who stood beside thee even now, the same. "She dwells among the woods," he said, "and meets And dallies with him in the Mouth of Hell." Foul are their lives; foul are their lips;
Pour are then nves, four are then nps; they lied. Pure as our own true Mother is our Queen.'
'O brother,' answer'd Balin, 'woe is me! My madness all thy life has been thy doom
doom, Thy curse, and darken'd all thy day; and now The night has come. I scarce can see thee now. Goodnight! for we shall never bid again Goodmorrow—Dark my doom was here, and dark It will be there. I see thee now no more. I would not mine again should darken
 a would not mile again should darken thine, Goodnight, true brother.' Balan answer'd low Goodnight, true brother here! good-morrow there! We two were born together, and we die Together by one doom :' and while he spoke Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and slept the sleep With Balin, either lock'd in either's arm.

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MERLIN AND 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 ivied masonwork, At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.
 - For he that always bare in bitter grudge
- The slights of Arthur and his Table, Mark
- The Cornish King, had heard a wandering voice,
- A minstrel of Caerleon by strong storm Blown into shelter at Tintagil, sav
- That out of naked knightlike purity
- Sir Lancelot worshipt no unmarried girl
- But the great Queen herself, fought in
- her name,
- Sware by her vows like theirs, that high in heaven
- Love most, but neither marry, nor are given
- In marriage, angels of our Lord's report.
 - He ceased, and then for Vivien sweetly said
- (She sat beside the banquet nearest Mark),
- 'And is the fair example follow'd, Sir,
- In Arthur's household? '--- answer'd innocently :
 - 'Ay, by some few ay, truly youths that hold

It more beseems the perfect virgin knight

- To worship woman as true wife beyond
- All hopes of gaining, than as maiden girl.
- They place their pride in Lancelot and the Queen.
- So passionate for an utter purity
- Bevond the limit of their bond, are these,
- For Arthur bound them not to singleness,
- Brave hearts and clean! and yet—Go guide them—young.'
 - Then Mark was half in heart to hurl his cup
- Straight at the speaker, but forbore: he rose

- To leave the hall, and, Vivien following him,
- Turn'd to her: 'Here are snakes within the grass;
- And you methinks, O Vivien, save ye fear
- The monkish manhood, and the mask of pure
- Worn by this court, can stir them till they sting.'
 - And Vivien answer'd, smiling scornfully,
- 'Why fear? because that foster'd at thy court
- I savour of thy -- virtues? fear them? no.
- As Love. if Love be perfect, casts out fear,
- So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out fear.
- My father died in battle against the King,
- My mother on his corpse in open field;
- She bore me there, for born from death was I
- Among the dead and sown upon the wind—
- And then on thee! and shown the truth betimes,
- That old true filth, and bottom of the well,
- Where Truth is hidden. Gracious lessons thine
- And maxims of the mud! "This Arthur pure!
- Great Nature thro' the flesh herself hath made
- Gives him the lie! There is no being pure,
- My cherub; saith not Holy Writ the same?"—
- If I were Arthur, I would have thy blood.
- Thy blessing, stainless King! I bring thee back,
- When I have ferreted out their burrowings,
- The hearts of all this Order in mine hand —
- Ay so that fate and craft and folly close,
- Perchance, one curl of Arthur's golden beard.
- To me this narrow grizzled fork of thine

- Is cleaner-fashion'd Well, I loved thee We choose the last. Our noble Arthur. first. him That warps the wit.' Ye scarce can overpraise, will hear and know. Loud laugh'd the graceless Mark. Nav-we believe all evil of thy Mark-Well, we shall test thee farther; but this But Vivien, into Camelot stealing, lodged Low in the city, and on a festal day hour When Guinevere was crossing the great We ride a-hawking with Sir Lancelot. hall He hath given us a fair falcon which he Cast herself down, knelt to the Oueen, train'd: and wail'd We go to prove it. Bide ve here the while.' 'Why kneel ye there? What evil have She past; and Vivien murmur'd after. ve wrought? Rise!' and the damsel bidden rise arose Go! And stood with folded hands and down-I bide the while.' Then thro' the portalward eyes arch Of glancing corner, and all meekly said, Peering askance, and muttering brokenwise, 'None wrought, but suffer'd much, an orphan maid! As one that labours with an evil dream. My father died in battle for thy King, Beheld the Oueen and Lancelot get to My mother on his corpse—in open horse. field. The sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyon-'Is that the Lancelot? goodly - av, esse but gaunt: Poor wretch — no friend ! — and now by Courteous - amends for gauntness takes her hand ----Mark the King For that small charm of feature mine, That glance of theirs, but for the street, had been pursued -If any such be mine - I fly to thee. A clinging kiss - how hand lingers in Save, save me thou - Woman of women hand! — thine Let go at last! — they ride away — to The wreath of beauty, thine the crown of hawk power, For waterfowl. Royaller game is mine. Be thine the balm of pity, O Heaven's For such a supersensual sensual bond own white As that gray cricket chirpt of at our Earth-angel, stainless bride of stainless hearth -King-Touch flax with flame - a glance will Help, for he follows! take me to thyserve — the liars! self! Ah little rat that borest in the dyke () yield me shelter for mine innocency Thy hole by night to let the boundless deep Among thy maidens!' Down upon far-off cities while they dance -Here her slow sweet eyes Or dream — of thee they dream'd not — Fear-tremulous, but humbly hopeful, rose nor of me Fixt on her hearer's, while the Queen These — ay, but each of either : ride, and who stood dream All glittering like May sunshine on May The mortal dream that never yet was leaves mine -In green and gold, and plumed with Ride, ride and dream until ye wake --green replied, to me!
- 'Peace, child! of overpraise and overblame

farewell!

Then, narrow court and lubber King,

- For Lancelot will be gracious to the rat, And our wise Queen, if knowing that I know.
- Will hate, loathe, fear but honour me the more.'
 - Yet while they rode together down the plain.
- Their talk was all of training, terms of art, Diet and seeling, jesses, leash and lure.
- 'She is too noble,' he said, 'to check at pies.
- Nor will she rake: there is no baseness in her.?
- Here when the Queen demanded as by chance,
- 'Know ye the stranger woman?' 'Let her be.'
- Said Lancelot and unhooded casting off
- The goodly falcon free; she tower'd; her bells.
- Tone under tone, shrill'd; and they lifted up
- Their eager faces, wondering at the strength,
- Boldness and royal knighthood of the bird
- Who pounced her quarry and slew it. Many a time
- As once of old among the flowers they rode.
- But Vivien half-forgotten of the Queen Among her damsels broidering sat, heard,
- watch'd And whisper'd, thro' the perceful court
- And whisper'd: thro' the peaceful court she crept
- And whisper'd: then as Arthur in the highest
- Leaven'd the world, so Vivien in the lowest,
- Arriving at a time of golden rest.
- And sowing one ill hint from ear to ear, While all the heathen lay at Arthur's feet,
- And no quest came, but all was joust and play,
- Leaven'd his hall. They heard and let her be.

Thereafter as an enemy that has left

- Death in the living waters, and withdrawn,
- 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 rumour issued from herself
- Of some corruption crept among his knights.
- 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 blameless King.
- And after that, she set herself to gain
- Him, the most famous man of all those times,
- Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
- Had built the King his havens, ships, and halls,
- Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens;
- The people call'd 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 disdain'd,

Began to break her sports with graver fits. And Vivien ever sought to work the Turn red or pale, would often when they charm met Upon the great Enchanter of the Time, Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him As fancying that her glory would be great With such a fixt devotion, that the old According to his greatness whom she quench'd. man. Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times There lay she all her length and kiss'd Would flatter his own wish in age for love, his feet, And half believe her true: for thus at As if in deepest reverence and in love. times A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe He waver'd; but that other clung to him. Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went. Of: samite without price, that more exprest Than hid her, clung about her lissome Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy; He walk'd with dreams and darkness, limbs. and he found In colour like the satin-shining palm A doom that ever poised itself to fall, On sallows in the windy gleams of March : An ever-moaning battle in the mist, And while she kiss'd them, crying, World-war of dying flesh against the 'Trample me, Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro' the life. Death in all life and lying in all love. world. The meanest having power upon the And I will pay you worship; tread me highest, down And the high purpose broken by the And I will kiss you for it;' he was mute: So dark a forethought roll'd about his worm. brain. So leaving Arthur's court he gain'd the As on a dull day in an Ocean cave The blind wave feeling round his long beach: There found a little boat, and stept into it; sea-hall And Vivien follow'd, but he mark'd her In silence : wherefore, when she lifted up A face of sad appeal, and spake and said, not She took the helm and he the sail; the 'O Merlin, do ye love me?' and again, boat 'O Merlin, do ye love me?' and once Drave with a sudden wind across the more. 'Great Master, do ye love me?' he was deeps, And touching Breton sands, they dismute. embark'd. And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel. And then she follow'd Merlin all the way, Writhed toward him, slided up his knee Ev'n to the wild woods of Broceliande. and sat. For Merlin once had told her of a charm, Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet The which if any wrought on any one Together, curved an arm about his neck, With woven paces and with waving arms, Clung like a snake; and letting her left The man so wrought on ever seem'd to lie hand Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower. Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf, From which was no escape for evermore; Made with her right a comb of pearl to And none could find that man for everpart more. The lists of such a beard as youth gone Nor could he see but him who wrought out the charm Had left in ashes: then he spoke and Coming and going, and he lay as dead said. And lost to life and use and name and Not looking at her, 'Who are wise in fame. love

Love most, say least,' and Vivien an-	Deep meadows we had traversed, did
swer'd quick,	you know
' I saw the little elf-god eyeless once In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot :	That Vivien bathed your feet before her own?
But neither eyes nor tongue — O stupid	And yet no thanks: and all thro' this wild
child !	wood
Yet you are wise who say it; let me think Silence is wisdom : I am silent then,	And all this morning when I fondled
And ask no kiss;' then adding all at once,	you: Boon, ay, there was a boon, one not so
'And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom,'	strange —
drew The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard	How had I wrong'd you? surely ye are wise,
Across her neck and bosom to her knee,	But such a silence is more wise than kind.'
And call'd herself a gilded summer fly	
Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,	And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said :
Who meant to eat her up in that wild	'O did ye never lie upon the shore,
wood Without one word. So Vivien call'd her-	And watch the curl'd white of the com- ing wave
self,	Glass'd in the slippery sand before it
But rather seem'd a lovely baleful star	breaks?
Veil'd in gray vapour; till he sadly smiled:	Ev'n such a wave, but not so pleasurable, Dark in the glass of some presageful
'To what request for what strange boon,'	mood,
he said,	Had I for three days seen, ready to fall. And then I rose and fled from Arthur's
'Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries, O Vivien, the preamble? yet my thanks,	court
For these have broken up my melancholy.'	To break the mood. You follow'd me
And Vivien answer'd smiling saucily,	unask'd; And when I look'd, and saw you follow-
'What, O my Master, have ye found	ing still,
your voice?	My mind involved yourself the nearest
I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last!	thing In that mind-mist : for shall I tell you
But yesterday you never open'd lip,	truth?
Except indeed to drink : no cup had we :	You seem'd that wave about to break
In mine own lady palms I cull'd the spring	upon me And sweep me from my hold upon the
That gather'd trickling dropwise from	world,
the cleft, And made a pretty cup of both my hands	My use and name and fame. Your par- don, child.
And offer'd you it kneeling: then you	Your pretty sports have brighten'd all
drank	again.
And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word;	And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,
O no more thanks than might a goat	Once for wrong done you by confusion,
have given With no more sign of reverence than a	next For thanks it seems till now neglected,
beard.	last
And when we halted at that other well,	For these your dainty gambols: where- fore ask;
And I was faint to swooning, and you lay Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of	And take this boon so strange and not so
those	strange.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling mourn- fully:	As clean as blood of babes, as white as milk :
 O not so strange as my long asking it, Not yet so strange as you yourself are strange, Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours. 	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 treachery— May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir
l ever fear'd ye were not wholly mine; And see, yourself have own'd ye did me wrong.	hell Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat,
The people call you prophet: let it be: But not of those that can expound them- selves. Take Vivien for expounder; she will call That three-days-long presageful gloom of	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,
yours No presage, but the same mistrustful	However wise, ye hardly know me yet.'
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,	 And Merlin loosed his hand from hers 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.
That such a mood as that, which lately gloom'd	Yea, if ye talk of trust I tell you this, Too much I trusted when I told you that,
Your fancy when ye saw me following you,	And stirr'd this vice in you which ruin'd man
Must make me fear still more you are not mine, Must make me yearn still more to prove you mine,	Thro' woman the first hour; for howsoe'er In children a great curiousness be well, Who have to learn themselves and all the world,
And make me wish still more to learn this charm	In you, that are no child, for still I find Your face is practised when I spell the
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.	lines, I call it, — well, I will not call it vice : But since you name yourself the summer fly,
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	I well could wish a cobweb for the gnat, That settles, beaten back, and beaten back Settles, till one could yield for weariness: But since I will not yield to give you
mine. And therefore be as great as ye are named, Not muffled round with selfish reticence. How hard you look and how denyingly! O, if you think this wickedness in me, That I should prove it on you unawares,	power Upon my life and use and name and fame, Why will ye never ask some other boon? Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too much.'
That makes me passing wrathful; then our bond	And Vivien, like the tenderest-hearted maid
Had best be loosed for ever: but think or not,	That ever bided tryst at village stile, Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears :
By Heaven that hears I tell you the clean truth,	'Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid;

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Caress her: let her feel herself forgiven Who feels no heart to ask another boon. I think ye 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 ye 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.	 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; and all day long 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 fiercely 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 mournfully: O mine have ebb'd away for evermore, 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 ye scorn my song, Take one verse more — the lady speaks it — this;

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 "My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier 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, 	 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
That burst in dancing, and the pearls were split;	Should have some rest and pleasure in himself,
 were split; 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 is it with this rhyme: It lives dispersedly in many hands, And every minstrel sings it differently; Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls: "Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love." Yea! 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 nothing to us; And what is Fame in life but half-disfame, And counterchanged with darkness? ye yourself Know well that Envy calls you Devil's son, And since ye seem the Master of all Art, 	himself, Not ever be too curious for a boon, Too prurient for a proof against the grain Of him ye say ye 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 fain had given them greater wits: 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.
They fain would make you Master of all vice.'	Sweet were the days when I was all unknown, But when my name was lifted up, the
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	Brake on the mountain and I cared not for it, Right well know I that Fame is half-
alone,	disfame,
Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,	Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,
And then was painting on it fancied arms, Azure, an Eagle rising, or the Sun In dexter chief; the scroll "I follow 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, having power, However well ye think ye 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 wickedness, 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 ye say ye love.' 	I needed then no charm to keep them mine But youth and love; and that full heart of yours Whereof ye 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 ye 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 name- less isles; And passing one, at the high peep of dawn,
 And Vivien answer'd smiling as in wrath: 'Have I not sworn? I am not trusted. Good! Well, hide it, hide 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 love 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 yourself? I well believe that all about this world Ye cage a buxom captive here and there, Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower From which is no escape for evermore.' 	 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 wonderful, 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 islenurtured eyes Waged such unwilling tho' successful war On all the youth, they sicken'd; councils thinn'd, And armies waned, for magnet-like she drew The rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts; And beasts themselves would worship; camels knelt

Then the great Master merrily answer'd her :

- 'Full many a love in loving youth was mine;
- Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back That carry kings in castles, bow'd black
- That carry kings in castles, bow'd black knees

•

Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands, To make her smile, her golden ankle-bells.

What wonder, being jealous, that he sent 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 has 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, meaning 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

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, methinks,

- Thy tongue has tript a little: ask thyself.
- The lady never made unwilling war
- With those fine eyes: she had her pleasure in it,
- And made her good man jealous with good cause.
- And lived there neither dame nor damsel 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, Or make her paler with a poison'd rose? 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 round 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,

Nor own'd a sensual wish, to him the wall That sunders ghosts and shadow-casting

- 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 pinewood 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 golden mines.
- The province with a 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: 'Ye 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 answer'd her:

'Thou 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—thou 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 ye sware, ye might, perchance,
- Assay it on some one of the Table Round,
- And all because ye 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 ye know,
- Set up the charge ye 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 distant lands;

Was one year gone, and on returning found	And wearied out made for the couch and slept,
Not two but three? there lay the reck- ling, one But one hour old! What said the happy	A stainless man beside a stainless maid; And either slept, nor knew of other there; Till the high dawn piercing the royal rose
sire? A seven-months' babe had been a truer	In Arthur's casement glimmer'd chastely
gift.	down, Blushing upon them blushing, and at once
Those twelve sweet moons confused his fatherhood.'	He rose without a word and parted from her:
Then answer'd Merlin, 'Nay, I know	But when the thing was blazed about the court,
the tale. Sir Valence wedded with an outland	The brute world howling forced them into bonds,
dame : Some cause had kept him sunder'd from	And as it chanced they are happy, being pure.'
his wife: One child they had: it lived with her: she died:	'O ay,' said Vivien, 'that were likely too.
His kinsman travelling on his own affair Was charged by Valence to bring home	What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale And of the horrid foulness that he
the child.	wrought,
He brought, not found it therefore: take the truth.'	The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,
'O ay,' said Vivien, ' overtrue a tale.	Or some black wether of St. Satan's fold. What, in the precincts of the chapel-yard,
What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagramore, That ardent man? "to pluck the flower in season,"	Among the knightly brasses of the graves, And by the cold Hic Jacets of the dead!'
So says the song, "I trow it is no trea- son."	And Merlin answer'd careless of her charge,
O Master, shall we call him overquick To crop his own sweet rose before the	'A sober man is Percivale and pure; But once in life was fluster'd with new
hour?'	wine,
And Merlin answer'd, 'Overquick art	Then paced for coolness in the chapel- yard;
thou To catch a loathly plume fall'n from the	Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught
wing Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole	And meant to stamp him with her mas- ter's mark;
prey	And that he sinn'd is not believable;
Is man's good name: he never wrong'd his bride.	For, look upon his face! — but if he sinn'd,
I know the tale. An angry gust of wind	The sin that practice burns into the blood, And not the one dark hour which brings
Puff'd out his torch among the myriad-	remorse,
room'd And many-corridor'd complexities	Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be: Or clse were he, the holy king, whose
Of Arthur's palace: then he found a door,	hymns Are chanted in the minster, worse than
And darkling felt the sculptured ornament That wreathen round it made it seem his	all.
own;	But is your spleen froth'd out, or have ye more?'

And Vivien answer'd frowning yet in wrath:	To things with every sense as false and foul
"O ay; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend?	As the poach'd filth that floods the middle street,
Traitor or true? that commerce with the Queen,	Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!'
I ask you, is it clamour'd by the child,	D + W : L + . is a Marlin analysis
Or whisper'd in the corner? do ye know it?'	But Vivien, deeming Merlin overborne By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue
To which he answer'd sadly, 'Yea, I know it.	Rage like a fire among the noblest names,
Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,	Polluting, and imputing her whole self,
To fetch her, and she watch'd him from her walls.	Defaming and defacing, till she left Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad
A rumour runs, she took him for the King,	clean.
So fixt her fancy on him : let them be.	Her words had issue other than she
But have ye no one word of loyal praise For Arthur, blameless King and stainless	will'd.
man?'	He dragg'd his eyebrow bushes down, and made
She answer'd with a low and chuckling	A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes,
laugh:	And mutter'd in himself, 'Tell her the charm!
'Man! is he man at all, who knows and winks?	So, if she had it, would she rail on me
Sees what his fair bride is and does, and	To snare the next, and if she have it not
winks?	So will she rail. What did the wanton
By which the good King means to blind himself,	say? "Not mount as high;" we scarce can
And blinds himself and all the Table Round	sink as low: For men at most differ as Heaven and
To all the foulness that they work. My- self	earth, But women, worst and best, as Heaven
Could call him (were it not for woman- hood)	and Hell. I know the Table Round, my friends of
The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,	old; All brave, and many generous, and some
Could call him the main cause of all their crime;	chaste. She cloaks the scar of some repulse with
Yea, were he not crown'd King, coward,	lies;
and fool.'	I well believe she tempted them and fail'd, Being so bitter: for fine plots may fail,
Then Merlin to his own heart, loath- ing, said:	Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as face With colours of the heart that are not
'O true and tender! O my liege and King!	theirs. I will not let her know: nine tithes of
O selfless man and stainless gentleman,	times
Who wouldst against thine own eye-wit- ness fain	Face-flatterer and backbiter are the same. And they, sweet soul, that most impute a
Have all men true and leal, all women pure;	crime Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
How, in the mouths of base interpreters, From over-fineness not intelligible	Wanting the mental range; or low desire Not to feel lowest makes them level all;
2 C	

- 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 delight,
- And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
- Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
- Her godlike head crown'd with spiritual 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 love.
- Flash'd the bare-grinning skeleton of death !
- White was her cheek; sharp breaths of anger puff'd
- Her fairy nostril out; her hand halfclench'd
- 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 even 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 affections to the heart '
- Seethed 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.
- O, I, that flattering my true passion, saw
- 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 henceforth
- 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 toward 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 returns,

- The seeming-injured simple-hearted thing Came to her old perch back, and settled
- 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, The gentle wizard cast a shielding arm. 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 evermore; Since, if I be what I am grossly call³d,

- 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 ask'd in vain!
- How justly, after that vile term of yours, I find with grief! I might believe you
- then, Who knows? once more. Lo! what was once to me

Mere matter of the fancy, now hath grown

The vast necessity of heart and life.

Farewell; think gently of me, for I fear My fate or folly, passing gayer youth

- For one so old, must be to love thee still.
- But ere I leave thee let me swear once more
- That if I schemed against thy peace in this,
- May yon 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 colours, 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 seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,

- Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate 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.' LANCELOT AND 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 morning's earliest ray Might strike it, and awake her with the gleam; Then fearing rust or soilure fashion'd for side: it A case of silk, and braided thereupon met 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 saved him: so she lived in fantasy.

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, long before they crown'd him King,

Roving the trackless realms of Lyonesse,

Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.

- A horror lived about the 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 abhorr'd:

And there they lay till all their bones were bleach'd,

- And lichen'd into colour with the crags: Now for the central diamond and the And he, that once was king, had on a last crown Of diamonds, one in front, and four court aside. And Arthur came, and labouring up the now pass. All in a misty moonshine, unawares Had trodden that crown'd skeleton, and Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinethe skull vere. Brake from the nape, and from the skull 'Are you so sick, my Queen, you cannot the crown move To these fair jousts?' 'Yea, lord,' she Roll'd into light, and turning on its rims Fled like a glittering rivulet to the said, 'ye know it.' tarn : And down the shingly scaur he plunged. great deeds and caught. Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the lists, A sight ye love to look on.' And the And set it on his head, and in his heart Heard murmurs, ' Lo, thou likewise shalt Oueen Lifted her eves, and they dwelt languidly be King.' Thereafter, when a King, he had the King. gems Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd there. them to his knights. Saying, 'These jewels, whereupon I more chanced Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the heart Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen King's ---For public use: henceforward let there complete be. Once every year, a joust for one of these : For so by nine years' proof we needs boon) must learn Which is our mightiest, and ourselves and say, shall grow In use of arms and manhood, till we whole. drive The heathen, who, some say, shall rule King Glanced first at him, then her, and went the land Hereafter, which God hinder.' Thus he his way. No sooner gone than suddenly she began : spoke: And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still Had Lancelot won the diamond of the much to blame! Why go ye not to these fair jousts? the year, With purpose to present them to the knights Are half of them our enemies, and the Queen, When all were won; but meaning all at crowd Will murmur, "Lo the shameless ones, once
 - To snare her royal fancy with a boon
 - Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

- And largest, Arthur, holding then his
- Hard on the river nigh the place which

Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a joust At Camelot, and when the time drew nigh

- 'Then will ve miss,' he answer'd, 'the

On Lancelot, where he stood beside the

- He thinking that he read her meaning
- 'Stay with me, I am sick; my love is
- Than many diamonds,' yielded; and a

(However much he yearn'd to make

- The tale of diamonds for his destined
- Urged him to speak against the truth,
- 'Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly
- And lets me from the saddle; ' and the

'To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot,

- who take
- Their pastime now the trustful King is gone!"'

Then Lancelot vext at having lied in vain:	Not Arthur's, as ye know, save by the bond.
'Are ye so wise? ye were not once so wise,	And therefore hear my words: go to the jousts:
My Queen, that summer, when ye loved me first.	The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
Then of the crowd ye took no more account	When sweetest; and the vermin voices here
Than of the myriad cricket of the mead, When its own voice clings to each blade of grass,	May buzz so loud — we scorn them, but they sting.'
And every voice is nothing. As to knights,	Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights:
Them surely can I silence with all ease. But now my loyal worship is allow'd	'And with what face, after my pretext made,
Ias link'd our names together in his lay, ancelot, the flower of bravery, Guine-	Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I Before a King who honours his own word,
vere, he pearl of beauty: and our knights at	As if it were his God's?'
 feast 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, Chat passionate perfection, my good lord — But who can gaze upon the Sun in heaven? He never spake word of reproach to me, He never had a glimpse of mine untruth, He cares not for me: only here to-day 	 '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, Ye know right well, how meek soe'er he seem, No keener hunter after glory breathes. He loves it in his knights more than himself:
here gleam'd a vague suspicion in his eyes: ome meddling rogue has tamper'd with	They prove to him his work: win and return.'
him — else Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,	Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse, Wrath at himself. Not willing to be
ind swearing men to vows impossible, o make them like himself: but, friend, to me fe is all fault who hath no fault at all: or who loves me must have a touch of	Wroth at himself. Not willing to be known, He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare, Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,
carth; The low sun makes the colour: I am yours,	And there among the solitary downs, Full often lost in fancy, lost his way; Till as he traced a faintly-shadow'd track,

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That all in loops and links among the	And so, God wot, his shield is blank
dales Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw Vived from the west far on a hill the	enough. His ye can have.' Then added plain Sir
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.	Torre, 'Yea, since I cannot use it, ye may have
Thither he made, and blew the gateway horn.	Here laugh'd the father saying, 'Fie, Sir
Then came an old, dumb, myriad- wrinkled man,	Churl, Is that an answer for a noble knight?
Who let him into lodging and disarm'd. And Lancelot marvell'd at the wordless	Allow him! but Lavaine, my younger here.
man; And issuing found the Lord of Astolat	He is so full of lustihood, he will ride, Joust for it, and win, and bring it in an
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,	hour, And set it in this damsel's golden hair,
Moving to meet him in the castle court; And close behind them stept the lily	To make her thrice as wilful as before.'
maid	'Nay, father, nay, good father, shame
Elaine, his daughter: mother of the house There was not: some light jest among	me not Before this noble knight,' said young
them rose With laughter dying down as the great knight	Lavaine, 'For nothing. Surely I but play'd on Torre:
Approach'd them: then the Lord of Astolat:	He seem'd so sullen, vext he could not go : A jest, no more! for, knight, the maiden
'Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name	dreamt That some one put this diamond in her
Livest between the lips? for by thy state And presence I might guess thee chief of	hand, And that it was too slippery to be held,
those,	And slipt and fell into some pool or
After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls. Him have I seen: the rest, his Table	stream, The castle-well, belike; and then I said
Round, Known as they are, to me they are un-	That if I went and if I fought and won it (But all was jest and joke among our-
known.'	selves) Then must she keep it safelier. All was
Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights:	jest. But. father, give me leave, an if he will,
'Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,	To ride to Camelot with this noble knight: Win shall I not, but do my best to win:
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.	Young as I am, yet would I do my best.'
But since I go to joust as one unknown At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not,	'So ye will grace me,' answer'd Lancelot,
Hereafter ye shall know me — and the shield —	Smiling a moment, 'with your fellowship O'er these waste downs whereon I lost
I pray you lend me one, if such you have, Blank, or at least with some device not	myself, Then were I glad of you as guide and
mine.'	friend: And you shall win this diamond, — as I
Then said the Lord of Astolat (Here	hear

Then said the Lord of Astolat, 'Here
is Torre's:hearIt is a fair large diamond, — if ye may,
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre.It is a fair large diamond, — if ye may,
And yield it to this maiden, if ye will.'

'A fair large diamond,' added plain Sir Stept with all grace, and not with half disdain Torre. 'Such be for queens, and not for simple Hid under grace, as in a smaller time, maids.' But kindly man moving among his kind: Whom they with meats and vintage of Then she, who held her eves upon the their best ground, Elaine, and heard her name so tost about. And talk and minstrel melody entertain'd. Flush'd slightly at the slight disparage-And much they ask'd of court and Table ment Round. Before the stranger knight, who, looking And ever well and readily answer'd he: at her. But Lancelot, when they glanced at Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus return'd: Guinevere. 'If what is fair be but for what is fair. Suddenly speaking of the wordless man. And only queens are to be counted so, Heard from the Baron that, ten years Rash were my judgment then, who deem before. this maid The heathen caught and reft him of his Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth. tongue. 'He learnt and warn'd me of their fierce Not violating the bond of like to like.' design He spoke and ceased: the lily maid Against my house, and him they caught Élaine. and maim'd: Won by the mellow voice before she But I. my sous, and little daughter fled From bonds or death, and dwelt among look'd. Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments. the woods The great and guilty love he bare the By the great river in a boatman's hut. Dull days were those, till our good Arthur Oueen. In battle with the love he bare his lord. broke Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere The Pagan vet once more on Badon hill.' his time. Another sinning on such heights with one, 'O there, great lord, doubtless,' Lavaine The flower of all the west and all the said, rapt world. By all the sweet and sudden passion of Had been the sleeker for it: but in him vouth His mood was often like a fiend, and Toward greatness in its elder, 'you have rose fought. And drove him into wastes and solitudes O tell us — for we live apart — you know For agony, who was yet a living soul. Of Arthur's glorious wars.' And Lancelot Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest spoke And answer'd him at full, as having been man That ever among ladies ate in hall, With Arthur in the fight which all day And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes. long Rang by the white mouth of the violent However marr'd, of more than twice her years, Glem; Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on the And in the four loud battles by the shore cheek. Of Duglas; that on Bassa; then the war And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up That thunder'd in and out the gloomy her eyes skirts And loved him, with that love which was Of Celidon the forest; and again her doom. By castle Gurnion, where the glorious King Then the great knight, the darling of Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's the court, Head. Carv'd of one emerald centr'd in a sun Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall

Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed;	And all night long his face before her lived,
And at Caerleon had he help'd his lord,	As when a painter, poring on a face,
When the strong neighings of the wild	Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
white Horse	Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
Set every gilded parapet shuddering;	The shape and colour of a mind and life,
And up in Agned-Cathregonion too,	Lives for his children, ever at its best
And down the waste sand-shores of Trath	And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Treroit,	Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence,
Where many a heathen fell; ' and on the mount	full Of noble things, and held her from her
Of Badon I myself beheld the King	sleep.
Charge at the head of all his Table Round,	Till rathe she rose, half-cheated in the
And all his legions crying Christ and him,	thought
And break them; and I saw him, after,	She needs must bid farewell to sweet
stand	Lavaine.
High on a heap of slain, from spur to	First as in fear, step after step, she stole
plume	Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating:
Red as the rising sun with heathen blood,	Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the
And seeing me, with a great voice he cried,	court, 'This shield, my friend, where is it?' and
"They are broken, they are broken!"	Lavaine
for the King,	Past inward, as she came from out the
However mild he seems at home, nor	tower.
cares	There to his proud horse Lancelot turn'd,
For triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts —	and smooth'd The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.
For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs	Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew
Saying, his knights are better men than he —	Nearer and stood. He look'd, and more amazed
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God	Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
Fills him: I never saw his like: there lives	The maiden standing in the dewy light.
No greater leader.'	He had not dream'd she was so beautiful. Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,
While he utter'd this,	For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood
Low to her own heart said the lily maid,	Rapt on his face as if it were a God's.
'Save your great self, fair lord; ' and	Suddenly flash'd on her a wild desire,
when he fell	That he should wear her favour at the tilt.
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry —	She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.
Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind —	'Fair lord, whose name I know not—
She still took note that when the living	noble it is,
smile	I well believe, the noblest — will you wear
Died from his lips, across him came a	My favour at this tourney?' 'Nay,' said
cloud	he,
Of melancholy severe, from which again,	'Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Whenever in her hovering to and fro	Favour of any lady in the lists.
The lily maid had striven to make him	Such is my wont, as those, who know me,
cheer,	know.'
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness	'Yea. so,' she answer'd; 'then in wearing
Of manners and of nature: and she	mine
thought	Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.	lord,

That those who know should know you.' And he turn'd

- 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.
- His brother's; which he gave to Lancelot,
- 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 colour 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 by the gateway, standing near 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, labour'd and pray'd,

And ever labouring 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,'
- Abash'd Lavaine, whose instant reverence,
- Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise,
- But left him leave to stammer, 'Is it indeed?'
- And after muttering 'The great Lancelot,'

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,

Her counsel up and down within his mind,

- 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 innumerable
- 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 nameless king.

Then Lancelot answer'd young Lavaine 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 assail'd, and they that held the lists,
- Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,

Meet in the midst, and there so furiously Shock, that a man far-off might well

- perceive,
- If any man that day were left afield,
- The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.
- And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw Which were the weaker; then he hurl'd into it
- Against the stronger : little need to speak

- Of Lancelot in his glory! King, duke, earl,
- Count, baron whom he smote, he overthrew.
 - 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 stranger 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
- Favour of any lady in the lists?
- Not such his wont, as we, that know him, know.'
- 'How then? who then?' a fury seized them all,
- 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 wide North-
- Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
- Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
- Down on a bark, and overbears the bark, And him that helms it, so they overbore
- 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 worshipfully;
- 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 seem'd half-miracle 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 trumpets blew Proclaiming his the prize, who wore the sleeve Of scarlet, and the pearls; and all the knights, His party, cried, 'Advance and take thy 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 to 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 Sir Lancelot 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 rumour by the grove	 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 desolate 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 — Ite must not pass uncared for. Wherefore, rise, O Gawain, and ride forth and find the knight. Wounded and wearied needs must he be near. I charge you that you get at once to horse. 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 honour : since the knight Came not to us, of us to claim the prize, Ourselves will send it after. Rise and take This diamond, and deliver it, and return, And bring us where he is, and how he fares, And cease not from your quest until ye 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
daily doubt Whether to live or die, for many a week Hid from the wide world's rumour by the	And gave, the diamond : then from where he sat At Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,

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Gawain, surnamed The Courteous, fair	Had made the pretext of a hindering
and strong, And after Lancelot, Tristram, and	wound, That he might joust unknown of all, and
Geraint And Gareth, a good knight, but there- withal	learn If his old prowess were in aught decay'd; And added, "Our true Arthur, when he
Sir Modred's brother, and the child of Lot,	Will well allow my pretext, as for gain
Nor often loyal to his word, and now Wroth that the King's command to sally	Of purer glory,",
forth In quest of whom he knew not, made him	Then replied the King: ' Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,
leave The banquet, and concourse of knights and kings.	In lieu of idly dallying with the truth, To have trusted me as he hath trusted thee. Surely his King and most familiar friend Might well have kept his secret. True,
So all in wrath he got to horse and went;	indeed, Albeit I know my knights fantastical,
While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood,	So fine a fear in our large Lancelot Must needs have moved my laughter:
Past, thinking, 'Is it Lancelot who hath come	now remains But little cause for laughter: his own
Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain	kin — Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him,
Of glory, and hath added wound to wound,	this! — His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon
And ridd'n away to die?' So fear'd the	him;
King, And, after two days' tarriance there,	So that he went sore wounded from the field: Yet good news too: for goodly hopes are
return'd. Then when he saw the Queen, embra-	mine
cing ask'd, 'Love, are you yet so sick?' 'Nay, lord,' she said.	That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart. He wore, against his wont, upon his helm A sleeve of scarlet, broider'd with great
'And where is Lancelot?' Then the	pearls, Some gentle maiden's gift.'
Queen amazed, 'Was he not with you? won he not your	
prize?' 'Nay, but one like him.' 'Why that like	'Yea, lord,' she said, 'Thy hopes are mine,' and saying that, she choked,
was he.' And when the King demanded how she	And sharply turn'd about to hide her face,
knew, Said, 'Lord, no sooner had ye parted	Past to her chamber, and there flung herself Down on the great King's couch, and
from us, Than Lancelot told me of a common talk	writhed upon it,
That men went down before his spear at a touch,	And clench'd her fingers till they bit the palm,
But knowing he was Lancelot; his great name	And shriek'd out 'Traitor' to the un- hearing wall,
Conquer'd; and therefore would he hide his name	Then flash'd into wild tears, and rose again,
From all men, ev'n the King, and to this end	And moved about her palace, proud and pale.

Gawain the while thro' all the region	'Well-if I bide, lo! this wild flower
round	for me!'
Rode with his diamond, wearied of the	And oft they met among the garden yews,
quest,	And there he set himself to play upon her
Touch'd at all points, except the poplar grove,	With sallying wit, free flashes from a height
And came at last, tho' late, to Astolat :	Above her, graces of the court, and songs,
Whom glittering in enamell'd arms the	Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden elo-
maid	quence
Glanced at, and cried, 'What news from	And amorous adulation, till the maid
Camelot, lord?	Rebell'd against it, saying to him, ' Prince,
What of the knight with the red sleeve?'	O loyal nephew of our noble King,
'He won.'	Why ask you not to see the shield he left,
'I knew it,' she said. 'But parted from	Whence you might learn his name? Why
the jousts	slight your King,
Hurt in the side,' whereat she caught her breath; Threa' her, own side she falt the sharp	And lose the quest he sent you on, and prove
Thro' her own side she felt the sharp	No surer than our falcon yesterday,
lance go;	Who lost the hern we slipt her at, and
Thereon she smote her hand: wellnigh	went
she swoon'd :	To all the winds?' 'Nay, by mine head,'
And, while he gazed wonderingly at her,	said he,
came	'I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
The Lord of Astolat out, to whom the	O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes;
Prince	But an ye will it let me see the shield.'
Reported who he was, and on what	And when the shield was brought, and
quest	Gawain saw
Sent, that he bore the prize and could	Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crown'd with
not find	gold,
The victor, but had ridd'n a random	Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh,
round	and mock'd:
To seek him, and had wearied of the search.	'Right was the King! our Lancelot! that true man!'
To whom the Lord of Astolat, 'Bide	'And right was I,' she answer'd merrily,
with us,	'I,
And ride no more at random, noble Prince!	Who dream'd my knight the greatest knight of all.'
Here was the knight, and here he left a shield;	'And if I dream'd,' said Gawain, 'that you love
This will he send or come for: further-	This greatest knight, your pardon! lo,
more	ye know it!
Our son is with him; we shall hear anon,	Speak therefore: shall I waste myself in
Needs must we hear.' To this the cour-	vain?'
teous Prince	Full simple was her answer, 'What know
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,	I?
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,	My brethren have been all my fellow-
And stav'd; and cast his eyes on fair	ship;
Elaine:	And I, when often they have talk'd of
Where could be found face daintier?	love,
then her shape	Wish'd it had been my mother, for they
From forehead down to foot, perfect —	talk'd,
again	Meseem'd, of what they knew not; so
From foot to forchead exquisitely turn'd :	myself —

I know not if I know what true love is,	Thence to the court he past; there tob
But if I know, then, if I love not him,	the King
I know there is none other I can love.'	What the King knew, 'Sir Lancelot i
'Yea, by God's death,' said he, 'ye love	the knight.'
him well,	And added, 'Sir, my liege, so much
But would not, knew ye what all others	learnt;
know,	But fail'd to find him, tho' I rode a
And whom he loves.' 'So be it,' cried	round
Elaine,	The region: but I lighted on the maid
And lifted her fair face and moved away:	Whose sleeve he wore; she loves him
But he pursued her, calling, 'Stay a	and to her,
little !	Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,
One golden minute's grace! he wore	I gave the diamond : she will render it;
your sleeve:	For by mine head she knows his hiding
Would he break faith with one I may not	place.'
name?	•
Must our true man change like a leaf at	The seldom-frowning King frown of
last?	and replied,
Nay-like enow: why then, far be it	'Too courteous truly! ye shall go n
from me	more
To cross our mighty Lancelot in his	On quest of mine, seeing that ye forget
loves!	Obedience is the courtesy due to kings.
And, damsel, for I deem you know full	
well	He spake and parted. Wroth, but a
Where your great knight is hidden, let	in awe,
me leave	For twenty strokes of the blood, withou
My quest with you; the diamond also:	a word,
here!	Linger'd that other, staring after him;
For if you love, it will be sweet to	Then shook his hair, strode off, an
give it;	buzz'd abroad
And if he love, it will be sweet to	About the maid of Astolat, and her love
have it	All ears were prick'd at once, all tongue
From your own hand; and whether he	were loosed:
love or not,	'The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lance
A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well	lot,
A thousand times ! - a thousand times	Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat.'
farewell !	Some read the King's face, some th
Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we	Queen's, and all
two	Had marvel what the maid might be, be
May meet at court hereafter: there, I	most
think,	Predoom'd her as unworthy. One of
So ye will learn the courtesies of the	dame
court,	Came suddenly on the Queen with th
We two shall know each other.'	sharp news.
	She, that had heard the noise of

Then he gave,

And slightly kiss'd the hand to which he gave, The diamond, and all wearied of the

- quest
- Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he went
- A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

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- it before,
- But sorrowing Lancelot should have stoop'd so low,
- Marr'd her friend's aim with pale tranquillity.
- So ran the tale like fire about the court,
- Fire in dry stubble a nine-days' wonder flared :

To noble knights in sickness, as ye know

When these have worn their tokens: let

Then her father nodding

He

Sir

me hence

I pray you.'

And pledging Lancelot and the lilv maid said. 'Ay, ay, the diamond: wit ye well, my Smiled at each other, while the Queen, child. who sat Right fain were I to learn this knight With lips severely placid, felt the knot Climb in her throat, and with her feet were whole. Being our greatest: yea, and you must unseen Crush'd the wild passion out against the give it -And sure I think this fruit is hung too floor Beneath the banquet, where the meats high For any mouth to gape for save a hecame As wormwood, and she hated all who queen's ----Nay, I mean nothing: so then, get you pledged. gone, Being so very wilful you must go.' But far away the maid in Astolat, Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept Lightly, her suit allow'd, she slipt away, The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her And while she made her ready for her heart, Crept to her father, while he mused alone, ride. Her father's latest word humm'd in her Sat on his knee, stroked his grav face and said. ear, 'Father, you call me wilful, and the fault 'Being so very wilful you must go,' And changed itself and echo'd in her Is yours who let me have my will, and heart. now. 'Being so very wilful you must die.' Sweet father, will you let me lose my But she was happy enough and shook it wits?' 'Nay,' said he, 'surely.' 'Wherefore, off. As we shake off the bee that buzzes at us; let me hence,' And in her heart she answer'd it and said. She answer'd, 'and find out our dear 'What matter, so I help him back to life?' Lavaine.' 'Ye will not lose your wits for dear Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide Lavaine : Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless Bide,' answer'd he: 'we needs must hear downs anon To Camelot, and before the city-gates Of him, and of that other.' 'Ay,' she Came on her brother with a happy face said. ' And of that other, for I needs must hence Making a roan horse caper and curvet And find that other, wheresoe'er he be, For pleasure all about a field of flowers: Whom when she saw, 'Lavaine,' she And with mine own hand give his diamond cried, 'Lavaine, to him, How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?' Lest I be found as faithless in the quest As yon proud Prince who left the quest amazed, 'Torre and Elaine! why here? to me. Sweet father, I behold him in my dreams Laucelot! How know ye my lord's name is Lance-Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself, lot? Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's But when the maid had told him all her aid. tale, The gentler-born the maiden, the more Then turn'd Sir Torre, and being in his bound. My father, to be sweet and serviceable moods

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thrice

Oueen,

Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice or

Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the

Left them, and under the strange-statued gate,	Rest must you have.' 'No rest for me,' she said;
Where Arthur's wars were render'd	'Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest.'
mystically, Past up the still rich city to his kin,	What might she mean by that? his large
His own far blood, which dwelt at	black eyes, Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwelt upon
Camelot;	her,
And her, Lavaine across the poplar grove	Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
Led to the caves: there first she saw the	In the heart's colours on her simple face;
casque	And Lancelot look'd and was perplext in
Of Lancelot on the wall: her scarlet	mind,
sleeve,	And being weak in body said no more;
Tho' carved and cut, and half the pearls	But did not love the colour; woman's
away,	love,
Stream'd from it still; and in her heart	Save one, he not regarded, and so turn'd
she laugh'd,	Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he slept.
Because he had not loosed it from his	
helm, But meent once more nershance to tour	Then rose Elaine and glided thro' the
But meant once more perchance to tour-	fields, And past beneath the weirdly-sculptured
ney in it. And when they gain'd the cell wherein	gates
he slept,	Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands	There bode the night: but woke with
Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a dream	dawn, and past
Of dragging down his enemy made them	Down thro' the dim rich city to the fields,
move.	Thence to the cave: so day by day she
Then she that saw him lying unsleek,	past
unshorn,	In either twilight ghost-like to and fro
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,	Gliding, and every day she tended him.
Utter'd a little tender dolorous cry.	And likewise many a night: and Lancelot
The sound not wonted in a place so still Wolke the sick lynight and while he rollid	Would, tho' he call'd his wound a little hurt
Woke the sick knight, and while he roll'd his eyes	Whereof he should be quickly whole, at
Yet blank from sleep, she started to him,	times
saying,	Brain-feverous in his heat and agony,
'Your prize the diamond sent you by the	seem
King:'	Uncourteous, even he: but the meek
His eyes glisten'd: she fancied 'Is it for	maid
me?'	Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him
And when the maid had told him all the	Meeker than any child to a rough nurse,
tale	Milder than any mother to a sick child,
Of King and Prince, the diamond sent,	And never woman yet, since man's first
the quest	fall,
Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she knelt Full lowly by the corners of his bed,	Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love Upbore her; till the hermit, skill'd in all
And laid the diamond in his open hand.	The simples and the science of that time,
Her face was near, and as we kiss the	Told him that her fine care had saved his
child	life.
That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd her	And the sick man forgot her simple blush,
face.	Would call her friend and sister, sweet
At once she slipt like water to the floor.	Elaine,
'Alas,' he said, 'your ride hath wearied	Would listen for her coming and regret
you.	Her parting step, and held her tenderly,

you.

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- 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 honour rooted in dishonour 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 bright 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 drave 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 o'er 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 ye done me, that I make My will of yours, and Prince and Lord am I
- In mine 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 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 chosen 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, But to be with you still, to see your face, 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	 Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied: Of all this will 1 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 ye, fair Lord Lancelot.
love, And your good father's kindness.' And she said, 'Not to be with you, not to see your	I pray you, use some rough discourtesy To blunt or break her passion.' Lancelot said,
face —	'That were against me: what I can I
Alas for me then, my good days are	will;'
done.'	And there that day remain'd, and toward
'Nay, noble maid,' he answer'd, 'ten	even
times nay !	Sent for his shield: full meekly rose the
This is not love: but love's first flash in	maid,
youth,	Stript off the case, and gave the naked
Most common: yea, I know it of mine	shield;
own self:	Then, when she heard his horse upon
And you yourself will smile at your own	the stones,
self	Unclasping flung the casement back, and
Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life	look'd Down on his helm, from which her sleeve
To one more fitly yours, not thrice your	had gone.
age:	And Lancelot knew the little clinking
And then will I, for true you are and	sound;
sweet	And she by tact of love was well aware
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood,	That Lancelot knew that she was looking
More specially should your good knight	at him.
be poor, Endow you with broad land and territory Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,	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 that would make you happy: further- more, Ev'n to the death, as tho' ye were my	So in her tower alone the maiden sat:
blood,	His very shield was gone; only the case,
In all your quarrels will I be your knight.	Her own poor work, her empty labour,
This will I do, dear damsel, for your	left.
sake, And more than this I cannot.'	But still she heard him, still his picture form'd And grew between her and the pictured
While he spoke	wall.
She neither blush'd nor shook, but	Then came her father, saying in low
deathly-pale	tones,

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!'
And 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, yester- night
I seem'd a curious little maid again, As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,
And when ye used to take me with the flood
Up the great river in the boatman's boat.
Only ye would not pass beyond the cape That has the poplar on it: there ye fixt
Your limit, oft returning with the tide. And yet I cried because ye would not pass
Beyond it, and far up the shining flood Until we found the palace of the King.
And yet ye 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
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at

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	1
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, ye seem Light-headed, for what force is yours to go So far, being sick? and wherefore would ye look	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,
On this proud fellow again, who scorns us all?'	Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
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 whom 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 it is mine to love Him of all men who seems to me the highest.'	 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 — 'ye 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
'Highest?' the father answer'd, echo- ing 'highest?' (He meant to break the passion in her)	Upon it; I shall guard it even in death. And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
'nay,	Then take the little bed on which I died
Daughter, I know not what you call the highest;	For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
But this I know, for all the people know it,	For richness, and me also like the Queen In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
He loves the Queen, and in an open shame:	And let there be prepared a chariot-bier To take me to the river, and a barge
And she returns his love in open shame; If this be high, what is it to be low?'	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 Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white self And none of you can speak for me so All but her face, and that clear-featured well. face And therefore let our dumb old man alone Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead. Go with me, he can steer and row, and he But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled. Will guide me to that palace, to the doors.' That day Sir Lancelot at the palace She ceased: her father promised; craved Audience of Guinevere, to give at last whereupon She grew so cheerful that they deem'd The price of half a realm, his costly gift. her death Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow. Was rather in the fantasy than the blood. But ten slow mornings past, and on the With deaths of others, and almost his eleventh own, Her father laid the letter in her hand. The nine-vears-fought-for diamonds: for And closed the hand upon it, and she he saw One of her house, and sent him to the died. So that day there was dole in Astolat. Oueen Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen But when the next sun brake from unagreed derground. With such and so unmoved a majesty Then, those two brethren slowly with bent She might have seem'd her statue, but that he. brows. Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier Low-drooping till he wellnigh kiss'd her Past like a shadow thro' the field, that feet shone For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye Full-summer, to that stream whereon the The shadow of some piece of pointed barge. lace. Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the lay. walls. And parted, laughing in his courtly heart. There sat the lifelong creature of the house. Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck, All in an oriel on the summer side. Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face. So those two brethren from the chariot stream, They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter'd, took And on the black decks laid her in her 'Queen, bed. Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy, Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung Take, what I had not won except for you, The silken case with braided blazonings, These jewels, and make me happy, making And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to them An armlet for the roundest arm on earth, her 'Sister, farewell for ever,' and again Or necklace for a neck to which the ' Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears. . swan's Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the Is tawnier than her cygnet's: these are dead, words: Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin the flood -In speaking, yet O grant my worship of it In her right hand the lily, in her left Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin The letter — all her bright hair streaming in words down-Perchance, we both can pardon : but, my And all the coverlid was cloth of gold Queen,

I hear of rumours flying thro' your court.	A strange one! yet I take it with Amen.
Our bond, as not the bond of man and	So pray you, add my diamonds to her
wife,	pearls;
Should have in it an absoluter trust	Deck her with these; tell her, she shines
To make up that defect: let rumours be:	me down:
When did not rumours fly? these, as I	An armlet for an arm to which the
trust	Queen's
That you trust me in your own nobleness, I may not well believe that you believe.'	Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck O as much fairer — as a faith once fair Was richer than these diamonds — hers
While thus he spoke, half-turn'd away,	not mine —
the Queen	Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,
Brake from the vast oriel-embowering	Or hers or mine, mine now to work my
vine	will —
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them	She shall not have them.'
off, Till all the place whereon she stood was green;	Saying which she seized, And, thro' the casement standing wide
Then, when he ceased, in one cold pas-	for heat,
sive hand	Flung them, and down they flash'd, and
Received at once and laid aside the gems There on a table near her, and replied:	smote the stream. Then from the smitten surface flash'd, as it were,
'It may be, I am quicker of belief	Diamonds to meet them, and they past
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the	away.
Lake.	Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half
Our bond is not the bond of man and	disdain
wife.	At love, life, all things, on the window
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,	ledge,
It can be broken easier. I for you	Close underneath his eyes, and right
This many a year have done despite and	across
wrong	Where these had fallen, slowly past the
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts	barge
I did acknowledge nobler. What are	Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
these? Diamonds for me! they had been thrice	Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.
their worth	But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst
Being your gift, had you not lost your	away
own.	To weep and wail in secret; and the
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts	barge,
Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!	On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.
For her ! for your new fancy. Only this Grant me, I pray you: have your joys	There two stood arm'd, and kept the door; to whom,
apart.	All up the marble stair, tier over tier,
I doubt not that however changed, you	Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes
keep	that ask'd
So much of what is graceful: and myself	'What is it?' but that oarsman's haggard
Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy In which as Arthur's Queen I move and	As hard and still as is the face that men Shape to their fancy's eye from broken
rule: So cannot speak my mind. An end to	on some cliff-side, appall'd them, and
this!	they said,

'He is enchanted, cannot speak - and Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them she. all: Look how she sleeps - the Fairy Oueen, 'My lord liege Arthur, and all ve that hear. so fair! Yea, but how pale! what are they? flesh Know that for this most gentle maiden's and blood? death Right heavy am I; for good she was and Or come to take the King to Fairvland? For some do hold our Arthur cannot die. true. But that he passes into Fairvland.' But loved me with a love beyond all love In women, whomsoever I have known. Yet to be loved makes not to love again: While thus they babbled of the King, the King Not at my years, however it hold in youth. Came girt with knights: then turn'd the I swear by truth and knighthood that I tongueless man From the half-face to the full eye, and gave No cause, not willingly, for such a love: rose To this I call my friends in testimony, And pointed to the damsel, and the doors. Her brethren, and her father, who him-So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale self And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid; Besought me to be plain and blunt, and And reverently they bore her into hall. use. Then came the fine Gawain and wonder'd To break her passion, some discourtesy Against my nature : what I could, I did. at her. And Lancelot later came and mused at I left her and I bade her no farewell; Tho', had I dreamt the damsel would her. And last the Queen herself, and pitied have died, I might have put my wits to some rough her: But Arthur spied the letter in her hand, 115e Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it: And help'd her from herself.' this was all: Then said the Oueen 'Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the (Sea was her wrath, yet working after Lake. storm), 'Ye might at least have done her so I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat, Come, for you left me taking no farewell, much grace, Fair lord, as would have help'd her from Hither, to take my last farewell of you. I loved you, and my love had no return. her death.' He raised his head, their eyes met and And therefore my true love has been my hers fell, death. And therefore to our Lady Guinevere, He adding, 'Queen, she would not be content And to all other ladies, I make moan: Pray for my soul, and yield me burial. Save that I wedded her, which could not Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot, be. Then might she follow me thro' the world, As thou art a knight peerless.' she ask'd; It could not be. I told her that her love Thus he read; Was but the flash of youth, would darken And ever in the reading, lords and dames Wept, looking often from his face who down To rise hereafter in a stiller flame read Toward one more worthy of her - then To hers which lav so silent, and at times, So touch'd were they, half-thinking that would I, More specially were he, she wedded. her lips, Who had devised the letter, moved again. poor,

Estate them with large land and territory But Arthur, who beheld his cloudy brows. In mine own realm beyond the narrow Approach'd him, and with full affection seas. said. To keep them in all jovance: more than this ' Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I could not: this she would not, and she I have died ' Most joy and most affiance, for I know What thou hast been in battle by my He pausing, Arthur answer'd, 'O my side. knight. And many a time have watch'd thee at It will be to thy worship, as my knight, the tilt And mine, as head of all our Table Strike down the lusty and long-practised Round. knight. To see that she be buried worshipfully.' And let the younger and unskill'd go by To win his honour and to make his name, So toward that shrine which then in And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man all the realm Made to be loved: but now I would to Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went God. The marshail'd Order of their Table Seeing the homeless trouble in thine eves. Round. Thou couldst have loved this maiden. And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see shaped, it seems, The maiden buried, not as one unknown, By God for thee alone, and from her face. If one may judge the living by the dead. Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies, And mass, and rolling music, like a Delicately pure and marvellously fair, queen. Who might have brought thee, now a And when the knights had laid her lonely man Wifeless and heirless, noble issue, sons comely head Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings, Born to the glory of thy name and fame, Then Arthur spake among them, 'Let My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake.' her tomb Be costly, and her image thereupon, And let the shield of Lancelot at her

And let the shield of Lancelot at her feet

Be carven, and her lily in her hand.

And let the story of her dolorous voyage 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 streaming, 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.'

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

eve.

To doubt her pureness were to want a heart —

Yea, to be loved, if what is worthv love

Could bind him, but free love will not be bound.'

' Free love, so bound, were freëst,' 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	Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
he went,	Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must
And at the inrunning of a little brook	break
Sat by the river in a cove, and watch'd	These bonds that so defame me: not
The high reed wave, and lifted up his	without
eyes	She wills it: would I, if she will'd it?
And saw the barge that brought her	nay,
moving down,	Who knows? but if I would not, then
Far-off. a blot upon the stream, and said	may God,
Low in himself, 'Ah, simple heart and	I pray him, send a sudden Angel down
sweet,	To seize me by the hair and bear me
Ye loved me, damsel, surely with a love	far,
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for	And fling me deep in that forgotten
thy soul?	mere,
Ay, that will I. Farewell too — now at	Among the tumbled fragments of the
last —	hills.'
Farewell, fair lily. "Jealousy in love?". Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride? Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,	So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain, Not knowing he should die a holy man.
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, sceming a reproach, Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake Caught from his mother's arms — the wondrous one Who passes thro' the vision of the night — She chanted snatches of mysterious hymns 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, wher- e'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,	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 honour'd him, and wrought into his heart A way by love that waken'd love within, To answer that which came: and as they sat Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darkening half
pain;	The cloisters, on a gustful April morn
Now grown a part of me: but what use	That puff'd the swaying branches into
in it?	smoke
To make men worse by making my sin	Above them, ere the summer when he
known?	died,
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming	The monk Ambrosius question'd Per-
great?	eivale;

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1

A legend handed down thro' five or six, And each of these a hundred winters old, Form 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!" ask'd 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 all knowing of them, beautiful Statiful in the light of holiness. And "O my brother Percivale," she said, "Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail: For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound As from a distance beyond distance grew Coming upon me—Onever 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 silver beam,		
beam, And down the long beam stole the Holy For when was Lancelot wanderingly	 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 wickedness! "O Father!" ask'd 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, wonderful, Beautiful in the light of holiness. And "O my brother Percivale," she said, "Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail: For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound As of a silver horn from o'er the hills Blown, and I thought; ' 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, 	 Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed With rosy colours leaping on the wall; And then the music faded, and the Grail Past, 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, That so perchance the vision may be seen 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 Fasted and pray'd even to the uttermost, Expectant of the wonder that would be. 'And one there was among us, ever moved Among us in white armour, 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, fil'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,
	Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam, And down the long beam stole the Holy	That gape for flies —we know not whence they come; For when was Lancelot wanderingly

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'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 belief.

'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 misadvertence 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 Merlin'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 overhead 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, for 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 roll'd in thundersmoke!
- 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 Feasted, 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 slaving men,

And in the second men are slaying beasts,

And on the third are warriors, perfect men,

And on the fourth are men with growing wings,

And over all one statue in the mould

Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown,

And peak'd wings pointed to the Northern 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 vanish,

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 sware a vow to follow it till I saw."

- 'Then when he ask'd 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 ye, 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 overborne

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 me close
- After Sir Galahad); "nay," said he, "but men

- With strength and will to right the wrong'd, of power
- To lay the sudden heads 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 ye follow wandering fires
- Lost in the quagmire! Many of you, yea most,
- Return no more: ye think I show myself
- Too dark a prophet: come now, let us meet
- The morrow morn once more in one full field
- Of gracious pastime, that once more the King,
- Before ye 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 under ground,
- 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 Percivale!"

'But when the next day brake from	'Thereafter, the dark warning of our
under ground — O brother, had you known our Camelot, Built by old kings, age after age, so old	King, That most of us would follow wandering fires,
The King himself had fears that it would fall,	Came like a driving gloom across my mind.
So strange, and rich, and dim; for where the roofs	Then every evil word I had spoken once, And every evil thought I had thought of
Totter'd toward each other in the sky, Met foreheads all along the street of those	old, And every evil deed I ever did, Awoke and cried, "This Quest is not for thee."
Who watch'd us pass; and lower, and where the long Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd the	And lifting up mine eyes, I found myself Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns,
necks Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls, Thicker than drops from thunder, showers	And I was thirsty even unto death; And I, too, cried, "This Quest is not for thee."
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	'And on I rode, and when I thought my thirst Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and then
name, Calling "God speed!" but in the ways below	a brook, With one sharp rapid, where the crisping white
The knights and ladies wept, and rich and poor Wept, and the King himself could hardly	Play'd ever back upon the sloping wave, And took both ear and eye; and o'er the brook
speak For grief, and all in middle street the	Were apple-trees, and apples by the brook
Queen, Who rode by Lancelot, wail'd and shriek'd aloud,	Fallen, and on the lawns. "I will rest here," I said, "I am not worthy of the Quest;"
"This madness has come on us for our sins."	But even while I drank the brook, and ate
So to the Gate of the three Queens we came,	The goodly apples, all these things at once
Where Arthur's wars are render'd mysti- cally, And thence departed every one his way.	Fell into dust, and I was left alone, And thirsting, in a land of sand and thorns.
'And I was lifted up in heart, and thought	'And then behold a woman at a door Spinning; and fair the house whereby
Of all my late-shown prowess in the lists,	she sat, And kind the woman's eyes and innocent,
How my strong lance had beaten down the knights,	And all her bearing gracious; and she rose
So many and famous names; and never yet	Opening her arms to meet me, as who should say, "Pest here," but when I touch'd her lot
Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor earth so green, For all my blood danced in me, and I	"Rest here;" but when I touch'd her, lo! she, too, Fell into dust and nothing, and the
knew That I should light upon the Holy Grail.	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 plowshare in the field,
- The plowman left his plowing, 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
- "The sun is rising," tho' the sun had risen.
- Then was I ware of one that on me moved
- In golden armour with a crown of gold
- About a casque all jewels; and his horse

In golden armour jewell'd everywhere:

- And on the splendour 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,
- Open'd 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, Percivale !
- 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 thereby 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 sud-

den 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 thyself

As Galahad." When the hermit made an end,

In silver armour 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 burning thirst,
- And at the sacring 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 blacken'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 clash'd 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 believed.

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 watercourses —
- Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm
- Round us and death; for every moment 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 vearn'd
- To follow; and thrice above him all the heavens
- Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd
- Shoutings of all the sons of God: and first

At once I saw him far on the great Sea, In silver-shining armour 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 beyond 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, Which never eyes on earth again shall see
- Then fell the floods of heaven drowning the deep.
- And how my feet recrost the deathful 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 vext me more, return'd
- To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's wars.'
 - '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, lyingsin,
- 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,
- Yea, even in their hens and in their eggs-
- 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 far 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 disarm'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 underneath

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 wandering fires,	Ah, blessed wise, Seeing I net But live like With earth a All fast and side, None of you
 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.' 	 One night I saw The pelican All in the m And toward and b And each n ask'd "Where is Lanc Said good S me And madden I crie 'Ridest tho So holy,' La I have bee apace For now the So vanish'd.
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: but 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 plaqued with dreams of	Softly, and s Because his talk And scanda For Lanceld him That ill to P Beyond the tent Not to hav have The Holy C Being so che Small heart If God woul The Quest Heav
We that are plagued with dreams of something sweet Beyond all sweetness in a life so rich, —	Rode to the

Lord, I speak too earthly-

ver stray'd beyond the cell.

an old badger in his earth. about him everywhere, despite penance. Saw ve none be-

ir knights?'

'Yea so,' said Percivale:

my pathway swerving east, v

on the casque of our Sir Bors iddle of the rising moon :

him spurr'd, and hail'd him, he me,

nade joy of either; then he

he? hast thou seen him --elot? - Once."

Sir Bors, "he dash'd across -mad.

ning what he rode: and when ed.

u then so hotly on a quest

ncelot shouted, 'Stay me not! n the sluggard, and I ride e,

ere is a lion in the way.'

Then Sir Bors had ridden on sorrowing for our Lancelot, s former madness, once the

l of our table, had return'd;

ot's kith and kin so worship

nim is ill to them; to Bors

- rest: he well had been con-
- ve seen, so Lancelot might seen,

up of healing; and, indeed, ouded with his grief and love, was his after the Holy Quest : d send the vision, well: if not,

and he were in the hands of ven.

n, with small adventure met, Bors

lonest tract of all the realm,

- And found a people there among their crags,
- 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 á 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 colour like the fingers of a hand

go.'

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
 - To whom the monk : 'And I remember
- 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 eves.

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 ve 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 daïs-	'He ceased; and Arthur turn'd to whom at first
And those that had gone out upon the	He saw not, for Sir Bors, on entering, push'd
Quest, Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them,	Athwart the throng to Lancelot, caught his hand,
And those that had not, stood before the King,	Held it, and there, half-hidden by him, stood,
Who, when he saw me, rose, and bade me hail, Saying, "A welfare in thine eye reproves Our fear of some disastrous chance for	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,
thee On hill, or plain, at sea, or flooding ford.	"Ask me not, for I may not speak of it: I saw it;" and the tears were in his eyes.
So fierce a gale made havoc here of late Among the strange devices of our kings; Yea, shook this newer, stronger hall of	'Then there remain'd but Lancelot, for the rest Spake but of sundry perils in the storm;
ours, And from the statue Merlin moulded for us	Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ, Our Arthur kept his best until the last; "Thou, too, my Lancelot," ask'd the
Half-wrench'd a golden wing; but now — the Quest, This vision — hast thou seen the Holy	King, "my friend, Our mightiest, hath this Quest avail'd for thee?"
Cup, That Joseph brought of old to Glaston- bury?"	"Our mightiest!" answer'd Lancelot, with a groan; "O King!"— and when he paused, me-
'So when I told him all thyself hast heard,	thought I spied A dying fire of madness in his eyes —
Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve To pass away into the quiet life,	"O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,
He answer'd not, but, sharply turning, ask'd	Happier are those that welter in their sin,
Of Gawain, "Gawain, was this Quest for thee?"	Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,
"Nay, lord," said Gawain, "not for such as I.	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
Therefore I communed with a saintly man,	clung Round that one sin, until the wholesome
Who made me sure the Quest was not for me; For I was much awearied of the Quest :	flower And poisonous grew together, each as each,
But found a silk pavilion in a field, And merry maidens in it; and then this	Not to be pluck'd asunder; and when thy knights
gale Tore my pavilion from the tenting-pin, And blew my merry maideus all about With all discomfort; yea, and but for	Sware, I sware with them only in the hope That could I touch or see the Holy Grait They might be pluck'd asunder. Then I
this, My twelvemonth and a day were pleasant to me,"	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,

- Ye could not hear the waters for the blast, Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all the
- 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-foam sway'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 dreary 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 Carbonek,
- 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 suddenflaring manes
- Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,
- Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between;
- 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 thousand steps
- With pain: as in a dream I seem'd to climb
- For ever: at the last I reach'd a door,
- A light was in the crannies, and I heard, Glory and joy and honour 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, vet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
- All pall'd in crimson samite, and around Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eves.
- And but for all my madness and my sin,
- And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
- 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, Lance- lot left	Some root of knighthood and pure noble- ness;
The hall long silent, till Sir Gawain — nay, Brother, I need not tell thee foolish words, —	Whereto see thou, that it may bear its flower.
A reckless and irreverent knight was he,	"And spake I not too truly, O my
Now bolden'd by the silence of his King,—	was I too dark a prophet when I said
Well, I will tell thee: "O King, my liege," he said,	To those who went upon the Holy Quest, That most of them would follow wander-
"Hath Gawain fail'd in any quest of thine?	ing fires, Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me and
When have I stinted stroke in foughten field?	And left me gazing at a barren board,
But as for thine, my good friend Percivale, Thy holy nun and thou have driven men	And a lean Order—scarce return'd a tithe—
mad, Yea, made our mightiest madder than our least.	And out of those to whom the vision came My greatest hardly will believe he saw; Another hath beheld it afar off,
But by mine eyes and by mine ears I swear,	And leaving human wrongs to right themselves,
I will be deafer than the blue-eyed cat,	Cares but to pass into the silent life.
And thrice as blind as any noonday owl,	And one hath had the vision face to face,
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,	And now his chair desires him here in
Henceforward."	vain,
	However they may crown him otherwhere.
"Deafer," said the blameless King,	
Gawain, and blinder unto holy things	"And some among you held, that if
Hope not to make thyself by idle vows, Being too blind to have desire to see.	the King Had seen the sight he would have sworn
But if indeed there came a sign from	the vow:
heaven,	Not easily, seeing that the King must
Blessed are Bors, Lancelot and Percivale,	guard
For these have seen according to their sight.	That which he rules, and is but as the hind To whom a space of land is given to
For every fiery prophet in old times,	plow.
And all the sacred madness of the bard, When God made music thro' them, could	Who may not wander from the allotted field
but speak His music by the framework and the	Before his work be done; but, being done, Let visions of the night or of the day
chord; And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth.	Come, as they will; and many a time they come, Until this earth he walks on seems not
"Nay — but thou errest, Lancelot: never yet	earth, This light that strikes his eyeball is not
Could all of true and noble in knight and man	light, This air that smites his forehead is not
Twine round one sin, whatever it might be,	air But vision — yea, his very hand and foot —
With such a closeness, but apart there grew,	In moments when he feels he cannot die,
Save that he were the swine thou spakest of,	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' these 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 Pelleas 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 without 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 Guinevere, And I will make thee with my spear and sword

As famous - O my Queen, my Guinevere.

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 colours 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: To right? to left? straight forward? back
- again? Which? tell us quickly.'

Pelleas gazing thought,	'O damsel,' answer'd he,
• Is Guinevere herself so beautiful?'	'I woke from dreams; and coming out
For large her violet eyes look'd, and her	of gloom
bloom	Was dazzled by the sudden light, and
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens,	crave
And round her limbs, mature in woman- hood; And slender was her hand and small her	Pardon: but will ye to Caerleon? I Go likewise: shall I lead you to the King?'
shape;	'Lead then,' she said; and thro' the
And but for those large eyes, the haunts	woods they went.
of scorn,	And while they rode, the meaning in his
She might have seem'd a toy to trifle with,	eyes,
And pass and care no more. But while	His tenderness of manner, and chaste awe,
he gazed	His broken utterances and bashfulness,
The beauty of her flesh abash'd the boy,	Were all a burthen to her, and in her
As tho' it were the beauty of her soul:	heart
For as the base man, judging of the good,	She mutter'd, 'I have lighted on a fool,
Puts his own baseness in him by default	Raw, yet so stale!' But since her mind
Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend	was bent
All the young beauty of his own soul to	On hearing, after trumpet blown, her name
hers,	And title, 'Queen of Beauty,' in the lists
Believing her; and when she spake to	Cried — and beholding him so strong, she
him,	thought
Stammer'd, and could not make her a	That peradventure he will fight for me,
reply.	And win the circlet: therefore flatter'd
For out of the waste islands had he come,	him,
Where saving his own sisters he had	Being so gracious, that he wellnigh
known	deem'd
Scarce any but the women of his isles,	His wish by hers was echo'd; and her
Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd	knights
against the gulls,	And all her damsels too were gracious to
Makers of nets, and living from the sea.	him,
Then with a slow smile turn'd the lady round	For she was a great lady. And when they reach'd
And look'd upon her people; and as when	Caerleon, ere they past to lodging, she, Taking his hand, 'O the strong hand,'
A stone is flung into some sleeping tarn,	she said,
The circle widens till it lip the marge,	'See! look at mine! but wilt thou fight
Spread the slow smile thro' all her com-	for me,
pany. Three knights were thereamong; and they too smiled,	And win me this fine circlet, Pelleas, That I may love thee?'
Scorning him; for the lady was Ettarre, And she was a great lady in her land.	Then his helpless heart Leapt, and he cried, 'Ay! wilt thou if I win?'
Again she said, 'O wild and of the	'Ay, that will I,' she answer'd, and she
woods,	laugh'd,
Knowest thou not the fashion of our	And straitly nipt the hand, and flung it
speech?	from her;
Or have the Heavens but given thee a fair	Then glanced askew at those three knights
lace,	ot hers,
Lacking a tongue?'	Till all her ladies laugh'd along with her.

'O happy world,' thought Pelleas, 'all, There all day long Sir Pelleas kept the meseems. field Are happy; I the happiest of them all.' With honour: so by that strong hand of Nor slept that night for pleasure in his his blood. The sword and golden circlet were And green wood-ways, and eyes among achieved. the leaves: Then being on the morrow knighted, Then rang the shout his lady loved: sware the heat To love one only. And as he came away, Of pride and glory fired her face: her The men who met him rounded on their eve heels Sparkled: she caught the circlet from his And wonder'd after him because his face. lance. Shone like the countenance of a priest of And there before the people crown'd herself: old Against the flame about a sacrifice So for the last time she was gracious to Kindled by fire from heaven: so glad him. was he. Then at Caerleon for a space - her Then Arthur made vast banquets, and look strange knights Bright for all others, cloudier on her From the four winds came in: and each knight ---Linger'd Ettarre: and seeing Pelleas one sat. Tho' served with choice from air, land, droop, Said Guinevere, 'We marvel at thee stream, and sea, Oft in mid-banquet measuring with his much. O damsel, wearing this unsunny face eves To him who won thee glory!' and she His neighbour's make and might: and Pelleas look'd said. Noble among the noble, for he dream'd 'Had ye not held your Lancelot in your His lady loved him, and he knew himself bower, My Queen, he had not won.' Whereat Loved of the King: and him his newmade knight the Queen, Worshipt, whose lightest whisper moved As one whose foot is bitten by an ant, him more Glanced down upon her, turn'd and went Than all the ranged reasons of the world. her wav. But after, when her damsels, and her-Then blush'd and brake the morning of the jousts, self. And this was call'd ' The Tournament of And those three knights all set their Youth:' faces home, For Arthur, loving his young knight, Sir Pelleas follow'd. She that saw him withheld cried. His older and his mightier from the lists. 'Damsels — and vet I should be shamed That Pelleas might obtain his lady's love, to sav it-I cannot bide Sir Baby. Keep him back According to her promise, and remain Among vourselves. Would rather that Lord of the tourney. And Arthur had the jousts we had Down in the flat field by the shore of Usk Some rough old knight who knew the Holden: the gilded parapets were crown'd worldly way, With faces, and the great tower fill'd with Albeit grizzlier than a bear, to ride And jest with: take him to you, keep eves Up to the summit, and the trumpets blew. him off,

And pamper him with papmeat, if ye will,	Thereon her wrath became a hate; and once,
Old milky fables of the wolf and sheep,	A week beyond, while walking on the
Such as the wholesome mothers tell their	walls
Nay, should ye try him with a merry	With her three knights, she pointed downward, 'Look, He haunts me—I cannot breathe—
To find his mettle, good: and if he fly	besieges me;
us,	Down! strike him! put my hate into
Small matter ! let him.' This her damsels	your strokes,
heard,	And drive him from my walls.' And
And mindful of her small and cruel hand,	down they went,
They, closing round him thro' the journey	And Pelleas overthrew them one by one;
home,	And from the tower above him cried
Acted her hest, and always from her	Ettarre,
side Restrain'd him with all manner of device,	'Bind him, and bring him in.'
So that he could not come to speech	He heard her voice;
with her.	Then let the strong hand, which had
And when she gain'd her castle, upsprang	overthrown
the bridge,	Her minion-knights, by those he over-
Down rang the grate of iron thro' the	threw
groove,	Be bounden straight, and so they
And he was left alone in open field.	brought him in.
'These be the ways of ladies,' Pelleas	Then when he came before Ettarre,
thought,	the sight
'To those who love them, trials of our faith.	Of her rich beauty made him at one glance
Yea, let her prove me to the uttermost, For loyal to the uttermost am I.'	More bondsman in his heart than in his bonds.
So made his moan; and, darkness falling,	Yet with good cheer he spake, 'Behold
sought	me, Lady,
A priory not far off, there lodged, but	A prisoner, and the vassal of thy will;
rose	And if thou keep me in the donjon
With morning every day, and, moist or	here,
dry,	Content am I so that I see thy face
Full-arm'd upon his charger all day long	But once a day: for I have sworn my
Sat by the walls, and no one open'd to him.	vows, And thou hast given thy promise, and I
And this persistence turn'd her scorn	know That all these pains are trials of my faith,
to wrath.	And that thyself, when thou hast seen
Then calling her three knights, she	me strain'd
charged them, 'Out! And drive him from the walls.' And out	And sifted to the utmost, wilt at length Yield me thy love and know me for thy knight.'
they came, But Pelleas overthrew them as they	0
dash'd	Then she began to rail so bitterly,
Against him one by one; and these	With all her damsels, he was stricken
return'd,	mute;
But still he kept his watch beneath the	But when she mock'd his vows and the
wall.	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, ve?
- 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 reck 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 villainy, three to one: and thro' his heart
- The fire of honour 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 villainy 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 indeed
- I loved you and I deem'd you beautiful, 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 farewell;
- 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 myself ?—
- Seem'd my reproach? He is not of my kind.

II. and and have me did he have me	Ver but the honor of the Table Down 1
He could not love me, did he know me well.	Yea, by the honour of the Table Round, I will be leal to thee and work thy work,
Nay, let him go—and quickly.' And her knights	And tame thy jailing princess to thine hand.
Laugh'd not, but thrust him bounden out of door.	Lend me thine horse and arms, and I will say
Forth sprang Gawain, and loosed him	That I have slain thee. She will let me in
from his bonds,	To hear the manner of thy fight and fall;
And flung them o'er the walls; and afterward,	Then, when I come within her counsels, then
Shaking his hands, as from a lazar's rag, 'Faith of my body,' he said, 'and art	From prime to vespers will I chant thy praise
thou not—	As prowest knight and truest lover, more
Yea thou art he, whom late our Arthur made	Than any have sung thee living, till she long
Knight of his Table; yea and he that won	To have thee back in lusty life again, Not to be bound, save by white bonds
The circlet? wherefore hast thou so defamed	and warm, Dearer than freedom. Wherefore now
Thy brotherhood in me and all the rest,	thy horse
As let these caitiffs on thee work their	And armour: let me go: be comforted:
will?'	Give me three days to melt her fancy,
And Pelleas answer'd, 'O, their wills	and hope The third night hence will bring thee
are hers	news of gold.'
For whom I won the circlet; and mine,	news or gold.
hers,	Then Pelleas lent his horse and all his
Thus to be bounden, so to see her face,	arms,
Marr'd tho' it be with spite and mockery now,	Saving the goodly sword, his prize, and took
Other than when I found her in the	Gawain's, and said, 'Betray me not, but
woods;	help —
And tho' she hath me bounden but in	Art thou not he whom men call light-of-
spite,	love?'
And all to flout me, when they bring me in,	
Let me be bounden, I shall see her face;	'Ay,' said Gawain, ' for women be so
Else must I die thro' mine unhappiness.'	light.'
And Gawain answer'd kindly tho' in	Then bounded forward to the castle walls, And raised a bugle hanging from his neck,
scorn,	And winded it, and that so musically
'Why, let my lady bind me if she will,	That all the old echoes hidden in the
And let my lady beat me if she will:	wall
But an she send her delegate to thrall	Rang out like hollow woods at hunting-
These fighting hands of mine — Christ kill me then	tide.
But I will slice him handless by the	Up ran a score of damsels to the tower;
wrist, And let my lady sear the stump for him,	'Avaunt,' they cried, ' our lady loves thee not.'
Howl as he may. But hold me for your	But Gawain lifting up his vizor said,
friend :	'Gawain am I, Gawain of Arthur's court,
Come, ye know nothing: here I pledge my troth,	And I have slain this Pelleas whom ye hate:

Behold his horse and armour. Open gates,

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 armour : 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 courteously.
- · 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 you be fair
- enow:
- But I to your dead man have given my troth,
- That whom ye loathe, him will I make you love.'

So those 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.
 - Hot was the night and silent; but a sound

Of Gawain ever coming, and this lay -

- Which Pelleas had heard sung before the Oueen.
- And seen her sadden listening vext his heart,
- And marr'd his rest 'A worm within the rose.'

' A rose, but one, none other rose had I,

A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous fair,

- One rose a rose that gladden'd earth and sky,
- One rose, my rose, that sweeten'd all mine air —
- I cared not for the thorns; the thorns were there.

'One rose, a rose to gather by and by, One rose, a rose to gather and to wear,

- No rose but one what other rose had \hat{I} ?
- One rose, my rose; a rose that will not die. —
- He dies who loves it, if the worm be there.'

This tender rhyme, and evermore the doubt,

- 'Why lingers Gawain with his golden news?'
- So shook him that 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
- Beating, for nothing moved but his own self,
- And his own shadow. Then he crost the court,

And spied not any light in hall or bower, But saw the postern portal also wide

- Yawning; and up a slope of garden, all
- Of roses white and red, and brambles 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 lightening downward, and so spilt itself
- Among the roses, and was lost again.
 - Then was he ware of three pavilions rear'd

Above the bushes, gilden-peakt: in one,

- Red after revel, droned her lurdane knights
- Slumbering, and their three squires across their feet :

Then crush'd the saddle with his thighs. In one, their malice on the placid lip Froz'n by sweet sleep, four of her damsels and clench'd His hands, and madden'd with himself lav: and moan'd: And in the third, the circlet of the jousts Bound on her brow, were Gawain and Ettarre. 'Would they have risen against me in their blood At the last day? I might have answer'd Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the them leaf Even before high God. O towers so To find a nest and feels a snake, he strong, drew: Back, as a coward slinks from what he Huge, solid, would that even while I gaze The crack of earthquake shivering to your fears To cope with, or a traitor proven or hound base Beaten, did Pelleas in an utter shame Split you, and Hell burst up your harlot Creep with his shadow thro' the court roofs Bellowing, and charr'd you thro' and again. Fingering at his sword-handle until he thro' within, Black as the harlot's heart — hollow as a stood There on the castle-bridge once more, and skull! thought. Let the fierce east scream thro' your eye-'I will go back, and slay them where they let-holes. lie.' And whirl the dust of harlots round and round And so went back, and seeing them yet In dung and nettles! hiss, snake - I saw in sleep him there — Said, 'Ye, that so dishallow the holy Let the fox bark, let the wolf yell. Who vells sleep, Your sleep is death,' and drew the sword. Here in the still sweet summer night, but and thought, I ---'What! slay a sleeping knight? the King I, the poor Pelleas whom she call'd her hath bound fool? And sworn me to this brotherhood;' Fool, beast - he, she, or I? myself most again, fool: Beast too, as lacking human wit - dis-'Alas that ever a knight should be so false.' graced, Dishonour'd all for trial of true love ---Then turn'd, and so return'd, and groaning laid Love? — we be all alike: only the King The naked sword athwart their naked Hath made us fools and liars. O noble throats vows! There left it, and them sleeping; and she O great and same and simple race of lay, brutes The circlet of the tourney round her That own no lust because they have no brows. law! And the sword of the tourney across her For why should I have loved her to my throat. shame? I loathe her, as I loved her to my shame. And forth he past, and mounting on I never loved her, I but lusted for her --his horse Away - ' Stared at her towers that, larger than themselves He dash'd the rowel into his horse, In their own darkness, throng'd into the And bounded forth and vanish'd thro' moon. 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
- 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,
- Gasping, '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 lav,

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,
- Sent hands upon him, as to tear him, crying,
- 'False! and I held thee pure as Guinevere.'
 - 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 himself 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-
- 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 Rolling his eves, a moment stood, then spake: the reins. And made his beast that better knew it, 'Rise, weakling; I am Lancelot; say thy swerve sav.' Now off it and now on; but when he saw High up in heaven the hall that Merlin And Lancelot slowly rode his warhorse back built. To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief Blackening against the dead-green stripes while of even. 'Black nest of rats,' he groan'd, 've build Caught his unbroken limbs from the dark too high.' field. And follow'd to the city. It chanced Not long thereafter from the city gates that both Issued Sir Lancelot riding airily, Brake into hall together, worn and pale. There with her knights and dames was Warm with a gracious parting from the Oueen, Guinevere. Peace at his heart, and gazing at a star Full wonderingly she gazed on Lancelot And marvelling what it was: on whom So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas, the boy, him Who had not greeted her, but cast him-Across the silent seeded meadow-grass Borne, clash'd: and Lancelot, saving, self Down on a bench, hard-breathing. 'Have 'What name hast thou That ridest here so blindly and so hard?' ve fought?' She ask'd of Lancelot. 'Ay, my Queen,' 'No name, no name,' he shouted, 'a he said. scourge am I 'And hast thou overthrown him?' 'Av. To lash the treasons of the Table Round.' 'Yea, but thy name?' 'I have many my Queen.' names,' he cried : Then she, turning to Pelleas, 'O young 'I am wrath and shame and hate and evil knight, Hath the great heart of knighthood in fame. And like a poisonous wind I pass to thee fail'd So far thou canst not bide, unfrowardly, blast And blaze the crime of Lancelot and the A fall from him?' Then, for he answer'd Queen.' not. 'Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the 'First over me,' said Lancelot, 'shalt Queen, thou pass.' 'Fight therefore,' yell'd the youth, and May help them, loose thy tongue, and let either knight me know.' Drew back a space, and when they closed, But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce She quail'd; and he, hissing, 'I have no at once sword, The weary steed of Pelleas floundering Sprang from the door into the dark. flung His rider, who call'd out from the dark The Queen Look'd hard upon her lover, he on her; field. 'Thou art false as Hell: slay me: I have And each foresaw the dolorous day to no sword.' be: And all talk died, as in a grove all song and sharp; Beneath the shadow of some bird of But here will I disedge it by thy death.' prey; 'Slay then,' he shriek'd, 'my will is to be Then a long silence came upon the hall. slain.' And Lancelot, with his heel upon the And Modred thought, 'The time is hard at hand.' fall'n.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

- DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his mood
- 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,
- Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid air
- 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 herself

- A moment, and her cares; till that young life
- Being smitten in mid heaven with mortal cold
- Past from her; and in time the carcanet Vext her with plaintive memories of the child:
- So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,

- ³ Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
- And make them, an thou wilt, a tourneyprize.'
 - To whom the King, 'Peace to thine eagle-borne
- Dead nestling, and this honour after death.
- Following thy will! but, O my Queen, I muse
- 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 you 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 leaning 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 brotherslaver,
- 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 dogwhip-weals, his nose

 hand off, And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame, A churl, to whom indignantly the King, 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast 'My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast '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- And when I call'd upon thy name as one that doest right by gentle and by churl, Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright 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 the counter to it — and say My knights have sworn the counter to it — and say My knights are all adulterers like his own, baut mine are truer, seeing they profess My knights are all adulterers like his own, baut mine are truer, seeing they profess 		
But mine are truer, seeing they profess ears"?	hand off, And one with shatter'd fingers dangling 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 image 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 call'd upon thy name as one That doest 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	 '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 rene gades, Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion whom The wholesome realm is purged of other where, Friends, thro' your manhood and you fealty, — now Make their last head like Satan in th North. My younger knights, new-made, in whor 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 t shore. But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field For wherefore shouldst thou care t mingle with it, Only to yield my Queen her own again Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is well?' Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, 'It 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? him, And while they stood without the door the King
But mine are truer, seeing they profess ears"?	But mine are worthier, seeing they profess To be none other than themselves — and say My knights are all adulterers like his	And while they stood without the door the King Turn'd to him saying, 'Is it then so well
To be none other; and say his hour is The foot that lotters, bidden go,- come, glance	But mine are truer, seeing they profess To be none other; and say his hour is	ears"? The foot that loiters, bidden go,

That only seems half-loyal to command, — A manner somewhat fall'n from rever-	White-robed in honour of the stainless child,
ence — Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights	And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of
Tells of a manhood ever less and lower? Or whence the fear lest this my realm,	fire. He look'd but once, and vail'd his eyes
uprear'd, By noble deeds at one with noble vows,	again.
From flat confusion and brute violences, Reel back into the beast, and be no	The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream
more?'	To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll
He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,	Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began:
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd	And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf
North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen, Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,	And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn plume Went down it. Sighing weariedly, as one
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.	Who sits and gazes on a faded fire, When all the goodlier guests are past
Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme	away, Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the
Of bygone Merlin, 'Where is he who knows?	lists. He saw the laws that ruled the tourna-
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'	ment Broken, but spake not; once, a knight cast down
But when the morning of a tourna- ment,	Before his throne of arbitration cursed The dead babe and the follies of the
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,	King; And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot, Round whose sick head all night, like	And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole, Modred, a narrow face : anon he heard
birds of prey, The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,	The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure	An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,
White samite, and by fountains running wine,	But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest, And armour'd all in forest green, whereon
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,	There tript a hundred tiny silver deer, And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad steps	With ever-scattering berries, and on shield A spear, a harp, a bugle — Tristram — late
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.	From overseas in Brittany return'd, And marriage with a princess of that realm.
He glanced and saw the stately gal- leries,	Isolt the White — Sir Tristram of the Woods —
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their Queen	Whom Lancelot knew, had held some- time with pain

His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake	'Fair damsels, each to him who worships each
The burthen off his heart in one full shock	Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold This day my Queen of Beauty is not here.'
With Tristram ev'n to death : his strong	And most of these were mute, some
hands gript	anger'd, one
And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,	Murmuring, 'All courtesy is dead,' and
Until he groan'd for wrath — so many of	one,
these	'The glory of our Round Table is no more.'
those, That ware their ladies' colours on the casque,	Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,	mantle clung, And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
And there with gibes and flickering	Went glooming down in wet and weari-
mockeries	ness:
Stood, while he mutter'd, 'Craven crests!	But under her black brows a swarthy one
O shame !	Laugh'd shrilly, crying, 'Praise the pa-
What faith have these in whom they sware	tient saints,
to love? The glory of our Round Table is no more.'	Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave,	Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
the gems,	The snowdrop only, flowering thro' the
Not speaking other word than ' Hast thou	year,
won?	Would make the world as blank as Win-
Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand	ter-tide. Come—let us gladden their sad eyes,
Wherewith thou takest this, is red!' to whom	our Queen's And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's languorous mood,	With all the kindlier colours of the field.'
Made answer, 'Ay, but wherefore toss	So dame and damsel glitter'd at the
me this	feast
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry	Variously gay: for he that tells the tale
hound?	Liken'd them, saying, as when an hour
Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength	of cold
of heart	Falls on the mountain in midsummer
And might of limb, but mainly use and	snows,
skill,	And all the purple slopes of mountain
Are winners in this pastime of our King.	flowers
My hand — belike the lance hath dript	Pass under white, till the warm hour re-
upon it —	turns
No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief	With veer of wind, and all are flowers
knight,	again;
Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield,	So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
Great brother, thou nor I have made the	And glowing in all colours, the live grass,
world;	Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy,
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine.'	glanced
And Tristram round the gallery made	About the revels, and with mirth so loud Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the
his horse	Queen,
Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly	And wroth at Tristram and the lawless
saying,	jousts,

.

Brake up their sports, then slowly to her	I am but a fool to reason with a fool
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.	lean me down, Sir Dagonet, one of thy long ass's ears,
And little Dagonet on the morrow	And harken if my music be not true.
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	 " 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 went before: Free love — free field — we love but while we may."
To dance without a catch, a roundelay To dance to.' Then he twangled on his harp,	'Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune, Not stood stockstill. I made it in the
And while he twangled little Dagonet stood	woods, And heard it ring as true as tested gold.'
Quiet as any water-sodden log Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook; But when the twangling ended, skipt again; And being ask'd, 'Why skipt ye not, Sir Fool?'	But Dagonet with one foot poised in his hand, 'Friend, did ye mark that fountain yester- day Made to run wine?—but this had run itself
Made answer, 'I had liefer twenty years Skip to the broken music of my brains Than any broken music thou canst make.'	All out like a long life to a sour end — And them that round it sat with golden cups
Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,	To hand the wine to whomsoever came — The twelve small damosels white as In-
'Good now, what music have I broken, fool?' And little Dagonet, skipping, 'Arthur, the	nocence, In honour of poor Innocence the babe, Who left the gems which Innocence the
King's; For when thou playest that air with	Queen Lent to the King, and Innocence the King
Queen Isolt, Thou makest broken music with thy bride, Her daintier namesake down in Brit- tany — And so thou breakest Arthur's music too.'	Gave for a prize — and one of those white slips Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one, "Drink, drink, Sir Fool," and thereupon I drank,
'Save for that broken music in thy brains, Sir Fool,' said Tristram, 'I would break	Spat — pish — the cup was gold, the draught was mud.'
thy head. Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er.	And Tristram, 'Was it muddier than thy gibes?

The life had flown, we sware but by the shell — In gives? Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee? —

Not marking how the knighthood mock Down! and two more: a helpful harper thee. fool thou. That harpest downward! Dost thou know "Fear God: honour the King - his one true knight --the star Sole follower of the vows "- for here be We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?' thev Who knew thee swine enow before I came. And Tristram, 'Ay, Sir Fool, for when Smuttier than blasted grain: but when our King Was victor wellnigh day by day, the the King Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up knights. Glorying in each new glory, set his name It frighted all free fool from out thy High on all hills, and in the signs of heart: Which left thee less than fool, and less heaven.' than swine. A naked aught-yet swine I hold thee And Dagonet answer'd, 'Ay, and when the land still. For I have flung thee pearls and find thee Was freed, and the Oueen false, ye set vourself swine.' To babble about him, all to show your And little Dagonet mincing with his wit -And whether he were King by courtesy, feet. 'Knight, an ye fling those rubies round Or King by right — and so went harping my neck down The black king's highway, got so far, and In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch grew So witty that ye play'd at ducks and Of music, since I care not for thy pearls. Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd drakes -the world With Arthur's vows on the great lake of Is flesh and shadow — I have had my day. fire Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the The dirty nurse. Experience, in her kind Hath foul'd me - an I wallow'd then I star?' wash'd -I have had my day and my philosophies ----'Nay, fool,' said Tristram, 'not in And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's open day.' And Dagonet, 'Nay, nor will: I see it fool. Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams and hear. It makes a silent music up in heaven, and geese Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, And I, and Arthur and the angels hear, And then we skip.' 'Lo, fool,' he said, who thrumm'd 've talk On such a wire as musically as thou Some such fine song — but never a king's Fool's treason: is the King thy brother fool?' fool.' Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and And Tristram, 'Then were swine, goats, shrill'd, 'Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of asses, geese fools ! The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard Conceits himself as God that he can make Had such a mastery of his mystery Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, That he could harp his wife up out of hell.' milk From burning spurge, honey from hornet-Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of combs. his foot. 'And whither harp'st thou thine? down! And men from beasts - Long live the king of fools!' and thyself

 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 perch'd, or flew. Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown, Unruffling waters re-collect the shape Of one that in them sees himself, return'd; But at the slot or fewmets of a deer, Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again. 	 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.
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 Cornish King, With six or seven, when Tristram was away, And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse than shame Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,	He seem'd to pace the strand of Brit- tany 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 car- canet.
 But bode his hour, devising wretchedness. And now that desert lodge to Tristram 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 smoothe 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 overseas 	He dream'd; but Arthur with a hun- dred 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,

142 THE LAST T	OURNAMENT.
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,	Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
A goodly brother of the Table Round Swung by the neck: and on the boughs	Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave,
a shield	Heard in dead night along that table
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir, And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights	shore, Drops flat, and after the great waters break
At that dishonour done the gilded spur, Fill each would clash the shield, and blow	Whitening for half a league, and thir themselves,
the horn. But Arthur waved them back. Alone he	Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
rode. Then at the dry harsh roar of the great	From less and less to nothing; thus he fell
horn, That sent the face of all the marsh aloft	Head-heavy; then the knights, who watch'd him, roar'd
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight	And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n;
heard, and all, Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,	There trampled out his face from being known,
In blood-red armour sallying, howl'd to the King,	And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves:
'The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash	Nor heard the King for their own cries but sprang
thee flat!— Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted	Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
King Who fain had clipt free manhood from	Men, women, on their sodden faces hurl'd
the world— The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's curse, and I!	The tables over and the wines, and slew Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells And all the pavement stream'd with
Slain was the brother of my paramour By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine	massacre: Then, echoing yell with yell, they fired the tower,
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too, Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists	Which half that Autumn night, like the live North,
in hell, And stings itself to everlasting death,	Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor, Made all above it, and a hundred meres
Fo hang whatever knight of thine I fought And tumbled. Art thou King? — Look	About it, as the water Moab saw Come round by the East, and out beyond
to thy life!'	them flush'd The long low dune, and lazy-plunging
He ended : Arthur knew the voice; the face	sea.
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name	So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.	But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.
And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,	Then, out of Tristram waking, the red
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse	dream Fled with a shout, and that low lodge
Fo strike him, overbalancing his bulk,	return'd,

Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.	My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark Quicken within me, and knew that thou
He whistled his good warhorse left to graze	wert nigh.' To whom Sir Tristram smiling, 'I am
Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,	here. Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine.'
And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf, Till one lone woman, weeping near a	And drawing somewhat backward she
cross,	replied,
Stay'd him. 'Why weep ye?' 'Lord,'	'Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his
she said, 'my man	own,
Hath left me or is dead; ' whereon he	But save for dread of thee had beaten
thought —	me,
'What, if she hate me now? I would	Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me
• not this.	somehow Mark?
What, if she love me still? I would not	What rights are his that dare not strike
that.	for them?
I know not what I would' — but said to	Not lift a hand — not, tho' he found me
'Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate	thus! But harken! have ye met him? hence he went
return, He find thy favour changed and love thee not' —	To-day for three days' hunting — as he said —
Then pressing day by day thro' Lyo-	And so returns belike within an hour.
nesse	Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not
Last in a rocky hollow, belling, heard	thou with Mark,
The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly	Because he hates thee even more than
hounds	fears;
Yelp at his heart, but turning, past and	Nor drink: and when thou passest any
gain'd	wood
Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,	Close vizor, lest an arrow from the bush
A crown of towers.	Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
Down in a casement sat,	My God, the measure of my hate for
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair	Mark
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.	Is as the measure of my love for thee.'
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind	So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,
The spiring stone that scaled about her	Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and
tower,	spake
Flush'd, started, met him at the doors,	To Tristram, as he knelt before her,
and there	saying,
Belted his body with her white embrace,	'O hunter, and O blower of the horn,
Crying aloud, 'Not Mark—not Mark,	Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
my soul !	For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
The footstep flutter'd me at first : not he :	Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
Catlike thre' his come castle stade my	Of one — his name is out of me — the
Catlike thro' his own castle steals my Mark, But warrior-wise thou stridest thro' his	prize, If prize she were — (what marvel — she
the marrier mise they struct the mis	i price sile nere (innat marier, sile

- halls Who hates thee, as 1 him ev'n to the death.

To wreck thee villainously: but, O Sir Knight,	And fault and doubt — no word of that fond tale —
What dame or damsel have ye kneel'd 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 Lyo- nesse, 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, And thine is more to me — soft, gracious, kind — 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 whom Isolt, 'An then, false hunter and false harper, thou Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond, Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me That Guinevere had sinn'd against the highest, And I — misyoked with such a want of man — That I could hardly sin against the lowest.' He answer'd, 'O my soul, be com- forted ! 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-	 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, westwardsmilling seas, Watch'd 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 gratefulness, 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 name was ruler of the dark —— Isolt? Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meck,
forted ! If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings, If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,	The night was dark; the true star set. Isolt! The name was ruler of the dark —— Isolt? Care not for her! patient, and prayerful,

And Isolt answer'd, 'Yea, and why	How darest thou, if lover, push me
not 1? Mine is the larger need, who am not meek, Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.	even 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,
Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat, Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering	unswear ! Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak, Broken with Mark and bate and solitude
where, Murmuring a light song I had heard thee	Broken with Mark and hate and solitude, Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
sing, And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.	Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I be- lieve.
Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,	Will ye not lie? not swear, as there ye kneel,
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend — Mark's way to steal behind one in the	And solemnly as when ye sware to him, The man of men, our King — My God,
dark — For there was Mark: "He has wedded	• the power Was once in vows when men believed the King!
her," he said, Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown	They lied not then, who sware, and thro' their vows
of towers So shook to such a roar of all the sky,	The King prevailing made his realm :
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	Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old, Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and in de-
God"— And thou wert lying in thy new leman's	spair.'
	Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and
arms.'	down,
Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,	down, 'Vows! did you keep the vow you made to Mark
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The golden beard that clothed his lips Mock them: my soul, we love but while with light --we may: Moreover, that weird legend of his birth, And therefore is my love so large for thee. With Merlin's mystic babble about his end Seeing it is not bounded save by love.' Amazed me; then his foot was on a stool Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no Here ending, he moved toward her, man. and she said. 'Good: an I turn'd away my love for But Michaël trampling Satan: so I sware. Being amazed: but this went by - The thee To some one thrice as courteous as thyvows! self — O av-the wholesome madness of an hour -For courtesy wins woman all as well They served their use, their time: for As valour may, but he that closes both everv knight Is perfect, he is Lancelot — taller indeed, Believed himself a greater than himself, Rosier and comelier, thou - but say I And every follower eyed him as a God; loved Till he, being lifted up beyond himself, This knightliest of all knights, and cast Did mightier deeds than elsewise he had thee back Thine own small saw, "We love but done. while we may," And so the realm was made; but then their yows -Well then, what answer?' First mainly thro' that sullying of our Oueen-He that while she spake. Began to gall the knighthood, asking Mindful of what he brought to adorn her whence with. Had Arthur right to bind them to himself? The jewels, had let one finger lightly Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up touch from out the deep? The warm white apple of her throat, They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh replied, and blood ' Press this a little closer, sweet, until --Of our old kings: whence then? a doubt-Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'dful lord meat, To bind them by inviolable vows, Wine, wine — and I will love thee to the Which flesh and blood perforce would death. violate : And out beyond into the dream to come.' For feel this arm of mine-the tide within So then, when both were brought to Red with free chase and heather-scented full accord, She rose, and set before him all he will'd; air. Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me And after these had comforted the blood With meats and wines, and satiated their pure As any maiden child? lock up my tongue hearts ----From uttering freely what I freely hear? Now talking of their woodland paradise, Bind me to one? The wide world The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, laughs at it. the lawns; And worldling of the world am I, and Now mocking at the much ungainliness, know And craven shifts, and long crane legs of The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour Mark -Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, Woos his own end; we are not angels here and sang: Nor shall be: vows — I am woodman of the woods, 'Ay, ay, O ay — the winds that bend And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale 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 midheaven,
- And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize, And hither brought by Tristram for his
- last
- Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee.'
 - He spoke, he turn'd, then, flinging round her neck,
- Claspt it, and cried 'Thine Order, O my Queen!'
- But, while he bow'd to kiss the jewell'd throat,
- Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
- Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek-
- ' Mark's way,' 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.'

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 that like a subtle beast Lav couchant with his eves upon the
- throne, Beady to spring waiting a shapped for
- Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for this
- He chill'd the popular praises of the King
- With silent smiles of slow disparagement;
- 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 return'd,

That Modred still in green, all ear and eye,

	1
Climb'd to the high top of the garden-	Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for in-
wall	deed
To spy some secret scandal if he might,	She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast,
And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her	Would track her guilt until he found, and
best	hers
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court	Would be for evermore a name of scorn.
The wiliest and the worst; and more	Henceforward rarely could she front in
than this	hall,
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by	Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy face,
Spied where he couch'd, and as the	Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent
gardener's hand	eye:
Picks from the colewort a green cater-	Henceforward too, the Powers that tend
pillar,	the soul,
So from the high wall and the flowering grove	To help it from the death that cannot die,
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the	And save it even in extremes, began
heel,	To vex and plague her. Many a time for
And cast him as a worm upon the way;	hours,
But when he knew the Prince tho'	Beside the placid breathings of the King,
marr'd with dust,	In the dead night, grim faces came and
He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man,	went Before her, or a vague spiritual fear — Like to some doubtful noise of creaking
Made such excuses as he might, and these Full knightly without scorn; for in those days	doors, Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;	That keeps the rust of murder on the walls —
But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him	Held her awake: or if she slept, she dream'd
By those whom God had made full-	An awful dream; for then she seem'd to
limb'd and tall,	stand
Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,	On some vast plain before a setting sun,
And he was answer'd softly by the King	And from the sun there swiftly made at her
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot holp	A ghastly something, and its shadow flew
To raise the Prince, who rising twice or	Before it, till it touch'd her, and she
thrice	turn'd —
Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled,	When lo! her own, that broadening from
and went :	her feet,
But, ever after, the small violence done	And blackening, swallow'd all the land,
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,	and in it
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long	Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke. And all this trouble did not pass but grew; Till ou'n the clear face of the guilding.
A little bitter pool about a stone On the bare coast.	Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless King, And trustful courtesies of household life,
But when Sir Lancelot told This matter to the Queen, at first she	Became her bane; and at the last she said,
laugh'd Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty fall,	'O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land,
Then shudder'd, as the village wife who	For if thou tarry we shall meet again,
cries	And if we meet again, some evil chance
'I shudder, some one steps across my	Will make the smouldering scandal break
grave;'	and blaze

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- Before the people, and our lord the King.' And Lancelot ever promised, but remain'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
- And part for ever. Vivien, lurking, heard.
- She told Sir Modred. Passion-pale they met
- And greeted. Hands in hands, and eye to eye.
- Low on the border of her couch 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 lionlike Leapt on him, and hurl'd him headlong,
- 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 for ever;' 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, nor 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 rumour 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	Who knowing nothing knows but to obey,
Must hate me,' and bow'd down upon her hands Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd	And if I do not there is penance given — Comfort your sorrows; for they do not flow
No silence, brake it, uttering, 'Late! so late!	From evil done; right sure am I of that,
What hour, I wonder, now?' and when she drew	Who see your tender grace and stateli- ness.
No answer, by and by began to hum An air the nuns had taught her, 'Late,	But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's,
so late ! ' Which when she heard, the Queen look'd	And weighing find them less; for gone is he
up, and said, ' O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,	To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.'	Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen;
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid.	And Modred whom he left in charge of all,
'Late, late, so late! and dark the	The traitor — Ah sweet lady, the King's grief
night and chill ! Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.	For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.	Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.
'No light had we: for that we do repent;	For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.	For if there ever come a grief to me I cry my cry in silence, and have done.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.	None knows it, and my tears have brought me good :
'No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!	But even were the griefs of little ones As great as those of great ones, yet this
O let us in, that we may find the light! Too late, too late : ye cannot enter now.	grief Is added to the griefs the great must
'Have we not heard the bridegroom is	bear, That howsoever much they may desire
so sweet? O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet !	Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud:
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.'	As even here they talk at Almesbury About the good King and his wicked
So sang the novice, while full passion- ately,	Queen, And were I such a King with such a
Her head upon her hands, remembering Her thought when first she came, wept	Queen, Well might I wish to veil her wicked-
the sad Queen. Then said the little novice prattling to	ness, But were I such a King, it could not be.'
her,	Then to her own sad heart mutter'd the
'O pray you, noble lady, weep no more;	Queen, 'Will the child kill me with her innocent
But let my words, the words of one so small,	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 herself 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 garrulously, 'Yea, but I know: the land was full of signs

And wonders ere the coming of the Oueen.

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 turn-

ing — there,

All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse, 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 furthermore,
- Next morning, while he passed the dimlit 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 spirits 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	To play upon me,' and bow'd her head nor spake.
wave; And many a mystic lay of life and death Had chanted on the smoky mountain-	Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
tops, When round him bent the spirits of the	Shame on her own garrulity garrulously, Said the good nuns would check her
hills With all their dewy hair blown back like	gadding tongue Full often, ' and, sweet lady, if I seem
• flame: So said my father — and that night the bard	To vex an ear too sad to listen to me, Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales Which my good father told me, check
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King	me too Nor let me shame my father's memory,
As wellnigh more than man, and rail'd at those	one Of noblest manners, tho' himself would
Who call'd him the false son of Gorloïs : For there was no man knew from whence he came;	say Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he died,
But after tempest, when the long wave broke	Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers back,
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,	And left me; but of others who remain, And of the two first-famed for courtesy —
There came a day as still as heaven, and then They found a naked child upon the sands	And pray you check me if I ask amiss— But pray you, which had noblest, while you moved
Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea; And that was Arthur; and they foster'd him	Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King?'
Till he by miracle was approven King: And that his grave should be a mystery	Then the pale Queen look'd up and answer'd her,
From all men, like his birth; and could he find A woman in her womanhood as great	'Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight, Was gracious to all ladies, and the same In open battle or the tilting-field
As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,	Forbore his own advantage, and the King In open battle or the tilting-field
The twain together well might change the world.	Forbore his own advantage, and these two
But even in the middle of his song He falter'd, and his hand fell from the	Were the most nobly-manner'd men of all;
harp, And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and would have fall'n,	For manners are not idle, but the fruit Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.'
But that they stay'd him up; nor would he tell	'Yea,' said the maid, 'be manners such fair fruit?
His vision; but what doubt that he fore- saw	Then Lancelot's needs must be a thou- sand-fold
This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen?'	Less noble, being, as all rumour runs, The most disloyal friend in all the world.'
Then thought the Queen, 'Lo! they have set her on,	To which a mournful answer made the Queen :
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns,	•O closed about by narrowing nunnery- walls,
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- 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 For ever! thou their tool, set on to plague And play upon, and harry me, petty 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 frighted. 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 ev'n 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 ev'n in saving 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 retinue moving, they,

- Rapt in sweet talk 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 paradise Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth

That seem'd the heavens upbreaking 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 Pendragonship, 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 unconsciously, Came to that point where 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	Clave to him, and abode in his own land. And many more when Modred raised
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet	revolt, Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors	To Modred, and a remnant stays with me. And of this remnant will I leave a part,
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,	True men who love me still, for whom I live,
And grovell'd with her face against the floor:	To guard thee in the wild hour coming on, Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
There with her milkwhite arms and shadowy hair	Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
She made her face a darkness from the King:	Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies Have err'd not, that I march to meet my
And in the darkness heard his armed feet	doom. Thou hast not made my life so sweet to
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,	me, That I the King should greatly care to
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's	live; For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's:	Bear with me for the last time while I show,
'Liest thou here so low, the child of one	Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?	For when the Roman left us, and their law Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Well is it that no child is born of thee.	Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a
The children born of thee are sword and fire,	deed Of prowess done redress'd a random
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws, The craft of kindred and the Godless	wrong. But I was first of all the kings who drew
hosts	The Knighthood-errant of this realm and all
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;	The realms together under me, their
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,	Head, In that fair Order of my Table Round,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,	A glorious company, the flower of men, To serve as model for the mighty world,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ	And be the fair beginning of a time. I made them lay their hands in mine and
In twelve great battles ruining over- thrown.	swear To reverence the King, as if he were
And knowest thou now from whence I come — from him,	Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
From waging bitter war with him: and	To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
he, That did not shun to smite me in worse	To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
way, Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,	To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it, To honour his own word as if his God's,
Who made him knight: but many a	To lead sweet lives in purest chastity, To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
knight was slain;	And worship her by years of noble deeds, Until they won her; for indeed I knew
And many more, and all his kith and kin	out they won net, for indeed a knew

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- 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 before I wedded thee, Believing, "lo 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 mightiest knights,
- And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
- Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
- Of all my heart had destined did obtain, 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?
- And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk 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
- 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 warhorse 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 Notknowing! O imperial-moulded form, And beauty such as never woman 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 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. Let no man dream but that I love thee still. 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 the man they call My sister's son — no kin of mine, who leagues With Lords of the White Horse, heathen, and knights, Traitors — 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 	 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 for evermore. And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd, To 'which for crest the golden dragon clung Of Britain; so she did not see the face, 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 Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire. And even then he turn'd; and more and more The moony vapour 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 brake suddenly, Then — as a stream that spouting from a cliff Fails in mid-air, but gathering at the base Re-makes itself, and flashes down the
But hither shall I never come again,	Fails in mid-air, but gathering at the base
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.	'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 myself?
- What help in that? I cannot kill my sin.
- 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 gentle 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 yearn'd for warmth and colour which I found
- In Lancelot now I see thee what thou art,

- Thou art the highest and most human too,
- Not Lancelot nor another. Is there none 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 highest : 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 vail her eyes: she look'd and saw
- The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her,
- 'Yea, little maid, for am I not forgiven?'
- Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns
- 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 nunnery-

- walls, Meek maidens, from the voices crying
- "shame."
- I must not scorn myself: he loves me still.
- Let no one dream but that he loves me still.
- 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 pray'd 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
- 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.'

End of 'The Round Table.'

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.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,

- Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
- Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:
 - 'I found Him in the shining of the stars,
- I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,

But in His ways with men I find Him not. I waged His wars, and now I pass and die. O me! for why is all around us here

- As if some lesser god had made the world, But had not force to shape it as he would, Till the High God behold it from beyond, And enter it, and make it beautiful?
- Or else as if the world were wholly fair, But that these eyes of men are dense and dim.
- And have not power to see it as it is :

- Perchance, because we see not to the close; —
- For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
- And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
- And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend

Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm

- Reels back into the beast, and is no more. My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:
- Nay God my Christ I pass but shall not die.'

Then, ere 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 de-
- light ! 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 delight.'

And fainter onward, like wild birds that change

- She said: they took her to themselves; 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.

- Their season in the night and wail their way
- 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
- For ever: 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 Bedivere:

- ' Far other is this battle in the west
- Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,
- And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,

- Or 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 Lyonesse 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.
- A deathwhite mist slept over sand and . sea:
- 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 mists. 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 shrinks. Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrinks. After the Christ, of those who falling down. Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist; And shours of heathen and the traitor knights. Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blas phemies, Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the light. Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead. Last, as by some one deathbed after wail Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death for deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore, and hash fell; but when the dolorous day. Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came. A beitter wind, clear from the North, and blew. The mist aside, and with that wind the tide. Kose, 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 ware trake in among dead faces, to and from 	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 Bedi- vere, 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,
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,	 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
Swaving the helpless hands and up and When all the purport of my throne hath	me King. And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and	

•

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 Modred smote his liege
- Hard on that helm 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 Excalibur, 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, wonderful.
- Holding the sword and how I row'd across
- And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
- 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 scëst, 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 —

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 Excalibur,

- 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 subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,

This way and that dividing the swift	What good should follow this, if this
mind, In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd Potter to leave Evcelibur concerl'd	were done? What harm, undone? Deep harm to
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd There in the many-knotted waterflags, That whistled stiff and dry about the	disobey, Seeing obedience is the bond of rule. Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
marge. So strode he back slow to the wounded King.	An act unprofitable, against himself? The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedi- vere:	What record, or what relic of my lord Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?	And rumours of a doubt? But were this kept,
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'	Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
And answer made the bold Sir Bedi- vere:	Some one might show it at a joust of arms, Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excali-
' I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, And the wild water lapping on the crag.'	bur, Wrought by the lonely maiden of the
To whom replied King Arthur, faint	Lake. Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the
and pale: • Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name, Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd	deeps Upon the hidden bases of the hills." So might some old man speak in the aftertime
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight : For surer sign had follow'd, either hand, Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.	To all the people, winning reverence. But now much honour and much fame were lost.'
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	So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'	And hid Excalibur the second time, And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time	Then spoke King Arthur, breathing
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere, Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in	heavily: 'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'
thought; But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, How curiously and strangely chased, he	And answer made the bold Sir Bedi- vere:
smote His palms together, and he cried aloud:	'I heard the water lapping on the crag, And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'
'And if indeed I cast the brand away,	To whom replied King Arthur, much
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note, Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,	in wrath : 'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue, Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.	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, thou art, thou art, thou art the disters me for the precious hilt; Should blind my purpose, for I never saw, Norshall 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, wheel-ing him: Surdar a miracle as yonder hilt. Then with both hands I flung him, wheel-ing him: Surdar a miracle as yonder hilt. Then with both hands I flung him, wheel-ing him: Surdar a miracle as yonder hilt. Then with both hands I flung him, wheel-ing him: Surdar a miracle as yonder hilt. Then with both hands I flung him, wheel-ing him: Surdar a miracle as yonder hilt. Then with both hands I flung him, wheel-ing him: Surdar a miracle as yonder hilt. The with obold an arm, Clothed in white samte, mystic, wonderful, and flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch, So fash'd and fell the brand Excalibur: Shock Shot like a streamer of the northern morn, Seen where the moving isles of winter shock So fash'd and fell the brand Excalibur: Star excertain arm, dish'd him There times, and drew him under in the mere. And looking with care, ras an arm, dish'd him There times, and drew him under in the mere. And lightly went the other to the King. Then spoke King Arthur, drawing dish'd him Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, seen?' And answer made the bold Sir Bediver: Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems

Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-Larger than human on the frozen hills. He heard the deep behind him, and a cry ing east; And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd Before. His own thought drove him like a goad. with drops Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves Of onset; and the light and lustrous And barren chasms, and all to left and curls -That made his forehead like a rising sun right The bare black cliff clang'd round him. High from the daïs-throne — were parch'd as he based with dust; His feet on juts of slippery crag that Or clotted into points and hanging loose. Mix'd with the knightly growth that rang Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed fringed his lips. heels ----So like a shatter'd column lav the King; And on a sudden, lo! the level lake, Not like that Arthur who, with lance in And the long glories of the winter moon. rest. From spur to plume a star of tourna-Then saw they how there hove a dusky ment, Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and barge. Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to charged Before the eves of ladies and of kings. stern. Beneath them; and descending they were Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bediware That all the decks were dense with stately vere : 'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I forms, Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream go? -by these Where shall I hide my forehead and my Three Queens with crowns of gold: and eves? For now I see the true old times are from them rose A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars, dead. When every morning brought a noble And, as it were one voice, an agony Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills chance. All night in a waste land, where no one And every chance brought out a noble knight. comes. Or hath come, since the making of the Such times have been not since the light world. that led The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh. Then murmur'd Arthur, ' Place me in But now the whole Round Table is disthe barge.' solved So to the barge they came. There those Which was an image of the mighty three Queens world, Put forth their hands, and took the King, And I, the last, go forth companionless, and wept. And the days darken round me, and the But she, that rose the tallest of them all years, And fairest, laid his head upon her lap, Among new men, strange faces, other And loosed the shatter'd casque, and minds.' chafed his hands, And call'd him by his name, complaining And slowly answer'd Arthur from the loud, barge : And dropping bitter tears against a brow 'The old order changeth, yielding place Striped with dark blood: for all his face to new. And God fulfils himself in many ways, was white And colourless, and like the wither'd Lest one good custom should corrupt moon 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?
- For so the whole round earth is every way
- Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
- But now farewell. I am going a long way
- With these thou seëst 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 fullbreasted 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.

But when that moan had past for evermore,

- The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
- Amazed him, and he groan'd, ' The King is gone.'
- And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
- 'From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'

Whereat he slowly turn'd and 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 silence, 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
- Ev'n 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.

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TO THE QUEEN.

O LOYAL to the royal in thyself, And loyal to the land, as this to thee —	Our ocean-empire with her boundless homes
Bear witness, that rememberable day,	For ever-broadening England, and her
When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the	throne
Prince	In our vast Orient, and one isle, one
Who scarce had pluck'd his flickering	isle,
life again	That knows not her own greatness: if
From halfway down the shadow of the	she knows
grave,	And dreads it we are fall'n.—But thou,
Past with thee thro' thy people and	my Queen,
their love, And London roll'd one tide of joy thro'	Not for itself, but thro' thy living love For one to whom I made it o'er his grave
all	Sacred, accept this old imperfect tale,
Her trebled millions, and loud leagues of	New-old, and shadowing Sense at war
man	with Soul
And welcome! witness, too, the silent	Rather than that gray king, whose name,
cry,	a ghost,
The prayer of many a race and creed,	Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from
and clime —	mountain peak,
Thunderless lightnings striking under	And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
sea From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,	Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's,
And that true North, whereof we lately	one
heard	Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a
A strain to shame us 'keep you to your-	time
selves;	That hover'd between war and wanton-
So loyal is too costly! friends-your	ness,
love	And crownings and dethronements: take
Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and	withal
go.' Is this the tone of empire? here the faith	Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her	Will blow the tempest in the distance
voice	back
And meaning, whom the roar of Hougou-	From thine and ours: for some are scared,
mont	who mark,
Left mightiest of all peoples under	Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
heaven?	Waverings of every vane with every
What shock has fool'd her since, that	wind,
she should speak So feebly? wealthier — wealthier — hour	And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
by hour!	And fierce or careless looseners of the
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,	faith.
Some third-rate isle half-lost among her	And Softness breeding scorn of simple
seas?	life,
There rang her voice, when the full city	Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
peal'd The and the Driver I. The level to their	Or Labour, with a groan and not a
Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their	voice, Or Ast with poisonous honou stol ² n from
crown Are loyal to their own far sons, who love	Or Art with poisonous honey stol'n from France,
The loyar to then own far sons, who love	i rance,

- 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 slowlygrown
- And crown'd Republic's crowning common-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.

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, boylike, 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, endeavours 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 vacancies 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 (1)
- Sank powerless, as anger falls aside
- And withers on the breast of peaceful love;
- Thou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged
- The hills that watch'd thee, as Love watcheth Love,

In thine own essence, and delight thyself 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 sometimes Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords

To some old melody, begins to play

- That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath;
- I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye :
- Thy breath is of the pinewood; and tho' vears
- Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy strait
- Betwixt the native land of Love and me, Breathe but a little on me, and the sail

Down those loud waters, like a setting Will draw me to the rising of the sun, The lucid chambers of the morning star. star. And East of Life. Mixt with the gorgeous west the lighthouse shone. And silver-smiling Venus ere she fell Permit me, friend, I prythee, Would often loiter in her balmy blue. To pass my hand across my brows, and To crown it with herself. muse On those dear hills, that never more will meet Here, too, my love The sight that throbs and aches beneath Waver'd at anchor with me, when day my touch. hung As they there beat a heart in either eve: From his mid-dome in Heaven's airv For when the outer lights are darken'd halls; Gleams of the water-circles as they broke. thus. The memory's vision hath a keener edge. Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her It grows upon me now — the semicircle lips. Of dark-blue waters and the narrow fringe Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair, Of curving beach - its wreaths of drip-Leapt like a passing thought across her ping green eves; And mine with one that will not pass. Its pale pink shells - the summerhouse till earth aloft That open'd on the pines with doors of And heaven pass too, dwelt on my heaven, a face glass. A mountain nest — the pleasure-boat that Most starry-fair, but kindled from within As 'twere with dawn. She was darkrock'd. Light-green with its own shadow, keel to hair'd, dark-eyed : keel, Oh, such dark eyes! a single glance of Upon the dappled dimplings of the them Will govern a whole life from birth to wave. That blanch'd upon its side. death. Careless of all things else, led on with light O Love, O Hope! In trances and in visions: look at them, They come, they crowd upon me all at You lose yourself in utter ignorance; You cannot find their depth; for they once-Moved from the cloud of unforgotten go back, things, And farther back, and still withdraw That sometimes on the horizon of the themselves mind Quite into the deep soul, that evermore Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in Fresh springing from her fountains in the storm brain. Still pouring thro', floods with redundant Flash upon flash they lighten thro' medavs life Of dewy dawning and the amber eves Her narrow portals. When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I Were borne about the bay or safely Trust me, long ago moor'd I should have died, if it were possible Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where the To die in gazing on that perfectness Which I do bear within me : I had died, tide Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs; and all But from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb, Thine image, like a charm of light and without The slowly-ridging rollers on the cliffs strength Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro' Upon the waters, push'd me back again the arch On these deserted sands of barren life.

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	 While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre, lock and like the all-enduring camel, driven for ever? He, that saith it, hath o'erstept 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 inmortality To 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 moonling inghts, To which my spirit leaneth all her flowers, And length of drays, and inmortality For Time and Grief abode too long with Life, And like all other friends i' the world, at last They grew aweary 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, — Yet is my life nor in the present time, Nor in the present place. To me alone, Thew sight as if of age upon my limbs, The grasp of hopeless grief about my heart, A body journeying onward, sick with toil, arrow agarner'd up And all the senses weaken'd, save in that light: Or as men know not when they fall asleen Into all the senses weaken'd, save in that light: Or as men know not when they fall asleen Into all the senses weaken'd, save in that light: Or as men know not when they fall asleen Into all the senses weaken'd, save in that light:
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Under the selfsame aspect of the stars, So know I not when I began to love. (Oh falsehood of all starcraft!) we were This is my sum of knowledge - that my born. love How like each other was the birth of Grew with myself-say rather, was my each ! growth. My inward sap, the hold I have on earth. The sister of my mother — she that bore Camilla close beneath her beating heart. My outward circling air wherewith I Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child. breathe. Which yet upholds my life, and evermore With its true-touched pulses in the flow And hourly visitation of the blood. Is to me daily life and daily death: For how should I have lived and not Sent notes of preparation manifold, And mellow'd echoes of the outer world have loved? My mother's sister, mother of my love, Can ve take off the sweetness from the Who had a twofold claim upon my heart. flower. The colour and the sweetness from the One twofold mightier than the other was, In giving so much beauty to the world, rose. And place them by themselves: or set And so much wealth as God had charged her with apart Loathing to put it from herself for ever. Their motions and their brightness from Left her own life with it; and dying thus, the stars. And then point out the flower or the star? Crown'd with her highest act the placid Or build a wall betwixt my life and love. face And tell me where I am? 'Tis even And breathless body of her good deeds thus: past. In that I live I love: because I love I live: whate'er is fountain to the one So were we born, so orphan'd. She Is fountain to the other; and whene'er was motherless And I without a father. So from each Our God unknits the riddle of the one, Of those two pillars which from earth There is no shade or fold of mystery uphold Swathing the other. Our childhood, one had fallen away, and Many, many years all(For they seem many and my most of The careful burthen of our tender years Trembled upon the other. He that gave life. Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd And well I could have linger'd in that porch. All lovingkindnesses, all offices Of watchful care and trembling tender-So unproportion'd to the dwelling-place), In the Maydews of childhood, opposite ness. He waked for both: he pray'd for both: The flush and dawn of youth, we lived he slept together, Apart, alone together on those hills. Dreaming of both: nor was his love the less Because it was divided, and shot forth Before he saw my day my father died, Boughs on each side, laden with whole-And he was happy that he saw it not; But I and the first daisy on his grave some shade. From the same clay came into light at Wherein we nested sleeping or awake, And sang aloud the matin-song of life. once. As Love and I do number equal years, She was my foster-sister: on one arm So she, my love, is of an age with me. The flaxen ringlets of our infancies How like each other was the birth of Wander'd, the while we rested: one soft each ! On the same morning, almost the same lan Pillow'd us both : a common light of eyes hour,

Was on us as we lay: our baby lips,	Till, drunk with its own wine, and over
Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence	full
The stream of life, one stream, one life,	Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,
one blood,	It fall on its own thorns — if this be true —
One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large.	And that way my wish leads me ever- more
Still larger moulding all the house of thought,	Still to believe it — 'tis so sweet a thought Why in the utter stillness of the soul
Made all our tastes and fancies like,	Doth question'd memory answer not
perhaps —	nor tell
All — all but one; and strange to me,	Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn,
and sweet,	Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest har-
Sweet thro' strange years to know that	mony?
whatsoe'er	O blossom'd portal of the lonely house
Our general mother meant for me alone,	Green prelude, April promise, glad new-
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us :	vear
So what was earliest mine in earliest life,	Of Being, which with earliest violets
I shared with her in whom myself remains.	And lavish carol of clear-throated larks
As was our childhood, so our infancy,	Fill'd all the March of life! — I will not
They tell me, was a very miracle	speak of thee,
Of fellow-feeling and communion.	These have not seen thee, these can never
They tell me that we would not be	know thee,
alone, — We cried when we were parted; when I	They cannot understand me. Pass we then
wept,	A term of eighteen years. Ye would but
Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,	laugh,
Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved	If I should tell you how I hoard in thought
The sound of one another's voices more Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learn'd	The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient crones,
To lisp in tune together; that we slept In the same cradle always, face to face, Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing	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
lip,	To know her father left us just before
Folding each other, breathing on each	The daffodil was blown? or how we
other,	found
Dreaming together (dreaming of each other	The dead man cast upon the shore? All this
They should have added), till the morning light	Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of
Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy	mine
pane	Is traced with flame. Move with me to
Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we	the event.
woke	There came a glorious morning, such a
To gaze upon each other. If this be true, At thought of which my whole soul	As dawns but once a season. Mercury On such a morning would have flung
languishes	himself
And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath	From cloud to cloud, and swum with
— as tho' A man in some still garden should infuse	balanced wings To some tall mountain: when I said to her,

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A lid alarm on has bright block hairs	Whenes rose as it were breath and steam
A solid glory on her bright black hair; A light methought broke from her dark,	Whence rose as it were breath and steam of gold,
dark eyes,	And over all the great wood rioting
And shot itself into the singing winds;	And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at
A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white	intervals
robe	With falling brook or blossom'd bush
As from a glass in the sun, and fell about	and last,
My footsteps on the mountains.	Framing the mighty landscape to the
Last we came	west, A purple range of mountain-cones, be-
To what our people call 'The Hill of	tween
Woe.'	Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding
A bridge is there, that, look'd at from	bursts
beneath	The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.
Seems but a cobweb filament to link	
The yawning of an earthquake-cloven	At length
chasm.	Descending from the point and standing
And thence one night, when all the winds	both,
were loud,	There on the tremulous bridge, that from beneath
A woful man (for so the story went) Had thrust his wife and child and dash'd	Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air,
himself	We paused amid the splendour. All the
Into the dizzy depth below. Below,	west
Fierce in the strength of far descent, a	And ev'n unto the middle south was
stream	ribb'd
Flies with a shatter'd foam along the	And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The
chasm.	sun below,
The path was perilous, loosely strown	Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave, shower'd down
with crags: We mounted slowly; yet to both there	Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over
came	That various wilderness a tissue of light
The joy of life in steepness overcome,	Unparallel'd. On the other side, the
And victories of ascent, and looking	moon,
down	Half-melted into thin blue air, stood still,
On all that had look'd down on us; and	And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf,
joy	Nor yet endured in presence of His eyes
In breathing nearer heaven; and joy to	To indue his lustre; most unloverlike, Since in his absence full of light and joy,
me, High over all the azure-circled earth,	And giving light to others. But this
To breathe with her as if in heaven itself;	most,
And more than joy that I to her became	Next to her presence whom I loved so
Her guardian and her angel, raising her	well,
Still higher, past all peril, until she saw	Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart
Beneath her feet the region far away,	As to my outward hearing: the loud
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky	stream,
brows,	Forth issuing from his portals in the crag
Arise in open prospect — heath and hill,	(A visible link unto the home of my heart),
And hollow lined and wooded to the lips, And steep-down walls of battlemented	Ran amber toward the west, and nigh
rock	the sea
Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into	Parting my own loved mountains was
spires,	received,
And glory of broad waters interfused,	Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy

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Of that small bay, which out to open main	I did not speak : I could not speak my love.
Glow'd intermingling close beneath the sun.	Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip- depths.
Spirit of Love! that little hour was bound Shut in from Time, and dedicate to	Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,
thee:	Constraining it with kisses close and warm,
Thy fires from heaven had touch'd it, and the earth	Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts So that they pass not to the shrine of
They fell on became hallow'd evermore.	sound. Else had the life of that delighted hour
We turn'd: our eyes met: hers were bright, and mine	Drunk in the largeness of the utterance Of Love; but how should Earthly meas-
Were dim with floating tears, that shot the sunset	ure mete The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited
In lightnings round me; and my name	Love,
was borne Upon her breath. Henceforth my name	Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense
has been A hallow'd memory like the names of	Unto the thundersong that wheels the spheres,
old, A centr'd, glory-circled memory,	Scarce living in the Æolian harmony, And flowing odour of the spacious air,
And a peculiar treasure, brooking not Exchange or currency: and in that hour	Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth,
A hope flow'd round me, like a golden mist	Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,	Which pass with that which breathes them? Sooner Earth
A moment, ere the onward whirlwind shatter it,	Might go round Heaven, and the strait girth of Time
Waver'd and floated — which was less than Hope,	Inswathe the fulness of Eternity, Than language grasp the infinite of Love.
Because it lack'd the power of perfect Hope;	O day which did enwomb that happy
But which was more and higher than all Hope,	hour,
Because all other Hope had lower aim;	Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day ! O Genius of that hour which dost uphold
Even that this name to which her gracious lips	Thy coronal of glory like a God, Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
Did lend such gentle utterance, this one name,	Who walk before thee, ever turning round To gaze upon thee till their eyes are dim
In some obscure hereafter, might in- wreathe	With dwelling on the light and depth of thine,
(How lovelier, nobler then !) her life, her love,	Thy name is ever worshipp'd among hours!
With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart and strength.	Had I died then, 1 had not seem'd to die, For bliss stood round me like the light of
'Brother,' she said, 'let this be call'd henceforth	Heaven, —
The Hill of Hope; ' and I replied, 'O	Had I died then, I had not known the death;
sister, My will is one with thine; the Hill of	Yea had the Power from whose right hand the light
Hope.' Nevertheless, we did not change the name.	Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand floweth

- The Shadow of Death, perennial effluences,
- Whereof to all that draw the wholesome 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 downward 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 rumour) 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 cavernmouth,

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 cypresses, —

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 con-
- verse sweet, In which our voices bore least part. The wind
- Told a lovetale 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 vears,

And all the separate Edens of this earth,

To centre in this place and time. I listen'd.

And her words stole with most prevailing 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

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 fashion'd by the channel which they keep).

Her words did of their meaning borrow sound,

Her cheek did catch the colour of her	From cope to base — had Heaven from all her doors,
words. I heard and trembled, yet I could but	With all her golden thresholds clashing, roll'd
hear; My heart paused — my raised eyelids would not fall,	Her heaviest thunder—I had lain as dead,
But still I kept my eyes upon the sky. I seem'd the only part of Time stood	Mute, blind and motionless as then I lay;
still, And saw the motion of all other things;	Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me!
While her words, syllable by syllable, Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear	Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me!
Fell; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not to speak;	Blind, for the day was as the night to me!
But she spake on, for I did name no wish, What marvel my Camilla told me all	The night to me was kinder than the day;
Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love— 'Perchance,' she said, 'return'd.' Even then the stars	The night in pity took away my day, Because my grief as yet was newly born Of eyes too weak to look upon the
Did tremble in their stations as I gazed; But she spake on, for I did name no wish.	light; And thro' the hasty notice of the ear Frail Life was startled from the tender
No wish — no hope. Hope was not wholly dead,	love Of him she brooded over. Would I had
But breathing hard at the approach of Death, —	lain Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine No longer in the dearest sense of mine —	Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven
For all the secret of her inmost heart, And all the maiden empire of her mind,	Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining brows,
Lay like a map before me, and I saw There, where I hoped myself to reign as king,	Leaning its roses on my faded eyes. The wind had blown above me, and the rain
There, where that day I crown'd myself as king,	Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake
There in my realm and even on my throne, Another ! then it seem'd as tho' a link	Had nestled in this bosom-throne of Love,
Of some tight chain within my inmost frame	But I had been at rest for evermore.
Was riven in twain: that life I heeded not	Long time entrancement held me. All too soon
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the grave,	Life (like a wanton too-officious friend, Who will not <i>hear</i> denial, vain and rude
The darkness of the grave and utter night,	With proffer of unwish'd-for services) Entering all the avenues of sense
Did swallow up my vision; at her feet, Even the feet of her I loved, I fell, Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.	Past thro' into his citadel, the brain, With hated warmth of apprehensiveness. And first the chillness of the sprinkled
Then had the earth beneath me yawn-	brook Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd
ing cloven With such a sound as when an iceberg splits	to hear Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears,
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- Who with his head below the surface And yet to-night, to-night --- when all my dropt wealth Listens the muffled booming indistinct Flash'd from me in a moment and I fell Of the confused floods, and dimly knows Beggar'd for ever - why should he come His head shall rise no more: and then my way came in Robed in those robes of light I must not The white light of the weary moon wear. With that great crown of beams about above. Diffused and molten into flaky cloud. his brows -Was my sight drunk that it did shape to Come like an angel to a damned soul. To tell him of the bliss he had with me Him who should own that name? Were Godit not well Come like a careless and a greedy heir If so be that the echo of that name That scarce can wait the reading of the Ringing within the fancy had updrawn will Before he takes possession? Was mine A fashion and a phantasm of the form It should attach to? Phantom ! - had a mood To be invaded rudely, and not rather the ghastliest That ever lusted for a body, sucking A sacred, secret, unapproached woe, The foul steam of the grave to thicken Unspeakable? I was shut up with Grief: She took the body of my past delight, by it. Narded and swathed and balm'd it for There in the shuddering moonlight brought its face herself. And laid it in a sepulchre of rock And what it has for eves as close to Never to rise again. I was led mute mine As he did — better that than his, than he Into her temple like a sacrifice: The friend, the neighbour, Lionel, the I was the High Priest in her holiest beloved, place. Not to be loudly broken in upon. The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel, The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel, All joy, to whom my agony was a joy. Oh friend, thoughts deep and heavy as
 - O how her choice did leap forth from his eves!
 - O 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?

- these wellnigh
- O'erbore the limits of my brain : but he Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm upstav'd.
- 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 whatsoe'er of blight
- Lives in the dewy touch of pity had made The red rose there a pale one - and her eves-
- I saw the moonlight glitter on their tears -
- And some few drops of that distressful 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 vex them with my darkness? Did I love her?
And floated on and parted round her neck,	Ye know that I did love her; to this present
Mantling her form halfway. She, when	My full-orb'd love has waned not. Did
I woke,	I love her,
Something she ask'd, I know not what,	And could I look upon her tearful eyes?
and ask'd,	What had <i>she</i> done to weep? Why
Unanswer'd, since I spake not; for the	should <i>she</i> weep?
sound	O innocent of spirit — let my heart
Of that dear voice so musically low,	Break rather — whom the gentlest airs
And now first heard with any sense of pain,	of Heaven Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.
As it had taken life away before,	Her love did murder mine? What then?
Choked all the syllables, that strove to	She deem'd
rise	I wore a brother's mind: she call'd me
From my full heart.	brother:
The blissful lover, too, From his great hoard of happiness dis-	She told me all her love: she shall not weep.
till'd Some drops of solace; like a vain rich	The brightness of a burning thought, awhile
man, That, having always prosper'd in the	In battle with the glooms of my dark will,
world,	Moonlike emerged, and to itself lit up
Folding his hands, deals comfortable	There on the depth of an unfathom'd
words	woe
To hearts wounded for ever; yet, in	Reflex of action. Starting up at once,
truth,	As from a dismal dream of my own
Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,	death, I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love;
Falling in whispers on the sense, ad-	I, for I loved her, graspt the hand she
dress'd	lov'd,
More to the inward than the outward	And laid it in her own, and sent my cry
ear,	Thro' the blank night to Him who loving
As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,	made
Scarce-heard, recalling fragrance and the green	The happy and the unhappy love, that He
Of the dead spring: but mine was wholly dead,	Would hold the hand of blessing over them,
No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for me.	Lionel, the happy, and her, and her, his bride !
Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd	Let them so love that men and boys may
wrong?	say,
And why was I to darken their pure	'Lo! how they love each other!' till
love,	their love
If, as I found, they two did love each	Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all
other,	Known, when their faces are forgot in
Because my own was darken'd? Why	the land—
was I	One golden dream of love, from which
To cross between their happy star and	may death
To stand a shadow by their shining doors,	Awake them with heaven's music in a life

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- 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 thistledown 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 dragonfly 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 wildflower in my path, Nor bruised the wildbird'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 Affection

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 cypresscones
- That spired above the wood; and with mad hand

Tearing the bright leaves of the ivyscreen,

I cast them in the noisy brook beneath,

And watch'd them till they vanish'd from my sight

Beneath the bower of wreathed eglantines:

And all the fragments of the living rock

- (Huge blocks, which some old trembling 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,
 - rea

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, earthshock'd, —

 Hung round with ragged rims and burning folds, — Embathing all with wild and woful hues, Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses Of thundershaken 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 me she was dead, and ask'd 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, upbare A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest lawn, Wreathed round the bier with garlands : in the distance, From out the yellow woods upon the hill Look'd forth the summit and the pinnacles 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 flowing black; One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd his brow, And he was loud in weeping and in praise Of her, we 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 innermost brain. 	
Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost	Extremest pain; or that the clear-eyed
brain, And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall,	Spirit, Being blunted in the Present, grew at
To fall and die away. I could not rise	length
2 I	

Prophetical and prescient of whate'er Hung round with paintings of the sea. The Future had in store : or that which and one A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved prow most Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin Was of so wide a compass it took in wind All I had loved, and my dull agony, In her sail roaring. From the outer day. Ideally to her transferr'd, became Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad And solid beam of isolated light. Anguish intolerable. Crowded with driving atomies, and fell Slanting upon that picture, from prime The day waned; Alone I sat with her: about my brow vouth Her warm breath floated in the utterance Well-known well-loved. She drew it Of silver-chorded tones: her lips were long ago sunder'd Forthgazing on the waste and open sea. With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke One morning when the upblown billow in light ran Like morning from her eyes - her elo-Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had quent eyes, pour'd (As I have seen them many a hundred Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms times) Colour and life: it was a bond and seal Fill'd all with pure clear fire, thro' mine Of friendship, spoken of with tearful down rain'd smiles: Their spirit-searching splendours. As a A monument of childhood and of love; vision The poesy of childhood; my lost love Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it In damp and dismal dungeons undertogether ground, In mute and glad remembrance, and Confined on points of faith, when strength each heart is shock'd Grew closer to the other, and the eve With torment, and expectancy of worse Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls, like All unawares before his half-shut eves. The Indian on a still-eved snake, low-Comes in upon him in the dead of night, couch'd ---And with the excess of sweetness and of A beauty which is death; when all at awe, once Makes the heart tremble, and the sight That painted vessel, as with inner life, run over Began to heave upon that painted sea; Upon his steely gyves; so those fair eyes An earthquake, my loud heart-beats, Shone on my darkness, forms which ever made the ground stood Reel under us, and all at once, soul, life Within the magic cirque of memory, And breath and motion, past and flow'd Invisible but deathless, waiting still away The edict of the will to reassume To those unreal billows: round and The semblance of those rare realities round Of which they were the mirrors. Now A whirlwind caught and bore us; mighty the light gyres Which was their life, burst through the Rapid and vast, of hissing spray windcloud of thought driven Keen, irrepressible. Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she shrieked: It was a room My heart was cloven with pain; I wound Within the summer-house of which I my arms About her: we whirl'd giddily; the wind spake,

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- Sung; but I clasp'd 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 welter'd thro' the dark ever and

ever.

- 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 dripping 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 me,
- 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 marriagebells,
- In clanging cadence jangling peal on peal —

- A long loud clash of rapid marriagebells.
- Then those who led the van, and those in rear,
- Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bacchanals

Fled onward to the steeple in the woods: I, too, was borne along and felt the blast Beat on my heated evelids: 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 shricks and ringing laughter on the sand
- Threw down the bier; the woods upon the hill
- Waved with a sudden gust that sweeping 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 snowflake in the hand,
- Waiting to see the settled countenance
- Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading flowers.
- But she from out her death-like chrysalis, 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 eves
- 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 gaily forward, throwing down his robes.
- And claspt her hand in his: again the bells
- Jangled and clang'd: again the stormy surf

III.

Crash'd in the shingle: and the whirling Surely, but for a whisper, 'Go not vet.' Some warning --- sent divinely --- as it rout Led by those two rush'd into dance, and seem'd By that which follow'd - but of this I fled Wind-footed to the steeple in the woods, deem As of the visions that he told — the event Till they were swallow'd in the leafy Glanced back upon them in his after bowers. And I stood sole beside the vacant bier. life. And partly made them — tho' he knew it There, there, my latest vision — then the not. event! And thus he stay'd and would not look IV. at her ---No not for months: but, when the THE GOLDEN SUPPER.1 eleventh moon After their marriage lit the lover's Bay. (Another speaks.) Heard vet once more the tolling bell, and HE flies the event: he leaves the event said, to me: Would you could toll me out of life, but Poor Julian — how he rush'd away; the found bells. All softly as his mother broke it to him ---Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear and A crueller reason than a crazy ear. heart ---For that low knell tolling his lady dead — But cast a parting glance at me, you saw, Dead — and had lain three days without As who should say, 'Continue.' Well a pulse: he had All that look'd on her had pronounced One golden hour - of triumph shall I her dead. sav? And so they bore her (for in Julian's Solace at least — before he left his home. land They never nail a dumb head up in Would you had seen him in that hour elm), of his! Bore her free-faced to the free airs of He moved thro' all of it majestically --heaven. Restrain'd himself quite to the close ----And laid her in the vault of her own but nowkin Whether they were his lady's marriage-What did he then? not die: he is here bells. and hale -Or prophets of them in his fantasy. Not plunge headforemost from the moun-I never ask'd: but Lionel and the girl tain there, Were wedded, and our Julian came again And leave the name of Lover's Leap: Back to his mother's house among the not he: pines. He knew the meaning of the whisper But these, their gloom, the mountains now. and the Bay, Thought that he knew it. 'This. I The whole land weigh'd him down as stay'd for this; Ætna does O love, I have not seen you for so long. The Giant of Mythology: he would go, Now, now, will I go down into the grave, Would leave the land for ever, and had I will be all alone with all I love, gone And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more: The dead returns to me, and I go down ¹ This poem is founded upon a story in Boc-To kiss the dead.' caccio. See Introduction, p. 467.

The fancy stirr'd him so	To pulse with such a vehemence that it
He rose and went, and entering the dim	drown'd
vault,	The feebler motion underneath his hand.
And, making there a sudden light, beheld	But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
All round about him that which all will	He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
be.	And, wrapping her all over with the cloak
The light was but a flash, and went again.	He came in, and now striding fast, and
Then at the far end of the vault he saw	now
His lady with the moonlight on her face;	Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars	Holding his golden burthen in his arms,
Of black and bands of silver, which the	So bore her thro' the solitary land
moon	Back to the mother's house where she
Struck from an open grating overhead High in the wall, and all the rest of her	was born.
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.	There the good mother's kindly minis- tering,
'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass, to	With half a night's appliances, recall'd Her fluttering life: she raised an eye that
sleep,	ask'd
To rest, to be with her—till the great	'Where?' till the things familiar to her
day	youth
Peal'd on us with that music which rights	Had made a silent answer : then she spoke
all,	'Here! and how came I here?' and
And raised us hand in hand.' And	learning it
kneeling there	(They told her somewhat rashly as I
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,	(They told her somewhat lashy as I think) At once began to wander and to wail,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts.	'Ay, but you know that you must give me back :
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine	Send! bid him come; ' but Lionel was away-
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her —	Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none knew where.
He softly put his arm about her neck	'He casts me out,' she wept, 'and goes'
And kiss'd her more than once, till help-	— a wail
less death And silence made him bold — nay, but I	That seeming something, yet was nothing, born
wrong him,	Not from believing mind, but shatter'd
He reverenced his dear lady even in	nerve,
death;	Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
But, placing his true hand upon her	At some precipitance in her burial.
heart,	Then, when her own true spirit had
'O, you warm heart,' he moan'd, 'not	return'd,
even death	'Oh yes, and you,' she said, 'and none
Can chill you all at once:' then starting,	but you?
thought	For you have given me life and love
His dreams had come again. 'Do I	again,
wake or sleep?	And none but you yourself shall tell him
Or am I made immortal, or my love	of it,

- Mortal once more ?' It beat the heart — it beat: Faint — but it beat: at which his own
- began

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- And you shall give me back when he returns.'
- 'Stay then a little,' answer'd Julian, 'here,

And keep yourself, none knowing, to Found that the sudden wail his lady yourself; made And I will do your will. I may not stay, Dwelt in his fancy: did he know her No. not an hour: but send me notice of worth. Her beauty even? should he not be him When he returns, and then will I return. taught. And I will make a solemn offering of you Ev'n by the price that others set upon it, To him you love.' And faintly she The value of that jewel he had to guard? replied. 'And I will do your will, and none shall Suddenly came her notice and we past. know.' I with our lover to his native Bay. Not know? with such a secret to be This love is of the brain, the mind, the known soul: But all their house was old and loved That makes the sequel pure; tho' some them both. of us And all the house had known the loves Beginning at the sequel know no more. of both: Not such am I: and yet I say the bird Had died almost to serve them any way, That will not hear my call, however And all the land was waste and solitary : sweet, And then he rode away; but after this, But if my neighbour whistle answers An hour or two, Camilla's travail came him -Upon her, and that day a boy was born, What matter? there are others in the Heir of his face and land, to Lionel. wood. Yet when I saw her (and I thought him And thus our lonely lover rode away, crazed. And pausing at a hostel in a marsh, Tho' not with such a craziness as needs There fever seized upon him: myself was A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of then hers-Travelling that land, and meant to rest Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes an hour; alone. And sitting down to such a base repast, But all from these to where she touch'd It makes me angry yet to speak of it – on earth. I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd For such a craziness as Julian's look'd The moulder'd stairs (for everything was No less than one divine apology. vile) And in a loft, with none to wait on him, So sweetly and so modestly she came To greet us, her young hero in her arms! Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone, 'Kiss him,' she said. 'You gave me life Raving of dead men's dust and beating hearts. again. He, but for you, had never seen it once. A dismal hostel in a dismal land. His other father you! Kiss him, and A flat malarian world of reed and rush ! then But there from fever and my care of Forgive him, if his name be Julian too.' him Sprang up a friendship that may help us Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! vet. his own For while we roam'd along the dreary Sent such a flame into his face. I knew Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him coast. And waited for her message, piece by there. piece I learnt the drearier story of his life; But he was all the more resolved to go, And, tho' he loved and honour'd Lionel, 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 for evermore; And then to friends — they were not many — who lived Scatteringly about that lonely land of his, And bade them to a banquet of farewells.	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.
 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 	 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 honour those who feast with him, he brings And shows them whatsoever he accounts Of all his treasures the most beautiful, Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be. This custom — '
 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, 	The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands And cries about the banquet—'Beautiful ! Who could desire more beauty 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 honour'd to the uttermost. For after he hath 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?'	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 herself Is lovelier than all others — on her head A diamond circlet, and from under this A veil, that seemed 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 amazement
 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 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 amazed, 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 honour'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.'
And life and limbs, all his to work his will.'	Led his dear lady to a chair of state. And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face

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 he, 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 seem 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 for ever.' 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 re- new'd;
Whereat 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 —

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 ---

We bade them no farewell, but mounting these

He past for ever from his native land;

And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

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.

п.

- 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.

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.
- An' so she was wicked with Harry; the girl was the most to blame.

v.

An' 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.

VП.

- 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.'

х.

- 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.³

XII.

- I too wish that I had in the pleasant times that had past,
- Before I quarrell'd with Harry -myquarrel — 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 a while, an' he anger'd me more and more.
- Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, ' Let bygones be ! '
- 'Bygones! 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 'ill 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 goodbye.
- '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

turned *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 tonight 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 'ill all come right'—
- An' the boat went down that night the boat went down that night.

RIZPAH.

17—.

Ι.

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.

Π.

- 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.

ш.

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 his 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 'ill 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 goodbye;
- 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.

х.

- 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 laugh'd 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 'ill 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 longsuffering.' 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 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill 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 Goodnight. I am going. He calls.

THE NORTHERN COBBLER.

I.

- WAÄIT till our Sally cooms in, fur thou mun a' sights¹ to tell.
- Eh, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha sa 'arty an' well.

- 'Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a vartical soon²!'
- Strange fur to goä fur to think what saäilors a' seëan 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?

п.

- '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.
- Naay 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.

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,³
- An' I coom'd neck-an'-crop soomtimes slaäpe down i' the squad an' the muck :

¹ The vowels $a\ddot{i}$, 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 *craiin'*, *daiin'*, *whaï*, $a\ddot{i}$ (I), etc., 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.

² The *oo* short, as in 'wood.' ³ Hip.

- An' once I fowt wi' the Taäilor not hafe ov a man, my lad —
- Fur he scrawm'd an' scratted my faäce like a cat, an' it maäde 'er sa mad
- That Sally she turn'd a tongue-banger,¹ an' raäted ma, ' Sottin' thy braäins
- Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoäkin' an' hawmin' 2 about i' the laänes.
- Soä sow-droonk that tha doesn not touch thy 'at to the Squire; '
- An' I looök'd 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,
- Foälks' coostom flitted awaäy like a kite wi' a brokken string.

v.

- An' Sally she wesh'd foälks' 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' and teärin' 'er 'aäir,
- An' I tummled athurt the craädle an' sweär'd as I'd breäk ivry stick
- O' furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied our Sally a kick.
- An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chairs, an' she an' the babby beäl'd.³
- 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 ashaämed;
- An' Sally wur sloomy⁴ an' draggle taäil'd in an owd turn gown,
- An' the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd an' the 'ole 'ouse hupside down.
- ¹ Scold. ² Lounging. ³ Bellowed, cried out. ⁴ Sluggish, out of spirits.

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:
- 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 'eard '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 togither like birds on a beugh;
- An' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,
- An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

х.

- 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 greät num-cumpus I blubber'd awaäy o' the bed —

- 'Weänt niver do it naw moor;' an' Sally looökt up an' she said,
- 'I'll upowd it¹ tha weänt; thou'rt like the rest o' the men,

¹ I'll uphold it.

- 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.'
- 'Noä;' 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,' ¹ says Sally, an' saw she begins to cry,
- But I puts it inter '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 straït i' the faäce,
- Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let ma looök at 'im then,
- 'E seeäms naw moor nor watter, an' 'e's the Divil'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' coäxd an' coodled me oop till ageän I feel'd mysen free.

xv.

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foälk stood a-gawmin'² in'

As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd istead of a quart o' gin;

> ¹ That's beyond everything. ² Staring vacantly.

- 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,
- 'Feëal thou this! thou can't graw 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 breäk '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 respecks tha fur that;'
- An' Squire, his oän very sen, walks down fro' the 'All to see,
- An' 'e spanks 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I respecks tha,' says 'e;
- An' coostom ageän draw'd in like a wind fro' far an' wide,
- And 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 agean 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 feäl mysen cleän disgraäced.

XVIII.

An' once I said to the Missis, 'My lass, when I cooms to die,

Smash the bottle to smithers, the Divil'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 knaw 'er sa pratty, an' feät, an' neät, an' sweeät?
- Look at the cloäths on 'er back, thebbe ammost spick-span-new,
- An' Tommy's faäce be as fresh as a codlin wesh'd i' the dew.

XX.

- 'Ere be our Sally an' Tommy, an' we be a-goin' to dine,
- Baäcon an' taätes, an' a beslings-puddin'¹ 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.

THE REVENCE.

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

Ι.

- 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?'

п.

- Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no coward;
- You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

¹ A pudding made with the first milk of the cow after calving.

2 K

- But I've ninety men and 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 sailed 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, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

- There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'
- And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.
- 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 roar'd 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?

х.

For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

- Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck:
- And it chanced that, when half of the short 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 ashore,

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 they 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 joyful 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 honour 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 SISTERS.

- THEY have left the doors ajar; and by their clash,
- And prelude on the keys, I know the song,
- Their favourite 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 for ever 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!	And once my prattling Edith ask'd him 'why?'
Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the other,	Ay, why? said he, 'for why should I go lame?'
As one is somewhat graver than the other —	Then told them of his wars, and of his wound.
Edith than Evelyn. Your good Uncle, whom	. For see — this wine — the grape from whence it flow'd
You count the father of your fortune, longs For this alliance: let me ask you then,	Was blackening on the slopes of Portugal, When that brave soldier, down the terrible ridge
Which voice most takes you? for I do not doubt	Plunged in the last fierce charge at Waterloo,
Being a watchful parent, you are taken With one or other: tho' sometimes I fear	And caught the laming bullet. He left me this,
You may be flickering, fluttering in a doubt	Which yet retains a memory of its youth, As I of mine, and my first passion. Come!
Between the two — which must not be — which might	Here's to your happy union with my child !
Be death to one: they both are beautiful: Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says	Yet must you change your name: no fault of mine!
The common voice, if one may trust it : she?	You say that you can do it as willingly As birds make ready for their bridal-
No! but the paler and the graver, Edith. Woo her and gain her then: no waver- ing, boy!	time By change of feather: for all that, my boy,
The graver is perhaps the one for you Who jest and laugh so easily and so well.	Some birds are sick and sullen when they moult.
For love will go by contrast, as by likes.	An old and worthy name! but mine that stirr'd
No sisters ever prized each other more. Not so: their mother and her sister loved More passionately still.	Among our civil wars and earlier too Among the Roses, the more venerable. I care not for a name — no fault of mine.
But that my best And oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes it,	Once more — a happier marriage than my own !
And that I know you worthy everyway To be my son, I might, perchance, be loath To part them, or part from them : and	You see yon Lombard poplar on the plain.
yet one Should marry, or all the broad lands in	The highway running by it leaves a breadth Of sward to left and right, where, long
your view From this bay window — which our house has held	ago, One bright May morning in a world of
Three hundred years — will pass collater- ally.	song, I lay at leisure, watching overhead The aërial poplar wave, an amber spire.
My father with a child on either knee, A hand upon the head of either child, Smoothing their locks, as golden as his	I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet Whirl'd by, which, after it had past me, show'd
Were silver, 'get them wedded' would he say.	Turning my way, the loveliest face on earth. The face of one there sitting opposite,
-	0 11 /

On whom I brought a strange unhappiness,

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 Of lake and mountain conquers all the
- day.
 - 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
- And by the poplar vanish'd to be found Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the tall
- Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping beechen boughs
- Of our New Forest. I was there alone : The phantom of the whirling landaulet
- For ever past me by: when one quick peal
- Of laughter drew me thro' the glimmering glades
- Down to the snowlike sparkle of a cloth On fern and foxglove. Lo, the face again,
- My Rosalind in this Arden Edith all
- One bloom of youth, health, beauty, happiness,
- And moved to merriment at a passing jest.

There one of those about her knowing 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? Av — 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 Drawn by an artist, looks at it, and says, '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 myself:
- 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,
- The sisters closed in one another's arms,

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 honour — bound Not by the sounded letter of the word, But counterpressures of the yielded hand That timorously and faintly echoed mine, Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of her eyes 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? Had I not dream'd I loved her yester- morn? 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 — Brother-in-law — the fiery nearness of it — Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood — What end but darkness could ensue from this For all the three? So Love and Honour jarr'd Tho' Love and Honour 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	We left her, happy each in each, and
us harm, Poor soul, not knowing) 'are you ill?'	In utter silence for so long, I thought, 'What, will she never set her sister free?'
(so ran	We left her, happy each in each, and
late. You will not find me here. At last 1 go	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-seeming world

Is our misshaping vision of the Powers

Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains.

For on the dark night of our marriageday

- 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

Before *that* altar — so I think; and there They found her beating the hard Protestant 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

The morning of our marriage, past away : 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 brief 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
- I had from her at first. Not that her love,
- Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power of love,
- Had lessen'd, but the mother's garrulous wail

For ever woke the unhappy Past again,

- Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be my bride,
- Put forth cold hands between us, and I fear'd
- The very fountains of her life were chill'd;
- 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 born me, and the love

I bore them both - divided as I am

- From either by the stillness of the grave ----
- I know not which of these I love the best.

But you love Edith; and her own true eves

Are traitors to her; our quick Evelyn— The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they talk, And not without good reason, my good son—

- Is yet untouch'd: and I that hold them both
- Dearest of all things well, I am not sure —

But if there lie a preference eitherway, 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.¹

Ι.

- '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.

п.

- 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,² 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.

¹ See note to 'Northern Cobbler.' ² A brood of chickens. III.

Fur 'staäte be i' taäil, my lass: tha dosn' knaw what that be?

But I knaws 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? ---

Naay 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 knaw.
- An' I 'oäps es 'e beänt booöklarn'd: but 'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere;

We'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we haätes booöklarnin' 'ere.

v.

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholard, an' niver lookt arter the land —

Whoäts or tonups 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 naither '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-dallackt¹ an' dizen'd out, an' a-buvin' new cloäthes,
- While 'e sit like a greät glimmer-gowk ² wi' 'is glasses athurt 'is noäse,
- An' 'is noäse sa grufted wi' snuff es it couldn't be scroob'd awaäy.
- Fur atween 'is reädin' an' 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 cotch'd the pike,
- For 'e warn't not burn to the land, an' 'e didn't take kind to it like;
- But I 'eärs es 'e'd gie fur a howry³ owd book thutty pound an' moor,
- An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, 'is 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 scratted 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 shaäme 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 an' me,
- An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an' offens we hed 'em to tea.
- Lawk ! 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses 'ud talk o' their Missis's waäys,
- An' the Missisis talk'd o' the lasses.— I'll tell tha some o' these daäys.
 - ¹ Overdrest in gay colours. ² Owl. ³ Filthy.

- Hoänly Miss Annie were saw stuck oop, like 'er mother afoor —
- 'Er an' 'er blessed darter they niver derken'd my door.

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 'oäps es thou'll 'elp me a bit,
- An' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy taäil I may saäve mysen yit.'

х.

- But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e sweärs, an' 'e says to 'im 'Noä.
- 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
- 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 leäves 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' see'd 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 'e 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,
- Sa 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 togither, an' this wur the hend.

xv.

- An' Parson es 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 easy es leaves their debts to be paaid.
- 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 long un 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' unheppen¹ Miss Lucy! we naämed her 'Dot an' gaw one!'

¹ Ungainly, awkward,

- An' Hetty wur weak i' the hattics, wi'out ony harm i' the legs,
- An' the fever 'ed baäked Jinny's 'eäd es bald es one o' them heggs,
- An' Nelly wur up fro' the craadle es big i' the mouth es a cow.
- An' saw she mun hammergrate,¹ lass, or she weänt git a maäte onyhow !
- An' es for Miss Annie es call'd me afoor my awn foälks to my faäce
- 'A hignorant village wife as 'ud hev to be larn'd 'er 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 'er 'and,
- Fur I'd ha' done owt for 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 paäid 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 easy to please,
- Till I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they laäid big heggs es tha seeäs;
- An' I niver puts saäme² 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 taäil in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone;
- I heard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter my nightcap wur on;

¹ Emigrate.

2 Lard.

Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur he coom'd last night sa laäte —

Pluksh! ! !¹ the hens i' the peäs! why didn't tha hesp the gaäte?

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

EMMIE.

1.

- 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 oorali that ever such things should be !

п.

- 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 eve —
- 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;

¹A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to scare trespassing fowl.

They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own: '

- But he turn'd to me, 'Åy, 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.'

ш.

- 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 ye 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 gratefullest 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 thunderclap 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 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?

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

Ι.

- 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.

п.

- 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 stoopt 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!

ш.

- 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 devour'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 that your hand be as true !

Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusillades —

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 labour 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 torment 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 pitifulpitiless knife, —
- Torture and trouble in vain, for it never could save us a life.
- Valour 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-

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- 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.

vн.

- Hark cannonade, fusillade ! is it true what was told by the scout,
- Outram and Havelock breaking their way through 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,
- Sick from the hospital echo them, 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 valour 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.

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;

I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer, or none,

For I am emptier than a friar's brains; But God is with me in this wilderness,

- 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 scatter'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 arrogance
- 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 sudden eyelid with his hard
- 'Dim Saesneg' passes, wroth at things of old —
- No fault of mine. Had he God's word in Welsh
- lle might be kindlier: happily come the day!
 - Not least art thou, thou little Bethlehem
- 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 whilome 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	Urge him to foreign war. O had he will'd
gates: The king was on them suddenly with a host.	I might have stricken a lusty stroke for him,
Why there? they came to hear their	But he would not; far liever led my
preacher. Then	friend
Some cried on Cobham, on the good	Back to the pure and universal church,
Lord Cobham;	But he would not: whether that heirless
Ay, for they love me! but the king —	flaw
nor voice	In his throne's title make him feel so
Nor finger raised against him — took and	frail,
hang'd,	He leans on Antichrist; or that his mind,
Took, hang'd and burnt — how many —	So quick, so capable in soldiership,
thirty-nine —	In matters of the faith, alas the while!
Call'd it rebellion — hang'd, poor friends,	More worth than all the kingdoms of
as rebels	this world,
And burn'd alive as heretics! for your Priest	Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest.
Labels—to take the king along with him—	Burnt — good Sir Roger Acton, my dear friend!
All heresy, treason: but to call men	Burnt too, my faithful preacher, Beverley !
traitors	Lord give thou power to thy two wit-
May make men traitors.	nesses!
Rose of Lancaster,	Lest the false faith make merry over
Red in thy birth, redder with household war,	them ! Two — nay, but thirty-nine have risen and
Now reddest with the blood of holy	stand,
men,	Dark with the smoke of human sacrifice,
Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster —	Before thy light, and cry continually —
If somewhere in the North, as Rumour	Cry — against whom?
sang	Him, who should bear the sword
Fluttering the hawks of this crown-lust-	Of Justice — what! the kingly, kindly
ing line —	boy;
By firth and loch thy silver sister grow, ¹	Who took the world so easily heretofore,
That were my rose, there my allegiance	My boon companion, tavern-fellow—him
due.	Who gibed and japed — in many a merry
Self-starved, they say — nay, murder'd,	tale
doubtless dead.	That shook our sides—at Pardoners,
So to this king I cleaved: my friend was he,	Summoners, Friars, absolution-sellers, monkeries
Once my fast friend: I would have given my life	And nunneries, when the wild hour and the wine
To help his own from scathe, a thousand	Had set the wits aflame.
lives	Harry of Monmouth,
To save his soul. He might have come to learn	Or Amurath of the East? Better to sink
Our Wielif's learning: but the worldly	Thy fleurs-de-lys in slime again, and fling
Priests	Thy royalty back into the riotous fits
Who fear the king's hard common-sense should find	Of wine and harlotry — thy shame, and mine,
What rotten piles uphold their mason-	Thy comrade than to persecute the
work,	Lord,
1 Richard II.	And play the Saul that never will be Paul.

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Burnt, burnt! and while this mitred Arundel	Eh! how I anger'd Arundel asking me To worship Holy Cross! I spread mine
Dooms our unlicensed preacher to the flame,	arms, God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and
The mitre-sanction'd harlot draws his clerks	blood And holier. That was heresy. (My
Into the suburb — their hard celibacy, Sworn to be veriest ice of pureness,	good friend By this time should be with me.)
molten	'Images?'
Into adulterous living, or such crimes As holy Paul—a shame to speak of them—	'Bury them as God's truer images Are daily buried.' 'Heresy.— Penance?' 'Fast,
Among the heathen — Sanctuary granted	Hairshirt and scourge — nay, let a man
Sanctuary granted To bandit, thief, assassin — yea to him Who hacks his mother's throat — denied	repent, Do penance in his heart, God hears him.' ' Heresv—
to him, Who finds the Saviour in his mother	Not shriven, not saved?' 'What profits an ill Priest
tongue. The Cosual the Priest's pearl flung down	Between me and my God? I would not spurn
The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, flung down to swine — The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who will	Good counsel of good friends, but shrive myself
come,	No, not to an Apostle.' 'Heresy.'
God willing, to outlearn the filthy friar. Ah rather, Lord, than that thy Gospel,	(My friend is long in coming.) 'Pil- grimages?'
meant To course and range thro' all the world,	'Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's- dances, vice.
should be Tether'd to these dead pillars of the Church	The poor man's money gone to fat the friar. Who reads of begging saints in Script-
Church — Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,	ure?—'Heresy'—
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart, and life	(Hath he been here — not found me — gone again?
Pass in the fire of Babylon! But how long,	Have I mislearnt our place of meeting?) 'Bread —
O Lord, how long!	Bread left after the blessing?' how they
My friend should meet me here. Here is the copse, the fountain and $-a$	stared, That was their main test-question—
Cross! To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor	glared at me ! 'He veil'd Himself in flesh, and now He
knees, Rather to thee, green boscage, work of God.	veils His flesh in bread, body and bread together.'
Black holly, and white-flower'd wayfar- ing-tree.	Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd wolves,
Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn	'No bread, no bread. God's body!' Archbishop, Bishop,
By this good Wiclif mountain down from heaven,	Priors, Canons, Friars, bellringers, Parish-clerks —
And speaking clearly in thy native tongue —	'No bread, no bread!' 'Authority of the Church,
No Latin — He that thirsteth, come and drink !	Power of the keys! ' — Then I, God help me, I
2 L	

- 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 worldwealth
- Into the church, had only prov'n themselves
- Poisoners, murderers. Well God pardon all —
- Me, them, and all the world yea, that proud Priest,
- That mock-meek mouth of utter Antichrist.
- 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.
- On them the smell of burning had not past.
- That was a miracle to convert the king.
- These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Arundel
- What miracle could turn? *He* here again,
- He thwarting their traditions of Himself.

He would be found a heretic to Himself. 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.
- Friend? foe perhaps a tussle for it then !
- Nav, 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 vonder? Ves.
- 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.¹

COLUMBUS.

CHAINS, my good lord: in your raised brows I read

Some wonder at our chamber ornaments.

We brought this iron from our isles of gold.

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
- The story of my voyage, and while I spoke
- The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace. be still ! '
- And when I ceased to speak, the king. the queen.

¹ He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417.

- 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

- For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,
- As holv John had prophesied of me,
- Gave glory and more empire to the kings
- Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him
- Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,
- 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 for ever. 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
- Will suck in with his milk hereafter earth
- A sphere.

Were *you* at Salamanca? No. We fronted there the learning of all

Spain, All their cosmogonies, their astronomies :

Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the golden guess

Is morning-star to the full round of truth. No guess-work ! I was certain of my goal;

- Some thought it heresy, but that would not hold.
- King David call'd the heavens a hide, a tent
- 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
- Against God's word: thus was I beaten back,
- 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 Teneriffe,
- 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
- On Guanahani! but I changed the name;

- 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, The marvel of that fair new nature
- not 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,
- Jacynth, 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,
- Two friars crying that if Spain should oust

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

Should, in this old, be consecrate to lead 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 Cambalu,

- 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
- From Solomon's now-recover'd Ophir all 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 murmur down

- Truth in the distance these outbuzz'd me so
- That even our prudent king, our righteous 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 sent me out *his* tool, Bovadilla, one As ignorant and impolitic as a beast —

- My dwelling, seized upon my papers, loosed

My captives, fed the rebels of the crown,

- Sold the crown-farms for all but nothing, 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
- 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 between The thunders in the black Veragua nights, 'O soul of little faith, slow to believe!

- Have I not been about thee from thy birth?
- Given thee the keys of the great Oceansea?
- Set thee in light till time shall be no more?
- Is 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,
- 'Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand,
- 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 followers, 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 I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust, 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 concu-
- bines,

- Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,
- Some dead of hunger, some beneath the scourge,
- Some over-labour'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 Catholic Queen
- Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou comforted!
- 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 scandalised the Cross,
- By him, the Catalonian Minorite,
- Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who believe
- These hard memorials of our truth to Spain
- 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
- Own voice to justify the dead perchance
- 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 Colòn'—
- '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
- Hidalgos 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 voyage, 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 I was born.
 - п.

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.

ш.

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,

- And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
- 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 it 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 flittermouse-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 1 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 starr'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 beach and rioted over the land,
- And the mountain arose like a jewell'd throne thro' the fragrant air,
- Glowing with all-colour'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;
- And we stay'd three days, and we gorged and we madden'd, till every one drew
- 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'cr 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 labourless 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 vawn.

- 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 past to the Isle of Witches and heard their musical crv —
- '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.

х.

- 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 rang into the heart and the brain.
- Till the passion of battle was on us, and all 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 eves 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. 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.

T.

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 changeless law,

And every phase of ever-heightening life, And nine long months of antenatal 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 vouth
- 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, darling boy.

п.

- 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
- In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
- That thou art thou who wailest being born

And banish'd into mystery, and the pain Of this divisible-indivisible world

- Among the numerable-innumerable
- Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite
- sun, sun, and sun, thro innite-infinite

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 ivyberry, 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.

т

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halleluiah !— Infinite Ideality !

Immeasurable Reality!

Infinite Personality !

Hallowed be Thy name - Halleluiah !

п.

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 fleeted 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 harbour be for men

In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.

TO THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD.

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.

You 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:

 $\Sigma \kappa \iota \hat{a} s \delta \nu \alpha \rho$ — dream of a shadow, go —

God bless vou. I shall join vou 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 nowhere 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.
- O smallest among peoples! rough rockthrone

- Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
- Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
- Great Tsernogora! never since thine
- Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
- Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

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 laurels 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 dost 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 courtesy
- To younger England in the boy my son.

TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

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.

Ι.

¹ 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,

¹ I have more or less availed myself of my son's prose translation of this poem in the *Contemporary Review* (November 1876). Brake the shield-wall, Hew'd the lindenwood,¹ Hack'd the battleshield, Sons of Edward with hammer'd brands.

п.

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.

ш.

Bow'd the spoiler, Bent the Scotsman, Fell the shipcrews Doom'd to the death. All the field with blood of the fighters Flow'd, from when first the great Sun-star of morningtide, Lamp of the Lord God Lord everlasting, Glode over earth till the glorious creature Sank to his setting.

1V.

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.

VI.

Mighty the Mercian, Hard was his hand-play, Sparing not any of Those that with Anlaf,

¹ Shields of lindenwood.

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 swordstroke.

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 warship: 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!

х.

Slender warrant 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-glaive — 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,¹ 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 deepsea billow, Shaping their way toward Dyflen² again. Shamed in their souls.

XIII.

Also the brethren, King and Atheling, Each in his glory, Went to his own in his own West-Saxonland.

Glad of the war.

XIV.

Many a carcase they left to be carrion,

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
- 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

¹ Lit. ' the gathering of men.' ² Dublin.

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
- 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 neighbours round
- May see, and sail to help them in the war;
- So from his head the splendour went to heaven.
- From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor join'd
- The Achæans honouring 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 beleaguerers of a town,
- So rang the clear voice of ZEakidês;
- 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 charioteers
- 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 dyke 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.

TO PRINCESS FREDERICA ON HER MARRIAGE.

O YOU that were eyes and light to the King till he past away From the darkness of life —

He saw not his daughter — he blest 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 reign'd six hundred years, and grown
- In power, and ever growest, since thine own
- Fair Florence honouring 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.

TIRESIAS

AND OTHER POEMS.

TO E. FITZGERALD.

OLD FITZ, who from your suburb grange, Where once I tarried for a while,

Glance at the wheeling Orb of change, And greet it with a kindly smile;

Whom yet I see as there you sit Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,

And while your doves about you flit,

And plant on shoulder, hand and knee, Or on your head their rosy feet,

As if they knew your diet spares Whatever moved in that full sheet

Let down to Peter at his prayers; Who live on milk and meal and grass;

And once for ten long weeks I tried Your table of Pythagoras,

And seem'd at first 'a thing enskied' (As Shakespeare has it) airy-light

To float above the ways of men,

Then fell from that half-spiritual height Chill'd, till I tasted flesh again One night when earth was winter-black, And all the heavens flash'd in frost;

And on me, half-asleep, came back That wholesome heat the blood had lost, And set me climbing icy capes

And glaciers, over which there roll'd

- To meet me long-arm'd vines with grapes Of Eshcol hugeness; for the cold
- Without, and warmth within me, wrought To mould the dream; but none can say

That Lenten fare makes Lenten thought, Who reads your golden Eastern lay,

Than which I know no version done

In English more divinely well; A planet equal to the sun

Which cast it, that large infidel Your Omar; and your Omar drew

Full-handed plaudits from our best In modern letters, and from two,

Old friends outvaluing all the rest,

Two voices heard on earth no more; But we old friends are still alive, And I am nearing seventy-four, While you have touch'd at seventyfive.

And so I send a birthday line Of greeting; and my son, who dipt

In some forgotten book of mine With sallow scraps of manuscript,

And dating many a year ago, Has hit on this, which you will take

My Fitz, and welcome, as I know Less for its own than for the sake

Of one recalling gracious times,

When, in our younger London days, You found some merit in my rhymes,

And I more pleasure in your praise.

TIRESIAS.

I WISH I were as in the years of old,

While yet the blessed daylight made itself

- Ruddy thro' both the roofs of sight, and woke
- These eyes, now dull, but then so keen to seek
- The meanings ambush'd under all they saw,

The flight of birds, the flame of sacrifice, What omens may foreshadow fate to man And woman, and the secret of the Gods.

My son, the Gods, despite of human prayer,

Are slower to forgive than human kings.

The great God, Arês, burns in anger still

- Against the guiltless heirs of him from Tyre,
- Our Cadmus, out of whom thou art, who found
- Beside the springs of Dircê, smote, and still'd
- Thro' all its folds the multitudinous beast,

The dragon, which our trembling fathers call'd

The God's own son.

A tale, that told to me,

When but thine age, by age as winterwhite

As mine is now, amazed, but made me yearn

For larger glimpses of that more than man

Which rolls the heavens, and lifts, and lays the deep,

Yet loves and hates with mortal hates and loves,

- And moves unseen among the ways of men.
- Then, in my wanderings all the lands that lie

Subjected to the Heliconian ridge

- Have heard this footstep fall, altho' my wont
- Was more to scale the highest of the heights
- With some strange hope to see the nearer God.
 - One naked peak—the sister of the sun
- Would climb from out the dark, and linger there
- To silver all the valleys with her shafts —
- There once, but long ago, five-fold thy term
- Of years, I lay; the winds were dead for heat;
- The noonday crag made the hand burn; and sick
- For shadow not one bush was near I rose

Following a torrent till its myriad falls

Found silence in the hollows underneath.

There in a secret olive-glade I saw

- Pallas Athene climbing from the bath
- In anger; yet one glittering foot disturb'd
- The lucid well; one snowy knee was prest
- Against the margin flowers; a dreadful light
- Came from her golden hair, her golden helm

And all her golden armour on the grass,

- And from her virgin breast, and virgin eyes
- Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark

For ever, and I heard a voice that said

- 'Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much,
- And speak the truth that no man may believe.'
 - Son, in the hidden world of sight, that lives

Behind this darkness, I behold her still, Beyond all work of those who carve the stone,

- Beyond all dreams of Godlike womanhood,
- Ineffable beauty, out of whom, at a glance,
- And as it were, perforce, upon me flash'd
- The power of prophesying ---- but to me
- No power so chain'd and coupled with the curse
- Of blindness and their unbelief, who heard
- And heard not, when I spake of famine, plague,
- Shrine-shattering earthquake, fire, flood, thunderbolt,
- And augers of the Gods for evil done
- And explation lack'd no power on Fate,
- Theirs, or mine own! for when the crowd would roar
- For blood, for war, whose issue was their doom,
- To cast wise words among the multitude
- Was flinging fruit to lions; nor, in hours
- Of civil outbreak, when I knew the twain Would each waste each, and bring on
- both the yoke Of stronger states, was mine the voice to
- curb
- The madness of our cities and their kings. Who ever turn'd upon his heel to hear
- My warning that the tyranny of one
- Was prelude to the tyranny of all?
- My counsel that the tyranny of all
- Led backward to the tyranny of one?
 - This power hath work'd no good to aught that lives,
- And these blind hands were useless in their wars.
- O therefore that the unfulfill'd desire,
- The grief for ever born from griefs to be,
- The boundless yearning of the Prophet's heart —
- Could *that* stand forth, and, like a statue rear'd
- To some great citizen, win all praise from all
- Who past it, saying, 'That was he !'

In vain!

- Virtue must shape itself in deed, and those
- Whom weakness or necessity have cramp'd
- Within themselves, immerging, each, his urn
- In his own well, draw solace as he may.

Menœceus, thou hast eyes, and I can hear

Too plainly what full tides of onset sap

- Our seven high gates, and what a weight of war
- Rides on those ringing axles! jingle of bits,
- Shouts, arrows, tramp of the hornfooted horse
- That grind the glebe to powder! Stony showers
- Of that ear-stunning hail of Arês crash
- Along the sounding walls. Above, below,
- Shock after shock, the song-built towers and gates

Reel, bruised and butted with the shuddering

- War-thunder of iron rams; and from within
- The city comes a murmur void of joy,
- Lest she be taken captive maidens, wives,
- And mothers with their babblers of the dawn,
- And oldest age in shadow from the night, Falling about their shrines before their

Gods, And wailing 'Save us.'

And they wail to thee!

- These eyeless eyes, that cannot see thine own,
- See this, that only in thy virtue lies
- The saving of our Thebes; for, yesternight,
- To me, the great God Arês, whose one bliss
- Is war, and human sacrifice himself
- Blood-red from battle, spear and helmet tipt

With stormy light as on a mast at sea,

- Stood out before a darkness, crying 'Thebes,
- Thy Thebes shall fall and perish, for I loathe

The seed of Cadmus — yet if one of these By his own hand — if one of these — ' My son,

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,

And to conciliate, as their names who dare For that sweet mother land which gave them birth

- Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names, Graven on memorial columns, are a song Heard in the future; few, but more than wall
- And rampart, their examples reach a hand
- Far thro' all years, and everywhere they meet
- And kindle generous purpose, and the strength
- To mould it into action pure as theirs.
- Fairer thy fate than mine, if life's best end
- Be to end well! and thou refusing this,
- Unvenerable will thy memory be
- While men shall move the lips: but if thou dare ---
- Thou, one of these, the race of Cadmus — then
- No stone is fitted in yon marble girth
- Whose echo shall not tongue thy glorious doom,
- Nor in this pavement but shall ring thy name
- To every hoof that clangs it, and the springs
- Of Dircê laving yonder battle-plain,
- Heard from the roofs by night, will murmur thee
- To thine own Thebes, while Thebes thro' thee shall stand
- Firm-based with all her Gods.
 - The Dragon's cave
- Half-hid, they tell me, now in flowing vines —
- Where once he dwelt and whence he roll'd himself
- At dead of night—thou knowest, and that smooth rock
- Before it, altar-fashion'd, where of late
- The woman-breasted Sphinx, with wings drawn back,
- Folded her lion paws, and look'd to Thebes.
- There blanch the bones of whom she slew, and these
- Mixt with her own, because the fierce beast found
- A wiser than herself, and dash'd herself
- Dead in her rage: but thou art wise enough,
- Tho' young, to love thy wiser, blunt the curse

- Of Pallas, hear, and tho' I speak the truth
- Believe I speak it, let thine own hand strike
- Thy youthful pulses into rest and quench The red God's anger, fearing not to
- plunge
- Thy torch of life in darkness, rather thou
- Rejoicing that the sun, the moon, the stars
- Send no such light upon the ways of men As one great deed.
 - Thither, my son, and there
- Thou, that hast never known the embrace of love,
- Offer thy maiden life.

This useless hand! I felt one warm tear fall upon it. Gone! He will achieve his greatness.

- But for me.
- I would that I were gather'd to my rest, And mingled with the famous kings of old.
- On whom about their ocean-islets flash
- The faces of the Gods the wise man's word,
- Here trampled by the populace underfoot,
- There crown'd with worship and these eyes will find
- The men I knew, and watch the chariot whirl
- About the goal again, and hunters race
- The shadowy lion, and the warriorkings,
- In height and prowess more than human, strive
- Again for glory, while the golden lyre
- Is ever sounding in heroic ears
- Heroic hymns, and every way the vales
- Wind, clouded with the grateful incensefume
- Of those who mix all odour to the Gods On one far height in one far-shining fire.

'One height and one far-shining fire,' And while I fancied that my friend

- For this brief idyll would require A less diffuse and opulent end,
- And would defend his judgment well, If I should deem it over nice —

2 M

The tolling of his funeral bell Broke on my Pagan Paradise, And mixt the dream of classic times And all the phantoms of the dream. With present grief, and made the rhymes. That miss'd his living welcome, seem Like would-be guests an hour too late. Who down the highway moving on With easy laughter find the gate Is bolted, and the master gone. Gone into darkness, that full light Of friendship! past, in sleep, away By night, into the deeper night! The deeper night? A clearer day Than our poor twilight dawn on earth -If night, what barren toil to be! What life, so maim'd by night, were worth Our living out? Not mine to me Remembering all the golden hours Now silent, and so many dead. And him the last; and laying flowers, This wreath, above his honour'd head. And praying that, when I from hence Shall fade with him into the unknown, My close of earth's experience May prove as peaceful as his own.

THE WRECK.

I.

- HIDE me, Mother! my Fathers belong'd to the church of old,
- I am driven by storm and sin and death to the ancient fold,
- I cling to the Catholic Cross once more, to the Faith that saves,
- My brain is full of the crash of wrecks, and the roar of waves,
- My life itself is a wreck, I have sullied a noble name,
- I am flung from the rushing tide of the world as a waif of shame,
- I am roused by the wail of a child, and awake to a livid light,
- And a ghastlier face than ever has haunted a grave by night,
- I would hide from the storm without, I would flee from the storm within,
- I would make my life one prayer for a soul that died in his sin,
- I was the tempter, Mother, and mine was the deeper fall;

I will sit at your feet, I will hide my face, I will tell you all.

п.

- He that they gave me to, Mother, a heedless and innocent bride —
- I never have wrong'd his heart, I have only wounded his pride —
- Spain in his blood and the Jew darkvisaged, stately and tall —
- A princelier-looking man never stept thro' a Prince's hall.

And who, when his anger was kindled, would venture to give him the nay?

- And a man men fear is a man to be loved by the women they say.
- And I could have loved him too, if the blossom can dote on the blight,
- Or the young green leaf rejoice in the frost that sears it at night;
- He would open the books that I prized, and toss them away with a yawn,
- Repell'd by the magnet of Art to the which my nature was drawn,
- The word of the Poet by whom the deeps of the world are stirr'd,
- The music that robes it in language beneath and beyond the word!
- My Shelley would fall from my hands when he cast a contemptuous glance
- From where he was poring over his Tables of Trade and Finance;
- My hands, when I heard him coming, would drop from the chords or the keys,
- But ever I fail'd to please him, however I strove to please —
- All day long far-off in the cloud of the city, and there
- Lost, head and heart, in the chances of dividend, consol, and share —
- And at home if I sought for a kindly caress, being woman and weak,
- His formal kiss fell chill as a flake of snow on the cheek:
- And so, when I bore him a girl, when I held it aloft in my joy,
- He look'd at it coldly, and said to me, 'Pity it isn't a boy.'
- The one thing given me, to love and to live for, glanced at in scorn !
- The child that I felt I could die for as if she were basely born !

- 1 had lived a wild-flower life, 1 was planted now in a tomb;
- The daisy will shut to the shadow, I closed my heart to the gloom;
- I threw myself all abroad I would play my part with the young
- By the low foot-lights of the world and I caught the wreath that was flung.

ш.

Mother, I have not — however their tongues may have babbled of me —

- Sinn'd thro' an animal vileness, for all but a dwarf was he,
- And all but a hunchback too; and I look'd at him, first, askance,
- With pity not he the knight for an amorous girl's romance!
- Tho' wealthy enough to have bask'd in the light of a dowerless smile,
- Having lands at home and abroad in a rich West-Indian isle;
- But I came on him once at a ball, the heart of a listening crowd -
- Why, what a brow was there! he was seated — speaking aloud
- To women, the flower of the time, and men at the helm of state —
- Flowing with easy greatness and touching on all things great,
- Science, philosophy, song till I felt myself ready to weep
- For I knew not what, when I heard that voice, as mellow and deep
- As a psalm by a mighty master and peal'd from an organ, roll
- Rising and falling for, Mother, the voice was the voice of the soul;
- And the sun of the soul made day in the dark of his wonderful eyes.
- Here was the hand that would help me, would heal me—the heart that was wise!
- And he, poor man, when he learnt that I hated the ring I wore,
- He helpt me with death, and he heal'd me with sorrow for evermore.

IV.

- For I broke the bond. That day my nurse had brought me the child.
- The small sweet face was flush'd, but it coo'd to the Mother and smiled,

'Anything ailing,' I ask'd her, 'with baby?' She shook her head,

And the Motherless Mother kiss'd it, and turn'd in her haste and fled.

V.

- Low warm winds had gently breathed us away from the land —
- Ten long sweet summer days upon deck, sitting hand in hand —
- When he clothed a naked mind with the wisdom and wealth of his own.
- And I bow'd myself down as a slave to his intellectual throne,
- When he coin'd into English gold some treasure of classical song,
- When he flouted a statesman's error, or flamed at a public wrong,
- When he rose as it were on the wings of an eagle beyond me, and past
- Over the range and the change of the world from the first to the last,
- When he spoke of his tropical home in the canes by the purple tide,
- And the high star-crowns of his palms on the deep-wooded mountainside,
- And cliffs all robed in lianas that dropt to the brink of his bay,
- And trees like the towers of a minster, the sons of a winterless day.
- ' Paradise there ! ' so he said, but I seem'd in Paradise then
- With the first great love I had felt for the first and greatest of men;
- Ten long days of summer and sin if it must be so —
- But days of a larger light than I ever again shall know—
- Days that will glimmer, I fear, thro' life to my latest breath;
- 'No frost there,' so he said, 'as in truest Love no Death.'

VI.

- Mother, one morning a bird with a warble plaintively sweet
- Perch'd on the shrouds, and then fell fluttering down at my feet;
- I took it, he made it a cage, we fondled it, Stephen and I,
- But it died, and I thought of the child for a moment, I scarce know why.

VII.

- But if sin be sin, not inherited fate, as many will say,
- My sin to my desolate little one found me at sea on a day,
- When her orphan wail came borne in the shriek of a growing wind,
- And a voice rang out in the thunders of Ocean and Heaven 'Thou hast sinn'd.'
- And down in the cabin were we, for the towering crest of the tides
- Plunged on the vessel and swept in a cataract off from her sides,
- And ever the great storm grew with a howl and a hoot of the blast
- In the rigging, voices of hell then came the crash of the mast.
- 'The wages of sin is death,' and there I began to weep,
- 'I am the Jonah, the crew should cast me into the deep,
- For ah God, what a heart was mine to forsake her even for you.'
- 'Never the heart among women,' he said, 'more tender and true.'
- 'The heart! not a mother's heart, when I left my darling alone.'
- 'Comfort yourself, for the heart of the father will care for his own.'
- 'The heart of the father will spurn her,' I cried, 'for the sin of the wife,
- The cloud of the mother's shame will enfold her and darken her life.'
- Then his pale face twitch'd; 'O Stephen, I love you, I love you, and yet'—
- As I lean'd away from his arms ' would God, we had never met ! '
- And he spoke not only the storm; till after a little, I yearn'd
- For his voice again, and he call'd to me 'Kiss me!' and there — as I turn'd —
- 'The heart, the heart!' I kiss'd him, I clung to the sinking form,
- And the storm went roaring above us, and he — was out of the storm.

VIII.

- And then, then, Mother, the ship stagger'd under a thunderous shock,
- That shook us asunder, as if she had struck and crash'd on a rock;

For a huge sea smote every soul from the decks of The Falcon but one;

- All of them, all but the man that was lash'd to the helm had gone;
- And I fell and the storm and the days went by, but I knew no more —
- Lost myself—lay like the dead by the dead on the cabin floor.
- Dead to the death beside me, and lost to the loss that was mine,
- With a dim dream, now and then, of a hand giving bread and wine,
- Till I woke from the trance, and the ship stood still, and the skies were blue,
- But the face I had known, O Mother, was not the face that I knew.

IX.

- The strange misfeaturing mask that I saw so amazed me, that I
- Stumbled on deck, half mad. I would fling myself over and die!
- But one—he was waving a flag—the one man left on the wreck —
- 'Woman'— he graspt at my arm 'stay there' — I crouch'd upon deck —
- 'We are sinking, and yet there's hope: look yonder,' he cried, 'a sail,'
- In a tone so rough that I broke into passionate tears, and the wail
- Of a beaten babe, till I saw that a boat was nearing us — then
- All on a sudden I thought, I shall look on the child again.

х.

- They lower'd me down the side, and there in the boat I lay
- With sad eyes fixt on the lost sea-home, as we glided away,
- And I sigh'd, as the low dark hull dipt under the smiling main,
- 'Had I stay'd with *him*, I had now with *him* been out of my pain.'

XI.

- They took us aboard: the crew were gentle, the captain kind;
- But *I* was the lonely slave of an oftenwandering mind;
- For whenever a rougher gust might tumble a stormier wave,

- 'O Stephen,' I moan'd, 'I am coming to thee in thine Ocean-grave.'
- And again, when a balmier breeze curl'd over a peacefuller sea,
- I found myself moaning again 'O child, I am coming to thee.'

XII.

- The broad white brow of the Isle that bay with the colour'd sand —
- Rich was the rose of sunset there, as we drew to the land;
- All so quiet the ripple would hardly blanch into spray
- At the feet of the cliff; and I pray'd 'my child' — for I still could pray —
- 'May her life be as blissfully calm, be never gloom'd by the curse

Of a sin, not hers!'

Was it well with the child? I wrote to the nurse

- Who had borne my flower on her hireling heart; and an answer came
- Not from the nurse nor yet to the wife — to her maiden name !
- I shook as I opened the letter I knew that hand too well —
- And from it a scrap, clipt out of the 'deaths' in a paper, fell.
- 'Ten long sweet summer days' of fever, and want of care !
- And gone that day of the storm O Mother, she came to me there.

DESPAIR.

A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

Ι.

- 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?

Π.

What did I feel that night? You are curious. How should I tell?

- Docs 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 lighthouse there on the fatal neck
- Of land running out into rock they had savedmany hundreds fromwreck—
- 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 frighted at life not death.'

ш.

- 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 drear nightfold 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 that 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!

- 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?

х.

XП.

- 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 eldestborn, her glory, her boast,
- Struck hard at the tender heart of the mother, and broke it almost:
- Tho', glory and shame 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 griefs 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 cruelty 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 ANCIENT SAGE.

A THOUSAND summers ere the time of Christ

From out his ancient city came a Seer

- Whom one that loved, and honour'd him, and vet
- Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but worn
- From wasteful living, follow'd in his hand

A scroll of verse — till that old man before

- A cavern whence an affluent fountain pour'd
- From darkness into daylight, turn'd and spoke.
- This wealth of waters might but seem to draw
- From yon dark cave, but, son, the source is higher,
- Yon summit half-a-league in air and higher,
- The cloud that hides it higher still, the heavens
- Whereby the cloud was moulded, and whereout
- The cloud descended. Force is from the heights.
- I am wearied of our city, son, and go
- To spend my one last year among the hills.
- What hast thou there? Some deathsong for the Ghouls
- To make their banquet relish? let me read.
- "How far thro' all the bloom and brake That nightingale is heard ! What power but the bird's could make This music in the bird? How summer-bright are vonder skies, And earth as fair in hue! And yet what sign of aught that lies Behind the green and blue? But man to-day is fancy's fool As man hath ever been. The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule Were never heard or seen." If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive Into the Temple-cave of thine own self, There, brooding by the central altar, thou May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice. By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise. As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know: For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there But never vet hath dipt into the abysm. The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, within The blue of sky and sea, the greer. of earth. And in the million-millionth of a gr in Which cleft and cleft again for evermore, And ever vanishing, never vanishes, To me, my son, more mystic than myself, Or even than the Nameless is to me. And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven. Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness. Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names. And if the Nameless should withdraw from all Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark. "And since - from when this earth began ---The Nameless never came Among us, never spake with man, And never named the Name "---

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O And is not known, but felt thro' what we my son, feel Nor canst thou prove the world thou Within ourselves is highest, shall descend On this half-deed, and shape it at the movest in. Thou canst not prove that thou art body last alone. According to the Highest in the Highest. Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit "What Power but the Years that make alone. Nor canst thou prove that thou art both And break the vase of clay. And stir the sleeping earth, and wake in one: Thou canst not prove thou art immor-The bloom that fades away? What rulers but the Days and Hours tal. no Nor yet that thou art mortal — nay, my That cancel weal with woe. And wind the front of youth with flowers. son. Thou canst not prove that I, who speak And cap our age with snow?" with thee, Am not thyself in converse with thyself. The days and hours are ever glancing For nothing worthy proving can be by, And seem to flicker past thro' sun and proven, Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be shade. Or short, or long, as Pleasure leads, or wise. Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt, Pain: And cling to Faith beyond the forms of But with the Nameless is nor Day nor Hour; Faith ! Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from She reels not in the storm of warring thought to thought. words. She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and Break into 'Thens' and 'Whens' the Eternal Now: 'No,' She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the This double seeming of the single Worst. world ! -My words are like the babblings in a She feels the Sun is hid but for a night, She spies the summer thro' the winter dream bud. Of nightmare, when the babblings break She tastes the fruit before the blossom the dream. But thou be wise in this dream-world of falls. ours. She hears the lark within the songless Nor take thy dial for thy deity, egg, She finds the fountain where they wail'd But make the passing shadow serve thy 'Mirage'! will. "What Power? aught akin to Mind, "The years that made the stripling wise The mind in me and you? Undo their work again, Or power as of the Gods gone blind And leave him, blind of heart and eyes, The last and least of men; Who see not what they do?" Who clings to earth, and once would dare But some in yonder city hold, my son, Hell-heat or Arctic cold, That none but Gods could build this And now one breath of cooler air Would loose him from his hold: house of ours, His winter chills him to the root, So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond He withers marrow and mind; All work of man, vet, like all work of The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit man, Is jutting thro' the rind; A beauty with defect —— till That which knows, The tiger spasms tear his chest,

O slender lily waving there, The palsy wags his head; And laughing back the light, The wife, the sons, who love him best In vain you tell me ' Earth is fair ' Would fain that he were dead; griefs by which he once was When all is dark as night." The wrung Were never worth the while "-My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves. So dark that men cry out against the Who knows? or whether this earth-narrow Heavens. life Be yet but yolk, and forming in the shell? Who knows but that the darkness is in man? The doors of Night may be the gates of "The shaft of scorn that once had stung But wakes a dotard smile." Light: For wert thou born or blind or deaf, and The placid gleam of sunset after storm ! then Suddenly heal'd, how would'st thou glory "The statesman's brain that sway'd the in all The splendours and the voices of the past world! Is feebler than his knees; The passive sailor wrecks at last And we, the poor earth's dying race, and In ever-silent seas: vet No phantoms, watching from a phantom The warrior hath forgot his arms, The Learned all his lore; shore Await the last and largest sense to make The changing market frets or charms The phantom walls of this illusion fade, The merchant's hope no more; The prophet's beacon burn'd in vain, And show us that the world is wholly fair. And now is lost in cloud; "But vain the tears for darken'd years The plowman passes, bent with pain, As laughter over wine, To mix with what he plow'd; The poet whom his Age would quote And vain the laughter as the tears, O brother, mine or thine, As heir of endless fame -He knows not ev'n the book he wrote, "For all that laugh, and all that weep, Not even his own name. And all that breathe are one For man has overlived his day, Slight ripple on the boundless deep And, darkening in the light, That moves, and all is gone." Scarce feels the senses break away To mix with ancient Night." But that one ripple on the boundless deep The shell must break before the bird can Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself fly. For ever changing form, but evermore One with the boundless motion of the "The years that when my Youth began deep. Had set the lily and rose By all my ways where'er they ran, "Yet wine and laughter friends! and set Have ended mortal foes; The lamps alight, and call My rose of love for ever gone, For golden music, and forget My lily of truth and trust — The darkness of the pall." They made her lily and rose in one, And changed her into dust. If utter darkness closed the day, my O rosetree planted in my grief, And growing, on her tomb, son -But earth's dark forehead flings athwart Her dust is greening in your leaf, the heavens Her blood is in your bloom.

- Her shadow crown'd with stars and yonder out
- To northward some that never set, but pass
- From sight and night to lose themselves in day.
- I hate the black negation of the bier,
- And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves
- And higher, having climb'd one step beyond
- Our village miseries, might be borne in white
- To burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence
- With songs in praise of death, and crown'd with flowers!
 - "O worms and maggots of to-day Without their hope of wings!"
- But louder than thy rhyme the silent Word
- Of that world-prophet in the heart of man.
 - "Tho' some have gleams or so they say Of more than mortal things."
- To-day? but what of yesterday? for oft
- On me, when boy, there came what then I call'd,
- Who knew no books and no philosophies,
- In my boy-phrase 'The Passion of the Past.'
- The first gray streak of earliest summerdawn,
- The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom,
- As if the late and early were but one -
- A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower
- Had murmurs 'Lost and gone and lost and gone!'
- A breath, a whisper some divine farewell —
- Desolate sweetness far and far away —
- What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?
- I know not and I speak of what has been. And more, my son! for more than once when I
- Sat all alone, revolving in myself
- The word that is the symbol of myself,

The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,

- And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
- Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
- Were strange not mine and yet no shade of doubt,
- But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
- The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
- Were Sun to spark unshadowable in words,
- Themselves but shadows of a shadowworld.
 - "And idle gleams will come and go, But still the clouds remain;"
- The clouds themselves are children of the Sun.
 - "And Night and Shadow rule below When only Day should reign."
- And Day and Night are children of the Sun,
- And idle gleams to thee are light to me.
- Some say, the Light was father of the Night,
- And some, the Night was father of the Light,
- No night no day! I touch thy world again -
- No ill no good ! such counter-terms, my son.
- Are border-races, holding, each its own
- By endless war : but night enough is there
- In yon dark city: get thee back: and since
- The key to that weird casket, which for thee
- But holds a skull, is neither thine nor mine,
- But in the hand of what is more than man,
- Or in man's hand when man is more than man,

Let be thy wail and help thy fellow men,

- And make thy gold thy vassal not thy king,
- And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
- And send the day into the darken'd heart;

Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,	
A dying echo from a falling wall; Nor care — for Hunger hath the Evil	Ah
eye—	111
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold	Ah
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;	То
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,	10
Nor drown thyself with flies in honied	Th
wine; Nor thou be rageful, like a handled bee,	
And lose thy life by usage of thy sting;	
Nor harm an adder thro' the lust for harm,	I e
Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wan-	
tonness;	The
And more — think well! Do-well will follow thought,	But
And in the fatal sequence of this world	
An evil thought may soil thy children's	An
blood; But curb the beast would cast thee in the	
mire,	
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuous- ness	For
A cloud between the Nameless and thy- self,	An
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,	The
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou	The
Look higher, then — perchance — thou mayest — beyond	
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,	
And past the range of Night and Shadow — see	Cor
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day	And
Strike on the Mount of Vision!	Wh
So, farewell.	Thi
THE FIGUE	1 111
THE FLIGHT.	
Ι.	
ARE you sleeping? have you forgotten? do not sleep, my sister dear!	Wh
How can you sleep? the morning brings	Wh
the day I hate and fear; The cock has crow'd already once, he	For

, clasp me in your arms, sister, ah, fold me to your breast !

п.

, let me weep my fill once more, and cry myself to rest!

rest? to rest and wake no more were better rest for me.

an to waken every morning to that face I loathe to see:

TTT

- nvied your sweet slumber, all night so calm vou lav.
- e night was calm, the morn is calm, and like another day;
- I could wish yon moaning sea would rise and burst the shore.
- d such a whirlwind blow these woods. as never blew before.

IV.

- , one by one, the stars went down across the gleaming pane,
- l project after project rose, and all of them were vain:
- e blackthorn-blossom fades and falls and leaves the bitter sloe,
- e hope I catch at vanishes and youth is turn'd to woe.

v.

- ne, speak a little comfort! all night I pray'd with tears,
- d yet no comfort came to me, and now the morn appears,
- en he will tear me from your side, who bought me for his slave:
- s father pays his debt with me, and weds me to my grave.

VI.

- at father, this or mine, was he, who, on that summer day
- en I had fall'n from off the crag we clamber'd up in play,
- und, fear'd me dead, and groan'd, and took and kiss'd me, and again
- He kiss'd me; and I loved him then; he was my father then.

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- Т crows before his time;
- Awake! the creeping glimmer steals, the hills are white with rime.

vii.

- No father now, the tyrant vassal of a tyrant vice!
- The Godless Jephtha vows his child . . . to one cast of the dice.
- These ancient woods, this Hall at last will go perhaps have gone,
- Except his own meek daughter yield her life, heart, soul to one —

VIII.

- To one who knows I scorn him. O the formal mocking bow,
- The cruel smile, the courtly phrase that masks his malice now —
- But often in the sidelong eyes a gleam of all things ill —
- It is not Love but Hate that weds a bride against her will;

IX.

- Hate, that would pluck from this true breast the locket that I wear,
- The precious crystal into which I braided Edwin's hair!
- The love that keeps this heart alive beats on it night and day —
- One golden curl, his golden gift, before he past away.

х.

- He left us weeping in the woods; his boat was on the sand;
- How slowly down the rocks he went, how loth to quit the land !
- And all my life was darken'd, as I saw the white sail run,
- And darken, up that lane of light into the setting sun.

XI.

- How often have we watch'd the sun fade from us thro' the West,
- And follow Edwin to those isles, those islands of the Blest!
- Is *he* not there? would I were there, the friend, the bride, the wife,
- With him, where summer never dies, with Love, the Sun of life!

XII.

- O would I were in Edwin's arms once more — to feel his breath
- Upon my cheek on Edwin's ship, with Edwin, ev'n in death,
- Tho' all about the shuddering wreck the death-white sea should rave.
- Or if lip were laid to lip on the pillows of the wave.

XIII.

- Shall I take *him*? I kneel with *him*? I swear and swear forsworn
- To love him most, whom most I loathe, to honour whom I scorn?
- The Fiend would yell, the grave would yawn, my mother's ghost would rise —
- To lie, to lie -- in God's own house the blackest of all lies!

XIV.

- Why rather than that hand in mine, tho' every pulse would freeze,
- I'd sooner fold an icy corpse dead of some foul disease:
- Wed him? I will not wed him, let them spurn me from the doors,
- And I will wander till I die about the barren moors.

xv.

- The dear, mad bride who stabb'd her bridegroom on her bridal night—
- If mad, then I am mad, but sane, if she were in the right.
- My father's madness makes me mad but words are only words!
- I am not mad, not yet, not quite There ! listen how the birds

XVI.

- Begin to warble yonder in the budding orchard trees!
- The lark has past from earth to Heaven upon the morning breeze!
- How gladly, were I one of those, how early would I wake!
- And yet the sorrow that I bear is sorrow for *his* sake.

They love their mates, to whom they sing; or else their songs, that meet

- The morning with such music, would never be so sweet!
- And tho' these fathers will not hear, the blessed Heavens are just,
- And Love is fire, and burns the feet would trample it to dust.

XVIII.

- A door was open'd in the house who? who? my father sleeps!
- A stealthy foot upon the stair ! he some one — this way creeps !
- If he? yes, he . . . lurks, listens, fears his victim may have fled —
- He! where is some sharp-pointed thing? he comes, and finds me dead.

XIX.

- Not he, not yet! and time to act but how my temples burn!
- And idle fancies flutter me, I know not where to turn;
- Speak to me, sister; counsel me; this marriage must not be.
- You only know the love that makes the world a world to me!

XX.

- Our gentle mother, had *she* lived but we were left alone:
- That other left us to ourselves; he cared not for his own;
- So all the summer long we roam'd in these wild woods of ours,
- My Edwin loved to call us then 'His two wild woodland flowers.'

XXI.

- Wild flowers blowing side by side in God's free light and air,
- Wild flowers of the secret woods, when Edwin found us there,
- Wild woods in which we roved with him, and heard his passionate vow,
- Wild woods in which we rove no more, if we be parted now!

XXII.

- You will not leave me thus in grief to wander forth forlorn;
- We never changed a bitter word, not once since we were born;
- Our dying mother join'd our hands; she knew this father well;
- She bade us love, like souls in Heaven, and now I fly from Hell,

XXIII.

- And you with me; and we shall light upon some lonely shore,
- Some lodge within the waste sea-dunes, and hear the waters roar,
- And see the ships from out the West go dipping thro' the foam,
- And sunshine on that sail at last which brings our Edwin home.

XXIV.

- But look, the morning grows apace, and lights the old church-tower,
- And lights the clock! the hand points five — O me — it strikes the hour—
- I bide no more, I meet my fate, whatever ills betide !
- Arise, my own true sister, come forth ! the world is wide.

XXV.

- And yet my heart is ill at ease, my eyes are dim with dew,
- I seem to see a new-dug grave up yonder by the yew !
- If we should never more return, but wander hand in hand
- With breaking hearts, without a friend, and in a distant land !

XXVI.

- O sweet, they tell me that the world is hard, and harsh of mind,
- But can it be so hard, so harsh, as those that should be kind?
- That matters not: let come what will; at last the end is sure,
- And every heart that loves with truth is equal to endure.

TOMORROW.

Ι.

- HER, that yer Honour was spakin' to? Whin, ver Honour? last year —
- Standin' here by the bridge, when last ver Honour was here?
- An' yer Honour ye gev her the top of the mornin', 'Tomorra,' says she.
- What did they call her, yer Honour? They call'd her Molly Magee.
- An' yer Honour's the thrue ould blood that always manes to be kind.
- But there's rason in all things, yer Honour, for Molly was out of her mind.

II.

- Shure, an' meself remimbers wan night comin' down be the sthrame,
- An' it seems to me now like a bit of visther-day in a dhrame —
- Here where yer Honour seen her there was but a slip of a moon,
- But I hard thim Molly Magee wid her bachelor, Danny O'Roon —
- 'You've been takin' a dbrop o' the crathur,' an' Danny says, 'Troth, an' I been
- Dhrinkin' yer health wid Shamus O'Shea at Katty's shebeen; ¹
- But I must be lavin' ye soon.' 'Ochone are ye goin' away?'
- 'Goin' to cut the Sassenach whate,' he says, 'over the say'—
- 'An' whin will ye meet me agin?' an' I hard him, 'Molly asthore,
- I'll meet you agin tomorra,' says he, 'be the chapel-door.'
- 'An' whin are ye goin' to lave me?' 'O' Monday mornin',' says he;
- 'An' shure thin ye'll meet me tomorra?' 'Tomorra, tomorra, Machree!'
- Thin Molly's ould mother, yer Honour, that had no likin' for Dan,
- Call'd from her cabin an' tould her to come away from the man,
- An' Molly Magee kem flyin' acrass me, as light as a lark,
- An' Dan stood there for a minute, an' thin wint into the dark.

¹ Grog-shop.

- But wirrah! the storm that night the tundher, an' rain that fell,
- An' the sthrames runnin' down at the back o' the glin 'ud 'a dhrownded Hell.

ш.

- But airth was at pace nixt mornin', an' Hiven in its glory smiled,
- As the Holy Mother o' Glory that smiles at her sleepin' child —
- Ethen she stept an the chapel-green, an' she turn'd herself roun'
- Wid a diamond dhrop in her eye, for Danny was not to be foun',
- An' many's the time that I watch'd her at mass lettin' down the tear,
- For the Divil a Danny was there, yer Honour, for forty year.

IV.

- Och, Molly Magee, wid the red o' the rose an' the white o' the May,
- An' yer hair as black as the night, an' yer eyes as bright as the day!
- Achora, yer laste little whishper was sweet as the lilt of a bird !
- Acushla, ye set me heart batin' to music wid ivery word!
- An' sorra the Queen wid her sceptre in sich an illigant han',
- An' the fall of yer foot in the dance was as light as snow an the lan',
- An' the sun kem out of a cloud whiniver ye walkt in the shtreet,
- An' Shamus O'Shea was yer shadda, an' laid himself undher yer feet,
- An' I loved ye meself wid a heart and a half, me darlin', and he
- 'Ud 'a shot his own sowl dead for a kiss of ye, Molly Magee.

v.

- But shure we wor betther frinds whin I crack'd his skull for her sake,
- An' he ped me back wid the best he could give at ould Donovan's wake—
- For the boys wor about her agin whin Dan didn't come to the fore,
- An' Shamus along wid the rest, but she put thim all to the door.

- An', afther, I thried her meself av the bird 'ud come to me call,
- But Molly, begorrah, 'ud listhen to naither at all, at all.

- An' her nabours an' frinds 'ud consowl an' condowl wid her, airly and late,
- 'Your Danny,' they says, 'niver crasst over say to the Sassenach whate;
- He's gone to the States, aroon, an' he's married another wife,
- An' ye'll niver set eyes an the face of the thraithur agin in life !
- An' to dhrame of a married man, death alive, is a mortial sin.'
- But Molly says, 'I'd his hand-promise, an' shure he'll meet me agin.'

VII.

- An' afther her paärints had inter'd glory, an' both in wan day,
- She began to spake to herself, the crathur, an' whishper, an' say,
- 'Tomorra, Tomorra!' an' Father Molowny he tuk her in han',
- 'Molly, you're manin',' he says, 'me dear, av I undherstan'.
- That ye'll meet your paärints agin an' yer Danny O'Roon afore God
- Wid his blessed Marthyrs an' Saints; ' an' she gev him a friendly nod,
- 'Tomorra, Tomorra,' she says, an' she didn't intind to desave,
- But her wits wor dead, an' her hair was as white as the snow an a grave.

VIII.

- Arrah now, here last month they wor diggin' the bog, an' they foun'
- Dhrownded in black bog-wather a corp lyin' undher groun'.

1X.

- Yer Honour's own agint, he says to me wanst, at Katty's shebeen,
- 'The Divil take all the black lan', for a blessin' 'ud come wid the green!'
- An' where 'ud the poor man, thin, cut his bit o' turf for the fire?

- But och! bad scran to the bogs whin they swallies the man intire!
- An' sorra the bog that's in Hiven wid all the light an' the glow,
- An' there's hate enough, shure, widout *thim* in the Divil's kitchen below.

x.

- Thim ould blind nagers in Agypt, I hard his Riverence say,
- Could keep their haithen kings in the flesh for the Jidgemint day,
- An', faix, be the piper o' Moses, they kep' the cat an' the dog,
- But it 'ud 'a been aisier work av they lived be an Irish bog.

XI.

- How-an-iver they laid this body they foun' an the grass
- Be the chapel-door, an' the people 'ud see it that wint in to mass —
- But a frish gineration had riz, an' most of the ould was few,
- An' I didn't know him meself, an' none of the parish knew.

XII.

- But Molly kem limpin' up wid her stick, she was lamed av a knee,
- Thin a slip of a gossoon call'd, 'Div ye know him, Molly Magee?'
- An' she stood up straight as the Queen of the world—she lifted her head—
- 'He said he would meet me tomorra!' an' dhropt down dead an the dead.

XIII.

- Och, Molly, we thought, machree, ye would start back agin into life,
- Whin we laid yez, aich be aich, at yer wake like husban' an' wife.
- Sorra the dhry eye thin but was wet for the frinds that was gone !
- Sorra the silent throat but we hard it cryin' 'Ochone!'
- An' Shamus O'Shea that has now ten childer, hansome an' tall,
- Him an' his childer wor keenin' as if he had lost thim all.

vı.

XIV.

Thin his Riverence buried thim both in wan grave be the dead boor-tree,¹

The young man Danny O'Roon wid his ould woman, Molly Magee.

xv.

- May all the flowers o' Jeroosilim blossom an' spring from the grass,
- Imbrashin' an' kissin' aich other as ve did — over ver Crass!
- An' the lark fly out o' the flowers wid his song to the Sun an' the Moon,
- An' tell thim in Hiven about Molly Magee an' her Danny O'Roon,
- Till Holy St. Pether gets up wid his kays an' opens the gate !
- An' shure, be the Crass, that's betther nor cuttin' the Sassenach whate
- To be there wid the Blessed Mother, an' Saints an' Marthyrs galore,
- An' singin' yer ' Aves' an' ' Pathers' for iver an' ivermore.

XVI.

- An' now that I tould yer Honour whativer I hard an' seen,
- Yer Honour'ill give me a thrifle to dhrink yer health in potheen.

THE SPINSTER'S SWEET-ARTS.

Ι.

- MILK for my sweet-arts, Bess! fur it mun be the time about now
- When Molly cooms in fro' the far-end close wi' her paäils fro' the cow.
- Eh! tha be new to the plaäce thou'rt gaäpin' — doesn't tha see
- I calls 'em arter the fellers es once was sweet upo' me?

п.

- Naäy to be sewer it be past 'er time. What maäkes 'er sa laäte?
- Goä to the laäne at the back, an' looök thruf Maddison's gaäte !

¹ Elder-tree.

ш.

- Sweet-arts! Molly belike may 'a lighted to-night upo' one.
- Sweet-arts! thanks to the Lord that I niver not listen'd to noän!
- So I sits i' my oän armchair wi' my oän kettle theere o' the hob,
- An' Tommy the fust, an' Tommy the second, an' Steevie an' Rob.

IV.

- Rob, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou sees that i' spite o' the men
- I 'a kep' thruf thick an' thin my two 'oonderd a-year to mysen;
- Yis! thaw tha call'd me es pretty es ony lass i' the Shere;
- An' thou be es pretty a Tabby, but Robby I seed thruf ya theere.

v.

- Feyther 'ud saäy I wur ugly es sin, an' I beänt not vaäin,
- But I niver wur downright hugly, thaw soom 'ud 'a thowt ma plaäin,
- An' I wasn't sa plaäin i' pink ribbons, ye said I wur pretty i' pinks,
- An' I liked to 'ear it I did, but I beänt sich a fool as ye thinks;
- Ye was stroäkin ma down wi' the 'air, as I be a-stroäkin o' you,
- But whiniver I looöked i' the glass I wur sewer that it couldn't be true;
- Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye knaw'd it wur pleasant to 'ear,
- Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty, but my two 'oonderd a-year.

VI.

D'ya mind the murnin' when we was a-walkin' togither, an' stood

By the claäy'd-oop pond, that the foälk be sa scared at, i' Gigglesby wood,

- Wheer the poor wench drowndid hersen, black Sal, es 'ed been disgraäced?
- An' I feel'd thy arm es I stood wur a-creeäpin about my waäist;
- An' me es wur allus afear'd of a man's gittin' ower fond,
- I sidled awaäy an' awaäy till I plumpt foot fust i' the pond;

And, Robby, I niver 'a liked tha sa well, as I did that daäy,

Fur tha joompt in thysen, an' tha hoickt my feet wi' a flop fro' the claäy.

Ay, stick oop thy back, an' set oop thy taäil, tha may gie ma a kiss,

Fur I walk'd wi' tha all the way hoam an' wur niver sa nigh saäyin' Yis.

But wa boäth was i' sich a clat we was shaämed to cross GigglesbyGreeän.

Fur a cat may looök at a king thou knaws but the cat mun be clean.

Sa we boäth on us kep out o' sight o' the winders o' Gigglesby Hinn —

Naäy, but the claws o' tha! quiet! they pricks clean thruf to the skin —

An' wa boäth slinkt 'oäm by the brokken shed i' the laäne at the back,

Wheer the poodle runn'd at tha once, an' thou runn'd oop o' the thack;

An' tha squeedg'd my 'and i' the shed, fur theere we was forced to 'ide,

Fur I seed that Steevie wur coomin', and one o' the Tommies beside.

VП.

Theere now, what art 'a mewin at, Steevie? for owt I can tell—

Robby wur fust to be sewer, or I mowt 'a liked tha as well.

VIII.

But, Robby, I thowt o' tha all the while I wur chaängin' my gown,

An' I thowt shall I chaänge my staäte? but, O Lord, upo' coomin' down —

My bran-new carpet es fresh es a midder o' flowers i' Maäy —

Why 'edn't tha wiped thy shoes? it wur clatted all ower wi' claäv.

Au' I could 'a cried ammost, fur I seed that it couldn't be,

An' Robby I gied tha a raätin that sattled thy coortin o' me.

An' Molly an' me was agreed, as we was a-cleänin' the floor,

That a man be a durty thing an' a trouble an' plague wi' indoor.

But I rued it arter a bit, fur I stuck to tha moor na the rest,

But I couldn't 'a lived wi' a man an' I knaws it be all fur the best. ιх.

Naäy—let ma stroäk tha down till I maäkes tha es smooth es silk,

But if I 'ed married tha, Robby, thou'd · not 'a been worth thy milk.

Thou'd niver 'a cotch'd ony mice but 'a left me the work to do.

And 'a taäen to the bottle beside, so es all that I 'ears be true;

But I loovs tha to maäke thysen 'appy, an' soa purr awaäy, my dear,

Thou 'ed wellnigh purr'd ma awaäy fro' my oän two 'oonderd a-year.

х.

- Sweärin agean, you Toms, as ye used to do twelve year sin'!
- Ye niver 'eard Steevie swear 'cep' it wur at a dog coomin' in,
- An' boath o' ye mun be fools to be hallus a-shawin' your claws,

Fur I niver cared nothink for neither an' one o' ye deäd ye knaws!

Coom give hoäver then, weant ye? I warrant ye soom fine daäv—

Theere, lig down — I shall hev to gie one or tother awaäy.

Can't ye taäke pattern by Steevie? ye sha'n't hev a drop fro' the paäil.

Steevie be right good manners bang thruf to the tip o' the taäil.

XI.

- Robby, git down wi'tha, wilt tha? let Steevie coom oop o' my knee.
- Steevie, my lad, thou 'ed very nigh been the Steevie fur me!

Robby wur fust to be sewer, 'e wur burn an' bred i' the 'ouse,

But thou be es 'ansom a tabby es iver patted a mouse.

XII.

An' I beänt not vaäin, but I knaws I 'ed led tha a quieter life

Nor her wi' the hepitaph yonder! 'A faäithful an' loovin' wife!'

- An' 'cos o' thy farm by the beck, an' thy windmill oop o' the croft,
- Tha thowt tha would marry ma, did tha? but that wur a bit ower soft,

- Thaw thou was es soäber es daäy, wi' a niced red faäce, an' es cleän
- Es a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi' a brannew 'eäd o' the Queeän,
- An' thy farmin' es cleän es thysen', fur, Steevie, tha kep' it sa neät
- That I niver not spied sa much es a poppy along wi' the wheät,
- An' the wool of a thistle a-flyin' an' seeädin' tha haäted to see;
- 'Twur es bad es a battle-twig¹ 'ere i' my oän blue chaumber to me.
- Ay, roob thy whiskers ageän ma, fur I could 'a taäen to tha well,
- But fur thy bairns, poor Steevie, a bouncin' boy an' a gell.

XIII.

- An' thou was es fond o' thy bairns es I be mysen o' my cats,
- But I niver not wish'd fur childer, I hevn't naw likin' fur brats;
- Pretty anew when ya dresses 'em oop, an' they goäs fur a walk,
- Or sits wi' their 'ands afoor 'em, an' doesn't not 'inder the talk !
- But their bottles o' pap, an' their mucky bibs, an' the clats an' the clouts,
- An' their mashin' their toys to pieäces an' maäkin' ma deäf wi' their shouts,
- An' hallus a-joompin' about ma as if they was set upo' springs,
- An' a-haxin' ma hawkard questions, an' saäyin' ondecent things,
- An' a-callin' ma 'hugly' mayhap to my faäce, or a-teärin' my gown —
- Dear! dear! I mun part them Tommies - Steevie git down.

XIV.

- Ye be wuss nor the men-tommies, you. I tell'd ya, na moor o' that!
- Tom, lig theere o' the cushion, an' tother Tom 'ere o' the mat.

xv.

- Theere! I ha' master'd *them*! Hed I married the Tommies O Lord,
- To loove an' obaäy the Tommies! I couldn't 'a stuck by my word.
- To be horder'd about, an' waäked, when Molly 'd put out the light,

¹ Earwig.

- By a man coomin' in wi' a hiccup at ony hour o' the night!
- An' the taäble staäin'd wi' 'is aäle, an' the mud o' 'is boots o' the stairs,
- An' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the 'ouse, an' the mark o' 'is 'eäd o' the chairs!
- An' noän o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a let me 'a hed my oän waäy,
- Sa I likes 'em best wi' taäils when they 'evn't a word to saäv.

XVI.

- An' I sits i' my oän little parlour, an' sarved by my oän little lass,
- Wi' my oän little garden outside, an' my oän bed o' sparrow-grass,
- An' my oän door-poorch wi' the woodbine an' jessmine a-dressin' it greeän,
- An' my oän fine Jackman i' purple aroäbin' the 'ouse like a Queeän.

XVII.

- An' the little gells bobs to ma hoffens es I be abroad i' the laänes,
- When I goäs fur to coomfut the poor es be down wi' their haäches an' their paäins:
- An' a haäf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o' meät when it beänt too dear,
- They maäkes ma a graäter Laädy nor 'er i' the mansion theer,
- Hes 'es hallus to hax of a man how much to spare or to spend;
- An' a spinster I be an' I will be, if soä pleäse God, to the hend.

XVIII.

- Mew! mew! Bess wi' the milk! what ha maäde our Molly sa laäte?
- It should 'a been 'ere by seven, an' theere — it be strikin' height —
- 'Cushie wur craäzed fur 'er cauf,' well --- I 'eärd 'er a-maäkin' 'er moän,
- An' I thowt to mysen 'thank God that I hevn't naw cauf o' my oän.'

Theere!

Set it down!

Now Robby!

You Tommies shall waäit to-night Till Robby an' Steevie 'es 'ed their lap — an' it sarves ye right.

LOCKSLEY HALL

SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

LATE, my grandson! half the morning have I paced these sandy tracts, Watch'd again the hollow ridges roaring into cataracts,

Wander'd back to living boyhood while I heard the curlews call, I myself so close on death, and death itself in Locksley Hall.

So — your happy suit was blasted — she the faultless, the divine; And you liken — boyish babble — this boy-love of yours with mine.

I myself have often babbled doubtless of a foolish past; Babble, babble; our old England may go down in babble at last.

'Curse him!' curse your fellow-victim? call him dotard in your rage? Eyes that lured a doting boyhood well might fool a dotard's age.

Jilted for a wealthier! wealthier? yet perhaps she was not wise; I remember how you kiss'd the miniature with those sweet eyes.

In the hall there hangs a painting — Amy's arms about my neck — Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture, she that clasp'd my neck had flown; I was left within the shadow sitting on the wreck alone.

Yours has been a slighter ailment, will you sicken for her sake? You, not you! your modern amourist is of easier, earthlier make.

Amy loved me, Amy fail'd me, Amy was a timid child; But your Judith — but your worldling — *she* had never driven me wild.

She that holds the diamond necklace dearer than the golden ring, She that finds a winter sunset fairer than a morn of Spring.

She that in her heart is brooding on his briefer lease of life, While she vows 'till death shall part us,' she the would-be-widow wife.

She the worldling born of worldlings — father, mother — be content, Ev'n the homely farm can teach us there is something in descent.

Yonder in that chapel, slowly sinking now into the ground, Lies the warrior, my forefather, with his feet upon the hound.

Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea to crush the Moslem in his pride; Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead the cause in which he died.

Yet how often I and Amy in the mouldering aisle have stood, Gazing for one pensive moment on that founder of our blood.

There again I stood to-day, and where of old we knelt in prayer, Close beneath the casement crimson with the shield of Locksley — there,

All in white Italian marble, looking still as if she smiled, Lies my Amy dead in child-birth, dead the mother, dead the child.

Dead — and sixty years ago, and dead her aged husband now — I this old white-headed dreamer stoopt and kiss'd her marble brow.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies, furies, curses, passionate tears, Gone like fires and floods and earthquakes of the planet's dawning years.

Fires that shook me once, but now to silent ashes fall'n away. Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day.

Gone the tyrant of my youth, and mute below the chancel stones, All his virtues — I forgive them — black in white above his bones.

Gone the comrades of my bivouac, some in fight against the foe, Some thro' age and slow diseases, gone as all on earth will go.

Gone with whom for forty years my life in golden sequence ran, She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man,

Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, yet so lowly-sweet, Woman to her inmost heart, and woman to her tender feet,

Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind, She that link'd again the broken chain that bound me to my kind.

Here to-day was Amy with me, while I wander'd down the coast, Near us Edith's holy shadow, smiling at the slighter ghost.

Gone our sailor son thy father, Leonard early lost at sea; Thou alone, my boy, of Amy's kin and mine art left to me.

Gone thy tender-natured mother, wearying to be left alone, Pining for the stronger heart that once had beat beside her own.

Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being true as he was brave; Good, for Good is Good, he follow'd, yet he look'd beyond the grave,

Wiser there than you, that crowning barren Death as lord of all, Deem this over-tragic drama's closing curtain is the pall!

Beautiful was death in him, who saw the death, but kept the deck, Saving women and their babes, and sinking with the sinking wreck,

Gone for ever! Ever? no — for since our dying race began, Ever, ever, and for ever was the leading light of man.

Those that in barbarian burials kill'd the slave and slew the wife Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the second life. Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds beyond the night; Ev'n the black Australian dying hopes he shall return, a white.

Truth for truth, and good for good! The Good, the True, the Pure, the Just — Take the charm 'For ever' from them, and they crumble into dust.

Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward,' lost within a growing gloom; Lost, or only heard in silence from the silence of a tomb.

Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space, Staled by frequence, shrunk by usage, into commonest commonplace !

' Forward' rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one. Let us hush this cry of ' Forward' till ten thousand years have gone.

Far among the vanish'd races, old Assyrian kings would flay Captives whom they caught in battle — iron-hearted victors they.

Ages after, while in Asia, he that led the wild Moguls, Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty thousand human skulls,

Then, and here in Edward's time, an age of noblest English names, Christian conquerors took and flung the conquer'd Christian into flames.

Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the great; Christian love among the Churches look'd the twin of heathen hate.

From the golden alms of Blessing man had coin'd himself a curse : Rome of Cæsar, Rome of Peter, which was crueller? which was worse?

France had shown a light to all men, preach'd a Gospel, all men's good; Celtic Demos rose a Demon, shriek'd and slaked the light with blood.

Hope was ever on her mountain, watching till the day begun — Crown'd with sunlight — over darkness — from the still unrisen sun.

Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan? 'Kill your enemy, for you hate him,' still, 'your enemy' was a man.

Have we sunk below them? peasants main the helpless horse, and drive Innocent cattle under thatch, and burn the kindlier brutes alive.

Brutes, the brutes are not your wrongers — burnt at midnight, found at morn, Twisted hard in mortal agony with their offspring, born-unborn,

Clinging to the silent mother! Are we devils? are we men? Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,

He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers Sisters, brothers — and the beasts — whose pains are hardly less than ours !

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! who can tell how all will end? Read the wide world's annals, you, and take their wisdom for your friend. Hope the best, but hold the Present fatal daughter of the Past, Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last.

Ay, if dynamite and revolver leave your courage to be wise: When was age so cramm'd with menace? madness? written, spoken lies?

Envy wears the mask of Love, and, laughing sober fact to scorn, Cries to Weakest as to Strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal-born.'

Equal-born? O yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat. Charm us, Orator, till the Lion look no larger than the Cat,

Till the Cat thro' that mirage of overheated language loom Larger than the Lion, — Demos end in working its own doom.

Russia bursts our Indian barrier, shall we fight her? shall we yield? Pause! before you sound the trumpet, hear the voices from the field.

Those three hundred millions under one Imperial sceptre now, Shall we hold them? shall we loose them? take the suffrage of the plow.

Nay, but these would feel and follow Truth if only you and you, Rivals of realm-ruining party, when you speak were wholly true.

Plowmen, Shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still could find, Sons of God, and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind,

Truthful, trustful, looking upward to the practised hustings-liar; So the Higher wields the Lower, while the Lower is the Higher.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine; Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! once again the sickening game; Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all; Step by step we rose to greatness, — thro' the tonguesters we may fall.

You that woo the Voices — tell them 'old experience is a fool,' Teach your flatter'd kings that only those who cannot read can rule.

Pluck the mighty from their seat, but set no meek ones in their place; Pillory Wisdom in your markets, pelt your offal at her face.

Tumble Nature heel o'er head, and, yelling with the yelling street, Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in the feet.

Bring the old dark ages back without the faith, without the hope, Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.

Authors — essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part, Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of Art. Rip your brothers' vices open, strip your own foul passions bare; Downwith Reticence, down with Reverence—forward—naked—let them stare.

Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer; Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should issue pure.

Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism, — Forward, forward, ay and backward, downward too into the abysm.

Do your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising race of men; Have we risen from out the beast, then back into the beast again?

Only 'dust to dust' for me that sicken at your lawless din, Dust in wholesome old-world dust before the newer world begin.

Heated am I? you — you wonder — well, it scarce becomes mine age — Patience! let the dying actor mouth his last upon the stage.

Cries of unprogressive dotage ere the dotard fall asleep? Noises of a current narrowing, not the music of a deep?

Ay, for doubtless I am old, and think gray thoughts, for I am gray: After all the stormy changes shall we find a changeless May?

After madness, after massacre, Jacobinism and Jacquerie, Some diviner force to guide us thro' the days I shall not see?

When the schemes and all the systems, Kingdoms and Republics fall, Something kindlier, higher, holier — all for each and each for all?

All the full-brain, half-brain races, led by Justice, Love, and Truth; All the millions one at length with all the visions of my youth?

All diseases quench'd by Science, no man halt or deaf or blind; Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier body, larger mind?

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue — I have seen her far away — for is not Earth as yet so young? —

Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion kill'd, Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd,

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles, Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.

Warless? when her tens are thousands, and her thousands millions, then — All her harvest all too narrow — who can fancy warless men?

Warless? war will die out late then. Will it ever? late or soon? Can it, till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead world the moon?

Dead the new astronomy calls her. . . . On this day and at this hour, In this gap between the sandhills, whence you see the Locksley tower, Here we met, our latest meeting — Amy — sixty years ago — She and I — the moon was falling greenish thro' a rosy glow,

Just above the gateway tower, and even where you see her now — Here we stood and claspt each other, swore the seeming-deathless vow. . . .

Dead, but how her living glory lights the hall, the dune, the grass! Yet the moonlight is the sunlight, and the Sun himself will pass.

Venus near her! smiling downward at this earthlier earth of ours, Closer on the Sun, perhaps a world of never fading flowers.

Hesper, whom the poet call'd the Bringer home of all good things. All good things may move in Hesper, perfect peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper — Venus — were we native to that splendour or in Mars, We should see the Globe we groan in, fairest of their evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage, craft and madness, lust and spite, Roaring London, raving Paris, in that point of peaceful light?

Might we not in glancing heavenward on a star so silver-fair, Yearn, and clasp the hands and murmur, ' Would to God that we were there'?

Forward, backward, backward, forward, in the immeasurable sea, Sway'd by vaster ebbs and flows than can be known to you or me.

All the suns — are these but symbols of innumerable man, Man or Mind that sees a shadow of the planner or the plan?

Is there evil but on earth? or pain in every peopled sphere? Well be grateful for the sounding watchword ' Evolution' here,

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good, And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

What are men that He should heed us? cried the king of sacred song; Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insect wrong,

While the silent Heavens roll, and Suns along their fiery way, All their planets whirling round them, flash a million miles a day.

Many an Æon moulded earth before her highest, man, was born, Many an Æon too may pass when earth is manless and forlorn,

Earth so huge, and yet so bounded — pools of salt, and plots of land — Shallow skin of green and azure — chains of mountain, grains of sand!

Only That which made us, meant us to be mightier by and by, Set the sphere of all the boundless Heavens within the human eye,

Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, thro' the human soul; Boundless inward, in the atom, boundless outward, in the Whole.

* * * * * *

Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson, here the lion-guarded gate. Not to-night in Locksley Hall — to-morrow — you, you come so late.

Wreck'd — your train — or all but wreck'd? a shatter'd wheel? a vicious boy! Good, this forward, you that preach it, is it well to wish you joy?

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time, City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet, Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the Master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread, There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor, And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

Nay, your pardon, cry your 'forward,' yours are hope and youth, but I - Eighty winters leave the dog too lame to follow with the cry,

Lame and old, and past his time, and passing now into the night; Yet I would the rising race were half as eager for the light.

Light the fading gleam of Even? light the glimmer of the dawn? Aged eyes may take the growing glimmer for the gleam withdrawn.

Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

Earth may reach her earthly-worst, or if she gain her earthly-best, Would she find her human offspring this ideal man at rest?

Forward then, but still remember how the course of Time will swerve, Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve.

Not the Hall to-night, my grandson ! Death and Silence hold their own. Leave the Master in the first dark hour of his last sleep alone.

Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest, rustic Squire, Kindly landlord, boon companion — youthful jealousy is a liar.

Cast the poison from your bosom, oust the madness from your brain. Let the trampled serpent show you that you have not lived in vain.

Youthful! youth and age are scholars yet but in the lower school, Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool.

Yonder lies our young sea-village — Art and Grace are less and less : Science grows and Beauty dwindles — roofs of slated hideousness !

There is one old Hostel left us where they swing the Locksley shield, Till the peasant cow shall butt the 'Lion passaut' from his field. Poor old Heraldry, poor old History, poor old Poetry, passing hence, In the common deluge drowning old political common-sense!

Poor old voice of eighty crying after voices that have fled ! All I loved are vanish'd voices, all my steps are on the dead.

All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears, Forward far and far from here is all the hope of eighty years.

* * * * * *

In this Hostel — I remember — I repent it o'er his grave — Like a clown — by chance he met me — I refused the hand he gave.

From that casement where the trailer mantles all the mouldering bricks — I was then in early boyhood, Edith but a child of six —

While I shelter'd in this archway from a day of driving showers — Peept the winsome face of Edith like a flower among the flowers.

Here to-night! the Hall to-morrow, when they toll the Chapel bell! Shall I hear in one dark room a wailing, 'I have loved thee well.'

Then a peal that shakes the portal — one has come to claim his bride, Her that shrank, and put me from her, shriek'd, and started from my side —

Silent echoes! You, my Leonard, use and not abuse your day, Move among your people, know them, follow him who led the way,

Strove for sixty widow'd years to help his homelier brother men, Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and drain'd the fen.

Hears he now the Voice that wrong'd him? who shall swear it cannot be? Earth would never touch her worst, were one in fifty such as he.

Ere she gain her Heavenly-best, a God must mingle with the game : Nay, there may be those about us whom we neither see nor name,

Felt within us as ourselves, the Powers of Good, the Powers of Ill, Strowing balm, or shedding poison in the fountains of the Will.

Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine. Forward, till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom — Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

Forward, let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the Past. I that loathed, have come to love him. Love will conquer at the last.

Gone at eighty, mine own age, and I and you will bear the pall; Then I leave thee Lord and Master, latest Lord of Locksley Hall.

PROLOGUE TO GENERAL HAMLEY.

Our birches vellowing and from each The light leaf falling fast. While squirrels from our fiery beech Were bearing off the mast, You came, and look'd and loved the view Long-known and loved by me. Green Sussex fading into blue With one gray glimpse of sea; And, gazing from this height alone, We spoke of what had been Most marvellous in the wars your own Crimean eyes had seen; And now — like old-world inns that take Some warrior for a sign That therewithin a guest may make True cheer with honest wine ---Because you heard the lines I read Nor utter'd word of blame. I dare without your leave to head These rhymings with your name, Who know you but as one of those I fain would meet again, Yet know you, as your England knows That you and all your men Were soldiers to her heart's desire, When, in the vanish'd year, You saw the league-long rampart-fire Flare from Tel-el-Kebir Thro' darkness, and the foe was driven. And Wolseley overthrew Arâbi, and the stars in heaven Paled, and the glory grew.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

OCTOBER 25, 1854.

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 arose in 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.

п.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!

- Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
- With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to the right,

And who shall escape if they close? but he dash'd up alone

- Thro' the great gray slope of men,
- Sway'd his sabre, and held his own

Like an Englishman there and then;

All in a moment follow'd with force

Three that were next in their fiery course,

- Wedged themselves in 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,

Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell like a cannonshot,

Burst like a thunderbolt.

Crash'd like a hurricane.

Broke thro' the mass from below,

Drove thro' the midst of the foe,

Plunged up and down, to and fro,

Rode flashing blow upon blow,

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,

What way?

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, whispering, all dismay'd,
- 'Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade!'

IV.

'Lost one and all' were the words Mutter'd in our dismay; 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,

Drove it in wild disarray,

- For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
- And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
- Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,

And over the brow and away.

v.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!

Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

NOTE. — The 'three hundred' of the 'Heavy Brigade' who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the 2nd squadron of Inniskillings, the remainder of the 'Heavy Brigade' subsequently dashing up to their support.

The 'three' were Scarlett's aide-de-camp, Elliot, and the trumpeter and Shegog the orderly, who had been close behind him.

EPILOGUE.

IRENE.

Not this way will you set your name A star among the stars.

POET.

IRENE.

You praise when you should blame The barbarism of wars.

A juster epoch has begun.

POET.

Yet tho' this cheek be gray, And that bright hair the modern sun, Those eyes the blue to-day, You wrong me, passionate little friend. I would that wars should cease,

I would the globe from end to end Might sow and reap in peace,

And some new Spirit o'erbear the old,

Or Trade refrain the Powers From war with kindly links of gold,

Or Love with wreaths of flowers. Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all

My friends and brother souls,

With all the peoples, great and small, That wheel between the poles.

But since, our mortal shadow, Ill

To waste this earth began — Perchance from some abuse of Will In worlds before the man

Involving ours — he needs must fight

To make true peace his own,

He needs must combat might with might, Or Might would rule alone;

And who loves War for War's own sake Is fool, or crazed, or worse;

But let the patriot-soldier take His meed of fame in verse;

- Nay tho' that realm were in the wrong For which her warriors bleed,
- It still were right to crown with song The warrior's noble deed —

A crown the Singer hopes may last, For so the deed endures;

But Song will vanish in the Vast; And that large phrase of yours

'A Star among the stars,' my dear, Is girlish talk at best;

For dare we dally with the sphere As he did half in jest,

Old Horace? 'I will strike,' said he,
'The stars with head sublime,'
But scarce could see, as now we see,
The man in Space and Time,
So drew perchance a happier lot
Than ours, who rhyme to-day.
The fires that arch this dusky dot —
Yon myriad-worlded way —
The vast sun-clusters' gather'd blaze,
World-isles in lonely skies,
Whole heavens within themselves, amaze
Our brief humanities;
And so does Earth; for Homer's fame,
Tho' carved in harder stone —

As mortal as my own.

IRENE. POET.

Let it live then - av, till when? Earth passes, all is lost In what they prophesy, our wise men, Sun-flame or sunless frost. And deed and song alike are swept Away, and all in vain As far as man can see, except The man himself remain: And tho', in this lean age forlorn, Too many a voice may cry That man can have no after-morn, Not yet of these am I. The man remains, and whatsoe'er He wrought of good or brave Will mould him thro' the cycle-year That dawns behind the grave.

And here the Singer for his Art Not all in vain may plead 'The song that nerves a nation's heart, Is in itself a deed.'

TO VIRGIL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH.

I.

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire, Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

п.

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;

III.

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;

IV.

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping underneath his beechen bowers; Poet of the poet-satyr

whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

v.

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the blissful years again to be, Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

VI.

Thou that seëst Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind;

Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind;

VII.

Light among the vanish'd ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore;

Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

VIII.

Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—

No!

- Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound for ever of Imperial Rome — IX.
- Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd, and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
- I, from out the Northern Island sunder'd once from all the human race,

х.

I salute thee, Mantovano,

I that loved thee since my day began,

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

THE DEAD PROPHET.

182-.

DEAD!

And the Muses cried with a stormy cry 'Send them no more, for evermore. Let the people die.'

11.

Dead! 'Is it *he* then brought so low?'

And a careless people flock'd from the fields

With a purse to pay for the show.

III.

Dead, who had served his time, Was one of the people's kings, Had labour'd in lifting them out of slime, And showing them souls have wings!

IV.

Dumb on the winter heath he lay. His friends had stript him bare, And roll'd his nakedness everyway That all the crowd might stare.

ν,

A storm-worn signpost not to be read, And a tree with a moulder'd nest On its barkless bones, stood stark by the

dead;

And behind him, low in the West,

VJ.

With shifting ladders of shadow and light, And blurr'd in colour and form,

The sun hung over the gates of Night, And glared at a coming storm.

VII.

Then glided a vulturous Beldam forth, That on dumb death had thriven;

- They call'd her 'Reverence' here upon earth,
- And 'The Curse of the Prophet' in Heaven.

VIII.

She knelt — ' We worship him ' — all but wept —

'So great, so noble was he!'

She clear'd her sight, she arose, she swept The dust of earth from her knee.

IX.

'Great! for he spoke and the people heard,

And his eloquence caught like a flame From zone to zone of the world, till his Word

Had won him a noble name.

x.

Noble! he sung, and the sweet sound ran Thro' palace and cottage door,

For he touch'd on the whole sad planet of man,

The kings and the rich and the poor;

XI.

And he sung not alone of an old sun set, But a sun coming up in his youth !

Great and noble — O yes — but yet — For man is a lover of Truth,

XII.

And bound to follow, wherever she go Stark-naked, and up or down,

Thro' her high hill-passes of stainless snow,

Or the foulest sewer of the town --

Noble and great — O ay — but then, Tho' a prophet should have his due, Was he noblier-fashion'd than other men? Shall we see to it, I and you?

xiv.

For since he would sit on a Prophet's seat,

As a lord of the Human soul,

We needs must scan him from head to feet

Were it but for a wart or a mole?'

xv.

His wife and his child stood by him in tears,

But she — she push'd them aside.

'Tho' a name may last for a thousand years,

Yet a truth is a truth,' she cried.

XVI.

And she that had haunted his pathway still,

Had often truckled and cower'd

When he rose in his wrath, and had yielded her will

To the master, as overpower'd,

XVII.

She tumbled his helpless corpse about. 'Small blemish upon the skin!

But I think we know what is fair without Is often as foul within.'

XVIII.

She crouch'd, she tore him part from part,

And out of his body she drew

The red 'Blood-eagle' of liver and heart;

She held them up to the view;

XIX.

She gabbled, as she groped in the dead, And all the people were pleased;

¹ Old Viking term for lungs, liver, etc., when torn by the conqueror out of the body of the conquered. 'See, what a little heart,' she said, 'And the liver is half-diseased!'

xx.

She tore the Prophet after death, And the people paid her well. Lightnings flicker'd along the heath; One shriek'd ' The fires of Hell!'

EARLY SPRING.

I.

ONCE more the Heavenly Power Makes all things new, And domes the red-plow'd hills With loving blue; The blackbirds have their wills,

The throstles too.

п.

Opens a door in Heaven; From skies of glass A Jacob's ladder falls On greening grass, And o'er the mountain-walls Young angels pass.

ш.

Before them fleets the shower, And burst the buds, And shine the level lands, And flash the floods; The stars are from their hands Flung thro' the woods,

IV.

The woods with living airs How softly fann'd,

Light airs from where the deep, All down the sand,

Is breathing in his sleep, Heard by the land.

v.

- O follow, leaping blood, The season's lure!
- O heart, look down and up Serene, secure,
- Warm as the crocus cup, Like snowdrops, pure!

Past, Future glimpse and fade Thro' some slight spell, A gleam from yonder vale, Some far blue fell, And sympathies, how frail,

VΙ

In sound and smell!

VII.

Till at thy chuckled note, Thou twinkling bird, The fairy fancies range, And, lightly stirr'd, Ring little bells of change From word to word.

VIII.

For now the Heavenly Power Makes all things new, And thaws the cold, and fills The flower with dew; The blackbirds have their wills. The poets too.

PREFATORY POEM TO MY BROTHER'S SONNETS.

Midnight, June 30, 1879.

1.

MIDNIGHT — in no midsummer tune The breakers lash the shores: The cuckoo of a joyless June Is calling out of doors:

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own To that which looks like rest. True brother, only to be known By those who love thee best.

II.

Midnight — and joyless June gone by, And from the deluged park The cuckoo of a worse July Is calling thro' the dark:

But thou art silent underground, And o'er thee streams the rain, True poet, surely to be found When Truth is found again.

III

And, now to these unsummer'd skies The summer bird is still, Far off a phantom cuckoo cries From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun Of sixty years away. The light of days when life begun. The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with thee. As all my hopes were thine ---As all thou wert was one with me. May all thou art be mine!

'FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE.'

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!

- So they row'd, and there we landed -'O venusta Sirmio!'
- There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,

There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,

Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe, Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen

hundred years ago,

'Frater Ave atque Vale,'--as we wander'd to and fro,

Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below,

Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olivesilvery Sirmio!

HELEN'S TOWER.¹

HELEN'S TOWER, here I stand, Dominant over sea and land. Son's love built me, and I hold Mother's love in letter'd gold. Love is in and out of time, I am mortal stone and lime. Would my granite girth were strong As either love, to last as long!

¹ Written at the request of my friend, Lord Dufferin.

I should wear my crown entire To and thro' the Doomsday fire, And be found of angel eyes In earth's recurring Paradise.

EPITAPH ON LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THOU third great Canning, stand among our best

And noblest, now thy long day's work hath ceased,

Here silent in our Minster of the West Who wert the voice of England in the East.

EPITAPH

ON GENERAL GORDON.

IN THE GORDON BOYS' NATIONAL MEMORIAL HOME NEAR WOKING.

WARRIOR of God, man's friend, and tyrant's foe,

Now somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,

Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know

This earth has never borne a nobler man.

EPITAPH ON CAXTON.

IN ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

FIAT LUX (his motto).

THY prayer was 'Light — more Light — while Time shall last!'

Thou sawest a glory growing on the night, But not the shadows which that light would cast,

Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

O PATRIOT Statesman, be thou wise to know

The limits of resistance, and the bounds Determining concession; still be bold Not only to slight praise but suffer scorn; And be thy heart a fortress to maintain

The day against the moment, and the year

- Against the day; thy voice, a music heard
- Thro' all the yells and counter-yells of feud
- And faction, and thy will, a power to make

This ever-changing world of circumstance,

In changing, chime with never-changing Law.

HANDS ALL ROUND.

FIRST pledge our Queen this solemn night,

Then drink 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 true Conservative

Who lops the moulder'd branch away. Hands all round !

- God the traitor's hope confound !
- To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,

And the great name of England, round and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long

To keep our English Empire whole! To all our noble sons, the strong

- New England of the Southern Pole! To England under Indian skies,
- To those dark millions of her realm! To Canada whom we love and prize,

Whatever statesman hold the helm. * Hands all round !

God the traitor's hope confound !

To this great name of England drink, my friends,

And all her glorious empire, round and round.

To all our statesmen so they be True leaders of the land's desire!

To both our Houses, may they see

Beyond the borough and the shire!

We sail'd wherever ship could sail, We founded many a mighty state; Pray God our greatness may not fail Thro' craven fears of being great. Hands all round ! God the traitor's hope confound !

- To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
 - And the great name of England, round and round.

FREEDOM.

Ι.

O THOU so fair in summers gone, While yet thy fresh and virgin soul Inform'd the pillar'd Parthenon, The glittering Capitol;

п.

So fair in southern sunshine bathed, But scarce of such majestic mien As here with forehead vapour-swathed In meadows ever green;

ш.

- For thou when Athens reign'd and Rome,
 - Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain
- To mark in many a freeman's home The slave, the scourge, the chain;

IV.

O follower of the Vision, still In motion to the distant gleam, Howe'er blind force and brainless will May jar thy golden dream

v.

Of Knowledge fusing class with class, Of civic Hate no more to be, Of Love to leaven all the mass, Till every Soul be free;

VI.

Who yet, like Nature, wouldst not mar By changes all too fierce and fast This order of Her Human Star, This heritage of the past; VII.

O scorner of the party cry That wanders from the public good, Thou— when the nations rear on high Their idol smear'd with blood,

VIII.

And when they roll their idol down — Of saner worship sanely proud; Thou loather of the lawless crown As of the lawless crowd:

IX.

How long thine ever-growing mind Hath still'd the blast and strown the wave,

Tho' some of late would raise a wind To sing thee to thy grave,

х.

Men loud against all forms of power — Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues —

Expecting all things in an hour — Brass mouths and iron lungs!

TO H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Two Suns of Love make day of human life,

Which else with all its pains, and griefs, and deaths,

Were utter darkness — one, the Sun of dawn

That brightens thro' the Mother's tender eyes,

And warms the child's awakening world — and one

The later-rising Sun of spousal Love,

- Which from her household orbit draws the child
- To move in other spheres. The Mother weeps

At that white funeral of the single life,

- Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
- Are half of pleasure, half of pain the child

Is happy - ev'n in leaving her ! but Thou,

- True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes Have seen the loneliness of earthly
- thrones, Wilt neither quit the widow'd Crown, nor let

This later light of Love have risen in vain,

But moving thro' the Mother's home, between

The two that love thee, lead a summer life,

- Sway'd by each Love, and swaying to each Love,
- Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven
- Between two Suns, and drawing down from both

The light and genial warmth of double day.

THE FLEET.1

I.

You, you, *if* you shall fail to understand What England is, and what her all-in-all,

On you will come the curse of all the land, Should this old England fall

Which Nelson left so great.

11.

His isle, the mightiest Ocean-power on earth.

Our own fair isle, the lord of every sea —

¹ The speaker said that 'he should like to be assured that other outlying portions of the Empire, the Crown colonies, and important coaling stations were being as promptly and as thoroughly fortified as the various capitals of the self-governing colonies. He was credibly informed this was not so. It was impossible, also, not to feel some degree of anxiety about the efficacy of present provision to defend and protect, by means of swift well-armed cruisers, the immense mercantile fleet of the Empire. A third source of anxiety, so far as the colonies were concerned, was the apparently insufficient provision for the rapid manufacture of armaments and their prompt despatch when ordered to their colonial destination. Hence the necessity for manufacturing appliances equal to the requirements, not of Great Britain alone, but of the whole Empire. But the keystone of the whole was the necessity for an overwhelmingly powerful fleet and efficient defence for all necessary coaling stations. This was as essential for the colonies as for Great Britain. It was the one condition Her fuller franchise — what would that be worth —

Her ancient fame of Free ---

Were she . . . a fallen state?

ш.

Her dauntless army scatter'd, and so small,

Her island-myriads fed from alien lands—

The fleet of England is her all-in-all; Her fleet is in your hands,

And in her fleet her Fate.

1V.

You, you, that have the ordering of her fleet,

If you should only compass her disgrace, When all men starve, the wild mob's

million feet

Will kick you from your place, But then too late, too late.

OPENING OF THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION BY THE QUEEN.

Written at the Request of the Prince of Wales.

I.

WELCOME, welcome with one voice ! In your welfare we rejoice,

for the continuance of the Empire. All that Continental Powers did with respect to armies England should effect with her navy. It was essentially a defensive force, and could be moved rapidly from point to point, but it should be equal to all that was expected from it. It was to strengthen the fleet that colonists would first readily tax themselves, because they realised how essential a powerful fleet was to the safety, not only of that extensive commerce sailing in every sea, but ultimately to the security of the distant portions of the Empire. Who could estimate the loss involved in even a brief period of disaster to the Imperial Navy? Any amount of money timely expended in preparation would be quite insignificant when compared with the possible calamity he had referred to.' - Extract from Sir Graham Berry's Speech at the Colonial Institute, 9th November 1886.

Sons and brothers that have sent, From isle and cape and continent, Produce of your field and flood, Mount and mine, and primal wood; Works of subtle brain and hand, And splendours of the morning land Gifts from every British zone;

Britons, hold your own!

п.

May we find, as ages run, The mother featured in the son; And may yours for ever be That old strength and constancy Which has made your fathers great In our ancient island State, And wherever her flag fly, Glorying between sea and sky, Makes the might of Britain known;

Britons, hold your own!

ш.

Britain fought her sons of yore — Britain fail'd; and never more, Careless of our growing kin, Shall we sin our fathers' sin, Men that in a narrower day — Unprophetic rulers they — Drove from out the mother's nest That young eagle of the West To forage for herself alone; Britons, hold your own !

IV.

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
' Sons, be welded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul !
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne !
Britons, hold your own !

POETS AND THEIR BIBLIOGRA-PHIES.

OLD poets foster'd under friendlier skies, Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say, At dawn, and lavish all the golden day To make them wealthier in his readers' eves:

- And you, old popular Horace, you the wise
 - Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd lay And you, that wear a wreath of sweeter bay.
- Catullus whose dead songster never dies;
- If, glancing downward on the kindly sphere
 - That once had roll'd you round and round the Sun,
 - You see your Art still shrined in human shelves,
- You should be jubilant that you flourish'd here

Before the Love of Letters, overdone, Had swampt the sacred poets with themselves.

TO W. C. MACREADY.

1851.

FAREWELL, Macready, since to-night we part;

Full-handed thunders often have confess'd

- Thy power, well-used to move the public breast.
- We thank thee with our voice, and from the heart.
- Farewell, Macready, since this night we part,

Go, take thine honours home; rank with the best,

Garrick and statelier Kemble, and the rest

Who made a nation purer through their art.

Thine is it that our drama did not die,

- Nor flicker down to brainless pantomime,
 - And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.
- Farewell, Macready; moral, grave, sublime;
- Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
 - Dwells pleased, through twice a hundred years, on thee.

QUEEN MARY:

A DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OUEEN MARY. PHULP, 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 WILLIAM CECIL. SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD. SIR THOMAS WHITE, Lord Mayor of London. THE DUKE OF ALVA THE COUNT DE FERIA dttending on Philip. FATHER COLE. FATHER BOURNE. PETER MARTYR. VILLA GARCIA. Soto. ANTHONY KNYVETT Adherents of Wyatt. 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 HONOUR to the Princess Elizabeth. JOAN two Country Wives.

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, Two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, Gospellers, Marshalmen, etc.

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 trueborn.

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 Christmasses.

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 apassing! [Falls on his knees.

Nokes. Let father alone, my masters! he's past your questioning.

Third Citizen. Answer thou for him, then! thou'rt no such cockerel thyself, for thou wast born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh.

Nokes. Eh! that was afore bastardmaking 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 roval!

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 rumour 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 rumour.

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: 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 eves

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 forgiven. 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

'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 vou 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.

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, COURTE-NAY. 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. Av, 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 grayold Gospeller, sour as midwinter, 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 mob! down! Bourne. - and since our Gracious Oueen, 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 Courtenav. 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, Noailles. wilt thou see the holv father Murdered 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! fellows, [A train of Spanish servants crosses at the back of the stage. prison. Noailles. These birds of passage come before their time: Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard there. My masters, yonder's fatter Roger. game for you Courtenay. Than this old gaping gurgoyle: look you there. there -The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Oueen ! 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 ---Noailles. That makes for France. Good-day, my Lord of Devon;

- A bold heart yours to beard that raging
 - 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.
 - Why not? I am king's blood.
 - Noailles. And in the whirl of change may come to be one.

Courtenav. Ah!

- But does your gracious Oueen entreat vou kinglike?
- 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 honour my poor house to-night,
- We might enliven you. Divers honest
- The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from
- Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,
- Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more we play.
 - Courtenay. At what?
 - Noailles. The Game of Chess.
- The Game of Chess! I can play well, and I shall beat you
 - 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, were 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? 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 soyouwell attend to the king'smoves, think you may. Courtenay. When do you meet? Noailles. Courtenay. When do you meet? Noailles. Courtenay (aside). I will be there; the fellow's at his tricks— Courtenay (aside). I will be there; the fellow's at his tricks. Courtenay. Noailles. Courtenay. Not one. sir. Noailles. Courtenay. Not one. Scenxe IV. Let's away. Courtenay. Not one. Scenxe IV. Courtenay. So yet am I, Courtenay. So yet am I, Courtenay. No you hatter They've almost talked me into it: yet the word Affirights me somewhat: to be such a on As If arry Bolingbrock that ha into it: Sood now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your age, And by your looks you are not worth the having,

Were I in Devon with my wedded bride. Courtenay. Von did me wrong. The people there so worship me-Your I love not to be called a butterfly: Why do you call me butterfly? ear; You shall be Oueen. Elizabeth. Why do you go so gay Elizabeth. You speak too low. then? Courtenay. Velvet and gold. my Lord: This dress was made me as the Earl of I cannot hear you. Courtenav. I'll repeat it. Devon No! To take my seat in; looks it not right Elizabeth. Stand further off, or you may lose your roval? Elizabeth. So royal that the Oueen head. Courtenay. I have a head to lose for forbade you wearing it. I wear it then to spite your sweet sake. Courtenay. Elizabeth. Have you, my Lord? Best her keep it for your own. Elizabeth. My Lord, my Lord; Her Nay, pout not, cousin. I see you in the Tower again. Not many friends are mine, except indeed Majestv Among the many. I believe you mine; Hears you affect the Prince - prelates kneel to you. -And so you may continue mine, farewell, Courtenay. I am the noblest blood And that at once. in Europe, Madam, Enter MARY, behind. A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin. Mary. Whispering-leagued together She hears you make your Elizabeth. boast that after all To bar me from my Philip. She means to wed you. Folly, my good Courtenav. Prav --- consider ---Elizabeth (seeing the Queen). Well, Lord. that's a noble horse of yours, my Courtenay. How folly? a great party in the state Lord. I trust that he will carry you well to-day, Wills me to wed her. Elizabeth. Failing her, my Lord, And heal your headache. Courtenay. You are wild; what head-Doth not as great a party in the state ache? Will you to wed me? Heartache, perchance; not headache. Courtenay. Even so, fair lady. Elizabeth. You know to flatter ladies. Elizabeth (aside to Courtenay). Are Nay, I meant you blind? Courtenay. [Courtenay sees the Queen and exit. True matters of the heart. Exit Mary. My heart, my Lord, Elizabeth. Is no great party in the state as yet. Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD. Courtenay. Great, said you? nay, you Howard. Was that my Lord of Devon? shall be great. I love you, do not you Lay my life in your hands. Can you be Be seen in corners with my Lord of close? Elizabeth. Can you, my Lord? Devon. He hath fallen out of favour with the Courtenay. Close as a miser's casket. Listen : Queen. She fears the Lords may side with you The King of France, Noailles the Amand him bassador, The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew, Against her marriage; therefore is he Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some others, dangerous. And if this Prince of fluff and feather Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall not be. come To woo you, niece, he is dangerous every If Mary will not hear us-well-conjecture --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 should be plain and open with me, niece. You should not play upon me. <i>Elizabeth.</i> No, good uncle. <i>Enter</i> GARDINER. <i>Gardiner.</i> The Queen would see your Grace upon the moment.
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 —	Elizabeth. Why, my lord Bishop? Gardiner. I think she means to coun- sel your withdrawing To Ashridge, or some other country house. Elizabeth. Why, my lord Bishop?
 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, 	Gardiner. I do but bring the message, know no more. Your Grace will hear her reasons from herself. Elizabeth. 'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd before the word Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to
 I 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 	crave Permission of her Highness to retire To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there. <i>Gardiner</i> . Madam, to have the wish before the word Is man's good Fairy — and the Queen is
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 fellow- prisoners	yours. I left her with rich jewels in her hand, Whereof 'tis like enough she means to make A farewell present to your Grace. <i>Elizabeth</i> . My Lord, I have the jewel of a loyal heart. <i>Gardiner</i> . I doubt it not, Madam,
So many years in yon accursed Tower — Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece, He hath no fence when Gardiner ques- tions him; All oozes out; yet him — because they know him The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet	most loyal. [Bows low and exit. Howard. See, This comes of parleying with my Lord of Devon. Well, well, you must obey; and I myself Believe it will be better for your welfare. Your time will come. Elizabeth. I think my time will come.
 (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. <i>Elizabeth.</i> Do they say so, good uncle? 	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,
Howard. Ay, good niece!	That irritable forelock which he rubs,

.

	Det man and mother some (Collment has
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd	But my good mother came (God rest her
eyes Half fright me.	soul) Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
Howard. You've a bold heart; keep	And in my likings.
it so.	Alice. By your Grace's leave
He cannot touch you save that you turn	Your, royal mother came of Spain, but
traitor;	took
And so take heed I pray you — you are	To the English red and white. Your
one	royal father
Who love that men should smile upon you, niece.	(For so they say) was all pure lily and rose
They'd smile you into treason — some of	In his youth, and like a lady.
them.	Mary. O just God!
<i>Elizabeth.</i> I spy the rock beneath the	Sweet mother, you had time and cause
smiling sea.	enough
But if this Philip, the proud Catholic	To sicken of his lilies and his roses.
prince,	Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced,
And this bald priest, and she that hates	forlorn!
me, seek	And then the King—that traitor past forgiveness,
In that lone house, to practise on my life,	The false archbishop fawning on him,
By poison, fire, shot, stab —	married
Howard. They will not, niece.	The mother of Elizabeth — a heretic
Mine is the fleet and all the power at	Ev'n as she is; but God hath sent me
sea —	here
Or will be in a moment. If they dared	To take such order with all heretics
To harm you, I would blow this Philip and all	That it shall be, before I die, as tho'
Your trouble to the dogstar and the	My father and my brother had not lived. What wast thou saying of this Lady
devil.	Jane,
Elizabeth. To the Pleiads, uncle;	Now in the Tower?
they have lost a sister.	Alice. Why, Madam, she was passing
Howard. But why say that? what	Some chapel down in Essex, and with
have you done to lose her?	her
Come, come, I will go with you to the	Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady Anne
Queen. [Exeunt.	Bow'd to the Pyx; but Lady Jane stood up
SCENE V.	Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
SCENE V.	And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady
A ROOM IN THE PALACE.	Anne,
MARY with PHILIP'S miniature. ALICE.	To him within there who made Heaven and Earth?
Mary (kissing the miniature). Most	I cannot and I dare not tell your Grace
goodly, Kinglike and an Emperor's	What Lady Jane replied.
son, —	Mary. But I will have it.
A king to be, — is he not noble, girl?	Alice. She said — pray pardon me,
Alice. Goodly enough, your Grace,	and pity her — She hath harken'd evil counsel — ah !
and yet, methinks,	she said,
I have seen goodlier. Mary. Ay; some waxen doll	The baker made him.
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike;	Mary. Monstrous! blasphemous!
All red and white, the fashion of our	She ought to burn. Hence, thou. (Exit
land.	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 *Exit* Usher. good Lord.
- 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 people,

- Make all tongues praise and all hearts beat for you.
- I'd have you vet more loved: the realm is poor,
- The exchequer at neap-tide: we might withdraw
- Part of our garrison at Calais.
 - Calais! Mary.
- 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.
- Do not fear it. Gardiner. 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 speaking. 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 populace,
- With fingers pointed like so many daggers,
- Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and
- Philip; And when I sleep, a hundred men-atarms
- Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would murder me,
- Because they think me favourer of this marriage.
 - Mary. And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor.
 - Gardiner. But our young Earl of Devon-
 - Earl of Devon? Mary.

- 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 schoolboy that hath broken bounds.

Sickening himself with sweets.

I will not hear of him. Mary.

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 -
- I would his Ay, true — a goodly one. life

Were half as goodly (aside).

- What is that you mutter? Mary. Gardiner. O Madam, take it bluntly; marry Philip,
- And be stepmother 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.

News to me! Gardiner. It then remains for your poor Gardiner,

So you still care to trust him somewhat less

- Than Simon Renard, to compose the event
- In some such form as least may harm vour Grace.
 - Mary. I'll have the scandal sounded to the mud.

I know it a scandal.

- All my hope is now Gardiner. It may be found a scandal.
 - Mary. You offend us. These princes are Gardiner (aside). 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.

- Who waits? Mary.
- Usher. The Ambassador from France, your Grace.
- Mary (sits down). Bid him come in. Good morning, Sir de Noailles.

[Exit Usher.

- Noailles (entering). A happy morning to your Majesty.
- Mary. And I should sometime have y. And i says a happy morning; i mone vet. What says the
- I have had none yet. King your master?
 - Madam, my master hears Noailles. with much alarm,
- That you may marry Philip, Prince of Spain -

Foreseeing, with whate'er unwillingness, 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 work's against me in the dark. I do believe he holp Northumberland
- Against me.
 - Noailles. Nay, pure phantasy, 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 Than mine into the future. We but seek 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.
- 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 everyway 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 (rising to meet him). 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.

Only once.

SCENE V.

- 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. No, Renard; it must never come to this.
 - *Renard.* Not yet; but your old Traitors of the Tower —
- Why, when you put Northumberland to death,
- The sentence having past upon them all,
- Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley,
- Ev'n that young girl who dared to wear your crown?
- Mary. Dared? nay, not so; 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 For Philip comes, one hand in mine,
- and one Steadying the tremulous pillars of the
- Church —
- But no, no, no. 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. Marv.* 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 before them,
- And those hard men brake into womantears,
- 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 the' 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 scorn'd '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 chair, half fainting.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — Alington 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 could'st 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.

IVilliam. 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 [He writes. down.

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 Maidstone market, and your worship the first man in Kent and Christendom, for the Queen's down, and the world's up, and your worship a-top of it.

IV yatt. Inverted Æsop – mountain out of mouse.

Say for ten thousand ten — and pothouse knaves,

Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale

Enter ANTHONY KNYVETT.

William. Here's Anthony 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 vou know

For ages.

Knyvett. Tut, your sonnet's a flying ant,

Wing'd for a moment.

IV vatt. 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 vour 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 become

- A rotten limb of Spain. They roar for vou
- 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-songing 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, Anthony!
- 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 forgot 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.
 - *IVyatt.* Ha! Courtenay's cipher. [*Keads.*]

'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; I 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 Oueen'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 thumbscrew, 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 ve 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, starved, maim'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 Alington, green field
- Beside the brimming Medway, it may chance
- That I shall never look upon you more. *Knyvett.* Come, now, you're sonnetting again.
 - IV yatt. Not I.
- I'll have my head set higher in the state;
- Or if the Lord God will it on the stake.

SCENE II. - GUILDHALL.

- SIR THOMAS WHITE (the Lord Mayor). LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN 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 companies.
- 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 traitor,
- 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	<i>White.</i> God send her well; Here comes her Royal Grace.
In hair and cheek; and almost elbowing	Enter Guards, Mary, and Gardiner.
her,	SIR THOMAS WHITE leads her to a
So close they stood, another, mute as death,	raised seat on the daïs.
And white as her own milk; her babe in	White. I, the Lord Mayor, and these
arms	our companies
Had felt the faltering of his mother's	And guilds of London, gathered here,
heart,	beseech Vour Highness to accent our louliest
And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious Catholic,	Your Highness to accept our lowliest thanks
Mumbling and mixing up in his scared	For your most princely presence; and we
prayers	pray
Heaven and earth's Maries; over his	That we, your true and loyal citizens,
bow'd shoulder	From your own royal lips, at once may
Scowl'd that world-hated and world-	know
hating beast, A haggard Anabaptist. Many such	The wherefore of this coming, and so learn
groups.	Your royal will, and do it I, Lord
The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Cour-	Mayor
tenay,	Of London, and our guilds and com-
Nay, the Queen's right to reign — 'fore	panies.
God, the rogues —	Mary. In mine own person am I
Were freely buzz'd among them. So I say	come to you, To tell you what indeed ye see and know,
Your city is divided, and I fear	How traitorously these rebels out of Kent
One scruple, this or that way, of success	Have made strong head against ourselves
Would turn it thither. Wherefore now	and you.
the Queen	They would not have me wed the Prince
In this low pulse and palsy of the state,	of Spain;
Bade me to tell you that she counts on you	That was their pretext — so they spake at first —
And on myself as her two hands; on you,	But we sent divers of our Council to them,
In your own city, as her right, my Lord,	And by their answers to the question
For you are loyal.	ask'd,
White. Am I Thomas White?	It doth appear this marriage is the least
One word before she comes. Elizabeth —	Of all their quarrel.
Her name is much abused among these traitors.	They have betray'd the treason of their hearts:
Where is she? She is loved by all of us.	Seek to possess our person, hold our
I scarce have heart to mingle in this	Tower,
matter,	Place and displace our councillors, and
If she should be mishandled.	use
Howard. No; she shall not. The Queen had written her word to	Both us and them according as they will. Now what I am ye know right well—
come to court :	your Queen;
Methought I smelt out Renard in the	To whom, when I was wedded to the
letter,	realm
And fearing for her, sent a secret missive,	And the realm's laws (the spousal ring
Which told her to be sick. Happily or	whereof,
not, It found her sick indeed.	Not ever to be laid aside, I wear Upon this finger), ye did promise full
it found her sick muccu.	· opon this inger, ye are promise fun

 Ye know my father was the rightful heir Of England, and his right came down to me. Corroborate by your acts of Parliament: And asy were most loving unto him, So doubtless will ye show yourselves to me. Should seize our person, occupy our state, Should seize our person, occupy our state, More specially a traitor so presumptuous Sh this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd with A public ignorance, and, under colour for such a cause as hath no colour, seeks To bend the laws to his own will, and yield Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn, To make free spoil and havock 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 thes same riage, ye shall understand we mad thereto no treaty of ourselves, And set no foot theretoward unadvised of all our Privy Council; furthermore, This marriage had the assent of those to whom The king, my father, did commit his trust; Who not alone esteem'd it honourable, But for the wealth and glory of our realm, And all our loving subjects, most ex- pedient. As to myself, As to myself, Am and lo ur loving subjects, most ex- pedient. As to myself, And mot so set on wedlock as to choose But Where I list, nor yet so amorous But for the wealth and glory of our realm, And all our loving subjects, most ex- pedient. As to myself, And mid you statues. Speak at once— and all! For whom? Con solar harts and bosoms, hoped to fall Into the widespread arms of fealty, And finds you statues. Speak at once— and all! For whom? 		
	 Ye know my father was the rightful heir Of England, and his right came down to me, Corroborate by your acts of Parliament : 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 presumptuous As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd with A public ignorance, and, under colour Of such a cause as hath no colour, seeks To bend the laws to his own will, and yield Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn, To make free spoil and havock 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 understand We made thereto no treaty of ourselves, And set no foot theretoward unadvised Of all our Privy Council; furthermore, This marriage had the assent of those to whom The king, my father, did commit his trust; Who not alone esteem'd it honourable, 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, 	 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, And it would be your comfort, as I trust; And truly, if I either thought or knew This marriage should bring loss or danger to you, My subjects, or impair in any way This royal state of England, I would never Consent thereto, nor marry while I live; Moreover, if this marriage should not seem, Before our own High Court of Parliament, To be of rich advantage to our realm, We will refrain, and not alone from this, Likewise from any other, out of which Looms the least chance of peril to our realm. Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful Prince Stand fast against our enemies and yours, And fear them not. I fear them not. My Lord, I leave Lord William Howard in your city, To guard and keep you whole and safe from all The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these rebels, Who mouth and foam against the Prince of Spain. Voices. Long live Queen Mary! Down with Wyatt! The Queen! IWhite. Three voices from our guilds and companies! You are shy and proud like Englishmen, my masters, And will not trust your voices. Understand: Your lawful Prince hath come to cast herself On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall Into the widespread arms of fealty, And finds you statues. Speak at once — and all! For whom? Our sovereign Lady by King Harry's will; The Queen of England — or the Kentish

I know you loyal. Speak ! in the name	Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of hers.
of God ! The Queen of England or the rabble of Kent?	To read our faces; I have never seen her So queenly or so goodly.
The reeking dungfork master of the mace ! Your havings wasted by the scythe and	White. Courage, sir, That makes or man or woman look their
spade —	goodliest.
Your rights and charters hobnail'd into slush—	Die like the torn fox dumb, but never whine
Your houses fired — your gutters bubbling blood —	Like that poor heart, Northumberland, at the block.
Acclamation. No! No! The Queen! the Queen!	Bagenhall. The man had children, and he whined for those.
White. Your Highness hears	Methinks most men are but poor-hearted,
This burst and bass of loyal harmony, And how we each and all of us abhor	else Should we so dote on courage, were it
The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt Of Thomas Wyatt. Hear us now make	commoner? The Queen stands up, and speaks for her
oath	own self;
To raise your Highness thirty thousand men,	And all men cry, She is queenly, she is goodly.
And arm and strike as with one hand, and brush	Yet she's no goodlier; tho' my Lord Mayor here,
This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flea That might have leapt upon us unawares.	By his own rule, he hath been so bold to-day,
Swear with me, noble fellow-citizens, all,	Should look more goodly than the rest of
With all your trades, and guilds, and companies.	us. White. Goodly? I feel most goodly
<i>Citizens.</i> We swear ! <i>Mary.</i> We thank your Lordship and	heart and hand, And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all
your loyal city. [<i>Exit</i> Mary attended.	Kent. Ha! ha! sir; but you jest; I love it: a
White. I trust this day, thro' God, I	jest
have saved the crown. First Alderman. Ay, so my Lord of	In time of danger shows the pulses even. Be merry! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but
Pembroke in command Of all her force be safe; but there are	sad. I dare avouch you'd stand up for your-
doubts. Second Alderman. I hear that Gar-	self, Tho' all the world should bay like winter
diner, coming with the Queen, And meeting Pembroke, bent to his	wolves. Bagenhall. Who knows? the man is
saddle-bow, As if to win the man by flattering him.	proven by the hour. <i>White.</i> The man should make the
Is he so safe to fight upon her side?	hour, not this the man;
First Alderman. If not, there's no man safe.	And Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt,
<i>White.</i> Yes, Thomas White. I am safe enough; no man need flatter me.	And he will prove an Iden to this Cade, And he will play the Walworth to this
Second Alderman. Nay, no man need;	Wat; Come, sirs, we prate; hence all — gather
but did you mark our Queen? The colour freely play'd into her face,	your men —
And the half sight which makes her look so stern,	Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to Southwark;

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- SCENE III.
- I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the Thames.
- And see the citizens arm'd. Good-day; *Exit* White. good-day.
 - Bagenhall. One of much outdoor bluster.
 - For all that. Howard.
- 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.
 - It may be.

Howard. Bagenhall. I have heard

- One of your Council fleer 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 fleer 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.
- I must set Howard. 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 cried'st '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.
 - Whatt. 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 saidest.
- Ran sunless down, and moan'd against the piers.
- But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William 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?
- On somehow. To go back Brett. Were to lose all.
- On over London Bridge Wyatt. 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. Ev'n so. Wyatt.
- But I have notice from our partisans
- Within the city that they will stand by us If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn tomorrow.

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 reward.'

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, aplundering o' Bishop Winchester's house; he says he's a poor gentleman.

Wyatt. Gențleman! 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 neighbour 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 Divil'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 that 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 all on 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 further 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 further 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.

- Gardiner. Their cry is, Philip never shall be king.
- Mary. Lord Pembroke in command of all our force
- Will front their cry and shatter them into dust.
 - Alice. Was not Lord Pembroke with Northumberland?
- O Madam, if this 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 vou.
- 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! 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 hitherblows-
- 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, Tudor, and not Fear.
 - Goes out on the gallery.
- The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners
- Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious 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-atarms.

If this be not your Grace's order, cry

- To have the gates set wide again, and they
- With their good battleaxes will do you right

Against all traitors.

Mary. They are the flower of England; set the gates wide.

[*E.xit* Southwell.

Enter COURTENAY.

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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 would'st be King,

And hast nor heart nor honour. I myself Will down into the battle and there bide The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those

That are no cowards and no Courtenays. 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.

- To the Tower with him ! Mary. Messenger. 'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one
- Cognisant of this, and party thereunto,
- My Lord of Devon.
 - To the Tower with him ! Mary. 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
- Cognisant thereof, and party thereunto. Mary. What? whom - whom did you sav?

Messenger. Elizabeth, Your Royal sister.

Her cap would brush his heels. My foes are at my feet and I am Queen. It is Sir Ralph. Stafford. 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. tree in Virgil, sir, That bears not its own apples. Stafford. He said it. Bagenhall. ripening overmuch, Should sicken at dead England. Stafford. But that a shock may rouse her. Bagenhall. Sir Thomas Stafford? Stafford. here? They shall die. Stafford. I think so. She shall die. whether [Exeunt. see it? Bagenhall. and a serious. ACT III. Far liefer had I in my country hall old hound CHURCH, of wine Stafford. Good, was it splendid? Bagenhall. Ay, if Dukes, and H pearls. gold, Could make it so. for the woman Stafford. Bagenhall. Scarlet, as if her feet were wash'd in blood, As if she had waded in it.

To the Tower with her ! Marv.

[Gardiner and her Ladies kneel to her. Gardiner (rising). There let them lie, vour 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 Wvatt said, or what they said he said.
- Cries of the moment and the street ----

Mary. 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. Renard. And your so loving sister?

Marv.

My foes are at my feet, and Philip King.

SCENE I. - THE CONDUIT IN GRACE-

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 unsheathed 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

Well, the What! the gallows?

To still the petty treason therewithin.

Sir, this dead fruit was

And had to be removed lest living Spain,

Not so dead.

I believe

- I am ill disguised. Bagenhall. Well, are you not in peril
- I came to feel the pulse of England,

It beats hard at this marriage. Did you

Stafford, I am a sad man

- Been reading some old book, with mine
- Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask

Beside me, than have seen it: yet I saw it.

Av, if Dukes, and Earls, And Counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers, Some six or seven Bishops, diamonds,

That royal commonplace too, cloth of

Stafford. And what was Mary's dress? Bagenhall. Good faith, I was too sorry

To mark the dress. She wore red shoes! Red shoes!

Stafford.Were your eyesSo bashful that you look'd no higher?Bagenhall.And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's love,Who hath not any for any, — tho' a trueone,Blazed false upon her heart.Stafford.But this proud Prince —Bagenhall.Nay, he is King, youknow, the King of Naples.	Could Harry have foreseen that all our nobles Would perish on the civil slaughter-field, 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,
 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 dis- taste, 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 	 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 Abbeylands, 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 spiti 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? Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man is not Lord William Howard a true man
now	will come
and Spain,	No men?
Had holpen Richard's tottering throne to stand,	Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black- blooded:

First Citizen, I thought this Philip And I, by God, believe myself a man. had been one of those black devils of Ay, even in the church there is a man — Spain, but he hath a yellow beard. Cranmer. Second Citizen. Not red like Iscariot's. Fly would he not, when all men bade him First Citizen. Like a carrot's, as thou flv. And what a letter he wrote against the say'st, and English carrot's better than Spanish licorice; but I thought he was a Pope! beast. There's a brave man, if any. Ay; if it hold. Third Citizen. Certain I had heard Bagenhall. that every Spaniard carries a tail like a Crowd (coming on). God save their devil under his trunk-hose. Graces! Tailor. Ay, but see what trunk-hoses! Bagenhall, I see Stafford. Lord! they be fine; I never stitch'd none such. They make amends for the The Tudor green and white. (*Trumpets.*) They are coming now. And here's a crowd as thick as herringtails. Fourth Citizen. Tut! every Spanish shoals. Bagenhall. Be limpets to this pillar, priest will tell you that all English heretics have tails. or we are torn Fifth Citizen. Death and the Devil-Down the strong wave of brawlers. God save their Graces! if he find I have one ---Crowd. [Procession of Trumpeters, Javelin-men, etc.; then Spanish and Fourth Citizen. Lo! thou hast call'd them up! here they come - a pale horse Flemish Nobles intermingled. for Death and Gardiner for the Devil. Stafford. Worth seeing, Bagenhall! These black dog-Dons Enter GARDINER (turning back from the Garb themselves bravely. Who's the procession). Gardiner. Knave, wilt thou wear thy long-face there, cap before the Queen? Looks very Spain of very Spain? The Duke Bagenhall. Man. My Lord, I stand so squeezed Of Alva, an iron soldier. among the crowd And the Dutchman, I cannot lift my hands unto my head. Stafford. Now laughing at some jest? Gardiner. Knock off his cap there, some of you about him! Bagenhall. William of Orange, William the Silent. See there be others that can use their Stafford. Why do they call him so? hands. Bagenhall. He keeps, they say, some Thou art one of Wyatt's men? secret that may cost Man. No, my Lord, no. Gardiner. Philip his life. Thy name, thou knave? *Stafford.* But then he looks so merry. Man. I am nobody, my Lord. Bagenhall. I cannot tell you why they Gardiner (shouting). God's passion! call him so. knave, thy name? [The King and Queen pass, attended I have ears to hear. Man. by Peers of the Realm, Officers of Gardiner. Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear. State, etc. Cannon shot off. Crowd. Philip and Mary, Philip and Find out his name and bring it me (to Mary! Attendant). Long live the King and Queen, Philip Attendant. Ay, my Lord. Knave, thou shalt lose and Mary! Gardiner. Stafford. They smile as if content with thine ears and find thy tongue, one another. And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that. [Coming before the Conduit. Bagenhall. A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home. The conduit painted — the nine worthies [King and Queen pass on. Procession. --- ay !

But then what's here? King Harry with	Man. Sanders.
a scroll.	Gardiner. What else?
Ha Verbum Dei verbum word of	
God!	Gardiner. Where dost thou live?
God's passion! do you know the knave	Man. In Cornhill.
that painted it?	Gardiner. Where, knave, where
Attendant. I do, my Lord.	Man. Sign of the Talbot.
Gardiner. Tell him to paint it out,	Gardiner. Come to me to-morrow
And put some fresh device in lieu of	Rascal! — this land is like a hill of fire,
it —	One crater opens when another shuts.
A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir;	But so I get the laws against the heretic
ha?	Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William
There is no heresy there.	Howard,
Attendant. I will, my Lord;	And others of our Parliament, revived,
The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I	I will show fire on my side stake and
am sure	fire —
(Knowing the man) he wrought it igno-	Sharp work and short. The knaves are
rantly,	easily cow'd.
And not from any malice.	Follow their Majesties.
Gardiner. Word of God	Exit. The crowd following.
In English! over this the brainless loons	Bagenhall. As proud as Becket.
That cannot spell Esaïas from St. Paul,	Stafford. You would not have him
Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out	murder'd as Becket was?
and flare Into rebellions. I'll have their Bibles	Bagenhall. No — murder fathers mur-
burnt.	der: but I say There is no man — there was one woman
The Bible is the priest's. Ay! fellow,	with us —
what!	It was a sin to love her married, dead
Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping	I cannot choose but love her.
rogue!	Stafford. Lady Jane?
Man. I have, my Lord, shouted till	Crowd (going off). God save their
I am hoarse.	Graces!
Gardiner. What hast thou shouted,	Stafford. Did you see her die?
knave?	Stafford. Did you see her die? Bagenhall. No, no; her innocent
Man. Long live Queen Mary!	blood had blinded me.
Gardiner. Knave, there be two.	You call me too black-blooded true
There be both King and Queen,	enough
Philip and Mary. Shout!	Her dark dead blood is in my heart with
Man. Nay, but, my Lord,	mine.
The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.	If ever I cry out against the Pope
Gardiner. Shout, then,	Her dark dead blood that ever moves
Mary and Philip !	with mine
Man. Mary and Philip!	Will stir the living tongue and make the
Gardiner. Now,	cry. Stafford. Yet doubtless you can tell
Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout	me how she died?
for mine! Philip and Mary!	Bagenhall. Seventeen — and knew
Man. Must it be so, my Lord?	eight languages — in music
Gardiner. Ay, knave.	Peerless — her needle perfect, and her
Man. Philip and Mary!	learning
Gardiner. I distrust thee.	Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so
Thine is a half voice and a lean assent.	modest,
What is thy name?	So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
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Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have	This was against her conscience — would
heard	be murder !
She would not take a last farewell of him,	Bagenhall. The 'Thou shalt do no
She fear'd it might unman him for his end.	murder,' which God's hand
She could not be unmann'd — no, nor outwoman'd —	Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd out pale—
Seventeen — a rose of grace !	She could not make it white — and over
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;	that,
Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud.	Traced in the blackest text of Hell-
Stafford. Pray you go on.	'Thou shalt!'
Bagenhall. She came upon the scaffold,	And sign'd it — Mary ! <i>Stafford.</i> Philip and the Pope
And said she was condemn'd to die for	Must have sign'd too. I hear this
treason;	Legate's coming
She had but follow'd the device of those	To bring us absolution from the Pope.
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew	The Lords and Commons will bow down
the laws.	before him —
But for herself, she knew but little law, And nothing of the titles to the crown;	You are of the house? what will you do, Sir Ralph?
She had no desire for that, and wrung	Bagenhall. And why should I be
her hands,	bolder than the rest,
And trusted God would save her thro' the	Or honester than all?
blood Of Leave Christelene	Stafford. But, sir, if I — And oversea they say this state of yours
Of Jesus Christ alone. Stafford. Pray you go on.	Hath no more mortice than a tower of
Bagenhall. Then knelt and said the	cards;
Miserere Mei —	And that a puff would do it — then if I
But all in English, mark you; rose again,	And others made that move I touch'd
And, when the headsman pray'd to be	upon, Deskid by the new of France and land
forgiven, Said, 'You will give me my true crown	Back'd by the power of France, and land- ing here,
at last,	Came with a sudden splendour, shout,
But do it quickly; ' then all wept but	and show,
she,	And dazzled men and deafen'd by some
Who changed not colour when she saw	bright
the block, But ask'd him, childlike: 'Will you take	Loud venture, and the people so unquiet— And I the race of murder'd Bucking-
it off	ham—
Before I lay me down?' 'No, Madam,'	Not for myself, but for the kingdom-
he said,	Sir,
Gasping; and when her innocent eyes	I trust that you would fight along with us.
were bound, She, with her poor blind hands feeling —	Bagenhall. No; you would fling your lives into the gulf.
where is it?	Stafford. But if this Philip, as he's
Where is it?'-You must fancy that	like to do,
which follow'd,	Left Mary a wife-widow here alone,
If you have heart to do it!	Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads hither
Crowd (in the distance). God save their Graces!	To seize upon the forts and fleet, and make us
Stafford. Their Graces, our disgraces!	A Spanish province; would you not fight
God confound them!	then?
Why, she's grown bloodier! when I last	Bagenhall. I think I should fight then.
was here,	<i>Stafford.</i> I am sure of it.

SCENE II.

- 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 WHITEHALL PALACE.

MARY. *Enter* PHILIP and CARDINAL POLE.

- Pole. Ave Maria. gratia plena, Benedicta tu in mulieribus.
- Mary. Loyal and royal cousin, humblest 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 diamonddance,
- The boats that follow'd were as glowinggay
- As regal gardens; and your flocks of swans.
- As fair and white as angels; and your shores
- Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise.
- 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 countryman.
 - 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 banishment,
- 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 heats twenty when I see you
- 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 conjoint,

But Janus-faces looking diverse wavs.

I fear the Emperor much misvalued me.

But all is well; 'twas ev'n the will of God,

- Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd, now,
- 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

garnish'd after him.
<i>Pole.</i> Not for the seven devils to enter
in?
<i>Philip</i> . No, for we trust they parted
in the swine.
Pole. True, and I am the Angel of
the Pope.
Farewell, your Graces.
<i>Philip.</i> Nay, not here — to me:

- le. Not be my Charon to the counter side?
 - ilip. No, my Lord Legate, the Lord Chancellor goes.
- le. And unto no dead world; but Lambeth palace,
- eforth a centre of the living faith.

Manet Mary.

- Philip, husband! now thy love to mine
- cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw,

Oh, Philip, come with me; Good news I have to tell you, news to make

Both of us happy — ay, the Kingdom too. Nav, 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,

Sometime the viceroy of those provinces— 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:

Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty rind, All hollow'd out with stinging 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?

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.

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 daïs. On this three chairs, two under one canopy for MARY and PHILIP, another on the right of these for POLE. Under the daïs on POLE'S side, ranged along the wall, sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along the wall opposite, all the Temporal. The Commons on cross benches in front, a line of approach to the daïs 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 cameleon 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 Gardiner ! 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	0
Pope? The Queen would have it! Statesmen	F
that are wise Shape a necessity, as a sculptor clay, To their own model	
To their own model. Second Member. Statesmen that are wise	
Take truth herself for model. What say	
you? [<i>To</i> Sir Ralph Bagenhall. <i>Bagenhall</i> . We talk and talk. <i>First Member</i> . Ay, and what use to talk?	I
Philip's no sudden alien — the Queen's husband,	N
He's here, and king, or will be yet cocksbody!	H
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	0
behind. 'Philip!'says he. I had to cuff the rogue For infant treason.	
<i>Third Member</i> . But they say that bees, If any creeping life invade their hive	A
Too gross to be thrust out, will build him round,	Ι
And bind him in from harming of their combs.	
And Philip by these articles is bound From stirring hand or foot to wrong the	Γ
realm. Second Member. By bonds of beeswax	L
like your creeping thing; But your wise bees had stung him first	
to death. <i>Third Member</i> . Hush, hush ! You wrong the Chancellor: the clauses	
added To that same treaty which the Emperor	
sent us Were mainly Gardiner's : that no foreigner	
Hold office in the household, fleet, forts, army;	I
That if the Queen should die without a child,	- C - I
The bond between the kingdoms be dissolved;	I
That Philip should not mix us any way With his French wars —	

Second Member. Ay, ay, but what security, 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 Oueen's left, Pole on her right.

Gardiner. Our short-lived sun, before his winter plunge,

Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew'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 resolved? *Voices.* We do.

- Gardiner. And be you all one mind to supplicate
- The Legate here for pardon, and acknowledge

The primacy of the Pope?

Voices. We are all one mind. Gardiner. Then must I play the vassal 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
- All her breath should, On England. incenselike,
- 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 heathendom.
- 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 reconcile: 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 Bagenhall, who rises and remains standing.

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 censure,

Judgment, and pain accruing thereupon; 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 neighbouring 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 Gardiner follows!
- A Parliament of imitative apes!
- Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes, who not
- Believes the Pope, nor any of them believe —
- 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 knelt Before the Legate.

- Bagenhall. Do not scrimp your phrase,
- But stretch it wider; say when England 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, BONNER, 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 Lollard-

- ism
- 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; yer not light alone,
- There must be heat there must be heat enough

To scorch and wither heresy to the root. Gardiner. A spice of Satan, ha! Why, good ! what then? granted ! - we For what saith Christ? 'Compel them to come in.' are fallen creatures; And what saith Paul? 'I would they Look to your Bible, Paget ! we are fallen. were cut off Paget. I am but of the laity, my Lord That trouble you.' Let the dead letter Bishop, live! And may not read your Bible, yet I found Trace it in fire, that all the louts to One day, a wholesome scripture, 'Little whom children. Their A B C is darkness, clowns and Love one another.' grooms Gardiner. Did vou find a scripture. 'I come not to bring peace but a sword'? May read it ! so you quash rebellion too. For heretic and traitor are all one: The sword Is in her Grace's hand to smite with. Two vipers of one breed - an amphisbæna, Each end a sting: Let the dead letter Paget. hurn! You stand up here to fight for heresy, Yet there be some disloyal Paget. You are more than guess'd at as a heretic. Catholics. And on the steep-up track of the true And many heretics loyal; heretic throats faith Cried no God-bless-her to the Lady Jane, Your lapses are far seen. But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be Paget. The faultless Gardiner! Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and Mary. You brawl beyond the quescord. tion; speak, Lord Legate! To take the lives of others that are loval. Pole. Indeed, I cannot follow with And by the churchman's pitiless doom of your Grace: Rather would say-the shepherd doth fire. Were but a thankless policy in the crown, not kill Av, and against itself; for there are The sheep that wander from his flock, but many. sends Mary. If we could burn out heresy, His careful dog to bring them to the fold. my Lord Paget, Look to the Netherlands, wherein have We reck not tho' we lost this crown of heen Such holocausts of heresy! to what end? England -Ay! tho' it were ten Englands! For yet the faith is not established there. Right, vour Grace. Gardiner. The end's not come. Gardiner. Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours, No — nor this way Pole. will come, And care but little for the life to be. Seeing there lie two ways to every end, Paget. I have some time, for curiousness, my Lord, A better and a worse — the worse is here Watch'd children playing at their life to To persecute, because to persecute Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore be, And cruel at it, killing helpless flies; No perfect witness of a perfect faith Such is our time — all times for aught I In him who persecutes: when men are know. tost *Gardiner*. We kill the heretics that On tides of strange opinion, and not sure sting the soul --Of their own selves, they are wroth with They, with right reason, flies that prick their own selves, the flesh. And thence with others; then, who lights Paget. They had not reach'd right the faggot? reason; little children! Not the full faith, no, but the lurking They kill'd but for their pleasure and the doubt. power Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the They felt in killing. Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these were trembling -But when did our Rome tremble? Did she not Paget. In Henry's time and Edward's? What, my Lord! Pole. 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 Papal mitre. Gardiner (muttering). Here be tropes. And tropes are good to clothe a Pole. 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 bv Involves the ruler (thus there springs to light That Centaur of a monstrous Commonweal The traitor-heretic) then tho' some may quail, Yet others are that dare the stake and fire. 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. (iardiner. 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 judg-

ment 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 requicken'd.

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;

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 idolworship?

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

Gardiner. Nay, God's passion, before
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, madman!
Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not
fathom.
Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord Chan-
cellor
Of England! no more rein upon thine anger
Than any child ! Thou mak'st me much
ashamed
That I was for a moment wroth at thee.
Mary. I come for counsel and ye give
me feuds,
Like dogs that set to watch their master'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
In purging heresy, well we might, for this 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.
His Highness and myself (so you allow us)
Will let you learn in peace and privacy
What power this cooler sun of England
hath
In breeding godless vermin. And pray
Heaven
That you may see according to our sight. Come, cousin.
<i>Execut</i> Queen <i>and</i> Pole, <i>etc.</i>
Gardiner. Pole has the Plantagenet
face,
But not the force made them our mightiest
kings.
face, But not the force made them our mighties

- Fine eyes but melancholy, irresolute -
- A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard.
- But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha? 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 three-score 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 two shall have to teach him; let 'em look to it,
- Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
- Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come,

Their hour is hard at hand, their 'dies Iræ,'

- 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 Bonner, --
- To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen To crave most humble pardon — of her
- most
- Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.

SCENE V. -- WOODSTOCK.

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING.

Elizabeth. So they have sent poor Courtenay over sea.

Lady. And banish'd us to Woodstock, and the fields. The colours of our queen are green and white	<i>Elizabeth.</i> Or a second fire
 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 masques, 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 diamond. 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 Bedingfield May split it for a spite. Lady. God grant it last, And witness to your Grace's innocence, 	 Like that which lately crackled underfood And in this very chamber, fuse the glas And char us back again into the dust. We spring from. Never peacock agains rain Scream'd as you did for water. Lady. And I got i I woke Sir Henry—and he's true t 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, you Grace, But one that pares his nails; to me? the clown ! Elizabeth. Out, girl! you wrong noble gentleman. Lady. For, like his cloak, his mar ners want the nap And gloss of court; but of this fire h says, Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulnes Only a natural chance. Elizabeth. A chance — perchance One of those wicked wilfuls that me make, Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I kno They hunt my blood. Save for my dail range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ! might despair. But there hath som one come; The house is all in movement. Henc, and see. [Exit Lady Milking the cow? Daises grow again, Kingcups blow again, And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow? Swallows fly again, Cuckoos cry again, And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow?

Av. my Lady.

Come, Robin, Robin, The civil wars are gone for evermore: Come and kiss me now: Thou last of all the Tudors, come away! Help it can I? with my hands With us in peace!' The last? It was a Milking the cow? dream: Ringdoves coo again, I must not dream, not wink, but watch. All things woo again. She has gone. Come behind and kiss me milking the cow! Maid Marian to her Robin - by and by Right honest and red-Both happy! a fox may filch a hen by Elizabeth. cheek'd: Robin was violent. night, And she was crafty — a sweet violence. And make a morning outcry in the yard: But there's no Renard here to ' catch her And a sweet craft. I would I were a milkmaid. tripping." To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, Catch me who can; yet, sometime I have wish'd and die. Then have my simple headstone by the That I were caught, and kill'd away at once church. And all things lived and ended honestly. Out of the flutter. The gray rogue, I could not if I would. I am Harry's Gardiner, Went on his knees, and pray'd me to daughter: Gardiner would have my head. They are confess In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself not sweet. Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay, when, The violence and the craft that do divide The world of nature; what is weak must my Lord? God save the Queen! My jailor lie; The lion needs but roar to guard his Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD. young; The lapwing lies, says 'here' when they Bedingfield. One, whose bolts. are there. That jail you from free life, bar you from Threaten the child; 'I'll scourge you if death. you did it:' There haunt some Papist ruffians here-What weapon hath the child, save his about Would murder you. soft tongue. To say 'I did not'? and my rod's the Elizabeth. I thank you heartily, sir, block. But I am royal, tho' your prisoner, I never lay my head upon the pillow And God hath blest or cursed me with a But that I think, 'Wilt thou lie there tonose morrow?' Your boots are from the horses. How oft the falling axe, that never fell, Bedingfield. Hath shock'd me back into the daylight When next there comes a missive from the Queen truth That it may fall to-day! Those damp, It shall be all my study for one hour black, dead To rose and lavender my horsiness, Nights in the Tower; dead-with the Before I dare to glance upon your Grace. fear of death *Elizabeth.* A missive from the Oueen : Too dead ev'n for a death-watch! Toll last time she wrote, of a bell. I had like to have lost my life: it takes Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat my breath: Affrighted me, and then delighted me, O God, sir, do you look upon your boots, For there was life — And there was life Are you so small a man? Help me: what think you, in death -The little murder'd princes, in a pale light, Is it life or death? Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, 'Come Bedingfield. I thought not on my away! boots;

The devil take all boots were ever made	Before my father married my good
Since man went barefoot. See, I lay it	mother, —
	For fear of Spain.
here, For I will come no nearer to your Grace;	for rear of opam.
[Laying down the letter.]	Enter LADY.
And, whether it bring you bitter news or	Lady. O Lord! your Grace, your
sweet.	Grace,
And God hath given your Grace a nose,	I feel so happy: it seems that we shall fly These bald, blank fields, and dance into
or not,	the sun
I'll help you, if I may. <i>Elizabeth.</i> Your pardon, then;	That shines on princes.
It is the heat and narrowness of the	<i>Elizabeth.</i> Yet, a moment since,
cage	I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing
That makes the captive testy; with free	here,
wing	To kiss and cuff among the birds and
The world were all one Araby. Leave	flowers —
me now,	A right rough life and healthful.
Will you, companion to myself, sir?	Lady. But the wench
Beding field. Will I?	Hath her own troubles; she is weeping
With most exceeding willingness, I will;	now;
You know I never come till I be call'd.	For the wrong Robin took her at her word.
[Exit.	Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk
<i>Elizabeth</i> . It lies there folded : is there	was spilt.
venom in it?	Your Highness such a milkmaid?
A snake — and if I touch it, it may sting.	<i>Elizabeth.</i> I had kept
Come, come, the worst !	My Robins and my cows in sweeter order
Best wisdom is to know the worst at once.	Had I been such.
[Reads:	Lady (slyly). And had your Grace a Robin?
'It is the King's wish, that you	Elizabeth. Come, come, you are chill
should wed Prince Philibert of Savoy.	here; you want the sun
You are to come to Court on the instant;	That shines at court; make ready for the
and think of this in your coming.	journey.
'MARY THE QUEEN.'	Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke.
This is the second through the second second	Ready at once. [Exeunt.
Think! I have many thoughts;	
I think there may be birdlime here for	SCENE VI LONDON. A ROOM IN
me; I think they fain would have me from the	THE PALACE.
realm;	
I think the Queen may never bear a	LORD PETRE and LORD WILLIAM
child;	HOWARD.
I think that I may be sometime the	Petre. You cannot see the Queen.
Queen,	Renard denied her,
Then, Queen indeed : no foreign prince	Ev'n now to me.
or priest	Howard. Their Flemish go-between
Should fill my throne, myself upon the	And all-in-all. I came to thank her

steps.

I think I will not marry anyone,

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,

Majesty For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the Tower; A grace to me! Mercy, that herb-of-

.

Renard. My liege, we must not drop the mask before

The masquerade is over -

- Have I dropt it? Philip. 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 Exit Marv. And goes to-morrow.
 - Philip (to Renard, who advances to *him*). Well, sir, is there more?
 - Renard (who has perceived the Oueen). May Simon Renard speak a single word?

Philip. Ay.

Renard. And be forgiven for it?

Simon Renard Philip. Knows me too well to speak a single word

That could not be forgiven.

- Well, my liege, Renard. 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 gospeller.

- 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 truth
- He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have you -
- What should I say, I cannot pick my words -
- Be somewhat less majestic to your Oueen.
 - Am I to change my manners, Philip. 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 triffing royally With some fair dame of court, suddenly 611

- With such fierce fire had it been fire indeed
- It would have burnt both speakers.
- Philip. Av. 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.

O Philip!

- Mary. Nay, must you go indeed? Madam, I must. Philip.
 - Mary. The parting of a husband and a wife

Is like the cleaving of a heart; one half 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,

Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me, And wait my coming back.

Mary. To Dover? no,

- I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich, 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 honour 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 pray'd 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 come 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	That none shall hold them in his house
Grace That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign	and live, Henceforward. No, my Lord.
parts,	Howard. Then never read it.
Or into private life within the realm.	The truth is here. Your father was a man
In several bills and declarations, Madam,	Of such colossal kinghood, yet so cour-
He hath recanted all his heresies.	teous,
Paget. Ay, ay; if Bonner have not	Except when wroth, you scarce could
forged the bills. [Aside.	meet his eye
Mary. Did not More die, and Fisher?	And hold your own; and were he wroth
he must burn.	indeed,
Howard. He hath recanted, Madam.	You held it less, or not at all. I say,
Mary. The better for him.	Your father had a will that beat men down;
He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell.	Your father had a brain that beat men down—
<i>Howard.</i> Ay, ay, your Grace; but it was never seen	Pole. Not me, my Lord.
That anyone recanting thus at full,	Howard. No, for you were not here;
As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on	You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne;
earth.	And it would more become you, my Lord
Mary. It will be seen now, then.	Legate,
Thirlby. O Madam, Madam!	To join a voice, so potent with her High-
I thus implore you, low upon my knees,	ness,
To reach the hand of mercy to my friend.	To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand
I have err'd with him; with him I have	On naked self-assertion.
recanted.	Mary. All your voices
What human reason is there why my	Are waves on flint. The heretic must
friend Should meet with lesser mercy than my-	burn.
self?	<i>Howard.</i> Yet once he saved your Majesty's own life;
Mary. My Lord of Ely, this. After	Stood out against the King in your be-
a riot	half,
We hang the leaders, let their following	At his own peril.
go.	Mary. I know not if he did;
Cranmer is head and father of these here-	And if he did I care not, my Lord
sies, New learning as they call it; yea, may	Howard.
God	My life is not so happy, no such boon, That I should spare to take a heretic
Forget me at most need when I forget	priest's,
Her foul divorce — my sainted mother —	Who saved it or not saved. Why do you
No!—	vex me?
Howard. Ay, ay, but mighty doctors	Paget. Yet to save Cranmer were to
doubted there.	serve the Church,
The Pope himself waver'd; and more	Your Majesty's I mean; he is effaced,
than one Demilier that maller Cardinautomit	Self-blotted out; so wounded in his
Row'd in that galley — Gardiner to wit,	honour, He can but creep down into some dark
Whom truly I deny not to have been Your faithful friend and trusty councillor.	hole
Hath not your Highness ever read his	Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and
book,	die;
His tractate upon True Obedience,	But if you burn him, - well, your High-
Writ by himself and Bonner?	ness knows
Mary. I will take	The saying, 'Martyr's blood — seed of the
Such order with all bad, heretical books	Church.'

Mary. Of the true Church; but his is none, nor will be.	SCENE II. – Oz P
 You are too politic for me, my Lord Paget. And if he have to live so loath'd a life, It were more merciful to burn him now. <i>Thirlby</i>. Oh, yet relent. O Madam, if you knew him As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious, With all his learning — <i>Mary</i>. Yet a heretic still. His learning makes his burning the more just. <i>Thirlby</i>. So worshipt of all those that 	Cranmer. Las faggots wer And that myself wa And found it all a Cool as the light And then King H a cloud, And bade me hav I heard An angel cry, 'T Heaven,'-
came across him; The stranger at his hearth, and all his house — <i>Mary.</i> His children and his concu- bine, belike.	And after that, the Why, there are tr what is it?
<i>Thirlby.</i> To do him any wrong was to beget	<i>Enter</i> F. <i>Cole.</i> Cranmer,
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich, Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd	you again; Have you remain'e faith
therein The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity. <i>Pole.</i> 'After his kind it costs him nothing,' there's	I left you in? <i>Cranmer</i> . In t By Heaven's grace confirm'd.
An old world English adage to the point.	Why are the trun Cole?
These are but natural graces, my good Bishop, Which in the Catholic garden are as	<i>Cole</i> . Cranmer, Council That you to-day sh
flowers, But on the heretic dunghill only weeds. <i>Howard.</i> Such weeds make dunghills gracious.	tation Before the people And there be man Who loathe you f
Mary. Enough, my Lords. It is God's will, the Holy Father's will, And Philip's will, and mine, that he should burn.	Rome, And might assail the street, And tear you pie
He is pronounced anathema. <i>Howard.</i> Farewell, Madam, God grant you ampler mercy at your call	a guard. <i>Cranmer.</i> Or thank the C <i>Cole.</i> Do you l
Than you have shown to Cranmer. [Execut Lords. Pole. After this, Your Grace will hardly care to overlook This same petition of the foreign exiles For Cranmer's life. Mary.	Cranmer. The prison fare is Cole. Ay, but t Cranmer. I thank you. Cole. For a Until I see you in
[Exeunt.]	

XFORD CRANMER IN RISON.

t night, I dream'd the e alight,

as fasten'd to the stake, visionary flame,

in old decaying wood;

farry look'd out from

ve good courage; and

There is more joy in

e trumpet of the dead. [Trumpets without.

umpets blowing now:

ATHER COLE.

I come to question

d in the true Catholic

the true Catholic faith, e, I am more and more

npets blowing, Father

it is decided by the

hould read your recan-

in St. Mary's Church.

- y heretics in the town, for your late return to

 - you passing through
 - ecemeal: so you have

seek to rescue me. I Council.

ack any money?

Nay, why should I? good enough for me.

o give the poor.

Hand it me, then!

a little space, farewell; St. Mary's Church.

[*Exit* Cole.

Cranmer. It is against all precedent 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 life;
- 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 argument

- Of those two friars ever in my prison, When left alone in my despondency,
 - 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
- for the fault of my most outward
- 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 commissioner —
- Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,

Dumbfounded 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, Master Cranmer.
- Now you, that would not recognise 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 ancient 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— That when I was archbishop held with me. 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 honour to yourself, And I'll say something for you—so—good-bye. [Exit. Cranmer. This hard coarse man of 	 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, dishonour'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,
old hath crouch'd to me Till I myself was half ashamed for him.	As Thirlby says, are profitless to the burners, And help the other side. You shall burn
 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 	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 faggots 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 doubt not that God will give me strength, Albeit I have denied him. <i>Enter</i> Soto and VILLA GARCIA.
Of a spring-tide. <i>Crammer.</i> And they will surely burn me? <i>Thirlby.</i> Ay; and besides, will have you in the church Repeat your recantation in the cars	<i>Filla Garcia.</i> We are ready To take you to St. Mary's, Master Cranmer. <i>Cranmer.</i> And I: lead on; ye loose me from my bonds. [<i>Executi.</i>]

SCENE III. - ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

- COLE in the Pulpit, LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME presiding. LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, LORD PAGET, and others. CRANMER enters between SOTO and VILLA GARCIA, and the whole Choir strike up 'Nunc Dimittis.' CRANMER is set upon a scaffold 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. Av.

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 heretic? A huge heresiarch! never was it known That any man so writing, preaching so,

- So poisoning the Church, so long continuing.
- 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 degree,
- Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop, first

In Council, second person in the realm, Friend for so long time of a mighty King: And now ye see downfallen and debased 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 miserable, 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 glorified In thy conversion : lo! thou art reclaim'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 Paradise. 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 undergo. And for thy soul shall 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. Cole. And now, lest anyone 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 proclaim 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! O Holy Ghost! proceeding from them both, 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 mine 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 succour, unto Thee, There, 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 mystery wrought; O God the Father, not for little sins Didst thou yield up thy Son to human divertion. 	 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 humankind; For death gives life's last word a power to live, And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain After the vanish'd voice, and speak to men. 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 colours 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 live together Like brethren; yet what hatred Christian 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.
Man in the Flesh, was the great mystery	God,
O God the Father, not for little sins	away.
death;	brothers then be those that lust
But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,	To burn each other?
Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,	Williams. Peace among you, there!

-

Cranmer. Fourthly, to those that own	Against my heart, my hand shall first be
exceeding wealth,	burnt,
Remember that sore saying spoken once By Him that was the truth, 'How hard	So I may come to the fire.
	Protestant murmurs.
it is	<i>First Protestant.</i> I knew it would be
or the rich man to enter into Heaven;	
et all rich men remember that hard word.	so.
have not time for more: if ever, now	Second Protestant. Our prayers are
et them flow forth in charity, seeing now	heard!
he poor so many, and all food so dear.	<i>Third Protestant.</i> God bless him!
ong have I lain in prison, yet have	Catholic murmurs. Out upon him!
heard	out upon him!
f all their wretchedness. Give to the	Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the fire!
poor,	Williams (raising his voice). You
e give to God. He is with us in the	know that you recanted all you
poor.	said Touching the sacrament in that same
And now, and forasmuch as I have	Touching the sacrament in that same book
come	You wrote against my Lord of Winches-
o the last end of life, and thereupon	ter;
langs all my past, and all my life to be, ither to live with Christ in heaven with	Dissemble not; play the plain Christian
•	man.
joy, or to be still in pain with devils in hell;	Cranmer. Alas, my Lord,
and, seeing in a moment, I shall find	I have been a man loved plainness all my
<i>Pointing upwards.</i>	life:
Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,	I did dissemble, but the hour has come
[Pointing downwards.	For utter truth and plainness; wherefore,
shall declare to you my very faith	I sav,
Vithout all colour.	I hold by all I wrote within that book.
Cole. Hear him, my good brethren.	Moreover,
<i>Cranmer.</i> I do believe in God, Father	As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,
of all;	With all his devil's doctrines; and refuse,
n every article of the Catholic faith,	Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.
nd every syllable taught us by our Lord,	[Cries on all sides, 'Pull him down!
lis prophets, and apostles, in the Testa-	Away with him ! '
ments,	Cole. Ay, stop the heretic's mouth!
Both Old and New.	Hale him away!
Cole. Be plainer, Master Cranmer.	Williams. Harm him not, harm him
Cranmer. And now I come to the	not! have him to the fire!
great cause that weighs	[CRANMER goes out between Two
pon my conscience more than anything	Friars, smiling ; hands are reached
or said or done in all my life by me;	to him from the crowd. LORD
for there be writings I have set abroad	WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD
gainst the truth I knew within my heart,	PAGET are left alone in the church.
Vritten for fear of death, to save my life,	<i>Paget.</i> The nave and aisles all empty
f that might be; the papers by my hand	as a fool's jest !
sign'd since my degradation—by this	No, here's Lord William Howard. What,
hand	my Lord,
[Holding out his right hand.	You have not gone to see the burning?
Vritten and sign'd I here renounce	Howard. Fie!
them all;	To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,
And since my band offended baying	And watch a good man hurn! Never

And, since my hand offended, having written again.

 I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley. Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not, For the pure honour of our common nature, Hear what I might — another recanta- tion Of Cramer 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 he 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 and all his face therein, Until the powder suddenly blew him dead. Ridley was longer burning; but he died 	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 dis- tance. 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 re- act Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth, So that she come to rule us. (Warend Charles world's mad
Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.	aet Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth,

- 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 under-
- foot 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 myself
- 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 kindliest 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 —
- Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost
- 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 become 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 gospellers,

I take it; stand behind the pillar here;

- I warrant you they talk about the burning.
- 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 Lord's 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 ower 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 '2 her.

Tib. Noa, Joan.

Joan. Our Daisy's butter's as good 'z hern.

Tib. Noa, Joan.

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.

à

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 he had 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 un 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 get 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 archbishop 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver.

Howard. Out of the church, you brace of cursed crones,

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,

IIe, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind

Is all made up, in haste put off the rags

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 purga
 - tory.
 - 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. [Exeunt.

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. Oh, 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 rumours — nay,
- I say not, I believe. What voices call you
- Dearer than mine that should be dearest to you?
- Alas, my Lord! what voices and how many?
 - Philip. The voices of Castille 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.

Philip. A little Queen! but when

I came to wed your majesty, Lord Howard, Philit. So far, good. I say I came to sue your Council and yourself Sending an insolent shot that dash'd the To declare war against the King of seas Upon us, made us lower our kingly flag France. To yours of England. Mary. Not to see me? Howard is all English! Philip. Av. Madam. to see you. Mary. Unalterably and pesteringly fond ! [Aside. There is no king, not were he ten times king, But, soon or late you must have war with Ten times our husband, but must lower France: his flag King Henry warms your traitors at his To that of England in the seas of Enghearth. Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford land. Philip. Is that your answer? there. Being Queen of England, Courtenay, belike -Mary. A fool and featherhead! I have none other. Mary. Philip. Av. but they use his name. Philip. But wherefore not In brief, this Henry Mary. Helm the huge vessel of your state, my Stirs up your land against you to the inliege, tent Here by the side of her who loves you That you may lose your English heritage. most? And then, your Scottish namesake mar-*Philip.* No, Madam, no! a candle in rving The Dauphin, he would weld France, the sun Is all but smoke — a star beside the moon England, Scotland, Into one sword to hack at Spain and me. Is all but lost; your people will not crown me-Mary. And yet the Pope is now col-Your people are as cheerless as your leagued with France; clime; You make your wars upon him down in Hate me and mine: witness the brawls, Italy : the gibbets. Philip, can that be well? Here swings a Spaniard --- there an Eng-Philip. Content you, Madam; lishman; You must abide my judgment, and my The peoples are unlike as their comfather's. plexion; Who deems it a most just and holy war. Yet will I be your swallow and return -The Pope would cast the Spaniard out But now I cannot bide. of Naples: Mary. Not to help me? He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, They hate *me* also for my love to you, Saracens. My Philip; and these judgments on the The Pope has pushed his horns beyond land his mitre-Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, Beyond his province. Now, plague-Duke Alva will but touch him on the Philip. The blood and sweat of herehorns, tics at the stake And he withdraws; and of his holy Is God's best dew upon the barren field. head -For Alva is true son of the true church — Burn more! Mary. I will, I will; and you will stay? No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me Philip. Have I not said? Madam, I here? Mary. Alas! the Council will not came to sue Your Council and yourself to declare war. hear of war. *Mary.* Sir, there are many English in They say your wars are not the wars of your ranks England. To help your battle. 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 wail 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 L
 - *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 phantasy;

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 honeycomb. [*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 Oueen has forfeited herright toreign

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 awhile, 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, sitting: a rose in her hand. LADY CLARENCE. ALICE in the background.

Mary. Look ! I have play'd with this poor rose so long

I have broken off the head.

Lady Clarence. Your Grace hath been More merciful to many a rebel head

That should have fallen, and may rise again.

Mary. There were not many hang'd for Wyatt's rising.

Lady Clarence. Nay, not two hundred. Mary. I could weep for them

And her, and mine own self and all the world.

Lady Clarence. For her? for whom, your Grace?

Enter USHER.

Usher. The Cardinal.

Enter CARDINAL POLE. (MARY rises.) Mary. Reginald Pole, what news hath

plagued thy heart? What makes thy favour 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.

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 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; So brands me in the stare of Christendom 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 labour 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! He drew this shaft against me to the head, When it was thought I might be chosen Pope, But then withdrew it. In full consistory, 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. — 	misery; Our bridemaids are not lovely—Dis- appointment,
	But now we are made one flesh in
Chancellor, —	misery;
He cried Enough! enough! before his	Our bridemaids are not lovely — Dis-
Gone beyond him and mine own natural	Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
man	Labour-in-vain.
	, ut in turnet
2 S	

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. Mary. Away!
- 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 colours in a moment break and fly ! '
- Why, who said that? 1 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. [Aside.
 - 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 all 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

- 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 Ouick! [*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 defamed

Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter

- 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 gutter had a voice
- And cried I was not clean, what should I care?

Or you, for heretic cries? And I believe, Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas,

- 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?
- 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 Majesty! 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!

Is France again.

(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 overtaken;
- 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 peace, 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 less 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 phantasy.

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
- 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 became 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 Feria, 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 Indian 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 better 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.

Marv. 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 Elizabeth. state To give him an heir male. Sir, you said more: Mary. You said he would come quickly. I had horses again. On all the road from Dover, day and night: On all the road from Harwich, night and day; But the child came not, and the husband 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 Elizabeth. dead. Sir Count? And that I am in state to bring forth death ---Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth. And not to me ! served. Feria. Mere compliments and wishes. But shall I take some message from your Grace? *Mary.* Tell her to come and close my Queen. 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 heir. sunshine. I would we had you, Madam, in our warm Spain. You droop in your dim London. love Mary. Have him away! I sicken of his readiness. Feria. Lady Clarence. My Lord Count, Her Highness is too ill for colloquy. Elizabeth. what? 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 HOUSE-HOLD, ATTENDANTS.

There's half an angel wrong'd in vour account;

Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it

Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er

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, vou 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!

I shine! What else.

Feria. As far as France, and into Philip's heart.

My King would know if you be fairly

And lodged, and treated.

Elizabeth. You see the lodging, sir, I am well-served, and am in everything

Most loyal and most grateful to the

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

The people! whom God aid!

You will be Queen, And, were I Philip -

Wherefore pause you -

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 England 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 England
- 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,
- And that I scarce can be; and, sir, till now

- My sister's marriage, and my father's marriages,
- Made 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 Oueen
- That she would see your Grace before she — died.
 - *Elizabeth.* God's death! and wherefore 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 Legate ! 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 Guernsev. 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 for ever. Ah. good neighbour, There should be something fierier than fire To yield them their deserts. Amen to all First. Your 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 after 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 priesthood and prelacy; to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy; and to send us again, according 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 DACRES, 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.
 - [Queen sits and writes, and goes again. Lady Clarence. What hath she written now?
 - Alice. Nothing; but 'come, come, come,' and all awry,
- And blotted by her tears. This cannot last. [Queen returns.]
- Mary. I whistle to the bird has broken 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 armour 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

- 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 twentyseven; [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 Maytime,

- 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
- From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots, 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,
 - 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 savour! 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,

Seven-fold dishonour'd even in the sight

- Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon!—
- Why that was false: there is the right hand still

As if he loved me yet!

Beckons me hence.

- Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,
- Remember that ! 'twas I and Bonner did it,
- And Pole; 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. The 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 kill'd 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. [*Execut.*]
- 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 harbour opens; but therein Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—

- much it is To be nor mad, nor bigot — have a mind —
- Nor let Priests' talk, or dream of worlds to be,
- Miscolour 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?

- *Allice.* 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 appy. 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 Alice. Catholics.
 - Cecil. It never will be merry world in England.
- Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.
 - Alice. The Oueen is dving, or you dare not sav it.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth. The Oueen 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 claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace.
- I left her lying still and beautiful,

- More beautiful than in life. Why would vou vex vourself,
- 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: prav God she be forgiven.
 - Cecil. Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!
- Yet she loved one so much --- I needs must sav ----
- 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:

A DRAMA.

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 battleaxe 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. THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON. ALDRED, Archbishop of York. HAROLD, Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England Tostig, Earl of Northumbria Sons of GURTH, Earl of East Anglia Godwin. LEOFWIN, Earl of Kent and Essex Wulfnoth COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY. WILLIAM RUFUS. WILLIAM MALET, a Norman Noble.1 Morcar, Earl of Northumbria after Tostig Sons of Alfgar of GAMEL, a Northumbria The 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.

> ¹... quidam partim Normannus et Anglus Compater Heraldi. (*Guy of Amiens*, 587.)

ACT I.

SCENE I. — LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE.

(A con t 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 flies
- To 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 speak — for awe;

Look to the skies, then to the river, strike Their hearts, and hold their babies up to it.

I think that they would Molochise 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 believe, that these

- Three rods of blood-red fire up yonder mean
- The doom of England and the wrath of Heaven?

Bishop of London (passing). Did ye not cast with bestial violence

Our holy Norman bishops down from all Their thrones in England? I alone remain.

Why should not Heaven be wroth?

Leofwin. With us, or thee? Bishop of London. Did ye not outlaw your archbishop Robert,

- Robert of Jumiéges 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 public fear,

But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven A harm to England?

Stigand. Ask it of King Edward! And he may tell thee, I am a harm to England.

Old uncanonical Stigand - ask of me

Who had my pallium from an Antipope!

Not he the man - for in our windy world

What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.

Our friends, the Normans, holp 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.

 Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel, Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel, Albeit a torunded since we met. Thy life at home Is assier than mine here. Look ! am 1 not Work-wan, flesh-fallen? Gamed. 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? Gamed. To-day, good Earl. Harold. Is the North quiet, Gamel? Gamed. To-day, good Earl. Harold. Is the North quiet, Gamel? Gamed. 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. Harold. Stand by him, mine old firend, Thou art a great voice in Northumberland! More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign Mot blast us in our dreams. — Well, fatter Signand — [70 Stigand, <i>voho advances to him.</i> Stigand (<i>pointing to the comet</i>). Wart there, my son? is that the doom of England? For all the world sees it as well as England. Harold. Why not the doom of all the world as well? For all the world sees it as well as England. Harold. Why not the doom of all the world as well? For all the world sees it as well as England. Harold. Why not the doom of all the world as well? For all the world sees it as well as England. Harold. Why not the doom of all the world sees it as well as England. Harold. Why not the doom of all the world sees it as well as England. Harold. Why not the doom of all the world sees it as well as England. Harold. Why not the doom of all the world sees it as well as England. Harold. Why not the doom of mort wort day, it threatens us no mor	 son of O'm! Altheit 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? Gamed. Art thou sick, good Earl? Haraold. Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage, Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound Beyond the seas — a change? When cannest thou hither? Gamed. To-day, good Earl. Haraold. Is the North quiet, Gamel? Gamed. Nay, there be murnurs, for thy brother breaks us With over-taxing — quiet, ay, as yet — Nothing as yet. Haraold. Stand by him, mine old friend, Thou art a great voice in Northumberland? More talk of this to-morrow, if yon wird sign Not blast us in our dreams. — Well, father Stigand (pointing to the comet). War there, my son? is that the doom of England? For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England? For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it as well as England. For all the world sees it		
, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,		 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 	 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 statelier 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 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, we to England! I have had a
	Edward draws 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 honestly. *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 Normandy.
 - 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 summer 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* Courtiers.
 - 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 phantasies.

(*Re-enter* TOSTIG.)

- Well, brother,
- When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?
 - Tostig. When did I hear aught but this 'IVhen' 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!

knowest I soon go wild.EaGurth.Come, come ! as yet thou art not gone so wildWBut thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.IHarold.So says old Gurth, not I: yet hear ! thine earldom,InTostig, hath been a kingdom.Their old crownInIs yet a force among them, a sun setMBut leaving light enough for Alfgar's houseMTo strike thee down by — nay, this ghastly glareMMay heat their fancies.MTostig.My most worthy brother, Thou art the quietest man in all the world —Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in war —AnPray God the people choose thee for their king !AnBut all the powers of the house of Godwin Are not enframed in thee. Harold.Shake Saints, no !MarchallThank the Saints, no !OBut thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,Re	T La nd
 Who made the King who made thee, make thee 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 We house To strike thee down by — nay, this ghastly Iglare May heat their fancies. Tostig. My most worthy brother, Thou art the quietest man in all the world — Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in war — Pray God the people choose thee for their king! But all the powers of the house of Godwin Sh Are not enframed in thee. Harold. Thank the Saints, no! O But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls, 	nd
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But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house W To strike thee down by — nay, this ghastly glare Cr May heat their fancies. M Tostrig. My most worthy brother, Thou art the quietest man in all the world — M Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in war — Ar Pray God the people choose thee for their king ! As But all the powers of the house of Godwin Are not enframed in thee. Sh Harold. Thank the Saints, no ! O But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls, Ro Ro	H
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But all the powers of the house of Godwin Are not enframed in thee.ShHarold.Thank the Saints, no !But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,ReAnd thou art ever here about the King :An	5 k
Harold. Thank the Saints, no! O But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls, And thou art ever here about the King: An	nall
And thou art ever here about the King: And	To ein
	nd Ta 200
Sit topmost in the field of England, envy, To	th s <i>Le</i> ut
Waits till the man let go.Good counsel truly!WTostig.Good counsel truly!WI heard from my Northumbria yesterday.Harold.W	ou Ta Le
Northumbria? Well? <i>Tostig.</i> And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well? <i>Harold.</i> I would it went as well as , with mine earldom.	ow Ta Gi

Leofwin's and Gurth's.

Tostig. Ye govern milder men. Gurth. We have made them milder by just government.

lostig. Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

cofwin. An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver

taker be but honest! but they bribe n other, and so often, an honest world not believe them.

I may tell thee. Tostig. arold ard from thy Northumberland to-day. ostig. From spies of thine to spy my nakedness

y poor North!

arold. There is a movement there. ind one — nothing yet.

ostig. Crush it at once h all the power I have ! - I must - Iwill! -

h it half-born! Fool still? or wisdom there.

wise head-shaking Harold?

arold. Make not thou nothing something. Wisdom when

in power wisest, should not frown as Power. but smile

kindness, watching all, till the true must

l make her strike as Power: but when to strike -

stig, O dear brother — If they prance,

in, not lash them, lest they rear and run

break both neck and axle.

ostig. Good again! d counsel tho' scarce needed. Pour not water

he full vessel running out at top

wamp the house.

pofivin. Nor thou be a wild thing of the waste, to turn and bite the hand

ld help thee from the trap.

ostig. Thou playest in tune. *ofwin.* To the deaf adder thee, that wilt not dance

ever wisely charm'd.

ostig. No more, no more! urth. I likewise cry 'no more.' Unwholesome talk

For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou hast a tongue!

Tostig, thou look'st as thou wouldst spring upon him.

St. Olaf, not while I am by ! Come, come,	I conquer'd, and he loved me none the
Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity; Let kith and kin stand close as our	less, Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and
shield-wall,	tell him
Who breaks us then? I say, thou hast a tongue,	That where he was but worsted, he was wrong'd.
And Tostig is not stout enough to bear it.	Ah! thou hast taught the king to spoil
Vex him not, Leofwin. <i>Tostig.</i> No, I am not vext, —	him too; Now the spoilt child sways both. Take
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.	heed, take heed;
I have to make report of my good earl- dom	Thou art the Queen; ye are boy and girl no more:
To the good king who gave it — not to	Side not with Tostig in any violence,
vou-	Lest thou be sideways guilty of the vio-
Not any of you. — I am not vext at all.	lence.
Harold. The king? the king is ever at his prayers;	Queen. Come fall not foul on me. I leave thee, brother.
In all that handles matter of the state	Harold. Nay, my good sister
I am the king.	[Exeunt Queen, Harold, Gurth, and
Tostig. That shalt thou never be	Leofwin.
If I can thwart thee.	Aldwyth. Gamel, son of Orm,
Harold. Brother, brother!	What thinkest thou this means?
Tostig. Away!	[Pointing to the comet. Gamel. War, my dear lady,
[<i>Exit</i> Tostig. <i>Queen.</i> Spite of this grisly star ye	<i>Gamel.</i> War, my dear lady, War, waste, plague, famine, all maligni-
three must gall	ties.
Poor Tostig.	Aldwyth. It means the fall of Tostig
Leofwin. Tostig, sister, galls himself;	from his earldom.
He cannot smell a rose but pricks his nose	<i>Gamel.</i> That were too small a matter for a comet!
Against the thorn, and rails against the	Aldwyth. It means the lifting of the
rose.	house of Alfgar. Gamel. Too small! a comet would
<i>Queen.</i> I am the only rose of all the stock	not show for that!
That never thorn'd him; Edward loves	Aldwyth. Not small for thee, if thou canst compass it.
him, so Ye hate him. Harold always hated him.	Gamel. Thy love?
Why — how they fought when boys —	Aldwyth. As much as I can give
and, Holy Mary!	thee, man;
How Harold used to beat him !	This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant;
Harold. Why, boys will fight.	Stir up thy people : oust him !
Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat	Gamel. And thy love? Aldwyth. As much as thou canst bear.
him. Even old Gurth would fight. I had much	<i>Gamel.</i> I can bear all,
ado	And not be giddy.
To hold mine own against old Gurth. Old Gurth,	Aldwyth. No more now: to-morrow.
We fought like great states for grave	SCENE II. — IN THE GARDEN. THE
cause; but Tostig —	KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON. SUN-
On a sudden — at a something — for a	SET.
nothing —	
The boy would fist me hard, and when we fought	<i>Edith</i> . Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale
2 T	
·	

I love thee for it — ay, but stay a moment;

- *He* can but stay a moment : he is going. I fain would hear him coming ! . . . near
- me . . . near, Somewhere — To draw him nearer with a

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 in Haveringatte-Bower

Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers

Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus

I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale ! [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 Edward'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!

Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine arms.

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 going! For so methought it was our marriagemorn.

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 battleaxe —

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 sapphires — these

Twin rubies, that are amulets against all 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 living rock
- Which guards the land.

Harold. Except it be a soft one, And undereaten to the fall. Mine amulet . . .

- 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.

Enter ALDWYTH from the thicket.

Aldwyth. The kiss that charms thine evelids 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 Gamel, 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 both 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 creep'st 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 pres- ently 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 Harold go? Morcar. To-morrow — first to Bosham, then to Flanders. Aldwyth. Not to come back till Tostig 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	ACT II. SCENE I.— SEASHORE. PONTHIEU. 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 clinging 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, HAROLD 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.
	such devils. What's to be done? [<i>To his</i> Men— <i>goes apart with them.</i> <i>Fisherman.</i> Rolf, what fish did swallow Jonah?

•

Rolf. A whale !

Fisherman. Then a whale to a whelk we have swallowed the King of England. 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 ransom out of him - and why not? for what right had he to get himself wrecked 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. Av!

- 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 PONTHIEU.

Harold. Guy, Count of Ponthieu?

Guv. . 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.
- And leave them for a year, and coming back

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! Guv. Av. 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!
- Guv. Av. rave the 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

SCENE II. - BAVEUX. PALACE.

COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM MALET.

William. We hold our Saxon woodcock 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 know'st 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 splendour of God, no guest of mine.

He came not to see me, had past me by

- To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for the fate
- Which hunted him when that un-Saxon blast.

Harold.

- 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, armour'd
- Normans up
- To fight for thee again!
- *William.* Perchance against Their saver, 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. England 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 territory.

- *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 for ever.

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

William. Well, thou shalt have another 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 vet 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 lovally.
- Which binds us friendship-fast for ever! Harold. Good !

But lest we turn the scale of courtesv

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 splendours 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 banquetboard:
- To-morrow we will ride with thee to Harfleur.

And see thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf

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 valour and thy value, noble earl.

- Av, and perchance a happy one for thee,
- Provided I will go with thee to-morrow —
- 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. IVilliam. Come, Malet, let us hear ! [Execut Count William and Malet.
 - Harold, Conditions? What conditions? pay him back
- His ransom? 'easy' that were easy nav —
- No money-lover he! What said the King?
- 'I prav 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.

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
- 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 honourable !

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 governance;
- And all the North of Humber is one storm.
 - 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. 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. Is it not better still to speak the truth? Wulfnoth. Yea, but thou must not this way answer him. 	Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie. <i>Wulfnoth.</i> Then for thine Edith? <i>Harold.</i> There thou prick'st me deep. <i>Wulfnoth.</i> And for our Mother Eng- land?
 And, brother, we will find a way,' said he — Yea, yea, he would be king of England. <i>Harold.</i> Never! <i>Wulfnoth.</i> Yea, but thou must not this way answer <i>him.</i> <i>Harold.</i> Is it not better still to speak 	<i>Harold.</i> Words are the man. Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie. <i>Wulfnoth.</i> Then for thine Edith? <i>Harold.</i> There thou prick'st me deep. <i>Wulfnoth.</i> And for our Mother Eng- land?

And men are at their markets, in their fields. And woo their loves and have forgotten 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 forgotten thee. Thou art of my blood, and Harold. so methinks, my boy, Thy fears infect me beyond reason. Peace ! Wulfnoth. And then our fiery Tostig, 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, MALEI, 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 slander thee again!

Yet in thine own land in thy father's day

They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred — ay,

Some said it was thy father'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! Robert the Archbishop!

Robert of Jumiéges, he that ---

Malet. Quiet! quiet! *Marold.* Count! if there sat within the Norman chair

A ruler all for England — one who fill'd All offices, all bishopricks with English —

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- We could not move from Dover to the Humber
- Saving thro' Norman bishopricks --- 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
- 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 Wulfnoth 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 England, who is he?
 - Harold. The Atheling is nearest to the throne.
 - William. But sickly, slight, halfwitted 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 Normandy,
- 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 ever he were king
- In England, he would give his kingly voice
- To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?
 - Harold. I learn it now. William. Thou knowest I am his cousin.
- And that my wife descends from Alfred? *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 eves out av.
 - 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 JAILOR before William's throne.
 - William (to Jailor). Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner scape?
- Jailor. Sir Count, Ile 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 Jailor stands aside. William (to Harold). Hast thou

- such trustless jailors 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 governance;
- Honour to thee! thou art perfect in all honour!
- Thy naked word thy bond! confirm it now
- Before our gather'd Norman baronage,
- 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 absolutely, noble Earl.
 - Malet (whispering). Delay is death to thee, ruin to England.
 - Wulfnoth (whispering). Swear, dearest brother, I beseech thee, swear!
 - Harold (putting his hand on the jewel). 1 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 Normandy 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 bodies and bones of saints are seen lying in the ark.
- The holy bones of all the Canonised
- From all the holiest shrines in Normandy ! 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 honest 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
- 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 Harfleur.
 - [Execut 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 liar's —
- 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.

АСТ ИІ.

SCENE I. — THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON.

- KING EDWARD dying on a couch, and by him standing the QUEEN, HAROLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOF-WIN, 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 priories 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 Harfleur,
- '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 dispoped?

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.

Leofwin. 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 ! Leofwin. 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 baptized 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 crying

'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 !

Av, 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 banish'd him.
 - Harold. Nay but the council, and the king himself.
 - Queen. Thou hatest him, hatest him. Harold (coldly). Ay — Stigand, unriddle
- 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
- With twenty-cubit wings from wall to wall —
- I have built the Lord a house sing, Asaph! clash
- The cymbal, Heman ! blow the trumpet, priest !
- Fall, cloud, and fill the house lo! my two pillars,

Jachin and Boaz ! ---

[Seeing Harold and Gurth. Harold, Gurth, — where am 1?

Where is the charter of our Westminster? Can rule all England. Yet the curse is Stigand. It lies beside thee, king, on him For swearing falsely by those blessed upon thy bed. Edward. Sign, sign at once — take, bones: sign it, Stigand, Aldred! He did not mean to keep his vow. Harold. Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth, and Not mean Leofwin. To make our England Norman. Sign it, my queen! Edward. There spake Godwin, We have sign'd it. Who hated all the Normans; but their All Saints Edward. It is finish'd! The kingliest Abbey in all Christian Have heard thee, Harold. lands. Edith. O my lord, my king! The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built He knew not whom he sware by. To Holy Peter in our English isle! Edward. Yea, I know Let me be buried there, and all our kings. He knew not, but those heavenly ears And all our just and wise and holy men have heard, That shall be born hereafter. It is Their curse is on him; wilt thou bring finish'd! another, Hast thou had absolution for thine oath? Edith, upon his head? [To Harold. Edith. No. no. not I. Harold. Stigand hath given me abso-Edward. Why then, thou must not lution for it. wed him. *Edward.* Stigand is not canonical Harold. Wherefore, wherefore? *Edward.* O son, when thou didst tell enough To save thee from the wrath of Norman me of thine oath. Saints. I sorrow'd for my random promise given Stigand. Norman enough! Be there To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then no Saints of England I should be king. - My son, the Saints To help us from their brethren yonder? are virgins; They love the white rose of virginity, Edward. Prelate. The Saints are one, but those of Norman-The cold, white lily blowing in her cell: land I have been myself a virgin; and I Are mightier than our own. Ask it of sware [To Harold. To consecrate my virgin here to heaven — Aldred. Aldred. It shall be granted him, my The silent, cloister'd, solitary life, king; for he A life of life-long prayer against the curse Who vows a vow to strangle his own That lies on thee and England. Harold. mother No, no, no. Edward. Treble denial of the tongue Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it. Edward. O friends, I shall not overof flesh. live the day. Like Peter's when he fell, and thou wilt Stigand. Why then the throne is have Who inherits? empty. To wail for it like Peter. O my son! For tho' we be not bound by the king's Are all oaths to be broken then, all voice promises In making of a king, yet the king's Made in our agony for help from heaven? voice Son, there is one who loves thee: and a Is much toward his making. Who wife. inherits? What matters who, so she be serviceable Edgar the Atheling? In all obedience, as mine own hath been : Edward. No, no, but Harold. God bless thee, wedded daughter. I love him: he hath served me: none [Laying his hand on the Queen's head. but he Queen. Bless thou too

That brother whom I love beyond the rest,

- *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 they art king to see my solemn
- 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,
- Harold, if thou embrace her: and on thee, 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 care-
- fuller 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 entrenchment 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 Normanises 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

My banish'd Tostig.

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, oh, whither? into the river, Where we two may be lost together, And lost for ever? '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 herce 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 Harold.
 - 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 command
- 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.

O 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 eve
- 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	Are landed North of Humber, and in a field
The Holiest of our Holiest one should be	So packt with carnage that the dykes and
This William's fellow-tricksters; — better	brooks
die Than credit this, for death is death, or else	Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have overthrown
Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me — thou art not	Morcar and Edwin. Harold. Well then, we must fight.
A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear	How blows the wind?
There might be more than brother in my	<i>Gurth.</i> Against St. Valery
kiss,	And William.
And more than sister in thine own.	<i>Harold.</i> Well then, we will to the
<i>Edith.</i> I dare not.	North.
<i>Harold.</i> Scared by the church— 'Love for a whole life long'	<i>Gurth.</i> Ay, but worse news: this William sent to Rome,
When was that sung? <i>Edith.</i> Here to the nightingales. <i>Harold.</i> Their anthems of no church,	Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints:
how sweet they are ! Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to	The Pope and that Archdeacon Hilde- brand His master, heard him, and have sent him
cross	back
Their billings ere they nest.	A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair
<i>Edith.</i> They are but of spring,	Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,
They fly the winter change — not so with	Poitou, all Christendom is raised against
us —	thee:
No wings to come and go. <i>Harold.</i> But wing'd souls flying	He hath cursed thee, and all those who fight for thee,
Beyond all change and in the eternal	And given thy realm of England to the
distance	bastard.
To settle on the Truth.	<i>Harold.</i> Ha! ha!
<i>Edith.</i> They are not so true,	<i>Edith.</i> Oh! laugh not! Strange
They change their mates.	and ghastly in the gloom
<i>Harold.</i> Do they? I did not know it. <i>Edith.</i> They say thou art to wed the	And shadowing of this double thunder- cloud
Lady Aldwyth.	That lours on England — laughter !
Harold. They say, they say.	<i>Harold</i> , No, not strange !
Edith. If this be politic,	This was old human laughter in old Rome
And well for thee and England — and for her —	Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd
Care not for me who love thee.	Call'd itself God. — A kindly rendering
<i>Gurth (calling)</i> . Harold, Harold !	Of 'Render unto Cæsar.' The Good
<i>Harold</i> . The voice of Gurth ! (<i>Enter</i>)	Shepherd !
GURTH.) Good even, my good	Take this, and render that.
brother!	Gurth. They have taken York
Gurth. Good even, gentle Edith.	<i>Harold.</i> The Lord was God and came
Edith. Good even, Gurth.	as man — the Pope
Gurth. Ill news hath come! Our	Is man and comes as God. — York taken?
hapless brother, Tostig — He, and the giant King of Norway,	Gurth. Yea, Tostig hath taken York!
Harold	Harold. To York then. Edith,
Hardrada — Scotland, Ireland, Iceland,	Hadst thou been braver, I had better
Orkney,	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, EDWIN, and Forces. Enter HAROLD. The standard of the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding him.
 - Harold. What! are thy people sullen from defeat?
- Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber,
- No voice to greet it.

- quick Referenting the ling of hering been so
- 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 follow'd with our host, and suffer'd all.

Harold, What would ye, men?

Voice. 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 !

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 faggot, snap it over knee,

Ye cannot.

Voice. Hear King Harold! he savs true!

Harold. Would ye be Norsemen? Voices. No!

Harold. Or Norman? Voices. N

Voices. No! Harold. Snap not the faggot-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

Edwin. Let not our great king Believe us sullen — only shamed to the

- Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great
- Who drove you Danes; and yet he held that Dane,
- Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be all 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 treasure-
- And slew two hundred of his following,
- 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
- Be brethren? Godwin still at feud with Alfgar,
- And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots 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 would deign to lend an ear
- Not overscornful, we might chance perchance —
- To guess their meaning.
- Morcar. Thine own meaning, Harold,
- 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 quarrel.
 - Harold. Who sow'd this fancy here among the people?
 - Morear. Who knows what sows itself 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
- Norseman,
- 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, Should care to plot against him in the North.
 - 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 Tostig,
- Since Tostig came with Norway -- fright not love.
 - Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye, if I yield,
- Follow against the Norseman?
- Morcar. Surely, surely !

Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ve For England, for thy poor white dove, upon oath. who flutters Help us against the Norman? Between thee and the porch, but then With good will: would find Morcar. Vea. take the Sacrament upon it, king. Her nest within the cloister, and be still. Harold. Where is thy sister? Harold. Canst thou love one who Morcar. Somewhere hard at hand. cannot love again? Call and she comes. Aldreyth. Full hope have I that love [One goes out, then enter Aldwyth. will answer love. Harold. I doubt not but thou knowest Harold. Then in the name of the great God, so be it! Why thou art summon'd. Aldwyth. Why? - I stay with these, Come, Aldred, join our hands before the Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone, hosts. And flav me all alive. That all may see. Canst thou love one [Aldred joins the hands of Harold Harold Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen and Aldwyth and blesses them. Voices. Harold, Harold and Aldwyth ! Harold. Set forth our golden Dragon, thee? Didst thou not love thine husband? Aldwyth. Oh! my lord. let him flap The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage The wings that beat down Wales! king-Advance our Standard of the Warrior, That was, my lord, a match of policy. Dark among gems and gold; and thou, Harold. Was it? brave banner. I knew him brave: he loved his land: Blaze like a night of fatal stars on those he fain Who read their doom and die. Had made her great: his finger on her Where lie the Norsemen? on the Derharp went? ay (I heard him more than once) had in it At Stamford-bridge. Wales. Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin, my Her floods, her woods, her hills : had I friend been his. Thou lingerest. - Gurth, --I had been all Welsh. Last night King Edward came to me in Aldreyth. Oh, ay - all Welsh - and dreams vet The rosy face and long down-silvering I saw thee drive him up his hills - and beard women He told me I should conquer: --I am no woman to put faith in dreams. Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the more; (To his army.) If not, they cannot hate the conqueror. Last night King Edward came to me in We never — oh ! good Morcar, speak for dreams. And told me we should conquer. us. His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth. Voices. Forward! Forward! Harold. Goodly news! Harold and Holy Cross! Morcar. Doubt it not thou! Since The day is won! Aldroyth. Griffyth's head was sent To Edward, she hath said it. SCENE IL - A PLAIN. BEFORE THE Harold. I had rather BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE. She would have loved her husband. HAROLD and his Guard. Aldwyth, Aldwyth, Canst thou love me, thou knowing where Harold. Who is it comes this way? I love? Tostig? (Enter Tostig with a Aldwyth. I can, my lord, for mine small force.) O brother, own sake, for thine, What art thou doing here?

Tostig.I am foragingFor 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 theeTo drive me outlaw'd.Take and slay me, I say,Or I shall count thee fool.Harold.Free thee or slay thee, Norway will have war;	Tostig.That is noble !That sounds of Godwin.Harold.Come thou back, and beOnce more a son of Godwin.Tostig (turns away).O brother,brother,O Harold —Harold (laying his hand on Tostig's shoulder).Nay then, come thou back to us!Tostig (after a pause turning to him).Never shall any man say that I,that TostigConjured the mightier Harold from hisNorth
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	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
thou here, Trampling thy mother's bosom into blood? <i>Tostig</i> . She hath wean'd me from it with such bitterness. I come from mine own Earldom, my Northumbria; Thou hast given it to the enemy of our	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 for ever ! [Exit.
house. <i>Harold.</i> Northumbria threw thee off, she will not have thee, Thou hast misused her : and, O crowning crime ! Hast murder'd thine own guest, the son of Orm,	<i>Harold.</i> On to Stamford-bridge ! SCENE III. AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD- BRIDGE. BANQUET.
Gamel, at thine own hearth. <i>Tostig.</i> The slow, fat fool ! He drawl'd and prated so, I smote him suddenly,	HAROLD and ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, and other Earls and Thanes.
 I knew not what I did. He held with Morcar. — I hate myself for all things that I do. <i>Harold.</i> · And Morcar holds with us. Come back with him. Know what thou dost; and we may find for thee, So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment, Some easier earldom. <i>Tostig.</i> What for Norway then? He looks for land among us, he and his. <i>Harold.</i> Seven feet of English land, or something more, Seeing he is a giant. 	 Voices. Hail! Harold! Aldwyth! hail, bridegroom and bride! Aldwyth (talking with Harold). An- swer 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	The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion
guard, And striking at Hardrada and his mad-	croak From the gray sea for ever. Many are
 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 play'd 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 clench'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, 	 From the gray sea for ever. 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 ! Morear. 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. Our dear, dead, traitor-brother, Tostig, him 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 with them Likewise, if they can be at peace with what
Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son, Or Athelstan, or English Irouside Who fought with Knut, or Knut who coming Dane Died English. Every man about his king	what God gave us to divide us from the wolf! <i>Aldwyth</i> (<i>aside to</i> Harold). Make not our Morcar sullen: it is not wise. <i>Harold.</i> Hail to the living who fought, the dead who fell!
Fought like a king; the king like his own man,	Voices. Hail, hail! First Thane. How ran that answer
No better; one for all, and all for one, One soul! and therefore have we shatter'd back	which King Harold gave To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for England?
The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet	<i>Leofwin.</i> 'Seven feet of English earth, or something more,
Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken	Seeing he is a giant !'

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- *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
- Here by dead Norway without dream or
 - 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,
- And send the shatter'd North again to sea,
- Scuttle his cockle-shell? What's Brunanburg
- To Stamford-bridge? a war-crash, and so hard,
- So loud, that, by St. Dunstan, old St. Thor ---
- 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, spatter'd with mua.

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 hollowness

- 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 L 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. Monk,

- 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.
- He gave him all the kingdoms of the West.

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 whelmest 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 plowest 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, selfless 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 ten that silonees
- 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 neighbour, 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 were 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 symboll'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 —
- 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 vet
- Of the Northumbrian helmet on the heath?
 - Leofwin. No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath,

And someone 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 pierced thro' all her practices;

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 Northumberland.

 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—Sangue- lac, The Lake of Blood? Leofwin. A lake that dips in William As well as Harold. Harold. Like enough. I have seen The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'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. Our 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 	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 — Lèofwin. Barring the Norman! Harold. Nay, Were the great trumpet blowing dooms- day 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 Stam- ford-bridge, Come yet once more, from where I am at peace, Because I loved thee in my mortal day, To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac hill — Sanguelac! Vision of Wulfnoth. O brother, from my ghastly oubliette I send my voice across the narrow seas — No more, no more, dear brother, never- more — 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! The arrow! the arrow! Harold (slarting up, battle-axe in hand). Away! My battle-axe against your voices. Peace!
are up again	arrow!
burg	hand). Away!
Where England conquer'd. <i>Harold.</i> That is well. The Norman, What is he doing?	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 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 sware
- Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
- I knew not that I sware, --- 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. Stay.

Édith. 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!

- Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear 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 (bitterly). 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 !	A
[<i>Exit</i> Aldwyth.	A
Harold. Never! never!	
<i>Edith.</i> I saw it in her eyes! <i>Harold.</i> I see it in thine.	I
And not on thee—nor England—fall God's doom!	
Edith. On thee? on me. And thou art England! Alfred	F
Was England. Ethelred was nothing. England	I
Is but her king, and thou art Harold! Harold. Edith,	S
The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at sea—	Is
My fatal oath — the dead Saints — the dark dreams —	A
The Pope's Anathema — the Holy Rood That bow'd to me at Waltham — Edith, if	0
I, the last English king of England – <i>Edith.</i> No,	L
First of a line that coming from the people, And chosen by the people —	A
Harold. And fighting for And dying for the people —	
<i>Edith.</i> Living! living! <i>Harold.</i> 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 Norse- land? slain,	
Whose life was all one battle, incarnate war,	S
Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms Than William?	C
Harold. Ay, my girl, no tricks in him-	L
No bastard he! when all was lost, he yell'd,	St
And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,	W
And swaying his two-handed sword about him,	I
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	Ι
can kill, And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe — <i>Edith.</i> Waste not thy might before	A
the battle !	1

Har	11	
1101	'01/I	

nd thou must hence. Stigand will see thee safe.

No,

nd so - farewell.

[He is going, but turns back.

The ring thou darest not wear, have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.

> [Harold shows the ring which is on his finger.

arewell !

He is going, but turns back again.

am dead as Death this day to aught of earth's

ave William's death or mine.

Thy death ! - to-day ! Edith. it not thy birthday?

Ay, that happy day! Harold. birthday welcome! happy days and

- many!
- [They embrace. ne — this!
- ook. I will bear thy blessing into the battle

nd front the doom of God.

Norman cries (heard in the distance). Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Enter GURTH.

Gurth. The Norman moves!

Harold. Harold and Holv Cross! *Execut* Harold and Gurth.

Enter STIGAND.

Stigand. Our Church in arms - the lamb the lion - not

pear into pruning-hook - the counter way —

owl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe. Abbot Alfwig,

eofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'

- rike for the king; but I, old wretch, old Stigand,
- Vith hands too limp to brandish iron and yet
- have a power would Harold ask me for it ---

have a power.

What power, holy father? Edith. Power now from Harold to Stigand. command thee hence

nd see thee safe from Senlac. Edith. I remain!

	1
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 without).	
Salva patriam Sancte Pater, Salva Fili, Salva Spiritus, Salva patriam, Sancta Mater. ¹	Stigand Edith. Canons
Edith. Are those the blessed angels	<i>Englis</i> Cr
quiring, father? Stigand. No, daughter, but the canons	<i>Stigana</i> Answer t
out of Waltham, The king's foundation, that have follow'd	Are storr
him. <i>Edith.</i> O God of battles, make their	kr
wall of shields Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their	Sit, each Englis
palisades ! What is that whirring sound?	mi Norma
<i>Stigand.</i> The Norman arrow! <i>Edith.</i> Look out upon the battle — is	Canons
he safe?	
<i>Stigand.</i> The king of England stands between his banners.	
He glitters on the crowning of the hill. God save King Harold!	
<i>Edith.</i> — chosen by his people And fighting for his people !	Stigan
Stigand. There is one	Edith.
Come as Goliath came of yore — he flings His brand in air and catches it again,	Stigan. sir
He is chanting some old war-song. <i>Edith.</i> And no David	About the And arms
To meet him?	by
Stigand. Ay, there springs a Saxon on him,	Their ligh
Falls — and another falls.	Edith.
Edith. Have mercy on us! Stigand. Lo! our good Gurth hath smitten him to the death.	Stigand
<i>Edith.</i> So perish all the enemies of Harold !	be Their ho ric
Canons (singing).	I see the
¹ The a throughout these Latin hymns should be sounded broad, as in 'father.'	Floating do

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 Almighty!

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 barricades;
- see the gonfanon of Holy Peter
- Floating above their helmets ha! he is down!

Edith. He down! Who down? Equus cum equite Stigand. The Norman Count is down. Præcipitatur. Edith. So perish all the enemies of O God, the God of truth hath Edith. England ! heard my cry. Stigand. No. no. he hath risen again Follow them, follow them, drive them to - he bares his face -the sea! Shouts something - he points onward all their horse Illorum scelera Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming up. Pœna sequatur! Edith. O God of battles, make his battle-axe keen Stigand. Truth! no: a lie: a trick. As thine own sharp-dividing justice, a Norman trick ! heavy They turn on the pursuer, horse against As thine own bolts that fall on crimeful foot. They murder all that follow. heads Charged with the weight of heaven Have mercy on us! Edith. wherefrom they fall! Stigand. Hot-headed fools - to burst Canons (singing). the wall of shields! They have broken the commandment of Tacta tonitrua the king! Deus bellator! F.dith. His oath was broken --- O holy Surgas e tenebris. Norman Saints, Sis vindicator! Ye that are now of heaven, and see Fulmina, fulmina bevond Deus vastator ! Your Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon it, O God of battles, they are That he forsware himself for all he loved, Edith. three to one. Me, me and all! Look out upon the Make thou one man as three to roll them battle ! down! Stigand. They thunder again upon Canons (singing). the barricades. My sight is eagle, but the strife so thick — Equus cum equite This is the hottest of it: hold, ash! hold, Dejiciatur ! willow! Acies, Acies English cries. Out, out! Prona sternatur! Norman cries. Ha Rou! Illorum lanceas Stigand. Ha! Gurth hath leapt upon Frange Creator ! him Stigand. Yea, yea, for how their lances And slain him: he hath fallen. And I am heard. snap and shiver Edith. Glory to God in the Highest! fallen, Against the shifting blaze of Harold's fallen! axe! Stisand. No. no. his horse — he War-woodman of old Woden, how he fells mounts another --- wields His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and The mortal copse of faces! There! And there ! Gurth, The horse and horseman cannot meet the Our noble Gurth, is down! shield. Edith. Have mercy on us! The blow that brains the horseman Stigand. And Leofwin is down! cleaves the horse. Edith. Have mercy on us! The horse and horseman roll along the O Thou that knowest, let not my strong hill. prayer They fly once more, they fly, the Norman Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love flies! The husband of another!

 <i>Edith.</i> I do not hear our English war-cry. <i>Stigand.</i> No. <i>Edith.</i> Look out upon the battle—is he safe? <i>Stigand.</i> He stands between the banners with the dead So piled about him he can hardly move. <i>Edith.</i> (<i>takes up the war-cry).</i> Outout out? <i>Norman cries.</i> Ha Rou! <i>Edith.</i> (<i>takes up the war-cry).</i> Outout? <i>Norman cries.</i> Ha Rou! Harol and Holy Cross! <i>Norman cries.</i> Ha Rou! Ha Rou! <i>Edith.</i> What is that whirring sound? <i>Stigand.</i> The Norman sends his arrows up to Heaven, the arrow - the arrow! — away! <i>Stigand.</i> Sanguelac — Sanguelac — the arrow — the arrow! — away! <i>Scene II. — FIELD OF THE DEAD.</i> NIGHT. <i>Aldwyth.</i> O Edith, art thou here? OH Harold, Harold — <i>Stigand.</i> O Edith, art thou here? OH Harold, Harold — <i>Stigand.</i> Sonuel A. Constant is ster in my kiss, And so the Saints were wroth. I cannot love them, For they are so much holier than their harolot's son <i>Midwyth.</i> The king is slain, the kingdom overthrown! <i>Edith.</i> No matter! <i>Aldwyth.</i> How no matter, Harold slain? — <i>Cannot</i> find his body. O help me thou! 		
 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 cannot love them, For they are Norman Saints — and yet I should — They are so much holier than their har- lot's son With whom they play'd their game against the king! Aldwyth. The king is slain, the kingdom 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 thee, No, no — brave Gurth, one gash from 	 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 banners 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 — 	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 lead bodies naked yonder,And thou art come to rob them of their rings !Aldwyth.O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crownAnd 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;
 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 cannot 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 kingdom 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 thee, Call not for help from me. I knew him not. Call not for help from me. I knew him not. Call not for help from me. I knew him not. 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 or England. Go further hence and find him. Aldwyth. That doth not matter either Lower the light. He must be here. Enter two Canons, Osgod and ATHELRIC, with torches. They turn over the dead bodies and examine them as they pass. Osgod. I think that this is Thurkill. Althelric. More likely Godric. Osgod. I am sure this body. Is Alfwig, the king's uncle. Athelric. So it is ! 	SCENE II FIELD OF THE DEAD.	laugh'd; Then all the dead fell on him. <i>Aldwyth</i> . Edith, Edith— <i>Edith</i> . What was he like, this hus-
 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 cannot 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 kingdom 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 thee, I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee, I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee, I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee, I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee, I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee, I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee, I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee, I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou ! I cannot find his body. O help me thou !<td>ALDWYTH and EDITH.</td><td></td>	ALDWYTH and EDITH.	
	 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 cannot 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 kingdom 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 thee, 	 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 ATHELRIC, 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

 Aldwyth. Harold? Oh no — nay, if it were — my God, They have so maim'd and murder'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 someone ask'd me for forgiveness? I yield it freely, being the true wife Of this dead King, who never bore re- venge. Enter COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM MALET. <i>William</i>. Who be these women? And what body is this? Edith. Harold, thy better ! <i>William</i>. Ay, and what art thou? 	 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 yestereven I held it with him in his English halls, His day, with all his rooftree 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 the hill of battle; let our high altar
 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- 	 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
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 —	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 sea- shore
I lost it, playing with it when I was wild. 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 for ever and evermore. [Falls on the body and dies.	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 vet —
- No, by the splendour of God have I fought men
- Like Harold and his brethren, and his guard
- Of English. Every man about his king 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 . . . Praise the Saints. It is over.
- Flat. No more blood!
- I am king of England, so they thwart me not.
- And I will rule according to their laws.
- (To Aldwyth.) Madam, we will entreat thee with all honour.
 - Aldwyth. My punishment is more than I can bear.

BECKET.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL OF SELBORNE.

MY DEAR SELBORNE — To you, the honoured Chancellor of our own day, I dedicate this dramatic memorial of your great predecessor; — which, altho' not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre, has nevertheless — for so you have assured me — won your approbation. — Ever yours, TENNYSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY II. (son of the Earl of Anjou). THOMAS BECKET, Chancellor of England, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. GILBERT FOLIOT, Bishop of London. ROGER, Archbishop of York. Bishop of Hereford. HILARY, Bishop of Chichester. IOCELYN, Bishop of Salisbury. HERBERT OF BOSHAM (friends of Becket. WALTER MAP, reputed author of 'Golias,' Latin poems against the priesthood, KING LOUIS OF FRANCE. GEOFFREY, son of Rosamund and Henry. GRIM, a monk of Cambridge. SIR REGINALD FITZURSE SIR RICHARD DE BRITO the four knights of the King's household, enemies of Becket. SIR WILLIAM DE TRACY SIR HUGH DE MORVILLE DE BROC OF SALTWOOD CASTLE. LORD LEICESTER. PHILIP DE ELEEMOSYNA. TWO KNIGHT TEMPLARS. JOHN OF OXFORD (called the Swearer). ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE, Queen of England (divorced from Louis of France). ROSAMUND DE CLIFFORD. MARGERY.

Knights, Monks, Beggars, etc.

PROLOGUE.

A Castle in Normandy. Interior of the Hall. Roofs of a City seen thro' Windows.

HENRY and BECKET at chess.

Henry. So then our good Archbishop Theobald

Lies dying.

Becket. I am grieved to know as much.

Henry. But we must have a mightier man than he

For his successor.

Becket. Have you thought of one? Henry. A cleric lately poison'd his own mother,

- And being brought before the courts of the Church,
- They but degraded him. I hope they whipt him.

I would have hang'd him.

Becket. It is your move. Henry. Well — there. [Moves. The Church in the pell-mell of Stephen's time

Hath climb'd the throne and almost eluteh'd the crown;

But by the royal customs of our realm

- The Church should hold her baronies of me. Like other lords amenable to law. I'll have them written down and made the law. Becket. My liege, I move my bishop. Henry. And if I live. No man without my leave shall excommunicate My tenants or my household. Look to your king. Becket. Henry. No man without my leave shall cross the seas To set the Pope against me - I pray your pardon. Becket. Well --- will you move? There. [Moves.] Henrv. it Becket. Check — you move so wildly. Henry. There then! [Moves. Becket. Why -- there then, for you see my bishop Hath brought your king to a standstill. You are beaten. Henry (kicks over the board). Why, there then --- down go bishop and king together.
 - I loathe being beaten; had I fixt my fancy
 - Upon the game I should have beaten thee,
 - But that was vagabond.
 - Becket. Where, my liege? With Phryne,
 - Or Lais, or thy Rosamund, or another?
 - *Henry*. My Rosamund is no Lais, Thomas Becket;
 - And yet she plagues me too no fault in her —
 - But that I fear the Queen would have her life.
 - Becket. Put her away, put her away, my liege!
 - Put her away into a nunnery!
 - Safe enough there from her to whom thou art bound
 - By Holy Church. And wherefore should she seek
 - The life of Rosamund de Clifford more
 - Than that of other paramours of thine? *Henry.* How dost thou know I am not wedded to her?
 - Becket. How should I know?
 - Henry. That is my secret, Thomas.

- *Becket.* State secrets should be patent to the statesman
- Who serves and loves his king, and whom the king
- Loves not as statesman, but true lover and friend.
 - Henry. Come, come, thou art but deacon, not yet bishop,
- No, nor archbishop, nor my confessor yet.
- I would to God thou wert, for I should find
- An easy father confessor in thee.
- Becket. St. Denis, that thou shouldst not. I should beat
- Thy kingship as my bishop hath beaten it.
 - Henry. Hell take thy bishop then, and my kingship too!
- Come, come, I love thee and I know thee, I know thee,
- A doter on white pheasant-flesh at feasts,
- A sauce-deviser for thy days of fish,
- A dish-designer, and most amorous
- Of good old red sound liberal Gascon wine:
- Will not thy body rebel, man, if thou flatter it?
 - Becket. That palate is insane which cannot tell
- A good dish from a bad, new wine from old.
 - Henry. Well, who loves wine loves woman.
 - Becket. So I do.
- Men are God's trees, and women are God's flowers;
- And when the Gascon wine mounts to my head,
- The trees are all the statelier, and the flowers
- Are all the fairer.
 - Henry. And thy thoughts, thy fancies? Becket. Good dogs, my liege, well
 - train'd, and easily call'd
- Off from the game.
- Henry. Save for some once or twice,
- When they ran down the game and worried it.
 - Becket. No, my liege, no ! not once — in God's name, no !
 - *Henry*. Nay, then, I take thee at thy word believe thee

 The veriest Galahad of old Arthur's hall. And so this Rosamund, my true heartwife, Not Eleanor — she whom I love indeed As a woman should be loved — Why dost thou smile So dolorously? Becket. My good liege, if a man Wastes himself among women, how should he love A woman, as a woman should be loved? Henry. How shouldst thou know that never hast loved one? Come, I would give her to thy care in England When I am out in Normandy or Anjou. Becket. My lord, I am your subject, not your — Henry. Pander. God's eyes! I know all that — not my purveyor Of pleasures, but to save a life — her life; Ay, and the soul of Eleanor from hell-fire. I have built a secret bower in England, Thomas, A nest in a bush. Becket. And where, my liege? Henry (whispers). Thine ear. Becket. That's lone enough. Henry (laying paper on table). This chart here mark'd 'Her Bower,' Take, keep it, friend. See, first, a circling wood, A hundred pathways running everyway, And then a brook, a bridge; and after that This labyrinthine brickwork maze in maze, And then another wood, and in the midst A garden and my Rosamund. Look, this line — The rest you see is colour'd green — but this 	 And pass her to her secret bower in England. She is ignorant of all but that I love her. Becket. My liege, I pray thee let me hence: a widow And orphan child, whom one of thy wild barons — Henry. Ay, ay, but swear to see to her in England. Becket. Well, well, I swear, but not to please myself. Henry. Whatever come between us? Becket. Well well a should come Between us, Henry? Henry. Nay — I know not, Thomas. Becket. What need then? Well — whatever come between us. [Going. Henry. A moment! thou didst help me to my throne In Theobald's time, and after by thy wisdom Hast kept it firm from shaking; but now I, For my realm's sake, myself must be the wizard To raise that tempest which will set it trembling Only to base it deeper. I, true son Of Holy Church — no croucher to the Gregories That tread the kings their children underheel — Must curb her; and the Holy Father, while This Barbarossa butts him from his chair, Will need my help — be facile to my hands. Now is my time. Yet — lest there should be flashes And fulminations from the side of Rome, An interdict on England — I will have
This labyrinthine brickwork maze in maze, And then another wood, and in the midst A garden and my Rosamund. Look, this line—	This Barbarossa butts him from his chair, Will need my help — be facile to my hands. Now is my time. Yet — lest there should be flashes

- A strain of hard and headstrong in him. Say,
- The Queen should play his kingship against thine!
 - Henry. I will not think so, Thomas. Who shall crown him?
- Canterbury is dying.
 - Becket. The next Canterbury. Henry. And who shall he be, my
 - friend Thomas? Who? Becket. Name him; the Holy Father will confirm him.
 - Henry (lays his hand on Becket's shoulder). Here!
 - Becket. Mock me not. I am not even a monk.
- Thy jest no more. Why look is this a sleeve
- For an archbishop?
- *Henry.* But the arm within Is Becket's, who hath beaten down my
 - foes. Becket. A soldier's, not a spiritual arm.
 - Henry. I lack a spiritual soldier, Thomas-
- A man of this world and the next to boot. Becket. There's Gilbert Foliot.
- *Henry*. He! too thin, too thin. Thou art the man to fill out the Church
- robe; Your Foliot fasts and fawns too much
- for me.

Becket. Roger of York.

- Henry. Roger is Roger of York. King, Church, and State to him but foils wherein
- To set that precious jewel, Roger of York. No.
 - Becket. Henry of Winchester?
- *Henry*. Him who crown'd Stephen King Stephen's brother! No; too royal for me.
- And I'll have no more Anselms.
- Becket. Sire, the business
- Of thy whole kingdom waits me: let me go.

Henry. Answer me first.

- Becket. Then for thy barren jest Take thou mine answer in bare commonplace —
- Nolo episcopari.

Henry. Ay, but Nolo

- Archiepiscopari, my good friend,
- Is quite another matter.
- *Becket.* A more awful one. Make *me* archbishop! Why, my liege, I know
- Some three or four poor priests a thousand times
- Fitter for this grand function. *Me* archbishop!
- God's favour and king's favour might so clash
- That thou and I —— That were a jest indeed !
 - Henry. Thou angerest me, man: I do not jest.
 - Enter Eleanor and Sir Reginald Fitzurse.
 - Eleanor (singing). Over! the sweet summer closes,
 - The reign of the roses is done -----
 - Henry (to Becket, who is going). Thou shalt not go. I have not ended with thee.

Eleanor (seeing chart on table). This chart with the red line! her bower! whose bower?

Henry. The chart is not mine, but Becket's: take it, Thomas.

Eleanor. Becket ! O—ay — and these chessmen on the floor — the king's crown broken ! Becket hath beaten thee again — and thou hast kicked down the board. I know thee of old.

- Henry. True enough, my mind was set upon other matters.
- *Eleanor*. What matters? State matters? love matters?
- Henry. My love for thee, and thine for me.
- *Eleanor*. Over! the sweet summer closes,

The reign of the roses is done;

Over and gone with the roses,

And over and gone with the sun.

Here; but our sun in Aquitaine lasts longer. I would I were in Aquitaine again — your north chills me.

Over! the sweet summer closes, -

And never a flower at the close;

Over and gone with the roses, And winter again and the snows. That was not the way I ended it first but unsymmetrically, preposterously, illogically, out of passion, without art — like a song of the people. Will you have it? The last Parthian shaft of a forlorn Cupid at the King's left breast, and all left-handedness and under-handedness.

And never a flower at the close, Over and gone with the roses, Not over and gone with the rose.

True, one rose will outblossom the rest, one rose in a bower. I speak after my fancies, for I am a Troubadour, you know, and won the violet at Toulouse; but my voice is harsh here, not in tune, a nightingale out of season; for marriage, rose or no rose, has killed the golden violet.

Becket. Madam, you do ill to scorn wedded love.

Eleanor. So I do. Louis of France loved me, and I dreamed that I loved Louis of France: and I loved Henry of England, and Henry of England dreamed that he loved me; but the marriage-garland withers even with the putting on, the bright link rusts with the breath of the first after-marriage kiss, the harvest moon is the ripening of the harvest, and the honeymoon is the gall of love; he dies of his honeymoon. I could pity this poor world myself that it is no better ordered.

Henry. Dead is he, my Queen? What, altogether? Let me swear nay to that by this cross on thy neck. God's eyes! what a lovely cross! what jewels!

Eleanor. Doth it please you? Take it and wear it on that hard heart of yours — there. [*Gives it to him.*]

Henry (puts it on). On this left breast before so hard a heart,

To hide the scar left by thy Parthian dart.

Eleanor. Has my simple song set you jingling? Nay, if I took and translated that hard heart into our Provençal facilities, I could so play about it with the rhyme——

Henry. That the heart were lost in the rhyme and the matter in the metre.

May we not pray you, Madam, to spare us the hardness of your facility?

Eleanor. The wells of Castaly are not wasted upon the desert. We did but jest.

Henry. There's no jest on the brows of Herbert there. What is it, Herbert?

Enter HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Herbert. My liege, the good Archbishop is no more.

Henry. Peace to his soul!

Herbert. I left him with peace on his face — that sweet other-world smile, which will be reflected in the spiritual body among the angels. But he longed much to see your Grace and the Chancellor ere he past, and his last words were a commendation of Thomas Becket to your Grace as his successor in the archbishoprick.

Henry. Ha, Becket! thou rememberest our talk!

Becket. My heart is full of tears — I have no answer.

Henry. Well, well, old men must die, or the world would grow mouldy, would only breed the past again. Come to me to-morrow. Thou hast but to hold out thy hand. Meanwhile the revenues are mine. A-hawking, a-hawking! If I sit, I grow fat.

[Leaps over the table, and exit. Becket. He did prefer me to the

chancellorship, Believing I should ever aid the Church — But have I done it ? He commends me now

From out his grave to this archbishoprick.

Herbert. A dead man's dying wish should be of weight.

Becket. His should. Come with me. Let me learn at full

The manner of his death, and all he said. [*Execut* Herbert *and* Becket.

Eleanor. Fitzurse, that chart with the red line — thou sawest it — her bower.

Fitzurse. Rosamund's?

Eleanor. Ay—there lies the secret of her whereabouts, and the King gave it to his Chancellor.

Fitzurse: To this son of a London merchant — how your Grace must hate him !

Eleanor. Hate him? as brave a soldier as Henry and a goodlier man: but thou — dost thou love this Chancellor, that thou hast sworn a voluntary allegiance to him?

Fitzurse. Not for my love toward him, but because he had the love of the King. How should a baron love a beggar on horseback, with the retinue of three kings behind him, outroyalling royalty? Besides, he holp the King to break down our castles, for the which I hate him.

Eleanor. For the which I honour him. Statesman not Churchman he. A great and sound policy that: I could embrace him for it: you could not see the King for the kinglings.

Fitzurse. Ay, but he speaks to a noble as tho' he were a churl, and to a churl as if he were a noble.

Eleanor. Pride of the plebeian!

Fitzurse. And this plebeian like to be Archbishop!

Eleanor. True, and I have an inherited loathing of these black sheep of the Papacy. Archbishop? I can see further into a man than our hot-headed Henry, and if there ever come feud between Church and Crown, and I do not then charm this secret out of our loyal Thomas, I am not Eleanor.

Fitzurse. Last night I followed a woman in the city here. Her face was veiled, but the back methought was Rosamund — his paramour, thy rival. I can feel for thee.

Eleanor. Thou feel for me! — paramour — rival! King Louis had no paramours, and I loved him none the more. Henry had many, and I loved him none the less — now neither more nor less not at all; the cup's empty. I would she were but his paramour, for men tire of their fancies; but I fear this one fancy hath taken root, and borne blossom too, and she, whom the King loves indeed, is a power in the State. Rival! — ay, and when the King passes, there may come a crash and embroilment as in Stephen's time; and her children — canst thou not — that secret matter which would heat the King against thee (whispers him and he starts). Nay, that is safe with me as with thyself: but canst thou not — thou art drowned in debt — thou shalt have our love, our silence, and our gold — canst thou not — if thou light upon her — free me from her?

Fitzurse. Well, Madam, I have loved her in my time.

Eleanor. No, my bear, thou hast not. My Courts of Love would have held thee guiltless of love — the fine attractions and repulses, the delicacies, the subtleties.

Fitzurse. Madam, I loved according to the main purpose and intent of nature.

Eleanor. I warrant thee! thou wouldst hug thy Cupid till his ribs cracked — enough of this. Follow me this Rosamund day and night, whithersoever she goes; track her, if thou canst, even into the King's lodging, that I may (*clenches her fist*) — may at least have my cry against him and her, — and thou in thy way shouldst be jealous of the King, for thou in thy way didst once, what shall I call it, affect her thine own self.

Fitzurse. Ay, but the young colt winced and whinnied and flung up her heels; and then the King came honeying about her, and this Becket, her father's friend, like enough staved us from her.

Eleanor. Us!

Fitzurse. Yea, by the Blessed Virgin! There were more than I buzzing round the blossom — De Tracy — even that fint De Brito.

Eleanor. Carry her off among you; run in upon her and devour her, one and all of you; make her as hateful to herself and to the King, as she is to me.

Fitzurse. I and all would be glad to wreak our spite on the rosefaced minion of the King, and bring her to the level of the dust, so that the King —

Eleanor. Let her eat it like the serpent, and be driven out of her paradise.

Av.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — BECKET'S HOUSE IN LON-DON.

Chamber barely furnished. BECKET unrobing. HERBERT OF BOSHAM and SERVANT.

Servant. Shall I not help your lordship to your rest?

Becket. Friend, am I so much better than thyself

- That thou shouldst help me? Thou art wearied out
- With this day's work, get thee to thine own bed.

Leave me with Herbert, friend.

[*Exit* Servant.

- Help me off, Herbert, with this -- and this.
 - *Herbert.* Was not the people's blessing as we past
- Heart-comfort and a balsam to thy blood?
 - Becket. The people know their Church a tower of strength,

A bulwark against Throne and Baronage.

- Too heavy for me, this; off with it, Herbert!
 - Herbert. Is it so much heavier than thy Chancellor's robe?
 - Becket. No; but the Chancellor's and the Archbishop's
- Together more than mortal man can bear.
 - Herbert. Not heavier than thine armour at Thoulouse?
 - Becket. O Herbert, Herbert, in my chancellorship

I more than once have gone against the Church.

Herbert. To please the King?

Becket. Ay, and the King of kings,

Or justice; for it seem'd to me but just

- The Church should pay her scutage like the lords.
- But hast thou heard this cry of Gilbert Foliot
- That I am not the man to be your Primate,
- For Henry could not work a miracle Make an Archbishop of a soldier?

Herbert.

- For Gilbert Foliot held himself the man. Becket. Am I the man? My mother, ere she bore me,
- Dream'd that twelve stars fell glittering out of heaven

Into her bosom.

Herbert. Ay, the fire, the light, The spirit of the twelve Apostles enter'd Into thy making.

Becket. And when I was a child, The Virgin, in a vision of my sleep,

Gave me the golden keys of Paradise. Dream,

Or prophecy, that?

Herbert. Well, dream and prophecy both.

Becket. And when I was of Theobald's household, once —

The good old man would sometimes have his jest —

He took his mitre off, and set it on me,

And said, 'My young Archbishop — thou wouldst make

A stately Archbishop!' Jest or prophecy there?

Herbert. Both, Thomas, both.

Becket. Am I the man? That rang Within my head last night, and when I slept

- Methought I stood in Canterbury Minster,
- And spake to the Lord God, and said, 'O Lord,
- I have been a lover of wines, and delicate meats,

And secular splendours, and a favourer

Of players, and a courtier, and a feeder

Of dogs and hawks, and apes, and lions, and lynxes.

- Am *I* the man?' And the Lord answer'd me,
- ' Thou art the man, and all the more the man.'-

And then I ask'd again, 'O Lord my God,

- Henry the King hath been my friend, my brother,
- And mine uplifter in this world, and chosen me
- For this thy great archbishoprick, believing

That I should go against the Church with him,

	1
And I shall go against him with the	I am his no more, and I must serve the
Church,	Church.
And I have said no word of this to him :	This Canterbury is only less than Rome,
Am I the man?' And the Lord answer'd	And all my doubts I fling from me like
me,	dust,
'Thou art the man, and all the more the	Winnow and scatter all scruples to the
man.'	wind,
And thereupon, methought, He drew	And all the puissance of the warrior,
toward me,	And all the wisdom of the Chancellor,
And smote me down upon the Minster	And all the heap'd experiences of life,
floor.	I cast upon the side of Canterbury —
I fell.	Our holy mother Canterbury, who sits
Herbert. God make not thee, but thy	With tatter'd robes. Laics and barons
	thro'
foes, fall.	
Becket. I fell. Why fall? Why did	The random gifts of careless kings, have
He smite me? What?	graspt
Shall I fall off — to please the King once	Her livings, her advowsons, granges,
more?	farms,
Not fight — tho' somehow traitor to the	And goodly acres—we will make her
King —	whole;
My truest and mine utmost for the	Not one rood lost. And for these Royal
Church?	customs,
Herbert. Thou canst not fall that	These ancient Royal customs — they are
way. Let traitor be;	Royal,
For how have fought thine utmost for the	Not of the Church — and let them be
Church,	anathema,
Save from the throne of thine archbishop-	And all that speak for them anathema.
rick?	Herbert. Thomas, thou art moved too
	much.
And how been made Archbishop hadst	
thou told him,	Becket. O Herbert, here
'I mean to fight mine utmost for the	I gash myself asunder from the King,
Church,	Tho' leaving each, a wound; mine own,
Against the King'?	a grief
Becket. But dost thou think the King	To show the scar for ever — his, a hate
Forced mine election?	Not ever to be heal'd.
Herbert. I do think the King	Forter Destaura DE CURRORD du
Was potent in the election, and why	Enter Rosamund de Clifford, fly-
not?	ing from SIR REGINALD FITZURSE.
Why should not Heaven have so inspired	Drops her veil.
the King?	Becket. Rosamund de Clifford !
Be comforted. Thou art the man - be	Rosamund. Save me, father, hide me
thou	-they follow me-and I must not be
A mightier Anselm.	known.
Becket. I do believe thee, then. I	Becket. Pass in with Herbert there.
am the man.	<i>Execut</i> Rosamund and Herbert by
	side door.
And yet I seem appall'd—on such a	SULC (1007.
sudden	Enter FITZURSE.
At such an eagle-height I stand and see	
The rift that runs between me and the	Fitzurse. The Archbishop!
King.	Becket. Ay! what wouldst thou, Regi-
I served our Theobald well when I was	nald?

with him; I served King Henry well as Chancellor; Fitzurse. Why — why, my lord, I fol-low'd — follow'd one —

Becket. And then what follows? Let Becket. Do. These be those baronme follow thee. brutes Fitzurse. It much imports me I should That havock'd all the land in Stephen's know ber name. day. Becket. What her? Rosamund de Clifford. Fitzurse. The woman that I follow'd Re-enter ROSAMUND and HERBERT. hither. Becket. Perhaps it may import her Rosamund. Here am L all as much Recket Why here? Not to be known. We gave thee to the charge of John of And what care I for that? Fitzurse. Salisbury. Come, come, my lord Archbishop; I saw To pass thee to thy secret bower tothat door morrow. Wast thou not told to keep thyself from Close even now upon the woman. Becket. Well? sight? Fitzurse (making for the door). Nay, Rosamund. Poor bird of passage! so let me pass, my lord, for I must I was; but, father, know. They say that you are wise in winged Becket. Back, man! things. Fitzurse. Then tell me who And know the ways of Nature. Bar the and what she is. bird Becket. Art thou so sure thou fol-From following the fled summer - a lowedst anything? chink - he's out. Go home, and sleep thy wine off, for Gone ! And there stole into the city a thine eves breath Glare stupid-wild with wine. Full of the meadows, and it minded me Fitzurse (making to the door). I must Of the sweet woods of Clifford, and the and will. walks I care not for thy new archbishoprick. Where I could move at pleasure, and I Becket. Back, man, I tell thee! thought What ! Lo! I must out or die. Shall I forget my new archbishoprick Or out and die. Becket. And smite thee with my crozier on the And what hast thou to do with this skull? Fitzurse? 'Fore God, I am a mightier man than Rosamund. Nothing. He sued my thou. hand. I shook at him. Fitzurse. It well befits thy new arch-He found me once alone. Nay-nay bishoprick I cannot To take the vagabond woman of the Tell you: my father drove him and his street friends. Into thine arms! De Tracy and De Brito, from our castle. Becket. O drunken ribaldry! I was but fourteen and an April then. Out, beast! out, bear! I heard him swear revenge. Fitzurse. I shall remember this. Why will you court it Becket. Becket. Do, and begone ! By self-exposure? flutter out at night? [*Exit* Fitzurse. Make it so hard to save a moth from the [Going to the door, sees De Tracy. fire? Tracy, what dost thou here? Rosamund. I have saved many of De Tracy. My lord, I follow'd 'em. You catch 'em, so, Reginald Fitzurse. Softly, and fling them out to the free *Becket.* Follow him out! air. De Tracy. I shall remember this They burn themselves within-door. Discourtesy. Exit. Becket. Our good John

Now must I send thee as a common Must speed you to your bower at once. The child friend Is there already. To tell the King, my friend, I am against Rosamund. $Ves \rightarrow the child \rightarrow the$ him. child -We are friends no more: he will say O rare, a whole long day of open field. that, not I. The worldly bond between us is dissolved, Becket. Ay, but you go disguised. Rosamund. O rare again! Not vet the love: can I be under him We'll baffle them, I warrant. What As Chancellor? as Archbishop over him? shall it be? Go therefore like a friend slighted by I'll go as a nun. one Becket. No. That hath climb'd up to nobler company. Rosamund. What, not good enough Not slighted — all but moan'd for : thou Even to play at nun? must go. Becket. Dan John with a nun, I have not dishonour'd thee - I trust I That Map, and these new railers at the have not; Church Not mangled justice. May the hand May plaister his clean name with scurthat next rilous rhymes! Inherits thee be but as true to thee No! As mine hath been! O my dear friend. Go like a monk, cowling and clouding up the King! That fatal star, thy Beauty, from the O brother ! — I may come to martyrdom. squint I am martyr in myself already.-Her-Of lust and glare of malice. Good bert! night! good night! Herbert (re-entering). My lord, the Rosamund. Father, I am so tender town is quiet, and the moon to all hardness! Divides the whole long street with light Nay, father, first thy blessing. and shade. Becket. Wedded? No footfall - no Fitzurse. We have seen Rosamund. Father ! her home. Becket. Well, well! I ask no more, Becket. The hog hath tumbled him-Heaven bless thee! hence! self into some corner, Rosamund. O holy father, when thou Some ditch, to snore away his drunkenseest him next, ness Commend me to thy friend. the sober headache, --- Nature's Into Recket. What friend? moral Rosamund. The King. Against excess. Let the Great Seal be Becket. Herbert, take out a score of sent Back to the King to-morrow. armed men To guard this bird of passage to her Herbert. Must that be? The King may rend the bearer limb from cage; And watch Fitzurse, and if he follow limb. Think on it again. thee. Make him thy prisoner. I am Chancel-Becket. Against the moral excess lor yet. No physical ache, but failure it may be Of all we aim'd at. John of Salisbury [*Exeunt* Herbert and Rosamund. Poor soul! poor soul! Hath often laid a cold hand on my My friend, the King! . . . O thou heats. Great Seal of England, And Herbert hath rebuked me even Given me by my dear friend the King now. of England ---I will be wise and wary, not the soldier We long have wrought together, thou As Foliot swears it. - John, and out of and Ibreath !

John of Salisbury. Thomas, thou wast not happy taking charge Of this wild Rosamund to please the King, Nor am I happy having charge of her — The included Danaë has escaped again Her tower, and her Acrisius — where to seek?

Enter JOHN OF SALISBURY.

I have been about the city.

Becket. Thou wilt find her Back in her lodging. Go with her — at once —

To-night — my men will guard you to the gates.

Be sweet to her, she has many enemies.

Send the Great Seal by daybreak. Both, good night!

SCENE II. — STREET IN NORTHAMPTON LEADING TO THE CASTLE.

ELEANOR'S RETAINERS and BECKET'S RETAINERS fighting. Enter ELEANOR and BECKET from opposite streets.

Eleanor. Peace, fools!

Becket. Peace, friends! what idle brawl is this?

Retainer of Becket. They said — her Grace's people — thou wast found —

Liars! I shame to quote 'em — caught, my lord,

With a wanton in thy lodging — Hell requite 'em !

Retainer of Eleanor. My liege, the Lord Fitzurse reported this

In passing the Castle even now.

Retainer of Becket. And then they mock'd us and we fell upon 'em,

For we would live and die for thee, my lord,

However kings and queens may frown on thee.

Becket to his Retainers. Go, go - no more of this!

Becket. Nay, let him be.

Eleanor. No, no, my Lord Archbishop,

'Tis known you are midwinter to all women,

But often in your chancellorship you served

The follies of the King.

Becket. No, not these follies ! Eleanor. My lord, Fitzurse beheld her in your lodging.

Becket. Whom?

Eleanor. Well — you know — the minion, Rosamund.

Becket. He had good eyes!

Eleanor. Then hidden in the street He watch'd her pass with John of Salis-

bury

And heard her cry 'Where is this bower of mine?'

Becket. Good ears too!

Eleanor. You are going to the Castle, Will you subscribe the customs?

Becket. I leave that, Knowing how much you reverence Holy Church,

My liege, to your conjecture.

Eleanor. I and mine — And many a baron holds along with me —

Are not so much at feud with Holy Church

But we might take your side against the customs —

So that you grant me one slight favour. Becket. What?

Eleanor. A sight of that same chart which Henry gave you

With the red line — 'her bower.'

Becket. And to what end? Eleanor. That Church must scorn herself whose fearful Priest

Sits winking at the license of a king,

Altho' we grant when kings are dangerous

- The Church must play into the hands of kings;
- Look! I would move this wanton from his sight
- And take the Church's danger on myself. *Becket.* For which she should be duly grateful.

Eleanor. True!

Tho' she that binds the bond, herself should see

That kings are faithful to their marriage vow.

- Becket. Ay, Madam, and queens also. Eleanor. And queens also! What is your drift?
- Becket. My drift is to the Castle,
- Where I shall meet the Barons and my King. $\bar{[Exit]}$
 - DE BROC, DE TRACY, DE BRITO. DE MORVILLE (*passing*).
 - *Eleanor*. To the Castle?

De Broc.

Eleanor. Stir up the King, the Lords! Set all on fire against him!

Av!

- De Brito. Ay, good Madam! [Exeunt.
- *Eleanor*. Fool! I will make thee hateful to thy King.
- Churl! I will have thee frighted into France,

And I shall live to trample on thy grave.

SCENE III. — THE HALL IN NORTH-AMPTON CASTLE.

On one side of the stage the doors of an inner Council-chamber, half-open. At the bottom, the great doors of the Hall. ROGER ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, FOLIOT BISHOP OF LONDON, HILARY OF CHICHESTER, BISHOP OF HERE-FORD, RICHARD DE HASTINGS (Grand Prior of Templars), PHILIP DE ELEE-MOSYNA (the Pope's Almoner), and others. DE BROC, FITZURSE, DE BRITO, DE MORVILLE, DE TRACY, and other BARONS assembled — a table before them. JOHN OF OXFORD, President of the Council.

Enter BECKET and HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Becket. Where is the King?

- Roger of York. Gone hawking on the Nene,
- His heart so gall'd with thine ingratitude,
- He will not see thy face till thou hast sign'd
- These ancient laws and customs of the realm.
- Thy sending back the Great Seal madden'd him,

- He all but pluck'd the bearer's eyes away.
- Take heed, lest he destroy thee utterly.
- *Becket.* Then shalt thou step into my place and sign.
- *Roger of York*. Didst thou not promise Henry to obey
- These ancient laws and customs of the realm?
 - Becket. Saving the honour of my order ay.
- Customs, traditions, clouds that come and go;
- The customs of the Church are Peter's rock.
- Roger of York. Saving thine order! But King Henry sware
- That, saving his King's kingship, he would grant thee
- The crown itself. Saving thine order, Thomas,
- Is black and white at once, and comes to naught.
- O bolster'd up with stubbornness and pride,
- Wilt thou destroy the Church in fighting for it,

And bring us all to shame?

- Becket. Roger of York,
- When I and thou were youths in Theobald's house,

Twice did thy malice and thy calumnies Exile me from the face of Theobald.

- Now I am Canterbury and thou art York. *Roger of York*. And is not York the peer of Canterbury?
- Did not Great Gregory bid St. Austin here Found two archbishopricks. London and
 - York? Becket. What came of that? The
 - first archbishop fled,

And York lay barren for a hundred years. Why, by this rule, Foliot may claim the

pall For London too.

Foliot. And with good reason too, For London had a temple and a priest

When Canterbury hardly bore a name.

- Becket. The pagan temple of a pagan Rome!
- The heathen priesthood of a heathen creed!

Thou goest beyond thyself in petulancy!

- Who made thee London? Who, but Canterbury?
- John of Oxford. Peace, peace, my lords ! these customs are no longer
- As Canterbury calls them, wandering clouds,
- But by the King's command are written down,
- And by the King's command I, John of Oxford,
- The President of this Council, read them. Becket. Read !

John of Oxford (reads). 'All causes of advowsons and presentations, whether between laymen or clerics, shall be tried in the King's court.'

Becket. But that I cannot sign: for that would drag

The cleric before the civil judgment-seat, And on a matter wholly spiritual.

John of Oxford. 'If any cleric be accused of felony, the Church shall not protect him; but he shall answer to the summons of the King's court to be tried therein.'

Becket. And that I cannot sign.

- Is not the Church the visible Lord on earth?
- Shall hands that do create the Lord be bound

Behind the back like laymen-criminals?

The Lord be judged again by Pilate? No! John of Oxford. 'When a bishoprick falls vacant, the King, till another be appointed, shall receive the revenues thereof.'

Becket. And that I cannot sign. Is the King's treasury

A fit place for the monies of the Church, That be the patrimony of the poor?

John of Oxford. And when the vacancy is to be filled up, the King shall summon the chapter of that church to court, and the election shall be made in the Chapel Royal, with the consent of our lord the King, and by the advice of his Government.

- Becket. And that I cannot sign: for that would make
- Our island-Church a schism from Christendom,
- And weight down all free choice beneath the throne.

Foliot. And was thine own election so canonical,

Good father?

Becket. If it were not, Gilbert Foliot, I mean to cross the sea to France, and lay My crozier in the Holy Father's hands,

And bid him re-create me, Gilbert Foliot. *Foliot.* Nay; by another of these customs thou

Wilt not be suffer'd so to cross the seas

Without the license of our lord the King. Becket. That, too, I cannot sign.

DE BROC, DE BRITO, DE TRACY, FITZ-URSE, DE MORVILLE, start up—a clash of swords.

Sign and obey!

Becket. My lords, is this a combat or a council?

Are ye my masters, or my lord the King? Ye make this clashing for no love o' the customs

Or constitutions, or whate'er ye call them, But that there be among you those that hold

Lands reft from Canterbury.

De Broc. And mean to keep them, In spite of thee!

- Lords (shouting). Sign, and obey the crown!
- *Beckct.* The crown? Shall I do less for Canterbury
- Than Henry for the crown? King Stephen gave
- Many of the crown lands to those that helpt him;

So did Matilda, the King's mother. Mark,

- When Henry came into his own again,
- Then he took back not only Stephen's gifts,
- But his own mother's, lest the crown should be
- Shorn of ancestral splendour. This did Henry.

Shall I do less for mine own Canterbury?

And thou, De Broc, that holdest Saltwood Castle —

De Broc. And mean to hold it, or — Becket. To have my life. De Broc. The King is quick to anger; if thou anger him,

We wait but the King's word to strike thee dead.

Becket. Strike, and I die the death of	Will be to blame — not thou. Over and
martyrdom; Strike, and ye set these customs by my	over He told me thou shouldst pacify the
death	King, Lest there be battle between Heaven and
Ringing their own death-knell thro' all the realm.	East there be battle between freaven and Easth,
Herbert. And I can tell you, lords, ye	And Earth should get the better — for the
are all as like To lodge a fear in Thomas Becket's heart	time. Cannot the Pope absolve thee if thou
As find a hare's form in a lion's cave. John of Oxford. Ay, sheathe your	sign? Becket. Have I the orders of the
swords, ye will displease the King.	Holy Father?
De Broc. Why down then thou! but an he come to Saltwood,	Philip de Eleemosyna. Orders, my lord — why, no; for what am I?
By God's death, thou shalt stick him like	The secret whisper of the Holy Father.
a calf! [<i>Sheathing his sword.</i> <i>Hilary</i> . O my good lord, I do entreat	Thou, that hast been a statesman, couldst thou always
thee — sign.	Blurt thy free mind to the air?
Save the King's honour here before his barons.	Becket. If Rome be feeble, then should I be firm.
He hath sworn that thou shouldst sign,	Philip. Take it not that way - balk
and now but shuns The semblance of defeat; I have heard	not the Pope's will. When he hath shaken off the Emperor,
him say	He heads the Church against the King with thee.
He means no more; so if thou sign, my lord,	Richard de Hastings (kneeling).
That were but as the shadow of an assent. Becket. 'Twould seem too like the	Becket, I am the oldest of the Templars;
substance, if I sign'd.	I knew thy father; he would be mine age
<i>Philip de Eleemosyna</i> . My lord, thine ear! I have the ear of the Pope.	Had he lived now; think of me as thy father!
As thou hast honour for the Pope our	Behold thy father kneeling to thee,
master, Have pity on him, sorely prest upon	Becket. Submit; I promise thee on my salvation
By the fierce Emperor and his Antipope.	That thou wilt hear no more o' the
Thou knowest he was forced to fly to France;	customs. <i>Becket.</i> What !
He pray'd me to pray thee to pacify	Hath Henry told thee? hast thou talk'd
Thy King; for if thou go against thy King,	with him? Another Templar (kneeling). Father,
Then must he likewise go against thy King,	I am the youngest of the Tem- plars,
And then thy King might join the Anti-	Look on me as I were thy bodily son,
pope, And that would shake the Papacy as it	For, like a son, I lift my hands to thee. <i>Philip</i> . Wilt thou hold out for ever,
stands.	Thomas Becket?
Besides, thy King swore to our cardinals He meant no harm nor damage to the	Dost thou not hear? Becket (signs). Why — there then —
Church. Smooth thou his pride—thy signing is	there — I sign, And swear to obey the customs.
but form; Nay, and should harm come of it, it is	<i>Foliot.</i> Is it thy will, My lord Archbishop, that we too should
the Pope	sign?
2 Y	

2	KET. ACT I.
	And dropt it in his hands, and then a
	paleness,
	Like the wan twilight after sunset, crept
	Up even to the tonsure, and he groan'd,
	' False to myself! It is the will of God!'
	Henry. God's will be what it will,
	the man shall seal,
	Or I will seal his doom. My burgher's
	son—
	Nay, if I cannot break him as the prelate,
	I'll crush him as the subject. Send for
	him back. [Sits on his throne.
	Barons and bishops of our realm of Eng-
	land,
	After the nineteen winters of King
	Stephen —
	A reign which was no reign, when none
	could sit
	By his own hearth in peace; when mur-
	der common
	As nature's death, like Egypt's plague,
	had fill'd
	All things with blood; when every door-
	way blush'd,
	Dash'd red with that unhallow'd passover;

When every baron ground his blade in blood;

The household dough was kneaded up with blood;

The mill wheel turn'd in blood; the wholesome plow

Lay rusting in the furrow's yellow weeds,

- Till famine dwarft the race-I came, your King!
- Nor dwelt alone, like a soft lord of the East.
- In mine own hall, and sucking thro' fools' ears
- The flatteries of corruption went abroad
- Thro' all my counties, spied my people's ways;
- Yea, heard the churl against the baron — yea,
- And did him justice; sat in mine own courts
- Judging my judges, that had found a King
- Who ranged confusions, made the twilight day.
- And struck a shape from out the vague, and law
- From madness. And the event our fallows till'd,

Herbert. Too late, my lord: you see they are signing there. Becket. False to myself — it is the will of God To break me, prove me nothing of myself! This Almoner hath tasted Henry's gold. The cardinals have finger'd Henry's gold. And Rome is venal ev'n to rottenness. I see it, I see it. I am no soldier, as he said — at least Herbert, till I hear from the No leader. Pope I will suspend myself from all my functions. If fast and prayer, the lacerating scourge-Foliot (from the table). My lord Archbishop, thou hast yet to seal. Becket. First, Foliot, let me see what I have sign'd. [Goes to the table. What, this! and this! — what! new and old together ! Seal? If a seraph shouted from the sun,

O av. by that canonical

Loyally and with good faith.

Thou still hast owed thy father, Gilbert

Thou still hast shown thy primate, Gilbert

I'll have the paper back — blot out my

Becket draws apart with Herbert. Herbert, Herbert, have I betray'd the

my lord Archbishop? Becket. O ay, with all that lovalty

and good faith

And bade me seal against the rights of the Church,

I would anathematise him. I will not seal. [*Exit with* Herbert.

Enter KING HENRY.

Henry. Where's Thomas? hath he sign'd? show me the papers!

Sign'd and not seal'd! How's that? John of Oxford. He would not seal.

- And when he sign'd, his face was stormyred -
- Shame, wrath, I know not what. He sat down there

Recket.

Foliot.

obedience

Foliot.

Foliot.

Church?

name.

- Much corn, repeopled towns, a realm again.
- So far my course, albeit not glassysmooth,
- Had prosper'd in the main, but suddenly
- Jarr'd on this rock. A cleric violated
- The daughter of his host, and murder'd him.
- Bishops York, London, Chichester, Westminster —
- Ye haled this tonsured devil into your courts;
- But since your canon will not let you take Life for a life, ye but degraded him
- Where I had hang'd him. What doth hard murder care
- For degradation? and that made me muse.
- Being bounden by my coronation oath
- To do men justice. Look to it, your own selves!
- Say that a cleric murder'd an archbishop, What could ye do? Degrade, imprison him —
- Not death for death.
- John of Oxford. But I, my liege, could swear,

To death for death.

Henry. And, looking thro' my reign, I found a hundred ghastly murders done

- By men, the scum and offal of the Church:
- Then, glancing thro' the story of this realm,
- I came on certain wholesome usages,
- Lost in desuetude, of my grandsire's day,
- Good royal customs had them written fair
- For John of Oxford here to read to you. John of Oxford. And I can easily swear to these as being
- The King's will and God's will and justice; yet
- I could but read a part to-day, because ——
 - Fitzurse. Because my lord of Canterbury—

De Tracy. Ay,

This lord of Canterbury -

- De Brito. As is his wont Too much of late whene'er your royal
- rights Are mooted in our councils ——-

- *Fitzurse.* made an uproar. *Henry.* And Becket had my bosom on all this;
- If ever man by bonds of gratefulness I raised him from the puddle of the
- gutter, I made him porcelain from the clay of
- the city Thought that I knew him, err'd thro' love of him.
- Hoped, were he chosen archbishop, Church and Crown,
- Two sisters gliding in an equal dance,
- Two rivers gently flowing side by side But no !
- The bird that moults sings the same song again,
- The snake that sloughs comes out a snake again.
- Snake ay, but he that lookt a fangless one,
- Issues a venomous adder.
- For he, when having dofft the Chancellor's robe —
- Flung the Great Seal of England in my face —
- Claim'd some of our crown lands for Canterbury—
- My comrade, boon companion, my coreveller,
- The master of his master, the King's king. --
- God's eyes! I had meant to make him all but king.
- Chancellor-Archbishop, he might well have sway'd
- All England under Henry, the young King,
- When I was hence. What did the traitor say?
- False to himself, but ten-fold false to me !
- The will of God why, then it is my will —

Is he coming?

- Messenger (entering). With a crowd of worshippers,
- And holds his cross before him thro' the crowd,
- As one that puts himself in sanctuary. *Henry*. His cross!
 - Roger of York. His cross! I'll front him, cross to cross.

[*Exit* Roger of York.

Henry. His cross! it is the traitor that imputes Treachery to his King! It is not safe for me to look upon him.	But thou the shepherd hast betray'd the sheep, And thou art perjured, and thou wilt not seal.
Away — with me! [Goes in with his Barons to the Council-Chamber, the door of which is left open.	As Chancellor thou wast against the Church, Now as Archbishop goest against the King;
Enter BECKET, holding his cross of silver before him. The BISHOPS come round him.	For, like a fool, thou knowst no middle way. Ay, ay! but art thou stronger than the King?
Hereford. The King will not abide thee with thy cross. Permit me, my good lord, to bear it for	Becket. Strong — not in mine own self, but Heaven; true To either function, holding it; and thou
thee, Being thy chaplain. Becket. No: it must protect me. Herbert. As once he bore the stand- ard of the Angles, So now he bears the standard of the angels. Foliot. I am the Dean of the province:	 Fast, scourge thyself, and mortify thy flesh, Not spirit — thou remainest Gilbert Foliot, A worldly follower of the worldly strong. I, bearing this great ensign, make it clear Under what Prince I fight. Foliot. My lord of York, Let us go in to the Council, where our
let me bear it. Make not thy King a traitorous murderer. <i>Becket</i> . Did not your barons draw their swords against me?	bishops And our great lords will sit in judgment on him. Becket. Sons sit in judgment on their
Enter ROGER OF YORK, with his cross, advancing to BECKET.	father ! — then The spire of Holy Church may prick the graves —
Becket. Wherefore dost thou presume to bear thy cross, Against the solemn ordinance from Rome, Out of thy province? Roger of York. Why dost thou pre-	Her crypt among the stars. Sign? seal? I promised The King to obey these customs, not yet written, Saving mine order; true too, that when
Arm'd with thy cross, to come before the King?	written I sign'd them — being a fool, as Foliot call'd me.
If Canterbury bring his cross to court, Let York bear his to mate with Canter- bury. Foliot (seizing hold of Becket's cross).	I hold not by my signing. Get ye hence, Tell what I say to the King. [<i>Exeunt</i> Hereford, Foliot, <i>and other</i> Bishops.
Nay, nay, my lord, thou must not brave the King. Nay, let me have it. I will have it ! Becket. [Flinging him off.	Roger of York.The Churchwill hate thee.[Exit.Becket.Serve my best friend andmake him my worst foe;Fight for the Church, and set the Church
 Foliot. He fasts, they say, this mitted Hercules ! He fast ! is that an arm of fast? My lord, Hadst thou not sign'd, I had gone along with thee; 	against me ! <i>Herbert.</i> To be honest is to set all knaves against thee. Ah ! Thomas, excommunicate them all ! <i>Hereford</i> (<i>re-entering</i>). I cannot brook the turmoil thon hast raised.

- I would, my lord Thomas of Canterbury, Thou wert plain Thomas and not Canterbury,
- Or that thou wouldst deliver Canterbury To our King's hands again, and be at peace.
 - Hilary (re-entering). For hath not thine ambition set the Church
- This day between the hammer and the anvil —
- Fealty to the King, obedience to thyself? *Herbert.* What say the bishops?
- *Hilary*. Some have pleaded for him, But the King rages — most are with the King;
- And some are reeds, that one time sway to the current.
- And to the wind another. But we hold
- Thou art forsworn; and no forsworn Archbishop
- Shall helm the Church. We therefore place ourselves
- Under the shield and safeguard of the Pope,
- And cite thee to appear before the Pope,
- And answer thine accusers. . . Art thou deaf?
 - Becket. I hear you. [Clash of arms. Hilary. Dost thou hear those others? Becket. Ay!
 - Roger of York (re-entering). The King's 'God's eyes!' come now so thick and fast,
- We fear that he may reave thee of thine own.
- Come on, come on! it is not fit for us
- To see the proud Archbishop mutilated.
- Say that he blind thee and tear out thy tongue.
 - Becket. So be it. He begins at top with me:
- They crucified St. Peter downward.
- *Roger of York.* Nay, But for their sake who stagger betwixt
- thine
- Appeal, and Henry's anger, yield. Becket. Hence,
 - Hence, Satan! [*Exit* Roger of York.
 - Fitzurse (re-entering). My lord, the King demands three hundred marks,
- Due from his castles of Berkhamstead and Eye

- When thou thereof wast warden.
- *Becket.* Tell the King I spent thrice that in fortifying his castles.
- DeTracy (re-entering). My lord, the King demands seven hundred marks,
- Lent at the siege of Thoulouse by the King.
 - Becket. I led seven hundred knights and fought his wars.
 - De Brito (re-entering). My lord, the King demands five hundred marks,
- Advanced thee at his instance by the Jews,
- For which the King was bound security. Becket. I thought it was a gift; I thought it was a gift.
 - Enter LORD LEICESTER (followed by BARONS and BISHOPS).
 - Leicester. My lord, I come unwillingly. The King
- Demands a strict account of all those revenues
- From all the vacant sees and abbacies,
- Which came into thy hands when Chancellor.
 - *Becket.* How much might that amount to, my lord Leicester?
 - Leicester. Some thirty -- forty thousand silver marks.
 - Becket. Are these your customs? O my good lord Leicester,
- The King and I were brothers. All I had
- I lavish'd for the glory of the King;
- I shone from him, for him, his glory, his Reflection: now the glory of the Church Hath swallow'd up the glory of the King; I am his no more, but hers. Grant me one day

To ponder these demands.

- *Leicester.* Hear first thy sentence! The King and all his lords —
 - Becket. Son, first hear me ! Leicester. Nay, nay, canst thou, that holdest thine estates
- In fee and barony of the King, decline The judgment of the King?
- *Becket*. The King! I hold Nothing in fee and barony of the King.
- Whatever the Church owns she holds it in

Free and perpetual alms, unsubject to One earthly sceptre. Leicester. Nav, but hear thy judgment. The King and all his barons -Becket. Judgment! Barons! Who but the bridegroom dares to judge the bride. Or he the bridegroom may appoint? Not he That is not of the house, but from the street Stain'd with the mire thereof. I had been so true To Henry and mine office that the King Would throne me in the great Archbishoprick: And I, that knew mine own infirmity, For the King's pleasure rather than God's cause Took it upon me - err'd thro' love of him. Now therefore God from me withdraws Himself. And the King too. What! forty thousand marks! Why thou, the King, the Pope, the Saints, the world, Know that when made Archbishop I was freed. Before the Prince and chief Justiciary, From every bond and debt and obligation Incurr'd as Chancellor. Hear me, son. As gold Outvalues dross, light darkness, Abel Cain, The soul the body, and the Church the Throne. I charge thee, upon pain of mine anathema, That thou obey, not me, but God in me, Rather than Henry. I refuse to stand By the King's censure, make my cry to the Pope, By whom I will be judged; refer myself, The King, these customs, all the Church, to him, And under his authority — I depart. Going. [Leicester looks at him doubtingly. Am I a prisoner? By St. Lazarus, no ! Leicester. I am confounded by thee. Go in peace.

De Broc. In peace now — but after. Take that for earnest.

[Flings a bone at him from the rushes. De Brito, Fitzurse, De Tracy, and others (flinging wisps of rushes). Ay, go in peace, caitiff, caitiff! And that too, perjured prelate — and that, turncoat shaveling! There, there, there! traitor, traitor, traitor!

Becket. Mannerless wolves!

[*Turning and facing them. Herbert.* Enough, my lord, enough ! *Becket.* Barons of England and of Normandy.

When what ye shake at doth but seem to fly,

True test of coward, ye follow with a yell. But I that threw the mightiest knight of France,

Sir Engelram de Trie, -----

Herbert. Enough, my lord. Becket. More than enough. I play the fool again.

Enter HERALD.

Herald. The King commands you, upon pain of death,

That none should wrong or injure your Archbishop.

Foliot. Deal gently with the young man Absalom.

[Great doors of the Hall at the back open, and discover a crowd. They shout:

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord !

SCENE IV. — REFECTORY OF THE MONASTERY AT NORTHAMPTON.

A banquet on the Tables.

Enter BECKET. BECKET'S RETAINERS. *Ist Retainer*. Do thou speak first.

2nd Retainer. Nay, thou! Nay, thou! Hast not thou drawn the short straw?

1st Retainer. My lord Archbishop, wilt thou permit us —

Becket. To speak without stammering and like a free man? Ay.

Ist Retainer. My lord, permit us then to leave thy service.

SCENE IV.

Becket. When?

Ist Retainer. Now.

Becket. To-night?

Ist Retainer. To-night, my lord.

Becket. And why?

ist Retainer. My lord, we leave thee not without tears.

Becket. Tears? Why not stay with me then?

ist Retainer. My lord, we cannot yield thee an answer altogether to thy satisfaction.

Becket. I warrant you, or your own either. Shall I find you one? The King hath frowned upon me.

Ist Retainer. That is not altogether our answer, my lord.

Becket. No; yet all but all. Go, go! Ye have eaten of my dish and drunken of my cup for a dozen years.

Ist Retainer. And so we have. We mean thee no wrong. Wilt thou not say, 'God bless you,' ere we go?

Becket. God bless you all! God redden your pale blood! But mine is human-red; and when ye shall hear it is poured out upon earth, and see it mounting to Heaven, my God bless you, that seems sweet to you now, will blast and blind you like a curse.

Ist Retainer. We hope not, my lord. Our humblest thanks for your blessing. Farewell! [*Exeunt* Retainers. *Becket.* Farewell, friends! farewell,

Becket. Farewell, friends! farewell, swallows! I wrong the bird; she leaves only the nest she built, they leave the builder. Why? Am I to be murdered to-night? [Knocking at the door. Attendant. Here is a missive left at the gate by one from the castle.

Becket. Cornwall's hand or Leicester's: they write marvellously alike.

[Reading.

'Fly at once to France, to King Louis of France: there be those about our King who would have thy blood.'

Was not my lord of Leicester bidden to our supper?

Attendant. Ay, my lord, and divers other earls and barons. But the hour is past, and our brother, Master Cook, he makes moan that all be a-getting cold.

Becket. And I make my moan along with him. Cold after warm, winter after summer, and the golden leaves, these earls and barons, that clung to me, frosted off me by the first cold frown of the King. Cold, but look how the table steams, like a heathen altar; nay, like the altar at Jerusalem. Shall God's good gifts be wasted? None of them here! Call in the poor from the streets, and let them feast.

Herbert. That is the parable of our blessed Lord.

Becket And why should not the parable of our blessed Lord be acted again? Call in the poor! The Church is ever at variance with the kings, and ever at one with the poor. I marked a group of lazars in the marketplace - halfrag, half-sore - beggars, poor rogues (Heaven bless 'em) who never saw nor dreamed of such a banquet. I will Call them in, I say. amaze them. They shall henceforward be my earls and barons - our lords and masters in Christ lesus. [*Exit* Herbert.

If the King hold his purpose, I am myself a beggar. Forty thousand marks! forty thousand devils — and these craven bishops!

Enter a POOR MAN with his dog.

Man. My lord Archbishop, may 1 come in with my poor friend, my dog? The King's verdurer caught him a-hunting in the forest, and cut off his paws. The dog followed his calling, my lord. I ha' carried him ever so many miles in my arms, and he licks my face and moans and cries out against the King.

Becket. Better thy dog than thee. The King's courts would use thee worse than thy dog—they are too bloody. Were the Church king, it would be otherwise. Poor beast! poor beast! set him down. I will bind up his wounds with my napkin. Give him a bone, give him a bone! Who misuses a dog would misuse a child—they cannot speak for themselves. Past help! his paws are past help. God help him! Enter the BEGGARS (and seat themselves at the Tables). BECKET and HER-BERT wait upon them.

ist Beggar. Swine, sheep, ox here's a French supper. When thieves fall out, honest men —

and Beggar. Is the Archbishop a thief who gives thee thy supper?

1st Beggar. Well, then, how does it go? When honest men fall out, thieves - no, it can't be that.

and Beggar. Who stole the widow's one sitting hen o' Sunday, when she was at mass?

Ist Beggar. Come, come! thou hadst thy share on her. Sitting hen! Our Lord Becket's our great sitting-hen cock, and we shouldn't ha' been sitting here if the barons and bishops hadn't been a-sitting on the Archbishop.

Becket. Ay, the princes sat in judgment against me, and the Lord hath prepared your table — Sederunt principes, ederunt pauperes.

A voice. Becket, beware of the knife! Becket. Who spoke?

3rd Beggar. Nobody, my lord. What's that, my lord?

Becket. Venison.

3rd Beggar. Venison?

Becket. Buck; deer, as you call it.

3rd Beggar. King's meat! By the Lord, won't we pray for your lordship!

Becket. And, my children, your prayers will do more for me in the day of peril that dawns darkly and drearily over the house of God — yea, and in the day of judgment also, than the swords of the craven sycophants would have done had they remained true to me whose bread they have partaken. I must leave you to your banquet. Feed, feast, and be merry. Herbert, for the sake of the Church itself, if not for my own, I must fly to France to-night. Come with me.

[Exit with Herbert.

3rd Beggar. Here — all of you — my lord's health (*they drink*). Well — if that isn't goodly wine —

ist Beggar. Then there isn't a goodly wench to serve him with it: they were fighting for her to-day in the street.

3rd Beggar. Peace!

Ist Beggar. The black sheep baaed to the miller's ewe-lamb,

The miller's away for to-night.

Black sheep, quoth she, too black a sin for me.

And what said the black sheep, my masters?

We can make a black sin white.

3rd Beggar. Peace!

Ist Beggar. 'Ewe lamb, ewe lamb, I am here by the dam.'

But the miller came home that night,

And so dusted his back with the meal in his sack.

That he made the black sheep white.

3rd Beggar. Be we not of the family? be we not a-supping with the head of the family? be we not in my lord's own refractory? Out from among us; thou art our black sheep.

Enter the four KNIGHTS.

Fitzurse. Sheep, said he? And sheep without the shepherd, too. Where is my lord Archbishop? Thou the lustiest and lousiest of this Cain's brotherhood, answer.

3rd Beggar. With Cain's answer, my lord. Am I his keeper? Thou shouldst call him Cain, not me.

Fitzurse. So I do, for he would murder his brother the State.

3rd Beggar (rising and advancing). No, my lord; but because the Lord hath set his mark upon him that no man should murder him.

Fitzurse. Where is he? where is he? *3rd Beggar.* With Cain belike, in the land of Nod, or in the land of France for aught I know.

Fitzurse. France! Ha! De Morville, Tracy, Brito — fled is he? Cross swords all of you! swear to follow him! Remember the Queen!

[The four Knights cross their swords.

De Brito. They mock us; he is here. [All the Beggars rise and advance upon them.

Fitzurse. Come, you filthy knaves, let us pass.

3rd Beggar. Nay, my lord, let *us* pass. We be a-going home after our supper in all humbleness, my lord; for

the Archbishop loves humbleness, my lord; and though we be fifty to four, we daren't fight you with our crutches, my lord. There now, if thou hast not laid hands upon me! and my fellows know that I am all one scale like a fish. I pray God I haven't given thee my leprosy, my lord.

[Fitzurse shrinks from him and another presses upon De Brito.

De Brito. Away, dog!

4th Beggar. And I was bit by a mad dog o' Friday, an' I be half dog already by this token, that tho' I can drink wine I cannot bide water, my lord; and I want to bite, I want to bite, and they do say the very breath catches.

De Brito. Insolent clown! Shall I smite him with the edge of the sword?

De Morville. No, nor with the flat of it either. Smite the shepherd and the sheep are scattered. Smite the sheep and the shepherd will excommunicate thee.

De Brito. Yet my fingers itch to beat him into nothing.

5th Beggar. So do mine, my lord. I was born with it, and sulphur won't bring it out o' me. But for all that the Archbishop washed my feet o' Tuesday. He likes it, my lord.

6th Beggar. And see here, my lord, this rag fro' the gangrene i' my leg. It's humbling — it smells o' human natur'. Wilt thou smell it, my lord? for the Archbishop likes the smell on it, my lord; for I be his lord and master i' Christ, my lord.

De Morville. Faugh! we shall all be poisoned. Let us go.

[*They draw back*, Beggars *following*. 7th Beggar. My lord, I ha' three sisters a-dying at home o' the sweating sickness. They be dead while I be asupping.

Sth Beggar. And I ha' nine darters i' the spital that be dead ten times o'er i' one day wi' the putrid fever; and I bring the taint on it along wi' me, for the Archbishop likes it, my lord.

[Pressing upon the Knights till they disappear thro' the door.

3rd Beggar. Crutches, and itches, and

leprosies, and ulcers, and gangrenes, and running sores, praise ye the Lord, for to-night ve have saved our Archbishop!

Ist Beggar. I'll go back again. I hain't half done yet.

Herbert of Bosham (entering). My friends, the Archbishop bids you good night. He hath retired to rest, and being in great jeopardy of his life, he hath made his bed between the altars, from whence he sends me to bid you this night pray for him who hath fed you in the wilderness.

3rd Beggar. So we will — so we will, I warrant thee. Becket shall be king, and the Holy Father shall be king, and the world shall live by the King's venison and the bread o' the Lord, and there shall be no more poor for ever. Hurrah! Vive le Rov! That's the English of it.

ACT II.

SCENE I. - ROSAMUND'S BOWER.

A Garden of Flowers. In the midst a bank of wild-flowers with a bench before it.

Voices heard singing among the trees.

Duet.

- 1. Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?
- 2. No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land.
- Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand, One coming up with a song in the
 - One coming up with a song in the flush of the glimmering red?
- 2. Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.
- I. Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled?
- 2. Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
- 1. Keep him away from the lone little isle. Let us be, let us be.
- Nay, let him make it his own, let him reign in it — he, it is he,
 - Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.

His kin, all his belongings, overseas: Enter HENRY and ROSAMUND Age, orphans, and babe-breasting mothers Rosamund. Be friends with him again ____ all -I do beseech thee. By hundreds to him — there to beg. Henry. With Becket? I have but starve, die --one hour with thee ----So that the fool King Louis feed them Sceptre and crozier clashing, and the not mitre The man shall feel that I can strike him Grappling the crown — and when I flee vet. from this Rosamund. Babes, orphans, mothers ! For a gasp of freer air, a breathingis that royal, Sire? Henry. And I have been as royal while with the Church. To rest upon thy bosom and forget He shelter'd in the Abbey of Pontigny. him — Why thou, my bird, thou pipest Becket. There wore his time studying the canon Becket law Yea, thou my golden dream of Love's To work it against me. But since he own bower, cursed Must be the nightmare breaking on my My friends at Veselay, I have let them know, peace With 'Becket.' That if they keep him longer as their Rosamund. O my life's life, not to guest, I scatter all their cowls to all the hells. smile Is all but death to me. My sun, no Rosamund. And is that altogether cloud ! royal? Let there not be one frown in this one Henry. Traitress ! Rosamund. hour A faithful traitress to thy Out of the many thine, let this be mine! royal fame. Look rather thou all-royal as when first Henry. Fame! what care I for fame? I met thee. Spite, ignorance, envy, Henry. Where was that? Yea, honesty too, paint her what way Rosamund. Forgetting that they will. Forgets me too. Fame of to-day is infamy to-morrow; Henry. Nay, I remember it well. Infamy of to-day is fame to-morrow; There on the moors. And round and round again. What Rosamund. And in a narrow path. matters? Roval — A plover flew before thee. Then I saw I mean to leave the royalty of my crown Thy high black steed among the flaming Unlessen'd to mine heirs. Still — thy fame too: furze, Rosamund. I say that should be royal. Like sudden night in the main glare of day. Henry. And I say, And from that height something was I care not for thy saying. said to me Rosamund. And I say, I knew not what. I care not for thy saying. A greater I ask'd the way. Henry. King Rosamund. I think so. Than thou art, Love, who cares not for So I lost mine. the word, Henry. Thou wast too shamed to Makes 'care not' --- care. There have I answer. spoken true? Rosamund. Too scared - so young! *Henry*. Care dwell with me for ever, *Henry*. The rosebud of my rose ! when I cease Well, well, no more of him -1 have sent To care for thee as ever! Rosamund. No need! no need! . . . his folk,

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- There is a bench. Come, wilt thou sit? . . . My bank
- Of wild-flowers (he sits). At thy feet! She sits at his feet. Henry.

I bade them clear

- A royal pleasaunce for thee, in the wood, Not leave these countryfolk at court.
- I brought them Rosamund. In from the wood, and set them here. I
- love them
- More than the garden flowers, that seem at most
- Sweet guests, or foreign cousins, not half speaking
- The language of the land. I love them too.
- But, my liege, I am sure, of all Ves. the roses -
- Shame fall on those who gave it a dog's name ---
- This wild one (picking a briar-rose) nay, I shall not prick myself-
- Is sweetest. Do but smell!
- Thou rose of the world! Henry.
- Thou rose of all the roses! [Muttering.
- I am not worthy of her-this beastbody
- That God has plunged my soul in I, that taking
- The Fiend's advantage of a throne, so long
- Have wander'd among women, a foul stream

Thro' fever-breeding levels, — at her side,

- Among these happy dales, run clearer, drop
- The mud I carried, like yon brook, and glass
- The faithful face of heaven-
- [Looking at her, and unconsciously aloud, - thine! thine!

I know it.

- Rosamund. Henry (muttering). Not hers. We have but one bond, her hate of Becket.
- Rosamund (half hearing). Nay! nay! what art thou muttering? I hate Becket?
- A sane and Henry (muttering). natural loathing for a soul

Purer, and truer and nobler than herself; And mine a bitterer illegitimate hate, A bastard hate born of a former love.

- Rosamund. My fault to name him! O let the hand of one
- To whom thy voice is all her music, stay it But for a breath.

[Puts her hand before his lips.

- Speak only of thy love. Why there—like some loud beggar at thy gate -
- The happy boldness of this hand hath won it
- Love's alms, thy kiss (looking at her hand) - Sacred ! I'll kiss it too.

Kissing it.

- There ! wherefore dost thou so peruse it? Nav.
- There may be crosses in my line of life.
 - Henry. Not half her hand no hand to mate with her.
- If it should come to that.
 - Rosamund. With her? with whom? Henry. Life on the hand is naked gipsy-stuff;
- Life on the face, the brows clear innocence !
- Vein'd marble not a furrow yet and Muttering. hers
- Crost and recrost, a venomous spider's web-

Rosamund (springing up). Out of the cloud, my Sun — out of the eclipse

- Narrowing my golden hour !
- O Rosamund. Henry. I would be true - would tell thee all and something
- I had to say I love thee none the less Which will so vex thee.
 - Rosamund. Something against me? Henry. No, no, against myself.
 - I will not hear it. Rosamund.
- Come, come, mine hour! I bargain for mine hour.

I'll call thee little Geoffrey.

Call him! Henry. Rosamund. Geoffrev !

Enter GEOFFREY.

Henry. How the boy grows!

- Rosamund. Ay, and his brows are thine;
- The mouth is only Clifford, my dear father.
 - Geoffrey. My liege, what hast thou brought me?

Henry. Venal imp ! What say'st thou to the Chancellorship of England?

Geoffrey. O yes, my liege.

Henry. 'O yes, my liege!' He speaks

As if it were a cake of gingerbread.

Dost thou know, my boy, what it is to be Chancellor of England?

Geoffrey. Something good, or thou wouldst not give it me.

Henry. It is, my boy, to side with the King when Chancellor, and then to be made Archbishop and go against the King who made him, and turn the world upside down.

Geoffrey. I won't have it then. Nay, but give it me, and I promise thee not to turn the world upside down.

Henry (giving him a ball). Here is a ball, my boy, thy world, to turn anyway and play with as thou wilt — which is more than I can do with mine. Go try it, play. [*Exit* Geoffrey.

A pretty lusty boy. Rosamund. So like to thee;

Like to be liker. *Henry*. Not in my chin, I hope!

That threatens double.

Rosamund. Thou art manlike perfect.

Henry. Ay, ay, no doubt; and were I humpt behind,

Thou'dst say as much — the goodly way of women

Who love, for which I love them. May God grant

No ill befall or him or thee when I Am gone.

Rosamund. Is he thy enemy?

Henry. He? who? ay! Rosamund. Thine enemy knows the secret of my bower.

Henry. And I could tear him asunder with wild horses

Before he would betray it. Nay - no fear !

More like is he to excommunicate me.

- Rosamund. And I would creep, crawl over knife-edge flint
- Barefoot, a hundred leagues, to stay his hand

Henry. And when he flash'd it

Shrink from me, like a daughter of the Church.

Rosamund. Ay, but he will not.

Henry. Ay! but if he did? Rosamund. O then! O then! I almost fear to say

That my poor heretic heart would excommunicate

His excommunication, clinging to thee Closer than ever.

Henry (raising Rosamund and kissing her). My brave-hearted Rose!

Hath he ever been to see thee? *Rosamund.* Here? not he.

And it is so lonely here - no confessor.

Henry. Thou shalt confess all thy sweet sins to me.

Rosamund. Besides, we came away in such a heat,

I brought not ev'n my crucifix. Henry. Take this. [Giving her the Crucifix which Eleanor gave him.

Rosamund. O beautiful! May I have it as mine, till mine

Be mine again?

Henry (throwing it round her neck). Thine — as I am — till death!

Rosamund. Death? no! I'll have it with me in my shroud,

- And wake with it, and show it to all the Saints.
 - Henry. Nay I must go; but when thou layest thy lip
- To this, remembering One who died for thee,

Remember also one who lives for thee

Out there in France; for I must hence to brave

The Pope, King Louis, and this turbulent priest.

Rosamund (kneeling). O by thy love for me, all mine for thee,

Fling not thy soul into the flames of hell:

I kneel to thee — be friends with him again.

Henry. Look, look ! if little Geoffrey have not tost

His ball into the brook ! makes after it too To find it. Why, the child will drown himself.

Rosamund. Geoffrey! Geoffrey!

[Exeunt.

Before he flash'd the bolt.

- ⁶ The Meeting of the Kings.⁷ JOHN OF OXFORD and HENRY. Crowd in the distance.
 - John of Oxford. You have not crown'd young Henry yet, my liege?
 - *Henry*. Crown'd! by God's eyes, we will not have him crown'd.
- I spoke of late to the boy, he answer'd me.
- As if he wore the crown already No,
- We will not have him crown'd.
- 'Tis true what Becket told me, that the mother
- Would make him play his kingship against mine.
 - John of Oxford. Not have him crown'd?
 - Henry. Not now not yet ! and Becket —
- Becket should crown him were he crown'd at all:
- But, since we would be lord of our own manor,
- This Canterbury, like a wounded deer,
- Has fled our presence and our feedinggrounds.
 - John of Oxford. Cannot a smooth tongue lick him whole again

To serve your will?

- Henry. He hates my will, not me. John of Oxford. There's York, my liege.
- Henry. But England scarce would hold
- Young Henry king, if only crown'd by York,
- And that would stilt up York to twice himself.
- There is a movement yonder in the crowd—
- See if our pious what shall I call him, John? —
- Husband-in-law, our smooth-shorn suzerain,

Be yet within the field.

- John of Oxford. I will. [Exit. Henry. Ay! Ay!
- Mince and go back ! his politic Holiness Hath all but climb'd the Roman perch
- again,

- And we shall hear him presently with clapt wing
- Crow over Barbarossa at last tonguefree
- To blast my realms with excommunication
- And interdict. I must patch up a peace —
- A piece in this long-tugged-at, threadbareworn
- Quarrel of Crown and Church --- to rend again.
- His Holiness cannot steer straight thro' shoals,
- Nor I. The citizen's heir hath conquer'd me
- For the moment. So we make our peace with him.

Enter LOUIS.

- Brother of France, what shall be done with Becket?
 - Louis. The holy Thomas! Brother, you have traffick'd
- Between the Emperor and the Pope, between
- The Pope and Antipope a perilous game

For men to play with God.

- *Henry.* Ay, ay, good brother, They call you the Monk-King.
- Louis. Who calls me? she That was my wife, now yours? You have her Duchy,
- The point you aim'd at, and pray God she prove
- True wife to you. You have had the better of us

In secular matters.

- Henry. Come, confess, good brother, You did your best or worst to keep her Duchy.
- Only the golden Leopard printed in it
- Such hold-fast claws that you perforce again
- Shrank into France. Tut, tut! did we convene
- This conference but to babble of our wives?

They are plagues enough in-door.

- Louis. We fought in the East, And felt the sun of Antioch scald our mail.
- And push'd our lances into Saracen hearts.

We never hounded on the State at home	I had sooner have been born a Mussu
To spoil the Church.	man—
<i>Henry.</i> How should you see this rightly?	Less clashing with their priests — I am half-way down the slope — will r
Louis. Well, well, no more! I am	man stay me?
proud of my 'Monk-King,'	I dash myself to pieces — I stay myself-
Whoever named me; and, brother, Holy	Puff — it is gone. You, Master Becke
Church	you
May rock, bnt will not wreck, nor our	That owe to me your power over me
Archbishop	Nay, nay—
Stagger on the slope decks for any rough	Brother of France, you have take
sea	cherish'd him
Blown by the breath of kings. We do	Who thief-like fled from his own churd
forgive you	by night,
For aught you wrought against us. [Henry holds up his hand.	No man pursuing. I would have have him back.
Nay, I pray you, Do not defend yourself. You will do	Take heed he do not turn and rend yo too:
much	For whatsoever may displease him — th
To rake out all old dying heats, if you,	Is clean against God's honour — a shift,
At my requesting, will but look into	trick
The wrongs you did him, and restore his	Whereby to challenge, face me out of a
kin,	My regal rights. Yet, yet — that not
Reseat him on his throne of Canterbury,	may dream
Be, both, the friends you were.	I go against God's honour — ay, or hir
<i>Henry.</i> The friends we were!	self
Co-mates we were, and had our sport	In any reason, choose
together,	A hundred of the wisest heads fro
Co-kings we were, and made the laws	England,
together.	A hundred, too, from Normandy an
The world had never seen the like before.	Anjou:
You are too cold to know the fashion of it.	Let these decide on what was customa
Well, well, we will be gentle with him,	In olden days, and all the Church
gracious — Most gracious.	France Decide on their decision, I am content More what the mightiget and the heli
Enter BECKET, after him, JOHN OF OXFORD, ROGER OF YORK, GILBERT	More, what the mightiest and the holic Of all his predecessors may have done Ev'n to the least and meanest of r
FOLIOT, DE BROC, FITZURSE, etc. Only that the rift he made	own,
May close between us, here I am wholly king,	Let him do the same to me — I am co tent. Louis. Ay, ay! the King humbl
The word should come from him.	himself enough.
Becket (kneeling). Then, my dear liege,	Becket. (Aside.) Words! he w
I here deliver all this controversy	wriggle out of them like an eel
Into your royal hands.	When the time serves. (Aloud.) M
<i>Henry.</i> Ah, Thomas, Thomas, Thou art thyself again, Thomas again.	lieges and my lords, The thanks of Holy Church are due
Becket (rising). Saving God's honour ! Henry. Out upon thee, man ! Saving the Devil's honour his use and no	those That went before us for their work, which
Saving the Devil's honour, his yes and no.	we
Knights, bishops, earls, this London	Inheriting reap an easier harves
spawn — by Mahound,	Vet

- Louis. My lord, will you be greater than the Saints,
- More than St. Peter? whom —— what is it you doubt?
- Behold your peace at hand.
- *Becket.* I say that those Who went before us did not wholly clear The deadly growths of earth, which Hell's
- own heat
- So dwelt on that they rose and darken'd Heaven.
- Yet they did much. Would God they had torn up all
- By the hard root, which shoots again; our trial
- Had so been less; but, seeing they were men
- Defective or excessive, must we follow
- All that they overdid or underdid?
- Nay, if they were defective as St. Peter
- Denying Christ, who yet defied the tyrant,
- We hold by his defiance, not his defect. O good son Louis, do not counsel me,
- No, to suppress God's honour for the sake
- Of any king that breathes. No, God forbid!
 - Henry. No! God forbid! and turn me Mussulman!
- No God but one, and Mahound is his prophet.
- But for your Christian, look you, you shall have
- None other God but me me, Thomas, son
- Of Gilbert Becket, London merchant. Out!
- I hear no more. [Exit.
- Louis. Our brother's anger puts him, Poor man, beside himself — not wise. My lord,
- We have claspt your cause, believing that our brother
- Had wrong'd you; but this day he proffer'd peace.
- You will have war; and tho' we grant the Church
- King over this world's kings, yet, my good lord,
- We that are kings are something in this world,
- And so we pray you, draw yourself from under

- The wings of France. We shelter you no more. [Exit.
 - John of Oxford. I am glad that France hath scouted him at last:
- I told the Pope what manner of man he was. [*Exit*.
- Roger of York. Yea, since he flouts the will of either realm,
- Let either cast him away like a dead dog! [Exit. Foliot. Yea, let a stranger spoil his
- *Foliot.* Yea, let a stranger spoil his heritage,
- And let another take his bishoprick!
 - De Broc. Our castle, my lord, belongs to Canterbury.
- I pray you come and take it. [*Exit. Fitzurse.* When you will. [*Exit. Becket.* Cursed be John of Oxford, Roger of York.
- And Gilbert Foliot! cursed those De Brocs
- That hold our Saltwood Castle from our see!
- Cursed Fitzurse, and all the rest of them
- That sow this hate between my lord and me!

Voices from the Crowd. Blessed be the Lord Archbishop, who hath withstood two Kings to their faces for the honour of God.

Becket. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, praise!

- I thank you, sons; when kings but hold by crowns,
- The crowd that hungers for a crown in Heaven

Is my true king.

- Herbert. Thy true King bade thee be
- A fisher of men; thou hast them in thy net.
 - Becket. I am too like the King here; both of us
- Too headlong for our office. Better have been

A fisherman at Bosham, my good Herbert,

- Thy birthplace the sea-creek the petty rill
- That falls into it the green field the gray church —
- The simple lobster-basket, and the mesh —
- The more or less of daily labour done -

The pretty gaping bills in the home-nest Piping for bread — the daily want supplied —

The daily pleasure to supply it.

Herbert. Ah, Thomas, You had not borne it, no, not for a day. Becket. Well. maybe, no.

Herbert. But bear with Walter Map, For here he comes to comment on the time.

Enter WALTER MAP.

Walter Map. Pity, my lord, that you have quenched the warmth of France toward you, tho' His Holiness, after much smouldering and smoking, be kindled again upon your quarter.

Becket. Ay, if he do not end in smoke again.

Waller Map. My lord, the fire, when first kindled, said to the smoke, 'Go up, my son, straight to Heaven.' And the smoke said, 'I go; ' but anon the Northeast took and turned him South-west, then the South-west turned him Northeast, and so of the other winds; but it was in him to go up straight if the time had been quieter. Your lordship affects the unwavering perpendicular; but His Holiness, pushed one way by the Empire and another by England, if he move at all, Heaven stay him, is fain to diagonalise.

Herbert. Diagonalise ! thou art a wordmonger.

Our Thomas never will diagonalise.

Thou art a jester and a verse-maker.

Diagonalise!

Walter Map. Is the world any the worse for my verses if the Latin rhymes be rolled out from a full mouth? or any harm done to the people if my jest be in defence of the Truth?

Becket. Ay, if the jest be so done that the people

Delight to wallow in the grossness of it, Till Truth herself be shamed of her defender.

Non defensoribus istis, Walter Map.

Walter Map. Is that my case? so if the city be sick, and I cannot call the kennel sweet, your lordship would suspend me from verse-writing, as you suspended yourself after sub-writing to the customs.

Becket. I pray God pardon mine infirmity.

Walter Map. Nay, my lord, take heart; for tho' you suspended yourself, the Pope let you down again; and tho' vou suspend Foliot or another, the Pope will not leave them in suspense, for the Pope himself is always in suspense, like Mahound's coffin hung between heaven and earth -- always in suspense, like the scales, till the weight of Germany or the gold of England brings one of them down to the dust - always in suspense, like the tail of the horologe - to and fro -- tick-tack -- we make the time, we keep the time, ay, and we serve the time; for I have heard say that if you boxed the Pope's ears with a purse, you might stagger him, but he would pocket the purse. No saying of mine - Jocelyn of Salisbury. But the King hath bought half the College of Redhats. He warmed to you to-day, and you have chilled him again. Yet you both love God. Agree with him quickly again, even for the sake of the Church. My one grain of good counsel which you will not swallow. I hate a split between old friendships as I hate the dirty gap in the face of a Cistercian monk, that will swallow anything. Farewell. [Exit.

Becket. Map scoffs at Rome. I all but hold with Map.

Save for myself no Rome were left in England,

- All had been his. Why should this Rome, this Rome,
- Still choose Barabbas rather than the Christ,
- Absolve the left-hand thief and damn the right?
- Take fees of tyranny, wink at sacrilege,
- Which even Peter had not dared? condemn

The blameless exile? ----

Herbert. Thee, thou holy Thomas! I would that thou hadst been the Holy Eather.

Becket. I would have done my most to keep Rome holy,

- I would have made Rome know she still is Rome —
- Who stands aghast at her eternal self
- And shakes at mortal kings her vacillation,
- Avarice, craft O God, how many an innocent
- Has left his bones upon the way to Rome
- Unwept, uncared for. Yea on mine own self
- The King had had no power except for Rome.
- 'Tis not the King who is guilty of mine exile.
- But Rome, Rome, Rome!
- Herbert. My lord, I see this Louis
- Returning, ah! to drive thee from his realm.
 - Becket. He said as much before. Thou art no prophet,
- Nor yet a prophet's son.
- *Herbert.* Whatever he say, Deny not thou God's honour for a king. The King looks troubled.

Re-enter KING LOUIS.

Louis. My dear lord Archbishop, I learn but now that those poor Poitevins, That in thy cause were stirr'd against King Henry,

- Have been, despite his kingly promise given
- To our own self of pardon, evilly used
- And put to pain. I have lost all trust in him.
- The Church alone hath eyes and now I see
- That I was blind—suffer the phrase surrendering
- God's honour to the pleasure of a man.

Forgive me and absolve me, holy father. $\lceil Kneels. \rceil$

- Becket. Son, I absolve thee in the name of God.
- Louis (rising). Return to Sens, where we will care for you.
- The wine and wealth of all our France are yours;
- Rest in our realm, and be at peace with all. [*Exeunt.*
- Voices from the Crowd. Long live the good King Louis! God bless the great Archbishop!

Re-enter HENRY and JOHN OF OXFORD.

- Henry (looking after King Louis and Becket). Ay, there they go — both backs are turn'd to me —
- Why then I strike into my former path
- For England, crown young Henry there, and make
- Our waning Eleanor all but love me ! - John.
- Thou hast served me heretofore with Rome and well.
- They call thee John the Swearer.
- *John of Oxford.* For this reason, That, being ever duteous to the King,
- I evermore have sworn upon his side.
- And ever mean to do it.
 - Henry (claps him on the shoulder). Honest John!
- To Rome again! the storm begins again. Spare not thy tongue! be lavish with our coins,
- Threaten our junction with the Emperor - flatter
- And fright the Pope bribe all the Cardinals — leave

Lateran and Vatican in one dust of gold ----

- Swear and unswear, state and misstate thy best !
- I go to have young Henry crown'd by York.

ACT III.

SCENE I. - THE BOWER.

HENRY and ROSAMUND.

- Henry. All that you say is just. I cannot answer it.
- Till better times, when I shall put away —

Rosamund. What will you put away? Henry. That which you ask me

- Till better times. Let it content you now
- There is no woman that I love so well.
 - Rosamund. No woman but should be content with that ——

Henry. And one fair child to fondle! Rosamund. O yes, the child

We waited for so long —heaven's gift at last —

2Z.

And how you doted on him then! To- day	And that old priest whom John of Salis- bury trusted
I almost fear'd your kiss was colder—	Ilath sent another.
yes — But then the child <i>is</i> such a child. What	<i>Henry.</i> Secret? <i>Rosamund.</i> I but ask'd her
chance That he should ever spread into the man	One question, and she primm'd her
That he should ever spread into the man Here in our silence? I have done my	mouth and put Her hands together — thus — and said,
best.	God help her,
I am not learn'd.	That she was sworn to silence.
<i>Henry.</i> I am the King, his father, And I will look to it. Is our secret ours?	Henry. What did you ask her? Rosamund. Some daily something-
Have you had any alarm? no stranger?	nothing.
Rosamund. No.	Henry. Secret, then?
The warder of the bower hath given	Rosamund. I do not love her. Must
himself Of late to wine. I sometimes think he	you go, my liege, So suddenly?
sleeps	Henry. I came to England suddenly,
When he should watch; and yet what	And on a great occasion sure to wake
fear? the people	As great a wrath in Becket ——
Believe the wood enchanted. No one comes,	<i>Rosamund.</i> Always Becket! He always comes between us.
Nor foe nor friend; his fond excess of	Henry. — And to meet it
wine	I needs must leave as suddenly. It is
Springs from the loneliness of my poor	raining,
bower, Which weighs even on me.	Put on your hood and see me to the bounds.
<i>Henry.</i> Yet these tree-towers,	Margery (singing behind scene).
Their long bird-echoing minster-aisles, —	Babble in bower
the voice	Under the rose!
Of the perpetual brook, these golden slopes	Bee mustn't buzz,
Of Solomon-shaming flowers — that was	Whoop — but he knows.
your saying,	Kiss me, little one,
All pleased you so at first. <i>Rosamund.</i> Not now so much.	Nobody near !
My Anjou bower was scarce as beautiful.	Grasshopper, grasshopper,
But you were oftener there. I have none	Whoop — you can hear.
but you.	Kiss in the bower,
The brook's voice is not yours, and no flower, not	Tit on the tree!
The sun himself, should he be changed	Bird mustn't tell,
to one,	Whoop — he can see.
Could shine away the darkness of that gap Left by the lack of love.	Enter MARGERY.
<i>Henry.</i> The lack of love !	I ha' been but a week here and I ha'
Rosamund. Of one we love. Nay, I	seen what I ha' seen, for to be sure it's
would not be bold, Yet hoped ere this you might	no more than a week since our old Father Philip that has confessed our
[Looks earnestly at him.	mother for twenty years, and she was
Henry. Anything further?	hard put to it, and to speak truth, nigh
Rosamund. Only my best bower- maiden died of late,	at the end of our last crust, and that
marten tiet of fate,	mouldy, and she cried out on him to put

SCENE I.

me forth in the world and to make me a woman of the world, and to win my own bread, whereupon he asked our mother if I could keep a quiet tongue i' my head, and not speak till I was spoke to, and I answered for myself that I never spoke more than was needed, and he told me he would advance me to the service of a great lady, and took me ever so far away, and gave me a great pat o' the cheek for a pretty wench, and said it was a pity to blindfold such eves as mine, and such to be sure they be, but he blinded 'em for all that, and so brought me no-hows as I may say, and the more shame to him after his promise, into a garden and not into the world, and bade me whatever I saw not to speak one word, an' it 'ud be well for me in the end, for there were great ones who would look after me. and and then not to speak one word, for that's the rule o' the garden, tho' to be sure if I had been Eve i' the garden I shouldn't ha' minded the apple, for what's an apple, you know, save to a child, and I'm no child, but more a woman o' the world than my lady here, and I ha' seen what I ha' seen - tho' to be sure if I hadn't minded it we should all on us ha' had to go, bless the Saints, wi' bare backs, but the backs 'ud ha' countenanced one another, and belike it 'ud ha' been always summer, and anyhow I am as well-shaped as my lady here, and I ha' seen what I ha' seen, and what's the good of my talking to myself, for here comes my lady (enter Rosamund), and, my lady, tho' I shouldn't speak one word, I wish you joy o' the King's brother.

Rosamund. What is it you mean?

Margery. I mean your goodman, your husband, my lady, for I saw your ladyship a-parting wi' him even now i' the coppice, when I was a-getting o' bluebells for your ladyship's nose to smell on - and I ha' seen the King once at Oxford, and he's as like the King as fingernail to fingernail, and I thought at first it was the King, only you know the King's married, for King Louis-

Rosamund. Married!

Margery. Years and years, my lady, for her husband, King Louis-

Rosamund, Hush

Margery. — And I thought if it were the King's brother he had a better bride than the King, for the people do say that his is bad beyond all reckoning, and -

Rosamund. The people lie. Margery. Very like, my lady, but most on 'em know an honest woman and a lady when they see her, and besides they say, she makes songs, and that's against her, for I never knew an honest woman that could make songs, tho' to be sure our mother 'ill sing me old songs by the hour, but then, God help her, she had 'em from her mother, and her mother from her mother back and back for ever so long, but none of 'em ever made songs. and they were all honest.

Rosamund. Go, you shall tell me of her some other time.

Margery. There's none so much to tell on her, my lady, only she kept the seventh commandment better than some I know on, or I couldn't look your ladyship i' the face, and she brew'd the best ale in all Glo'ster, that is to say in her time when she had the 'Crown.'

Rosamund. The crown! who?

Margery. Mother.

Rosamund. I mean her whom you call — fancy — my husband's brother's wife.

Margery. Oh, Queen Eleanor. Yes, my lady; and tho' I be sworn not to speak a word, I can tell you all about her. if —

Rosamund, No word now. I am faint and sleepy. Leave me. Nay - go. What! will you anger me?

[Exit Margery.

He charged me not to question any of those About me. Have I? no! she question'd 1120.

Did she not slander him? Should she stav here?

May she not tempt me, being at my side, To question her! Nay, can I send her hence

Without his kingly leave? I am in the dark.

I have lived, poor bird, from cage to cage, and known Nothing but him - happy to know no more. So that he loved me -- and he loves me — ves. And bound me by his love to secrecy Till his own time. Eleanor, Eleanor, have I Not heard ill things of her in France? Oh. she's The Queen of France. I see it - some confusion. Some strange mistake. I did not hear aright. Myself confused with parting from the King. Margery (behind scene). Bee mustn't buzz, Whoop — but he knows. *Rosamund*. Vet her — what her? he hinted of some her -When he was here before -Something that would displease me. Hath he stray'd From love's clear path into the common bush. And, being scratch'd, returns to his true rose. Who hath not thorn enough to prick him for it. Ev'n with a word? Margery (behind scene). Bird mustn't tell. Whoop — he can see. Rosamund. I would not hear him. Nay-there's more-he frown'd 'No mate for her, if it should come to that' ----To that --- to what? Margery (behind scene). Whoop but he knows, Whoop - but he knows. Rosamund. O God! some dreadful truth is breaking on me-Some dreadful thing is coming on me. [Enter Geoffrey. Geoffrey ! Geoffrey. What are you crying for, when the sun shines? Rosamund. Hath not thy father left us to ourselves?

Geoffrey. Ay, but he's taken the rain

with him. I hear Margery: I'll go play with her. Exit Geoffrey.

Rosamund. Rainbow, stay, Gleam upon gloom, Bright as my dream, Rainbow, stay! But it passes away. Gloom upon gleam, Dark as my doom -O rainbow, stay.

SCENE II. - OUTSIDE THE WOODS NEAR ROSAMUND'S BOWER.

ELEANOR. FITZURSE.

Eleanor. Up from the salt lips of the land we two

Have track'd the King to this dark inland wood:

And somewhere hereabouts he vanish'd. Here

His turtle builds; his exit is our adit:

Watch! he will out again, and presently,

Seeing he must to Westminster and crown

Young Henry there to-morrow.

Fitzurse. We have watch'd So long in vain, he hath pass'd out again, And on the other side.

[A great horn winded.

Hark! Madam!

Eleanor.

Ay, How ghostly sounds that horn in the black wood!

[A countryman flying.

Whither away, man? what are you flying from?

Countryman. The witch! the witch! she sits naked by a great heap of gold in the middle of the wood, and when the horn sounds she comes out as a wolf. Get you hence! a man passed in there to-day: I holla'd to him, but he didn't hear me : he'll never out again, the witch has got him. I daren't stay — I daren't stay 1

Eleanor. Kind of the witch to give thee warning tho'. Man flies.

Is not this wood-witch of the rustic's fear Our woodland Circe that hath witch'd the King?

[Horn sounded. Another flying.

Fitzurse. Again! stay, fool, and tell me why thou fliest.

Countryman. Fly thou too. The King keeps his forest head of game here, and when that horn sounds, a score of wolf-dogs are let loose that will tear thee piecemeal. Linger not till the third horn. Fly!

- *Eleanor*. This is the likelier tale. We have hit the place.
- Now let the King's fine game look to itself. [Horn.

Fitzurse. Again !-

And far on in the dark heart of the wood

I hear the yelping of the hounds of hell. *Eleanor.* I have my dagger here to still their throats.

Fitzurse. Nay, Madam, not to-night - the night is falling.

What can be done to-night?

Eleanor. Well — well — away.

SCENE III. — TRAITOR'S MEADOW AT FRÉTEVAL. PAVILIONS AND TENTS OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH BAR-ONAGE.

BECKET and HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Becket. See here!

Herbert. What's here?

Becket. A notice from the priest,

To whom our John of Salisbury committed

The secret of the bower, that our wolf-Queen

Is prowling round the fold. I should be back

In England ev'n for this.

Herbert. These are by-things In the great cause.

Becket. The by-things of the Lord Are the wrong'd innocences that will crv

From all the hidden by-ways of the world

In the great day against the wronger. I know

Thy meaning. Perish she, I, all, before The Church should suffer wrong!

Herbert. Do you see, my lord, There is the King talking with Walter Map?

Becket. He hath the Pope's last letters, and they threaten

The immediate thunder-blast of interdict: Yet he can scarce be touching upon those, Or scarce would smile that fashion.

Herbert. Winter sunshine ! Beware of opening out thy bosom to it,

Lest thou, myself, and all thy flock should catch

An after ague-fit of trembling. Look !

He bows, he bares his head, he is coming hither.

Still with a smile.

Enter KING HENRY and WALTER MAP.

Henry. We have had so many hours together, Thomas,

So many happy hours alone together,

- That I would speak with you once more alone.
 - *Becket.* My liege, your will and happiness are mine.

[*Exeunt* King and Becket. *Herbert.* The same smile still.

Walter Map. Do you see that great black cloud that hath come over the sun and cast us all into shadow?

Herbert. And feel it too.

Walter Map. And see you yon sidebeam that is forced from under it, and sets the church-tower over there all a-hell-fire as it were?

Herbert. Ay.

Walter Map. It is this black, bellsilencing, anti-marrying, burial-hindering interdict that hath squeezed out this sidesmile upon Canterbury, whereof may come conflagration. Were I Thomas, I wouldn't trust it. Sudden change is a house on sand; and tho' I count Henry honest enough, yet when fear creeps in at the front, honesty steals out at the back, and the King at last is fairly scared by this cloud — this interdict. I have been more for the King than the Church in this matter - yea, even for the sake of the Church: for, truly, as the case stood, vou had safelier have slain an archbishop than a she-goat: but our recoverer and upholder of customs hath in this crowning of young Henry by York and London so violated the immemorial usage of the Church, that, like the gravedigger's child I have heard of, trying to ring the bell, he hath half-hanged himself in the rope

of the Church, or rather pulled all the Church with the Holy Father astride of it down upon his own head.

Herbert. Were you there?

Walter Map. In the church rope? no. I was at the crowning, for I have pleasure in the pleasure of crowds, and to read the faces of men at a great show.

Herbert. And how did Roger of York comport himself?

Walter Map. As magnificently and archiepiscopally as our Thomas would have done: only there was a dare-devil in his eye — I should say a dare-Becket. He thought less of two kings than of one Roger the king of the occasion. Foliot is the holier man, perhaps the better. Once or twice there ran a twitch across his face as who should say what's to follow? but Salisbury was a calf cowed by Mother Church, and every now and then glancing about him like a thief at night when he hears a door open in the house and thinks 'the master.'

Herbert. And the father-king?

Walter Map. The father's eye was so tender it would have called a goose off the green, and once he strove to hide his face, like the Greek king when his daughter was sacrificed, but he thought better of it: it was but the sacrifice of a kingdom to his son, a smaller matter; but as to the young crownling himself, he looked so malapert in the eyes, that had I fathered him I had given him more of the rod than the sceptre. Then followed the thunder of the captains and the shouting, and so we came on to the banquet, from whence there puffed out such an incense of unctuosity into the nostrils of our Gods of Church and State, that Lucullus or Apicius might have sniffed it in their Hades of heathenism. so that the smell of their own roast had not come across it -

Herbert. Map, tho' you make your butt too big, you overshoot it.

Walter Map. — For as to the fish, they de-miracled the miraculous draught, and might have sunk a navy —

Herbert. There again, Goliasing and Goliathising!

Walter Map. — And as for the flesh at table, a whole Peter's sheet, with all manner of game, and four-footed things, and fowls —

Herbert. And all manner of creeping things too?

Walter Map. — Well, there were Abbots — but they did not bring their women; and so we were dull enough at first, but in the end we flourished out into a merriment; for the old King would act servitor and hand a dish to his son; whereupon my Lord of York his fine-cut face bowing and beaming with all that courtesy which hath less loyalty in it than the backward scrape of the clown's heel — 'great honour,' says he, 'from the King's self to the King's son.' Did you hear the young King's quip?

Herbert. No, what was it?

Walter Map. Glancing at the days when his father was only Earl of Anjou. he answered : - 'Should not an earl's son wait on a king's son?' And when the cold corners of the King's mouth began to thaw, there was a great motion of laughter among us, part real, part childlike, to be freed from the dulness - part royal, for King and kingling both laughed, and so we could not but laugh, as by a royal necessity — part childlike again - when we felt we had laughed too long and could not stay ourselves ---many midriff-shaken even to tears, as springs gush out after earthquakes — but from those, as I said before, there may come a conflagration — tho', to keep the figure moist and make it hold water, I should say rather, the lacrymation of a lamentation; but look if Thomas have not flung himself at the King's feet. They have made it up again - for the moment.

Herbert. Thanks to the blessed Magdalen, whose day it is.

Re-enter HENRY and BECKET. (During their conference the BARONS and BISHOPS of FRANCE and ENGLAND come in at back of stage.)

Becket. Ay, King! for in thy kingdom, as thou knowest,

The spouse of the Great King, thy King,	My friend of Canterbury and myself
hath fallen —	Are now once more at perfect amity. Unkingly should I be, and most un-
The daughter of Zion lies beside the way—	knightly,
The priests of Baal tread her under- foot —	Not striving still, however much in vain, To rival him in Christian charity.
The golden ornaments are stolen from	Herbert. All praise to Heaven, and
her —	sweet St. Magdalen ! <i>Henry</i> . And so farewell until we
Henry. Have I not promised to re- store her, Thomas,	meet in England.
And send thee back again to Canter-	Becket. I fear, my liege, we may not
bury? <i>Becket</i> . Send back again those exiles	meet in England. <i>Henry</i> . How, do you make me a
of my kin	traitor?
Who wander famine-wasted thro' the world.	<i>Becket.</i> No, indeed ! That be far from thee.
Henry. Have I not promised, man,	Henry. Come, stay with us, then,
to send them back? Becket. Yet one thing more. Thou	Before you part for England. Becket. I am bound
hast broken thro' the pales	For that one hour to stay with good
Of privilege, crowning thy young son by	King Louis,
York, London and Salisbury — not Canterbury.	Who helpt me when none else. <i>Herbert.</i> He said thy life
Henry. York crown'd the Conqueror	Was not one hour's worth in England
— not Canterbury. <i>Becket.</i> There was no Canterbury in	save King Henry gave thee first the kiss of
William's time.	peace.
Henry. But Hereford, you know, crown'd the first Henry.	Henry. He said so? Louis, did he? look you, Herbert,
Becket. But Anselm crown'd this	When I was in mine anger with King
Henry o'er again. <i>Henry</i> . And thou shalt crown my	Louis, I sware I would not give the kiss of
Henry o'er again.	peace,
Becket. And is it then with thy good- will that I	Not on French ground, nor any ground but English,
Proceed against thine evil councillors,	Where his cathedral stands. Mine old
And hurl the dread ban of the Church on those	friend, Thomas, I would there were that perfect trust
Who made the second mitre play the first,	between us,
And acted me?	That health of heart, once ours, ere Pope or King
Henry. Well, well, then — have thy way!	Had come between us! Even now
It may be they were evil councillors.	who knows?— I might deliver all things to thy hand—
What more, my lord Archbishop? What more, Thomas?	If but I say no more fare-
I make thee full amends. Say all thy say,	well, my lord.
But blaze not out before the Frenchmen here.	Becket. Farewell, my liege! [E.vit Henry, then the Barons and
Becket. More? Nothing, so thy	Bishops.
promise be thy deed. Henry (holding out his hand). Give	<i>Walter Map.</i> There again! when the full fruit of the royal promise might
me thy hand. My Lords of	have dropt into thy mouth hadst thou
France and England,	but opened it to thank him,

Becket. He fenced his royal promise with an *if*.

Walter Map. And is the King's *if* too high a stile for your lordship to overstep and come at all things in the next field?

Becket. Ay, if this if be like the Devil's 'if

Thou wilt fall down and worship me.'

Herbert. Oh, Thomas, I could fall down and worship thee, my

Thomas, For thou hast trodden this wine-press

alone. Becket. Nay, of the people there are many with me.

Walter Map. I am not altogether with you, my lord, tho' I am none of those that would raise a storm between you, lest ye should draw together like two ships in a calm. You wrong the King: he meant what he said to-day. Who shall vouch for his to-morrows? One word further. Doth not the fewness of anything make the fulness of it in estimation? Is not virtue prized mainly for its rarity, and great baseness loathed as an exception? for were all, my lord, as noble as yourself, who would look up to you? and were all as base as - who shall I say — Fitzurse and his following who would look down upon them? My lord, you have put so many of the King's household out of communion, that they begin to smile at it.

Becket. At their peril, at their peril-

Walter Map. - For tho' the drop may hollow out the dead stone, doth not the living skin thicken against perpetual whippings? This is the second grain of good counsel I ever proffered thee, and so cannot suffer by the rule of frequency. Have I sown it in salt? I trust not, for before God I promise you the King hath many more wolves than he can tame in his woods of England, and if it suit their purpose to howl for the King, and you still move against him, you may have no less than to die for it; but God and his free wind grant your lordship a happy home-return and the King's kiss of peace in Kent. Farewell! I must follow the Exit. King.

Herbert. Ay, and I warrant the customs. Did the King

Speak of the customs?

Becket. No!—To die for it— I live to die for it. I die to live for it.

The State will die, the Church can never die.

The King's not like to die for that which dies;

But I must die for that which never dies. It will be so — my visions in the Lord :

- It must be so, my friend! the wolves of England
- Must murder her one shepherd, that the
- May feed in peace. False figure, Map would say.

Earth's falses are heaven's truths. And when my voice

Is martyr'd mute, and this man disappears, That perfect trust may come again between

- us, And there, there, there, not here I shall rejoice
- To find my stray sheep back within the fold.
- The crowd are scattering, let us move away!

And thence to England. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE BOWER.

Geoffrey (coming out of the wood). Light again! light again! Margery? no, that's a finer thing there. How it glitters!

Eleanor (entering). Come to me, little one. How camest thou hither?

Geoffrey. On my legs.

Eleanor. And mighty pretty legs too. Thou art the prettiest child I ever saw. Wilt thou love me?

Geoffrey. No; I only love mother.

Eleanor. Ay; and who is thy mother? *Geoffrey.* They call her — But she

lives secret, you see. Eleanor. Why?

Geoffrey. Don't know why.

Eleanor. Ay, but some one comes to see her now and then. Who is he?

Geoffrey. Can't tell.

What does she call him? Eleanor. Geoffrey. My liege.

Eleanor. Pretty one, how camest thou? Geoffrey. There was a bit of yellow silk here and there, and it looked pretty like a glowworm, and I thought if I followed it I should find the fairies.

Eleanor. I am the fairy, pretty one, a good fairy to thy mother. Take me to her.

Geoffrev. There are good fairies and bad fairies, and sometimes she cries, and can't sleep sound o' nights because of the bad fairies.

Eleanor. She shall cry no more; she shall sleep sound enough if thou wilt take me to her. I am her good fairy.

Geoffrey. But you don't look like a good fairy. Mother does. You are not pretty, like mother.

Eleanor. We can't all of us be as pretty as thou art — (aside) little bastard. Come, here is a golden chain I will give thee if thou wilt lead me to thy mother.

Geoffrey. No - no gold. Mother says

gold spoils all. Love is the only gold. *Eleanor*. I love thy mother, my pretty boy. Show me where thou camest out of the wood.

Geoffrey. By this tree; but I don't know if I can find the way back again.

Eleanor. Where's the warder?

Geoffrey. Very bad. Somebody struck him.

Eleanor. Ay? who was that?

Geoffrey. Can't tell. But I heard say he had had a stroke, or you'd have heard his horn before now. Come along, then; we shall see the silk here and there, and I want my supper. Exeunt.

SCENE II. - ROSAMUND'S BOWER.

Rosamund. The boy so late; pray God, he be not lost.

I sent this Margery, and she comes not back;

I sent another, and she comes not back.

I go myself — so many alleys, crossings, Paths, avenues - nay, if I lost him,

now The folds have fallen from the mystery, And left all naked, I were lost indeed.

Enter GEOFFREY and ELEANOR.

Geoffrey, the pain thou hast put me to ! Seeing Eleanor.

Ha. you!

How came you hither?

Eleanor. Your own child brought me hither !

Geoffrey. You said you couldn't trust Margery, and I watched her and followed her into the woods, and I lost her and went on and on till I found the light and the lady, and she says she can make you sleep o' nights.

Rosamund. How dared you? Know you not this bower is secret.

Of and belonging to the King of England. More sacred than his forests for the chase?

Nay, nay, Heaven help you; get you hence in haste

Lest worse befall you.

Eleanor. Child, I am mine own self Of and belonging to the King. The King

Hath divers ofs and ons, ofs and belongings,

Belongings, paramours, whom it pleases him

To call his wives; but so it chances, child.

That I am his main paramour, his sultana.

- But since the fondest pair of doves will iar.
- Ev'n in a cage of gold, we had words of late.
- And thereupon he call'd my children bastards.
- Do you believe that you are married to him?

Rosamund. I should believe it.

You must not believe it, Eleanor. Because I have a wholesome medicine here

- Puts that belief asleep. Your answer, beauty!
- Do you believe that you are married to him?

Rosamund. Geoffrey, my boy, I saw the ball you lost in the fork of the great willow over the brook. Go. See that you do not fall in. Go.

Geoffrey. And leave you alone with the good fairy. She calls you beauty, but I don't like her looks. Well, you bid me go, and I'll have my ball anyhow. Shall I find you asleep when I come back?

Rosamund. Go. [Exit Geoffrey. Eleanor. He is easily found again. Do you believe it?

I pray you then to take my sleepingdraught;

But if you should not care to take it — See! [Draws a dagger.

What! have I scared the red rose from your face

Into your heart? But this will find it there,

And dig it from the root for ever.

Rosamund. Help! help! Eleanor. They say that walls have ears; but these, it seems,

Have none! and I have none — to pity thee.

Rosamund. I do beseech you - my child is so young,

So backward too; I cannot leave him yet.

I am not so happy I could not die myself,

- But the child is so young. You have children his;
- And mine is the King's child; so, if you love him —
- Nay, if you love him, there is great wrong done
- Somehow; but if you do not there are those

Who say you do not love him -- let me go

With my young boy, and I will hide my face,

- Blacken and gipsyfy it; none shall know me;
- The King shall never hear of me again,
- But I will beg my bread along the world

With my young boy, and God will be our guide.

I never meant you harm in any way.

See, I can say no more.

- *Eleanor*. Will you not say you are not married to him?
- Rosamund. Ay, Madam, I can say it, if you will.
- *Eleanor*. Then is thy pretty boy a bastard?

Rosamund. No.

Eleanor. And thou thyself a proven wanton?

Rosamund. No.

- I am none such. I never loved but one.
- I have heard of such that range from love to love,
- Like the wild beast if you can call it love.
- I have heard of such yea, even among those
- Who sit on thrones I never saw any such,

Never knew any such, and howsoever

You do misname me, match'd with any such,

I am snow to mud.

Eleanor. The more the pity then That thy true home — the heavens — cry

out for thee Who art too pure for earth.

Enter FITZURSE.

Fitzurse. Give her to me. *Eleanor.* The Judas-lover of our passion-play

Hath track'd us hither.

- Fitzurse. Well, why not? I follow'd
- You and the child: he babbled all the way.
- Give her to me to make my honey-moon. *Eleanor*. Ay, as the bears love honey. Could you keep her
- Indungeon'd from one whisper of the wind.
- Dark even from a side glance of the moon,
- And oublietted in the centre No!
- I follow out my hate and thy revenge.
- *Fitzurse.* You bade me take revenge another way —
- To bring her to the dust. . . . Come with me, love,
- And I will love thee. . . . Madam, let her live.
- I have a far-off burrow where the King
- Would miss her and for ever.
- *Eleanor.* How sayest thou, sweetheart?
- Wilt thou go with him? he will marry thee.
 - Rosamund. Give me the poison; set me free of him!

[Eleanor offers the vial.

No, no! I will not have it.Come hither, man; stand there. (To Resamund.) Take thy one chance; Catch at the last straw. Kneel to thy lord Fitzurse; Catch at the last straw. Kneel to thy fawn upon him For thy life and thy son's. Kasamund. Your purpose is to fright me — a trouba- dour Your purpose is to fright me — a trouba- dourYou play with words. You had never used so many, Not if you meant it, I am sure. The childNot such a baseness as would make me Most worthy of it: both of us will die, And shrick to all the saints among the stars: 'Eleanor.Heaved under the King's hand with such true passion As at this loveless knife that stirs ther iot if he love thee, Thy life is worth the wrestle for it: arise, And dash thyself against me that I may slay thee!Murder dile saints among the stars: 'Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor of the east, A hissing in the westle' Have worn uncle — nay, coffice Plantagenet, thine own nucle — nay, wor do, the cross I gave the King's neck to heard Haw wheedied it off the King's neck to heard in the stard's here?By thy leave, beauty. Ay, the same! I warrant Thou hast sworn on this my cross a hundred times Never to leave him — and that merits leave him To-day, but not quite yet. My good Fi		
	 Eleanor. Then this other, The wiser choice, because my sleeping-draught May bloat thy beauty out of shape, and make Thy body loathsome even to thy child; While this but leaves thee with a broken heart; A doll-face blanch'd and bloodless, over which If pretty Geoffrey do not break his own, It must be broken for him. Rosamund. O I see now You purpose is to fright me — a troubadour You play with words. You had never used so many, Not if you meant it, I am sure. The child No mercy! No! (Kneels.) Eleanor. Play! that bosom never Heaved under the King's hand with such true passion As at this loveless knife that stirs the riot Which it will quench in blood! Slave, if he love thee, Thy life is worth the wrestle for it : arise, And dash thyself against me that I may slay thee! The worm! shall I let her go? But ha! what's here? By very God, the cross I gave the King ! His village darling in some lewd caress Has wheedled it off the King's neck to her own. By thy leave, beauty. Ay, the same! I warrant Thou hast sworn on this my cross a hundred times Never to leave him — and that merits death, False oath on holy cross — for thou must leave him To-day, but not quite yet. My good Fitzurse, The running down the chase is kindlier sport Ev'n than the death. Who knows but that thy lover May plead so pitifully, that I may spare thee? 	Rosamund.) Take thy one chance; Catch at the last straw. Kneel to thy lord Fitzurse; Crouch even because thou hatest him; fawn upon him For thy life and thy son's. <i>Rosamund (rising)</i> . I am a Clifford, My son a Clifford and Plantagenet. I am to die then, tho' there stand beside thee One who might grapple with thy dagger, if he Had aught of man, or thou of woman; or I Would bow to such a baseness as would make me Most worthy of it: both of us will die, And I will fly with my sweet boy to heaven, And shriek to all the saints among the stars: 'Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor of Eng- land! Murder'd by that adulteress Eleanor, Whose doings are a horror to the east, A hissing in the west!' Have we not heard Raymond of Poitou, thine own uncle— nay, Geoffrey Plantagenet, thine own hus- band's father— Nay, ev'n the accursed heathen Salad- deen— Strike! I challenge thee to meet me before God. Answer me there. <i>Eleanor (raising the dagger)</i> . This in thy bosom, fool, And after in thy bastard's! <i>Enter</i> BECKET from behind. Catches hold of her arm. Becket. [<i>The dagger falls; they stare at one another. After a pause.</i> <i>Eleanor</i> . My lord, we know you proud of your fine hand, But having now admired it long enough, We find that it is mightier than it seems— At least mine own is frailer: you are

Becket. And lamed and maim'd to dislocation, better Than raised to take a life which Henry bade me Guard from the stroke that dooms thee after death To wail in deathless flame. Eleanor. Nor you, nor I Have now to learn, my lord, that our good Henry Says many a thing in sudden heats, which he Gainsays by next sunrising — often ready To tear hinself for having said as much. My lord, Fitzurse — Becket. He too ! what dost thou here? Dares the bear slouch into the lion's den? One downward plunge of his paw would rend away Eyesight and manhood, life itself, from thee. Go, lest I blast thee with anathema, And make thee a world's horror. Fitzurse. My lord, I shall Remember this. Becket. Becket. I do remember thee; Lest I remember thee to the lion, go. [Exit] Fitzurse. Take up your dagger; put it in the sheath. Eleanor. Might not your courtesy stoop to hand it me? But crowns must bow when mitres sit so high. Well — well — too costly to be left or lost. [Picks up the dagger.] I had it from an Arab soldan, who, When I was there in Antioch, marvell'd at Our unfamiliar beauties of the west; <tr< td=""><td> We cannot do it so well. Becket. We can do worse. Madam, I saw your dagger at her throat; I heard your savage cry. Eleanor. Well acted, was it? A comedy meant to seem a tragedy— A feint, a farce. My honest lord, you are known Thro' all the courts of Christendom as one That mars a cause with over-violence. You have wrong'd Fitzurse. I speak not of myself. We thought to scare this minion of the King Back from her churchless commerce with the King To the fond arms of her first love, Fitzurse, Who swore to marry her. You have spoilt the farce. My savage cry? Why, she—she—when I strove To work against her license for her good, Bark'd out at me such monstrous charges, that The King himself, for love of his own sons, If hearing, would have spurn'd her; whereupon I menaced her with this, as when we threaten A yelper with a stick. Nay, I deny not, That I was somewhat anger'd. Do you hear me? Believe or no, I care not. You have lost The ear of the King. I have it My lord Paramount, Our great High-priest, will not your Holiness Vouchsafe a gracious answer to your Queen? Becket. Rosamund hath not answer'd you one word; Madam, I will not answer you one word. Daughter, the world hath trick'd thee. Leave it, daughter; Come thou with me to Godstow nunnery, And live what may be left thee of a life Saved as by miracle alone with Him </td></tr<>	 We cannot do it so well. Becket. We can do worse. Madam, I saw your dagger at her throat; I heard your savage cry. Eleanor. Well acted, was it? A comedy meant to seem a tragedy— A feint, a farce. My honest lord, you are known Thro' all the courts of Christendom as one That mars a cause with over-violence. You have wrong'd Fitzurse. I speak not of myself. We thought to scare this minion of the King Back from her churchless commerce with the King To the fond arms of her first love, Fitzurse, Who swore to marry her. You have spoilt the farce. My savage cry? Why, she—she—when I strove To work against her license for her good, Bark'd out at me such monstrous charges, that The King himself, for love of his own sons, If hearing, would have spurn'd her; whereupon I menaced her with this, as when we threaten A yelper with a stick. Nay, I deny not, That I was somewhat anger'd. Do you hear me? Believe or no, I care not. You have lost The ear of the King. I have it My lord Paramount, Our great High-priest, will not your Holiness Vouchsafe a gracious answer to your Queen? Becket. Rosamund hath not answer'd you one word; Madam, I will not answer you one word. Daughter, the world hath trick'd thee. Leave it, daughter; Come thou with me to Godstow nunnery, And live what may be left thee of a life Saved as by miracle alone with Him
His ten wives into one. Look at the	Come thou with me to Godstow nunnery, And live what may be left thee of a life

SCENE II.

Re-enter GEOFFREY.

- *Geoffrey.* Mother, you told me a great fib : it wasn't in the willow.
- Becket. Follow us, my son, and we will find it for thee —
- Or something manlier.
 - [*Execut* Becket, Rosamund, and Geoffrey.
- *Eleanor.* The world hath trick'd her — that's the King; if so,
- There was the farce, the feint not mine. And yet
- I am all but sure my dagger was a feint
- Till the worm turn'd not life shot up
- in blood, But death drawn in; -- (*looking at the vial*) this was no feint then? no.
- But can I swear to that, had she but given
- Plain answer to plain query? nay, methinks
- Had she but bow'd herself to meet the wave
- Of humiliation, worshipt whom she loathed.
- I should have let her be, scorn'd her too much
- To harm her. Henry Becket tells him this —
- To take my life might lose him Aquitaine. Too politic for that. Imprison me?
- No, for it came to nothing only a feint.
- Did she not tell me I was playing on her?
- I'll swear to mine own self it was a feint.
- Why should I swear, Eleanor, who am, or was,
- A sovereign power? The King plucks out their eyes
- Who anger him, and shall not I, the Queen,
- Tear out her heart kill, kill with knife or venom
- One of his slanderous harlots? 'None of such?'
- I love her none the more. Tut, the chance gone,
- She lives but not for him; one point is gain'd.
- O I, that thro' the Pope divorced King Louis,

Scorning his monkery, — I that wedded Henry,

- Honouring his manhood, will he not mock at me
- The jealous fool balk'd of her will with him?

But he and he must never meet again. Reginald Fitzurse !

Re-enter FITZURSE.

- Fitzurse. Here, Madam, at your pleasure.
- *Eleanor*. My pleasure is to have a man about me.
- Why did you slink away so like a cur?
- Fitzurse. Madam, I am as much man as the King.
- Madam, I fear Church-censures like your King.
 - *Eleanor*. He grovels to the Church when he's black-blooded,
- Defied the Pope, and, like his kingly sires,
- The Normans, striving still to break or bind
- The spiritual giant with our island laws
- And customs, made me for the moment proud
- Ev'n of that stale Church-bond which link'd me with him
- To bear him kingly sons. I am not so sure
- But that I love him still. Thou as much man!

No more of that; we will to France and be Beforehand with the King, and brew from

This Godstow-Becket intermeddling such

- A strong hate-philtre as may madden him — madden
- Against his priest beyond all hellebore.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — CASTLE IN NORMANDY. KING'S CHAMBER.

HENRY, ROGER OF YORK, FOLIOT, JOCELYN OF SALISBURY.

Roger of York. Nay, nay, my liege, He rides abroad with armed followers, Hath broken all his promises to thyself,

Cursed and anathematised us right and	York and myself, and our good Salisbury
left, Stirr'd up a party there against your	here, Are push'd from out communion of the
son —— <i>Henry</i> . Roger of York, you always hated him,	Church. Jocelyn of Salisbury. Becket hath trodden on us like worms, my
Even when you both were boys at Theo- bald's.	liege; Trodden one half dead; one half, but
Roger of York. I always hated bound- less arrogance.	half-alive, Cries to the King.
In mine own cause I strove against him there,	Henry (aside). Take care o' thyself, O King.
And in thy cause I strive against him now.	Jocelyn of Salisbury. Being so crush'd and so humiliated
Henry. I cannot think he moves	We scarcely dare to bless the food we eat
against my son, Knowing right well with what a tender-	Because of Becket. <i>Henry</i> . What would ye have me do?
ness He loved my son.	Roger of York. Summon your barons; take their counsel : yet
Roger of York. Before you made him king.	I know—could swear—as long as Becket breathes,
But Becket ever moves against a king. The Church is all — the crime to be a	Your Grace will never have one quiet hour.
king.	Henry. What? Ay but
We trust your Royal Grace, lord of more land	pray you do not work upon me. I see your drift it may be so
Than any crown in Europe, will not yield	and yet You know me easily anger'd. Will you
To lay your neck beneath your citizen's heel.	hence? He shall absolve you you shall have
<i>Henry</i> . Not to a Gregory of my thron- ing! No.	redress. I have a dizzying headache. Let me
Foliot. My royal liege, in aiming at your love,	rest. I'll call you by and by.
It may be sometimes I have overshot	[Exeunt Roger of York, Foliot, and
My duties to our Holy Mother Church, Tho' all the world allows I fall no inch	Jocelyn of Salisbury. Would he were dead! I have lost all
Behind this Becket, rather go beyond In scourgings, macerations, mortifyings,	love for him. If God would take him in some sudden
Fasts, disciplines that clear the spiritual eye,	way — Would he were dead. [Lies down.
And break the soul from earth. Let all that be.	Page (entering). My liege, the Queen of England.
I boast not: but you know thro' all this quarrel	Henry. God's eyes! [Starting up.
I still have cleaved to the crown, in hope	Enter ELEANOR.
the crown Would cleave to me that but obey'd the	Eleanor. Of England? Say of Aquitaine.
crown, Crowning your son; for which our loyal	I am no Queen of England. I had dream'd
service, And since we likewise swore to obey the customs,	I was the bride of England, and a queen. <i>Henry.</i> And, — while you dream'd you were the bride of England, —

- Stirring her baby-king against me? ha! *Eleanor*. The brideless Becket is thy king and mine :
- I will go live and die in Aquitaine.
- Henry. Except I clap thee into prison here,
- Lest thou shouldst play the wanton there again.
- Ha, you of Aquitaine! O you of Aquitaine!
- You were but Aquitaine to Louis no wife;
- You are only Aquitaine to me no wife. *Eleanor.* And why, my lord, should I be wife to one
- That only wedded me for Aquitaine?
- Yet this no wife her six and thirty sail
- Of Provence blew you to your English throne;
- And this no wife has borne you four brave sons,
- And one of them at least is like to prove
- Bigger in our small world than thou art. Henry. Ay-
- Richard, if he *be* mine I hope him mine.
- But thou art like enough to make him thine.
 - *Eleanor*. Becket is like enough to make all his.
 - Henry. Methought I had recover'd of the Becket,
- That all was planed and bevell'd smooth again,
- Save from some hateful cantrip of thine own.
 - *Eleanor*. I will go live and die in Aquitaine.
- I dream'd I was the consort of a king,
- Not one whose back his priest has broken. Henry, What!
- Is the end come? You, will you crown my foe
- My victor in mid-battle? I will be
- Sole master of my house. The end is mine.
- What game, what juggle, what devilry are you playing?
- Why do you thrust this Becket on me again?
 - *Eleanor*. Why? for I am true wife, and have my fears

- Lest Becket thrust you even from your throne.
- Do you know this cross, my liege?
 - Henry (turning his head). Away! Not I.
 - *Eleanor*. Not ev'n the central diamond, worth, I think,
- Half of the Antioch whence I had it? *Henry.* That? *Eleanor.* I gave it you, and you your
- paramour; She sends it back, as being dead to earth.
- So dead henceforth to you.
 - Henry. Dead! you have murder'd her,
- Found out her secret bower and murder'd her!
 - *Eleanor*. Your Becket knew the secret of your bower.
 - Henry (calling out). Ho there! thy rest of life is hopeless prison.
 - *Eleanor*. And what would my own Aquitaine say to that?
- First, free thy captive from *her* hopeless prison.
 - Henry. O devil, can I free her from the grave?
 - *Eleanor*. You are too tragic: both of us are players
- In such a comedy as our court of Provence
- Had laugh'd at. That's a delicate Latin lay
- Of Walter Map: the lady holds the cleric
- Lovelier than any soldier, his poor tonsure
- A crown of Empire. Will you have it again?

(Offering the cross. He dashes it down.) St. Cupid, that is too irreverent.

- Then mine once more. (Puts it on.)
- Your cleric hath your lady. Nay, what uncomely faces, could he see
- you!
- Foam at the mouth because King Thomas, lord
- Not only of your vassals but amours,
- Thro' chastest honour of the Decalogue
- Hath used the full authority of his Church
- To put her into Godstow nunnery.

Henry. To put her into Godstow nunnery!

- He dared not liar! yet, yet I remember —
- I do remember.

He bade me put her into a nunnery —

Into Godstow, into Hellstow, Devilstow!

The Church! the Church!

God's eyes! I would the Church were down in hell! [Exit. Elegnor. Aha!

Enter the four KNIGHTS.

- Fitzurse. What made the King cry out so furiously?
- *Eleanor*. Our Becket, who will not absolve the Bishops.
- I think ye four have cause to love this Becket.
 - Fitzurse. I hate him for his insolence to all.
 - De Tracy. And I for all his insolence to thee.
 - De Brito. I hate him for I hate him is my reason,

And yet I hate him for a hypocrite.

- De Morville. I do not love him, for he did his best
- To break the barons, and now braves the King.
 - *Eleanor*. Strike, then, at once, the King would have him See!

Re-enter HENRY.

Henry. No man to love me, honour me, obey me !

Sluggards and fools!

- The slave that eat my bread has kick'd his King!
- The dog I cramm'd with dainties worried me!
- The fellow that on a lame jade came to court,
- A ragged cloak for saddle he, he, he,
- To shake my throne, to push into my chamber —
- My bed, where ev'n the slave is private — he —
- I'll have her out again, he shall absolve
- The bishops they but did my will not you —
- Sluggards and fools, why do you stand and stare?

You are no King's men — you — you you are Becket's men.

- Down with King Henry! up with the Archbishop!
- Will no man free me from this pestilent priest? [Exit.
 - [*The* Knights *draw their swords. Eleanor. Are* ye king's men? I am king's woman, I.
 - The Knights. King's men! King's men!

SCENE II. — A ROOM IN CANTERBURY MONASTERY.

BECKET and JOHN OF SALISBURY.

Becket. York said so?

John of Salisbury. Yes: a man may take good counsel

Ev'n from his foe.

Becket. York will say anything. What is he saying now? gone to the King

And taken our anathema with him. York !

Can the King de-anathematise this York? John of Salisbury. Thomas, I would

thou hadst return'd to England,

- Like some wise prince of this world from his wars,
- With more of olive-branch and amnesty
- For foes at home thou hast raised the world against thee.
 - Becket. Why, John, my kingdom is not of this world.
- John of Salisbury. If it were more of this world it might be
- More of the next. A policy of wise pardon
- Wins here as well as there. To bless thine enemies —

Becket. Ay, mine, not Heaven's.

- John of Salisbury. And may there not be something
- Of this world's leaven in thee too, when crying
- On Holy Church to thunder out her rights
- And thine own wrong so pitilessly? Ah, Thomas,
- The lightnings that we think are only Heaven's
- Flash sometimes out of earth against the heavens.

 The soldier, when he lets his whole self go Lost in the common good, the common wrong, Strikes truest ev'n for his own self. I crave Thy pardon — I have still thy leave to speak. Thou hast waged God's war against the King; and yet We are self-uncertain creatures, and we may, Yea, even when we know not, mix our spites And private hates with our defence of Heaven. Enter EDWARD GRIM. Becket. Thou art but yesterday from Cambridge, Grim; What say ye there of Becket? Grim. I believe him The bravest in our roll of Primates down From Austin — there are some — for there are men Of canker'd judgment everywhere — Becket. Who hold With York, with York against me. Grim. Well, my lord, A stranger monk desires access to you. Becket. York against Canterbury, York against God ! I am open to him. [Exit Grim. Enter ROSAMUND as a Monk. Rosamund. Can I speak with you Alone, my father? Becket. Come you to confess? Rosamund. Not now. Becket. Then speak; this is my other self, Who like my conscience never lets me be. Rosamund (throwing back the cowd). I know him; our good John of Salisbury. Becket. Breaking already from thy noviciate To plunge into this bitter world again — These wells of Marah. I am grieved, my daughter. I thought that I had made a peace for thee. Rosamund. Small peace was mine in 	 Thro' all closed doors a dreadful whisper crept That thou wouldst excommunicate the King. I could not eat, sleep, pray: I had with me The monk's disguise thou gavest me for my bower: I think our Abbess knew it and allow'd it. I fled, and found thy name a charm to get me Food, roof, and rest. I met a robber once, I told him I was bound to see the Archbishop; 'Pass on,' he said, and in thy name I pass'd From house to house. In one a son stone-blind Sat by his mother's hearth: he had gone too far Into the King's own woods; and the poor mother, Soon as she learnt I was a friend of thine, Cried out against the cruelty of the King: I said it was the King's courts, not the King; But she would not believe me, and she wish'd The Church were king: she had seen the Archbishop once, So mild, so kind. The people love thee, father. Becket. Alas! when I was Chancellor to the King, I fear I was as cruel as the King. <i>Rosamund</i>. Cruel? Oh, no — it is the law, not he; The customs of the realm. Becket. The customs! customs! <i>Rosamund</i>. My lord, you have not excommunicated him? Oh, if you have, absolve him! Becket. Daughter, daughter, Deal not with things you know not. <i>Rosamund</i>. I know him. Then you have done it, and I cal you cruel. John of Salisbury. No, daughter, you mistake our good Archbishop; For once in France the King had been
thee.	mistake our good Archbishop;
my noviciate, father.	so harsh,
3 A	
-	

- He thought to excommunicate him-Thomas.
- You could not old affection master'd vou.
- You falter'd into tears.
 - God bless him for it. Rosamund. Becket. Nay, make me not a woman, John of Salisbury.
- Nor make me traitor to my holy office.
- Did not a man's voice ring along the aisle.
- 'The King is sick and almost unto death'?
- How could I excommunicate him then? Rosamund. And wilt thou excommunicate him now?
 - Becket. Daughter, my time is short, I shall not do it.
- And were it longer well I should not do it.
 - Rosamund. Thanks in this life, and in the life to come.
 - *Becket.* Get thee back to thy nunnerv with all haste;
- Let this be thy last trespass. But one question —
- How fares thy pretty boy, the little Geoffrev?
- No fever, cough, croup, sickness?
- No, but saved Rosamund. From all that by our solitude. The
- plagues That smite the city spare the solitudes.
- Becket. God save him from all sickness of the soul!
- Thee too, thy solitude among thy nuns,
- May that save thee! Doth he remember me?
 - Rosamund. I warrant him.
 - Becket. He is marvellously like thee.
 - Rosamund. Liker the King.
 - No, daughter. Becket. Rosamund.
 - Ay, but wait
- Till his nose rises; he will be very king.
 - Becket. Ev'n so: but think not of the King: farewell!
 - Rosamund. My lord, the city is full of armed men.
 - Becket. Ev'n so: farewell!
 - Rosamund. I will but pass to vespers.
- And breathe one prayer for my liege-lord the King,

- His child and mine own soul, and so roturn
 - *Becket.* Prav for me too: much need of prayer have I.
 - Rosamund kneels and goes.
- Dan John, how much we lose, we celibates.
- Lacking the love of woman and of child ! John of Salisbury. More gain than
- loss; for of your wives you shall Find one a slut whose fairest linen seems Foul as her dust-cloth, if she used it --one
- So charged with tongue, that every thread of thought
- Is broken ere it joins a shrew to boot. Whose evil song far on into the night
- Thrills to the topmost tile no hope but death;
- One slow, fat, white, a burthen of the hearth:
- And one that being thwarted ever swoons And weeps herself into the place of power:
- And one an uxor pauperis Ibyci.
- So rare the household honeymaking bee.
- Man's help! but we, we have the blessed Virgin
- For worship, and our Mother Church for bride;
- And all the souls we saved and father'd here
- Will greet us as our babes in Paradise.
- What noise was that? she told us of arm'd men
- Here in the city. Will you not withdraw?
 - Becket. I once was out with Henry in the days
- When Henry loved me, and we came upon
- A wild-fowl sitting on her nest, so still
- I reach'd my hand and touch'd; she did not stir:
- The snow had frozen round her, and she sat
- Stone-dead upon a heap of ice-cold eggs.
- Look! how this love, this mother, runs thro' all
- The world God made-even the beast --- the bird !

SCENE II.

John of Salisbury. Ay, still a lover of	— on a Tuesday —— Tracy!
the beast and bird?	[A long silence broken by Fitzurse say-
But these arm'd men will you not hide	ing, contemptuously)
yourself?	God help thee!
Perchance the fierce De Brocs from Salt-	John of Salisbury (aside). How the
wood Castle,	good Archbishop reddens!
To assail our Holy Mother lest she	He never yet could brook the note of
brood	scorn.
Too long o'er this hard egg, the world,	Fitzurse. My lord, we bring a message
and send	from the King
Her whole heart's heat into it, till it	Beyond the water; will you have it
break	
Into young angels. Pray you, hide	alone, Or with these listeners near you?
	Or with these listeners near you?
yourself.	Becket. As you will.
Becket. There was a little fair-hair'd	Fitzurse. Nay, as you will.
Norman maid	Becket. Nay, as you will.
Lived in my mother's house: if Rosa-	John of Salisbury. Why then
mund is	Better perhaps to speak with them apart.
The world's rose, as her name imports	Let us withdraw.
her — she	[All go out except the four Knights
Was the world's lily.	and Becket.
John of Salisbury. Ay, and what of	<i>Fitzurse</i> . We are all alone with him.
her?	Shall I not smite him with his own cross-
Becket. She died of leprosy.	staff?
John of Salisbury. I know not why	De Morville. No, look! the door is
You call these old things back again, my	open: let him be.
lord.	Fitzurse. The King condemns your
Becket. The drowning man, they say,	excommunicating
remembers all	Becket. This is no secret, but a public
The chances of his life, just ere he dies.	matter.
John of Salisbury. Ay — but these	In here again !
arm'd men — will you drown your-	[John of Salisbury and Monks return.
	Now, sirs, the King's commands!
self?	<i>Fitzurse.</i> The King beyond the water,
He loses half the meed of martyrdom	thro' our voices,
Who will be martyr when he might	
escape.	Commands you to be dutiful and leal
Becket. What day of the week?	To your young King on this side of the
Tuesday?	water,
John of Salisbury. Tuesday, my lord.	Not scorn him for the foibles of his youth.
Becket. On a Tuesday was I born,	What! you would make his coronation
and on a Tuesday	void
Baptized; and on a Tuesday did I fly	By cursing those who crown'd him! Out
Forth from Northampton; on a Tuesday	upon you!
pass'd	Becket. Reginald, all men know I
From England into bitter banishment;	loved the Prince.
On a Tuesday at Pontigny came to	His father gave him to my care, and I
me	Became his second father: he had his
The ghostly warning of my martyrdom;	faults,
On a Tuesday from mine exile I return'd,	For which I would have laid mine own
And on a Tuesday —	life down
[Tracy enters, then Fitzurse, De	To help him from them, since indeed I
Brito, and De Morville. Monks	loved him,
following.	And love him next after my lord his father.
/*******	

Rather than dim the splendour of his	Fitzurse. What! dare you charge
crown	the King with treachery?
I fain would treble and quadruple it	<i>He</i> sanction thee to excommunicate The prelates whom he chose to crown
With revenues, realms, and golden prov-	his son!
inces	Becket. I spake no word of treachery,
So that were done in equity. <i>Fitzurse.</i> You have broken	Reginald.
<i>Fitzurse.</i> You have broken Your bond of peace, your treaty with the	But for the truth of this I make appeal
	To all the archbishops, bishops, prelates,
King— Wakening such brawls and loud disturb-	barons,
ances	Monks, knights, five hundred, that were
In England, that he calls you oversea	there and heard.
To answer for it in his Norman courts.	Nay, you yourself were there: you heard
Becket. Prate not of bonds, for never,	yourself.
oh, never again	Fitzurse. I was not there.
Shall the waste voice of the bond-break-	Becket. I saw you there.
ing sea	<i>Fitzurse.</i> I was not.
Divide me from the mother church of	Becket. You were. I never forget
England,	anything.
My Canterbury. Loud disturbances!	Fitzurse. He makes the King a
Oh, ay—the bells rang out even to	traitor, me a liar.
deafening,	How long shall we forbear him?
Organ and pipe, and dulcimer, chants	John of Salisbury (drawing Becket
and hymns	<i>aside</i>). O my good lord, Speak with them privately on this here-
In all the churches, trumpets in the halls,	after.
Sobs, laughter, cries: they spread their raiment down	You see they have been revelling, and I
Before me — would have made my path-	fear
way flowers,	Are braced and brazen'd up with
Save that it was mid-winter in the street,	Christmas wines
But full mid-summer in those honest	For any murderous brawl.
hearts.	Becket. And yet they prate
Fitzurse. The King commands you	Of mine, my brawls, when those, that
to absolve the bishops	name themselves
Whom you have excommunicated.	Of the King's part, have broken down
Becket. I?	our barns,
Not I, the Pope. Ask him for absolution.	Wasted our diocese, outraged our tenants,
Fitzurse. But you advised the Pope.	Lifted our produce, driven our clerics
Becket. And so I did.	Why they your friends these suffered
They have but to submit.	Why they, your friends, those ruffians, the De Brocs,
The four Knights. The King com-	They stood on Dover beach to murder
mands you. We are all King's mon	me,
We are all King's men. Becket. King's men at least	They slew my stags in mine own manor
should know	here,
That their own King closed with me last	Mutilated, poor brute, my sumpter-mule,
July	Plunder'd the vessel full of Gascon wine,
That I should pass the censures of the	The old King's present, carried off the
Church	casks,
On those that crown'd young Henry in	Kill'd half the crew, dungeon'd the other
this realm,	half
And trampled on the rights of Canter-	In Pevensey Castle ——
bury.	De Morville. Why not rather then,

- If this be so, complain to your young King.
- Not punish of your own authority?
- Becket. Mine enemies barr'd all access to the boy.
- They knew he loved me.
- Hugh, Hugh, how proudly you exalt vour head!
- Nay, when they seek to overturn our rights,
- I ask no leave of king, or mortal man,
- To set them straight again. Alone I do it.
- Give to the King the things that are the King's.
- And those of God to God.
- Fitzurse Threats! threats! ye hear him.
- What! will he excommunicate all the world?
 - [The Knights come round Becket.
 - De Tracy. He shall not.
 - De Brito. Well. as vet — I should be grateful ----
- He hath not excommunicated me.
- Recket. Because thou wast born excommunicate.
- I never spied in thee one gleam of grace. De Brito. Your Christian's Christian charity!
 - By St. Denis -Recket.
 - De Brito. Ay, by St. Denis, now will he flame out,
- And lose his head as old St. Denis did.
- Becket. Ye think to scare me from my lovalty
- To God and to the Holy Father. No!
- Tho' all the swords in England flash'd above me
- Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours --
- Tho' all the loud-lung'd trumpets upon earth
- Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings,
- Blowing the world against me, I would stand
- Clothed with the full authority of Rome,
- Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith,
- First of the foremost of their files, who die
- For God, to people heaven in the great dav
- When God makes up his jewels. Once I fled —

- Never again, and you I marvel at you -Ye know what is between us. Ye have sworn
- Yourselves my men when I was Chancellor -
- My vassals and vet threaten your Archbishop
- In his own house.
- Knights. Nothing can be between us
- That goes against our fealty to the King. Fitzurse. And in his name we charge vou that ye keep
- This traitor from escaping.
- Becket. Rest you easy. For I am easy to keep. I shall not fly.
- Here, here, here will you find me.
- De Morville. Know you not You have spoken to the peril of your life?
 - Becket. As I shall speak again.
 - Fitzurse, De Tracy, and De Brito. To arms!
 - [They rush out, De Morville lingers. Becket. De Morville.
- I had thought so well of you; and even now

You seem the least assassin of the four. Oh, do not damn yourself for company!

- Is it too late for me to save your soul?
- I pray you for one moment stay and speak.
 - De Morville. Becket, it is too late. Exit. Becket.

Is it too late?

- Too late on earth may be too soon in hell.
 - Knights (in the distance). Close the great gate - ho, there - upon the town.
 - Becket's Retainers. Shut the halldoors. A pause.
- Becket. You hear them, brother John; Why do you stand so silent, brother
- John?
- John of Salisbury. For I was musing on an ancient saw,
- Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,
- Is strength less strong when hand-inhand with grace?
- Gratior in pulchro corpore virtus. Thomas.
- Why should you heat yourself for such as these?

 Becket. Methought I answer'd moderately enough. John of Salisbury. As one that blows the coal to cool the fire. My lord, I marvel why you never lean On any man's advising but your own. Becket. Is it so, Dan John? well, what should I have done? John of Salisbury. You should have taken counsel with your friends Before these bandits brake into your presence. They seek — you make — occasion for your death. Becket. My counsel is already taken, John. I am prepared to die. John of Salisbury. We are sinners all, The best of all not all-prepared to die. Becket. God's will be done! John of Salisbury. Ay, well. God's will be done! Grim (re-entering). My lord, the knights are arming in the garden Beneath the sycamore. Becket. Good ! let them arm. Grim. And one of the De Brocs is with them, Robert, The apostate monk that was with Randulf here. He knows the twists and turnings of the place. Becket. No fear ! Grim. No fear, my lord. [Crashes on the hall-doors. The Monks flee. Becket (rising). Our dovecote flown ! I cannot tell why monks should all be cowards. John of Salisbury. Take refuge in your own cathedral, Thomas. Becket. Do they not fight the Great Fiend day by day? Valour and holy life should go together. 	to fly.
Fiend day by day? Valour and holy life should go together. Why should all monks be cowards?	Nay, drag me not. We must not seem
wait them here. Grim. May they not say you dared not show yourself In your old place? and vespers are beginning.	CANTERBORY CATHEDRAL. On the right hand a flight of steps leading to the Choir, another flight on the left, leading to the North Aisee. Winter afternoon slowly darkening. Low

thunder now and then of an approach-	And hiss'd against the sun?
ing storm. MONKS heard chanting the	[Noise in the cloisters.
service. ROSAMUND kneeling.	Monks. The murderers, hark!
5	Let us hide! let us hide!
Rosamund. O blessed saint, O glori-	Becket. What do these people fear?
ous Benedict, —	Monks. Those arm'd men in the
These arm'd men in the city, these fierce	eloister.
faces —	Becket. Be not such cravens!
Thy holy follower founded Canterbury —	I will go out and meet them.
Save that dear head which now is Can-	Grim and others. Shut the doors!
,	
terbury,	We will not have him slain before our
Save him, he saved my life, he saved my	face.
child,	[They close the doors of the transept.
Save him, his blood would darken	Knocking.
Henry's name;	Fly, fly, my lord, before they burst the
Save him till all as saintly as thyself	doors! [Knocking.
He miss the searching flame of purgatory,	Becket. Why, these are our own
And pass at once perfect to Paradise.	monks who follow'd us!
[Noise of steps and voices in the cloisters.	And will you bolt them out, and have
Hark! Is it they? Coming! He is not	them slain?
here —	Undo the doors: the church is not a
Not yet, thank heaven. O save him!	castle :
[Goes up steps leading to choir.	Knock, and it shall be open'd. Are you
Becket (entering, forced along by John	deaf?
of Salisbury and Grim). No, I	What, have I lost authority among you?
tell you !	Stand by, make way!
I cannot bear a hand upon my person,	[Opens the doors. Enter Monks
Why do you force me thus against my	from cloister.
will?	Come in, my friends, come in!
Grim. My lord, we force you from	Nay, faster, faster!
your enemies.	Monks. Oh, my lord Archbishop,
Becket. As you would force a king	A score of knights all arm'd with swords
from being crown'd.	and axes —
John of Salisbury. We must not force	To the choir, to the choir!
the crown of martyrdom.	[Monks divide, part flying by the
[Service stops. Monks come down from	stairs on the right, part by those on
the stairs that lead to the choir.	the left. The rush of these last
Monks. Here is the great Archbishop !	bears Becket along with them some
He lives! he lives!	way up the steps, where he is left
Die with him, and be glorified together.	standing alone.
Becket. Together? get you back!	Becket. Shall I too pass to the choir,
go on with the office.	And die upon the Patriarchal throne
Monks. Come, then, with us to	Of all my predecessors?
vespers.	John of Salisbury. No, to the crypt!
Becket. How can I come	Twenty steps down. Stumble not in the
When you so block the entry? Back, I	darkness,
sav!	Lest they should seize thee.
Go on with the office. Shall not Heaven	Grim. To the crypt? no - no,
be served	To the chapel of St. Blaise beneath the
Tho' earth's last earthquake clash'd the	roof!
minster-bells,	John of Salisbury (pointing upward
And the great deeps were broken up	and downward). That way, or
agam,	this! Save thyself either way.

Becket. Oh, no, not either way, nor	God pardon thee and these, but God's
any way Save by that way which leads thro' night	full curse Shatter you all to pieces if ye harm
to light.	One of my flock !
Not twenty steps, but one.	<i>Fitzurse.</i> Was not the great gate
and fear not I should stumble in the darkness,	sbut? They are thronging in to vespers—half
Not tho' it be their hour, the power of	the town.
darkness, ut my hour too, the power of light in	We shall be overwhelm'd. Seize him and carry him!
darkness!	Come with us — nay — thou art our pris-
am not in the darkness but the light,	oner — come !
een by the Church in Heaven, the	De Morville. Ay, make him prisoner,
Church on earth —	do not harm the man.
'he power of life in death to make her free!	[Fitzurse lays hold of the Arch- bishop's pall.
[Enter the four Knights. John of	Becket. Touch me not !
Salisbury flies to the altar of St.	De Brito. How the good
Benedict.	priest gods himself!
Fitzurse. Here, here, King's men!	He is not yet ascended to the Father.
[Catches hold of the last flying Monk.	<i>Fitzurse.</i> I will not only touch, but
Where is the traitor Becket? Monk. I am not he! I am not he,	drag thee hence. Becket. Thou art my man, thou art
my lord.	my vassal. Away !
am not he indeed!	[Flings him off till he reels, almost
Fitzurse. Hence to the fiend!	to falling.
[Pushes him away.	De Tracy (lays hold of the pall).
Vhere is this treble traitor to the King? <i>De Tracy.</i> Where is the Archbishop,	Come; as he said, thou art our prisoner.
Thomas Becket?	Becket. Down!
Becket. Here.	[Throws him headlong.
to traitor to the King, but Priest of God,	<i>Fitzurse (advances with drawn sword).</i> I told thee that I should re-
Primate of England.	member thee !
[Descending into the transept.	Becket. Profligate pander!
I am he ye seek. Vhat would ye have of me?	<i>Fitzurse.</i> Do you hear that? strike, strike.
<i>Fitzurse.</i> Your life.	[Strikes off the Archbishop's mitre
De Tracy. Your life.	and wounds him in the forchead
De Morville. Save that you will ab-	Becket (covers his eyes with his hand).
solve the bishops.	I do commend my cause to God, the
Becket. Never, —	Virgin, St. Denis of France and St. Alphege of
Except they make submission to the Church.	England,
You had my answer to that cry before.	And all the tutelar Saints of Canter-
De Morville. Why, then you are a	bury.
dead man; flee!	[Grim wraps his arms about the
Becket. I will not.	Archbishop.
am readier to be slain, than thou to slay. Jugh, I know well thou hast but half a	Spare this defence, dear brother. [Tracy has arisen, and approaches,
heart	hesitatingly, with his sword
To bathe this sacred pavement with my	raised.
blood.	<i>Fitzurse.</i> Strike him, Tracy!

Rosamund (rushing down steps from	[Staggers into th
the choir). No, No, No, No!	Becket (falling
Fitzurse. This wanton here. De	right hand
Morville,	Power and great
Hold her away.	O Lord —
De Morville. I hold her.	Into Thy hands
Rosamund (held back by De Morville,	hands! —
and stretching out her arms).	De Brito. Th
Mercy, mercy,	world of h
As you would hope for mercy.	The traitor's dead
Fitzurse. Strike, I say.	Fitzurse. N
Grim. O God, O noble knights, O	What! th
sacrilege !	Does he breathe
Strike our Archbishop in his own cathe-	De Tracy. N
dral!	
The Pope, the King, will curse you	De Morville.
the whole world	swallow u
Abhor you; ye will die the death of dogs!	De Brito.

Nay, nay, good Tracy. [Lifts his arm. Answer not, but strike. Fitzurse. De Tracy. There is my answer then. Sword falls on Grim's arm, and glances from it. wounding Becket.

Grim. Mine arm is sever'd. I can no more — fight out the good fight -- die

Conqueror.

- e chapel of St. Benedict. g on his knees). At the d of Power—
- glory for thy Church,
- s, O Lord into Thy Sinks prone. his last to rid thee of a
- orawls! [Kills him.
- l. and will arise no more. Nay, have we still'd him? e great Archbishop!

? No?

- to, Reginald, he is dead. [Storm bursts.1
- Will the earth gape and s?
- The deed's done ---Awav!
 - [De Brito, De Tracy, Fitzurse, rush out, crying 'King's men!' De Morville follows slowly. Flashes of lightning thro' the Cathedral. Rosamund seen kneeling by the body of Becket.

¹ A tremendous thunderstorm actually broke over the Cathedral as the murderers were leaving it.

THE CUP.

A TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GALATIANS.

SYNORIX, an ex-Tetrarch. SINNATUS, a Tetrarch. Attendant. Boy. Maid. PHEEE. CAMMA, wife of Sinnatus, afterwards Priestess in the Temple of Artemus.

ROMANS.

ANTONIUS, a Roman General. Publius.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — DISTANT VIEW OF A CITY OF GALATIA.

As the curtain rises, Priestesses are heard singing in the Temple. Boy discovered on a pathway among Rocks, picking grapes. A party of Roman Soldiers, guarding a prisoner in chains, come down the pathway and exeunt.

Enter SYNORIX (looking round). Singing ceases.

Synorix. Pine, beech and plane, oak, walnut, apricot,

Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering-in The city where she dwells. She past me here

Three years ago when I was flying from My tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touch'd her —

A maiden slowly moving on to music

Among her maidens to this Temple — O Gods!

- She is my fate else wherefore has my fate
- Brought me again to her own city? married
- Since married Sinnatus, the Tetrarch here —
- But if he he conspirator, Rome will chain,
- Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then

When I shall have my tetrarchy restored

Nobleman. Messenger.

- By Rome, our mistress, grateful that I show'd her
- The weakness and the dissonance of our clans,
- And how to crush them easily. Wretched race !
- And once I wish'd to scourge them to the bones.

But in this narrow breathing-time of life Is vengeance for its own sake worth the while,

If once our ends are gain'd? and now this cup —

I never felt such passion for a woman.

[Brings out a cup and scroll from under his cloak.

What have I written to her?

[Reading the scroll.

'To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus, the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great goddess, Artemis, beheld you afar off worshipping in her Temple, and loved you for it, sends you this cup rescued from the burning of one of her shrines in a city thro' which he past with the Roman army: it is the cup we use in our marriages. Receive it from one who cannot at present write himself other than

"A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE ROMAN LEGION."

[*Turns and looks up to Boy*, Boy, dost thou know the house of Sinnatus?

Boy. These grapes are for the house of Sinnatus-

Close to the Temple.

Vonder? Synorix. Βov. Ves.

Synorix (aside). That I With all my range of women should yet shun

To meet her face to face at once! My boy.

Boy comes down rocks to him. Take thou this letter and this cup to Camma.

The wife of Sinnatus.

Bor. Going or gone to-day To hunt with Sinnatus.

That matters not. Sunorix. Take thou this cup and leave it at her dóors.

Gives the cup and scroll to the Boy. Boy. I will, my lord.

Takes his basket of grapes and exit.

Enter ANTONIUS.

Antonius (meeting the Boy as he goes out). Why, whither runs the boy?

Is that the cup you rescued from the fire? Synorix. I send it to the wife of

Sinnatus.

One half besotted in religious rites.

You come here with your soldiers to enforce

The long-withholden tribute : you suspect This Sinnatus of playing patriotism,

- Which in your sense is treason. You have yet
- No proof against him : now this pious cup
- Is passport to their house, and open arms
- To him who gave it; and once there I warrant

I worm thro' all their windings.

Antonius. If you prosper,

Our Senate, wearied of their tetrarchies,

- Their quarrels with themselves, their spites at Rome,
- Is like enough to cancel them, and throne
- One king above them all, who shall be
- true
- To the Roman: and from what I heard in Rome.
- This tributary crown may fall to you.
- Synorix. The king, the crown! their talk in Rome? is it so?

[Antonius nods.

Well-I shall serve Galatia taking it,

- And save her from herself, and be to Rome
- More faithful than a Roman.

[Turns and sees Camma coming. Stand aside.

- Stand aside; here she comes! [Watching Camma as she enters with her Maid.
 - Camma (to Maid). Where is he, girl?
- You know the waterfall Maid. That in the summer keeps the mountain side.
- But after rain o'erleaps a jutting rock And shoots three hundred feet.
- - Camma. The stag is there? Maid. Seen in the thicket at the bottom there

But vester-even."

- Camma. Good then, we will climb The mountain opposite and watch the chase.
 - [They descend the rocks and exeunt. Synorix (watching her). (Aside.) The bust of Juno and the brows and eves

Of Venus; face and form unmatchable!

- Antonius. Why do you look at her so lingeringly?
- Sunorix. To see if years have changed her.
- Antonius (sarcastically). Love her, do you?
- Synorix. I envied Sinnatus when he married her.
- Antonius. She knows it? Ha!
- Synorix. She no, nor ev'n my face. Antonius. Nor Sinnatus either?
- Synorix. No, nor Sinnatus. Antonius. Hot-blooded! I have
- heard them say in Rome,
- That your own people cast you from their bounds.

For some unprincely violence to a woman, As Rome did Tarquin.

- Well, if this were so, Sunorix.
- I here return like Tarquin --- for a crown. And may be foil'd like
- Tarquin, if you follow Not the dry light of Rome's straight-going policy,
- But the fool-fire of love or lust, which well

 May make you lose yourself, may even drown you In the good regard of Rome. Synorix. Tut — fear me not; I ever had my victories among women. I am most true to Rome. Antonius (aside). I hate the man! What filthy tools our Senate works with! Still I must obey them. (Aloud.) Fare you well. [Going. Synorix. Farewell! Antonius (stopping). A moment! If you track this Sinnatus In any treason, I give you here an order [Produces a paper. To seize upon him. Let me sign it. (Signs it.) There 'Antonius leader of the Roman Legion.' [Hands the paper to Synorix. Goes up pathway and exit. Synorix. Woman again! — but I am wiser now. No rushing on the game — the net, — the net. [Shouts of 'Sinnatus! Sinnatus!' Then horn. Looking off stage.] He comes, a rough, bluff, simple-looking fellow. If we may judge the kernel by the husk, Not one to keep a woman's fealty when Assailed by Craft and Love. I'll join with him: I may reap something from him — come upon her Again, perhaps, to-day — her. Who are with him? I see no face that knows me. Shall I risk it? I am a Roman now, they dare not touch me. I will. Enter SINNATUS, HUNTSMEN and hounds. Fair Sir, a happy day to you! 	 And tho' a stranger fain would be allow'd To join the hunt. Sinnatus. Your name? Synorix. Strato, my name. Sinnatus. No Roman name? Synorix. A Greek, my lord; you know That we Galatians are both Greek and Gaul. [Shouts and horns in the distance. Sinnatus. Hillo, the stag! (To Synorix.) What, you are all unfurnish'd? Give him a bow and arrows — follow — follow. [Exit, followed by Huntsmen. Synorix. Slowly but surely — till I see my way. It is the one step in the dark beyond Our expectation, that amazes us. [Distant shouts and horns. Hillo! Hillo! [Exit Synorix. Shouts and horns. Hillo! Hillo! Frescoed figures on the walls. Evening. Moonlight outside. A couch with cushions on it. A small table with a flagon of wine, cups, plate of grapes, etc., also the cup of Scene I. A chair with drapery on it. CAMMA enters, and opens curtains of window. Camma. No Sinnatus yet — and there the rising moon. [Takes up a cithern and sits on couch. Plays and sings. Moon on the field and the foam, Moon hig him home, bring him home, Safe from the dark and the cold, Home, sweet moon, bring him home, Home with the flock to the fold —
I will. Enter Sinnatus, Huntsmen and hounds.	Moon bring him home, bring him home Safe from the dark and the cold, Home, sweet moon, bring him home,
You reck but little of the Roman here, While you can take your pastime in the woods.	Safe from the wolf (<i>Listening.</i>) Is he coming? I thought I heard
Sinnatus. Ay, ay, why not? What would you with me, man? Synorix. I am a life-long lover of the chase,	A footstep. No, not yet. They say that Rome Sprang from a wolf. I fear my dear lord mixt

- With some conspiracy against the wolf.
- This mountain shepherd never dream'd of Rome.
- (Sings.) Safe from the wolf to the fold -
- And that great break of precipice that runs
- Thro' all the wood, where twenty years ago
- Huntsman, and hound, and deer were all neck-broken!

Nav. here he comes.

Enter SINNATUS followed by SYNORIX.

Sinnatus (angrily). I tell thee, my good fellow.

My arrow struck the stag.

- But was it so? Svnorix.
- Nay, you were further off: besides the wind

Went with my arrow.

Sinnatus. I am sure I struck him.

- Synorix. And I am just as sure, my lord, I struck him.
- (Aside.) And I may strike your game when you are gone.
 - Camma. Come, come, we will not quarrel about the stag.

I have had a weary day in watching you.

- Yours must have been a wearier. Sit and eat,
- And take a hunter's vengeance on the meats.
 - Sinnatus. No, no—we have eaten -we are heated. Wine!

Camma. Who is our guest?

Sinnatus. Strato he calls himself. [Camma offers wine to Synorix, while Sinnatus helps himself.

Sinnatus. I pledge you, Strato.

Drinks.

And I you, my lord. Synorix. [Drinks.

- Sinnatus (seeing the cup sent to Cam-What's here? ma).
- *Camma*. A strange gift sent to me to-dav.
- A sacred cup saved from a blazing shrine
- Of our great Goddess, in some city where I had believed that Antonius past. Rome

Made war upon the peoples not the Gods.

Sunorix. Most like the city rose against Antonius.

Whereon he fired it, and the sacred shrine

By chance was burnt along with it.

Sinnatus. Had you then No message with the cup? Camma.

Why, ves, see here.

[Gives him the scroll. Sinnatus (reads). 'To the admired Camma, — beheld vou afar off — loved you - sends you this cup - the cup we use in our marriages - cannot at present write himself other than

A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE ROMAN LEGION.'

- Serving by force! Were there no boughs to hang on,
- Rivers to drown in? Serve by force? No force

Could make me serve by force.

- Synorix. How then, my lord? The Roman is encampt without your
- city-The force of Rome a thousand-fold our own.

Must all Galatia hang or drown herself?

And you a Prince and Tetrarch in this province -

Province! Sinnatus.

Synorix. Well, well, they call it so in Rome.

Sinnatus (angrily). Province!

- Synorix. A noble anger! but Antonius
- To-morrow will demand your tribute you,

Can you make war? Have you alliances? Bithynia, Pontus, Paphlagonia?

We have had our leagues of old with Eastern kings.

There is my hand—if such a league there be.

What will you do?

Sinnatus. Not set myself abroach

- And run my mind out to a random guest Who join'd me in the hunt. You saw my hounds
- True to the scent; and we have twolegg'd dogs

Among us who can smell a true occasion, And when to bark and how.

Synorix. My good Lord Sinnatus,

I once was at the hunting of a lion.	May lead them on to victory — I hope
Roused by the clamour of the chase he	so —
woke,	Like phantoms of the Gods.
Came to the front of the wood — his	Sinnatus. Well spoken, wife.
monarch mane	Synorix (bowing). Madam, so well I
Bristled about his quick ears — he stood	yield.
there	Sinnatus. I should not wonder
Staring upon the hunter. A score of	If Synorix, who has dwelt three years in
dogs	Rome
 Staring upon the hunter. A score of dogs Gnaw'd at his ankles: at the last he felt The trouble of his feet, put forth one paw, Slew four, and knew it not, and so remain'd Staring upon the hunter: and this Rome Will crush you if you wrestle with her; then Save for some slight report in her own Senate Scarce know what she has done. (Aside.) Would I could move him, Provoke him any way! (Aloud.) The Lady Camma, Wise I am sure as she is beautiful, Will close with me that to submit at once Is better than a wholly-hopeless war, Our gallant citizens murder'd all in vain, Son, husband, brother gash'd to death in vain, And the small state more cruelly trampled on Than had she never moved. Camma. Sir, I had once A boy who died a babe; but were he living And grown to man and Sinnatus will'd it, 1 Would set him in the front rank of the fight With scarce a pang. (Rises.) Sir, if a state submit At once, she may be blotted out at once And swallow'd in the conqueror's chronicle. Whereas in wars of freedom and defence The glory and grief of battle won or lost Solders a race together — yea — tho' they fail, 	
	······································

- I love you for your love to the great Goddess.
- The Romans sent me here a spy upon you,
- To draw you and your husband to your doom.
- I'd sooner die than do it.
- [Takes out paper given him by Antonius. This paper sign'd
- Antonius will you take it, read it?
 - there ! *Camma*. (*Reads*.) 'You are to seize on Sinnatus, — if —— '
 - Synorix. (Snatches paper.) No more.
- What follows is for no wife's eyes. O Camma.
- Rome has a glimpse of this conspiracy;
- Rome never vet hath spar'd conspirator.
- Horrible! flaying, scourging, crucifying -----
 - *Camma*. I am tender enough. Why do you practise on me?
 - Synorix. Why should I practise on you? How you wrong me!
- I am sure of being every way malign'd.
- And if you should betray me to your husband —
 - Camma. Will you betray him by this order?

Synorix. See,

- I tear it all to pieces, never dream'd
- Of acting on it. [*Tears the paper. Camma*. I owe you thanks for ever. *Synorix*. Hath Sinnatus never told
 - Synorix. Hath Sinnatus never told you of this plot? Camma. What plot?
 - Synorix. A child's sand-
- castle on the beach For the next wave — all seen, — all calculated,
- All known by Rome. No chance for Sinnatus.
 - Camma. Why said you not as much to my brave Sinnatus?
 - Synorix. Brave ay too brave, too over-confident,
- Too like to ruin himself, and you, and me!
- Who else, with this black thunderbolt of Rome
- Above him, would have chased the stag to-day
- In the full face of all the Roman camp?

A miracle that they let him home again, Not caught, maim'd, blinded him.

[Camma shudders.

- (Aside.) I have made her tremble. (Aloud.) I know they mean to torture him to death.
- I dare not tell him how I came to know it:
- I durst not trust him with my serving Rome
- To serve Galatia: you heard him on the letter.
- Not say as much? I all but said as much.
- I am sure I told him that his plot was folly.
- I say it to you you are wiser Rome knows all,
- But you know not the savagery of Rome. Camma. O—have you power with Rome? use it for him !
 - Synorix. Alas! I have no such power with Rome. All that
- Lies with Antonius.
 - [As if struck by a sudden thought. Comes over to her.
 - He will pass to-morrow
- In the gray dawn before the Temple doors.
- You have beauty, O great beauty, and Antonius,
- So gracious toward women, never yet
- Flung back a woman's prayer. Plead to him,
- I am sure you will prevail.
- Camma. Still I should tell My husband.
- Synorix. Will he let you plead for him

To a Roman?

Camma. I fear not.

- Synorix. Then do not tell him.
- Or tell him, if you will, when you return, When you have charm'd our general into
- mercy,
- And all is safe again. O dearest lady, [Murmurs of 'Synorix! Synorix!' heard outside.
- Think, torture, death, and come. Camma. I will, I will.
- And I will not betray you. Synorix (aside). (As Sinnatus enters.) Stand apart.

Enter SINNATUS and ATTENDANT.	In all the lust of Rome. How shoul you guess
Sinnatus. Thou art that Synorix!	What maner of beast it is? <i>Camma</i> . Yet he seem'd kindly
One whom thou hast wrong'd	And said he loathed the cruelties that
Without there, knew thee with Antonius.	Rome
They howl for thee, to rend thee head	
from limb.	Wrought on her vassals.
Synorix. I am much malign'd. I	Sinnatus. Did he, honest man
thought to serve Galatia.	Camma. And you, that seldom broo
Sinnatus. Serve thyself first, villain !	the stranger here,
They shall not harm	Have let him hunt the stag with you to
My guest within my house. There!	day.
(points to door) there! this door	Sinnatus. I warrant you now, he sai
Opens upon the forest! Out, begone!	he struck the stag.
Henceforth I am thy mortal enemy.	<i>Camma</i> . Why no, he never touch?
Synorix. However I thank thee	upon the stag.
(draws his sword); thou hast	Sinnatus. Why so I said, my arrow
saved my life. [Exit.	Well, to sleep.
Sinnatus. (To Attendant.) Return	Goes to close doo
and tell them Synorix is not here.	Camma. Nay, close not yet the doc
[Exit Attendant.	upon a night
What did that villain Synorix say to you?	That looks half day.
Camma. Is he — that — Synorix?	Sinnatus. True; and my friends ma
Sinnatus. Wherefore should you	spy him
doubt it?	And slay him as he runs.
One of the men there knew him.	Camma. He is gone alread
Camma. Only one,	Oh look, —yon grove upon the moun
And he perhaps mistaken in the face.	tain, — white
Sinnatus. Come, come, could he	In the sweet moon as with a lovelie
deny it? What did he say?	snow!
Camma. What should he say?	But what a blotch of blackness unde
Sinnatus. What should he say, my	neath!
wife !	Sinnatus, you remember — yea, you mus
He should say this, that being Tetrarch	That there three years ago — the va
once	vine-bowers
His own true people cast him from their	Ran to the summit of the trees, an
doors	dropt
Like a base coin.	Their streamers earthward, which
<i>Camma</i> . Not kindly to them?	breeze of May
Sinnatus. Kindly?	Took ever and anon, and open'd out
O the most kindly Prince in all the	The purple zone of hill and heaver
world !	there
Would clap his honest citizens on the	You told your love; and like the swa
back.	ing vines —
Bandy their own rude jests with them,	Yea, - with our eyes, - our hearts, o
be curious	prophet hopes
About the welfare of their babes, their	Let in the happy distance, and that a
wives,	But cloudless heaven which we have
O ay — their wives — their wives. What	found together
should he say?	In our three married years! You kiss
	mesthere
He should say nothing to my wife if I	merenere
He should say nothing to my wife if I Were by to throttle him! He steep'd	For the first time. Sinnatus, kiss n

- Sinnatus. First kiss. (Kisses her.) There then. You talk almost as if it
- Might be the last.
- Camma. Will you not eat a little? Sinnatus. No, no, we found a goatherd's hut and shared
- His fruits and milk. Liar! You will believe
- Now that he never struck the stag a brave one
- Which you shall see to-morrow.
- *Camma*. I rise to-morrow In the gray dawn, and take this holy cup
- To lodge it in the shrine of Artemis.
- Sinnatus. Good !
 - Camma. If I be not back in half an hour,
- Come after me.
- Sinnatus. What! is there danger? Camma. Nay,
- None that I know: 'tis but a step from here
- To the Temple.
- Sinnatus. All my brain is full of sleep.
- Wake me before you go, I'll after you ---
- After me now! [Closes door and exit. Camma (drawing curtains). Your shadow. Synorix—
- His face was not malignant, and he said
- That men malign'd him. Shall I go? Shall I go?
- Death, torture —
- 'He never yet flung back a woman's prayer'—
- I go, but I will have my dagger with me. [Exit.

SCENE III. — SAME AS SCENE I. DAWN.

Music and Singing in the Temple.

Enter SYNORIX watchfully, after him PUBLIUS and SOLDIERS.

Synorix. Publius! Publius. Here!

- Synorix. Do you re-
- member what I told you? *Publius.* When you cry 'Rome, Rome,' to seize

- On whomsoever may be talking with you,
- Or man, or woman, as traitors unto Rome.
- Synorix. Right. Back again. How many of you are there?

Publius. Some half a score.

- [*Execut* Soldiers and Publius. Synorix. I have my guard about me.
- I need not fear the crowd that hunted me
- Across the woods, last night. I hardly gain'd
- The camp at midnight. Will she come to me
- Now that she knows me Synorix? Not if Sinnatus
- Has told her all the truth about me. Well,
- I cannot help the mould that I was cast in.
- I fling all that upon my fate, my star.
- I know that I am genial, I would be
- Happy, and make all others happy so
- They did not thwart me. Nay, she will not come.
- Yet if she be a true and loving wife
- She may, perchance, to save this husband. Ay !
- See, see, my white bird stepping toward the snare.

Why now I count it all but miracle,

That this brave heart of mine should shake me so,

As helplessly as some unbearded boy's

- When first he meets his maiden in a bower.
 - [Enter Camma (with cup).
- The lark first takes the sunlight on his wing,
- But you, twin sister of the morning star,

Forelead the sun.

Camma. Where is Antonius? Synorix. Not here as yet. You are too early for him.

[She crosses towards Temple. Synorix. Nay, whither go you now?

Camma. To lodge this cup Within the holy shrine of Artemis,

And so return.

Synorix. To find Antonius here.

[She goes into the Temple, he looks after her.

- The loveliest life that ever drew the light
- From heaven to brood upon her, and enrich
- Earth with her shadow! I trust she *will* return.
- These Romans dare not violate the Temple.
- No, I must lure my game into the camp.
- A woman I could live and die for. What!
- Die for a woman, what new faith is this?

I am not mad, not sick, not old enough

- To dote on one alone. Yes, mad for her,
- Camma the stately, Camma the greathearted,
- So mad, I fear some strange and evil chance
- Coming upon me, for by the Gods I seem

Strange to myself.

Re-enter CAMMA.

Camma. Where is Antonius? Synorix. Where? As I said before, you are still too early.

- Camma. Too early to be here alone with thee;
- For whether men malign thy name, or no,
- It bears an evil savour among women.
- Where is Antonius? (Loud.)

Synorix. Madam, as you know

- The camp is half a league without the city;
- If you will walk with me we needs must meet

Antonius coming, or at least shall find him

There in the camp.

Camma. No, not one step with thee. Where is Antonius? (*Louder.*)

- Synorix (advancing towards her). Then for your own sake,
- Lady, I say it with all gentleness,
- And for the sake of Sinnatus your husband,

I must compel you.

Camma (drawing her dagger). Stay! — too near is death.

- Synorix (disarming her). Is it not easy to disarm a woman?
- Enter SINNATUS (seizes him from behind by the throat).
 - Synorix (throttled and scarce audible). Rome! Rome!
 - Sinnatus. Adulterous dog! Synorix (stabbing him with Camma's dagger). What! will you have it? [Camma utters a cry and
 - runs to Sinnatus. Sinnatus (falls backward). I have it in my heart — to the Temple fly —
- For *my* sake or they seize on thee. Remember!
- Away farewell! [Dies. Camma (runs up the steps into the Temple, looking back). Farewell! Synorix (seeing her escape). The

women of the Temple drag her in. Publius! Publius! No.

- Antonius would not suffer me to break
- Antonius would not suffer me to break
- Into the sanctuary. She hath escaped.
- [Looking down at Sinnatus. 'Adulterous dog!' that red-faced rage at me!
- Then with one quick short stab eternal peace.
- So end all passions. Then what use in passions?

To warm the cold bounds of our dying life And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,

- Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep us
- From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes
- Which all must be. Well used, they serve us well.

I heard a saying in Egypt, that ambition

- Is like the sea wave, which the more you drink,
- The more you thirst yea drink too much, as men
- Have done on rafts of wreck it drives you mad.
- I will be no such wreck, am no such gamester
- As, having won the stake, would dare the chance
- Of double, or losing all. The Roman Senate,

- For I have always play'd into their hands,
- Means me the crown. And Camma for my bride —
- The people love her if I win her love,
- They too will cleave to me, as one with her.
- There then I rest, Rome's tributary king. [Looking down on Sinnatus.
- Why did I strike him? having proof enough
- Against the man, I surely should have left
- That stroke to Rome. He saved my life too. Did he?
- It seem'd so. I have play'd the sudden fool.
- And that sets her against me for the moment.
- Camma well, well, I never found the woman
- I could not force or wheedle to my will.
- She will be glad at last to wear my crown.
- And I will make Galatia prosperous too, And we will chirp among our vines, and
- smile At bygone things till that (*pointing to*
- Sinnatus) eternal peace.
- Rome! Rome!
- [*Enter* Publius *and* Soldiers. Twice I cried 'Rome.' Why came ye not before?
 - Publius. Why come we now? Whom shall we seize upon?
 - Synorix (pointing to the body of Sinnatus). The body of that dead traitor Sinnatus.

Bear him away.

Music and Singing in Temple.

ACT II.

- SCENE. INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS.
- Small gold gates on platform in front of the veil before the colossal statue of the Goddess, and in the centre of the Temple a tripod altar, on which is a lighted lamp. Lamps (lighted) suspended between each pillar. Tripods, vases,

garlands of flowers, etc., about stage, Altar at back close to Goddess, with two cups, Solemn music, Priestesses decorating the Temple.

(The Chorus of PRIESTESSES sing as they enter.)

- Artemis, Artemis, hear us, O Mother, hear us, and bless us!
- Artemis, thou that art life to the wind, to the wave, to the glebe, to the fire !
- Hear thy people who praise thee! O help us from all that oppress us!
- Hear thy priestesses hymn thy glory! O yield them all their desire !
 - Priestess. Pheebe, that man from Synorix, who has been
- So oft to see the Priestess, waits once more Before the Temple.
 - Phabe, We will let her know. [Signs to one of the Priestesses, who goes out.
- Since Camma fled from Synorix to our Temple,

And for her beauty, stateliness, and power

Was chosen Priestess here, have you not mark'd

Her eyes were ever on the marble floor? To-day they are fixt and bright—they

- look straight out.
- Hath she made up her mind to marry him?
 - Priestess. To marry him who stabb'd her Sinnatus!
- You will not easily make me credit that. *Phabe.* Ask her.

Enter CAMMA as Priestess (in front of the curtains).

Priestess. You will not marry Synorix? Camma. My girl, I am the bride of Death, and only

Marry the dead.

Priestess. Not Synorix then? Camma. N

My girl,

At times this oracle of great Artemis Has no more power than other oracles To speak directly.

Phabe. Will you speak to him, The messenger from Synorix who waits Before the Temple?

Camma. Why not? Let him enter. [Comes forward on to step by tripod. Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger	(kneels).	Gree	ting	and
health	from Synor	ix! I	More	than
once				

- You have refused his hand. When last I saw you,
- You all but yielded. He entreats you now
- For your last answer. When he struck at Sinnatus —

As I have many a time declared to you ---

- He knew not at the moment who had fasten'd
- About his throat he begs you to forget it
- As scarce his act:—a random stroke: all else
- Was love for you: he prays you to believe him.
 - Camma. I pray him to believe that I believe him.
 - Messenger. Why that is well. You mean to marry him?
 - Camma. I mean to marry him if that be well.
 - Messenger. This very day the Romans crown him king

For all his faithful services to Rome.

He wills you then this day to marry him,

And so be throned together in the sight

- Of all the people, that the world may know
- You twain are reconciled, and no more feuds

Disturb our peaceful vassalage to Rome. Camma. To-day? Too sudden. I will brood upon it.

When do they crown him?

Messenger. Even now. Camma. And where? Messenger. Here by your temple.

Camma. Come once more to me

Before the crowning, — I will answer you. [*Exit* Messenger.

Phæbe. Great Artemis! O Camina, can it be well,

Or good, or wise, that you should clasp a hand

Red with the sacred blood of Sinnatus?

Camma. Good! mine own dagger driven by Synorix found

All good in the true heart of Sinnatus,

And quench'd it there for ever. Wise! Life vields to death and wisdom bows to Fate. Is wisest, doing so. Did not this man Speak well? We cannot fight imperial Rome. But he and I are both Galatian-born. And tributary sovereigns, he and I Might teach this Rome - from knowledge of our people ----Where to lay on her tribute - heavily here And lightly there. Might I not live for that. And drown all poor self-passion in the sense Of public good? Phæbe. I am sure you will not marry him. Camma. Are you so sure? I pray you wait and see. Shouts (from the distance), 'Šynorix! Synorix!' Camma. Synorix, Synorix! So they cried Sinnatus Not so long since — they sicken me. The One Who shifts his policy suffers something, must Accuse himself, excuse himself; the Many Will feel no shame to give themselves the lie. Phabe. Most like it was the Roman soldiers shouted. Camma. Their shield-borne patriot of the morning star Hang'd at mid-day, their traitor of the dawn

The clamour'd darling of their afternoon ! And that same head they would have

play'd at ball with And kick'd it featureless — they now would crown.

[Flourish of trumpets.

Enter a Galatian NOBLEMAN with crown on a cushion.

Noble (kneels). Greeting and health from Synorix. He sends you

This diadem of the first Galatian Queen,

That you may feed your fancy on the glory of it,

And join your life this day with his, and wear it	So bloat and redden his face — O would it were
Beside him on his throne. He waits your answer.	His third last apoplexy! O bestial! O how unlike our goodly Sinnatus.
Camma. Tell him there is one shadow	Camma (on the ground). You wrong
among the shadows,	him surely; far as the face goes
One ghost of all the ghosts — as yet so	A goodlier-looking man than Sinnatus.
new,	<i>Phabe (aside)</i> . How dare she say it?
So strange among them — such an alien	I could hate her for it
there,	But that she is distracted.
So much of husband in it still — that if	[A flourish of trumpets.
The shout of Synorix and Camma sitting	Camma. Is he crown'd?
Upon one throne, should reach it, <i>it</i>	Phabe. Ay, there they crown him.
would rise	[Crowd without shout, 'Synorix!
<i>He!</i> HE, with that red star between	Synorix!'
the ribs,	[A Priestess brings a box of spices to
And my knife there — and blast the king	Camma, who throws them on the
and me,	<i>altar-flame.</i>
And blanch the crowd with horror. I	<i>Camma.</i> Rouse the dead altar-flame,
dare not, sir!	fling in the spices,
Throne him — and then the marriage —	Nard, Cinnamon, amomum, benzoin.
ay and tell him	Let all the air reel into a mist of
That I accept the diadem of Galatia — [All are amazed.	odour, As in the midmost heart of Paradise.
Yea, that ye saw me crown myself withal. [Puts on the crown.	Lay down the Lydian carpets for the king.
I wait him his crown'd queen. Noble. So will I tell him. [Exit.	The king should pace on purple to his bride,
Music. Two Priestesses go up the steps	And music there to greet my lord the king. [Music. (To Phabe). Dost thou remember when
before the shrine, draw the curtains on either side (discovering the Goddess), then open the gates and remain on	I wedded Sinnatus? Ay, thou wast there — whether from
steps, one on either side, and kneel. A	maiden fears
Priestess goes off and returns with a	Or reverential love for him I loved,
veil of marriage, then assists Phabe to	Or some strange second-sight, the mar-
veil Camma. At the same time	riage cup
Priestesses enter and stand on either side of the Temple. Camma and all	Wherefrom we make libation to the Goddess
the Priestesses kneel, raise their hands to the Goddess, and bow down.	So shook within my hand, that the red
[Shouts, 'Synorix! Synorix!' All rise. Camma. Fling wide the doors and	Ran down the marble and lookt like blood, like blood. Phabe. I do remember your first-
let the new-made children	marriage fears.
Of our imperial mother see the show.	Camma. I have no fears at this my
[Sunlight pours through the doors.	second marriage.
I have no heart to do it. (To Phabe.)	See here — I stretch my hand out — hold
Look for me !	it there.
[Crouches. Phœbe looks out.	How steady it is!
[<i>Shouts</i> , 'Synorix! Synorix!'	Phæbe. Steady enough to stab him!
<i>Phæbe</i> . He climbs the throne. Hot	Camma. O hush! O peace! This
blood, ambition, pride	violence ill becomes

.

Synorix. O Thou, that dost inspire The silence of our Temple. Gentleness. . 1 Low words best chime with this solemnity. Enter a procession of Priestesses and Children bearing garlands and golden goblets, and strewing flowers. Enter SYNORIX (as King, with gold laurel-wreath crown and purple robes), followed by ANTONIUS, PUB-LIUS. Noblemen, Guards, and the Populace. Camma. Hail, King! Hail, Queen! Synorix. The wheel of Fate has roll'd me to the top. I would that happiness were gold, that I Might cast my largess of it to the crowd ! I would that every man made feast to-day Beneath the shadow of our pines and planes! For all my truer life begins to-day. The past is like a travell'd land now sunk Below the horizon — like a barren shore That grew salt weeds, but now all drown'd in love root And glittering at full tide - the bounteous bays And havens filling with a blissful sea. Nor speak I now too mightily, being King And happy! happiest, Lady, in my power To make you happy. Yes. sir. Camma. Synorix. Our Antonius, Our faithful friend of Rome, tho' Rome may set him A free foot where she will, vet of his courtesv Entreats he may be present at our marriage. Camma. Let him come - a legion with him, if he will. (To Antonius.) Welcome, my lord Antonius, to our Temple. (To Synorix.) You on this side the altar. (To Antonius.) You on that. Call first upon the Goddess, Synorix. [All face the Goddess. Priestesses, thee Children, Populace, and Guards kneel - the others remain standing.

the germ with life,
The child, a thread within the house of
birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send
him forth
The glory of his father — Thou whose
breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with
Grass

- And kindle all our vales with myrtleblossom.
- And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
- And sway the long grape-bunches of our vines.

And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust

- Of plenty make me happy in my marriage!
 - Chorus (chanting). Artemis, Artemis, hear him, Ionian Artemis!

Ó Thou that slayest the Comma. babe within the womb

Or in the being born, or after slavest him

- As boy or man, great Goddess, whose storm-voice
- Unsockets the strong oak, and rears his
- Beyond his head, and strows our fruits. and lavs
- Our golden grain, and runs to sea and makes it

Foam over all the fleeted wealth of kings And peoples, hear.

- Whose arrow is the plague whose quick flash splits
- The mid-sea mast, and rifts the tower to the rock.
- And hurls the victor's column down with

That crowns it, hear.

Who causes the safe earth to shudder and gape.

And gulf and flatten in her closing chasm Domed cities, hear.

Whose lava-torrents blast and blacken a province

To a cinder, hear.

- Whose winter-cataracts find a realm and leave it
- A waste of rock and ruin, hear. I call
- To make my marriage prosper to my wish !

ACT IL.

Chorus. Artemis, Artemis, hear her,

Camma. Artemis, Artemis, hear me,

I call on our own Goddess in our own

Ephesian Artemis!

Galatian Artemis!

Temple.

- Chorus. Artemis, Artemis, hear her. Galatian Artemis! death. [Thunder. All rise. Synorix (aside). Thunder! Ay, ay, cup, the storm was drawing hither Across the hills when I was being crown'd. me I wonder if I look as pale as she? *Camma*. Art thou - still bent - on marrying? Synorix. Surely - vet These are strange words to speak to lord? Artemis. *Camma*. Words are not always what Antonius. they seem, my King. I will be faithful to thee till thou die. Synorix. I thank thee, Camma, -- I thank thee. Priestess! Camma (turning to Antonius). Antonius. Camma. Much graced are we that our Queen Rome in you Deigns to look in upon our barbarisms. And now I drink. Turns, goes up steps to altar before the Goddess. Takes a cup from off the altar. Holds it towards Antonius goes up to Antonius. the foot of the steps opposite to be fruitful. Synorix. make me happy. You see this cup, my lord. Gives it to him. Antonius. Most curious! The many-breasted mother Artemis Sunorix. Emboss'd upon it. It is old, I know not A few drops left. Camma. How many hundred years. Give it me Camma. again. It is the cup belonging our own Temple. [Puts it back on altar, and takes up the cup of Act I. Showing it to [Comes down and forward to tripod. Antonius. Here is another sacred to the Goddess, Antonius follows. The gift of Synorix; and the Goddess, being For this most grateful, wills, thro' me I came her Priestess, In honour of his gift and of our marriage,
- That Synorix should drink from his own cup. I thank thee, Camma, - I Sunorix. thank thee.

Camma. For — my lord —

It is our ancient custom in Galatia

- That ere two souls be knit for life and
- They two should drink together from one

In symbol of their married unity.

Making libation to the Goddess. Bring

The costly wines we use in marriages.

- [They bring in a large jar of wine. Camma pours wine into cup.
- (To Synorix.) See here, I fill it. (ToAntonius.) Will you drink, my
 - I? Why should I? T am not to be married.
 - Camma. But that might bring a Roman blessing on us.
 - Antonius (refusing cup). Thy pardon,

Thou art in the right. This blessing is for Synorix and for me.

See first I make libation to the Goddess. Makes libation.

[Drinks and fills the cup again.

- Thy turn, Galatian King. Drink and drink deep — our marriage will
- Drink and drink deep, and thou wilt
 - [Synorix goes up to her. She hands him the cup. He drinks.
 - There, Camma! I have almost drain'd the cup ---
 - Libation to the Goddess. [He throws the remaining drops on the altar and gives Camma the cup.
 - Camma (placing the cup on the altar). Why then the Goddess hears.

Antonius.

Where wast thou on that morning when

To plead to thee for Sinnatus's life,

Beside this temple half a year ago?

_

Antonius. I never heard of this re-	And die together.
quest of thine.	This pain — what is it? — again?
Synorix (coming forward hastily to	I had a touch of this last year — in —
foot of tripod steps). I sought him	Rome.
and I could not find him. Pray	Yes, yes. (To Antonius.) Your arm
you,	a moment — it will pass.
Go on with the marriage rites.	I reel beneath the weight of utter joy —
Camma. Antonius —	This all too happy day, crown — queen
'Camma!' who spake?	at once. [Staggers.
Antonius. Not I.	O all ye Gods — Jupiter ! — Jupiter !
<i>Phabe.</i> Nor any here.	[Falls backward.
Camma. I am all but sure that some	Camma. Dost thou cry out upon the
one spake. Antonius,	Gods of Rome?
If you had found him plotting against	Thou art Galatian-born. Our Artemis
Rome,	Has vanquish'd their Diana.
Would you have tortured Sinnatus to	Synorix (on the ground). I am
death?	poison'd.
Antonius. No thought was mine of	She—close the Temple door. Let her
torture or of death,	not fly.
But had I found him plotting, I had	Camma (leaning on tripod). Have I
counsell'd him	not drunk of the same cup with
To rest from vain resistance. Rome is	thee?
fated	Synorix. Ay, by the Gods of Rome
To rule the world. Then, if he had not	and all the world,
listen'd,	She too — she too — the bride! the
I might have sent him prisoner to Rome.	Queen! and I—
Synorix. Why do you palter with the	Monstrous! I that loved her.
ceremony?	Camma. I loved her.
Go on with the marriage rites.	Synorix. O murderous mad-woman!
<i>Canna</i> They are finish'd	
Camma. They are finish'd. Synorix. How!	I pray you lift me
Camma. Thou hast drunk deep	And make me walk awhile. I have
	heard these poisons
enough to make me happy. Dost thou not feel the love I bear to thee	May be walk'd down.
	[Antonius and Publius raise him up.
Glow thro' thy veins?	My feet are tons of lead,
Synorix. The love I bear to thee	They will break in the earth $-I$ am
Glows thro' my veins since first I look'd	sinking — hold me —
on thee.	Let me alone.
But wherefore slur the perfect ceremony?	[They leave him; he sinks down on
The sovereign of Galatia weds his Queen.	ground.
Let all be done to the fullest in the sight	Too late — thought myself wise —
Of all the Gods.	A woman's dupe. Antonius, tell the
Nay, rather than so clip	Senate
The flowery robe of Hymen, we would	I have been most true to Rome would
add	have been true
Some golden fringe of gorgeousness	To her — if — if — [Falls as if dead.
beyond	Camma (coming and leaning over him).
Old use, to make the day memorial,	So falls the throne of an hour.
when	Synorix (half rising). Throne? is it
Synorix, first King, Camma, first Queen	thou? the Fates are throned,
o' the Realm,	not we
	Not guilty of ourselves — thy doom and
live	mine —
Drew here the richest lot from Fate, to	Not guilty of ourselves thy doom

- Thou coming my way too Camma —
good-night.SaCamma (upheld by weeping Priest-
esses).Dies.crawl down thine own black hole
there?To
- I meant thee to have follow'd better thus.
- Nay, if my people must be thralls of Rome,

He is gentle, tho' a Roman.

- [Sinks back into the arms of the Priestesses. Antonius. Thou art one
- With thine own people, and though a Roman I
- Forgive thee, Camma.
- Camma (raising herself). 'CAMMA!' — why there again
- I am most sure that some one call'd. O women,
- Ye will have Roman masters. I am glad
- I shall not see it. Did not some old Greek

- Say death was the chief good? He had my fate for it,
- Poison'd. (Sinks back again.) Have I the crown on? I will go
- To meet him, crown'd! crown'd victor of my will —
- On my last voyage but the wind has fail'd —
- Growing dark too but light enough to row.
- Row to the blessed Isles! the blessed Isles!—

Sinnatus !

- Why comes he not to meet me? It is the crown
- Offends him and my hands are too sleepy
- To lift it off. [Phœbe takes the crown off. Who touch'd me then? I thank you.
- [Rises, with outspread arms. There — league on league of ever-shining shore

Beneath an ever-rising sun — I see him — 'Camma, Camma!' Sinnatus, Sinnatus! [Dies.

THE FALCON.

DRAMATIS PERSON.E.

THE COUNT FEDERIGO DEGLI ALBERIGHI. FILIPPO, Count's foster-brother. THE LADY GIOVANNA. ELISABETTA, the Count's nurse.

SCENE. — AN ITALIAN COTTAGE. Castle and Mountains seen through Window.

ELISABETTA discovered seated on stool in window, darning. The Count with Falcon on his hand comes down through the door at back. A withered wreath on the wall.

Elisabetta. So, my lord, the Lady Giovanna, who hath been away so long, came back last night with her son to the castle.

- Count. Hear that, my bird! Art thou not jealous of her?
- My princess of the cloud, my plumed purveyor,
- My far-eyed queen of the winds thou that canst soar

Beyond the morning lark, and howsoe er Thy quarry wind and wheel, swoop down upon him

Eagle-like, lightning-like — strike, make his feathers

Glance in mid heaven.

Crosses to chair.

I would thou hadst a mate! Thy breed will die with thee, and mine with me:

I am as lone and loveless as thyself. Sits in chair.

Giovanna here! Ay, ruffle thyself — be jealous!

Thou should'st be jealous of her. Tho' I bred thee

The full-train'd marvel of all falconry.

And love thee and thou me, yet if Giovanna

Be here again — No, no! Buss me, my bird!

The stately widow has no heart for me.

Thou art the last friend left me upon earthNo. no again to that. [Rises and turns. My good old nurse,

I had forgotten thou wast sitting there. *Elisabetta*. Ay, and forgotten thy foster-brother too.

Count. Bird-babble for my falcon! Let it pass.

What art thou doing there?

Elisabetta. Darning, your lordship.

- We cannot flaunt it in new feathers now:
- Nay, if we will buy diamond necklaces
- To please our lady, we must darn, my lord.
- This old thing here (points to necklace round her neck),
 - they are but blue beads my Piero,
- God rest his honest soul, he bought 'em for me,
- Ay, but he knew I meant to marry him.

How couldst thou do it, my son? How couldst thou do it?

- Count. She saw it at a dance, upon a neck
- Less lovely than her own, and long'd for it.

Elisabetta. She told thee as much?

Count. No. no -a friend of hers.

Elisabetta. Shame on her that she took it at thy hands.

- She rich enough to have bought it for herself!
 - *Count.* She would have robb'd me then of a great pleasure.
 - *Elisabetta*. But hath she yet return'd thy love?

Count. Not yet!

Elisabetta. She should return thy necklace then.

Count. Ay, if

She knew the giver: but I bound the seller

To silence, and I left it privily

At Florence, in her palace.

Elisabetta. And sold thine own To buy it for her. She not know? She knows

There's none such other -----

Count. Madman anywhere. Speak freely, tho' to call a madman mad

Will hardly help to make him sane again.

Enter FILIPPO.

Filippo. Ah, the women, the women! Ah, Monna Giovanna, you here again! you that have the face of an angel and the heart of a — that's too positive! You that have a score of lovers and have not a heart for any of them — that's positivenegative: you that have *not* the head of a toad, and *not* a heart like the jewel in it — that's too negative; you that have a cheek like a peach and a heart like the stone in it — that's positive again — that's better !

Elisabetta. Sh - sh - Filippo!

Filippo (turns half round). Here has our master been a-glorifying and a-velveting and a-silking himself, and a-peacocking and a-spreading to catch her eve for a dozen year, till he hasn't an eye left in his own tail to flourish among the peahens, and all along o' you, Monna Giovanna, all along o' you!

Elisabetta. Sh—sh—Filippo! Can't you hear that you are saying behind his back what you see you are saying afore his face?

Count. Let him—he never spares me to my face!

Filippo. No, my lord, I never spare your lordship to your lordship's face, nor behind your lordship's back, nor to right, nor to left, nor to round about and back to your lordship's face again, for I'm honest, your lordship.

Count. Come, come, Filippo, what is there in the larder?

[Elisabetta crosses to fireplace and puts on wood.

Filippo. Shelves and hooks, shelves and hooks, and when I see the shelves I

am like to hang myself on the hooks. *Count.* No bread?

Filippo. Half a breakfast for a rat!

Count. Milk?

Filippo. Three laps for a cat!

Count. Cheese?

Filippo. A supper for twelve mites.

Count. Eggs?

Filippo. One, but addled.

Count. No bird?

Filippo. Half a tit and a hern's bill.

Count. Let be thy jokes and thy jerks, man! Anything or nothing?

jerks. man! Anything or nothing? *Filippo.* Well, my lord, if all-butnothing be anything, and one plate of dried prunes be all-but-nothing, then there is anything in your lordship's larder at your lordship's service, if your lordship care to call for it.

Count. Good mother, happy was the prodigal son,

For he return'd to the rich father; I

But add my poverty to thine. And all

- Thro' following of my fancy. Pray thee make
- Thy slender meal out of those scraps and shreds

Filippo spoke of. As for him and me,

There sprouts a salad in the garden still. (*To the Falcon.*) Why didst thou miss thy quarry vester-even?

To-day, my beauty, thou must dash us down

Our dinner from the skies. Away, Filippo!

Exit, followed by Filippo. Elisabetta. I knew it would come to this. She has beggared him. I always knew it would come to this! (Goes up to table as if to resume darning, and looks out of window.) Why. as I live, there is Monna Giovanna coming down the hill from the castle. Stops and stares at our cottage. Ay, ay ! stare at it: it's all you have left us. Shame on you! She beautiful: sleek as a miller's mouse! Meal enough, meat enough, well fed; but beautiful - bah ! Nav, see, why she turns down the path through our little vinevard, and I sneezed three times this morning. Coming to visit my lord, for the first time in her life too! Why, bless the saints! I'll be bound to confess her love to him at last. I forgive her, I forgive her! I knew it would come to this - I always knew it must come to this! (Goes up to door during latter part of speech and opens it.) Come in, Madonna, come in. (Retires to front of table and curtseys as the Lady Giovanna enters, then moves chair towards the hearth.) Nay, let me place this chair for your ladyship.

> [Lady Giovanna moves slowly down stage, then crosses to chair, looking about her, bows as she sees the Madonna over fireplace, then sits in chair.

Lady Giovanna. Can I speak with the Count?

Elisabetta. Av. my lady, but won't you speak with the old woman first, and tell her all about it and make her happy? for I've been on my knees every day for these half-dozen years in hope that the saints would send us this blessed morning; and he always took you so kindly, he always took the world so kindly. When he was a little one, and I put the bitters on my breast to wean him, he made a wry mouth at it, but he took it so kindly, and your ladyship has given him bitters enough in this world, and he never made a wry mouth at you, he always took you so kindly-which is more than I did, my lady, more than I did - and he so handsome - and bless your sweet face, you look as beautiful this morning as the very Madonna her own self - and better late than never-but come when they will — then or now — it's all for the best, come when they will - they are made by the blessed saints - these marriages.

Raises her hands.

Marriages? I shall Lady Giovanna. never marry again!

Elisabetta (rises and turns). Shame on her then!

Lady Giovanna. Where is the Count? Elisabetta. Just gone To fly his falcon.

Lady Giovanna. Call him back and sav

I come to breakfast with him.

Holy mother! Elisabetta. To breakfast! Oh, sweet saints! one plate of prunes!

Well, Madam, I will give your message to him. Exit. Lady Giovanna. His falcon, and I come to ask for his falcon.

The pleasure of his eyes - boast of his hand -

Pride of his heart - the solace of his hours -

His one companion here - nay, I have heard

That, thro' his late magnificence of living

And this last costly gift to mine own self, Shows diamond necklace.

He hath become so beggar'd, that his falcon

Ev'n wins his dinner for him in the field.

That must be talk, not truth, but truth or talk.

How can I ask for his falcon?

[Rises and moves as she speaks.

O my sick bov!

My daily fading Florio, it is thou

Hath set me this hard task, for when I say

What can I do - what can I get for thee?

He answers, 'Get the Count to give me his falcon.

And that will make me well.' Yet if I ask.

He loves me, and he knows I know he loves me!

- Will he not pray me to return his love -
- To marry him? -(pause) I can never marry him.

His grandsire struck my grandsire in a brawl

At Florence, and my grandsire stabb'd him there.

The feud between our houses is the bar

I cannot cross; I dare not brave my brother.

Break with my kin. My brother hates him, scorns

The noblest-natured man alive, and I —

Who have that reverence for him that I scarce

Dare beg him to receive his diamonds back -

How can I, dare I, ask him for his falcon?

[Puts diamonds in her casket.

- Re-enter COUNT and FILIPPO. COUNT turns to FILIPPO.
 - Count. Do what I said; I cannot do it myself.
 - Filippo. Why then, my lord, we are pauper'd out and out.
 - Count. Do what I said !
- [Advances and bows low. Welcome to this poor cottage, my dear lady.
 - Lady Giovanna. And welcome turns a cottage to a palace.
 - Count. 'Tis long since we have met! Lady Giovanna. To make amends
- I come this day to break my fast with you. *Count.* I am much honour'd — yes — [*Turns to* Filippo.
- Do what I told thee. Must I do it myself?
 - Filippo. I will, I will. (Sighs.) Poor fellow! [Exit.
 - Count. Lady, you bring your light into my cottage
- Who never deign'd to shine into my palace.
- My palace wanting you was but a cottage;
- My cottage, while you grace it, is a palace.
 - Lady Giovanna. In cottage or in palace, being still
- Beyond your fortunes, you are still the king
- Of courtesy and liberality.
- Count. I trust I still maintain my courtesy;
- My liberality perforce is dead
- Thro' lack of means of giving.
- Lady Giovanna. Yet I come To ask a gift.
- *Count.* [Moves toward him a little. It will be hard, I fear,
- To find one shock upon the field when all The harvest has been carried.
- Lady Giovanna. But my boy (Aside.) No, no! not yet — I cannot!
- *Count.* Ay, how is he, That bright inheritor of your eyes — your
 - boy? *Lady Giovanna*. Alas, my Lord Federigo, he hath fallen
- Into a sickness, and it troubles me.

Count. Sick! is it so? why, when he came last year

- To see me hawking, he was well enough: And then I taught him all our hawkingphrases.
 - Lady Giovanna. Oh yes, and once you let him fly your falcon.
 - Count. How charm'd he was! what wonder? A gallant boy,
- A noble bird, each perfect of the breed. Lady Giovanna (sinks in chair). What do you rate her at?
- *Count.* My bird? a hundred Gold pieces once were offer'd by the Duke.
- I had no heart to part with her for money.

Lady Giovanna. No, not for money. [Count turns away and sighs.

Wherefore do you sigh? *Count.* I have lost a friend of late.

- Lady Giovanna. I could sigh with
- For fear of losing more than friend, a son:
- And if he leave me all the rest of life —
- That wither'd wreath were of more worth to me.

[Looking at wreath on wall.

- Count. That wither'd wreath is of more worth to me
- Than all the blossom, all the leaf of this New-wakening year.

[Goes and takes down wreath. Lady Giovanna. And yet I never saw

- The land so rich in blossom as this year. Count (holding wreath toward her).
 - Was not the year when this was gather'd richer?
 - Lady Giovanna. How long ago was that?

Count. Alas, ten summers!

A lady that was beautiful as day

Sat by me at a rustic festival

With other beauties on a mountain meadow,

And she was the most beautiful of all;

Then but fifteen, and still as beautiful.

- The mountain flowers grew thickly round about.
- I made a wreath with some of these; I ask'd

No	${\tt chord}$	in	me	that	would	not	answer	
	you							

In music.

- Lady Giovanna. That is musically said.
 - [Count takes guitar. Lady Giovanna sits listening with wreath in her hand, and quietly removes scroll and places it on table at the end of the song.
- Count (sings, playing guitar). 'Dead mountain flowers, dead mountainmeadow flowers,
- Dearer than when you made your mountain gay,
- Sweeter than any violet of to-day,
- Richer than all the wide world-wealth of May,
- To me, tho' all your bloom has died away,
- You bloom again, dead mountain-meadow flowers.'

Enter ELISABETTA with cloth.

- *Elisabetta*. A word with you, my lord!
- Count (singing). 'O mountain flowers!' Elisabetta. A word, my lord ! (Louder.) Count (sings). 'Dead flowers!' Elisabetta. A word, my lord ! (Louder.)
- Count. I pray you pardon me again! [Lady Giovanna looking at wreath.

Count (to Elisabetta). What is it? Elisabetta. My lord, we have but one piece of earthenware to serve the

salad in to my lady, and that cracked! Count. Why then, that flower'd bowl

my ancestor

Fetch'd from the farthest east — we never use it

- For fear of breakage but this day has brought
- A great occasion. You can take it, nurse!

Elisabetta. I did take it, my lord, but what with my lady's coming that had so flurried me, and what with the fear of breaking it, I did break it, my lord: it is broken !

Count. My one thing left of value in the world !

No matter! see your cloth be white as snow!

Elisabetta (pointing thro' window). White? I warrant thee, my son, as the snow yonder on the very tip-top o' the mountain.

Count. And yet to speak white truth, my good old mother,

- I have seen it like the snow on the moraine.
 - Elisabetta. How can your lordship say so? There, my lord!

[Lays cloth.

O my dear son, be not unkind to me.

And one word more. [Going—returns. Count (touching guitar). Good! let it be but one.

Elisabetta. Hath she return'd thy love? *Count*. Not vet !

Elisabetta. And will she?

Count (looking at Lady Giovanna). I scarce believe it !

Elisabetta. Shame upon her then!

[Exit.

Count (sings). 'Dead mountain flowers'—

Ah well, my nurse has broken The thread of my dead flowers, as she has broken

- My china bowl. My memory is as dead. [Goes and replaces guitar.
- Strange that the words at home with me so long
- Should fly like bosom friends when needed most.
- So by your leave if you would hear the rest,
- The writing.
 - Lady Giovanna (holding wreath toward him). There! my lord, you are a poet,

And can you not imagine that the wreath, Set, as you say, so lightly on her head,

Fell with her motion as she rose, and she, A girl, a child, then but fifteen, however Flutter'd or flatter'd by your notice of her, Was yet too bashful to return for it?

- Count. Was it so indeed? was it so? was it so?
 - [Leans forward to take wreath, and touches Lady Giovanna's hand, which she withdraws hastily; he places wreath on corner of chair.

Lady Giovanna (with dignity). I did not say, my lord, that it was so; I said you might imagine it was so.

Enter FILIPPO with bowl of salad, which he places on table.

Filippo. Here's a fine salad for my lady, for tho' we have been a soldier, and ridden by his lordship's side, and seen the red of the battle-field, yet are we now drill-sergeant to his lordship's lettuces, and profess to be great in green things and in garden-stuff.

Lady Giovanna. I thank thee, good Filippo. [*Exit* Filippo.

Enter ELISABETTA with bird on a dish which she places on table.

Elisabetta (*close to table*). Here's a fine fowl for my lady; I had scant time to do him in. I hope he be not underdone, for we be undone in the doing of him.

Lady Giovanna. I thank you, my good nurse.

Filippo (re-entering with plate of prunes). And here are fine fruits for my lady — prunes, my lady, from the tree that my lord himself planted here in the blossom of his boyhood — and so I, Filippo, being, with your ladyship's pardon, and as your ladyship knows, his lordship's own foster-brother, would commend them to your ladyship's most peculiar appreciation.

[Puts plate on table. Elisabetta. Filippo!

Lady Giovanna (Count leads her to table). Will you not eat with me, my lord?

Count. I cannot,

Not a morsel, not one morsel. I have broken

My fast already. I will pledge you. Wine!

Filippo, wine !

[Sits near table; Filippo brings flask, fills the Count's goblet, then Lady Giovanna's; Elisabetta stands at the back of Lady Giovanna's chair. Count. It is but thin and cold, Not like the vintage blowing round your castle. We lie too deep down in the shadow here.

Your ladyship lives higher in the sun.

[They pledge each other and drink. Lady Giovanna. If I might send you down a flask or two

Of that same vintage? There is iron in it. It has been much commended as a medicine.

I give it my sick son, and if you be

Not quite recover'd of your wound, the wine

Might help you. None has ever told me yet

The story of your battle and your wound. *Filippo (coming forward)*. I can tell you, my lady, I can tell you.

Elisabetta. Filippo! will you take the word out of your master's own mouth?

Filippo. Was it there to take? Put it there, my lord.

Count. Giovanna, my dear lady, in this same battle

We had been beaten — they were ten to one.

The trumpets of the fight had echo'd down.

I and Filippo here had done our best,

And, having passed unwounded from the field,

Were seated sadly at a fountain side,

Our horses grazing by us, when a troop, Laden with booty and with a flag of ours Ta'en in the fight ——

Filippo. Ay, but we fought for it back, And kill'd —

Elisabetta. Filippo!

Count. A troop of horse — Filippo. Five hundred ! Count. Say fifty !

Filippo. And we kill'd 'em by the score !

Elisabetta. Filippo!

Filippo. Well, well, well ! I bite my tongue.

Count. We may have left their fifty less by five.

However, staying not to count how many, But anger'd at their flaunting of our flag, We mounted, and we dash'd into the heart of 'em.

I wore the lady's chaplet round my neck; It served me for a blessed rosary.

- I am sure that more than one brave fellow owed
- His death to the charm in it.
 - Elisabetta. Hear that, my lady! Count. I cannot tell how long we strove before
- Our horses fell beneath us; down we went
- Crush'd, hack'd at, trampled underfoot. The night,
- As some cold-manner'd friend may strangely do us

The truest service, had a touch of frost

- That help'd to check the flowing of the blood.
- My last sight ere I swoon'd was one sweet face

Crown'd with the wreath. That seem'd to come and go.

They left us there for dead!

Elisabetta. Hear that, my lady! Filippo. Ay, and I left two fingers there for dead. See, my lady! (Showing his hand.)

Lady Giovanna. I see, Filippo! *Filippo*. And I have small hope of the gentleman gout in my great toe.

Lady Giovanna. And why, Filippo?

Smiling absently. Filippo. I left him there for dead, too ! Elisabetta. She smiles at him - how

hard the woman is!

My lady, if your ladyship were not

Too proud to look upon the garland, you Would find it stain'd.

- Count (rising). Silence, Elisabetta!
 - *Elisabetta*. Stain'd with the blood of the best heart that ever

Beat for one woman.

[Points to wreath on chair. Lady Giovanna (rising slowly). I can eat no more!

Count. You have but trifled with our homely salad,

But dallied with a single lettuce-leaf; Not eaten anything.

- Lady Giovanna. Nay, nay, I cannot. You know, my lord, I told you I was
- troubled.
- My one child Florio lying still so sick,
- I bound myself, and by a solemn vow,
- That I would touch no flesh till he were well

- Here, or else well in Heaven, where all is well.
 - Elisabetta clears table of bird and salad: Filippo snatches up the plate of prunes and holds them to Lady Giovanna.

Filippo. But the prunes, my lady, from the tree that his lordship -

- Lady Giovanna. Not now. Filippo. My lord Federigo,
- Can I not speak with you once more alone?
 - Count. You hear, Filippo? My good fellow, go!
 - Filippo. But the prunes that your lordship -

Elisabetta. Filippo!

Count. Ay, prune our company of thine own and go!

Elisabetta. Filippo!

Filippo (turning). Well, well! the women! [Exit.

Count. And thou too leave us, my dear nurse, alone.

Elisabetta (folding up cloth and going). And me too! Ay, the dear nurse will leave you alone; but, for all that, she that has eaten the volk is scarce like to swallow the shell.

- [Turns and curtsey's stiffly to Lady Giovanna, then exit. Lady Giovanna takes out diamond necklace from casket.
- Lady Giovanna. I have anger'd your good nurse; these old-world servants
- Are all but flesh and blood with those they serve.

My lord, I have a present to return you, And afterwards a boon to crave of you.

Count. No, my most honour'd and long-worshipt lady,

Poor Federigo degli Alberighi

Takes nothing in return from you except Return of his affection — can deny

- Nothing to you that you require of him.
 - Lady Giovanna. Then I require you to take back your diamonds -

I doubt not they are yours. No other heart

Of such magnificence in courtesy

[[]Offering necklace.

Beats — out of heaven. They seem'd too rich a prize	But you will find me a shrewd bargainer still.
To trust with any messenger. I came	I cannot keep your diamonds, for the gift
In person to return them. [Count draws back.	I ask for, to my mind and at this present
L	Outvalues all the jewels upon earth.
If the phrase	<i>Count.</i> It should be love that thus
'Return' displease you, we will say —	outvalues all.
exchange them	You speak like love, and yet you love
For your — for your —	
Count (takes a step toward her and then	me not.
<i>back</i>). For mine — and what of	I have nothing in this world but love for
mine?	you. Lady Giovanna. Love? it is love,
Lady Giovanna. Well, shall we say this	love for my dying boy,
wreath and your sweet rhymes?	Moves me to ask it of you.
Count. But have you ever worn my	<i>Count.</i> What? my time?
diamonds?	Is it my time? Well, I can give my
Lady Giovanna. No!	time
For that would seem accepting of your	To him that is a part of you, your son.
love.	Shall I return to the castle with you?
I cannot brave my brother — but be sure	Shall I
That I shall never marry again, my lord !	Sit by him, read to him, tell him my
Count. Sure?	tales.
Lady Giovanna. Yes! Count. Is this your brother's order?	Sing him my songs? You know that I
	can touch
Lady Giovanna. No! For he would marry me to the richest	The ghittern to some purpose.
-	Lady Giovanna. No, not that !
man In Florence, but I think you know the	I thank you heartily for that — and
In Florence; but I think you know the saying —	vou,
Better a man without riches, than riches	I doubt not from your nobleness of
without a man.'	nature,
<i>Count.</i> A noble saying — and acted	Will pardon me for asking what I ask.
on would yield	Count. Giovanna, dear Giovanna, I
A nobler breed of men and women.	that once
Lady,	The wildest of the random youth of
I find you a shrewd bargainer. The	Florence
wreath	Before I saw you — all my nobleness
That once you wore outvalues twenty-	Of nature, as you deign to call it, draws
fold	From you, and from my constancy to you.
The diamonds that you never deign'd to	No more, but speak.
wear.	Lady Giovanna. I will. You know
But lay them there for a moment !	sick people,
[Points to table. Lady Giovanna	More specially sick children, have strange
places necklace on table.	fancies,
And be you	Strange longings; and to thwart them
Gracious enough to let me know the boon	in their mood
By granting which, if aught be mine to	May work them grievous harm at times,
grant,	may even
I should be made more happy than I	Hasten their end. I would you had a
hoped	son !
Ever to be again.	It might be easier then for you to make
Lady Giovanna. Then keep your	Allowance for a mother — her — who
wreath,	comes

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- To rob you of your one delight on earth. How often has my sick boy yearn'd for this!
- I have put him off as often; but to-day
- I dared not so much weaker, so much worse
- For last day's journey. I was weeping for him;
- IIe gave me his hand: 'I should be well again
- If the good Count would give me —— ' *Count.* Give me.
 - Lady Giovanna. His falcon.
 - Count (starts back). My falcon!
 - Lady Giovanna. Yes, your falcon, Federigo!
 - Count. Alas, I cannot!
- Lady Giovanna. Cannot? Even so! I fear'd as much. O this unhappy
- world!
- How shall I break it to him? how shall I tell him?
- The boy may die: more blessed were the rags
- Of some pale beggar-woman seeking alms
- For her sick son, if he were like to live, Than all my childless wealth, if mine
- must die.
- I was to blame the love you said you bore me —
- My lord, we thank you for your entertainment [*IVith a stately curtsey*.
- And so return Heaven help him ! to our son. [Turns.
 - *Count (rushes forward).* Stay, stay, I am most unlucky, most unhappy.
- You never had look'd in on me before,
- And when you came and dipt your sovereign head
- Thro' these low doors, you ask'd to eat with me.
- I had but emptiness to set before you,
- No not a draught of milk, no not an egg,
- Nothing but my brave bird, my noble falcon,
- My comrade of the house, and of the field. She had to die for it — she died for you. Perhaps I thought with those of old, the nobler
- The victim was, the more acceptable
- Might be the sacrifice. I fear you scarce Will thank me for your entertainment now.

Lady Giovanna (returning). I bear with him no longer.

- Count. No, Madonna ! And he will have to bear with it as he may.
 - Lady Giovanna. I break with him for ever!

Count. Yes, Giovanna,

- But he will keep his love for you for ever!
 - Lady Giovanna, You? you? not you! My brother! my hard brother!
- O Federigo, Federigo, I love you!
- Spite of ten thousand brothers, Federigo. [Falls at his feet.
 - Count (impetuously). Why then the dying of my noble bird
- - [Takes diamonds from table.
- These diamonds are both yours and mine — have won
- Their value again beyond all markets there
- I lay them for the first time round your neck.
 - [Lays necklace round her neck.
- And then this chaplet --- No more feuds, but peace,
- Peace and conciliation! I will make
- Your brother love me. See, I tear away The leaves were darken'd by the battle—
- [Pulls leaves off and throws them down. — crown you
- Again with the same crown my Queen of Beauty.
- [*Places wreath on her head.* Rise — I could almost think that the dead garland
- Will break once more into the living blossom.
- Nay, nay, I pray you rise.

[Raises her with both hands.

We two together

Will help to heal your son — your son and mine —

We shall do it — we shall do it.

- [*Embraces her.* The purpose of my being is accomplish'd, And I am happy !
 - Lady Giovanna. And I too, Federigo.

THE PROMISE OF MAY.

'A surface man of theories, true to none.'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FARMER DOBSON. Mr. PHILIP EDGAR (afterwards Mr. HAROLD). FARMER STEER (DORA and Eva's Father). Mr. WILSON (a Schoolmaster). HIGGINS JAMES DAN SMITH JACKSON ALLEN DORA STEER. EVA STEER. SALLY ALLEN MILLY Farm Servants.

Farm Servants, Labourers, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE. - Before Farmhouse.

Farming Men and Women. Farming Men carrying forms, etc. Women carrying baskets of knives and forks, etc.

ist Farming Man. Be thou a-gawin' to the long barn?

2nd Farming Man. Ay, to be sewer! Be thou?

Ist Farming Man. Why, o' coorse, fur it be the owd man's birthdaäy. He be heighty this very daäy, and 'e telled all on us to be i' the long barn by one o'clock, fur he'll gie us a big dinner, and haäfe th' parish 'll be theer, an' Miss Dora, an' Miss Eva, an' all !

2nd Farming Man. Miss Dora be coomed back, then?

Ist Farming Man. Ay, haäfe an hour ago. She be in theer now. (Pointing to house.) Owd Steer wur afeärd she wouldn't be back i' time to keep his birthdaäy, and he wur in a tew about it all the murnin'; and he sent me wi' the gig to Littlechester to fetch 'er; and 'er an' the owd man they fell a-kissin' o' one another like two sweet'arts i' the poorch as soon as he clapt eyes of 'er. 2nd Farming Man. Foälks says he likes Miss Eva the best.

Ist Farming Man. Naäy, I knaws nowt o' what foälks says, an' I caäres nowt neither. Foälks doesn't hallus knaw thessens; but sewer I be, they be two o' the purtiest gels ye can see of a summer murnin'.

2nd Farming Man. Beänt Miss Eva gone off a bit of 'er good looks o' laäte? 1st Farming Man. Noä, not a bit.

2nd Farming Man. Why coöm awaäy, then, to the long barn.

[Exeunt.

DORA looks out of window. Enter DOBSON.

Dora (singing).

The town lay still in the low sun-light,

The hen cluckt late by the white farm gate, The maid to her dairy came in from the cow,

The stock-dove coo'd at the fall of night, The blossom had open'd on every bough;

O joy for the promise of May, of May, O joy for the promise of May.

(*Nodding at* Dobson.) I'm coming down, Mr. Dobson. I haven't seen Eva yet. Is she anywhere in the garden?

Dobson. Noä, Miss. I ha'n't seed 'er neither.

Dora (enters singing).

But a red fire woke in the heart of the town,

And a fox from the glen ran away with the hen,

And a cat to the cream, and a rat to the cheese;

- And the stock-dove coo'd, till a kite dropt down,
- And a salt wind burnt the blossoming trees;

O grief for the promise of May, of May, O grief for the promise of May.

I don't know why I sing that song; I don't love it.

Dobson. Blessings on your pretty voice, Miss Dora. Wheer did they larn ye that?

Dora. In Cumberland, Mr. Dobson. Dobson. An' how did ye leäve the owd uncle i' Coomberland?

Dora. Getting better, Mr. Dobson. But he'll never be the same man again.

Dobson. An' how d'ye find the owd man 'ere?

Dora. As well as ever. I came back to keep his birthday.

Dobson. Well, Í be coomed to keep his birthdaäy an' all. The owd man be heighty to-daäy, beänt he?

Dora. Yes, Mr. Dobson. And the day's bright like a friend, but the wind east like an enemy. Help me to move this bench for him into the sun. (*They* move bench.) No, not that way — here, under the apple tree. Thank you. Look how full of rosy blossom it is.

[Pointing to apple tree. Dobson. Theer be redder blossoms nor them, Miss Dora.

Dora. Where do they blow, Mr. Dobson?

Dobson. Under your eyes, Miss Dora. Dora. Do they?

Dobson. And your eyes be as blue as -----

Dora. What, Mr. Dobson? A butcher's frock?

Dobson. Noä, Miss Dora; as blue as -----

Dora. Bluebell, harebell, speedwell, bluebottle, succory, forget-me-not?

Dobson. Noä, Miss Dora; as blue as-

Dora. The sky? or the sea on a blue day?

Dobson. Naäy then. I meän'd they be as blue as violets.

Dora. Are they?

Dobson. Theer ye goäs ageän, Miss, niver believing owt I says to ye — hallus a-fobbing ma off, tho' ye knaws I love ye. I warrants ye'll think moor o' this young Squire Edgar as ha' coomed among us the Lord knaws how — ye'll think more on 'is little finger than hall my hand at the haltar.

Dora. Perhaps, Master Dobson. I can't tell, for I have never seen him. But my sister wrote that he was mighty pleasant, and had no pride in him.

Dobson. He'll be arter you now, Miss Dora.

Dora. Will he? How can I tell?

Dobson. He's been arter Miss Eva, haänt he?

Dora. Not that I know.

Dobson. Didn't I spy 'em a-sitting i' the woodbine harbour togither?

Dora. What of that? Eva told me that he was taking her likeness. He's an artist.

Dobson. What's a hartist? I doant believe he's iver a 'eart under his waistcoat. And I tells ye what, Miss Dora: he's no respect for the Queen, or the parson, or the justice o' peace, or owt. I ha' heard 'im a-gawin' on' 'ud make your 'air — God bless it! — stan' 'on end. And wuss nor that. When theer wur a meeting o' farmers at Littlechester t'other daäy, and they was all a-crying out at the bad times, he cooms up, and he calls out among our oan men, 'The land belongs to the people!'

Dora. And what did you say to that? Dobson. Well, I says, s'pose my pig's the land, and you says it belongs to the parish, and theer be a thousand i' the parish, taäkin' in the women and childer; and s'pose I kills my pig, and gi'es it among 'em, why there wudn't be a dinner for nawbody, and I should ha' lost the pig.

Dora. And what did he say to that?

Dobson. Nowt — what could he saäy? But I taäkes 'im fur a bad lot and a burn fool, and I haätes the very sight on him.

Dora (looking at Dobson). Master Dobson, you are a comely man to look at. Dobson. I thank you for that, Miss

Dorson. I thank you for that, Miss

Dora. Ay, but you turn right ugly when you're in an ill temper; and I promise you that if you forget yourself in your behaviour to this gentleman, my father's friend, I will never change word with you again.

Enter FARMING MAN from barn.

Farming Man. Miss, the farming men 'ull hev their dinner i' the long barn, and the master 'ud be straänge an' pleased if you'd step in fust, and see that all be right and reg'lar fur 'em afoor he coöm. [Exit.

Dora. I go. Master Dobson, did you hear what I said?

Dobson. Yeäs, yeäs! I'll not meddle wi' 'im if he doänt meddle wi' meä. (Exit Dora.) Coomly, says she. Ŧ niver thowt o' mysen i' that waäy; but if she'd taäk to ma i' that waäy, or ony waäy, I'd slaäve out my life fur 'er. 'Coomly to look at,' says she - but she said it spiteful-like. To look at -- yeas, 'coomly'; and she mayn't be so fur out theer. But if that be nowt to she, then it be nowt to me. (Looking off stage.) Why if Steer ha'n't Schoolmaster! haxed schoolmaster to dinner, thaw 'e knaws I was hallus ageän heving schoolmaster i' the parish! fur him as be handy wi' a book beän't but haäfe a hand at a pitchfork.

Enter WILSON.

Well, Wilson. I seed that one cow o' thine i' the pinfold ageän as I wur acoomin' 'ere.

Wilson. Very likely, Mr. Dobson. She will break fence. I can't keep her in order.

Dobson. An' if tha can't keep thy one cow i' horder, how can tha keep all thy scholards i' horder? But let that goä by. What dost a knaw o' this Mr. Hedgar as be a-lodgin' wi' ye? 1 coom'd upon 'im t'other daäy lookin' at the coontry, then a-scrattin upon a bit o' paäper, then a-lookin' agean; and I taäked 'im fur soom sort of a land-survevor — but a beänt.

Wilson. He's a Somersetshire man, and a very civil-spoken gentleman.

Dobson. Gentleman! What be he a-doing here ten mile an' moor fro' a raäil? We laäys out o' the waäy fur gentlefoälk altogither—leästwaäys they niver cooms 'ere but fur the trout i' our beck, fur they be knaw'd as far as Littlechester. But 'e doänt fish neither.

Wilson. Well, it's no sin in a gentleman not to fish.

Dobson. Noä, but I haätes 'im.

Wilson. Better step out of his road, then, for he's walking to us, and with a book in his hand.

Dobson. An' I haätes booöks an' all, fur they puts foälk off the owd waäys.

Enter EDGAR, reading – not seeing DOBSON and WILSON.

Edgar. This author, with his charm of simple style

And close dialectic, all but proving man An automatic series of sensations,

Has often numb'd me into apathy

Against the unpleasant jolts of this rough road

That breaks off short into the abysses — made me

A Quietist taking all things easily.

Dobson. (Aside.) There mun be summat wrong theer, Wilson, fur I doänt understan' it.

Wilson. (Aside.) Nor I either, Mr. Dobson.

Dobson (scornfully). An' thou doant understan' it neither — and thou schoolmaster an' all.

Edgar. What can a man, then, live for but sensations,

Pleasant ones? men of old would undergo

Unpleasant for the sake of pleasant ones Hereafter, like the Moslem beauties waiting

To clasp their lovers by the golden gates. For me, whose cheerless Houris after death

- Are Night and Silence, pleasant ones the while ---
- If possible, here ! to crop the flower and pass.

Dobson. Well, I never 'eard the likes o' that afoor.

Wilson. (Aside.) But I have, Mr. Dobson. It's the old Scripture text, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' I'm sorry for it. for, tho' he never comes to church. I thought better of him

Edgar. 'What are we,' says the blind old man in Lear?

'As flies to the Gods: they kill us for their sport.'

Dobson. (Aside.) Then the owd man i' Lear should be shaamed of hissen, but noän o' the parishes goäs by that naäme 'ereabouts.

Edgar. The Gods! but they, the shadows of ourselves,

Have past for ever. It is Nature kills.

And not for *her* sport either. She knows nothing.

Man only knows, the worse for him! for why

Cannot *he* take his pastime like the flies? And if my pleasure breed another's pain.

Well—is not that the course of Nature too.

- From the dim dawn of Being her main law
- Whereby she grows in beauty that her flies
- Must massacre each other? this poor Nature !

Dobson. Natur! Natur! Well, it be i' my natur to knock 'im o' the 'ead now; but I weänt.

Edgar. A Quietist taking all things easily - why -

Have I been dipping into this again

To steel myself against the leaving her?

[Closes book, seeing Wilson. Good day!

Wilson.

Good day, sir. [Dobson *looks hard at* Edgar.

Edgar (to Dobson). Have I the pleasure, friend, of knowing you?

Dobson. Dobson.

Edgar. Good day, then, Dobson. Exit.

Dobson. 'Good daäy then, Dobson!' Civil-spoken i'deed! Why, Wilson, tha 'eard 'im thysen — the feller couldn't find a Mister in his mouth fur me, as farms five hoonderd haäcre

Wilson. You never find one for me. Mr. Dobson

Dobson. Noä, fur thou be nobbut schoolmaster; but I taäkes 'im for a Lunnun swindler, and a burn fool.

Wilson. He can hardly be both, and he pays me regular every Saturday.

Dobson. Yeas: but I haates 'im.

Enter STEER, FARM MEN and WOMEN.

Steer (goes and sits under apple tree). Hev' ony o' ye seen Eva? Dobson. Noä, Mr. Steer.

Steer. Well, I reckons they'll hev' a fine cider-crop to-year if the blossom 'owds. Good murnin', neighbours, and the saäme to you, my men. I taäkes it kindly of all o' you that you be coomed - what's the newspaäper word, Wilson? — celebrate — to celebrate my birthdaäy i' this fashion. Niver man 'ed better friends, and I will saäy niver master 'ed better men : fur thaw I may ha' fallen out wi' ye sometimes, the fault, mebbe, wur as much mine as yours; and, thaw I says it mysen, niver men 'ed a better master ---and I knaws what men be, and what masters be, fur I wur nobbut a laäbourer, and now I be a landlord — burn a plowman, and now, as far as money goas, I be a gentleman, thaw I beänt naw scholard, fur I 'edn't naw time to maäke mysen a scholard while I wur maäkin' mysen a gentleman, but I ha' taäen good care to turn out boäth my darters right down fine laädies.

Dobson. An' soä they be.

Ist Farming Man. Soä they be! soä they be !

2nd Farming Man. The Lord bless boath on 'em!

3rd Farming Man. An' the saäme to you, Master.

4th Farming Man. And long life to boath on 'em. An' the saame to you, Master Steer, likewise.

.Steer. Thank ye !

Enter Eva.

Wheer 'asta been?

Eva (timidly). Many happy returns of the day, father.

Steer. They can't be many, my dear. but I 'oapes they'll be 'appy.

Why, tha looks haale anew Dobson. to last to a hoonderd.

Steer. An' why shouldn't I last to a hoonderd? Haäle! why shouldn't I be haäle? fur thaw I be heighty this very daäv. I niver 'es sa much as one pin's prick of paäin; an' I can taäke my glass along wi' the youngest, fur I niver touched a drop of owt till my oan wedding-daäy, an' then I wur turned huppads o' sixty. Why shouldn't I be haale? I ha' plowed the ten-aäcre-it be mine now — afoor ony o' ye wur burn — ye all knaws the ten-aäcre - I mun ha' plowed it moor nor a hoonderd times; hallus hup at sunrise, and I'd drive the plow straäit as a line right i' the faäce o' the sun, then back ageän, a-follering my oän shadder — then hup ageän i' the faäce o' the sun. Eh! how the sun 'ud shine. and the larks 'ud sing i' them daäys, and the smell o' the mou'd an' all. Eh! if I could ha' gone on wi' the plowin' nobbut the smell o' the mou'd 'ud ha' maäde ma live as long as Jerusalem.

Eva. Methusaleh, father.

Steer. Ay, lass, but when thou be as owd as me thou'll put one word fur another as I does.

Dobson. But, Steer, thaw thou be haäle anew I seed tha a-limpin' up just now wi' the roomatics i' the knee.

Steer. Roomatics! Noä; I laäme't my knee last night running arter a thief. Beänt there house-breäkers down i' Littlechester, Dobson - doänt ye hear of ony?

Ay, that there be. Dobson. Immanuel Goldsmith's was broke into o' Monday night, and ower a hoonderd pounds' worth o' rings stolen.

Steer. So I thowt, and I heard the winder — that's the winder at the end o' the passage, that goas by thy chaumber. (Turning to Eva.) Why, lass, what maäkes tha sa red? Did 'e git into thy chaumber?

Eva. Father !

Steer. Well, I runned arter thief i' the dark, and fell agean coalscuttle and my kneeä gev waäy or I'd ha' cotched 'im, but afoor I coomed up he got thruff the winder ageän.

Eva. Got thro' the window again?

Steer. Av, but he left the mark of 'is foot i' the flower-bed; now theer be noan o' my men, thinks I to mysen, 'ud ha' done it 'cep' it were Dan Smith, fur I cotched 'im once a-steälin' coäls, an' I sent fur 'im, an' I measured his foot wi' the mark i' the bed, but it wouldn't fit - seeäms to me the mark wur maäde by a Lunnun boot. (Looks at Eva.) Why, now, what maäkes tha sa white?

Eva. Fright, father !

Steer. Maäke thysen eäsy. I'll hev the winder naäiled up, and put Towser under it.

Eva (clasping her hands). No, no, father! Towser'll tear him all to pieces.

Steer. Let him keep awaäy, then; but coom, coom! let's be gawin'. They ha' broached a barrel of aäle i' the long barn, and the fiddler be theer, and the lads and lasses 'ull hev a dance.

Eva. (Aside.) Dance! small heart have I to dance. I should seem to be dancing upon a grave.

Steer. Wheer be Mr. Edgar? about the premises?

Dobson. Hallus about the premises!

Steer. So much the better, so much the better. I likes 'im, and Eva likes 'im. Eva can do owt wi' 'im; look for 'im, Eva, and bring 'im to the barn. He 'ant naw pride in 'im, and we'll git 'im to speechify for us arter dinner.

Eva. Yes, father ! [*Exit.* Steer. Coom along then, all the rest o' ye ! Churchwarden be a-coomin', thaw me and 'im we niver 'grees about the tithe; and Parson mebbe, thaw he niver mended that gap i' the glebe fence as I telled 'im; and Blacksmith, thaw he niver shoes a herse to my likings; and Baäker, thaw I sticks to hoäm-maäde --but all on 'em welcome, all on 'em welcome; and I've hed the long barn cleared out of all the machines, and the sacks, and the taäters, and the mangles, and

theer'll be room anew for all o' ye. Foller me.

All. Yeäs, yeäs! Three cheers for Mr. Steer!

[All exeunt except Dobson into barn.

Enter EDGAR.

Dobson (who is going, turns). Squire ! — if so be you be a squire.

Edgar. Dobbins, I think.

Dobson. Dobbins, you thinks; and I thinks ye wears a Lunnun boot.

Edgar. Well?

Dobson. And I thinks I'd like to taäke the measure o' your foot.

Edgar. Ay, if you'd like to measure your own length upon the grass.

Dobson. Coom, coom, that's a good un. Why, I could throw four o' ye; but I promised one of the Misses I wouldn't meddle wi' ye, and I weänt.

Exit into barn.

Edgar. Jealous of me with Eva! Is it so?

Well, tho' I grudge the pretty jewel, that I

Have worn, to such a clod, yet that might be

The best way out of it, if the child could keep

Her counsel. I am sure I wish her happy.

- But I must free myself from this entanglement.
- I have all my life before me so has she —

Give her a month or two, and her affections

Will flower toward the light in some new face.

Still I am half-afraid to meet her now.

She will urge marriage on me. I hate tears.

Marriage is but an old tradition. I hate Traditions, ever since my narrow father,

After my frolic with his tenant's girl,

- Made younger elder son, violated the whole
- Tradition of our land, and left his heir,

Born, happily, with some sense of art. to live

By brush and pencil. By and by, when Thought

Comes down among the crowd, and man perceives that

- The lost gleam of an after-life but leaves him
- A beast of prey in the dark, why then the crowd
- May wreak my wrongs upon my wrongers. Marriage !
- That fine, fat, hook-nosed uncle of mine, old Harold,
- Who leaves me all his land at Littlechester,
- He, too, would oust me from his will, if I
- Made such a marriage. And marriage in itself —
- The storm is hard at hand will sweep away
- Thrones, churches, ranks, traditions, customs, marriage
- One of the feeblest! Then the man, the woman,

Following their best affinities, will each

- Bid their old bond farewell with smiles, not tears;
- Good wishes, not reproaches; with no fear
- Of the world's gossiping clamour, and no need

Of veiling their desires.

- Conventionalism, Who shrieks by day at what she does by night,
- Would call this vice; but one time's vice may be
- The virtue of another; and Vice and Virtue

Are but two masks of self; and what hereafter

Shall mark out Vice from Virtue in the gulf

Of never-dawning darkness?

Enter Eva.

My sweet Eva,

Where have you lain in ambush all the morning?

They say your sister, Dora, has return'd,

And that should make you happy, if you love her!

But you look troubled.

Eva. Oh, I love her so, I was afraid of her, and I hid myself.

We never kept a secret from each other; She would have seen at once into my	Better and higher than Nature, we might be As happy as the bees there at their boney
trouble, And ask'd me what I could not answer. Oh, Philip,	In these sweet blossoms. <i>Eva.</i> Yes; how sweet they smell!
Father heard you last night. Our savage mastiff,	<i>Edgar.</i> There! let me break some off for you.
That all but kill'd the beggar, will be	<i>Etra. Erra. Breaking branch off. Breaking branch off.</i>
placed Beneath the window, Philip. <i>Edgar</i> . Savage, is he?	But, look, how wasteful of the blossom you are !
What matters? Come, give me your hand and kiss me	One, two, three, four, five, six—you have robb'd poor father
This beautiful May-morning. <i>Eva</i> . The most beautiful	Of ten good apples. Oh, I forgot to tell you
May we have had for many years! <i>Edgar</i> . And here	He wishes you to dine along with us, And speak for him after — you that are
Is the most beautiful morning of this May.	so clever! Edgar. I grieve I cannot; but, in-
Nay, you must smile upon me! There — you make	Eva. What is it?
The May and morning still more beauti- ful,	<i>Edgar.</i> Well, business. I must leave you, love, to-day.
You, the most beautiful blossom of the May.	<i>Eva.</i> Leave me, to-day! And when will you return?
<i>Eva</i> . Dear Philip, all the world is beautiful	<i>Edgar.</i> I cannot tell precisely; but ——
If we were happy, and could chime in with it.	<i>Eva.</i> But what? <i>Edgar.</i> I trust, my dear, we shall be
<i>Edgar</i> . True; for the senses, love, are for the world;	always friends. Eva. After all that has gone between
That for the senses. Eva. Yes.	us — friends! What, only friends? [Drops branch.
<i>Edgar.</i> And when the man, The child of evolution, flings aside	<i>Edgar.</i> All that has gone between us
His swaddling-bands, the morals of the tribe,	Should surely make us friends. <i>Eva.</i> But keep us lovers.
He, following his own instincts as his God,	Edgar.Child, do you love me now? $Eva.$ Yes, now and ever.
Will enter on the larger golden age; No pleasure then taboo'd: for when the	<i>Edgar.</i> Then you should wish us both to love for ever.
tide Of full democracy has overwhelm'd This Old we bly form that flow heill size	But if you <i>will</i> bind love to one for ever, Altho' at first he take his bonds for
This Old world, from that flood will rise the New,	As years go on, he feels them press upon
Like the Love-goddess, with no bridal veil,	him, Begins to flutter in them, and at last Bracks that them and as first survey for
Ring, trinket of the Church, but naked Nature	Breaks thro' them, and so flies away for ever;
In all her loveliness. $E_{7'a}$. What are you saying? $E_{4'a}$. (Phot if we did not strain to	While, had you left him free use of his wings,
Edgar. That, if we did not strain to	Who knows that he had ever dream'd of flying?

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Eva. But all that sounds so wicked	My sister far away and you, a gentle-
and so strange; 'Till death us part' — those are the only	Told me to trust you: yes, in every-
words, The true ones — nay, and those not true	thing <i>That</i> was the only <i>true</i> love; and 1 trute love;
enough, For they that love do not believe that	trusted — Oh, yes, indeed, I would have died for
death Will part them. Why do you jest with	How could you - oh, how could you?
me, and try Fo fright me? Tho' you are a gentle-	— nay, how could I? But now you will set all right again
man, [but a farmer's daughter ——	and I Shall not be made the laughter of the
<i>Edgar.</i> Tut ! you talk Old feudalism. When the great Democ-	village, And poor old father not die miserable.
racy Makes a new world	Dora (singing in the distance). O joy for the promise of May, or
$E\tau a$. And if you be not jesting, Neither the old world, nor the new. nor	May, O joy for the promise of May.
father, Sister, nor you, shall ever see me more.	Edgar. Speak not so loudly; that must be your sister.
<i>Edgar</i> (<i>moved</i>). Then $-(aside)$ Shall I say it? $-(aloud)$ fly with me	You never told her, then, of what has past
to-day.	Between us. <i>Eva.</i> Never!
Eva. No! Philip, Philip, if you do not marry me,	<i>Edgar.</i> Do not till I bid you
I shall go mad for utter shame and die.	Eta. No, Philip, no. [Turns away Edgar (moved). How gracefully
<i>Edgar.</i> Then, if we needs must be conventional,	there she stands. Weeping — the little Niobe! What! we
When shall your parish-parson bawl our banns	prize The statue or the picture all the more
Before your gaping clowns? Eva. Not in our church —	When we have made them ours! Is she less lovable,
I think I scarce could hold my head up there.	Less lovely, being wholly mine? To stay —
Is there no other way? <i>Edgar.</i> Yes, if you cared	Follow my art among these quiet fields, Live with these honest folk ——
To fee an over-opulent superstition,	And play the fool No! she that gave herself to me so easily
Then they would grant you what they call a license	Will yield herself as easily to another.
Γο marry.Do you wish it?Eva.Do I wish it?	<i>Etva.</i> Did you speak, Philip? <i>Edgar.</i> Nothing more, farewell
<i>Edgar</i> . In London. <i>Eva</i> . You will write to me?	[They embrace Dora (coming nearer).
<i>Edgar.</i> I will. <i>Eva.</i> And I will fly to you thro' the	O grief for the promise of May, o May.
night, the storm — Yes, tho' the fire should run along the	O grief for the promise of May. Edgar (still embracing her). Keep
ground, As once it did in Egypt. Oh, you see,	up your heart until we mee again.
I was just out of school, I had no	$E\tau a$. If that should break before we meet again?

Edgar. Break ! nay, but call for Philip when you will, And he returns.

- *Eva.* Heaven hears you, Philip Edgar!
- Edgar (moved). And he would hear vou even from the grave.
- Heaven curse him if he come not at your call! [Exit.

Enter DORA.

Dora. Well, Eva!

Eva. Oh, Dora, Dora, how long you have been away from home! Oh, how often I have wished for you! It seemed to me that we were parted for ever.

Dora. For ever, you foolish child! What's come over you? We parted like the brook yonder about the alder island, to come together again in a moment and to go on together again, till one of us be married. But where is this Mr. Edgar whom you praised so in your first letters? You haven't even mentioned him in your last?

Eva. He has gone to London.

Dora. Ay, child; and you look thin and pale. Is it for his absence? Have you fancied yourself in love with him? That's all nonsense, you know, such a baby as you are. But you shall tell me all about it.

Eva. Not now, — presently. Yes, I have been in trouble, but I am happy — I think, quite happy now.

Dora (taking Eva's hand). Come, then, and make them happy in the long barn, for father is in his glory, and there is a piece of beef like a house-side, and a plum-pudding as big as the round haystack. But see they are coming out for the dance already. Well, my child, let us join them.

Enter all from barn laughing. Eva sits reluctantly under apple tree. STEER enters smoking, sits by Eva.

Dance.

ACT II.

Five years have elapsed between Acts I. and II.

SCENE. — A MEADOW. ON ONE SIDE A PATHWAY GOING OVER A RUSTIC BRIDGE. AT BACK THE FARMHOUSE AMONG TREES. IN THE DISTANCE A CHURCH SPIRE.

DOBSON and DORA.

Dobson. So the owd uncle i' Coomberland be deäd, Miss Dora, beänt he?

Dora. Yes, Mr. Dobson, I've been attending on his deathbed and his burial.

Dobson. It be five year sin' ye went afoor to him, and it seems to me nobbut t'other day. Hesn't he left ye nowt?

Dora. No. Mr. Dobson.

Dobson. But he were mighty fond o' ye, warn't he?

Dora. Fonder of poor Eva—like everybody else.

Dobson (handing Dora basket of roses). Not like me, Miss Dora; and I ha' browt these roses to ye — I forgits what they calls 'em, but I hallus gi'ed soom on 'em to Miss Eva at this time o' year. Will ya taäke 'em? fur Miss Eva, she set the bush by my dairy winder afoor she went to school at Littlechester — so I allus browt soom on 'em to her; and now she be gone, will ye taäke 'em, Miss Dora?

Dora. I thank you. They tell me that yesterday you mentioned her name too suddenly before my father. See that you do not do so again !

Dobson. Noä; I knaws a deäl better now. I seed how the owd man wur vext.

Dora. I take them, then, for Eva's sake.

[Takes basket, places some in her dress.

Dobson. Eva's saäke. Yeäs. Poor gel, poor gel! I can't abeär to think on 'er now, fur I'd ha' done owt fur 'er mysen; an' ony o' Steer's men, an' ony o' my men 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, an' all the parish 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, fur we was all on us proud on 'er, an' them theer be soom of her oän roses, an' she wur as sweet as ony on 'em — the Lord bless 'er-'er oän sen; an' weänt ye taäke 'em now, Miss Dora, fur 'er saäke an' fur my saäke an' all?

Dora. Do you want them back again? Dobson. Noä. noä! Keep 'em. But I hed a word to saay to ve.

Dora. Why, Farmer, you should be in the hayfield looking after your men; you couldn't have more splendid weather.

Dobson. I be a-going theer; but I thowt I'd bring tha them roses fust. The weather's well anew, but the glass be a bit shaäky. S'iver we've led moäst on it.

Dora. Ay! but you must not be too sudden with it either, as you were last year, when you put it in green, and your stack caught fire.

Dobson. I were insured, Miss, an' I lost nowt by it. But I weant be too sudden wi' it; and I feel sewer. Miss Dora, that I ha' been noän too sudden wi' you, fur I ha' sarved for ye well nigh as long as the man sarved for 'is sweet'art i' Scriptur'. Weänt ye gi'e me a kind answer at last?

Dora. I have no thought of marriage, my friend. We have been in such grief these five years, not only on my sister's account, but the ill success of the farm. and the debts, and my father's breaking down, and his blindness. How could I think of leaving him?

Dobson. Eh, but I be well to do; and if ye would nobbut hev me, I would taäke the owd blind man to my oän fireside. You should hev him allus wi' ve.

Dora. You are generous, but it cannot be. I cannot love you; nay, I think I never can be brought to love any man. It seems to me that I hate men, ever since my sister left us. Oh, see here. (Pulls out a letter.) I wear it next my Poor sister, I had it five years heart. ago. 'Dearest Dora, - I have lost myself, and am lost for ever to you and my poor father. I thought Mr. Edgar the best of men, and he has proved himself the worst. Seek not for me, or you may find me at the bottom of the river. - EVA.'

Dobson. Be that my fault? Dora. No; but how should I, with this grief still at my heart, take to the milking of your cows, the fatting of your

calves, the making of your butter, and the managing of your poultry?

Dobson. Naäy, but I hev an owd woman as 'ud see to all that; and you should sit i' your oan parlour quite like a laädy, ye should!

Dora. It cannot be.

Dobson. An' plaäy the pianner, if ye liked, all daäy long, like a laädy, ye should an' all.

Dora. It cannot be.

Dobson. And I would loove tha moor nor ony gentleman 'ud loove tha.

Dora. No, no; it cannot be. Dobson. And p'raps ye hears 'at I soomtimes taäkes a drop too much; but that be all along o' you. Miss, because ve weänt hev me; but, if ye would, I could put all that o' one side easy anew.

Dora. Cannot vou understand plain words, Mr. Dobson? I tell you, it cannot be.

Dobson. Eh lass! Thy feyther eddicated his darters to marry gentlefoälk, and see what's coomed on it.

Dora. That is enough, Farmer Dobson. You have shown me that, though fortune had born you into the estate of a gentleman, you would still have been Farmer Dobson. You had better attend to your havfield. Good afternoon.

[Exit. Dobson. 'Farmer Dobson!' Well. I be Farmer Dobson; but I thinks Farmer Dobson's dog 'ud ha' knaw'd better nor to cast her sister's misfortin inter 'er teeth arter she'd been a-reädin' me the letter wi' 'er voice a-shaäkin', and the drop in 'er eye. Theer she goäs! Shall I foller 'er and ax 'er to maäke it up? Noä, not yet. Let 'er cool upon it; I likes 'er all the better fur taäkin' me down, like a laädy, as she be. Farmer Dobson! I be Farmer Dobson, sewer anew; but if iver I cooms upo' Gentleman Hedgar ageän, and doänt laäy my cartwhip athurt 'is shou'ders, why then I beänt Farmer Dobson, but summun else - blaäme't if I beänt!

Enter HAYMAKERS with a load of hay.

The last on it, eh? 1st Haymaker. Yeäs. Dobson. Hoäm wi' it, then.

Exit surlily.

1st Haymaker. Well, it be the last load hoam.

2nd Haymaker. Yeäs, an' owd Dobson should be glad on it. What maäkes 'im allus sa glum?

Sally Allen. Glum! he be wuss nor glum. He coom'd up to me yisterdaäy i' the haäyfield, when meä and my sweet'art was a-working along o' one side wi' one another, and he sent 'im awaäy to t'other end o' the field; and when I axed 'im why, he telled me 'at sweet'arts niver worked well togither; and I telled '*im* 'at sweet'arts allus worked best togither; and then he called me a rude naäme, and I can't abide 'im.

James. Why, lass, doänt tha knaw he be sweet upo' Dora Steer, and she weänt sa much as look at 'im? And wheniver 'e sees two sweet'arts togither like thou and me, Sally, he be fit to bust hissen wi' spites and jalousies.

Sally. Let 'im bust hissen, then, for owt I cares.

Ist Haymaker. Well but, as I said afoor, it be the last load hoam; do thou and thy sweet'art sing us hoam to supper - 'The Last Load Hoam.'

All. Ay! 'The Last Loäd Hoäm.'

Song.

What did ye do, and what did ye saäy, Wi' the wild white rose, an' the wood-

bine sa gaäy,

An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue —

What did ye saäy, and what did ye do,

When ye thowt there were nawbody watchin' o' you,

And you an' your Sally was forkin' the haäy,

At the end of the daäy,

For the last load hoam?

What did we do, and what did we saäy,

Wi' the briar sa green, an' the willer sa graäy,

An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue —

Do ye think I be gawin' to tell it to you,

What we mowt saäy, and what we mowt do,

When me an' my Sally was forkin' the haäy,

At the end of the daäy, For the last load hoam?

But what did ve saäv, and what did ye do,

Wi' the butterflies out, and the swallers at plaäy,

An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue?

Why, coom then, owd feller, I'll tell it to you;

For me an' my Sally we sweär'd to be true,

To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,

Till the end of the daäy

And the last load hoam.

All. Well sung!

James. Fanny be the naäme i' the song, but I swopt it fur she.

[*Pointing to* Sally.

Sally. Let ma aloan afoor foalk, wilt tha?

Ist Haymaker. Ye shall sing that ageän to-night, fur owd Dobson'll gi'e us a bit o' supper.

Sally. I weänt goä to owd Dobson; he wur rude to me i' tha haäyfield, and he'll be rude to me ageän to-night. Owd Steer's gotten all his grass down and wants a hand, and I'll goä to him.

Ist Haymaker. Owd Steer gi'es nubbut cowd tea to 'is men, and owd Dobson gi'es beer.

Sally. But I'd like owd Steer's cowd tea better nor Dobson's beer. Good-bye. [Going.

James. Gi'e us a buss fust, lass.

Sally. I telled that o let ma aloan!

James. Why, wasn't thou and me a-bussin' o' one another t'other side o' the haäycock, when owd Dobson coom'd upo' us? I can't let tha aloän if I would, Sally. [Offering to kiss her.

Sally. Git along wi⁹ ye, do! [Exit. [All laugh; exeunt singing.

'To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy, Till the end o' the daäy An' the last loäd hoäm.'

Enter HAROLD.

- Harold. Not Harold ! 'Philip Edgar, Philip Edgar !'
- Her phantom call'd me by the name she loved.
- I told her I should hear her from the grave.
- Ay! yonder is her casement. I remember
- Her bright face beaming starlike down upon me
- Thro' that rich cloud of blossom. Since I left her
- Here weeping, I have ranged the world, and sat
- Thro' every sensual course of that full feast

That leaves but emptiness.

Song.

'To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy, To the end o' the daäy

An' the last loäd hoäm.'

Harold. Poor Eva! O my God, if man be only

A willy-nilly current of sensations ----

Reaction needs must follow revel - yet -

- Why feel remorse, he, knowing that he *must* have
- Moved in the iron grooves of Destiny?

Remorse then is a part of Destiny,

Nature a liar, making us feel guilty

Of her own faults.

My grandfather — of him They say, that women —

O this mortal house, Which we are born into, is haunted by

The ghosts of the dead passions of dead men;

And these take flesh again with our own flesh,

And bring us to confusion.

Ite was only A poor philosopher who call'd the mind Of children a blank page, a *tabula rasa*. There, there, is written in invisible inks

'Lust, Prodigality, Covetousness, Craft,

Cowardice, Murder' — and the heat and fire

- Of life will bring them out, and black enough,
- So the child grow to manhood: better death
- With our first wail than life ---

Song (further off).

'Till the end o' the daäy An' the last loäd hoäm, Loäd hoäm.'

- This bridge again ! (Steps on the briage.) How often have I stood
- With Eva here! The brook among its flowers!
- Forget-me-not, meadowsweet, willowherb.

I had some smattering of science then,

Taught her the learned names, anatomised

The flowers for her — and now I only wish

This pool were deep enough, that I might plunge

And lose myself for ever.

Enter DAN SMITH (singing).

Gee oop! whoä! Gee oop! whoä!

Scizzars an' Pumpy was good uns to goä Thruf slush an' squad

- When roäds was bad,
- But hallus 'ud stop at the Vine-an'-the-Hop,
 - Fur boäth on 'em knawed as well as mysen
 - That beer be as good fur 'erses as men.

Gee oop! whoä! Gee oop! whoä! Scizzars an' Pumpy was good uns to goä.

The beer's gotten oop into my 'eäd. S'iver I mun git along back to the farm, fur she telled ma to taäke the cart to Littlechester.

Enter DORA.

Half an hour late! why are you loitering here? Away with you at once.

> [*Exit* Dan Smith. (*Seeing* Harold *on bridge*.)

Some madman, is it,

Gesticulating there upon the bridge?	Harold. And her charm
I am half afraid to pass.	Of voice is also yours; and I was brood-
Harold. Sometimes I wonder,	ing
When man has surely learnt at last that all	Upon a great unhappiness when you spoke.
His old-world faith, the blossom of his youth,	Dora. Indeed, you seem'd in trouble, sir.
Has faded, falling fruitless — whether then	Harold. And you
All of us, all at once, may not be seized	Seem my good angel who may help me
With some fierce passion, not so much	from it.
for Death	Dora. (Aside.) How worn he looks,
As against Life! all, all, into the dark —	poor man! who is it, I wonder.
No more ! — and science now could drug	How can I help him? (Aloud.) Might
and balm us	I ask your name?
Back into nescience with as little pain	Harold. Harold.
As it is to fall asleep.	Dora. I never heard her mention you.
This beggarly life,	Harold. I met her first at a farm in
This poor, flat, hedged-in field — no dis-	Cumberland —
tance — this	Her uncle's.
Hollow Pandora-box,	Dora. She was there six years ago.
With all the pleasures flown, not even	Harold. And if she never mention'd
Hope	me, perhaps
Left at the bottom !	The painful circumstances which I
Superstitious fool, What brought me here? To see her	heard —
grave? her ghost?	I will not vex you by repeating them — Only last week at Littlechester, drove me
Her ghost is everyway about me here.	From out her memory. She has dis-
Dora (coming forward). Allow me,	appear'd,
sir, to pass you.	They told me, from the farm—and
Harold. Eva!	darker news.
Dora, Eva!	Dora. She has disappear'd, poor
Harold. What are you? Where do	darling, from the world —
you come from?	Left but one dreadful line to say, that we
Dora. From the farm	Should find her in the river; and we
Here, close at hand.	dragg'd
Harold. Are you - you are - that	The Littlechester river all in vain :
Dora,	Have sorrow'd for her all these years in
The sister. I have heard of you. The	vain.
likeness	And my poor father, utterly broken down
Is very striking.	By losing her—she was his favourite
Dora. You knew Eva, then?	child —
Harold. Yes - I was thinking of her	Has let his farm, all his affairs, I fear,
when — Oh yes,	But for the slender help that I can give,
Many years back, and never since have	Fall into ruin. Ah! that villain, Edgar,
met	If he should ever show his face among us,
Her equal for pure innocence of nature,	Our men and boys would hoot him, stone
And loveliness of feature.	him, hunt him
Dora. No, nor I.	With pitchforks off the farm, for all of
Harold. Except, indeed, I have found	them
it once again	Loved her, and she was worthy of all
In your own self.	love.
Dora. You flatter me. Dear Eva	Harold. They say, we should forgive
Was always thought the prettier.	our enemies.

Dora. Ay, if the wretch were dead I	So easy to forgive — even the dead.
might forgive him; We know not whether he be dead or	<i>Harold.</i> But sure am I that of your gentleness
living.	You will forgive him. She, you mourn
Harold. What Edgar?	for, seem'd
Dora. Philip Edgar of Toft Hall	A miracle of gentleness — would not blur
In Somerset. Perhaps you know him? Harold. Slightly.	A moth's wing by the touching; would not crush
(Aside.) Ay, for how slightly have I	The fly that drew her blood; and, were
known myself.	she living,
Dora. This Edgar, then, is living?	Would not - if penitent - have denied
Harold. Living? well — One Philip Edgar of Toft Hall in Som-	him <i>her</i> Forgiveness. And perhaps the man
erset	himself,
Is lately dead.	When hearing of that piteous death, has
Dora. Dead! — is there more than $\sum_{i=1}^{n}$	suffer'd
one? Harold. Nay—now—not one, (aside)	More than we know. But wherefore waste your heart
for I am Philip Harold.	In looking on a chill and changeless Past?
Dora. That one, is he then — dead !	Iron will fuse, and marble melt; the Past
Harold. (Aside.) My father's death,	Remains the Past. But you are young,
Let her believe it mine; this, for the moment,	and — pardon me — As lovely as your sister. Who can tell
Will leave me a free field.	What golden hours, with what full hands,
Dora. Dead! and this world	may be
Is brighter for his absence as that other	Waiting you in the distance? Might I
Is darker for his presence. Harold. Is not this	call Upon your father—I have seen the
To speak too pitilessly of the dead?	world —
Dora. My five-years' anger cannot	And cheer his blindness with a traveller's
die at once,	tales?
Not all at once with death and him. I trust	Dora. Call if you will, and when you will. I cannot
I shall forgive him — by-and-by — not	Well answer for my father; but if you
now.	Can tell me anything of our sweet Eva
O sir, you seem to have a heart; if you Had seen us that wild morning when we	When in her brighter girlhood, I at least Will bid you welcome, and will listen to
Had seen us that wild morning when we found	you.
Her bed unslept in, storm and shower	Now I must go.
lashing	Harold. But give me first your hand :
Her casement, her poor spaniel wailing for her,	I do not dare, like an old friend, to shake it.
That desolate letter, blotted with her	I kiss it as a prelude to that privilege
tears,	When you shall know me better.
Which told us we should never see her	Dora. (Aside.) How beautiful
more— Our old nurse crying as if for her own	His manners are, and how unlike the farmer's!
child,	You are staying here?
My father stricken with his first paralysis,	Harold. Yes, at the wayside inn
And then with blindness — had you been	Close by that alder-island in your brook,
one of us And seen all this, then you would know	'The Angler's Home.' Dora. Are you one?
it is not	Harold. No, but I
3 D	
-	

Has many charms, altho' the inhabitants Seem semi-barbarous.

Dora. I am glad it pleases you; Yet I, born here, not only love the

country. But its inhabitants too; and you, I doubt not.

Would take to them as kindly, if you cared

To live some time among them.

If I did. Harold.

Then one at least of its inhabitants Might have more charm for me than all the country.

Dora. That one, then, should be grateful for your preference.

Harold. I cannot tell, tho' standing in her presence.

(Aside.) She colours!

Sir!

Dora. Harold. Be not afraid of me. For these are no conventional flourishes. I do most earnestly assure you that

Your likeness -

Shouts and cries without. Dora. What was that? my poor blind father -

Enter FARMING MAN.

Farming Man. Miss Dora, Dan Smith's cart hes runned ower a laädy i' the holler laäne, and they ha' ta'en the body up inter your chaumber, and they be all a-callin' for ye.

Dora. The body ! - Heavens ! I come ! Harold. But you are trembling.

Allow me to go with you to the farm.

Exeunt.

Enter DOBSON.

Dobson. What feller wur it as 'a' been a-talkin' fur haäfe an hour wi' my Dora? (Looking after him.) Seeäms I ommost knaws the back on 'im - drest like a gentleman, too. Damn all gentlemen, says I! I should ha' thowt they'd hed anew o' gentlefoäk, as I telled 'er to-daäy when she fell foul upo' me.

Minds ma o' summun. I could sweär to that; but that be all one, fur I haätes 'im afoor 1 knaws what 'e be. Theer! he turns round. Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! - Noä - yeäs - thaw the feller's gone and maäde such a litter of his faäce. Eh lad, if it be thou, I'll Philip tha! a-plaävin' the saäme gaäme wi' my Dora - I'll Soomerset tha.

I'd like to drag 'im thruf the hersepond, and she to be a-lookin' at it. I'd like to leather 'im black and blue, and she to be a-laughin' at it. I'd like to fell 'im as dead as a bullock! (Clenching his fist.)

But what 'ud she saäy to that? She telled me once not to meddle wi' 'im, and now she be fallen out wi' ma, and I can't coom at 'er.

It mun be him. Noä! Fur she'd niver 'a' been talkin' haäfe an hour wi' the divil 'at killed her oan sister, or she beänt Dora Steer.

Yeäs! Fur she niver knawed 'is faäce when 'e wur 'ere afoor; but I'll maäke 'er knaw! I'll maäke 'er knaw!

Enter HAROLD.

Naäy, but I mun git out on 'is waäy now, or I shall be the death on 'im.

[Exit.

Harold. How the clown glared at me! that Dobbins, is it,

- With whom I used to jar? but can he trace me
- Thro' five years' absence, and my change of name.
- The tan of southern summers and the beard?

I may as well avoid him.

Ladylike !

Lilvlike in her stateliness and sweetness ! How came she by it? - a daughter of the fields.

This Dora!

- She gave her hand, unask'd, at the farm gate;
- I almost think she half return'd the pressure
- Of mine. What, I that held the orange blossom
- Dark as the yew? but may not those, who march
- Before their age, turn back at times, and make

- Courtesy to custom? and now the stronger motive,
- Misnamed free-will the crowd would call it conscience —
- Moves me to what? I am dreaming; for the past
- Look'd thro' the present, Eva's eyes thro' hers —
- A spell upon me! Surely I loved Eva
- More than I knew! or is it but the past
- That brightens in retiring? Oh, last night,
- Tired, pacing my new lands at Littlechester,
- I dozed upon the bridge, and the black river
- Flow'd thro' my dreams if dreams they were. She rose
- From the foul flood and pointed toward the farm,

And her cry rang to me across the years,

'I call you, Philip Edgar, Philip Edgar!

- Come, you will set all right again, and father
- Will not die miserable.' I could make his age

A comfort to him - so be more at peace

With mine own self. Some of my former friends

- Would find my logic faulty; let them. Colour
- Flows thro' my life again, and I have lighted

On a new pleasure. Anyhow we must

Move in the line of least resistance when The stronger motive rules.

But she hates Edgar.

- May not this Dobbins, or some other, spy Edgar in Harold? Well then, I must make her
- Love Harold first, and then she will forgive
- Edgar for Harold's sake. She said herself
- She would forgive him, by-and-by, not now ---
- For her own sake *then*, if not for mine not now —

But by-and-by.

Enter DOBSON behind.

Dobson. By-and-by — eh, lad, dosta knaw this paäper? Ye dropt it upo' the road. 'Philip Edgar, Esq.' Ay, you be a pretty squire. I ha' fun' ye out, I hev. Eh, lad, dosta knaw what tha meäns wi' by-and-by? Fur if ye be goin' to sarve our Dora as ye sarved our Eva—then, by-and-by, if she weänt listen to me when I be a-tryin' to saäve 'er—if she weänt —look to thysen, for, by the Lord, I'd think na moor o' maäkin' an end o' tha nor a carrion craw—noä—thaw they hanged ma at 'Size fur it.

Harold. Dobbins, I think !

Dobson. I beänt Dobbins.

Harold. Nor am I Edgar, my good fellow.

Dobson. Tha lies! What hasta been saäyin' to my Dora?

Harold. I have been telling her of the death of one Philip Edgar of Toft Hall, Somerset.

Dobson. Tha lies!

Harold (pulling out a newspaper). Well, my man, it seems that you can read. Look there — under the deaths.

Dobson. 'O' the 17th, Philip Edgar, o' Toft Hall, Soomerset.' How coom thou to be sa like 'im, then?

Harold. Naturally enough; for I am closely related to the dead man's family.

Dobson. An' 'ow coom thou by the letter to 'im?

Harold. Naturally again; for as I used to transact all his business for him, I had to look over his letters. Now then, see these (*takes out letters*). Half a score of them, all directed to me—Harold.

Dobson. 'Arold! 'Arold! 'Arold, so they be.

Harold. My name is Harold! Good day, Dobbins! [*Exit*.

Dobson. 'Arold! The feller's cleän daäzed, an' maäzed, an' maäted, an' muddled ma. Deäd! It mun be true, fur it wur i' print as black as owt. Naäy, but 'Good daäy, Dobbins.' Why, that wur the very twang on 'im. Eh, lad, but whether thou be Hedgar, or Hedgar's business man, thou hesn't naw business 'ere wi' my Dora, as I knaws on, an' whether thou calls thysen Hedgar or Harold, if thou stick to she I'll stick to thee — stick to tha like a weasel to a rabbit, I will. Ay! and I'd like to shoot tha like a rabbit an' all. 'Good daäy, Dobbins.' Dang tha!

ACT III.

SCENE. — A Room in Steer's House. Door leading into Bedroom at the back.

Dora (ringing a handbell). Milly!

Enter MILLY.

Milly. The little 'ymn? Yeäs, Miss; but I wur so ta'en up wi' leädin' the owd man about all the blessed murnin' 'at I ha' nobbut larned mysen haäfe on it.

"O man, forgive thy mortal foe, Nor ever strike him blow for blow; For all the souls on earth that live To be forgiven must forgive. Forgive him seventy times and seven; For all the blessed souls in Heaven Are both forgivers and forgiven."

But I'll git the book ageän, and larn mysen the rest, and saäy it to ye afoor dark; ye ringed fur that, Miss, didn't ye?

Dora. No, Milly; but if the farming men be come for their wages, to send them up to me.

Milly. Yeäs, Miss. [Exit. Dora (sitting at desk counting money). Enough at any rate for the present. (Enter Farming Men.) Good afternoon, my friends. I am sorry Mr. Steer still continues too unwell to attend to you, but the schoolmaster looked to the paying you your wages when I was away, didn't he?

Men. Yeäs; and thanks to ye.

Dora. Some of our workmen have left us, but he sent me an alphabetical list of those that remain, so, Allen, I may as well begin with you.

Allen (with his hand to his ear). Halfabitical! Taäke one o' the young 'uns fust, Miss, fur I be a bit deaf, and I wur hallus scaäred by a big word; leästwaäys, I should be wi' a lawyer.

Dora. I spoke of your names, Allen, as they are arranged here (*shows book*) — according to their first letters.

Allen. Letters! Yeäs, I sees now. Them be what they larns the childer' at school, but I were burn afoor schoolintime.

Dora. But, Allen, tho' you can't read, you could whitewash that cottage of yours where your grandson had the fever.

Allen. I'll hev it done o' Monday.

Dora. Else if the fever spread, the parish will have to thank you for it.

Allen. Meä? why, it be the Lord's doin', noän o' mine; d'ye think *I'd* gi'e 'em the fever? But I thanks ye all the saäme, Miss. (*Takes money.*)

Dora (calling out names). Higgins, Jackson, Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth! (All take money.) Did you find that you worked at all the worse upon the cold tea than you would have done upon the beer?

Higgins. Noä, Miss; we worked naw wuss upo' the cowd tea; but we'd ha' work'd better upo' the beer.

Dora. Come, come, you worked well enough, and I am much obliged to all of you. There's for you, and you, and you. Count the money and see if it's all right.

Men. All right, Miss; and thank ye kindly.

[*Exeunt* Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth.

Dora. Dan Smith, my father and I forgave you stealing our coals.

[Dan Smith advances to Dora. Dan Smith (bellowing). Whoy, O lor, Miss! that wur sa long back, and the walls sa thin, and the winders brokken, and the weather sa cowd, and my missus a-gittin' ower 'er lyin'-in.

Dora. Didn't I say that we had forgiven you? But, Dan Smith, they tell me that you — and you have six children — spent all your last Saturday's wages at the ale-house; that you were stupid drunk all Sunday, and so ill in consequence all Monday that you did not come into the hayfield. Why should I pay you your full wages?

Dan Smith. I be ready to take the pledge.

Dora. And as ready to break it again. Besides it was you that were driving the

cart—and I fear you were tipsy then, too—when you lamed the lady in the hollow lane.

Dan Smith (bellowing). O lor, Miss! noä, noä, noä! Ye sees the holler laäne be hallus sa dark i' the arternoon, and wheere the big eshtree cuts athurt it, it gi'es a turn like, and 'ow should I see to laäme the laädy, and meä coomin' along pretty sharp an' all?

Dora. Well, there are your wages; the next time you waste them at a pothouse you get no more from me. (*Exit* Dan Smith.) Sally Allen, you worked for Mr. Dobson, didn't you?

Sally (advancing). Yeäs, Miss; but he wur so rough wi' ma, I couldn't abide 'im.

Dora. Why should he be rough with you? You are as good as a man in the hayfield. What's become of your brother?

Sally. 'Listed for a soädger, Miss, i' the Queen's Real Hard Tillery.

Dora. And your sweetheart — when are you and he to be married?

Sally. At Michaelmas, Miss, please God.

Dora. You are an honest pair. I will come to your wedding.

Sally. An' I thanks ye fur that, Miss, moor nor fur the waäge.

(*Going — returns.*) 'A cotched ma about the waäist, Miss, when 'e wur 'ere afoor, an' axed ma to be 'is little sweet-'art, an 'soä I knaw'd 'im when I seed 'im ageän an' I telled feyther on 'im.

Dora. What is all this, Allen?

Allen. Why, Miss Dora, meä and my maätes, us three, we wants to hev three words wi' ye.

Higgins. That be 'im, and meä, Miss. Jackson. An' meä, Miss.

Allen. An' we weänt mention naw naämes, we'd as lief talk o' the Divil afoor ye as 'im, fur they says the master goäs cleän off his 'eäd when he 'eärs the naäme on 'im; but us three, arter Sally'd telled us on 'im, we fun' 'im out a-walkin' i' West Field wi' a white 'at, nine o'clock, upo' Tuesday murnin', and all on us, wi' your leave, we wants to leather 'im.

Dora. Who?

Allen. Him as did the mischief here, five year sin'.

Dora. Mr. Edgar?

Allen. Theer, Miss! You ha' naämed

Dora. He's dead, man — dead; gone to his account — dead and buried.

Allen. I beänt sa sewer o' that, fur Sally knaw'd 'im. Now then?

Dora. Yes; it was in the Somersetshire papers.

Allen. Then yon mun be his brother, an' we'll leather '*im*.

Dora. I never heard that he had a brother Some foolish mistake of Sally's; but what! would you beat a man for his brother's fault? That were a wild justice indeed. Let bygones be bygones. Go home! Good-night! (All exeunt.) I have once more paid them all. The work of the farm will go on still, but for how long? We are almost at the bottom of the well: little more to be drawn from it --- and what then? Encumbered as we are, who would lend us any-We shall have to sell all the thing? land, which Father, for a whole life, has been getting together, again, and that, I am sure, would be the death of him. What am I to do? Farmer Dobson, were I to marry him, has promised to keep our heads above water; and the man has doubtless a good heart, and a true and lasting love for me : yet - though I can be sorry for him — as the good Sally savs, 'I can't abide him '— almost brutal, and matched with my Harold is like a hedge thistle by a garden rose. But then, he, too — will he ever be of one faith with his wife? which is my dream of a true marriage. Can I fancy him kneeling with me, and uttering the same prayer; standing up side by side with me, and singing the same hymn? I fear not. Have I done wisely, then, in accepting him? But may not a girl's love-dream have too much romance in it to be realised all at once, or altogether, or anywhere but in Heaven? And yet I had once a vision of a pure and perfect marriage, where the man and the woman, only differing as the stronger and the weaker, should walk hand in hand together down this valley of tears, as they call it so truly, to the grave at the bottom, and lie down there together in the darkness which would seem but for a moment, to be wakened again together by the light of the resurrection, and no more partings for ever and for ever. (*Walks up* and down, She sings.)

- 'O happy lark, that warblest high Above thy lowly nest,
 - O brook, that brawlest merrily by Thro' fields that once were blest,
 - O tower spiring to the sky, O graves in daisies drest,
 - O Love and Life, how weary am I, And how I long for rest.'

There, there, I am a fool! Tears! Т have sometimes been moved to tears by a chapter of fine writing in a novel; but what have I to do with tears now? All depends on me - Father, this poor girl, the farm, everything; and they both love me - I am all in all to both; and he loves me too, I am quite sure of that. Courage, courage! and all will go well. (Goes to bedroom door; opens it.) How dark your room is! Let me bring you in here where there is still full daylight. (Brings Eva forward.) Why, you look better.

Eva. And I feel so much better, that I trust I may be able by-and-by to help you in the business of the farm; but I must not be known yet. Has anyone found me out, Dora?

Dora. Oh, no; you kept your veil too close for that when they carried you in; since then, no one has seen you but myself.

Eva. Yes — this Milly.

Dora. Poor blind Father's little guide, Milly, who came to us three years after you were gone, how should she know you? But now that you have been brought to us as it were from the grave, dearest Eva, and have been here so long, will you not speak with Father to-day?

Eva. Do you think that I may? No, not yet. I am not equal to it yet.

Dora. Why? Do you still suffer from your fall in the hollow lane?

Eva. Bruised; but no bones broken. *Dora.* I have always told Father that the huge old ashtree there would cause an accident some day; but he would never cut it down, because one of the Steers had planted it there in former times.

Eva. If it had killed one of the Steers there the other day, it might have been better for her, for him, and for you.

Dora. Come, come, keep a good heart! Better for me! That's good. How better for me?

Eva. You tell me you have a lover. Will he not fly from you if he learn the story of my shame and that I am still living?

Dora. No; I am sure that when we are married he will be willing that you and Father should live with us; for, indeed, he tells me that he met you once in the old times, and was much taken with you, my dear.

you, my dear. Eva. Taken with me; who was he? Have you told him I am here?

Dora. No; do you wish it?

Eva. See, Dora; you yourself are ashamed of me (*weeps*), and I do not wonder at it.

Dora. But I should wonder at myself if it were so. Have we not been all in all to one another from the time when we first peeped into the bird's nest, waded in the brook, ran after the butterflies, and prattled to each other that we would marry fine gentlemen, and played at being fine ladies?

Eva. That last was my Father's fault, poor man. And this lover of yours—this Mr. Harold—is a gentleman?

Dora. That he is, from head to foot. I do believe I lost my heart to him the very first time we met, and I love him so much ——

Eva. Poor Dora!

Dora. That I dare not tell him how much I love him.

Eva. Better not. Has he offered you marriage, this gentleman?

Dora. Could I love him else?

Eva. And are you quite sure that after marriage this gentleman will not be shamed of his poor farmer's daughter among the ladies in his drawing-room?

Dora. Shamed of me in a drawingroom! Wasn't Miss Vavasour, our schoolmistress at Littlechester, a lady born? Were not our fellow-pupils all ladies? Wasn't dear mother herself at least by one side a lady? Can't I speak like a lady; pen a letter like a lady; talk a little French like a lady; play a little like a lady? Can't a girl when she loves her husband, and he her, make herself anything he wishes her to be? Shamed of me in a drawing-room, indeed! See here! 'I hope your Lordship is quite recovered of your gout?' (Curtseys.) 'Will your Ladyship ride to cover to-day? (Curtseys.) I can recommend our Voltigeur.' 'I am sorry that we could not attend your Grace's party on the 10th !' (Curtseys.) There, I am glad my nonsense has made vou smile!

Eva. I have heard that 'your Lordship,' and 'your Ladyship,' and 'your Grace' are all growing old-fashioned!

Dora. But the love of sister for sister can never be old-fashioned. I have been unwilling to trouble you with questions, but you seem somewhat better to-day. We found a letter in your bedroom torn into bits. I couldn't make it out. What was it?

Eva. From him! from him! He said we had been most happy together, and he trusted that sometime we should meet again, for he had not forgotten his promise to come when I called him. But that was a mockery, you know, for he gave me no address, and there was no word of marriage; and, O Dora, he signed himself 'Yours gratefully'—fancy, Dora, 'gratefully'! 'Yours gratefully'!

Dora. Infamous wretch! (Aside.) Shall I tell her he is dead? No; she is still too feeble.

Eva. Hark! Dora, some one is coming. I cannot and I will not see anybody.

Dora. It is only Milly.

Enter MILLY with basket of roses.

Dora. Well, Milly, why do you come in so roughly? The sick lady here might have been asleep.

Milly. Please, Miss, Mr. Dobson

telled me to saäy he's browt some of Miss Eva's roses for the sick laädy to smell on.

Dora. Take them, dear. Say that the sick lady thanks him! Is he here? Milly. Yeas, Miss: and he wants to

speak to ye partic'lar.

Dora. Tell him I cannot leave the sick lady just yet.

Milly. Yeas, Miss; but he says he wants to tell ye summut very partic'lar.

Dora. Not to-day. What are you staying for?

Milly. Why, Miss, I be afeard I shall set him a-sweäring like onythink.

Dora. And what harm will that do you, so that you do not copy his bad manners? Go, child. (*Exit* Milly.) But, Eva, why did you write, 'Seek me at the bottom of the river'?

Eva. Why? because I meant it! that dreadful night! that lonely walk to Littlechester, the rain beating in my face all the way, dead midnight when I came upon the bridge; the river, black, slimy, swirling under me in the lamplight, by the rotten wharfs — but I was so mad, that I mounted upon the parapet —

Dora. You make me shudder!

Eva. To fling myself over, when I heard a voice, 'Girl, what are you doing there?' It was a Sister of Mercy, come from the death-bed of a pauper, who had died in his misery blessing God, and the Sister took me to her house, and bit by bit — for she promised secrecy — I told her all.

Dora. And what then?

Eva. She would have persuaded me to come back here, but I couldn't. Then she got me a place as nursery governess, and when the children grew too old for me, and I asked her once more to help me, once more she said, 'Go home;' but I hadn't the heart or face to do it. And then — what would Father say? I sank so low that I went into service — the drudge of a lodging-house — and when the mistress died, and I appealed to the Sister again, her answer — I think I have it about me — yes, there it is !

Dora (reads). 'My dear Child, -I can do no more for you, I have done

Eva. I would almost die to have it !

Dora. And he may die before he gives it; may drop off any day, any hour. You must see him at once. (Rings bell. Enter Milly.) Milly, my dear, how did vou leave Mr. Steer?

Milly. He's been a-moänin' and agroänin' in 'is sleep, but I thinks he be wakkenin' oop.

Dora. Tell him that I and the lady here wish to see him. You see she is lamed, and cannot go down to him. Milly. Yeas, Miss, I will.

Dora. I ought to prepare you. You must not expect to find our Father as he was five years ago. He is much altered; but I trust that your return - for you know, my dear, you were always his favourite --- will give him, as they say, a new lease of life.

Eva (clinging to Dora). Oh, Dora, Dora!

Enter STEER led by MILLY.

Steer. Has the cow cawved?

No. Father. Dora.

Be the colt deäd? Steer.

Dora. No, father.

Steer. He wur sa bellows'd out wi' the wind this murnin', 'at I telled 'em to gallop 'im. Be he deäd?

Dora. Not that I know.

What hasta sent fur me, then, Steer. fur?

Dora (taking Steer's arm). Well. Father, I have a surprise for you.

Steer. I ha' niver been surprised but once i' my life, and I went blind upon it.

Eva has come home. Dora.

Hoäm? fro' the bottom o' the Steer. river?

Dora. No, Father, that was a mistake. She's here again.

Steer. The Steers were all gentlefoälks i' the owd times, an' I worked early an' laäte to maäke 'em all gentlefoälks ageän. The land belonged to the Steers i' the owd times, an' it belongs to the Steers ageän: I bowt it back ageän: but I couldn't buy my darter back agean when she lost hersen, could I? I eddicated boäth on 'em to marry gentlemen, an' one on 'em went an' lost hersen i' the river.

Dora. No. Father, she's here.

Steer. Here! she moänt coom here. What would her mother saav? If it be her ghoäst, we mun abide it. We can't keep a ghoäst out.

Eva (falling at his feet). Oh, forgive me! forgive me!

Steer. Who said that? Taäke me awaäv, little gell. It be one o' my bad daäys. [*Exit* Steer *led by* Milly.

Dora (smoothing Eva's forehead). Be not so cast down, my sweet Eva. You heard him say it was one of his bad days. He will be sure to know you to-morrow.

Eva. It is almost the last of my bad days, I think. I am very faint. I must lie down. Give me your arm. Lead me back again.

[Dora takes Eva into inner room.

Enter MILLY.

Milly. Miss Dora! Miss Dora!

Dora (returning and leaving the bedroom door ajar). Quiet! quiet! What is it?

Mr. 'Arold, Miss. Milly.

Dora. Below?

Milly. Yeäs, Miss. He be saäyin' a word to the owd man, but he'll coom up if ye lets 'im.

Dora. Tell him, then, that I'm waiting for him.

Milly. Yeäs, Miss.

Exit. Dora sits pensively and waits.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. You are pale, my Dora! but the ruddiest cheek

That ever charm'd the plowman of your wolds

Might wish its rose a lily, could it look But half as lovely. I was speaking with

Your father, asking his consent - you wish'd me -

[*Exit* Milly.

That we should marry: he would answer nothing,	Of any or all of them. Dora. — But, O dear friend,
I could make nothing of him; but, my	If thro' the want of any — I mean the true
flower,	one —
You look so weary and so worn! What	And pardon me for saying it — you should
is it	ever
Has put you out of heart?	Be tempted into doing what might seem
<i>Dora.</i> It puts me in heart	Not altogether worthy of you, I think
Again to see you; but indeed the state	That I should break my heart, for you
Of my poor father puts me out of heart.	have taught me
Is yours yet living?	To love you.
<i>Harold</i> . No — I told you.	<i>Harold</i> . What is this? some one been
<i>Dora</i> . When?	stirring
Harold. Confusion ! — Ah well, well !	Against me? he, your rustic amourist,
the state we all	The polish'd Damon of your pastoral here,
Must come to in our spring-and-winter	This Dobson of your idyll?
world	Dora. No, Sir, no!
If we live long enough ! and poor Steer	Did you not tell me he was crazed with
looks	jealousy,
The very type of Age in a picture, bow'd	Had threaten'd ev'n your life, and would
To the earth he came from, to the grave	say anything?
he goes to,	Did I not promise not to listen to him,
Beneath the burthen of years.	Nor ev'n to see the man?
<i>Dora</i> . More like the picture	<i>Harold.</i> Good; then what is it
Of Christian in my 'Pilgrim's Progress'	That makes you talk so dolefully?
here,	Dora. I told you —
Bow'd to the dust beneath the burthen	My father. Well, indeed, a friend just
of sin. Harold. Sin! What sin? Dora. Not his own. Harold. That nursery-tale	now, One that has been much wrong'd, whose griefs are mine,
Harold. That nursery-tale	Was warning me that if a gentleman
Still read, then?	Should wed a farmer's daughter, he
Dora. Yes; our carters and	would be
our shepherds	Sooner or later shamed of her among
Still find a comfort there.	The ladies, born his equals.
Harold. Carters and shepherds! Dora. Scorn! I hate scorn. A soul with no religion —	What I that have been call'd a Socialist A Communist, a Nihilist — what you
My mother used to say that such a one	will !
Was without rudder, anchor, compass —	Dora. What are all these?
might be	Harold. Utopian idiotcies
Blown everyway with every gust and	They did not last three Junes. Such
wreck	rampant weeds
On any rock; and tho' you are good and	Strangle each other, die, and make the
gentle,	soil
Yet if thro' any want —	For Cæsars, Cromwells, and Napoleons
<i>Harold</i> . Of this religion?	To root their power in. I have freed
Child, read a little history, you will find	myself
The common brotherhood of man has	From all such dreams, and some will say
been	because
Wrong'd by the cruelties of his religions More than could ever have happen'd thro'	I have inherited my Uncle. Let them. But shamed of you, my Empress! I should prize

The pearl of Beauty, even if I found it Dark with the soot of slums. But I can tell you. Dora. We Steers are of old blood, tho' we be fallen See there our shield. (*Pointing to arms*) on mantelpiece.) For I have heard the Steers Had land in Saxon times; and your own name Of Harold sounds so English and so old Dora. I am sure you must be proud of it. Harold. Not I! Harold. As yet I scarcely feel it mine. I took it She! For some three thousand acres. I have land now And wealth, and lay both at your feet. Dora. And what was Your name before? Harold. Come, come, my girl, enough Of this strange talk. I love you and you True, I have held opinions, hold some still. Which you would scarce approve of: for all that, I am a man not prone to jealousies, Caprices, humours, moods; but very ready To make allowances, and mighty slow To feel offences. Nay, I do believe I could forgive — well, almost anything — And that more freely than your formal priest, Because I know more fully than *he* can What poor earthworms are all and each of us, Here crawling in this boundless Nature. Dora, If marriage ever brought a woman happiness I doubt not I can make you happy. Dora. You make me Happy already. Harold. And I never said As much before to any woman living. Dora. No? Harold. No! by this true kiss, you are the first I ever have loved truly. They kiss each other. Eva (with a wild cry). Philip Edgar! Harold. The phantom cry! Youdid you hear a cry?

Dora. She must be crying out 'Edgar' in her sleep. Harold. Who must be crying out

'Edgar' in her sleep?

Dora. Your pardon for a minute. She must be waked.

Harold. Who must be waked?

Dora. I am not deaf: you fright me. What ails you?

Harold. Speak.

You know her, Eva.

Eva !

[Eva opens the door and stands in the entry.

Eva. Make her happy, then, and I forgive you. Falls dead. Dora. Happy! What? Edgar? Is

it so? Can it be?

They told me so. Yes, yes! I see it all now.

Oh, she has fainted. Sister, Eva, sister !

He is yours again - he will love you again:

I give him back to you again. Look up! One word, or do but smile! Sweet, do

you hear me?

[Puts her hand on Eva's heart. There, there - the heart, O God ! - the poor young heart

Broken at last -all still - and nothing left To live for.

Falls on body of her sister. Living . . . dead . . . Harold.

She said 'all still.

Nothing to live for.'

She — she knows me — now . . . (A pause.)

She knew me from the first, she juggled with me.

She hid this sister, told me she was dead -I have wasted pity on her - not dead now -

No! acting, playing on me, both of them. They drag the river for her! no, not they !

Playing on me - not dead now - a swoon — a scene —

Yet — how she made her wail as for the dead !

Enter MILLY.

Milly. Pleäse, Mister 'Arold. Well? Harold (roughly).

<i>Milly</i> . The owd man's coom'd ageän to 'issen, an' wants	(<i>To</i> Harold.) You — you see her there
To hev a word wi' ye about the marriage. <i>Harold.</i> The what?	Only fifteen when first you came on her
Milly. The marriage.	And then the sweetest flower of all the wolds,
Harold. The marriage? Milly. Yeas, the marriage.	So lovely in the promise of her May,
Milly. Yeäs, the marriage.	So winsome in her grace and gaiety,
Granny says marriages be maade 1' 'eaven.	So loved by all the village people here,
Harold. She lies! They are made	So happy in herself and in her home —
in Hell. Child, can't you see? Fell them to fly for a doctor.	Dobson (agitated). Theer, theer! h done. I can't abeär to see her.
Milly. Oh, law—yeäs, Sir!	<i>Ex</i>
I'll run fur 'im mysen.[Exit.Harold.All silent there,	Dora. A child, and all as trustful a child!
Yes, deathlike! Dead? I dare not look: if dead,	Five years of shame and suffering bro the heart
Were it best to steal away, to spare my- self,	That only beat for you; and he, the father,
And her too, pain, pain, pain? My curse on all	Thro' that dishonour which you broug upon us,
This world of mud, on all its idiot gleams Of pleasure, all the foul fatalities	Has lost his health, his eyesight, ev his mind.
That blast our natural passions into pains!	Harold (covering his face). Enoug Dora. It seem'd so; only there was l
Enter Dobson.	A second daughter, and to her you can
	Veiling one sin to act another. Harold, No!
Dobson. You, Master Hedgar, Harold, or whativer	<i>Harold.</i> No! You wrong me there! hear, hear m
They calls ye, for I warrants that ye goäs By haäfe a scoor o' naämes — out o' the	I wish'd, if you — [Paus Dora. If I —
chaumber.	Harold. Could love me, could
[Dragging him past the body.	brought to love me
Harold. Not that way, man! Curse	As I loved you
on your brutal strength ! [cannot pass that way.	Dora. What then? Harold. I wish'd, I hop
Dobson. Out o' the chaumber!	To make, to make
I'll mash tha into nowt.	Dora. What did you hope to make
Harold. The mere wild-beast !	Harold. 'Twere best to make an e
Dobson. Out o' the chaumber, dang	of my lost life.
tha! <i>Harold.</i> Lout, churl, clown!	O Dora, Dora! Dora. IVhat did you hope to make
[While they are shouting and strug-	Harold. Make, make! I cannot fi
gling Dora rises and comes be-	the word — forgive it —
tween them.	Amends.
Dora (to Dobson). Peace, let him be : it is the chamber of Death !	Dora. For what? to whom? Harold. To him, to yo
Sir, you are tenfold more a gentleman, A hundred times more worth a woman's	[Falling at her fe Dora. To him ! to me ! No. not with all your weal
love, Than this, this — but I waste no words woon him:	No, not with all your weah Your land, your life! Out in the fierce storm
upon him: His wickedness is like my wretchedness —	That ever made earth tremble - }
	nor I —

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	1
The shelter of your roof - not for one	Nothing from you!
moment —	But she there — her last word
Nothing from you !	Forgave — and I forgive you. If you
Sunk in the deepest pit of pauperism,	ever
Push'd from all doors as if we bore the plague,	Forgive yourself, you are even lower and baser
Smitten with fever in the open field,	Than even I can well believe you. Go!
Laid famine-stricken at the gates of Death—	[He lies at her feet. Curtain falls.

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DEMETER

AND OTHER POEMS.

TO THE MARQUIS OF DUF-FERIN AND AVA.

Ι.

AT times our Britain cannot rest, At times her steps are swift and rash; She moving, at her girdle clash The golden keys of East and West.

п.

Not swift or rash, when late she lent The sceptres of her West, her East, To one, that ruling has increased Her greatness and her self-content.

ш.

Your rule has made the people love Their ruler. Your viceregal days Have added fulness to the phrase Of 'Gauntlet in the velvet glove.'

IV.

But since your name will grow with Time, Not all, as honouring your fair name Of Statesman, have I made the name A golden portal to my rhyme:

v.

But more, that you and yours may know From me and mine, how dear a debt We owed you, and are owing yet To you and yours, and still would owe.

vi.

For he — your India was his Fate, And drew him over sea to you — He fain had ranged her thro' and thro', To serve her myriads and the State, —

VII.

A soul that, watch'd from earliest youth, And on thro' many a brightening year, Had never swerved for craft or fear, By one side-path, from simple truth;

VIII.

- Who might have chased and claspt Renown
 - And caught her chaplet here and there

In haunts of jungle-poison'd air The flame of life went wavering down:

IX.

But ere he left your fatal shore, And lay on that funereal boat, Dying, 'Unspeakable,' he wrote,

'Their kindness,' and he wrote no more;

х.

And sacred is the latest word;

And now the Was, the Might-havebeen,

And those lone rites I have not seen, And one drear sound I have not heard,

XI.

Are dreams that scarce will let me be, Not there to bid my boy farewell, When That within the coffin fell, Fell — and flash'd into the Red Sea,

XII.

Beneath a hard Arabian moon And alien stars. To question, why The sons before the fathers die, Not mine! and I may meet him soon;

XIII.

But while my life's late eve endures,. Nor settles into hueless gray,

My memories of his briefer day

Will mix with love for you and yours.

ON THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

I.

FIFTY times the rose has flower'd and faded.

Fifty times the golden harvest fallen, Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

п.

She beloved for a kindliness Rare in Fable or History, Queen, and Empress of India, Crown'd so long with a diadem Never worn by a worthier, Now with prosperous auguries Comes at last to the bounteous Crowning year of her Jubilee.

ш.

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot, Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious, All is gracious, gentle, great and Queenly.

IV.

You then joyfully, all of you, Set the mountain aflame to-night, Shoot your stars to the firmament, Deck your houses, illuminate All your towns for a festival, And in each let a multitude Loyal, each, to the heart of it, One full voice of allegiance, Hail the fair Ceremonial Of this year of her Jubilee.

v.

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood,

Glorying in the glories of her people, Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest !

VI.

You, that wanton in affluence, Spare not now to be bountiful, Call your poor to regale with you, All the lowly, the destitute, Make their neighbourhood healthfuller,

Give your gold to the Hospital,

Let the weary be comforted, Let the needy be banqueted, Let the maim'd in his heart rejoice At this glad Ceremonial, And this year of her Jubilee.

VII.

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow, Gray with distance Edward's fifty summers,

Ev'n her Grandsire's fifty half forgotten.

VIII.

You, the Patriot Architect, You that shape for Eternity, Raise a stately memorial, Make it regally gorgeous, Some Imperial Institute, Rich in symbol, in ornament, Which may speak to the centuries, All the centuries after us, Of this great Ceremonial, And this year of her Jubilee.

IX.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!

Fifty years of ever-brightening Science! Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!

x.

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate, You, the Lord-territorial, You, the Lord-manufacturer, You, the hardy, laborious, Patient children of Albion, You, Canadian, Indian, Australasian, African, All your hearts be in harmony, All your voices in unison, Singing ' Hail to the glorious Golden year of her Jubilee!'

XI.

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?

- Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
- Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,
- Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,

And the Light is Victor, and the dark-	And welcome; and a gleam as of the
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.	moon, When first she peers along the tremulous deep,
TO PROFESSOR JEBB,	Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.	That shadow of a likeness to the king
FAIR things are slow to fade away, Bear witness you, that yesterday ¹	Of shadows, thy dark mate. Persephone ! Queen of the dead no more — my child ! Thine eves
From out the Ghost of Pindar in you Roll'd an Olympian; and they say ²	Again were human-godlike, and the Sun Burst from a swimming fleece of winter
	gray, And robed thee in his day from head
That here the torpid mummy wheat Of Egypt bore a grain as sweet As that which gilds the glebe of	to feet— 'Mother!' and I was folded in thine arms.
England, Sunn'd with a summer of milder heat.	Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd
So may this legend for awhile, If greeted by your classic smile, Tho' dead in its Trinacrian Enna,	eyes Awed even me at first, thy mother — eyes That oft had seen the serpent-wanded power
Blossom again on a colder isle.	Draw downward into Hades with his drift
DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE.	Of flickering spectres, lighted from below By the red race of fiery Phlegethon;
(IN ENNA.)	But when before have Gods or men be- held
FAINT as a climate-changing bird that flies	The Life that had descended re-arise, And lighted from above him by the Sun?
All night across the darkness, and at dawn	So mighty was the mother's childless cry,
Falls on the threshold of her native land, And can no more, thou camest, O my child,	A cry that rang thro' Hades, Earth, and Heaven!
Led upward by the God of ghosts and dreams,	So in this pleasant vale we stand again, The field of Enna, now once more ablaze
Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb	With flowers that brighten as thy foot- step falls,
With passing thro' at once from state to state, Until I brought thee hither, that the	All flowers — but for one black blur of earth Left by that closing chasm, thro' which
day,	the car
When here thy hands let fall the gather'd flower,	Of dark Aïdoneus rising rapt thee hence. And here, my child, tho' folded in thine
Might break thro' clouded memories once again	arms, I feel the deathless heart of motherhood
	Within me shudder, lest the naked glebe
On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of	Should yawn once more into the gulf, and thence

Ascending, pierce the glad and songful	And fled by many a waste, forlorn of
air, And all at once their arch'd necks, mid-	And griev'd for man thro' all my grief
night-maned, Jet upward thro' the mid-day blossom. No! For, see, thy foot has touch'd it; all the	for thee, — The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth, The serpent coil'd about his broken shaft, The scorpion crawling over naked
space Of blank earth-baldness clothes itself	skulls; — I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane
afresh, And breaks into the crocus-purple hour	Spring from his fallen God, but trace of thee
That saw thee vanish. Child, when thou wert gone,	I saw not; and far on, and, following out A league of labyrinthine darkness, came On three gray heads beneath a gleaming
I envied human wives, and nested birds, Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search	"'ift. 'Where?' and I heard one voice from
of thee	all the three,
Thro' many a palace, many a cot, and gave	'We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
Thy breast to ailing infants in the night, And set the mother waking in amaze	And not of Gods, and know not why we spin !
To find her sick one whole; and forth again	There is a Fate beyond us.' Nothing knew.
Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried,	Last, as the likeness of a dying man,
'Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?'	Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn
And out from all the night an answer shrill'd,	A far-off friendship that he comes no more,
'We know not, and we know not why we wail.'	So he, the God of dreams, who heard my cry,
I climb'd on all the cliffs of all the seas,	Drew from thyself the likeness of thyself Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow
And ask'd the waves that moan about the world,	past Before me, crying, 'The Bright one in
'Where? do ye make your moaning for my child?'	the highest Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest,
And round from all the world the voices came,	And Bright and Dark have sworn that I, the child
'We know not, and we know not why we moan.'	Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee, the Power
'Where?' and I stared from every eagle- peak,	That lifts her buried life from gloom to bloom,
I thridded the black heart of all the woods,	Should be for ever and for evermore The Bride of Darkness.'
I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms	So the Shadow wail'd.
Of Autumn swept across the city, and heard	Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the Gods of Heaven.
The murmur of their temples chanting me,	I would not mingle with their feasts; to me
Me, me, the desolate Mother! 'Where?' — and turn'd,	Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on the lips,

- Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite.
- The man, that only lives and loves an hour,
- Seem'd nobler than their hard Eternities. My quick tears kill'd the flower, my ravings hush'd
- The bird, and lost in utter grief I fail'd
- To send my life thro' olive-yard and vine
- And golden grain, my gift to helpless man.
- Rain-rotten died the wheat, the barleyspears
- Were hollow-husk'd, the leaf fell, and the sun,
- Pale at my grief, drew down before his time
- Sickening, and Ætna kept her winter snow.
 - Then He, the brother of this Darkness, He
- Who still is highest, glancing from his height
- On earth a fruitless fallow, when he miss'd
- The wonted steam of sacrifice, the praise
- And prayer of men, decreed that thou should'st dwell
- For nine white moons of each whole year with me,
- Three dark ones in the shadow with thy King.

Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn

Will see me by the landmark far away,

- Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk
- Of even, by the lonely threshing-floor,
- Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange.
 - Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but illcontent
- With them, who still are highest. Those gray heads,
- What meant they by their ' Fate beyond the Fates'
- But younger kindlier Gods to bear us down,
- As we bore down the Gods before us? Gods,
- To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
- Not spread the plague, the famine; Gods indeed,

- To send the noon into the night and break
- The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven? Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun.
- And all the Shadow die into the Light,
- When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me,
- And souls of men, who grew beyond their race,
- And made themselves as Gods against the fear
- Of Death and Hell; and thou that hast from men,
- As Queen of Death, that worship which is Fear,
- Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,
- Shalt ever send thy life along with mine
- From buried grain thro' springing blade, and bless
- Their garner'd Autumn also, reap with me,
- Earth-mother, in the harvest hymns of Earth
- The worship which is Love, and see no more
- The Stone, the Wheel, the dimlyglimmering lawns
- Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires
- Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide
- Along the silent field of Asphodel.

OWD ROÄ.1

- NAÄY, noä mander² o' use to be callin' 'im Roä, Roä, Roä,
- Fur the dog's stoän-deäf, an' e's blind, 'e can naither stan' nor goä.
- But I meäns fur to maäke 'is owd aäge as 'appy as iver I can,
- Fur I owäs owd Roäver moor nor I iver owäd mottal man.
- Thou's rode of 'is back when a babby, afoor thou was gotten too owd,
- Fur 'e'd fetch an' carry like owt, 'e was allus as good as gowd.

¹ Old Rover. ² Manner.

3 E

 Eh, but 'e'd fight wi' a will when 'e fowt; 'e could howd¹'is oan, An' Roä was the dog as knaw'd when an' wheere to bury his boane. 	An' theere i' the 'ouse one night—but it's down, an' all on it now Goän into mangles an' tonups, ¹ an' raäved slick thruf by the plow—
An' 'e kep' his heäd hoop like a king, an' 'e'd niver not down wi' 'is taäil, Fur 'e'd niver done nowt to be shaämed on, when we was i' Howlaby Daäle.	Theere, when the 'ouse wur a house, one night I wur sittin' aloän, Wi' Roäver athurt my feeät, an' sleeäpin still as a stoän,
 on, when we was i' Howlaby Daäle. An' 'e sarved me sa well when 'e lived, that, Dick, when 'e cooms to be deäd, I thinks as I'd like fur to hev soom soort of a sarvice reäd. Fur 'e's moor good sense na the Parliament man 'at stans fur us 'ere, An' I'd voät fur 'im, my oän sen, if 'e could but stan' fur the Shere. ' Faäithful an' True' — them words be i' Scriptur — an' Faäithful an' True 'Ull be fun' ² upo' four short legs ten times fur one upo' two. An' maäybe they'll walk upo' two but I knaws they runs upo' four,³ — Bedtime, Dicky ! but waäit till tha 'eärs it be strikin' the hour. Fur I wants to tell tha o' Roä when we lived i' Howlaby Daäle, Ten year sin' — Naäy — naäy ! tha mun nobbut hev' one glass of aäle. Straänge an' owd-farran'd⁴ the 'ouse, an' belt⁵ long afoor my daäy Wi' haäfe o' the chimleys a-twizzen'd⁶ an' twined like a band o' haäy. The fellers as maäkes them picturs, 'ud coom at the fall o' the year, An' the Heagle 'as hed two heäds stannin' 	 still as a stoän, Of a Christmas Eäve, an' as cowd as this, an' the midders² as white, An' the fences all on 'em bolster'd oop wi' the windle³ that night; An' the cat wur a-sleeäpin alongside Roäver, but I wur awaäke, An' smoäkin' an' thinkin' o' things — Doänt maäke thysen sick wi' the caäke. Fur the men ater supper 'ed sung their songs an' 'ed 'ed their beer, An' 'ed goän their waäys; ther was nobbut three, an' noän on 'em theere. They was all on 'em fear'd o' the Ghoäst an' dussn't not sleeäp i' the 'ouse, But Dicky, the Ghoäst moästlius⁴ was nobbut a rat or a mouse. An' I looökt out wonst⁵ at the night, an' the daäle was all of a thaw, Fur I seed the beck coomin' down like a long black snaäke i' the snaw, An' I heärd greät heäps o' the snaw slushin' down fro' the bank to the beck, An' then as I stood i' the doorwaäy, I feeäld it drip o' my neck. Saw I turn'd in ageän, an' I thowt o' the good owd times 'at was goän, An' the times 'at was coomin' on; Fur I thowt if the Staäte was a-gawin'
theere o' the brokken stick; ⁷ An' they niver 'ed seed sich ivin' ⁸ as graw'd hall ower the brick;	to let in furriners' wheät, Howiver was British farmers to stan' ageän o' their feeät.
¹ Hold. ² Found. ³ 'Ou' as in 'house.' ⁴ 'Owd-farran'd,' old-fashioned. ⁵ Built. ⁶ 'Twizzen'd,' twisted. ⁷ On a staff <i>ragulé</i> .	¹ Mangolds and turnips. ² Meadows. ³ Drifted snow. ⁴ ' Moästlins,' for the most part, generally.
⁸ Ivy.	⁵ Once.

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- Howiver was I fur to find my rent an' to paäy my men?
- An' all along o' the feller ¹ as turn'd `is back of hissen.
- Thou slep' i' the chaumber above us, we couldn't ha' 'eard tha call,
- Sa Moother 'ed tell'd ma to bring tha down, an' thy craädle an' all;
- Fur the gell o' the farm 'at slep' wi' tha then 'ed gotten wer leäve,
- Fur to goä that night to 'er foälk by cause o' the Christmas Eäve;
- But I cleän forgot tha, my lad, when Moother 'ed gotten to bed,
- An' I slep' i' my chair hup-on-end, an' the Freeä Traäde runn'd i' my 'ead,
- Till I dreäm'd 'at Squire walkt in, an' I says to him, 'Squire, va're laäte,'
- Then I seed at 'is faäce wur as red as the Yule-block theere i' the graäte.
- An' 'e says, 'Can ya paäy me the rent tonight?' an' I says to 'im, 'Noä,'
- An' 'e cotch'd howd hard o' my hairm,² 'Then hout to-night tha shall goä.'
- 'Tha'll niver,' says I, 'be a-turnin' ma hout upo' Christmas Eäve?'
- Then I waäked an' I fun it was Roäver a-tuggin' an' teärin' my slieäve.
- An' I thowt as 'e'd goän cleän-wud,³ fur I noäwaäys knaw'd 'is intent;
- An' I says, 'Git awaäy, ya beäst,' an' I fetcht 'im a kick an' 'e went.
- Then 'e tummled up stairs, fur I 'eärd 'im, as if 'e'd 'a brokken 'is neck,
- An' I'd cleär forgot, little Dicky, thy chaumber door wouldn't sneck;⁴
- An' I slep' i' my chair ageän wi' my hairm hingin' down to the floor,
- An' I thowt it was Roäver a-tuggin' an' teärin' me wuss nor afoor,
 - ¹ Peel. ² Arm. ³ Mad. ⁴ Latch.

- An' I thowt 'at I kick'd 'im ageän, but I kick'd thy Moother istead.
- 'What arta snorin' theere fur? the house is afire,' she said.
- Thy Moother 'ed beän a-naggin' about the gell o' the farm,
- She offens 'ud spy summut wrong when there warn't not a mossel o' harm;
- An' she didn't not solidly meän I wur gawin' that waäy to the bad,
- Fur the gell¹ was as howry a trollope as iver traäpes'd i' the squad.
- But Moother was free of 'er tongue, as I offens 'ev tell'd 'er mysen,
- Sa I kep' i' my chair, fur I thowt she was nobbut a-rilin' ma then.
- An' I says, 'I'd be good to tha, Bess, if tha'd onywaäys let ma be good,'
- But she skelpt ma haäfe ower i' the chair, an' screäd like a Howl gone wud²—
- 'Ya mun run fur the lether.³ Git oop, if ya're onywaäys good for owt.'
- And I says, 'If Í beänt noäwaäys not nowadaäys — good fur nowt —
- 'Yit I beänt sich a Nowt⁴ of all Nowts as 'ull hallus do as 'e's bid.'
- 'But the stairs is afire,' she said; then I seed 'er a-cryin', I did.
- An' she beäld, 'Ya mun saäve little Dick, an' be sharp about it an' all,'
- Sa I runs to the yard fur a lether, an' sets 'im ageän the wall,
- An' I claums an' I mashes the winder hin, when I gits to the top,
- But the heät druv hout i' my heyes till I feäld mysen ready to drop.

¹ The girl was as dirty a slut as ever trudged in the mud, but there is a sense of slatternliness in 'traäpes'd' which is not expressed in 'trudged.'

- ² She half overturned me and shrieked like an owl gone mad. ³ Ladder.
- ⁴ A thoroughly insignificant or worthless person.

Thy Moother was howdin' the lether, an'	An' I kep' a-callin' o' Roä till 'e waggled
tellin' me not to be skeärd,	'is taäil fur a bit,
An' I wasn't afeärd, or I thinks leaäst-	But the cocks kep' a-crawin' an' crawin'
waäys as I wasn't afeärd;	all night, an' I 'ears 'em yit;
But I couldn't see fur the smoäke wheere	An' the dogs was a-yowlin' all round, and
thou was a-liggin, my lad,	thou was a-squeälin' thysen,
An' Roäver was theere i' the chaumber	An' Moother was naggin' an' groänin' an'
a-yowlin' an' yaupin' like mad;	moänin' an' naggin' ageän;
An' thou was a-beälin' likewise, an' a-	 An' I 'eärd the bricks an' the baulks¹
squeälin', as if tha was bit,	rummle down when the roof gev
An' it wasn't a bite but a burn, fur the	waäy, Fur the fire was a-raägin' an' raävin' an'
merk's ¹ o' thy shou'der yit;	roarin' like judgment daäy.
Then I call'd out Roä, Roä, Roä, thaw	Warm enew theere sewer-ly, but the barn
I didn't haäfe think as 'e'd 'ear,	was as cowd as owt,
But 'e coom'd thruf the fire wi' my bairn	An' we cuddled and huddled togither, an'
i' 'is mouth to the winder theere!	happt ² wersens oop as we mowt.
He coom'd like a Hangel o' marcy as	An' I browt Roä round, but Moother 'ed
soon as 'e 'eärd 'is naäme,	beän sa soäk'd wi' the thaw
Or like tother Hangel i' Scriptur 'at	'At she cotch'd 'er death o' cowd that
summun seed i' the flaäme,	night, poor soul, i' the straw.
When summun 'ed hax'd fur a son, an'	Haäfe o' the parish runn'd oop when the
'e promised a son to she,	rigtree ³ was tummlin' in —
An' Roä was as good as the Hangel i'	Too laäte — but it's all ower now — hall
saävin' a son fur me.	hower — an' ten year sin';
Sa I browt tha down, an' I says, 'I mun	Too laäte, tha mun git tha to bed, but
gaw up ageän fur Roä.'	I'll coom an' I'll squench the light,
'Gaw up ageän fur the varmint?' I tell'd	Fur we moänt 'ev naw moor fires — and
'er, 'Yeäs I mun goä.'	soä little Dick, good-night.
 An' I claumb'd up ageän to the winder, an' clemm'd² owd Roä by the 'eäd, An' 'is 'air coom'd off i' my 'ands an' I taäked 'im at fust fur deäd; Fur 'e smell'd like a herse a-singein', an' seeäm'd as blind as a poop, An' haäfe on 'im bare as a bublin'.³ I couldn't wakken 'im oop, 	VASTNESS. I. MANY a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face, Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race. II.
But I browt 'im down, an' we got to the barn, fur the barn wouldn't burn Wi' the wind blawin' hard tother waäy, an' the wind wasn't like to turn.	Raving politics, never at rest — as this poor earth's pale history runs, — What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns? ¹ Beams. ² Wrapt ourselves.
¹ Mark. ² Clutched. ³ ' Bubbling,' a young unfledged bird.	³ The beam that runs along the roof of the house just beneath the ridge.

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- Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourn'd by the Wise.
- Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies;

IV.

- Stately purposes, valour in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,
- Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;

v.

- Innocence seethed in her mother's milk, and Charity setting the martyr aflame;
- Thraldom who walks with the banner of Freedom, and recks not to ruin a realm in her name.

vı.

- Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken the schools;
- Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd up by her vassal legion of fools;

VII.

- Trade flying over a thousand seas with her spice and her vintage, her silk and her corn;
- Desolate offing, sailorless harbours, famishing populace, wharves forlorn;

VIII.

- Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise; gloom of the evening, Life at a close;
- Pleasure who flaunts on her wide downway with her flying robe and her poison'd rose;

IX.

Pain, that has crawl'd from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which writhes all day, and at night Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the curse of the light;

x.

- Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; honest Poverty, bare to the bone;
- Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; Flattery gilding the rift in a throne;

XI.

- Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge to Time and to Fate;
- Slander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on all the laurel'd graves of the Great;

XII.

- Love for the maiden, crown'd with marriage, no regrets for aught that has been,
- Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence, golden mean;

XIII.

- National hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy spites of the village spire;
- Vows that will last to the last deathruckle, and vows that are snapt in a moment of fire;

XIV.

- He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it, flesh without mind;
- He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self died out in the love of his kind;

XV.

- Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, and all these old revolutions of earth;
- All new-old revolutions of Empire change of the tide — what is all of it worth?

XVI.

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer?

All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?

XVII.

- What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
- Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

xviii.

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?—

* *

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever: the dead are not dead but alive.

Dedicated to the Yon. J. Russell Lowell.

THE RING.

MIRIAM AND HER FATHER.

Miriam (singing).

MELLOW moon of heaven, Bright in blue, Moon of married hearts, Hear me, you!

Twelve times in the year Bring me bliss, Globing Honey Moons Bright as this.

Moon, you fade at times From the night. Young again you grow Out of sight.

Silver crescent-curve, Coming soon, Globe again, and make Honey Moon.

Shall not *my* love last, Moon, with you,

For ten thousand years Old and new?

Father. And who was he with such love-drunken eves They made a thousand honey moons of one? Miriam. The prophet of his own, my Hubert — his The words, and mine the setting. 'Air and Words,' Said Hubert, when I sang the song. 'are bride And bridegroom.' Does it please you? Mainly, child. Father. Because I hear your Mother's voice in vours. - Why, you shiver tho' the wind Sheis west With all the warmth of summer. Well, I felt Miriam. On a sudden I know not what, a breath that past With all the cold of winter. Father (muttering to himself). Even SO. The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once was Man. But cannot wholly free itself from Man, Are calling to each other thro' a dawn Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil Is rending, and the Voices of the day Are heard across the Voices of the dark. No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man. But thro' the Will of One who knows and rules -And utter knowledge is but utter love-Æonian Evolution, swift or slow, Thro' all the Spheres - an ever opening height. An ever lessening earth - and she perhaps. My Miriam, breaks her latest earthly link With me to-day. Miriam. You speak so low, what is it? Your ' Miriam breaks' - is making a new link Breaking an old one? Father. No, for we, my child,

Have been till now each other's all-in-all.

Miriam. And you the lifelong guar-	Fly—care not. Birds and brides must
dian of the child.	leave the nest.
Father. I, and one other whom you	Child, I am happier in your happiness
have not known.	Than in mine own.
Miriam. And who? what other?	Miriam. It is not that !
<i>Father</i> . Whither are you bound?	<i>Fainer</i> . What else?
For Naples which we only left in May?	Miriam. That chamber in the tower. Father. What chamber, child?
Miriam. No! father, Spain, but	<i>Father</i> . What chamber, child?
Hubert brings me home	Your nurse is here?
With April and the swallow. Wish me	Miriam. My Mother's nurse and mine.
joy!	She comes to dress me in my bridal veil.
<i>Father.</i> What need to wish when Hubert weds in you	<i>Father</i> . What did she say? <i>Miriam</i> . She said, that you and I
The heart of Love, and you the soul of	Had been abroad for my poor health so
Truth	long
In Hubert?	She fear'd I had forgotten her, and I
Miriam. Tho' you used to call me	ask'd
once	About my Mother, and she said, 'Thy
The lonely maiden-Princess of the wood,	hair
Who meant to sleep her hundred sum-	Is golden like thy Mother's, not so fine.'
mers out	Father. What then? what more?
Before a kiss should wake her.	Miriam. She said — perhaps indeed
Father. Ay, but now	She wander'd, having wander'd now so
Your fairy Prince has found you, take	far
this ring.	Beyond the common date of death — that
Miriam. 'Io t'amo' — and these dia-	you, When I was smaller than the statuette
monds — beautiful ! ' From Walter,' and for me from you then?	Of my dear Mother on your bracket
Foll Walter, and for the foll you then: Father. Well,	here —
One way for Miriam.	You took me to that chamber in the
Miriam. Miriam am I not?	tower,
Father. This ring bequeath'd you by	The topmost - a chest there, by which
your mother, child,	you knelt —
Was to be given you - such her dying	And there were books and dresses — left
wish —	to me,
Given on the morning when you came of	A ring too which you kiss'd, and I, she
age	said,
Or on the day you married. Both the	I babbled, Mother, Mother — as I used
days	To prattle to her picture — stretch'd my hands
Now close in one. The ring is doubly	As if I saw her; then a woman came
yours. Why do you look so gravely at the tower?	And caught me from my nurse. I hear
Miriam. I never saw it yet so all	her yet —
ablaze	A sound of anger like a distant storm.
With creepers crimsoning to the pin-	Father. Garrulous old crone.
nacles,	Miriam. Poor nurse!
As if perpetual sunset linger'd there,	Father. I bade her keep,
And all ablaze too in the lake below!	Like a seal'd book, all mention of the
And how the birds that circle round the	ring,
tower	For I myself would tell you all to-day.
Are cheeping to each other of their flight	Miriam. 'She too might speak to-
To summer lands!	day,' she mumbled. Still, I scarce have learnt the title of your book,
<i>Father</i> . And that has made you grave?	1 i scarce nave rearne the true of your book,

But you will turn the pages. Father. Ay, to-day!	And one was dark, and both were beauti-
I brought you to that chamber on your third	No voice for either spoke within my heart Then, for the surface eye, that only dotes
September birthday with your nurse, and felt	On outward beauty, glancing from the one To the other, knew not that which
An icy breath play on me, while I stoopt To take and kiss the ring. <i>Miriam.</i> This very ring	pleased it most, The raven ringlet or the gold; but both Were dowerless, and myself, I used to
Io t'amo?	walk
<i>Father</i> . Yes, for some wild hope was mine	This Terrace — morbid, melancholy; mine
That, in the misery of my married life,	And yet not mine the hall, the farm, the
Miriam your Mother might appear to	field; For all that ample woodland whisper'd
me. She came to you, not me. The storm,	'debt,'
you hear	The brook that feeds this lakelet mur-
Far-off, is Muriel your stepmother's voice.	mur'd ' debt,' And in yon arching avenue of old elms,
Miriam. Vext, that you thought my	Tho' mine, not mine, I heard the sober
Mother came to me? Or at my crying 'Mother'? or to find	rook And carrion crow cry 'mortgage.'
My Mother's diamonds hidden from her	Miriam. Father's fault
there, Like worldly beauties in the Cell, not	Visited on the children ! <i>Father</i> . Ay, but then
shown	A kinsman, dying, summon'd me to
To dazzle all that see them? <i>Father</i> . Wait awhile.	Rome— He left me wealth—and while I jour-
Your Mother and step-mother — Miriam	ney'd hence,
Erne And Muriel Erne — the two were cousins	And saw the world fly by me like a dream,
— lived	And while I communed with my truest
With Muriel's mother on the down, that sees	self, I woke to all of truest in myself,
A thousand squares of corn and meadow,	Till, in the gleam of those mid-summer
far As the gray deep, a landscape which	dawns, The form of Muriel faded, and the face
your eyes	Of Miriam grew upon me, till I knew;
Have many a time ranged over when a babe.	And past and future mix'd in Heaven and made
Miriam. I climb'd the hill with	The rosy twilight of a perfect day.
Hubert yesterday, And from the thousand squares, one	Miriam. So glad? no tear for him, who left you wealth,
silent voice	Your kinsman?
Came on the wind, and seem'd to say 'Again.'	Father. I had seen the man but once; He loved my name not me; and then I
We saw far off an old forsaken house,	pass'd
Then home, and past the ruin'd mill. <i>Father</i> . And there	Home, and thro' Venice, where a jeweller, So far gone down, or so far up in life,
I found these cousins often by the brook,	That he was nearing his own hundred,
For Miriam sketch'd and Muriel threw the fly;	sold This ring to me, then laugh'd, ' The ring
The girls of equal age, but one was fair,	is weird.'

- And weird and worn and wizard-like was he.
- 'Why weird?' I ask'd him; and he said, 'The souls
- Of two repentant Lovers guard the ring; ' Then with a ribald twinkle in his bleak eyes —
- 'And if you give the ring to any maid,
- They still remember what it cost them here.
- And bind the maid to love you by the ring;
- And if the ring were stolen from the maid.
- The theft were death or madness to the thief.
- So sacred those Ghost Lovers hold the gift.'
- And then he told their legend :

'Long ago

- Two lovers parted by a scurrilous tale Had quarrell'd, till the man repenting
- sent This ring "Io t'amo" to his best beloved, And sent it on her birthday. She in
- wrath Return'd it on her birthday, and that day
- His death-day, when, half-frenzied by the ring,
- He wildly fought a rival suitor, him
- The causer of that scandal, fought and fell;
- And she that came to part them all too late,
- And found a corpse and silence, drew the ring
- From his dead finger, wore it till her death,
- Shrined him within the temple of her heart,
- Made every moment of her after life
- A virgin victim to his memory,
- And dying rose, and rear'd her arms, and cried
- "I see him, Io t'amo, Io t'amo."'
- Miriam. Legend or true? so tender should be true!
- Did *he* believe it? did you ask him? *Father*. Ay!
- But that half skeleton, like a barren ghost
- From out the fleshless world of spirits, laugh'd:

A hollow laughter !

- Miriam. Vile, so near the ghost Himself, to laugh at love in death ! But you?
 - Father. Well, as the bygone lover thro' this ring
- Had sent his cry for her forgiveness, I
- Would call thro' this 'Io t'amo' to the heart
- Of Miriam; then I bade the man engrave
- 'From Walter' on the ring, and send it --- wrote
- Name, surname, all as clear as noon, but he —
- Some younger hand must have engraven the ring —

His fingers were so stiffen'd by the frost

- Of seven and ninety winters, that he scrawl'd
- A 'Miriam' that might seem a 'Muriel'; And Muriel claim'd and open'd what I meant
- For Miriam, took the ring, and flaunted
- Before that other whom I loved and love. A mountain stay'd me here, a minster there,
- A galleried palace, or a battlefield,
- And on your Mother's birthday all but yours —
- A week betwixt and when the tower as
- Was all ablaze with crimson to the roof,
- And all ablaze too plunging in the lake
- Head-foremost who were those that stood between
- The tower and that rich phantom of the tower?
- Muriel and Miriam, each in white, and like
- May-blossoms in mid autumn—was it they?
- A light shot upward on them from the lake.
- What sparkled there? whose hand was that? they stood
- So close together. I am not keen of sight,
- But coming nearer Muriel had the ring —

· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
'O Miriam! have you given your ring to her?	She cannot love; she loves her own hard self,
O Miriam !' Miriam redden'd, Muriel	Her firm will, her fix'd purpose. Prom-
clench'd	ise me,
The hand that wore it, till I cried again : 'O Miriam, if you love me take the ring !'	Miriam not Muriel—she shall have the ring.'
She glanced at me, at Muriel, and was mute.	And there the light of other life, which lives
'Nay, if you cannot love me, let it be.'	Beyond our burial and our buried eyes,
Then — Muriel standing ever statue-like —	Gleam'd for a moment in her own on
She turn'd, and in her soft imperial way	earth.
And saying gently: 'Muriel, by your	I swore the vow, then with my latest
leave,'	kiss
Unclosed the hand, and from it drew the	Upon them, closed her eyes, which would
ring,	not close,
And gave it me, who pass'd it down her own,	But kept their watch upon the ring and you.
' Io t'amo, all is well then.' Muriel fled.	Your birthday was her death-day.
Miriam. Poor Muriel!	Miriam. O poor Mother!
Father. Ay, poor Muriel when you hear	And you, poor desolate Father, and poor me,
What follows! Miriam loved me from	The little senseless, worthless, wordless
the first,	babe,
Not thro' the ring; but on her marriage-	Saved when your life was wreek'd !
This birthday, death-day, and betrothal ring, Laid on her table overnight, was gone; And after hours of search and doubt and	Saved when your life was wreck'd! Father. Desolate? yes! Desolate as that sailor, whom the storm Had parted from his comrade in the boat, And dash'd half dead on barren sands, was I.
threats,	Nay, you were my one solace; only —
And hubbub, Muriel enter'd with it,	you
'See!— Found in a chink of that old moulder'd floor!'	Were always ailing. Muriel's mother sent,
My Miriam nodded with a pitying smile, As who should say 'that those who lose	And sure am I, by Muriel, one day came And saw you, shook her head, and patted yours,
can find.'	And smiled, and making with a kindly
Then I and she were married for a	pinch
year,	Each poor pale cheek a momentary rose —
One year without a storm, or even a	' <i>That</i> should be fix'd,' she said; 'your
cloud:	pretty bud,
And you my Miriam born within the year;	So blighted here, would flower into full health
And she my Miriam dead within the year.	Among our heath and bracken. Let her
I sat beside her dying, and she gaspt:	come!
'The books, the miniature, the lace are	And we will feed her with our mountain
hers,	air,
My ring too when she comes of age, or	And send her home to you rejoicing.'
when	No
She marries; you — you loved me, kept	We could not part. And once, when
your word.	you my girl
You love me still "Io t'amo," — Muriel	Rode on my shoulder home — the tiny fist

Had graspt a daisy from your Mother's And all her talk was of the babe she grave loved. By the lych-gate was Muriel. 'Ay,' she So, following her old pastime of the said. brook. 'Among the tombs in this damp vale of She threw the fly for me: but oftener vours! left You scorn my Mother's warning, but the That angling to the mother. 'Muriel's child health Is paler than before. We often walk Had weaken'd, nursing little Miriam. In open sun, and see beneath our feet Strange! The mist of autumn gather from your She used to shun the wailing babe, and lake. dotes And shroud the tower: and once we On this of yours.' But when the matron only saw saw Your gilded vane, a light above the That hinted love was only wasted bait, mist ' -Not risen to, she was bolder. 'Ever (Our old bright bird that still is veering since there You sent the fatal ring'-I told her Above his four gold letters) 'and the 'sent light,' To Miriam,' 'Doubtless - av, but ever, She said, ' was like that light ' - and there since In all the world my dear one sees but she paused, And long; till I believing that the girl's vou — Lean fancy, groping for it, could not In vour sweet babe she finds but you -find she makes One likeness, laugh'd a little and found Her heart a mirror that reflects but you.' her two -And then the tear fell, the voice broke. 'A warrior's crest above the cloud of Her heart! war'-I gazed into the mirror, as a man 'A fiery phœnix rising from the smoke, Who sees his face in water, and a stone. The pyre he burnt in.' - 'Nay,' she said, That glances from the bottom of the the light pool, Strike upward thro' the shadow; yet at -That glimmers on the marsh and on the grave.' last, And spoke no more, but turn'd and Gratitude — loneliness — desire to keep So skilled a nurse about you always --pass'd away. Miriam, I am not surely one of those nav! Caught by the flower that closes on the Some half remorseful kind of pity too -Well! well, you know I married Muriel fly, But after ten slow weeks her fix'd intent, Erne. 'I take thee Muriel for my wedded In aiming at an all but hopeless mark wife '--To strike it, struck; I took, I left you I had forgotten it was vour birthday, there; I came, I went, was happier day by child -When all at once with some electric day; For Muriel nursed you with a mother's thrill care; A cold air pass'd between us, and the Till on that clear and heather-scented hands Fell from each other, and were join'd height The rounder cheek had brighten'd into again. No second cloudless honeymoon was bloom. She always came to meet me carrying mine. For by and by she sicken'd of the farce, you,

She dropt the gracious mask of mother- hood,	Miriam. And I remember once that being waked
She came no more to meet me, carrying	By noises in the house — and no one near —
you, Nor ever cared to set you on her knee, Nor ever let you gambol in her sight, Nor ever cheer'd you with a kindly smile,	I cried for nurse, and felt a gentle hand Fall on my forehead, and a sudden face Look'd in upon me like a gleam and pass'd
Nor ever ceased to clamour for the ring; Why had I sent the ring at first to her? Why had I made her love me thro' the ring,	And I was quieted, and slept again. Or is it some half memory of a dream? <i>Father</i> . Your fifth September birth- day.
And then had changed? so fickle are men — the best!	<i>Miriam</i> . And the face, The hand, — my Mother.
Not she — but now my love was hers again,	<i>Father.</i> Miriam, on that day Two lovers parted by no scurrilous tale —
The ring by right, she said, was hers again.	Mere want of gold — and still for twenty years
At times too shrilling in her angrier moods,	Bound by the golden cord of their first love —
'That weak and watery nature love you?	Had ask'd us to their marriage, and to share
" <i>Io</i> t'amo, <i>Io</i> t'amo"!' flung herself Against my heart, but often while her	Their marriage-banquet. Muriel, paler then
lips	Than ever you were in your cradle, moan'd,
Were warm upon my cheek, an icy breath,	'I am fitter for my bed, or for my grave,
As from the grating of a sepulchre, Past over both. I told her of my vow,	I cannot go, go you.' And then she
No pliable idiot I to break my vow; But still she made her outcry for the	She clung to me with such a hard em- brace,
ring; For one monotonous fancy madden'd her, Till I myself was madden'd with her	So lingeringly long, that half-amazed I parted from her, and I went alone. And when the bridegroom murmur'd,
cry,	' With this ring,'
And even that 'Io t'amo,' those three sweet	I felt for what I could not find, the key, The guardian of her relics, of <i>her</i> ring. I kept it as a sacred amulet
Italian words, became a weariness. My people too were scared with eerie sounds,	About me, — gone! and gone in that embrace!
A footstep, a low throbbing in the walls,	Then, hurrying home, I found her not
A noise of falling weights that never fell,	in house Or garden — up the tower — an icy air
Weird whispers, bells that rang without a hand,	Fled by me.— There, the chest was open — all
Door-handles turn'd when none was at the door, And bolted doors that open'd of them-	The sacred relics tost about the floor — Among them Muriel lying on her face — I raised her, call'd her, 'Muriel, Muriel,
selves :	wake!'
And one betwixt the dark and light had seen	The fatal ring lay near her; the glazed eye
Her, bending by the cradle of her babe.	Glared at me as in horror. Dead! I took

796

.

- And chafed the freezing hand. A red mark ran
- All round one finger pointed straight, the rest
- Were crumpled inwards. Dead ! and maybe stung
- With some remorse, had stolen, worn the ring —
- Then torn it from her finger, or as if -

For never had I seen her show remorse — As if —

Miriam. —those two Ghost Lovers — Father. —lovers yet — Miriam. Yes, yes!

Father. — but dead so long, gone up so far,

- That now their ever-rising life has dwarf'd
- Or lost the moment of their past on earth,

As we forget our wail at being born. As if —

Miriam. - a dearer ghost had --

Father. — wrench'd it away. Miriam. Had floated in with sad reproachful eyes,

- Till from her own hand she had torn the ring
- In fright, and fallen dead. And I myself
- Am half afraid to wear it.

Father. Well, no more ! No bridal music this ! but fear not you !

You have the ring she guarded; that poor link

With earth is broken, and has left her free,

Except that, still drawn downward for an hour,

Her spirit hovering by the church, where she

Was married too, may linger, till she sees

Her maiden coming like a Queen, who leaves

Some colder province in the North to gain

Her capital city, where the loyal bells

Clash welcome — linger, till her own, the babe

She lean'd to from her Spiritual sphere,

Her lonely maiden-Princess, crown'd with flowers, Has enter'd on the larger woman-world Of wives and mothers.

But the bridal veil — Your nurse is waiting. Kiss me, child, and go.

FORLORN.

I.

' HE is fled — I wish him dead — He that wrought my ruin —

O the flattery and the craft Which were my undoing . . . In the night, in the night, When the storms are blowing.

п.

Who was witness of the crime? Who shall now reveal it? He is fled, or he is dead, Marriage will conceal it . . . In the night, in the night, While the gloom is growing.'

ш.

Catherine, Catherine, in the night, What is this you're dreaming? There is laughter down in Hell At your simple scheming . . . In the night, in the night, When the ghosts are fleeting.

IV.

You to place a hand in his Like an honest woman's, You that lie with wasted lungs Waiting for your summons . . . In the night, O the night, O the deathwatch beating !

v.

There will come a witness soon Hard to be confuted, All the world will hear a voice Scream you are polluted . . . In the night, O the night, When the owls are wailing !

V1.

Shame and marriage, Shame and marriage,

Fright and foul dissembling, Bantering bridesman, reddening priest, Tower and altar trembling . . . In the night, O the night, When the mind is failing !

VII.

Mother, dare you kill your child? How your hand is shaking! Daughter of the seed of Cain, What is this you're taking? . . . In the night, O the night, While the house is sleeping.

VIII.

Dreadful! has it come to this, O unhappy creature? You that would not tread on a worm For your gentle nature . . . In the night, O the night, O the night of weeping!

IX.

Murder would not veil your sin, Marriage will not hide it, Earth and Hell will brand your name Wretch you must abide it . . . In the night, O the night, Long before the dawning.

х.

Up, get up, and tell him all, Tell him you were lying! Do not die with a lie in your mouth, You that know you're dying . . . In the night, O the night, While the grave is yawning.

XI.

No — you will not die before, Tho' you'll ne'er be stronger; You will live till *that* is born, Then a little longer . . . In the night, O the night, While the Fiend is prowling.

XII.

Death and marriage, Death and marriage ! Funeral hearses rolling !

Black with bridal favours mixt! Bridal bells with tolling! . . . In the night, O the night, When the wolves are howling.

XIII.

Up, get up, the time is short, Tell him now or never! Tell him all before you die, Lest you die for ever . . . In the night, O the night, Where there's no forgetting.

XIV.

Up she got, and wrote him all, All her tale of sadness, Blister'd every word with tears, And eased her heart of madness . . . In the night, and nigh the dawn, And while the moon was setting.

HAPPY.

THE LEPER'S BRIDE.

I.

- WHY wail you, pretty plover? and what is it that you fear?
 - Is he sick your mate like mine? have you lost him, is he fled?
- And there the heron rises from his watch beside the mere,
 - And flies above the leper's hut, where lives the living-dead.

п.

- Come back, nor let me know it! would he live and die alone?
 - And has he not forgiven me yet, his over-jealous bride,
- Who am, and was, and will be his, his own and only own,
 - To share his living death with him, die with him side by side?

ш.

- Is that the leper's hut on the solitary moor,
 - Where noble Ulric dwells forlorn, and wears the leper's weed?
- The door is open. He! is he standing at the door,
 - My soldier of the Cross? it is he and he indeed!

IV.

- My roses will he take them noz w mine, his from off the tree
- We planted both together, happy in our marriage morn?
- O God, I could blaspheme, for he fought Thy fight for Thee,
 - And Thou hast made him leper to compass him with scorn —

 \mathbf{V}_{\bullet}

- Hast spared the flesh of thousands, the coward and the base,
- And set a crueller mark than Cain's on him, the good and brave !
- He sees me, waves me from him. I will front him face to face.
 - You need not wave me from you. I would leap into your grave.

*

* *

VI.

- My warrior of the Holy Cross and of the conquering sword,
- The roses that you cast aside once more I bring you these.
- No nearer? do you scorn me when you tell me, O my lord,
 - You would not mar the beauty of your bride with your disease.

VII.

- You say your body is so foul then here I stand apart,
 - Who yearn to lay my loving head upon your leprous breast.
- The leper plague may scale my skin but never taint my heart;
 - Your body is not foul to me, and body is foul at best.

VIII.

- I loved you first when young and fair, but now I love you most;
 - The fairest flesh at last is filth on which the worm will feast;
- This poor rib-grated dungeon of the holy human ghost,
 - This house with all its hateful needs no cleaner than the beast,

IX.

- This coarse diseaseful creature which in Eden was divine,
 - This Satan-haunted ruin, this little city of sewers,
- This wall of solid flesh that comes between your soul and mine,
 - Will vanish and give place to the beauty that endures,

х.

- The beauty that endures on the Spiritual height,
 - When we shall stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon hill,
- And moving each to music, soul in soul and light in light,
 - Shall flash thro' one another in a moment as we will.

XI.

- Foul! foul! the word was yours not mine, I worship that right hand
 - Which fell'd the foes before you as the woodman fells the wood,
- And sway'd the sword that lighten'd back the sun of Holy land,
 - And clove the Moslem crescent moon, and changed it into blood.

XII.

- And once I worshipt all too well this creature of decay,
 - For Age will chink the face, and Death will freeze the supplest limbs —
- Yet you in your mid manhood O the grief when yesterday
 - They bore the Cross before you to the chant of funeral hymns.

- 'Libera me, Domine!' you sang the Psalm, and when
 - The Priest pronounced you dead, and flung the mould upon your feet.
- A beauty came upon your face, not that of living men.
 - But seen upon the silent brow when life has ceased to beat.

XIV.

- 'Libera *nos*, Domine' you knew not one was there
 - Who saw you kneel beside your bier, and weeping scarce could see;
- May I come a little nearer, I that heard, and changed the prayer
 - And sang the married 'nos' for the solitary 'me.'

xv.

- My beauty marred by you? by you! so be it. All is well
 - If I lose it and myself in the higher beauty, yours.
- My beauty lured that falcon from his eyry on the fell,
 - Who never caught one gleam of the beauty which endures —

XVI.

- The Count who sought to snap the bond that link'd us life to life,
 - Who whisper'd me, 'Your Ulric loves' — a little nearer still —
- He hiss'd, 'Let us revenge ourselves, your Ulric woos my wife'---
 - A lie by which he thought he could subdue me to his will.

XVII.

- I knew that you were near me when I let him kiss my brow;
 - Did he touch me on the lips? I was jealous, anger'd, vain,
- And I meant to make *you* jealous. Are you jealous of me now?
 - Your pardon, O my love, if I ever gave you pain.

XVIII.

- You never once accused me, but I wept alone, and sigh'd
 - In the winter of the Present for the summer of the Past;
- That icy winter silence how it froze you from your bride,
 - Tho' I made one barren effort to break it at the last.

XIX.

- I brought you, you remember, these roses, when I knew
 - You were parting for the war, and you took them tho' you frown'd;
- You frown'd and yet you kiss'd them. All at once the trumpet blew,
 - And you spurr'd your fiery horse, and you hurl'd them to the ground.

xx.

- You parted for the Holy War without a word to me,
 - And clear myself unask'd—not I. My nature was too proud.
- And him I saw but once again, and far away was he,
 - When I was praying in a storm the crash was long and loud —

XXI.

- That God would ever slant His bolt from falling on your head —
 - Then I lifted up my eyes, he was coming down the fell —
- I clapt my hands. The sudden fire from Heaven had dash'd him dead,
 - And sent him charr'd and blasted to the deathless fire of Hell.

XXII.

- See, I sinn'd but for a moment. I repented and repent,
 - And trust myself forgiven by the God to whom I kneel.
- A little nearer? Yes. I shall hardly be content
 - Till I be leper like yourself, my love, from head to heel.

XXIII.

- O foolish dreams, that you, that I, would slight our marriage oath:
 - I held you at that moment even dearer than before;
- Now God has made you leper in His loving care for both,
 - That we might cling together, never doubt each other more.

XXIV.

- The Priest, who join'd you to the dead, has join'd our hands of old;
- If man and wife be but one flesh, let mine be leprous too,
- As dead from all the human race as if beneath the mould;
 - If you be dead, then I am dead, who only live for you.

XXV.

- Would Earth tho' hid in cloud not be follow'd by the Moon?
 - The leech forsake the dying bed for terror of his life?
- The shadow leave the Substance in the brooding light of noon?
 - Or if I had been the leper would you have left the wife?

XXVI.

- Not take them! Still you wave me off — poor roses — must I go —
 - I have worn them year by year from the bush we both had set --
- What? fling them to you? well that were hardly gracious. No!
 - Your plague but passes by the touch. A little nearer yet!

XXVII.

- There, there! he buried you, the Priest; the Priest is not to blame,
 - He joins us once again, to his either office true:
- I thank him. I am happy. happy. Kiss me. In the name
 - Of the everlasting God, I will live and die with you.

[DEAN MILMAN has remarked that the protection and care afforded by the Church to this blighted race of lepers was among the most beautiful of its offices during the Middle Ages. The leprosy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was supposed to be a legacy of the crusades, but was in all probability the offspring of meagre and unwholesome diet, miserable lodging and clothing, physical and moral degradation. The services of the Church in the seclusion of these

ing, physical and moral degradation. The services of the Church in the seclusion of these unhappy sufferers were most affecting. The stern duty of looking to the public welfare is tempered with exquisite compassion for the victims of this loathsome disease. The ritual for the sequestration of the leprous differed little from the burial service. After the leper had been sprinkled with holy water, the priest conducted him into the church, the leper singing the psalm ' Libera me domine,' and the crucifix and bearer going before. In the church a black cloth was stretched over two trestles in front of the altar, and the leper leaning at its side devoutly heard mass. The priest, taking up a little earth in his cloak, threw it on one of the leper's feet, and put him out of the church, if it did not rain too heavily; took him to his hut in the midst of the fields, and then uttered the prohibitions: 'I forbid you entering the church . . . , or entering the company of others. I forbid you quitting your home without your leper's dress.' He concluded: 'Take this dress, and wear it in token of humility; take these gloves, take this clapper, as a sign that you are forbidden to speak to any one. You are not to be indignant at being thus separated from others, and as to your little wants, good people will provide for you, and God will not desert you.' Then in this old ritual follow these sad words: 'When it shall come to pass that the leper shall pass out of this world, he shall be buried in his hut, and not in the churchyard.' At first there was a doubt whether wives should follow their husbands who had been leprous, or remain in the world and marry again. The Church decided that the marriage-tie was indissoluble, and so bestowed on these unhappy beings this immense source of consolation. With a love stronger than this living death, lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives. Readers of Sir J. Stephen's Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography will recollect the description of the founder of the Franciscan order, how, controlling his involuntary disgust, St. Francis of Assisi washed the feet and dressed the sores of the lepers, once at least reverently applying his lips to their wounds. - BOUCHER-JAMES.]

This ceremony of *quasi*-burial varied considerably at different times and in different places. In some cases a grave was dug, and the leper's face was often covered during the service.

TO ULYSSES.1

I.

ULVSSES, much-experienced man, Whose eyes have known this globe of ours,

Her tribes of men, and trees, and flowers,

From Corrientes to Japan,

п.

To you that bask below the Line, I soaking here in winter wet — The century's three strong eights have met

To drag me down to seventy-nine

ш.

In summer if I reach my day — To you, yet young, who breathe the balm

Of summer-winters by the palm And orange grove of Paraguay,

IV.

I tolerant of the colder time, Who love the winter woods, to trace On paler heavens the branching grace Of leafless elm, or naked lime,

v.

And see my cedar green, and there My giant ilex keeping leaf When frost is keen and days are brief—

Or marvel how in English air

VI.

My yucca, which no winter quells, Altho' the months have scarce begun, Has push'd toward our faintest sun A spike of half-accomplish'd bells —

VII.

Or watch the waving pine which here The warrior of Caprera set,² A name that earth will not forget Till earth has roll'd her latest year —

VIII.

I, once half-crazed for larger light On broader zones beyond the foam, But chaining fancy now at home Among the quarried downs of Wight,

IX.

Not less would yield full thanks to you For your rich gift, your tale of lands I know not,³ your Arabian sands; Your cane, your palm, tree-fern, bamboo,

x.

The wealth of tropic bower and brake; Your Oriental Eden-isles,⁴

Where man, nor only Nature smiles; Your wonder of the boiling lake; ⁵

XI.

Phra-Chai, the Shadow of the Best,⁶ Phra-bat⁷ the step; your Pontic coast; Crag-cloister; ⁸ Anatolian Ghost;⁹ Hong-Kong,¹⁰ Karnac,¹¹ and all the rest.

XII.

Thro' which I follow'd line by line Your leading hand, and came, my friend,

To prize your various book, and send A gift of slenderer value, mine.

¹ 'Ulysses,' the title of a number of essays by W. G. Palgrave. He died at Monte Video before seeing my poem.

² Garibaldi said to me, alluding to his barren island, '1 wish I had your trees.'

³ The tale of Nejd.

⁴ The Philippines.

⁵ In Dominica.

⁶ The Shadow of the Lord. Certain obscure markings on a rock in Siam, which express the image of Buddha to the Buddhist more or less distinctly according to his faith and his moral worth.

⁷ The footstep of the Lord on another rock.

⁸ The monastery of Sumelas.

⁹ Anatolian Spectre stories.

10 The Three Cities.

¹¹ Travels in Egypt.

TO MARY BOYLE.

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

Ι.

'SPRING-FLOWERS'! While you still delay to take Your leave of Town,

Our elmtree's ruddy-hearted blossomflake Is fluttering down.

п.

Be truer to your promise. There! I heard Our cuckoo call. Be needle to the magnet of your word, Nor wait, till all

III.

Our vernal bloom from every vale and plain And garden pass,

- And all the gold from each laburnum chain
 - Drop to the grass.

IV.

Is memory with your Marian gone to rest, Dead with the dead?

- For ere she left us, when we met, you prest
 - My hand, and said

v.

'I come with your spring-flowers.' You came not, friend; My birds would sing, You heard not. Take then this springflower I send, This song of spring,

vi.

Found yesterday — forgotten mine own rhyme By mine old self, As I shall be forgotten by old Time, Laid on the shelf — VII.

A rhyme that flower'd betwixt the whitening sloe

And kingcup blaze,

And more than half a hundred years ago, In rick-fire days,

VIII.

When Dives loathed the times, and paced his land In fear of worse.

And sanguine Lazarus felt a vacant hand

Fill with *his* purse.

IX.

For lowly minds were madden'd to the height By tonguester tricks.

And once – I well remember that red night

When thirty ricks,

х.

All flaming, made an English homestead Hell—

These hands of mine

Have helpt to pass a bucket from the well Along the line,

XI.

When this bare dome had not begun to gleam

Thro' youthful curls,

And you were then a lover's fairy dream, His girl of girls;

XII.

And you, that now are lonely, and with Grief

Sit face to face,

Might find a flickering glimmer of relief In change of place.

XIII.

What use to brood? this life of mingled pains

And joys to me,

Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains The Mystery. XIV.

Let golden youth bewail the friend, the wife,

For ever gone.

He dreams of that long walk thro' desert life

Without the one.

xv.

The silver year should cease to mourn and sigh — Not long to wait — So close are we, dear Mary, you and I To that dim gate.

XVI.

Take, read! and be the faults your Poet makes Or many or few,

He rests content, if his young music wakes

A wish in you

XVII.

To change our dark Queen-city, all her realm

Of sound and smoke,

For his clear heaven, and these few lanes of elm

And whispering oak.

THE PROGRESS OF SPRING..

I.

- THE groundflame of the crocus breaks the mould,
 - Fair Spring slides hither o'er the Southern sea,
- Wavers on her thin stem the snowdrop cold
 - That trembles not to kisses of the bee:
- Come, Spring, for now from all the dripping eaves
 - The spear of ice has wept itself away,
- And hour by hour unfolding woodbine leaves
 - O'er his uncertain shadow droops the day.

She comes! The loosen'd rivulets run; The frost-bead melts upon her golden hair;

Her mantle, slowly greening in the Sun, Now wraps her close, now arching leaves her bare

To breaths of balmier air;

п.

- Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome her,
 - About her glance the tits, and shriek the jays,
- Before her skims the jubilant woodpecker, The linnet's bosom blushes at her gaze.
- While round her brows a woodland culver flits.
 - Watching her large light eyes and gracious looks,
- And in her open palm a halcyon sits
- Patient the secret splendour of the brooks.
- Come, Spring! She comes on waste and wood,
- On farm and field: but enter also here, Diffuse thyself at will thro' all my blood,

And, tho' thy violet sicken into sere, Lodge with me all the year !

III.

- Once more a downy drift against the brakes,
 - Self-darken'd in the sky, descending slow!
- But gladly see I thro' the wavering flakes Yon blanching apricot like snow in snow.
- These will thine eyes not brook in forestpaths,
 - On their perpetual pine, nor round the beech;
- They fuse themselves to little spicy baths, Solved in the tender blushes of the peach;
- They lose themselves and die
 - On that new life that gems the hawthorn line;
- Thy gay lent-lilies wave and put them by, And out once more in varnish'd glory shine

Thy stars of celandine.

IV.

- She floats across the hamlet. Heaven lours.
 - But in the tearful splendour of her smiles
- I see the slowly-thickening chestnut towers

Fill out the spaces by the barren tiles. Now past her feet the swallow circling flies,

- A clamorous cuckoo stoops to meet her hand;
- Her light makes rainbows in my closing eves,
 - I hear a charm of song thro' all the land.
- Come, Spring! She comes, and Earth is glad
 - To roll her North below thy deepening dome,
- But ere thy maiden birk be wholly clad, And these low bushes dip their twigs in foam,

Make all true hearths thy home.

v.

Across my garden! and the thicket stirs, The fountain pulses high in sunnier jets,

The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,

- The starling claps his tiny castanets. Still round her forehead wheels the woodland dove,
 - And scatters on her throat the sparks of dew,
- The kingcup fills her footprint, and above Broaden the glowing isles of vernal blue.

Hail ample presence of a Queen,

Bountiful, beautiful, apparell'd gay,

Whose mantle, every shade of glancing green,

Flies back in fragrant breezes to display A tunic white as May!

VI.

She whispers, 'From the South I bring you balm,

For on a tropic mountain was I born,

- While some dark dweller by the cocopalm
 - Watch'd my far meadow zoned with airy morn;

- From under rose a muffled moan of floods;
- I sat beneath a solitude of snow;
- There no one came, the turf was fresh, the woods
 - Plunged gulf on gulf thro' all their vales below.

I saw beyond their silent tops

- The steaming marshes of the scarlet cranes,
- The slant seas leaning on the mangrove copse,
 - And summer basking in the sultry plains

About a land of canes;

VII.

- 'Then from my vapour-girdle soaring forth
 - I scaled the buoyant highway of the birds,
- And drank the dews and drizzle of the North,

That I might mix with men, and hear their words

- On pathway'd plains; for while my hand exults
 - Within the bloodless heart of lowly flowers
- To work old laws of Love to fresh results,

Thro' manifold effect of simple powers— I too would teach the man

Beyond the darker hour to see the bright,

That his fresh life may close as it began, The still-fulfilling promise of a light

Narrowing the bounds of night.'

VIII.

- So wed thee with my soul, that I may mark
 - The coming year's great good and varied ills,

And new developments, whatever spark

- Be struck from out the clash of warring wills;
- Or whether, since our nature cannot rest, The smoke of war's volcano burst again
- From hoary deeps that belt the changeful West,

Old Empires, dwellings of the kings of men;

- Or should those fail, that hold the helm, While the long day of knowledge grows and warms,
- And in the heart of this most ancient realm

A hateful voice be utter'd and alarms Sounding 'To arms! to arms!'

IX.

A simpler, saner lesson might he learn

- Who reads thy gradual process, Holy Spring.
- Thy leaves possess the season in their turn,
 - And in their time thy warblers rise on wing.
- How surely glidest thou from March to May.
 - And changest, breathing it, the sullen wind,
- Thy scope of operation, day by day,

Larger and fuller, like the human mind ! Thy warmths from bud to bud

Accomplish that blind model in the seed,

And men have hopes, which race the restless blood,

That after many changes may succeed Life, which is Life indeed.

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM.

Ι.

O YOUNG Mariner, You from the haven Under the sea-cliff, You that are watching The gray Magician With eyes of wonder, *I* am Merlin, And *I* am dying, *I* am Merlin Who follow The Gleam.

п.

Mighty the Wizard Who found me at sunrise Sleeping, and woke me And learn'd me Magic! Great the Master, And sweet the Magic, When over the valley, In early summers, Over the mountain, On human faces, And all around me, Moving to melody, Floated The Gleam.

ш.

Once at the croak of a Raven who crost it, A barbarous people, Blind to the magic, And deaf to the melody, Snarl'd at and cursed me. A demon vext me, The light retreated, The landskip darken'd, The melody deaden'd, The Master whisper'd, 'Follow The Gleam.'

IV.

Then to the melody, Over a wilderness Gliding, and glancing at Elf of the woodland, Gnome of the cavern, Griffin and Giant, And dancing of Fairies In desolate hollows, And wraiths of the mountain, And rolling of dragons By warble of water, Or cataract music Of falling torrents, Flitted The Gleam.

ν.

Down from the mountain And over the level, And streaming and shining on Silent river, Silvery willow, Pasture and plowland, Innocent maidens, Garrulous children, Homestead and harvest, Reaper and gleaner, And rough-ruddy faces Of lowly labour, Slided The Gleam —

VI.

Then, with a melody Stronger and statelier, Led me at length To the city and palace Of Arthur the king; Touch'd at the golden Cross of the churches, Flash'd on the Tournament, Flicker'd and bicker'd From helmet to helmet, And last on the forehead Of Arthur the blameless Rested The Gleam.

VII.

Clouds and darkness Closed upon Camelot; Arthur had vanish'd I knew not whither. The king who loved me. And cannot die: For out of the darkness Silent and slowly The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry glimmer On icy fallow And faded forest. Drew to the valley Named of the shadow, And slowly brightening Out of the glimmer, And slowly moving again to a melody Yearningly tender, Fell on the shadow, No longer a shadow, But clothed with The Gleam.

VIII.

And broader and brighter The Gleam flying onward, Wed to the melody, Sang thro' the world; And slower and fainter, Old and weary, But eager to follow, I saw, whenever In passing it glanced upon

Hamlet or city, That under the Crosses The dead man's garden, The mortal hillock. Would break into blossom And so to the land's Last limit L came -And can no longer. But die rejoicing, For thro' the Magic Of Him the Mighty, Who taught me in childhood. There on the border Of boundless Ocean, And all but in Heaven Hovers The Gleam

IX.

Not of the sunlight, Not of the moonlight, Not of the starlight ! O young Mariner, Down to the haven, Call your companions, Launch your vessel, And crowd your canvas, And, ere it vanishes Over the margin, After it, follow it, Follow The Gleam.

ROMNEY'S REMORSE.

'I read Hayley's Life of Romney the other day — Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter; but his ideal was not high nor fixed. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that "marriage spoilt an artist" almost immediately left his wife in the North and scarce saw her till the end of his life; when old, nearly mad. and quite desolate, he went back to her and she received him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures! even as a matter of Art, I am sure.' (Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald, vol. i.)

'BEAT, little heart — I give you this and this,' Who are you? What! the Lady Hamilton?

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Good, I am never weary painting you. To sit once more? Cassandra, Hebe,	And lured me from the household fire on earth.
Joan,	To you my days have been a life-long lie,
Or spinning at your wheel beside the vine —	Grafted on half a truth; and tho' you say 'Take comfort, you have won the Painter's
Bacchante, what you will; and if I fail	fame,'
To conjure and concentrate into form And colour all you are, the fault is less	The best in me that sees the worst in me, And groans to see it, finds no comfort
In me than Art. What Artist ever yet	there.
Could make pure light live on the canvas? Art!	What fame? I am not Raphaël, Titian—no
Why should I so disrelish that short word?	Nor even a Sir Joshua, some will cry. Wrong there! The painter's fame? but
Where am I? snow on all the hills!	mine, that grew
so hot, So fever'd! never colt would more de-	Blown into glittering by the popular breath,
light	May float awhile beneath the sun, may
To roll himself in meadow grass than I	roll
To wallow in that winter of the hills. Nurse, were you hired? or came of	The rainbow hues of heaven about it — There !
your own will	The colour'd bubble bursts above the
To wait on one so broken, so forlorn?	abyss
Have I not met you somewhere long ago? I am all but sure I have—in Kendal	Of Darkness, utter Lethe.
church —	Is it so?
O yes! I hired you for a season there,	Her sad eyes plead for my own fame
And then we parted; but you look so	with me
kind	To make it dearer.
That you will not deny my sultry throat	Look the sun has view
One draught of icy water. There — you spill	Look, the sun has risen To flame along another dreary day.
The drops upon my forehead. Your	Your hand. How bright you keep your
hand shakes.	marriage-ring !
I am ashamed. I am a trouble to you,	Raise me. I thank you.
Could kneel for your forgiveness. Are they tears?	Has your opiate then
For me — they do me too much grace —	Bred this black mood? or am I conscious,
for me?	more
O Mary, Mary!	Than other Masters, of the chasm
Vexing you with words ! Words only, born of fever, or the fumes	between Work and Ideal? Or does the gloom
Of that dark opiate dose you gave me,	of Age
— words,	And suffering cloud the height I stand
Wild babble. I have stumbled back again	upon
Into the common day, the sounder self. God stay me there, if only for your sake,	Even from myself? stand? stood
The truest, kindliest, noblest-hearted wife	no more. And yet
That ever wore a Christian marriage-ring.	The world would lose, if such a wife as
My curse upon the Master's apothegm,	you
That wife and children drag an Artist	Should vanish unrecorded. Might I crave
down! This seem'd my lodestar in the Heaven	One favour? I am bankrupt of all claim On your obedience, and my strongest
of Art,	wish

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Falls flat before your least unwillingness. Still would you — if it please you — sit	You watch'd not I, she did not grow, she died.
to me? I dream'd last night of that clear summer noon, When seated on a rock, and foot to foot With your own shadow in the placid lake, You claspt our infant daughter, heart to heart. I had been among the hills, and brought	 'Father and Mother will watch you grow, And gather the roses whenever they blow, And find the white heather wherever you go,
you down	
A length of staghorn-moss, and this you twined	Ah, my white heather only blooms ir heaven
 About her cap. I see the picture yet, Mother and child. A sound from far away, No louder than a bee among the flowers, A fall of water lull'd the noon asleep. You still'd it for the moment with a song Which often echo'd in me, while I stood Before the great Madonna-masterpieces Of ancient Art in Paris, or in Rome. Mary, my crayons! if I can, I will. You should have been — I might have made you once, Had I but known you as I know you now — The true Alcestis of the time. Your song — Sit, listen! I remember it, a proof That I — even I — at times remember'd you. 'Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat! Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet! All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet, 	 With Milton's amaranth. There, there, there! a child Had shamed me at it — Down, you idle tools, Stampt into dust — tremulous, all awry, Blurr'd like a landskip in a ruffled pool, — Not one stroke firm. This Art, that harlot-like Seduced me from you, leaves me harlot-like, Who love her still, and whimper, impotent To win her back before I die — and then — Then, in the loud world's bastard judgment-day, One truth will damn me with the mindless mob, Who feel no touch of my temptation, more Than all the myriad lies, that blacken round The corpse of every man that gains a name; 'This model husband, this fine Artist'! Fool, What matters? Six foot deep of burial
My sweet.' Less profile! turn to me — three-quarter	mould Will dull their comments! Ay, but when
face.	the shout Of His descending peals from Heaven,
 Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss ! For I give you this, and I give you this ! And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss ! Sleep ! ' 	and throbs Thro' earth, and all her graves, if He should ask, 'Why left you wife and children? for my sake, According to my word?' and I replied, 'Nay, Lord, for Art,' why, that would
Too early blinded by the kiss of death —	sound so mean That all the dead, who wait the doom of
'Father and Mother will watch you grow'—	Hell For bolder sins than mine, adulteries,

Wife-murders, -- nay, the ruthless Mussulman Who flings his bowstrung Harem in the sea. Would turn, and glare at me, and point and ieer. And gibber at the worm, who, living, made The wife of wives a widow-bride, and lost Salvation for a sketch. I am wild again! The coals of fire you heap upon my head Have crazed me. Some one knocking there without? No! Will my Indian brother come? to find Me or my coffin? Should I know the man? This worn-out Reason dying in her house May leave the windows blinded, and if so, Bid him farewell for me, and tell him -Hope! I hear a death-bed Angel whisper 'Hope.' 'The miserable have no medicine But only Hope!' He said it . . . in the play. His crime was of the senses; of the mind Mine; worse, cold, calculated. Tell my son — O let me lean my head upon your breast. 'Beat little heart' on this fool brain of mine. I once had friends - and many - none like you. I love you more than when we married. Hope! O yes, I hope, or fancy that, perhaps, Human forgiveness touches heaven, and thence ---For you forgive me, you are sure of that ---Reflected, sends a light on the forgiven. PARNASSUS. Exegi monumentum . . . Quod non . . . Possit diruere . . . innumerabilis Annorum series et fuga temporum. - HORACE. 1. WHAT be those crown'd forms high over the sacred fountain?

Bards, that the mighty Muses have raised to the heights of the mountain,

And over the flight of the Ages! O Goddesses, help me up thither!

Lightning may shrivel the laurel of Cæsar, but mine would not wither.

Steep is the mountain, but you, you will help me to overcome it.

And stand with my head in the zenith, and roll my voice from the summit,

Sounding for ever and ever thro' Earth and her listening nations,

And mixt with the great Sphere-music of stars and of constellations.

п.

What be those two shapes high over the sacred fountain,

- Taller than all the Muses, and huger than all the mountain?
- On those two known peaks they stand ever spreading and heightening;
- Poet, that evergreen laurel is blasted by more than lightning !

Look, in their deep double shadow the crown'd ones all disappearing !

- Sing like a bird and be happy, nor hope for a deathless hearing!
- 'Sounding for ever and ever?' pass on ! the sight confuses —
- These are Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses!
 - III.
- If the lips were touch'd with fire from off a pure Pierian altar,
- Tho' their music here be mortal need the singer greatly care?

Other songs for other worlds! the fire within him would not falter;

Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here is Homer there.

BY AN EVOLUTIONIST.

THE Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,

And the man said, 'Am I your debtor?' And the Lord — 'Not yet: but make it

as clean as you can,

And then 1 will let you a better.'

Ι.

- If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain, or a fable,
- Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning shines,
- I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable,
 - Youth and Health, and birth and wealth, and choice of women and of wines?

п.

- What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on the rack?
 - Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar !

OLD AGE.

- Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty years back.
 - Less weight now for the ladder-ofheaven that hangs on a star.

Ι.

- If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
- I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
- No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
 - Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

п.

- I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
 - Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
- But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
 - As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher.

FAR — FAR — AWAY.

(FOR MUSIC.)

WHAT sight so lured him thro' the fields he knew As where earth's green stole into heaven's own hue,

Far - far - away?

- What sound was dearest in his native dells?
- The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells Far — far — away.
- What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,
- Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy,

Far — far — away?

- A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath
- From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death

- Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of Birth,
- The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,

Far — far — away?

- What charm in words, a charm no words could give?
- O dying words, can Music make you live Far — far — away?

POLITICS.

- We move, the wheel must always move, Nor always on the plain,
- And if we move to such a goal As Wisdom hopes to gain,
- Then you that drive, and know your Craft, Will firmly hold the rein,
- Nor lend an ear to random cries,
- Or you may drive in vain,
- For some cry 'Quick' and some cry 'Slow,'

But, while the hills remain,

Up hill 'Too-slow' will need the whip, Down hill 'Too-quick,' the chain.

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

- BEAUTIFUL city, the centre and crater of European confusion,
- O you with your passionate shriek for the rights of an equal humanity,

How often your Re-volution has proven but E-volution

Roll'd again back on itself in the tides of a civic insanity!

THE ROSES ON THE TERRACE.

- Rose, on this terrace fifty years ago, When I was in my June, you in your May,
- Two words, 'My Rose' set all your face aglow,
 - And now that I am white, and you are gray,
- That blush of fifty years ago, my dear, Blooms in the Past, but close to me to-day
- As this red rose, which on our terrace here Glows in the blue of fifty miles away.

THE PLAY.

- Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe
 - You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
- And yet be patient. Our Playwright may show
 - In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means.

ON ONE WHO AFFECTED AN EFFEMINATE MANNER.

- WHILE man and woman still are incomplete,
- I prize that soul where man and woman meet,
- Which types all Nature's male and female plan,
- But, friend, man-woman is not womanman.

TO ONE WHO RAN DOWN THE ENGLISH.

- You make our faults too gross, and thence maintain
- Our darker future. May your fears be vain!

At times the small black fly upon the pane

May seem the black ox of the distant plain.

THE SNOWDROP.

MANY, many welcomes February fair-maid, Ever as of old time, Solitary firstling, Coming in the cold time, Prophet of the gay time, Prophet of the May time, Prophet of the roses, Many, many welcomes February fair-maid !

THE THROSTLE.

'SUMMER is coming, summer is coming. I know it, I know it, I know it.

Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,'

Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue. Last year you sang it as gladly.

'New, new, new, new!' Is it then so new

That you should carol so madly?

' Love again, song again, nest again, young again,'

Never a prophet so crazy !

- And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend, See, there is hardly a daisy.
- 'Here again, here, here, here, happy year!'

O warble unchidden, unbidden!

Summer is coming, is coming, my dear, And all the winters are hidden.

THE OAK.

LIVE thy Life, Young and old, Like yon oak, Bright in spring, Living gold;

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Summer-rich Then; and then Autumn-changed, Soberer-hued Gold again.

All his leaves Fall'n at length, Look, he stands, Trunk and bough, Naked strength.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. G. WARD.

FAREWELL, whose like on earth I shall not find,

Whose Faith and Work were bells of full accord,

- My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,
 - Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward,
- How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind,
 - How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

ACT I.—Scene I., The Bond; Scenes II., III., The Outlawry.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE GARDEN BEFORE SIR RICHARD LEA'S CASTLE.

Kate (gathering flowers). These roses for my Lady Marian; these lilies to lighten Sir Richard's black room, where he sits and eats his heart for want of money to pay the Abbot.

Sings.

The warrior Earl of Allendale, He loved the Lady Anne; The lady loved the master well, The maid she loved the man.

All in the castle garden, Or ever the day began, The lady gave a rose to the Earl, The maid a rose to the man.

' I go to fight in Scotland With many a savage clan; ' The lady gave her hand to the Earl, The maid her hand to the man.

'Farewell, farewell, my warrior Earl!' And ever a tear down ran. She gave a weeping kiss to the Earl, And the maid a kiss to the man.

Enter four ragged RETAINERS.

First Retainer. You do well, Mistress Kate, to sing and to gather roses. You be fed with tit-bits, you, and we be dogs that have only the bones, till we be only bones our own selves.

Second Retainer. I am fed with titbits no more than you are, but I keep a good heart and make the most of it, and, truth to say, Sir Richard and my Lady Marian fare wellnigh as sparely as their people.

Third Retainer. And look at our suits, out at knee, out at elbow. We be more like scarecrows in a field than decent serving men; and then, I pray you, look at Robin Earl of Huntingdon's men.

First Retainer. She hath looked well at one of 'em, Little John.

Third Retainer. Ay, how fine they

be in their liveries, and each of 'em as full of meat as an egg, and as sleek and as round-about as a mellow codlin.

Fourth Retainer. But I be worse off than any of you, for I be lean by nature, and if you cram me crop-full I be little better than Famine in the picture, but if you starve me I be Gaffer Death himself. I would like to show you, Mistress Kate, how bare and spare I be on the rib: I be lanker than an old horse turned out to die on the common.

Kate. Spare me thy spare ribs, I pray thee; but now I ask you all, did none of you love young Walter Lea?

First Retainer. Ay, if he had not gone to fight the king's battles, we should have better battels at home.

Kate. Right as an Oxford scholar, but the boy was taken prisoner by the Moors. *First Retainer*. Ay,

Kate. And Sir Richard was told he might be ransomed for two thousand marks in gold.

First Retainer. Ay.

Kate. Then he borrowed the monies from the Abbot of York, the Sheriff's brother. And if they be not paid back at the end of the year, the land goes to the Abbot.

First Retainer. No news of young Walter?

Kate. None, nor of the gold, nor the man who took out the gold: but now ye know why we live so stintedly, and why ye have so few grains to peck at. Sir Richard must scrape and scrape till he get to the land again. Come, come, why do you loiter here? Carry fresh rushes into the dining-hall, for those that are there they be so greasy and smell so vilely that my Lady Marian holds her nose when she steps across it.

Fourth Retainer. Why there, now! that very word 'greasy' hath a kind of unction in it, a smack of relish about it. The rats have gnawed 'em already. I pray Heaven we may not have to take to the rushes. [Exeunt.

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Kate. Poor fellows!

The lady gave her hand to the Earl. The maid her hand to the man.

Enter LITTLE JOHN.

Little Fohn. My master, Robin the Earl, is always a-telling us that every man, for the sake of the great blessed Mother in heaven, and for the love of his own little mother on earth, should handle all womankind gently, and hold them in all honour, and speak small to 'em, and not scare 'em, but go about to come at their love with all manner of homages, and observances, and circumbendibuses.

Kate.

The lady gave a rose to the Earl, The maid a rose to the man.

Little John (seeing her). O the sacred little thing ! What a shape ! what lovely arms! A rose to the man! Av. the man had given her a rose and she gave him another.

Kate. Shall I keep one little rose for Little John? No.

Little John. There, there ! You see I was right. She hath a tenderness toward me, but is too shy to show it. It is in her, in the woman, and the man must bring it out of her.

Kate.

She gave a weeping kiss to the Earl, The maid a kiss to the man.

Little John. Did she? But there I am sure the ballad is at fault. It should have told us how the man first kissed the maid. She doesn't see me. Shall I be bold? shall I touch her? shall I give her the first kiss? O sweet Kate, my first love, the first kiss, the first kiss !

Kate (turns and kisses him). Why lookest thou so amazed?

Little John. I cannot tell; but I came to give thee the first kiss, and thou hast given it me.

Kate. But if a man and a maid care for one another, does it matter so much if the maid give the first kiss?

Little John. I cannot tell, but I had sooner have given thee the first kiss. I was dreaming of it all the way hither.

Kate. Dream of it, then, all the way back, for now I will have none of it.

Little John. Nay, now thou hast given me the man's kiss, let me give thee the maid's

Kate. If thou draw one inch nearer. I will give thee a buffet on the face.

Little John. Wilt thou not give me rather the little rose for Little John?

Kate (throws it down and tramples on it). There!

[Kate seeing Marian exit hurriedly.

Enter MARIAN (singing).

Love flew in at the window, As Wealth walk'd in at the door.

'You have come for you saw Wealth coming,' said I.

But he flutter'd his wings with a sweet little cry, I'll cleave to you rich or poor.

Wealth dropt out of the window.

Poverty crept thro' the door. 'Well now you would fain follow Wealth,' said I, But he flutter'd his wings as he gave me the lie, I cling to you all the more.

Little Fohn. Thanks, my lady-inasmuch as I am a true believer in true love myself, and your Ladyship hath sung the old proverb out of fashion.

Marian. Av but thou hast ruffled my woman, Little John. She hath the fire in her face and the dew in her eyes. I believed thee to be too solemn and formal to be a ruffler. Out upon thee!

Little John. I am no ruffler, my lady; but I pray you, my lady, if a man and a maid love one another, may the maid give the first kiss?

Marian. It will be all the more gracious of her if she do.

Little John. I cannot tell. Manners be so corrupt, and these are the days of Prince John. Exit.

Enter SIR RICHARD LEA (reading a bond).

Sir Richard. Marian!

Marian. Father!

Sir Richard. Who parted from thee even now?

Marian. That strange starched stiff creature, Little John, the Earl's man. He would grapple with a lion like the King, and is flustered by a girl's kiss.

Sir Richard. There never was an Earl so true a friend of the people as Lord Robin of Huntingdon.

Marian. A gallant Earl. I love him as I hate John.

Sir Richard. I fear me he hath wasted his revenues in the service of our good King Richard against the party of John, as I have done, as I have done : and where is Richard?

Marian. Cleave to him, father! he will come home at last.

Sir Richard. I trust he will, but if he do not I and thou are but beggars.

Marian. We will be beggar'd then and be true to the King.

Sir Richard. Thou speakest like a fool or a woman. Canst thou endure to be a beggar whose whole life hath been folded like a blossom in the sheath, like a careless sleeper in the down; who never hast felt a want, to whom all things, up to this present, have come as freely as heaven's air and mother's milk?

Marian. Tut, father ! I am none of your delicate Norman maidens who can only broider and mayhap ride a-hawking with the help of the men. I can bake and I can brew, and by all the saints I can shoot almost as closely with the bow as the great Earl himself. I have played at the foils too with Kate: but is not to-day his birthday?

Sir Richard. Dost thou love him indeed, that thou keepest a record of his birthdays? Thou knowest that the Sheriff of Nottingham loves thee.

Marian. The Sheriff dare to love me? me who worship Robin the great Earl of Huntingdon? I love him as a damsel of his day might have loved Harold the Saxon, or Hereward the Wake. Thev both fought against the tyranny of the kings, the Normans. But then your Sheriff, your little man, if he dare to fight at all, would fight for his rents, his leases, his houses, his monies, his oxen, his dinners, himself. Now your great man, your Robin, all England's Robin, fights not for himself but for the people of England. This John-this Norman tyranny-the stream is bearing us all down, and our little Sheriff will ever swim with the

stream! but our great man, our Robin, against it. And how often in old histories have the great men striven against the stream, and how often in the long sweep of years to come must the great man strive against it again to save his country, and the liberties of his people! God bless our well-beloved Robin, Earl of Huntingdon.

Sir Richard. Ay, ay. He wore thy colours once at a tourney. I am old and forget. Was Prince John there?

Marian. The Sheriff of Nottingham was there—not John.

Sir Richard. Beware of John and the Sheriff of Nottingham. They hunt in couples, and when they look at a maid they blast her.

Marian. Then the maid is not high-hearted enough.

There-there-be not Sir Richard. a fool again. Their aim is ever at that which flies highest-but O girl, girl, I am almost in despair. Those two thousand marks lent me by the Abbot for the ransom of my son Walter-I believed this Abbot of the party of King Richard, and he hath sold himself to that beast John -- they must be paid in a year and a month, or I lose the land. There is one that should be grateful to me overseas, a Count in Brittany-he lives near Quimper. I saved his life once in battle. He has monies. I will go to him. T saved him. I will try him. I am all but sure of him. I will go to him.

Marian. And I will follow thee, and God help us both.

Sir Richard. Child, thou shouldst marry one who will pay the mortgage. This Robin, this Earl of Huntingdon—he is a friend of Richard—I know not, but he may save the land, he may save the land.

Marian (showing a cross hung round her neck). Father, you see this cross?

Sir Richard. Ay the King, thy godfather, gave it thee when a baby.

Marian. And he said that whenever I married he would give me away, and on this cross I have sworn [kisses it] that till I myself pass away, there is no other man that shall give me away.

Sir Richard. Lo there—thou art fool

SCENE II.

again—I am all as loyal as thyself, but what a vow! what a vow!

Re-enter LITTLE JOHN.

Little John. My Lady Marian, your woman so flustered me that I forgot my message from the Earl. To-day he hath accomplished his thirtieth birthday, and he praysyour ladyship and your ladyship's father to be present at his banquet to-night.

Marian. Say, we will come.

Little John. And I pray you, my lady, to stand between me and your woman, Kate.

Marian. I will speak with her.

Little John. I thank you, my lady, and I wish you and your ladyship's father a most exceedingly good morning. [Exit. Sir Richard. Thou hast answered for

Sir Richard. Thou hast answered for me, but I know not if I will let thee go. Marian. I mean to go.

Sir Richard. Not if I barred thee up in thy chamber, like a bird in a cage.

Marian. Then I would drop from the casement, like a spider.

Sir Richard. But I would hoist the drawbridge, like thy master.

Marian. And I would swim the moat, like an otter.

Sir Richard. But I would set my men-at-arms to oppose thee, like the Lord of the Castle.

Marian. And I would break through them all, like the King of England.

Sir Richard. Well, thou shalt go, but O the land! the land! my great great great grandfather, my great grandfather, my great grandfather, my grandfather and my own father—they were born and bred on it—it was their mother —they have trodden it for half a thousand years, and whenever I set my own foot on it I say to it, Thou art mine, and it answers, I am thine to the very heart of the earth—but now I have lost my gold, I have lost my son, and I shall lose my land also. Down to the devil with this bond that beggars me!

[Flings down the bond.

Marian. Take it again, dear father, be not wroth at the dumb parchment. Sufficient for the day, dear father ! let us be merry to-night at the banquet. SCENE II.—A BANQUETING-HALL IN THE HOUSE OF ROBIN HOOD THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

Doors open into a banqueting-hall where he is at feast with his friends.

Drinking Song.

Long live Richard, Robin and Richard! Long live Richard! Down with John! Drink to the Lion-heart Every one! Pledge the Plantagenet, Him that is gone. Who knows whither? God's good Angel Help him back hither, And down with John! Long live Robin, Robin and Richard! Long live Robin, And down with John!

Enter PRINCE JOHN disguised as a monk and the SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM. Cries of 'Down with John,' 'Long live King Richard,' 'Down with John.'

Prince John. Down with John! ha. Shall I be known? is my disguise perfect?

Sheriff. Perfect—who should know you for Prince John, so that you keep the cowl down and speak not?

[Shouts from the banquet-room. Prince John. Thou and I will still these revelries presently.

[Shouts, 'Long live King Richard!' I come here to see this daughter of Sir Richard of the Lea and if her beauties answer their report. If so—

Sheriff. If so-

[Shouts, 'Down with John!' Prince John. You hear!

Sheriff. Yes, my lord, fear not. I will answer for you.

Enter LITTLE JOHN, SCARLET, MUCH, Sec., from the banquet singing a snatch of the Drinking Song.

Little John. I am a silent man myself, and all the more wonder at our Earl. What a wealth of words—O Lord, I will live and die for King Richard—not so much for the cause as for the Earl. O Lord, I am easily led by words, but I think the Earl hath right. Scarlet, hath not the Earl right? What makes thee so down in the mouth?

Scarlet. I doubt not, I doubt not, and though I be down in the mouth, I will swear by the head of the Earl.

Little John. Thou Much, miller's son, hath not the Earl right?

Much. More water goes by the mill than the miller wots of, and more goes to make right than I know of, but for all that I will swear the Earl hath right. But they are coming hither for the dance—

(Enter FRIAR TUCK.)

be they not, Friar Tuck? Thou art the Earl's confessor and shouldst know.

Tuck. Ay, ay, and but that I am a man of weight, and the weight of the church to boot on my shoulders, I would dance too. Fa, la, la, fa, la, la.

[Capering.

Much. But doth not the weight of the flesh at odd times overbalance the weight of the church, ha friar?

Tuck. Homo sum. I love my dinner —but I can fast, I can fast; and as to other frailties of the flesh—out upon thee! Homo sum, sed virgo sum, I am a virgin, my masters, I am a virgin.

Much. And a virgin, my masters, three yards about the waist is like to remain a virgin, for who could embrace such an armful of joy?

Tuck. Knave, there is a lot of wild fellows in Sherwood Forest who hold by King Richard. If ever I meet thee there, I will break thy sconce with my quarterstaff.

Enter from the banqueting-hall SIR RICHARD LEA, ROBIN HOOD, &c.

Robin. My guests and friends, Sir Richard, all of you

Who deign to honour this my thirtieth year,

And some of you were prophets that I might be,

- Now that the sun our King is gone, the light
- Of these dark hours; but this new moon, I fear,

Is darkness. Nay, this may be the last time When L shall hold my hirthday in this

- When I shall hold my birthday in this hall:
- I may be outlaw'd, I have heard a rumour. All. God forbid !

Robin. Nay, but we have no news of Richard yet,

- And ye did wrong in crying 'Down with John;'
- For be he dead, then John may be our King.

All. God forbid!

Robin. Ay God forbid,

But if it be so we must bear with John.

The man is able enough—no lack of wit, And apt at arms and shrewd in policy.

And apt at arms and sniewd in policy.

Courteous enough too when he wills; and yet

I hate him for his want of chivalry.

- He that can pluck the flower of maidenhood
- From off the stalk and trample it in the mire,
- And boast that he hath trampled it. I hate him,
- I hate the man. I may not hate the King

For aught I know,

- So that our Barons bring his baseness under.
- I think they will be mightier than the king.

[Dance music.

(MARIAN enters with other damsels.)

Robin. The high Heaven guard thee from his wantonness

Who art the fairest flower of maidenhood

That ever blossom'd on this English isle.

Marian. Cloud not thy birthday with one fear for me.

My lord, myself and my good father pray Thy thirtieth summer may be thirty-fold

As happy as any of those that went before.

Robin. My Lady Marian you can make it so

If you will deign to tread a measure with me.

Marian. Full willingly, my lord.

[*They dance. Robin (after dance)*. My Lady, will you answer me a question? Marian. Any that you may ask.

Robin. A question that every true man asks of a woman once in his life.

Marian. I will not answer it, my lord, till King Richard come home again.

- Prince John (to Sheriff). How she looks up at him, how she holds her face!
- Now if she kiss him, I will have his head.

Sheriff. Peace, my lord; the Earl and Sir Richard come this way.

Robin. Must you have these monies before the year and the month end?

Sir Richard. Or I forfeit my land to the Abbot. I must pass overseas to one that I trust will help me.

Robin. Leaving your fair Marian alone here.

- *Sir Richard.* Ay, for she hath somewhat of the lioness in her, and there be men-at-arms to guard her.
 - [Robin, Sir Richard, and Marian pass on.

Prince John (to Sheriff). Why that will be our opportunity

When I and thou will rob the nest of her. *Sheriff.* Good Prince, art thou in need of any gold?

Prince John. Gold? why? not now.

Sheriff. I would give thee any gold So that myself alone might rob the nest.

- Prince John. Well, well then, thou shalt rob the nest alone.
- Sheriff. Swear to me by that relic on thy neck.
- Prince John. I swear then by this relic on my neck-

No, no, I will not swear by this; I keep it For holy vows made to the blessed Saints Not pleasures, women's matters.

Dost thou mistrust me? Am 1 not thy friend ?

Beware, man, lest thou lose thy faith in me.

I love thee much; and as I am thy friend,

I promise thee to make this Marian thine.

Go now and ask the maid to dance with thee,

And learn from her if she do love this Earl.

Sheriff (advancing toward Marian and Robin). Pretty mistress! *Robin.* What art thou, man? Sheriff of Nottingham?

Sheriff. Ay, my lord. I and my friend, this monk, were here belated, and seeing the hospitable lights in your castle, and knowing the fame of your hospitality, we ventured in uninvited.

Rohin. You are welcome, though I fear you be of those who hold more by John than Richard.

Sheriff. True, for through John I had my sheriffship. I am John's till Richard come back again, and then I am Richard's. Pretty mistress, will you dance?

Robin (talking to Prince John). What monk of what convent art thou? Why wearest thou thy cowl to hide thy face?

[Prince John *shakes his head.* Is he deaf, or dumb, or daft, or drunk belike?

[Prince John *shakes his head*. Why comest thou like a death's head at my feast?

[Prince John *points to the* Sheriff, who is dancing with Marian.

Is he thy mouthpiece, thine interpreter? [Prince John nods.

Sheriff (to Marian as they pass). Beware of John!

Marian. I hate him.

Sheriff. Would you cast An eve of favour on me, I would pay

My brother all his debt and save the land.

Marian. I cannot answer thee till Richard come.

Sheriff. And when he comes?

Marian. Well, you must wait till then.

Little John (dancing with Kate). Is it made up? Will you kiss me?

Kate. You shall give me the first kiss. *Little John.* There (*kisses her*). Now thine.

Kate. You shall wait for mine till Sir Richard has paid the Abbot.

[They pass on.

[The Sheriff leaves Marian with her

father and comes toward Robin.

Robin (to Sheriff, Prince John *standing by)*. Sheriff, thy friend, this monk, is but a statue.

Sheriff. Pardon him, my lord: he is

They dance.

But if the better times should Rohin never come? Marian. Then I shall be no worse. Robin. And if the worst time come? Why then I will be better Marian than the time. *Robin*. This ring my mother gave me : it was her own Betrothal ring. She prav'd me when I loved A maid with all my heart to pass it down A finger of that hand which should be mine Thereafter. Will you have it? Will you wear it? Marian. Ay, noble Earl, and never part with it. Sir Richard Lea (coming up). Not till she clean forget thee, noble Earl. Marian. Forget him-never-by this Bade me beware Holv Cross Which good King Richard gave me when a child-Never! Not while the swallow skims along the ground, And while the lark flies up and touches heaven! Not while the smoke floats from the cot-

> And the white cloud is roll'd along the sky!

> Not while the rivulet babbles by the door, And the great breaker beats upon the beach! Never-

> Till Nature, high and low, and great and small

> Forgets herself, and all her loves and hates

Sink again into chaos.

Sir Richard Lea. Away! away! Exeunt to music.

SCENE III.—SAME AS SCENE II.

ROBIN and his men.

Robin. All gone !----my ring-I am happy-should be happy.

She took my ring. I trust she loves me -vet

I heard this Sheriff tell her he would pay

a holy Palmer, bounden by a vow not to show his face, nor to speak word to any-

one, till he join King Richard in the Holv Land.

Robin. Going to the Holy Land to Give me thy hand and tell Richard! him — Why, what a cold grasp is thine-as if thou didst repent thy courtesy even in the doing it. That is no true man's hand. I hate hidden faces.

Sheriff. Pardon him again, I pray you; but the twilight of the coming day already glimmers in the east. We thank you, and farewell.

Robin. Farewell, farewell. I hate hidden faces.

Execut Prince John and Sheriff. Sir Richard (coming forward with How close the Maid Marian). Sheriff peer'd into thine eyes!

What did he say to thee?

Marian. Of John: what maid but would beware of John?

Sir Richard. What else?

Marian I care not what he said.

Sir Richard. What else?

Marian. That if I cast an eye of favour on him,

Himself would pay this mortgage to his brother.

And save the land.

- Sir Richard. Did he say so, the Sheriff?
- Robin. I fear this Abbot is a heart of flint.

Hard as the stones of his abbey.

O good Sir Richard,

I am sorry my exchequer runs so low

- I cannot help you in this exigency;
- For though my men and I flash out at times

Of festival like burnish'd summer-flies.

We make but one hour's buzz, are only like

The rainbow of a momentary sun.

I am mortgaged as thyself.

Sir Richard, Ay! I warrant thee thou canst not be sorrier than I am. Come away, daughter.

Robin. Farewell, Sir Richard; farewell, sweet Marian.

Marian. Till better times.

tage roof,

- The mortgage if she favour'd him. I fear Not her, the father's power upon her. Friends. (to his men) I am only merry for an hour or two Upon a birthday: if this life of ours Be a good glad thing, why should we make us merry Because a year of it is gone? but Hope Smiles from the threshold of the year to come Whispering 'it will be happier,' and old faces Press round us, and warm hands close with warm hands. And thro' the blood the wine leaps to the brain Like April sap to the topmost tree, that back! shoots New buds to heaven, whereon the throstle rock'd Sings a new song to the new year—and you Strike up a song, my friends, and then to bed. Little John. What will you have, my lord? Robin. 'To sleep! to sleep!' seized Little Fohn. There is a touch of sadness in it, my lord, But ill befitting such a festal day.
 - *Robin.* I have a touch of sadness in myself.

Sing.

Song.

To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done, And darkness rises from the fallen sun.

To sleep! to sleep! Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day; Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away. To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past! Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last. To sleep! to sleep!

[A trumpet blown at the gates.

Robin. Who breaks the stillness of the morning thus?

Little John (going out and returning). It is a royal messenger, my lord:

I trust he brings us news of the King's coming.

Enter a PURSUIVANT who reads.

O yes, O yes, O yes! In the name of the Regent. Thou, Robin Hood Earl of Huntingdon art attainted and hast lost thine earldom of Huntingdon. Moreover thou art dispossessed of all thy lands, goods, and chattels; and by virtue of this writ, whereas Robin Hood Earl of Huntingdon by force and arms hath trespassed against the king in divers manners, therefore by the judgment of the officers of the said lord king, according to the law and custom of the kingdom of England Robin Hood Earl of Huntingdon is outlawed and banished.

Robin. I have shelter'd some that broke the forest laws.

This is irregular and the work of John.

['Irregular, irregular ! (*tumult*) Down with him, tear his coat from his back ! '

Messenger. Ho there! ho there, the Sheriff's men without!

- Robin. Nay, let them be, man, let them be. We yield.
- How should we cope with John? The London folkmote
- Has made him all but king, and he hath seized
- On half the royal castles. Let him alone ! (to his men)
- A worthy messenger! how should he help it?
- Shall we too work injustice? what, thou shakest !
- Here, here—a cup of wine—drink and begone! [*Exit* Messenger.
- We will away in four-and-twenty hours,

But shall we leave our England?

Tuck. Robin, Earl— *Robin.* Let be the Earl. Henceforth I am no more

Then plain man to plain man.

- Tuck. Well, then, plain man, There be good fellows there in merry
- Sherwood That hold by Richard, tho' they kill his
- deer.
 - Robin. In Sherwood Forest. I have heard of them.

Have they no leader?

Tuck. Each man for his own.

- Be thou their leader and they will all of them
- Swarm to thy voice like bees to the brass pan.

Robin. They hold by Richard—the wild wood! to cast

- All threadbare household habit, mix with all
- The lusty life of wood and underwood,
- Hawk, buzzard, jay, the mavis and the merle,
- The tawny squirrel vaulting thro' the boughs,
- The deer, the highback'd polecat, the wild boar,
- The burrowing badger-By St. Nicholas
- I have a sudden passion for the wild wood---
- We should be free as air in the wild wood—
- What say you? shall we go? Your hands, your hands!
 - Gives his hand to each.
- You, Scarlet, you are always moody here. Scarlet. 'Tis for no lack of love to you, my lord,
- But lack of happiness in a blatant wife.
- She broke my head on Tuesday with a dish.
- I would have thwack'd the woman, but I did not,
- Because thou sayest such fine things of women,
- But I shall have to thwack her if I stay.
 - Robin. Would it be better for thee in the wood?
 - Scarlet. Ay, so she did not follow me to the wood.
 - *Robin.* Then, Scarlet, thou at least wilt go with me.
- Thou, Much, the miller's son, I knew thy father :
- He was a manly man, as thou art, Much,
- And gray before his time as thou art, Much.
 - Much. It is the trick of the family, my lord.
- There was a song he made to the turning wheel---
 - Robin. 'Turn! turn!' but I forget it.
 - Much. I can sing it.

Robin. Not now, good Much! And thou, dear Little John,

- Who hast that worship for me which Heaven knows
- I ill deserve—you love me, all of you,
- But I am outlaw'd, and if caught. I die.

Your hands again. All thanks for all your service;

But if you follow me, you may die with me. *All.* We will live and die with thee, we will live and die with thee.

ACT II.—THE FLIGHT OF MARIAN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A BROAD FOREST GLADE.

Woodman's hut at one side with halfdoor, FORESTERS are looking to their bows and arrows, or polishing their swords.

FORESTERS sing (as they disperse to their *work*).

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.

(Full chorus.)

And these will strike for England And man and maid be free To foil and spoil the tyrant Beneath the greenwood tree.

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.

(Full chorus.)

And these shall wed with freemen, And all their sons be free, To sing the songs of England Beneath the greenwood tree.

Robin (alone). My lonely hour!

- The king of day hath stept from off his throne,
- Flung by the golden mantle of the cloud, And sets, a naked fire. The King of
- England Perchance this day may sink as glori-
- ously, Red with his own and enemy's blood—
- but no!
- We hear he is in prison. It is my birthday.

- I have reign'd one year in the wild wood. My mother,
- For whose sake, and the blessed Queen of Heaven,

I reverence all women, bad me, dying,

- Whene'er this day should come about, to carve
- One lone hour from it, so to meditate
- Upon my greater nearness to the birthday
- Of the after-life, when all the sheeted dead
- Are shaken from their stillness in the grave

By the last trumpet.

Am I worse or better?

I am outlaw'd. I am none the worse for that.

I held for Richard, and I hated John.

- I am a thief, av, and a king of thieves.
- Ay! but we rob the robber, wrong the wronger.
- And what we wring from them we give the poor.
- I am none the worse for that, and all the better
- For this free forest-life, for while I sat
- Among my thralls in my baronial hall
- The groining hid the heavens; but since I breathed.
- A houseless head beneath the sun and stars.
- The soul of the woods hath stricken thro' my blood,

The love of freedom, the desire of God,

The hope of larger life hereafter, more

Tenfold than under roof. [Horn blown. True, were I taken

- They would prick out my sight. A price is set
- On this poor head; but I believe there lives

No man who truly loves and truly rules

- His following, but can keep his followers true.
- I am one with mine. Traitors are rarely bred
- Save under traitor kings. Our vice-king John,
- True king of vice—true play on words our John
- By his Norman arrogance and dissoluteness,

Hath made *me* king of all the discontent Of England up thro' all the forest land

- North to the Tyne: being outlaw'd in a land
- Where law lies dead, we make ourselves the law.
- Why break you thus upon my lonely hour?

Enter LITTLE JOHN and KATE.

- Little John. I found this white doe wandering thro' the wood,
- Not thine, but mine. I have shot her thro' the heart.
 - Kate. He lies, my lord. I have shot him thro' the heart.
 - Robin. My God, thou art the very woman who waits
- On my dear Marian. Tell me, tell me of her.

Thou comest a very angel out of heaven. Where is she? and how fares she?

- *Kate.* O my good lord, I am but an angel by reflected light.
- Your heaven is vacant of your angel. John—

Shame on him !--

- Stole on her, she was walking in the garden,
- And after some slight speech about the Sheriff
- He caught her round the waist, whereon she struck him,
- And fled into the castle. She and Sir Richard

Have past away, I know not where; and I Was left alone, and knowing as I did

- That I had shot him thro' the heart, I came
- To eat him up and make an end of him. Little John. In kisses?
 - Kate. You, how dare you mention kisses?

But I am weary pacing thro' the wood.

- Show me some cave or cabin where I may rest.
 - Robin. Go with him. I will talk with thee anon.

[Exeunt Little John and Kate.

- She struck him, my brave Marian, struck the Prince,
- The serpent that had crept into the garden

	1
And coil'd himself about her sacred	would
waist. I think I should have stricken him to	Sheriff King w
the death.	little ca
He never will forgive her.	Robi
O the Sheriff	Old
Would pay this cursed mortgage to his brother	pettico with th
If Marian would marry him; and the son	
Is most like dead-if so the land may	Enter
come To Marian, and they rate the land five-	
fold	Prin
The worth of the mortgage, and who	(T)
marries her Marries the land. Most honourable	They n
Sheriff!	Mer
(Passionately) Gone, and it may be gone	
for evermore !	There
O would that I could see her for a mo- ment	. Sher
Glide like a light across these woodland	Prin
ways!	Sher
Tho' in one moment she should glance	Prin
away, I should be happier for it all the year.	Sher Prin
O would she moved beside me like my	1////
shadow!	Interio
O would she stood before me as my	11111110
queen, To make this Sherwood Eden o'er again,	Prin
And these rough oaks the palms of Para-	knock
dise !	Robi
Ah! but who be those three yonder with bows?—not of my band—the Sher-	the close
iff, and by heaven, Prince John himself	ever an Old
and one of those mercenaries that suck	Robin.
the blood of England. My people are	Prin
all scattered I know not where. Have	or I wil
they come for me? Here is the witch's hut. The fool-people call her a witch—	Robi Prin
a good witch to me! I will shelter here.	at the
[Knocks at the door of the hut.	Robi
OLD WOMAN comes out.	was the
Old Woman (kisses his hand). Ah	pass?
dear Robin! ah noble captain, friend of	Robi
the poor!	Prin
<i>Robin.</i> I am chased by my foes. I	Robi Sher
have forgotten my horn that calls my men together. Disguise me—thy gown	labour,
and thy coif.	Prin
Old IVoman. Come in, come in; I	have be

give my life for thee, for when the had taken all our goods for the vithout paying, our horse and our art–

Quick, good mother, quick ! 12.

Woman. Ay, ay, gown, coif, and at, and the old woman's blessing em to the last fringe.

They go in.

PRINCE JOHN, SHERIFF OF NOT-TINGHAM, and MERCENARY.

ice Fohn. Did we not hear the two would pass this way?

nust have past. Here is a woodman's hut.

cenary. Take heed, take heed ! in Nottingham they say

bides a foul witch somewhere hereabout.

iff. Not in this hut I take it.

ce John. Why not here? iff. I saw a man go in, my lord. ce Fohn. Not two? iff. No, my lord, one.

ce Fohn. Make for the cottage then!

or of the hut. ROBIN disguised as old woman.

ece John (without). Knock again! again !

n (to Old Woman). Get thee into set there, and make a ghostly wail id anon to scare 'em.

Woman. I will, I will, good Goes into closet.

ce John (without). Open, open, l drive the door from the doorpost.

n (opens door). Come in, come in.

Why did ye keep us ce John. door so long?

in (curtseying). I was afear'd it e ghost, your worship.

nce John. Ghost ! did one in white

n (curtseying). No, your worship. ce 7ohn. Did two knights pass?

in (curtseying). No, your worship.

iff. I fear me we have lost our then.

ce John. Except this old hag een bribed to lie.

Robin. We old hags should be bribed to speak truth, for, God help us, we lie by nature.

Prince John. There was a man just now that enter'd here?

Robin. There is but one old woman in the hut. [Old Woman *yells*.

Robin. I crave your worship's pardon. There is yet another old woman. She was murdered here a hundred year ago, and whenever a murder is to be done again she yells out i' this way—so they say, your worship.

Mercenary. Now, if I hadn't a sprig o' wickentree sewn into my dress, I should run.

Prince John. Tut! tut! the scream of some wild woodland thing.

How came we to be parted from our men? We shouted, and *they* shouted, as I thought,

But shout and echo play'd into each other

So hollowly we knew not which was which.

Robin. The wood is full of echoes, owls, elfs, ouphes, oafs, ghosts o' the mist, wills-o'-the-wisp; only they that be bred in it can find their way a-nights in it.

Prince John. I am footsore and famish'd therewithal.

Is there aught there?

[Pointing to cupboard. Robin. Naught for the likes o' you. Prince John. Speak straight out, crookback.

Robin. Sour milk and black bread. Prince John. Well, set them forth. I could eat anything.

[He sets out a table with black bread.

This is mere marble. Old hag, how should thy one tooth drill thro' this?

Robin. Nay, by St. Gemini, I ha' two; and since the Sheriff left me naught but an empty belly, they can meet upon anything thro' a millstone. You gentles that live upo' manchet-bread and marchpane, what should you know o' the food o' the poor? Look you here, before you can eat it you must hack it with a hatchet, break it all to pieces, as you break the poor, as you would hack at Robin Hood if you could light upon him (*hacks it and flings two pieces*). There's for you, and there's for you—and the old woman's welcome.

Prince John. The old wretch is mad, and her bread is beyond me: and the milk—faugh! Hast thou anything to sweeten this?

Robin. Here's a pot o' wild honey from an old oak, saving your sweet reverences.

Sheriff. Thou hast a cow then, hast thou?

Robin. Ay, for when the Sheriff took my little horse for the King without paying for it—

Sheriff. How hadst thou then the means to buy a cow?

Robin. Eh, I would ha' given my whole body to the King had he asked for it, like the woman at Acre when the Turk shot her as she was helping to build the mound against the city. I ha' served the King living, says she, and let me serve him dead, says she; let me go to make the mound : bury me in the mound, says the woman.

Sheriff. Ay, but the cow? Robin. She was given me. Sheriff. By whom? Robin. By a thief. Sheriff. Who, woman, who?

Robin (sings).

He was a forester good; He was the cock o' the walk; He was the king o' the wood.

Your worship may find another rhyme if you care to drag your brains for such a minnow.

Sheriff. That cow was mine. I have lost a cow from my meadow. Robin Hood was it? I thought as much. He will come to the gibbet at last.

[Old Woman yells.

Mercenary. O sweet sir, talk not of cows. You anger the spirit.

Prince John. Anger the scritch-owl.

Mercenary. But, my lord, the scritchowl bodes death, my lord.

Robin. I beseech you all to speak lower. Robin may be hard by wi' three-

score of his men. He often looks in here by the moonshine. Beware of Robin.

[Old Woman yells. Mercenary. Ah, do you hear? There may be murder done.

Sheriff. Have you not finished, my lord? Robin. Thou hast crost him in love, and I have heard him swear he will be

even wi' thee. [Old Woman yells. Mercenary. Now is my heart so down

in my heels that if I stay, I can't run. Sheriff. Shall we not go?

Robin. And, old hag tho' I be, I can spell the hand. Give me thine. Ay, ay, the line o' life is marked enow; but look, there is a cross line o' sudden death. I pray thee, go, go, for tho' thou wouldst bar me fro' the milk o' my cow, I wouldn't have thy blood on my hearth.

Prince John. Why do you listen, man, to the old fool?

Sheriff. I will give thee a silver penny if thou wilt show us the way back to Nottingham.

Robin (with a very low curtsey). All the sweet saints bless your worship for your alms to the old woman! but make haste then, and be silent in the wood. Follow me. [Takes his bow.

(They come out of the hut and close the door carefully.)

[Outside hut.

Robin. Softly ! softly ! there may be a thief in every bush.

Prince John. How should this old lamester guide us? Where is thy goodman?

Robin. The saints were so kind to both on us that he was dead before he was born.

Prince John. Half-witted and a witch to boot! Mislead us, and I will have thy life! and what doest thou with that who art more bow-bent than the very bow thou carriest?

Robin. I keep it to kill nightingales.

Prince John. Nightingales!

Robin. You see, they are so fond o' their own voices that I cannot sleep o' nights by cause on 'em.

Prince John. True soul of the Saxon churl for whom song has no charm.

Robin. Then I roast 'em, for I have nought else to live on (whines). O your honour, I pray you too to give me an alms. (*To* Prince John.)

Sheriff. This is no bow to hit nightingales; this is a true woodman's bow of the best yew-wood to slay the deer. Look, my lord, there goes one in the moonlight. Shoot!

Prince John (shoots). Missed! There goes another. Shoot, Sheriff!

Sheriff (shoots). Missed!

Robin. And here comes another. Why, an old woman can shoot closer than you two.

Prince John. Shoot then, and if thou miss I will fasten thee to thine own doorpost and make thine old carcase a target for us three.

Robin (raises himself upright, shoots, and hits). Hit! Did I not tell you an old woman could shoot better?

Prince John. Thou standest straight. Thou speakest manlike. Thou art no old woman—thou art disguised—thou art one of the thieves.

[Makes a clutch at the gown, which comes in pieces and falls, showing Robin in his forester's dress.

Sheriff. It is the very captain of the thieves!

Prince John. We have him at last; we have him at advantage. Strike, Sheriff! Strike, mercenary!

[They draw swords and attack him ; he defends himself with his.

Enter LITTLE JOHN.

Little John. I have lodged my pretty Katekin in her bower.

How now? Clashing of swords three upon one, and that one our Robin! Rogues, have you no manhood?

[Draws and defends Robin.

Enter SIR RICHARD LEA (draws his sword).

Sir Richard Lea. Old as I am, I will not brook to see

Three upon two.

(Maid Marian in the armour of a Red-cross Knight follows half unsheathing her sword and half seen.) Back ! back ! I charge thee, back ! Is this a game for thee to play at? Away.

(She retires to the fringe of the copse.)

[He fights on Robin's side. The other three are beaten off and execut.

Enter FRIAR TUCK.

Friar Tuck. I am too late then with my quarterstaff!

Robin. Quick, friar, follow them:

See whether there be more of 'em in the wood.

Friar Tuck. On the gallop, on the gallop, Robin, like a deer from a dog, or a colt from a gad-fly, or a stump-tailed ox in May-time, or the cow that jumped over the moon.

Robin. Nay, nay, but softly, lest they spy thee, friar !

[To Sir Richard Lea who reels.

- Take thou mine arm. Who art thou, gallant knight?
 - Sir Richard. Robin, I am Sir Richard of the Lea.
- Who be those three that I have fought withal?
 - *Robin*. Prince John, the Sheriff, and a mercenary.
 - Sir Richard. Prince John again. We are flying from this John.
- The Sheriff—I am grieved it was the Sheriff;
- For, Robin, he must be my son-in-law.
- Thou art an outlaw, and couldst never pay
- The mortgage on my land. Thou wilt not see
- My Marian more. So-so-I have presumed
- Beyond my strength. Give me a draught of wine. [Marian comes forward.
- This is my son but late escaped from prison,
- For whom I ran into my debt to the Abbot,
- Two thousand marks in gold. I have paid him half.
- That other thousand—shall I ever pay it?
- A draught of wine.

Robin. Our cellar is hard by.

Take him, good Little John, and give him wine.

[*Exit* Sir Richard *leaning on* Little John. A brave old fellow but he angers me.

[To Maid Marian who is following her father.

- Young Walter, nay, I pray thee, stay a moment.
 - Marian. A moment for some matter of no moment!
- Well—! take and use your moment, while you may.
 - *Robin.* Thou art her brother, and her voice is thine,
- Her face is thine, and if thou be as gentle Give me some news of my sweet Marian. Where is she?
 - Marian. Thy sweet Marian? I believe

She came with me into the forest here.

- *Robin.* She follow'd thee into the forest here?
- Marian. Nay-that, my friend, I am sure I did not cay.
- *Robin.* Thou blowest hot and cold. Where is she then?
- Marian. Is she not here with thee?
- Robin. Would God she were!
- Marian. If not with thee I know not where she is.

She may have lighted on your fairies here, And now be skipping in their fairy-rings,

- And capering hand in hand with Oberon. Robin. Peace !
 - Marian. Or learning witchcraft of your woodland witch
- And how to charm and waste the hearts of men.

Robin. That is not brother-like.

Marian (pointing to the sky). Or there perchance

Up yonder with the man i' the moon.

- *Robin.* No more ! *Marian.* Or haply fallen a victim to the wolf.
- *Robin.* Tut ! be there wolves in Sherwood?

Marian. The wolf, John!

- Robin. Curse him! but thou art mocking me. Thou art
- Her brother—I forgive thee. Come be thou
- My brother too. She loves me.

Doth she so? Come, boy! 'tis but to see if thou canst Marian. Robin. Do you doubt me when I say fence. she loves me, man? Draw! Draws. Marian. No. Sir Earl, I will not fight Marian. No, but my father will not lose his land. to-day. Rather than that would wed her with the *Robin.* To-morrow then? Marian. Well, I will fight Sheriff. Robin. Thou hold'st with him? to-morrow. Robin. Give me thy glove upon it. Marian. Yes, in some sort I do. Marian (pulls off her glove and gives it He is old and almost mad to keep the land. to him). There! Rohin. Thou hold'st with him? Robin. O God! What sparkles in the moonlight on thy I tell thee. in some sort. Marian. [Takes her hand. Sort! sort! what Robin (angrily). hand? sort? what sort of man art thou In that great heat to wed her to the For land, not love? Thou wilt inherit Sheriff the land. Thou hast robb'd my girl of her betrothal And so wouldst sell thy sister to the ring. Sheriff. Marian. No, no! O thou unworthy brother of my dear Robin. What! do I not know mine own ring? Marian! And now, I do bethink me, thou wast by Marian. I keep it for her. And never drewest sword to help the old Robin. Nay, she swore it never Should leave her finger. Give it me, by man heaven, When he was fighting. Marian. There were three to Or I will force it from thee. Marian. O Robin, Robin! three. Robin. O my dear Marian, Robin. Thou shouldst have ta'en his Is it thou? is it thou? I fall before thee, place, and fought for him. Marian. He did it so well there was clasp Thy knees. I am ashamed. Thou shalt no call for me. Robin. My God! not marry The Sheriff, but abide with me who love That such a brother-she marry the Sheriff! thee. Come now, I fain would have a bout with She moves from him, the moonlight falls upon her. thee. O look! before the shadow of these dark It is but pastime-nay, I will not harm oaks thee. Draw! Thou seem'st a saintly splendour out from Marian. Earl, I would fight with any heaven. Clothed with the mystic silver of her man but thee. Robin. Ay, ay, because I have a name moon. Speak but one word not only of forgivefor prowess. Marian. It is not that. ness. *Robin.* That! I believe thou fell'st But to show thou art mortal. into the hands Mortal enough, Marian. Of these same Moors thro' nature's base-If love for thee be mortal. Lovers hold ness, criedst True love immortal. Robin, tho' I love 'I yield' almost before the thing was thee, We cannot come together in this world. ask'd. And thro' thy lack of manhood hast be-Not mortal! after death, if after death-tray'd Robin. Life, life. I know not death. Thy father to the losing of his land. Why do you vex me

SCENE II.

- With raven-croaks of death and after death?
 - Marian. And I and he are passing overseas:
- He has a friend there will advance the monies,
- So now the forest lawns are all as bright
- As ways to heaven, I pray thee give us guides
- To lead us thro' the windings of the wood. *Robin.* Must it be so? If it were so, myself
- Would guide you thro' the forest to the sea.
- But go not yet, stay with us, and when thy brother——
 - Marian. Robin, I ever held that saying false
- That Love is blind, but thou hast proven it true.
- Why—even your woodland squirrel sees the nut
- Behind the shell, and thee however mask'd
- I should have known. But thou—to dream that he
- My brother, my dear Walter—now, perhaps,
- Fetter'd and lash'd, a galley-slave, or closed
- For ever in a Moorish tower, or wreckt
- And dead beneath the midland ocean, he
- As gentle as he's brave—that such as he
- Would wrest from me the precious ring I promised
- Never to part with--No, not he, nor any.
- I would have battled for it to the death. [In her excitement she draws her sword.
- See, thou hast wrong'd my brother and myself.
 - Robin (kneeling). See then, I kneel once more to be forgiven.
- Enter SCARLET, MUCH, several of the FORESTERS, rushing on.
 - Scarlet. Look! look! he kneels! he has anger'd the foul witch,
- Who melts a waxen image by the fire,
- And drains the heart and marrow from a man.
 - Much. Our Robin beaten, pleading for his life!

- Seize on the knight! wrench his sword from him!
 - [They all rush on Marian. Robin (springing up and waving his hand). Back!
- *hand*). Back ! Back all of you! this is Maid Marian
- Flying from John-disguised.
 - Men. Maid Marian? she? Scarlet. Captain, we saw thee cowering to a knight
- And thought thou wert bewitch'd.
- Marian. You dared to dream That our great Earl, the bravest English
- Since Hereward the Wake, would cower to any
- Of mortal build. Weak natures that impute
- Themselves to their unlikes, and their own want
- Of manhood to their leader! he would break,
- Far as he might, the power of John—but vou—
- What rightful cause could grow to such a heat
- As burns a wrong to ashes, if the followers
- Of him, who heads the movement, held him craven?
- Robin-I know not, can I trust myself
- With your brave band? in some of these may lodge
- That baseness which for fear or monies, might
- Betray me to the wild Prince.
- *Robin.* No, love, no ! Not any of these, I swear.

Men. No, no, we swear.

SCENE II.—ANOTHER GLADE IN THE FOREST.

ROBIN and MARIAN passing. Enter FORESTER.

Forester. Knight, your good father had his draught of wine

- And then he swoon'd away. He had been hurt,
- And bled beneath his armour. Now he cries
- 'The land! the land!' Come to him. Marian. O my poor father!

Robin. Stay with us in this wood, till he recover. We know all balms and simples of the	What? to mistrust the girl you say you love Is to mistrust your own love for your girl ! How should you love if you mistrust your
field To help a wound. Stay with us here,	How should you love if you mistrust your love?
sweet love, Maid Marian, till thou wed what man	Little John. O Kate, true love and jealousy are twins,
thou wilt. All here will prize thee, honour, worship	And love is joyful, innocent, beautiful, And jealousy is wither'd, sour and ugly:
thee, Crown thee with flowers; and he will	Yet are they twins and always go to- gether.
soon be well: All will be well.	<i>Kate.</i> Well, well, until they cease to go together,
Marian. O lead me to my father! [As they are going out enter Little	I am but a stone and a dead stock to thee. Little John. I thought I saw thee
John and Kate who falls on the neck of Marian.	clasp and kiss a man And it was but a woman. Pardon me.
<i>Kate.</i> No, no, false knight, thou canst not hide thyself	<i>Kate.</i> Ay, for I much disdain thee, but if ever
From her who loves thee.	Thou see me clasp and kiss a man indeed,
Little John. What ! By all the devils in and out of Hell !	I will again be thine, and not till then. [Exit.
Wilt thou embrace thy sweetheart 'fore my face?	Little John. I have been a fool and I have lost my Kate. [Exit.
Quick with thy sword! the yeoman braves the knight.	Re-enter ROBIN.
There! (strikes her with the flat of his sword).	Robin. He dozes. I have left her watching him.
Marian (laying about her). Are the men all mad? there then, and	She will not marry till her father yield. The old man dotes.
there! Kate. O hold thy hand! this is our	Nay—and she will not marry till Richard
Marian.	And that's at latter Lammas—never per-
Little John. What! with this skill of fence! let go mine arm.	haps. Besides, tho' Friar Tuck might make us
<i>Robin.</i> Down with thy sword! She is my queen and thine,	one, An outlaw's bride may not be wife in law.
The mistress of the band. Marian (sheathing her sword). A	I am weary. [Lying down on a bank.] What's here? a dead bat in the fairy
maiden now Were ill-bested in these dark days of	ring— Yes, I remember, Scarlet hacking down
John,	A hollow ash, a bat flew out at him
Except she could defend her innocence. O lead me to my father.	In the clear noon, and hook'd him by the hair,
[<i>Exeunt</i> Robin <i>and</i> Marian. <i>Little John</i> . Speak to me,	And he was scared and slew it. My men say
I am like a boy now going to be whipt; I know I have done amiss, have been a	The fairies haunt this glade;—if one could catch
fool, Speak to me, Kate, and say you pardon	A glimpse of them and of their fairy Queen—
me! Kate. I never will speak word to thee	Have our loud pastimes driven them all
arment interest will speak work to thee	away? I never saw them : yet I could believe

SCENE II.

There came some evil fairy at my birth And cursed me, as the last heir of my race:

'This boy will never wed the maid he loves.

Nor leave a child behind him' (vawns). Weary-weary

As tho' a spell were on me (he dreams). [The whole stage lights up, and fairies are seen swinging on boughs and nestling in hollow trunks.

TITANIA on a hill. FAIRIES on either side of her. The moon above the hill.

> First Fairy. Evil fairy! do you hear? So he said who lieth here.

Second Fairy. We be fairies of the wood. We be neither bad nor good.

First Fairy. Back and side and hip and rib, Nip, nip him for his fib.

Titania. Nip him not, but let him snore. We must flit for evermore.

First Fairy.

Tit, my queen, must it be so? Wherefore, wherefore should we go?

Titania. I Titania bid you flit, And you dare to call me Tit.

First Fairy. Tit, for love and brevity, Not for love of levity.

Titania.

Pertest of our flickering mob, Wouldst thou call my Oberon Ob?

First Fairy. Nay, an please your Elfin Grace, Never Ob before his face.

Titania. Fairy realm is breaking down When the fairy slights the crown.

First Fairy. No, by wisp and glowworm, no. Only wherefore should we go?

Titania.

We must fly from Robin Hood And this new queen of the wood.

First Fairy. True, she is a goodly thing. Jealousy, jealousy of the king.

Titania. Nay, for Oberon fled away Twenty thousand leagues to-day.

Chorus. Look, there comes a deputation From our finikin fairy nation.

Enter several FAIRIES.

Third Fairy. Crush'd my bat whereon I flew. Found him dead and drench'd in dew, Oueen.

Fourth Fairv. Quash'd my frog that used to quack When I vaulted on his back, Oueen.

Fifth Fairy. Kill'd the sward where'er they sat, Oueen.

Sixth Fairy. Lusty bracken beaten flat, Oueen.

Seventh Fairy. Honest daisy deadly bruised, Oueen.

Eighth Fairy. Modest maiden lily abused, Oueen.

Ninth Fairy. Beetle's jewel armour crack'd, Oueen.

Tenth Fairy. Reed I rock'd upon broken-back'd, Queen.

Fairies (in chorus).

We be scared with song and shout. Arrows whistle all about. All our games be put to rout. All our rings be trampled out. Lead us thou to some deep glen, Far from solid foot of men, Never to return again,

Oueen.

Titania (to First Fairy).

Elf, with spiteful heart and eye, Talk of jealousy? You see why We must leave the wood and fly.

(To all the fairies who sing at intervals with Titania.)	Marian. Why, my good Robin fan- cied me a man,
Up with you, out of the forest and over the hills and away,	And drew his sword upon me, and Little John
And over this Robin Hood's bay! Up thro' the light of the seas by the moon's long-	Fancied he saw thee clasp and kiss a man. <i>Kate</i> . Well, if <i>he</i> fancied that <i>I</i> fancy
Up thro' the light of the seas by the moon's long- silvering ray! To a land where the fay, Not an eye to survey, In the night, in the day, Can have frolic and play. Up with you, all of you, out of it! hear and obey. Man, lying here alone, Moody creature, Of a nature Stronger, sadder than my own, Were I human, were I human, I could love you like a woman. Man, man, You shall wed your Marian. She is true, and you are true, And you love her and she loves you; Both be happy, and adieu for ever and for ever- moreadieu. <i>Robin (half waking)</i> . Shall I be happy? Happy vision, stay. <i>Titania</i> . Up with you, all of you, off with you, out of it, over the wood and away! <i>Note.</i> — In the stage copy of my play I have	
had this Fairy Scene transferred to the end of the Third Act, for the sake of modern dramatic effect. ACT III.—THE CROWNING OF MARIAN.	<i>Kate.</i> I will not meet him yet, I'll watch him from behind the trees, but call
SCENE I.—HEART OF THE FOREST.	Kate when you will, for I am close at hand.
 MARIAN and KATE (in Foresters' green). Kate. What makes you seem so cold to Robin, lady? Marian. What makes thee think I seem so cold to Robin? Kate. You never whisper close as lovers do, Nor care to leap into each other's arms. Marian. There is a fence I cannot overleap, My father's will. Kate. Then you will wed the Sheriff? Marian. When heaven falls, I may light on such a lark ! But who art thou to catechize me—thou That hast not made it up with Little John ! Kate. I wait till Little John makes up to me. 	KATE stands aside and enter ROBIN, and after him at a little distance LITTLE JOHN, MUCH the Miller's son, and SCARLET with an oaken chaplet, and other FORESTERS. Little John. My lord—Robin—I crave pardon—you always seem to me my lord—I Little John, he Much the miller's son, and he Scarlet, honouring all womankind, and more especially my lady Marian, do here, in the name of all our woodmen, present her with this oaken chaplet as Queen of the wood, I Little John, he, young Scarlet, and he, old Much, and all the rest of us. Much. And I, old Much, say as much, for being every inch a man I honour every inch of a woman. Robin. Friend Scarlet, art thou less a man than Much?

Why art thou mute? Dost' thou not honour woman?

Scarlet. Robin, I do, but I have a bad wife.

Then let her pass as an ex-Robin. ception, Scarlet.

Scarlet. So I would, Robin, if any man would accept her.

Marian (puts on the chaplet). Had I a bulrush now in this right hand

For sceptre, I were like a queen indeed. Comrades, I thank you for your loyalty,

And take and wear this symbol of your love:

And were my kindly father sound again,

- Could live as happy as the larks in heaven.
- And join your feasts and all your forest games
- As far as maiden might. Farewell, good fellows !

[Exeunt several foresters, the others withdraw to the back.

- Sit here by me, where the Robin. most beaten track
- Runs thro' the forest, hundreds of huge oaks.
- Gnarl'd-older than the thrones of Europe-look,
- What breadth, height, strength-torrents of eddying bark !
- Some hollow-hearted from exceeding age-
- That never be thy lot or mine !--- and some
- Pillaring a leaf-sky on their monstrous boles,
- Sound at the core as we are. Fifty leagues
- Of woodland hear and know my horn, that scares

The Baron at the torture of his churls, The pillage of his vassals.

O maiden-wife,

The oppression of our people moves me so, That when I think of it hotly, Love him-

- self
- Seems but a ghost, but when thou feel'st with me
- The ghost returns to Marian, clothes itself
- In maiden flesh and blood, and looks at once

3 H

- Maid Marian, and that maiden freedom which
- Would never brook the tyrant. Live thou maiden !
- Thou art more my wife so feeling, than if my wife
- And siding with these proud priests, and these Barons.
- Devils, that make this blessed England hell.
 - Marian. Earl-
 - Robin. Nav. no Earl am I. I am English yeoman. Marian. Then I am yeo-woman. O
 - the clumsy word !
 - Robin. Take thou this light kiss for thy clumsy word.
- Kiss me again.

Marian. Robin, I will not kiss thee.

- For that belongs to marriage; but I hold thee
- The husband of my heart, the noblest light
- That ever flash'd across my life, and I
- Embrace thee with the kisses of the soul. Robin. I thank thee.
 - Marian. Scarlet told me —is it true?—
- That John last week return'd to Nottingham.
- And all the foolish world is pressing thither.
 - *Robin.* Sit here, my queen, and judge the world with me.
- Doubtless, like judges of another bench, However wise, we must at times have

wrought Some great injustice, vet, far as we knew.

- We never robb'd one friend of the true King.
- We robb'd the traitors that are leagued with John;
- We robb'd the lawyer who went against the law;
- We spared the craftsman, chapman, all that live
- By their own hands, the labourer, the poor priest;

We spoil'd the prior, friar, abbot, monk, For playing upside down with Holy Writ.

'Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor:'

Take all they have and give it to thyself!

Then after we have eased them of their coins

It is our forest custom they should revel Along with Robin.

Marian. And if a woman pass-----

- Robin. Dear, in these days of Norman license, when
- Our English maidens are their prev, if ever
- A Norman damsel fell into our hands.

In this dark wood when all was in our power

We never wrong'd a woman.

Noble Robin. Marian. Little Fohn (coming forward). Here come three beggars.

Enter the three BEGGARS.

Little John. Toll! First Beggar. Eh! we be beggars, we come to ask o' you. We ha' nothing.

Second Beggar. Rags, nothing but our rags.

Third Beggar. I have but one penny in pouch, and so you would make it two I should be grateful.

Marian. Beggars, you are sturdy rogues that should be set to work. You are those that tramp the country, filch the linen from the hawthorn, poison the house-dog, and scare lonely maidens at the farmstead. Search them, Little John. Little John. These two have forty

gold marks between them, Robin.

Robin. Cast them into our treasury, the beggars' mites. Part shall go to the almshouses at Nottingham, part to the shrine of our Lady. Search this other.

Little John. He hath, as he said, but one penny.

Robin. Leave it with him and add a gold mark thereto. He hath spoken truth in a world of lies.

Third Beggar. I thank you, my lord. Little John. A fine, a fine! he hath called plain Robin a lord. How much for a beggar?

Robin. Take his penny and leave him his gold mark.

Little John. Sit there, knaves, till the captain call for you.

> They pass behind the trunk of an oak on the right.

Marian. Art thou not hard upon them, my good Robin?

Robin. They might be harder upon thee. if met in a black lane at midnight: the throat might gape before the tongue could cry who?

Little John. Here comes a citizen, and I think his wife.

Enter CITIZEN and WIFE.

Citizen. That business which we have in Nottingham-

Little Fohn. Halt!

O dear wife, we Citizen. have fallen into the hands

Of Robin Hood.

- Marian. And Robin Hood hath sworn-
- Shame on thee, Little John, thou hast forgotten-

That by the blessed Mother no man, so

- His own true wife came with him, should be stav'd
- From passing onward. Fare you well, fair lady! [Bowing to her.
 - *Robin*. And may your business thrive in Nottingham!

Citizen. I thank you, noble sir, the very blossom

Of bandits. Courtesy to him, wife, and thank him.

- Wife. I thank you, noble sir, and will pray for you
- That you may thrive, but in some kindlier trade.
 - Away, away, wife, wilt thou Citizen. anger him?

[Exeunt Citizen and his Wife.

Little John. Here come three friars. Robin. Marian, thou and thy woman (looking round), Why, where is Kate? Marian (calling). Kate!

Kate. Here!

Robin. Thou and thy woman are a match for three friars. Take thou my bow and arrow and compel them to pay toll.

Marian. Toll!

Enter three FRIARS.

First Friar (advancing). Behold a pretty Dian of the wood,

Prettier than that same widow which you wot of.

- Ha, brother. Toll, my dear? the toll of love.
 - Marian (drawing bow). Back! how much money hast thou in thy purse?

First Friar. Thou art playing with us. How should poor friars have money?

Marian. How much? how much? Speak, or the arrow flies.

First Friar. How much? well, now I bethink me, I have one mark in gold which a pious son of the Church gave me this morning on my setting forth.

Marian (bending bow at the second). And thou?

Second Friar. Well, as he said, one mark in gold.

Marian (bending bow at the third). And thou?

Third Friar. One mark in gold.

Marian. Search them, Kate, and see if they have spoken truth.

Kate. They are all mark'd men. They have told but a tenth of the truth : they have each ten marks in gold.

Marian. Leave them each what they say is theirs, and take the twenty-seven marks to the captain's treasury. Sit there till you be called for.

First Friar. We have fall'n into the hands of Robin Hood.

[Marian and Kate return to Robin.

[The Friars pass behind an oak on the left.

- Robin. Honour to thee, brave Marian, and thy Kate.
- I know them arrant knaves in Nottingham.

One half of this shall go to those they have wrong'd,

One half shall pass into our treasury.

Where lies that cask of wine whereof we plunder'd

The Norman prelate?

Little John. In that oak, where twelve

Can stand upright, nor touch each other. Robin. Good!

- Roll it in here. These friars, thieves, and liars,
- Shall drink the health of our new woodland Queen.

And they shall pledge thee, Marian, loud enough To fright the wild swan passing overhead,

The mouldwarp underfoot.

Marian. They pledge me, Robin? The silent blessing of one honest man

- Is heard in heaven—the wassail yells of thief
- And rogue and liar echo down in Hell,
- And wake the Devil, and I may sicken by 'em.
- Well, well, be it so, thou strongest thief of all,
- For thou hast stolen my will, and made it thine.

FRIAR TUCK, LITTLE JOHN, MUCH, and SCARLET roll in cask.

Friar Tuck. I marvel is it sack or Malvoisie?

- *Robin.* Do me the service to tap it, and thou wilt know.
- *Friar Tuck.* I would tap myself in thy service, Robin.

Robin. And thou wouldst run more wine than blood.

Friar Tuck. And both at thy service, Robin.

Robin. I believe thee, thou art a good fellow, though a friar.

[They pour the wine into cups. Friar Tuck. Fill to the brim. Our Robin, King o' the woods,

Wherever the horn sound, and the buck bound,

Robin, the people's friend, the King o' the woods. [They drink.

- *Robin.* To the brim and over till the green earth drink
- Her health along with us in this rich draught,
- And answer it in flowers. The Queen o' the woods,
- Wherever the buck bound, and the horn sound,

Maid Marian, Queen o' the woods!

[They drink.

Here, you three rogues,

[*To the* Beggars. *They come out.* You caught a lonely woodman of our band,

And bruised him almost to the death, and took

His monies.

	1
 Third Beggar. Captain, nay, it wasn't me. Robin. You ought to dangle up there among the crows. Drink to the health of our new Queen o' the woods. Or else be bound and beaten. First Beggar. Sir, sir—well, We drink the health of thy new Queen o' the woods. Robin. Louder!louder! Maid Marian, Queen o' the woods! Beggars (shouting). Maid Marian, Queen o' the woods. First and Second Beggars (aside). The black fiend grip her! [They drink. Robin (to the Friars). And you three holy men, [They come out. You worshippers of the Virgin, one of you Shamed a too trustful widow whom you heard In her confession; and another—worse !— An innocent maid. Drink to the Queen o' the woods, Or else be bound and beaten. First Friar. Robin Hood, These be the lies the people tell of us, Because we seek to curb their viciousness. However—to this maid, this Queen o' the woods. Robin. Louder, louder, ye knaves. Maid Marian! Queen o' the woods! Friars (shouting). Maid Marian, Queen o' the woods. First Friar (aside). Paramour! Third Friar (aside). Hell take her! [They drink. 	I am the Jo In wrath fo Is coming To break
Queen o' the woods! Friars (shouting). Maid Marian, • Queen o' the woods. First Friar (aside). Maid? Second Friar (aside). Paramour! Third Friar (aside). Hell take her!	foreste fro I am the Jo In wrath fo Is coming To break Wi Maria Maria Maria To warn u That own bu Even in t The gland <i>Robin</i> .

ong in your honour, so your ladye to listen.

Sing, and by St. Mary these and these friars shall join you. air, Little John.

Fohn. Air and word, my lady, and man. Join them and they e marriage; and so, I pray you, come between me and my Kate e us one again. Scarlet, begin.

[Playing the air on his viol.

Scarlet.

the deer that spring wood and lawn and ling. en all the leaves are green; row and gray goosewing, horn and echo ring, re so much for a King; care not much for a Queen--or a Queen, for a Queen o' the woods.

37 Do you call that in my

t. Bitters before dinner, my lady, you a relish. The first part fore you came among us-they on me because I have a bad wife. u all the same. Proceed.

[All the rest sing.

the leaves of spring, l the birds that sing in all the leaves are green; ow and by bowstring, re so much for a King

t we would die for a Queen—

or a Queen, for a Queen o' the woods.

Enter FORESTER.

Black news, black news r. om Nottingham! I grieve

Raven who croaks it. My lord hn.

because you drove him from the rest,

g with a swarm of mercenaries

our band and scatter us to the nds.

O Robin, Robin! See that п. en be set

e glades and passes of the wood is of his coming! then each man ns a wife or daughter, let him

ry her he bowels of the earth to scape ce of John-

You hear your Queen, obey!

ACT IV .--- THE CONCLUSION.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A Forest Bower, Cavern in Background. Sunrise.

Marian (rising to meet Robin). Robin, the sweet light of a mother's eve,

That beam of dawn upon the opening flower.

Has never glanced upon me when a child. He was my father, mother, both in one. The love that children owe to both I give To him alone.

(ROBIN offers to caress her.)

Marian. Quiet, good Robin, quiet ! You lovers are such clumsy summer-flies For ever buzzing at your lady's face.

Robin. Bees rather, flying to the flower for honey.

Marian (sings).

The bee buzz'd up in the heat. 'I am faint for your honey, my sweet.' The flower said 'Take it, my dear, For now is the spring of the year. So come, come!' 'Hum!'

And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold When the flower was wither'd and old. 'Have you still any honey, my dear?' She said 'It's the fall of the year, But come, come!' 'Hum!'

And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

Robin. Out on thy song !

- Marian. Did I not sing it in tune? Robin. No, sweetheart! out of tune with Love and me.
- Marian. And yet in tune with Nature and the bees.
- Robin. Out on it, I say, as out of tune and time !
- Marian. Till thou thyself shalt come to sing it—in time.
- Robin (taking a tress of her hair in his hand). Time! if his backward-working alchemy
- Should change this gold to silver, why, the silver
- Were dear as gold, the wrinkle as the dimple.

- Thy bee should buzz about the Court of John.
- No ribald John is Love, no wanton Prince,
- The ruler of an hour, but lawful King,
- Whose writ will run thro' all the range of life.
- Out upon all hard-hearted maidenhood! Marian. And out upon all simple batchelors!
- Ah, well ! thou seest the land has come between us,
- And my sick father here has come between us,
- And this rich Sheriff too has come between us;
- So, is it not all over now between us?
- Gone, like a deer that hath escaped thine arrow!
 - Robin. What deer when I have mark'd him ever vet
- Escaped mine arrow? over is it? wilt thou Give me thy hand on that?

Marian. Take it.

- Robin (kisses her hand). The Sheriff! This ring cries out against thee. Say it
- again,
- And by this ring the lips that never breathed
- Love's falsehood to true maid will seal Love's truth
- On those sweet lips that dare to dally with it.
 - Marian. Quiet, quiet! or I will to my father.
 - *Robin.* So, then, thy father will not grace our feast

With his white beard to-day.

Marian. Being so sick How should he, Robin?

Robin. Then that bond he hath Of the Abbot—wilt thou ask him for it?

- Marian. Why? Robin. I have sent to the Abbot and
- justiciary
- To bring their counter-bond into the forest.

Marian. But will they come?

Robin. If not I have let them know Their lives unsafe in any of these our woods,

And in the winter I will fire their farms. But I have sworn by our Lady if they come

too. So that they deal with us like honest men. They shall be handled with all courteousness. What wilt thou do with the Marian. bond then? Rohin Wait and see. What wilt thou do with the Sheriff? Wait and see. Marian. I bring the bond. [Exit Marian. Enter LITTLE JOHN. FRIAR TUCK. and MUCH, and FORESTERS and PEASANTS laughing and talking. Robin. Have you glanced down thro' all the forest ways And mark'd if those two knaves from York be coming? Little John. Not yet, but here comes one of bigger mould. Enter KING RICHARD. Art thou a knight? King Richard. I am. Robin. And walkest here Unarmour'd? all these walks are Robin Hood's And sometimes perilous. King Richard. Good! but having lived For twenty days and nights in mail, at last I crawl'd like a sick crab from my old shell. That I might breathe for a moment free of shield And cuirass in this forest where I dream'd That all was peace-not even a Robin Hood-(Aside) What if these knaves should know me for their King? Robin. Art thou for Richard, or allied to John? King Richard. I am allied to John. Robin. The worse for thee. King Richard. Art thou that banish'd lord of Huntingdon. The chief of these outlaws who break the law? Robin. I am the yeoman, plain Robin Hood, and being out of the law how should we break the law? if we broke

into it again we should break the law, and then we were no longer outlaws.

King Richard. But, Earl, if thou be

Friar Tuck. Fine him! fine him! he hath called plain Robin an earl. How much is it, Robin, for a knight?

Robin. A mark.

King Richard (gives it). There.

Robin. Thou payest easily, like a good fellow,

- But being o' John's side we must have thy gold.
 - King Richard. But I am more for Richard than for John.

Robin. What, what, a truckler! a word-eating coward!

Nay, search him then. How much hast thou about thee?

King Richard. I had one mark.

Robin. What more?

- King Richard. No more, I think.
- But how then if I will not bide to be search'd?

Robin. We are four to one.

King Richard. And I might deal with four.

Robin. Good, good, I love thee for that! but if I wind

This forest-horn of mine I can bring down Fourscore tall fellows on thee.

King Richard. Search me then. I should be hard beset with thy fourscore.

- Little John (searching King Richard). Robin, he hath no more. He hath spoken truth.
- Robin. I am glad of it. Give him back his gold again.

King Richard. But I had liefer than this gold again—

Not having broken fast the livelong day-

Something to eat.

Robin. And thou shalt have it, man. Our feast is yonder, spread beneath an

oak, Venison, and wild boar, wild goose, be-

sides Hedge-pigs, a savoury viand, so thou be

Squeamish at eating the King's venison.

King Richard. Nay, Robin, I am like thyself in that

I look on the King's venison as my own,

I will not tear the bond, but see fair play

Betwixt them and Sir Richard-promised

Friar Tuck. Ay, ay, Robin, but let him know our forest laws: he that pays not for his dinner must fight for it. In the sweat of thy brow, says Holy Writ, shalt thou eat bread, but in the sweat of thy brow and thy breast, and thine arms, and thy legs, and thy heart, and thy liver, and in the fear of thy life shalt thou eat the King's venison-ay, and so thou fight at quarterstaff for thy dinner with our Robin, that will give thee a new zest for it, though thou wert like a bottle full up to the cork, or as hollow as a kex, or the shambles-oak, or a weasel-sucked egg, or the head of a fool, or the heart of Prince John, or any other symbol of vacuity.

> [They bring out the quarter staffs, and the foresters and peasants crowd round to see the games, and applaud at intervals.

King Richard. Great woodland king, I know not quarterstaff.

Little John. A fine! a fine! He hath called plain Robin a king.

Robin. A shadow, a poetical fictiondid ye not call me king in your song?a mere figure. Let it go by.

Friar Tuck. No figure, no fiction, Robin. What, is not man a hunting animal? And look you now, if we kill a stag, our dogs have their paws cut off, and the hunters, if caught, are blinded, or worse than blinded. Is that to be a king? If the king and the law work injustice, is not he that goes against the king and the law the true king in the sight of the King of kings? Thou art the king of the forest, and I would thou wert the king of the land.

King Richard. This friar is of much boldness, noble captain.

Robin. He hath got it from the bottle, noble knight.

Friar Tuck. Boldness out of the bottle! I defy thee.

Boldness is in the blood, Truth in the bottle.

She lay so long at the bottom of her well In the cold water that she lost her voice, And so she glided up into the heart

O' the bottle, the warm wine, and found it again.

In vino veritas. Shall I undertake The knight at quarterstaff, or thou? Robin. Peace, magpie!

- Give him the quarterstaff. Nay, but thyself
- Shalt play a bout with me, that he may see The fashion of it.
 - [Plays with Little John at guarterstaff. King Richard. Well, then, let me try. They play.
- I vield, I vield. I know no quarterstaff. *Robin.* Then thou shalt play the game of buffets with us.
 - King Richard. What's that?
 - Robin. I stand up here, thou there. I give thee

A buffet, and thou me. The Holv Virgin

Stand by the strongest. I am overbreathed,

Friar, by my two bouts at quarterstaff.

Take him and try him, friar. Friar Tuck. There! Strikes. King Richard (strikes). There ! [Friar falls.

Friar Tuck. There ! Thou hast roll'd over the Church militant Like a tod of wool from wagon into ware-

house.

Nay, I defy thee still. Try me an hour hence.

- I am misty with my thimbleful of ale. Robin. Thou seest, Sir Knight, our friar is so holv
- That he's a miracle-monger, and can make
- Five quarts pass into a thimble. Up, good Much.
 - Friar Tuck. And show thyself more of a man than me.
 - Much. Well, no man yet has ever bowl'd me down.
 - Scarlet. Ay, for old Much is every inch a man.

Robin. We should be all the more beholden to him.

Much. Much and more! much and more! I am the oldest of thy men, and thou and thy youngsters are always muching and moreing me.

Because thou art always so Robin. much more of a man than my youngsters, old Much.

Much. Well, we Muches be old.

.

 the Red King's time, and so I may be more of a man than to be bowled over like a ninepin. There! [Strikes. King Richard. There! [Strikes. King Richard. There! [Much falls. King Richard. There! [Much falls. King Richard. Try, thyself, valorous Robin!] Scarlet. I cannot cope with him: my wrist is strain'd. King Richard. Try, thyself, valorous Robin ! Robin falls back, and is canght in the arms of Little John. Robin falls back, and is canght in the arms of Little John. Robin, if I wish'd. Still I am more for Richard than for John. Little John. Lood, now I love thee mightily, thou tall fellow. Still I am more for Richard than for John. Little John. Little John. Lood, Robin, at the far end of the glade I see two figures crawling up the hill. [Distant sound of trampts. Robin. Tak thou not fought write and canged the line of crit, and earn'd it? Stay, Dine with my brethren here, and on thin own. King Richard. And which be they? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for hown. canst thou be thus allied King Richard. And which be they? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for how. and with my brethren here, and on thin own. King Richard. And which be they? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for how. and hy the koal should and the should be king. And wet thou know'st how little of the king? And wet thou know'st how little of the king? And wet thou know'st how little of the king? And yet thou know'st how little of the king? And yet thou know'st how little of the king? And wet thou know'st how little of the king? And yet thou know'st how little of the king? And yet hou know'st how little of the king? And yet hou know'st how little of the king? And yet hou know'st how little of the king? And yet hou know'st how little of the king? And yet hou know'st how little of the king? And yet hou know'st how l	<i>Robin.</i> Old as the hills. <i>Much.</i> Old as the mill. We had it i'	A traitor or a goose? but stay with Robin; For Robin is no scatterbrains like Rich-
 more of a man than to be bowled over like a ninepin. There! [Strikes. Robin's an outlaw, but he helps the poor Strikes. Robin's an outlaw, but he helps the poor While Richard hath outlaw'd himself, at helps Robin's an wise man, Richard a wiseacu. Robin's an outlaw, but he helps the poor Strikes. Robin's an outlaw, but he helps the poor Strikes. Robin's an outlaw, but he helps the poor Strikes. Robin's an untaw, but he helps the poor Strikes. Robin's an untaw, but he safet to book of York and his a thief of courtesy. Friar Tuck. Wid geese, for he's a king over a realm the helps the poor canst thou be thus allied to the solution. King Richard. I cannot break it. Robin's a file for straw. So lies in prison—while our Robin's an doats on every ding of it. Again this Richard is the lion of Cypru Robin, the four straw. So lies in prison—while our Robin's lift of the dide and of the glade and of the glade and of the glade for it, and earn'd it? Stay. Die with my brethren here, and on thing or mast thou be thus allied to the solar of the stray. So lies in prison—while our Robin's lift. Robin, the the solar of the holer lion of the twain. King Richard. And which be the?? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be the?? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be the?? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be the?? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be the?? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be thes? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be thes? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be thes? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be thes? Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for won. King Richard. And which be thes? Stray for the mast thou be thus allied to the sole won won. 		
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Friar Tuck. Wild geese, for how flung canst thou be thus allied His life, heart, soul into those holy wa		
canst thou be thus allied His life, heart, soul into those holy wa		
	Vith John, and serve King Richard save	That sought to free the tomb-place of the
thou be King	thou be	King

- Of all the world? thou, that art churchman too
- In a fashion, and shouldst feel with him. Farewell!
- I left mine horse and armour with a Sauire.

- Robin. When wilt thou return? King Richard. Return, I? when? when Richard will return.
- *Robin*. No sooner? when will that be? canst thou tell?

But I have ta'en a sudden fancy to thee. Accept this horn! if e'er thou be assail'd In any of our forests, blow upon it

Three mots, this fashion—listen! (blows) Canst thou do it?

[King Richard blozes. Blown like a true son of the woods. Farewell!

[Exit King Richard.

Enter ABBOT and JUSTICIARY.

Friar Tuck. Church and Law, halt and pay toll!

Justiciary. Rogue, we have thy captain's safe-conduct; though he be the chief of rogues, he hath never broken his word.

Abbot. There is our bond.

Gives it to Robin. Robin. I thank thee.

Fusticiary. Ay, but where, Where is this old Sir Richard of the Lea? Thou told'st us we should meet him in

the forest. Where he would pay us down his thousand marks.

Robin. Give him another month, and he will pay it.

Fusticiary. We cannot give a month. Robin. Why then a week. Justiciary. No, not an hour : the debt is due to-day.

- Abbot. Where is this laggard Richard of the Lea?
- Robin. He hath been hurt, was growing whole again,

Only this morning in his agony

Lest he should fail to pay these thousand marks

He is stricken with a slight paralysis.

Have you no pity? must you see the man?

Justiciary. Ay, ay, what else? how else can this be settled?

Robin. Go men. and fetch him hither on the litter.

> [Sir Richard Lea is brought in. Marian comes with him.

Marian. Here is my father's bond.

Robin.

Gives it to Robin Hood. I thank thee, dear.

Fusticiary. Sir Richard, it was agreed when you borrowed these monies from the Abbot that if they were not repaid within a limited time your land should be forfeit.

Sir Richard. The land! the land!

Marian. You see he is past himself. What would you more?

Abbot. What more? one thousand marks.

Or else the land.

You hide this damsel in your forest here, [Pointing to Marian.

- You hope to hold and keep her for yourself.
- You heed not how you soil her maiden fame.
- You scheme against her father's weal and hers.
- For so this maid would wed our brother,
- Would pay us all the debt at once, and thus This old Sir Richard might redeem his
- land.
- He is all for love, he cares not for the land.

Sir Richard. The land! the land!

Robin (giving two bags to the Abbot). Here be one thousand marks

Out of our treasury to redeem the land.

- [Pointing to each of the bags. Half here, half there.
 - [Plaudits from his band. Fusticiary. Ay, ay, but there is use, four hundred marks.

Robin (giving a bag to Justiciary). There then, four hundred marks. Plaudits.

What did I say? Fusticiary.

Nay, my tongue tript-five hundred marks for use.

Robin (giving another bag to him). A hundred more? There then, a hundred more. [Plaudits.

And I must see to 'em.

Fusticiary. Ay, ay, but you see the bond and the letter of the law. It is stated there that these monies should be paid in to the Abbot at York, at the end of the month at noon, and they are delivered here in the wild wood an hour after noon.

Marian. The letter—O how often justice drowns

Between the law and letter of the law!

O God, I would the letter of the law

Were some strong fellow here in the wild wood,

That thou might'st beat him down at quarterstaff!

Have you no pity?

Fusticiary. You run down your game,

We ours. What pity have you for your game?

Robin. We needs must live. Our bowmen are so true

They strike the deer at once to death he falls

And knows no more.

Marian. Pity, pity!—There was a man of ours

Up in the north, a goodly fellow too,

He met a stag there on so narrow a ledge—

A precipice above, and one below-

There was no room to advance or to retire.

- The man lay down—the delicate-footed creature
- Came stepping o'er him, so as not to harm him—

The hunter's passion flash'd into the man,

He drove his knife into the heart of the deer,

The deer fell dead to the bottom, and the man

Fell with him, and was crippled ever after.

I fear I had small pity for that man.—

You have the monies and the use of them. What would you more?

Justiciary. What? must we dance attendance all the day?

Robin. Dance! ay, by all the saints and all the devils ye shall dance. When the Church and the law have forgotten God's music, they shall dance to the music of the wild wood. Let the birds sing, and do you dance to their song. What, you will not? Strike up our music, Little John. (*He plays.*) They will not! Prick 'em in the calves with the arrow-points—prick 'em in the calves.

Abbot. Rogue, I am full of gout. I cannot dance.

Robin. And Sir Richard cannot redeem his land. Sweat out your gout, friend, for by my life, you shall dance till he can. Prick him in the calves!

Justiciary. Rogue, I have a swollen vein in my right leg, and if thou prick me there I shall die.

Robin. Prick him where thou wilt, so that he dance.

Abbot. Rogue, we come not alone.

Fusticiary. Not the right.

Abbot. We told the Prince and the Sheriff of our coming.

Justiciary. Take the left leg for the love of God.

Abbot. They follow us.

Justiciary. You will all of you hang.

Robin. Let us hang, so thou dance meanwhile; or by that same love of God we will hang *thee*, prince or no prince, sheriff or no sheriff.

Justiciary. Take care, take care! I dance-I will dance-I dance.

[Abbot and Justiciary dance to music, each holding a bag in each hand.

Enter SCARLET.

Scarlet. The Sheriff! the Sheriff, follow'd by Prince John

And all his mercenaries! We sighted 'em

Only this moment. By St. Nicholas

They must have sprung like Ghosts from underground,

Or, like the Devils they are, straight up from Hell.

Robin. Crouch all into the bush! [The foresters and peasants hide

behind the bushes.

Marian. Take up the litter!

Sir Richard. Move me no more ! I am sick and faint with pain ! Marian. But, Sir, the Sheriff-----

Sir Richard. Let me be, I say! The Sheriff will be welcome! let me be!

Marian. Give me my bow and arrows. I remain	Father, I cannot marry till Richard
Beside my Father's litter.	comes. Sir Richard. And then the Sheriff!
<i>Robin.</i> And fear not thou!	Marian. Ay, the Sheriff, father,
Each of us has an arrow on the cord;	Would buy me for a thousand marks in
We all keep watch.	gold—
·	Sell me again perchance for twice as
Enter SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.	much.
Sheriff. Marian !	A woman's heart is but a little thing,
Marian. Speak not. I wait upon a	Much lighter than a thousand marks in
dying father.	gold;
Sheriff. The debt hath not been paid.	But pity for a father, it may be,
She will be mine.	Is weightier than a thousand marks in
What are you capering for? By old St.	gold.
Vitus	I cannot love the Sheriff.
Have you gone mad? Has it been paid?	Sir Richard. But thou wilt wed
Abbot (dancing). Ö yes.	him?
Sheriff. Have I lost her then?	Marian. Ay, save King Richard,
Justiciary (dancing). Lost her?	when he comes, forbid me.
O no, we took	Sweet heavens, I could wish that all the
Advantage of the letter-O Lord, the	land
vein!	Were plunged beneath the waters of the
Not paid at York-the wood-prick me	sea,
no more!	Tho' all the world should go about in
Sheriff. What pricks thee save it be	boats.
thy conscience, man?	Friar Tuck. Why, so should all the
<i>Justiciary</i> . By my halidome I felt	love-sick be sea-sick.
him at my leg still. Where be they gone to?	Marian. Better than heart-sick, friar.
Sheriff. Thou art alone in the silence	<i>Prince John (to</i> Sheriff). See you not They are jesting at us yonder, mocking
of the forest	inc) are jesting at us yonder, mocking
Save for this maiden and thy brother	Carry her off, and let the old man die.
Abbot,	[Advancing to Marian.
And this old crazeling in the litter there.	Come, girl, thou shalt along with us on
	the instant.
Enter on one side FRIAR TUCK from the	Friar Tuck (brandishing his staff).
bush, and on the other PRINCE JOHN	Then on the instant I will break
and his SPEARMEN, with banners and	thy head.
trumpets, etc.	Sheriff. Back, thou fool-friar!
Justiciary (examining his leg). They	Knowest thou not the Prince?
have missed the vein.	Friar Tuck (muttering). He may be
Abbot. And we shall keep the land.	prince; he is not gentleman.
Sheriff. Sweet Marian, by the letter	Prince John. Look! I will take the
of the law	rope from off thy waist
It seems thy father's land is forfeited.	And twist it round thy neck and hang
Sir Richard. No! let me out of the	thee by it.
litter. He shall wed thee:	Seize him and truss him up, and carry
The land shall still be mine. Child, thou	her off.
shalt wed him,	[Friar Tuck slips into the bush. Marian (drawing the bow). No nearer
Or thine old father will go mad—he	martan (arawing me bow). No heater

will, He will—he feels it in his head. Marian. O peace! Internation (artacing in body). We header Marian (artacing in body). We header to me! back! My hand is firm, Mine eye most true to one hair's-breadth of aim.

- You, Prince, our king to come-you that dishonour
- The daughters and the wives of your own faction-
- Who hunger for the body, not the soul-

This gallant Prince would have me of his-what?

- Household? or shall I call it by that new term
- Brought from the sacred East, his harem? Never.
- Tho' you should queen me over all the realms
- Held by King Richard, could I stoop so low
- As mate with one that holds no love is pure,

No friendship sacred, values neither man

- Nor woman save as tools-God help the mark—
- To his own unprincely ends. And you, you, Sheriff,
- [*Turning to the* Sheriff. Who thought to buy your marrying me with gold.
- Marriage is of the soul, not of the body.
- Win me you cannot, murder me you may,
- And all I love, Robin, and all his men, For I am one with him and his; but
- while
- I breathe Heaven's air, and Heaven looks down on me,
- And smiles at my best meanings, I remain Mistress of mine own self and mine own soul.

[Retreating, with bow drawn, to the bush. Robin!

Robin. I am here, my arrow on the cord.

He dies who dares to touch thee.

- Prince John. Advance, advance! What, daunted by a garrulous, arrogant girl!
- Seize her and carry her off into my castle. Sheriff. Thy castle! Prince John. Said I not, I loved thee,
 - man?

Risk not the love I bear thee for a girl. Sheriff. Thy castle!

- Prince John. See thou thwart me not, thou fool!
- When Richard comes he is soft enough to pardon

His brother; but all those that held with him.

Except I plead for them, will hang as high As Haman.

- She is mine. I have thy Sheriff. promise.
- Prince John. O ay, she shall be thine -first mine, then thine,
- For she shall spend her honeymoon with me.
 - Sheriff. Woe to that land shall own thee for her king!
 - Prince Fohn. Advance, advance!
 - [They advance shouting. The King in armour reappears from the TUDON
 - King Richard. What shouts are these that ring along the wood?
 - Friar Tuck (coming forward). Hail, knight, and help us. Here is one would clutch
- Our pretty Marian for his paramour,
- This other, willy-nilly, for his bride.
 - King Richard. Damsel, is this the truth?
 - Marian. Ay, noble knight. Friar Tuck. Ay, and she will not marry till Richard come.
 - King Richard (raising his vizor). I am here, and I am he.
 - Prince John (lowering his, and whispering to his men). It is not he-his face-tho' very like-
- No, no! we have certain news he died in prison.

Make at him, all of you, a traitor coming In Richard's name-it is not he-not he.

- [The men stand amazed.
- Friar Tuck (going back to the bush). Robin, shall we not move?
- Robin. It is the King Who bears all down. Let him alone

awhile. He loves the chivalry of his single arm.

Wait till he blow the horn.

- Friar Tuck (coming back). If thou be king.
- Why blowest thou not Be not a fool! the horn?

King Richard. I that have turn'd their Moslem crescent pale---

I blow the horn against this rascal rout!

- [Friar Tuck plucks the horn from him and blows. Richard dashes alone against the Sheriff and John's men, and is almost borne down, when Robin and his men rush in and rescue him.
- King Richard (to Robin Hood). Thou hast saved my head at the peril of thine own.
- Prince John. A horse! a horse! I must away at once;
- I cannot meet his eyes. I go to Nottingham.
- Sheriff, thou wilt find me at Nottingham. [*Exit*.
 - Sheriff. If anywhere, I shall find thee in hell.
- What! go to slay his brother, and make *me*
- The monkey that should roast his chestnuts for him!
 - King Richard. I fear to ask who left us even now.

Robin. I grieve to say it was thy father's son.

Shall I not after him and bring him back? *King Richard.* No, let him be. Sheriff of Nottingham,

Sheriff kneels.

- I have been away from England all these years,
- Heading the holy war against the Moslem, While thou and others in our kingless realms
- Were fighting underhand unholy wars Against your lawful king.

Sheriff. My liege, Prince John-King Richard. Say thou no word against my brother John.

- Sheriff. Why then, my liege, I have no word to say.
- King Richard (to Robin). My good friend Robin, Earl of Huntingdon,
- For Earl thou art again, hast thou no fetters
- For those of thine own band who would betray thee?
 - Robin. I have; but these were never worn as yet.
- I never found one traitor in my band.
 - King Richard. Thou art happier than thy king. Put him in chains.
 - [They fetter the Sheriff.

- *Robin*. Look o'er these bonds, my liege.
 - [Shows the King the bonds. They talk together.
- King Richard. You, my lord Abbot, you Justiciary,
- [The Abbot and Justiciary kneel. I made you Abbot, you Justiciary:
- You both are utter traitors to your king. . Justiciary. O my good liege, we did
- believe you dead.
 - *Robin.* Was justice dead because the King was dead?
- Sir Richard paid his monies to the Abbot. You crost him with a quibble of your law.
- *King Richard.* But on the faith and honour of a king

The land is his again.

- Sir Richard. The land! the land!
- I am crazed no longer, so I have the land. [Comes out of the litter and kneels.
- God save the King! King Richard (raising Sir Richard).
 - I thank thee, good Sir Richard.

Maid Marian.

Marian. Yes, King Richard.

- *King Richard.* Thou wouldst marry This Sheriff when King Richard came
- again

Except-

- Marian. The King forbad it. True, my liege.
- King Richard. How if the King command it
- Marian. Then, my liege,
- If you would marry me with a traitor sheriff,
- I fear I might prove traitor with the sheriff.
 - King Richard. But if the King forbid thy marrying
- With Robin, our good Earl of Huntingdon.
 - Marian. Then will I live for ever in the wild wood.
 - Robin (coming forward). And I with thee.
 - King Richard. On nuts and acorns, ha!
- Or the King's deer? Earl, thou when we were hence

Hast broken all our Norman forest-laws, And scruplest not to flaunt it to our face

That thou wilt break our forest laws again	Nay, by the dragon of St. George, we shall
When we are here. Thou art overbold.	Do some injustice, if you hold us here
<i>Robin.</i> My king,	Longer from our own venison. Where
I am but the echo of the lips of love.	is it?
<i>King Richard.</i> Thou hast risk'd thy life for mine: bind these two men.	I scent it in the green leaves of the wood. Marian. First, king, a boon!
[They take the bags from the Abbot	King Richard. Why surely ye are
and Justiciary, and proceed to	pardon'd,
fetter them.	Even this brawler of harsh truths—I
<i>Justiciary</i> . But will the King, then,	trust
judge us all unheard?	Half truths, good friar: ye shall with us
I can defend my cause against the traitors	to court.
Who fair would make ma traitor. If the	Then, if ye cannot breathe but woodland
Who fain would make me traitor. If the	air,
King	Thou Robin shalt be ranger of this forest,
Condemn us without trial, men will call	And have thy fees, and break the law no
him	more.
An Eastern tyrant, not an English king.	Marian. It is not that, my lord.
<i>Abbot.</i> Besides, my liege, these men	King Richard. Then what, my lady?
are outlaws, thieves,	Robin. This is the gala-day of thy
They break thy forest laws—nay, by the rood They have done far worse—they plunder	I pray thee for the moment, strike the bonds
—yea, ev'n bishops,	From these three men, and let them dine
Yea, ev'n archbishops—if thou side with	with us,
these,	And lie with us among the flowers, and
Beware, O King, the vengeance of the	drink—
Church.	Ay, whether it be gall or honey to 'em—
Friar Tuck (brandishing his staff).	The king's good health in ale and Mal-
I pray you, my liege, let me execute the	voisie.
vengeance of the Church upon them. I	<i>King Richard</i> . By Mahound I could
have a stout crabstick here, which longs	strive with Beelzebub !
to break itself across their backs.	So now which way to the dinner?
<i>Robin.</i> Keep silence, bully friar, be- fore the King. <i>Friar Tuck.</i> If a cat may look at a	So now which way to the dinner? <i>Marian.</i> Past the bank Of foxglove, then to left by that one yew. You see the darkness thro' the lighter
king, may not a friar speak to one?	leaf.
<i>King Richard.</i> I have had a year of	But look! who comes?
prison-silence, Robin, And heed him not—the vengeance of the	Enter SAILOR.
Church !	Sailor. We heard Sir Richard Lea
Thou shalt pronounce the blessing of the	was here with Robin.
Church	O good Sir Richard, I am like the man
On those two here, Robin and Marian.	In Holy Writ, who brought his talent
Marian. He is but hedge-priest, Sir	back;
King.	For tho' we touch'd at many pirate ports,
King Richard. And thou their Queen.	We ever fail'd to light upon thy son.
Our rebel Abbot then shall join your	Here is thy gold again. I am sorry for it.
hands,	Sir Richard. The gold—my son—my
Or lose all hopes of pardon from us—yet	gold, my son, the land—
Not now, not now—with after-dinner	Here Abbot, Sheriff—no—no, Robin
grace.	Hood.

- Robin. Sir Richard, let that wait till we have dined.
- Are all our guests here?
- King Richard. No-there's yet one other:
- I will not dine without him. Come from out

Enter WALTER LEA.

- That oak-tree! This young warrior broke his prison
- And join'd my banner in the Holy Land, And cleft the Moslem turban at my side.

My masters, welcome gallant Walter Lea.

- Kiss him, Sir Richard-kiss him, my sweet Marian.
 - Marian. O Walter, Walter, is it thou indeed
- Whose ransom was our ruin, whose return
- Builds up our house again? I fear I dream.
- Here—give me one sharp pinch upon the cheek
- That I may feel thou art no phantomvet
- Thou art tann'd almost beyond my knowing, brother. [*They embrace*.
 - Walter Lea. But thou art fair as ever, my sweet sister.
 - Sir Richard. Art thou my son?
 - Walter Lea. I am, good father, I am.
 - Sir Richard. I had despair'd of thee —that sent me crazed.
- Thou art worth thy weight in all those marks of gold,
- Yea, and the weight of the very land itself,
- Down to the inmost centre.

Robin. Walter Lea,

- Give me that hand which fought for Richard there.
- Embrace me, Marian, and thou, good Kate, [To Kate entering.
- Kiss and congratulate me, my good Kate. [.She kisses him.

Little John. Lo now! lo now!

I have seen thee clasp and kiss a man indeed,

For our brave Robin is a man indeed.

Then by thine own account thou shouldst be mine.

- Kate. Well then, who kisses first?
- Little John. Kiss both together. [They kiss each other.
- Robin. Then all is well. In this full tide of love,
- Wave heralds wave: thy match shall follow mine (*to* Little John).
- Would there were more—a hundred lovers more
- To celebrate this advent of our King!
- Our forest games are ended, our free life,
- And we must hence to the King's court. I trust
- We shall return to the wood. Meanwhile, farewell
- Old friends, old patriarch oaks. A thousand winters
- Will strip you bare as death, a thousand summers
- Robe you life-green again. You seem, as it were,
- Immortal, and we mortal. How few Junes
- Will heat our pulses quicker! How few frosts
- Will chill the hearts that beat for Robin Hood !
 - Marian. And yet I think these oaks at dawn and even,
- Or in the balmy breathings of the night,
- Will whisper evermore of Robin Hood.
- We leave but happy memories to the forest.
- We dealt in the wild justice of the woods. All those poor serfs whom we have served
- will bless us,
- All those pale mouths which we have fed will praise us—

All widows we have holpen pray for us,

- Our Lady's blessed shrines throughout the land
- Be all the richer for us. You, good friar,
- You Much, you Scarlet, you dear Little John,
- Your names will cling like ivy to the wood.
- And here perhaps a hundred years away

Some hunter in day-dreams or half asleep Will hear our arrows whizzing overhead,

And catch the winding of a phantom horn.

Robin. And surely these old oaks will murmur thee

- Marian along with Robin. I am most happy-
- Art thou not mine?—and happy that our King
- Is here again, never I trust to roam

So far again, but dwell among his own.

Strike up a stave, my masters, all is well.

Song while they dance a Country Dance.

- Now the king is home again, and nevermore to roam again,
- Now the king is home again, the king will have his own again,
- Home again, home again, and each will have his own again,
- All the birds in merry Sherwood sing and sing him home again.

ТНЕ

DEATH OF ŒNONE, AKBAR'S DREAM,

AND OTHER POEMS

ΒY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

POET LAUREATE

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THE DEATH OF CENONE,

AKBAR'S DREAM,

AND OTHER POEMS.

JUNE BRACKEN AND HEATHER.

То —.

THERE on the top of the down,

- The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
- When I look'd at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
- I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,

This, and my love together,

To you that are seventy-seven,

With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,

And a fancy as summer-new

As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather.

TO THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

I. ,

DEAR Master in our classic town, You, loved by all the younger gown There at Balliol,

Lay your Plato for one minute down,

п.

And read a Grecian tale re-told, Which, cast in later Grecian mould, Quintus Calaber Somewhat lazily handled of old;

ш.

And on this white midwinter day— For have the far-off hymns of May, All her melodies,

All her harmonies echo'd away?-

IV.

To-day, before you turn again To thoughts that lift the soul of men, Hear my cataract's Downward thunder in hollow and glen.

v.

Till, led by dream and vague desire, The woman, gliding toward the pyre.

Find her warrior

Stark and dark in his funeral fire.

THE DEATH OF ŒNONE.*

(ENONE sat within the cave from out Whose ivy-matted mouth she used to gaze Down at the Troad; but the goodly view Was now one blank, and all the serpent vines

- Which on the touch of heavenly feet had risen,
- And gliding thro' the branches overbower'd

The naked Three, were wither'd long ago, And thro' the sunless winter morningmist

- In silence wept upon the flowerless earth. And while she stared at those dead cords that ran
- Dark thro' the mist, and linking tree to tree,

But once were gayer than a dawning sky With many a pendent bell and fragrant star.

- Her Past became her Present, and she saw
- Him, climbing toward her with the golden fruit,

Him, happy to be chosen Judge of Gods, Her husband in the flush of youth and dawn.

Paris, himself as beauteous as a God.

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Anon from out the long ravine below, She heard a wailing cry, that seem'd at first

- Thin as the batlike shrillings of the Dead When driven to Hades, but, in coming near.
- Across the downward thunder of the brook
- Sounded 'Œnone'; and on a sudden he, Paris, no longer beauteous as a God,
- Struck by a poison'd arrow in the fight,
- Lame, crooked, reeling, livid, thro' the mist
- Rose, like the wraith of his dead self, and moan'd

'Œnone, my Œnone, while we dwelt Together in this valley—happy then—

- Too happy had I died within thine arms,
- Before the feud of Gods had marr'd our peace,
- And sunder'd each from each. I am dving now
- Pierced by a poison'd dart. Save me. Thou knowest,
- Taught by some God, whatever herb or balm
- May clear the blood from poison, and thy fame

Is blown thro' all the Troad, and to thee

- The shepherd brings his adder-bitten lamb,
- The wounded warrior climbs from Troy to thee.
- My life and death are in thy hand. The Gods
- Avenge on stony hearts a fruitless prayer
- For pity. Let me owe my life to thee.
- I wrought thee bitter wrong, but thou forgive,
- Forget it. Man is but the slave of Fate.
- Enone, by thy love which once was mine,
- Help, heal me. I am poison'd to the heart.'
- 'And I to mine' she said 'Adulterer,
- Go back to thine adulteress and die !' He groan'd, he turn'd, and in the mist
- at once
- Became a shadow, sank and disappear'd, But, ere the mountain rolls into the
- plain,
- Fell headlong dead; and of the shepherds one

Their oldest, and the same who first had found

Paris, a naked babe, among the woods

- Of Ida, following lighted on him there, And shouted, and the shepherds heard
- and came.
 - One raised the Prince, one sleek'd the squalid hair,
- One kiss'd his hand, another closed his eyes,
- And then, remembering the gay playmate rear'd
- Among them, and forgetful of the man,
- Whose crime had half unpeopled Ilion, these
- All that day long labour'd, hewing the pines,
- And built their shepherd-prince a funeral pile;
- And, while the star of eve was drawing light
- From the dead sun, kindled the pyre, and all
- Stood round it, hush'd, or calling on his name.
 - But when the white fog vanish'd like a ghost
- Before the day, and every topmost pine
- Spired into bluest heaven, still in her cave,
- Amazed, and ever seeming stared upon
- By ghastlier than the Gorgon head, a face,—
- His face deform'd by lurid blotch and blain—
- There, like a creature frozen to the heart
- Beyond all hope of warmth, Œnone sat
- Not moving, till in front of that ravine
- Which drowsed in gloom, self-darken'd from the west,
- The sunset blazed along the wall of Troy. Then her head sank, she slept, and thro' her dream
- A ghostly murmur floated, 'Come to me, Œnone! I can wrong thee now no more,

Œnone, my Œnone,' and the dream

- Wail'd in her, when she woke beneath the stars.
- What star could burn so low? not Ilion yet.
- What light was there? She rose and slowly down,
- By the long torrent's ever-deepen'd roar,

Paced, following, as in trance, the silent A man who never changed a word with crv. men. She waked a bird of prev that scream'd Fasted and pray'd. Telemachus the Saint. and past: Eve after eve that haggard anchorite She roused a snake that hissing writhed Would haunt the desolated fane, and awav: there A panther sprang across her path, she Gaze at the ruin, often mutter low ' Vicisti Galilæe'; louder again, heard The shriek of some lost life among the Spurning a shatter'd fragment of the God. pines. 'Vicisti Galilæe!' but-when now But when she gain'd the broader vale, Bathed in that lurid crimson-ask'd 'Is and saw earth The ring of faces redden'd by the flames On fire to the West? or is the Demon-god Enfolding that dark body which had lain Wroth at his fall?' and heard an answer Of old in her embrace, paused-and then • Wake ask'd Thou deedless dreamer, lazving out a life Falteringly, 'Who lies on yonder pyre?' Of self-suppression, not of selfless love.' But every man was mute for reverence. And once a flight of shadowy fighters Then moving quickly forward till the heat crost Smote on her brow, she lifted up a voice Of shrill command, 'Who burns upon the The disk, and once, he thought, a shape with wings pyre?' Came sweeping by him, and pointed to Whereon their oldest and their boldest the West. said. at his ear he heard a whisper And 'Rome' 'He, whom thou wouldst not heal!' and all at once And in his heart he cried 'The call of The morning light of happy marriage God!' broke And call'd arose, and, slowly plunging Thro' all the clouded years of widowhood, down And muffling up her comely head, and Thro' that disastrous glory, set his face By waste and field and town of alien crving 'Husband!' she leapt upon the funeral tongue, Following a hundred sunsets, and the pile, And mixt herself with him and past in fire. sphere Of westward-wheeling stars; and every dawn ST. TELEMACHUS.* Struck from him his own shadow on to Rome. Foot-sore, way-worn, at length he HAD the fierce ashes of some fierv peak touch'd his goal, Been hurl'd so high they ranged about The Christian city. All her splendour the globe? For day by. day, thro' many a blood-red fail'd To lure those eyes that only yearn'd to eve, In that four-hundredth summer after see, Fleeting betwixt her column'd palace-Christ. walls, The wrathful sunset glared against a cross The shape with wings. Anon there past Rear'd on the tumbled ruins of an old fane a crowd With shameless laughter, Pagan oath, No longer sacred to the Sun, and flamed and jest. On one huge slope beyond, where in his Hard Romans brawling of their monstrous cave games; The man, whose pious hand had built the He, all but deaf thro' age and weariness, cross, * Copyright, 1892, by Macmillan & Co.

- And muttering to himself 'The call of God'
- And borne along by that full stream of men,
- Like some old wreck on some indrawing sea,
- Gain'd their huge Colosseum. The caged beast
- Yell'd, as he yell'd of yore for Christian blood.
- Three slaves were trailing a dead lion away,
- One, a dead man. He stumbled in, and sat
- Blinded; but when the momentary gloom,
- Made by the noonday blaze without, had left
- His aged eyes, he raised them, and beheld A blood-red awning waver overhead,
- The dust send up a steam of human blood.
- The gladiators moving toward their fight.
- And eighty thousand Christian faces watch
- Man murder man. A sudden strength from heaven,
- As some great shock may wake a palsied limb,
- Turn'd him again to boy, for up he sprang,
- And glided lightly down the stairs, and o'er
- The barrier that divided beast from man Slipt, and ran on, and flung himself be-
- tween The gladiatorial swords, and call'd 'Forbear
- In the great name of Him who died for men.
- Christ Jesus!' For one moment afterward
- A silence follow'd as of death, and then
- A hiss as from a wilderness of snakes,
- Then one deep roar as of a breaking sea,
- And then a shower of stones that stoned him dead,
- And then once more a silence as of death.
 - His dream became a deed that woke the world,
- For while the frantic rabble in half-amaze Stared at him dead, thro' all the nobler

hearts

- In that vast Oval ran a shudder of shame. The Baths, the Forum gabbled of his death.
- And preachers linger'd o'er his dying words,
- Which would not die, but echo'd on to reach
- Honorius, till he heard them, and decreed That Rome no more should wallow in this
- old lust
- Of Paganism, and make her festal hour
- Dark with the blood of man who murder'd man.

(For Honorius, who succeeded to the sovereignty over Europe, supprest the gladiatorial combats practised of old in Rome. on occasion of the following event. There was one Telemachus, embracing the ascetic mode of life, who setting out from the East and arriving at Rome for this very purpose, while that accursed spectacle was being performed, entered himself the circus, and descending into the arena, attempted to hold back those who wielded deadly weapons against each The spectators of the murderous fray, other possest with the drunken glee of the demon who delights in such bloodshed, stoned to death the preacher of peace. The admirable Emperor learning this put a stop to that evil exhibition. -Theodoret's Ecclesiastical History.)

AKBAR'S DREAM.*

AN INSCRIPTION BY ABUL FAZL FOR A TEMPLE IN KASHMIR (Blochmann XXXII.).

O GOD in every temple I see people that see thee, and in every language I hear spoken, people praise thee.

Polytheism and Islám feel after thee.

Each religion says, 'Thou art one, without equal.'

If it be a mosque people murmur the holy prayer, and if it be a Christian Church, people ring the bell from love to Thee.

Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque.

But it is thou whom I search from temple to temple.

Thy elect have no dealings with either heresy or orthodoxy; for neither of them stands behind the screen of thy truth.

Heresy to the heretic, and religion to the orthodox,

But the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume seller.

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AKBAR and ABUL FAZL before the palace at Futehpur-Sikri at night.

- 'LIGHT of the nations' ask'd his Chronicler
- Of Akbar 'what has darken'd thee tonight?'
- Then, after one quick glance upon the stars,
- And turning slowly toward him, Akbar said
- 'The shadow of a dream-an idle one
- It may be. Still I raised my heart to heaven,
- I pray'd against the dream. To pray, to do-
- To pray, to do according to the prayer,

Are, both, to worship Alla, but the prayers, That have no successor in deed, are faint And pale in Alla's eyes, fair mothers they Dying in childbirth of dead sons. I vow'd Whate'er my dreams, I still would do the right

Thro' all the vast dominion which a sword,

That only conquers men to conquer peace, Has won me. Alla be my guide!

But come,

- My noble friend, my faithful counsellor, Sit by my side. While thou art one with me,
- I seem no longer like a lonely man
- In the king's garden, gathering here and there
- From each fair plant the blossom choicest-grown
- To wreathe a crown not only for the king But in due time for every Mussulmân,
- Brahmin, and Buddhist, Christian, and Parsee,
- Thro' all the warring world of Hindustan. Well spake thy brother in his hymn to heaven
- "Thy glory baffles wisdom. All the tracks
- Of science making toward Thy Perfect-
- ness Are blinding desert sand; we scarce can spell
- The Alif of Thine Alphabet of Love."
- He knows Himself, men nor themselves nor Him,

For every splinter'd fraction of a sect

Will clamour "I am on the Perfect Way,

- Shall the rose Cry to the lotus "No flower thou"? the palm
- Call to the cypress "I alone am fair "?
- The mango spurn the melon at his foot? "Mine is the one fruit Alla made for
 - man." Look how the living pulse of Alla beats

Thro' all His world. If every single star Should shriek its claim "I only am in heaven"

- Why that were such sphere-music as the Greek
- Had hardly dream'd of. There is light in all.
- And light, with more or less of shade, in all
- Man-modes of worship; but our Ulama,
- Who "sitting on green sofas contemplate
- The torment of the damn'd" already, these
- Are like wild brutes new-caged—the narrower
- The cage, the more their fury. Me they front
- With sullen brows. What wonder! I decreed
- That even the dog was clean, that men may taste
- Swine-flesh, drink wine; they know too that whene'er
- In our free Hall, where each philosophy
- And mood of faith may hold its own, they blurt
- Their furious formalisms, I but hear
- The clash of tides that meet in narrow seas,—
- Not the Great Voice not the true Deep.

To drive

- A people from their ancient fold of Faith, And wall them up perforce in mine unwise,
- Unkinglike;—and the morning of my reign
- Was redden'd by that cloud of shame when I . . .
 - I hate the rancour of their castes and creeds,
- I let men worship as they will, I reap
- No revenue from the field of unbelief.
- I cull from every faith and race the best And brayest soul for counsellor and friend.

All else is to perdition."

I loathe the very name of infidel. And warms the blood of Shiah and I stagger at the Korân and the sword. Sunnee. I shudder at the Christian and the stake; Symbol the Eternal! Yea and may not Yet "Alla," says their sacred book. "is kings Love." Express Him also by their warmth of And when the Goan Padre quoting Him. love For all they rule—by equal law for all? Issa Ben Mariam, his own prophet, cried "Love one another little ones" and By deeds a light to men? " bless " But no such light Whom? even "your persecutors"! there Glanced from our Presence on the face methought of one. The cloud was rifted by a purer gleam Who breaking in upon us yestermorn, Than glances from the sun of our Islâm. With all the Hells a-glare in either eve. And thou rememberest what a fury Yell'd "hast thou brought us down a new shook Korân Those pillars of a moulder'd faith, when From heaven? art thou the Prophet? canst thou work ће. That other, prophet of their fall, pro-Miracles?" and the wild horse, anger, claimed plunged To fling me, and fail'd. Miracles! no. His Master as "the Sun of Righteousness." not I Yea, Alla here on earth, who caught and Nor he, nor any. I can but lift the torch Of Reason in the dusky cave of Life, held His people by the bridle-rein of Truth. And gaze on this great miracle, the What art thou saying? "And was not World, Alla call'd Adoring That who made, and makes, In old Irân the Sun of Love? and Love and is. The net of truth?" And is not, what I gaze on-all else Form, A voice from old Irân! Ritual, varying with the tribes of men. Nay, but I know it—his, the hoary Ay but, my friend, thou knowest I hold Sheik, that forms On whom the women shrieking "Atheist" Are needful: only let the hand that flung rules. Filth from the roof, the mystic melodist With politic care, with utter gentleness, Who all but lost himself in Alla, him Mould them for all his people. Abû Saîd-And what are forms? -a sun but dimly seen Fair garments, plain or rich, and fitting Here, till the mortal morning mists of close Or flying looselier, warm'd but by the earth Fade in the noon of heaven, when creed heart and race Within them, moved but by the living Shall bear false witness, each of each, no limb, And cast aside, when old, for newer,more, But find their limits by that larger light, Forms ! And overstep them, moving easily The Spiritual in Nature's market-place-The silent Alphabet-of-heaven-in-man Thro' after-ages in the love of Truth, The truth of Love. Made vocal—banners blazoning a Power The sun, the sun! they rail That is not seen and rules from far away-At me the Zoroastrian. Let the Sun, A silken cord let down from Paradise, Who heats our earth to yield us grain When fine Philosophies would fail, to and fruit, draw And laughs upon thy field as well as The crowd from wallowing in the mire mine, of earth,

- And all the more, when these behold their Lord.
- Who shaped the forms, obey them, and himself
- Here on this bank in *some* way live the life Beyond the bridge, and serve that Infinite Within us, as without, that All-in-all,
- And over all, the never-changing One
- And ever-changing Many, in praise of Whom
- The Christian bell, the cry from off the mosque,
- And vaguer voices of Polytheism
- Make but one music, harmonising, "Pray." There westward-under von slow-falling star.
- The Christians own a Spiritual Head;
- And following thy true counsel, by thine aid.
- Myself am such in our Islâm, for no
- Mirage of glory, but for power to fuse
- My myriads into union under one;
- To hunt the tiger of oppression out
- From office: and to spread the Divine Faith
- Like calming oil on all their stormy creeds.
- And fill the hollows between wave and wave:
- To nurse my children on the milk of Truth.
- And alchemise old hates into the gold
- Of Love, and make it current; and beat back
- The menacing poison of intolerant priests, Those cobras ever setting up their hoods-One Alla! one Kalifa!

Still-at times

- A doubt, a fear,—and yester afternoon I dream'd,-thou knowest how deep a
- well of love My heart is for my son, Saleem, mine heir.-
- And yet so wild and wayward that my dream—
- He glares askance at thee as one of those Who mix the wines of heresy in the cup Of counsel-so-I pray thee-

Well, I dream'd

- That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred fane.
- A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque, nor Church,

- But loftier, simpler, always open-door'd To every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace
- And Love and Justice came and dwelt therein:
- But while we stood rejoicing, I and thou, I heard a mocking laugh "the new
- Korân!" And on the sudden, and with a cry
- "Saleem"
- Thou, thou-I saw thee fall before me, and then
- Me too the black-wing'd Azrael overcame.
- But Death had ears and eyes; I watch'd my son,
- And those that follow'd, loosen, stone from stone.
- All my fair work; and from the ruin arose
- The shriek and curse of trampled millions, even
- As in the time before; but while I groan'd.
- From out the sunset pour'd an alien race.
- Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth.
- Peace, Love and Justice came and dwelt therein.
- Nor in the field without were seen or heard

Fires of Súttee, nor wail of baby-wife,

Or Indian widow; and in sleep I said

- "All praise to Alla by whatever hands
- My mission be accomplish'd!" but we hear

Music: our palace is awake, and morn

- Has lifted the dark eyelash of the Night From off the rosy cheek of waking Day.
- Our hymn to the sun. They sing it. Let us go.'

HYMN.

1

Once again thou flamest heavenward, once again we see thee rise.

- Every morning is thy birthday gladdening human hearts and eyes.
 - Every morning here we greet it, bowing lowly down before thee,
- Thee the Godlike, thee the changeless in thine ever-changing skies.

п.

Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing light from clime to clime,

Hear thy myriad laureates hail thee monarch in their woodland rhyme.

Warble bird, and open flower, and, men, below the dome of azure

Kneel adoring Him the Timeless in the flame that measures Time!

NOTES TO AKBAR'S DREAM.

The great Mogul Emperor Akbar was born October 14, 1542, and died 1605. At 13 he succeeded his father Humayun; at 18 he himself assumed the sole charge of government. He subdued and ruled over fifteen large provinces; his empire included all India north of the Vindhya Mountains—in the south of India he was not so successful. His tolerance of religions and his abhorrence of religious persecution put our Tudors to shame. He invented a new eclectic religion by which he hoped to unite all creeds, castes and peoples: and his legislation was remarkable for vigour, justice and humanity.

'Thy glory baffles wisdom.' The Emperor quotes from a hymn to the Deity by Faizi, brother of Abul Fazl, Akbar's chief friend and minister, who wrote the Ain i Akbari (Annals of Akbar). His influence on his age was immense. It may be that he and his brother Faizi led Akbar's mind away from Islám and the Prophet—this charge is brought against him by every Muhammadan writer; but Abul Fazl also led his sovereign to a true appreciation of his duties, and from the moment that he entered Court, the problem of successfully ruling over mixed races, which Islám in few other countries had to solve, was carefully considered, and the policy of toleration was the result (Blochmann xxix.).

Abul Fasl thus gives an account of himself 'The advice of my Father with difficulty kept me back from acts of folly; my mind had no rest and my heart felt itself drawn to the sages of Mongolia or to the hermits on Lebanon. I longed for interviews with the Llamás of Tibet or with the padres of Portugal, and I would gladly sit with the priests of the Parsis and the learned of the Zendavesta. I was sick of the learned of my own land.'

He became the intimate friend and adviser of Akbar, and helped him in his tolerant system of government. Professor Blochmann writes 'Impressed with a favourable idea of the value of his Hindu subjects, he (Akbar) had resolved when pensively sitting in the evenings on the solitary stone at Futehpur-Sikri to rule with an even hand all men in his dominions; but as the extreme views of the learned and the lawyers continually urged him to persecute instead of to heal, he instituted discussions, because, believing himself to be in error, he thought it his duty as ruler to inquire.' 'These discussions took place every Thursday night in the Ibadat-khana a building at Futehpur-Sikri, erected for the purpose' (Malleson).

In these discussions Abul Fazl became a great power, and he induced the chief of the disputants to draw up a document defining the 'divine Faith' as it was called, and assigning to Akbar the rank of a Mujahid, or supreme khalifah, the vicegerent of the one true God.

Abul Fazl was finally murdered at the instigation of Akbar's son Salim, who in his Memoirs declares that it was Abul Fazl who had perverted his father's mind so that he denied the divine mission of Mahomet, and turned away his love from his son.

Faizi. When Akbar conquered the North-West Provinces of India, Faizi, then 20, began his life as a poet, and earned his living as a physician. He is reported to have been very generous and to have treated the poor for nothing. His fame reached Akbar's ears who commanded him to come to the camp at Chitor. Akbar was delighted with his varied knowledge and scholarship and made the poet teacher to his sons. Faizi at 33 was appointed Chief Poet (1588). He collected a fine library of 4300 MSS. and died at the age of 40 (1595) when Akbar incorporated his collection of rare books in the Imperial Library.

The Warring World of Hindostan. Akbar's rapid conquests and the good government of his fifteen provinces with their complete military, civil and political systems make him conspicuous among the great kings of history.

The Goan Padre. Abul Fazl relates that 'one night the Ibadat-khana was brightened by the presence of Padre Rodolpho, who for intelligence and wisdom was unrivalled among Christian doctors. Several carping and bigoted men attacked him and this afforded an opportunity for the display of the calm judgment and justice of the assembly. These men brought forward the old received assertions, and did not attempt to arrive at truth by reasoning. Their statements were torn to pieces, and they were nearly put to shame, when they began to attack the contradictions of the Gospel, but they could not prove their assertions. With perfect calmness, and earnest conviction of the truth he replied to their arguments.'

Abû Sa'îd. ' Love is the net of Truth, Love

is the noose of God' is a quotation from the great Sufee poet Abû Sa'id-born A.D. 068, died at the age of 83. He is a mystical poet, and some of his expressions have been compared to our George Herbert. Of Shaikh Abû Sa'id it is recorded that he said, ' when my affairs had reacht a certain pitch I buried under the dust my books and opened a shop on my own account (i.e. began to teach with authority), and verily men represented me as that which I was not, until it came to this, that they went to the Oadhi and testified against me of unbelieverhood; and women got upon the roofs and cast unclean things upon me.' (*Vide* reprint from article in National Review, March, 1891, by C. J. Pickering.)

Aziz. I am not aware that there is any record of such intrusion upon the king's privacy, but the expressions in the text occur in a letter sent by Akbar's foster-brother Aziz, who refused to come to court when summoned and threw up his government, and 'after writing an insolent and reproachful letter to Akbar in which he asked him if he had received a book from heaven, or if he could work miracles like Mahomet that he presumed to introduce a new religion, warned him that he was on the way to eternal perdition, and concluded with a prayer to God to bring him back into the path of salvation' (Elphinstone).

'The Koran, the Old and New Testament, and the Psalms of David are called *books* by way of excellence, and their followers "People of the Book"' (Elphinstone).

Akbar according to Abdel Kadir had his son Murad instructed in the Gospel, and used to make him begin his lessons 'In the name of Christ' instead of in the usual way 'In the name of God.'

To drive

A people from the irancient fold of Truth, etc.

Malleson says 'This must have happened because Akbar states it, but of the forced conversions I have found no record. This must have taken place whilst he was still a minor, and whilst the chief authority was wielded by Bairam.'

'I reap no revenue from the field of unbelief.'

The Hindus are fond of pilgrimages, and Akbar removed a remunerative tax raised by his predecessors on pilgrimages. He also abolished the fezza or capitation tax on those who differed from the Mahomedan faith. He discouraged all *excessive* prayers, fasts and pilgrimages.

Sati. Akbar decreed that every widow who showed the least desire not to be burnt on her husband's funeral pyre, should be let go free and unharmed. Baby-wife. He forbad marriage before the age of puberty.

Indian widow. Akbar ordained that remarriage was lawful.

Music. 'About a watch before daybreak,' says Abul Fazl, the musicians played to the king in the palace. 'His Majesty had such a knowledge of the science of music as trained musicians do not possess.'

'The Divine Faith.' The Divine Faith slowly passed away under the immediate successors of Akbar. An idea of what the Divine Faith was may be gathered from the inscription at the head of the poem. The document referred to, Abul Fazl says 'brought about excellent results (1) the Court became a gathering place of the sages and learned of all creeds; the good doctrines of all religious systems were recognized, and their defects were not allowed to obscure their good features; (2) perfect toleration or peace with all was established; and (3) the perverse and evilminded were covered with shame on seeing the disinterested motives of His Majesty, and these stood in the pillory of disgrace.' Dated September 1579-Ragab 987 (Blochmann xiv.).

THE BANDIT'S DEATH.*

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.1

O GREAT AND GALLANT SCOTT,

TRUE GENTLEMAN HEART, BLOOD AND BONE,

I WOULD IT HAD BEEN MV LOT

- To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known.
- SIR, do you see this dagger? nay, why do you start aside?
- I was not going to stab you, tho' I am the Bandit's bride.
- You have set a price on his head: I may claim it without a lie.
- What have I here in the cloth? I will show it you by-and-by.
- Sir, I was once a wife. I had one brief summer of bliss
- But the Bandit had woo'd me in vain, and he stabb'd my Piero with this.

¹ I have adopted Sir Walter Scott's version of the following story as given in his last journal (Death of Il Bizarro)—but I have taken the liberty of making some slight alterations,

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- And he dragg'd me up there to his cave in the mountain, and there one day
- He had left his dagger behind him. I found it. I hid it away.
- For he reek'd with the blood of Piero; his kisses were red with his crime,
- And I cried to the Saints to avenge me. They heard, they bided their time.
- In a while I bore him a son, and he loved to dandle the child,
- And that was a link between us; but I to be reconciled?—
- No, by the Mother of God, tho' I think I hated him less,
- And—well, if I sinn'd last night, I will find the Priest and confess.
- Listen! we three were alone in the dell at the close of the day.
- I was lilting a song to the babe, and it laugh'd like a dawn in May.
- Then on a sudden we saw your soldiers crossing the ridge,
- And he caught my little one from me: we dipt down under the bridge
- By the great dead pine—you know it and heard, as we crouch'd below,
- The clatter of arms, and voices, and men passing to and fro.
- Black was the night when we crept away —not a star in the sky—
- Hush'd as the heart of the grave, till the little one utter'd a cry.
- I whisper'd 'give it to me,' but he would not answer me—then
- He gript it so hard by the throat that the boy never cried again.
- We return'd to his cave—the link was broken—he sobb'd and he wept,
- And cursed himself; then he yawn'd, for the wretch *could* sleep, and he slept
- Ay, till dawn stole into the cave, and a ray red as blood
- Glanced on the strangled face—I could make Sleep Death, if I would—

- Glared on at the murder'd son, and the murderous father at rest, . . .
- I drove the blade that had slain my husband thrice thro' his breast.
- He was loved at least by his dog: it was chain'd, but its horrible yell
- 'She has kill'd him, has kill'd him, has kill'd him ' rang out all down thro' the dell,
- Till I felt I could end myself too with the dagger-so deafen'd and dazed-

Take it, and save me from it! I fled. I was all but crazed

- With the grief that gnaw'd at my heart, and the weight that dragg'd at my hand:
- But thanks to the Blessed Saints that I came on none of his band;
- And the band will be scatter'd now their gallant captain is dead,
- For I with this dagger of his-do you doubt me? Here is his head!

THE CHURCH-WARDEN AND THE CURATE.

This is written in the dialect which was current in my youth at Spilsby and in the country about it.

Ι.

- EH? good daäy! good daäy! thaw it bean't not mooch of a daäy,
- Nasty, casselty weather! an' mea haäfe down wi' my haäy!

II.

- How be the farm gittin on? noäways. Gittin on i'deeäd!
- Why, tonups was haäfe on 'em fingers an' toäs, an' the mare brokkenkneeäd,
- An' pigs didn't sell at fall, an' wa lost wer Haldeny cow,
- An' it beäts ma to knaw wot she died on, but wool's looking oop ony how.

860

ш.

- An' soä they've maäde tha a parson, an' thou'll git along, niver fear,
- Fur I beän chuch-warden mysen i' the parish fur fifteen year.
- Well-sin ther beä chuch-wardens, ther mun be parsons an' all,
- An' if t'one stick alongside t'uther the chuch weänt happen a fall.

IV.

- Fur I wur a Baptis wonst, an' ageän the toithe an' the raäte,
- Till I fun that it warn't not the gaäinist waäy to the narra Gaäte.
- An' I can't abeär 'em, I can't, fur a lot on 'em coom'd ta-year—
- I wur down wi' the rheumatis then—to my pond to wesh thessens there—
- Sa I sticks like the ivin as long as I lives to the owd chuch now,
- Fur they wesh'd their sins i' my pond, an' I doubts they poison'd the cow.

v.

- Ay, an' ya seed the Bishop. They says 'at he coom'd fra nowt—
- Burn i' traäde. Sa I warrants 'e niver said haäfe wot 'e thowt,
- But 'e creeäpt an' 'e crawl'd along, till 'e feeäld 'e could howd 'is oän,
- Then 'e married a greät Yerl's darter, an' sits o' the Bishop's throän.

VI.

- Now I'll gie tha a bit o' my mind an' tha weant be taäkin' offence,
- Fur thou be a big scholard now wi' a hoonderd haäcre o' sense—
- But sich an obstropulous lad—naäy, naäy —fur I minds tha sa well,
- Tha'd niver not hopple thy tongue, an' the tongue's sit afire o' Hell,
- As I says to my missis to-daäy, when she hurl'd a plaäte at the cat
- An' anoother ageän my noäse. Ya was niver sa bad as that.

VII.

But I minds when i' Howlaby beck won daäy ya was ticklin' o' trout, An' keeäper 'e seed ya an roon'd, an' 'e beal'd to ya ' Lad coom hout '

- An' ya stood oop maäkt i' the beck, an' va tell'd'im to knaw his awn plaäce
- An' ya call'd 'im a clown, ya did, an' ya thraw'd the fish i' 'is faäce,
- An' 'e torn'd as red as a stag-tuckey's wattles, but theer an' then
- I coämb'd 'im down, fur I promised ya'd niver not do it ageän.

VIII.

- An' I cotch'd tha wonst i' my garden, when thou was a height-year-howd,
- An' I fun thy pockets as full o' my pippins as iver they'd 'owd,
- An' thou was as peärky as owt, an' tha maäde me as mad as mad,
- But I says to tha 'keeäp 'em, an' welcome' fur thou was the parson's lad.

IX.

- An' Parson 'e 'ears on it all, an' then taäkes kindly to me,
- An' then I wur chose Chuch-warden an' coom'd to the top o' the tree,
- Fur Quoloty's hall my friends, an' they maäkes ma a help to the poor,
- When I gits the plaäte fuller o' Soondays nor ony chuch-warden afoor,
- Fur if iver thy feyther 'ed riled me I kep' mysen meeäk as a lamb,
- An' saw by the Graäce o' the Lord, Mr. Harry, I ham wot I ham.

х.

- But Parson 'e *will* speäk out, saw, now 'e be sixty-seven,
- He'll niver swap Owlby an' Scratby fur owt but the Kingdom o' Heaven;
- An' thou'll be 'is Curate 'ere, but, if iver tha meäns to git 'igher,
- Tha mun tackle the sins o' the Wo'ld, an' not the faults o' the Squire.
- An' I reckons tha'll light of a livin' somewheers i' the Wowd or the Fen,
- If tha cottons down to thy betters, an' keeäps thysen to thysen.
- But niver not speäk plaäin out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
- But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, an' thou'll be a Bishop yit.

Naäy, but tha mun speak hout to the Baptises here i' the town,

ΥI

Fur moäst on 'em talks ageän tithe, an' I'd like tha to preach 'em down,

Fur they've been a-preächin' mea down, they heve, an' I haätes 'em now,

Fur they leaved their nasty sins i' mypond, an' it poison'd the cow.

GLOSSARY.

'Casselty,' casualty, chance weather.

'Haäfe down wi' my haäy,' while my grass is only half-mown.

Fingers an' toäs,' a disease in turnips.

' Fall,' autumn.

'If t'one stick alongside t'uther,' if the one hold by the other. One is pronounced like 'own.'

'Fun,' found.

'Gaäinist,' nearest. 'Ta-year,' this year.

'Ivin,' ivy.

' Obstropulous,' obstreperous-here the Curate makes a sign of deprecation.

'Hopple' or 'hobble,' to tie the legs of a skittish cow when she is being milked.

' Beal'd.' bellowed.

In such words as 'torned,' 'turned,' 'hurled.' the r is hardly audible.

' Stag-tuckey,' turkey-cock.

'Height-year-howd,' eight-year-old.

''Owd,' hold.

'Peärky,' pert.
'Wo'ld,' the world. Short o.
'Wowd,' wold.

CHARITY.*

I.

WHAT am I doing, you say to me, ' wasting the sweet summer hours '? Haven't you eyes? I am dressing the grave of a woman with flowers.

п.

For a woman ruin'd the world, as God's own scriptures tell,

And a man ruin'd mine, but a woman, God bless her, kept me from Hell.

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Ш

Love me? O yes, no doubt—how long till you threw me aside!

Dresses and laces and jewels and never a ring for the bride.

·IV.

- All very well just now to be calling me darling and sweet,
- And after a while would it matter so much if I came on the street?

You when I met you first-when he brought you !- I turn'd away

And the hard blue eves have it still, that stare of a beast of prey.

VI.

You were his friend—you—you—when he promised to make me his bride,

And you knew that he meant to betray me-you knew-you knew that he lied.

VII.

He married an heiress, an orphan with half a shire of estate,-

I sent him a desolate wail and a curse, when I learn'd my fate.

VIII.

For I used to play with the knife, creep down to the river-shore,

Moan to myself 'one plunge-then quiet for evermore.'

IX.

Would the man have a touch of remorse when he heard what an end was mine?

Or brag to his fellow rakes of his conquest over their wine?

Χ.

Money-my hire-his money-I sent him back what he gave,-

Will you move a little that way? your shadow falls on the grave.

XI.

Two trains clash'd: then and there he was crush'd in a moment and died, But the new-wedded wife was unharm'd, tho' sitting close at his side.

XII.

She found my letter upon him, my wail of reproach and scorn;

I had cursed the woman he married, and him, and the day I was born.

XIII.

They put him aside for ever, and after a week—no more—

A stranger as welcome as Satan—a widow came to my door:

XIV.

So I turn'd my face to the wall, I was mad, I was raving-wild,

I was close on that hour of dishonour, the birth of a baseborn child.

xv.

- O you that can flatter your victims, and juggle, and lie and cajole,
- Man, can you even guess at the love of a soul for a soul?

XVI.

- I had cursed her as woman and wife, and in wife and woman I found
- The tenderest Christ-like creature that ever stept on the ground.

XVII.

- She watch'd me, she nursed me, she fed me, she sat day and night by my bed,
- Till the joyless birthday came of a boy born happily dead.

XVIII.

- And her name? what was it? I ask'd her. She said with a sudden glow
- On her patient face 'My dear, I will tell you before I go.'

XIX.

And I when I learnt it at last, I shriek'd, I sprang from my seat,

I wept, and I kiss'd her hands, I flung myself down at her feet,

XX.

- And we pray'd together for *him*, for *him* who had given her the name.
- She has left me enough to live on. I need no wages of shame.

XXI.

- She died of a fever caught when a nurse in a hospital ward.
- She is high in the Heaven of Heavens, she is face to face with her Lord,

XXII.

- And He sees not her like anywhere in this pitiless world of ours!
- I have told you my tale. Get you gone. I am dressing her grave with flowers.

KAPIOLANI.

Kapiolani was a great chieftainess who lived in the Sandwich Islands at the beginning of this century. She won the cause of Christianity by openly defying the priests of the terrible goddess Peele. In spite of their threats of vengeance she ascended the volcano Mauna-Loa, then clambered down over a bank of cinders 400 feet high to the great lake of fire (nine miles round)—Kilauea the home and haunt of the goddess, and flung into the boiling lava the consecrated berries which it was sacrilege for a woman to handle.

Ι.

WHEN from the terrors of Nature a people have fashion'd and worship a Spirit of Evil,

Blest be the Voice of the Teacher who calls to them

'Set yourselves free !'

п.

Noble the Saxon who hurl'd at his Idol a valorous weapon in olden England!

Great and greater, and greatest of women, island heroine, Kapiolani

Clomb the mountain, and flung the berries, and dared the Goddess, and freed the people

Of Hawa-i-ee!

III.

A people believing that Peelè the Goddess would wallow in fiery riot and revel On Kilauēä.

Dance in a fountain of flame with her devils, or shake with her thunders and shatter her island,

Rolling her anger

Thro' blasted valley and flaring forest in blood-red cataracts down to the sea!

IV.

Long as the lava-light

Glares from the lava-lake

Dazing the starlight,

Long as the silvery vapour in daylight

Over the mountain

Floats, will the glory of Kapiolani be mingled with either on Hawa-i-ee.

v.

What said her Priesthood?

"Woe to this island if ever a woman should handle or gather the berries of Peelè!

Accurséd were she! -

And woe to this island if ever a woman should climb to the dwelling of Peelè the Goddess !

Accurséd were she ! '

VI.

One from the Sunrise

Dawn'd on His people, and slowly before him

Vanish'd shadow-like

Gods and Goddesses,

None but the terrible Peelè remaining as Kapiolani ascended her mountain,

Baffled her priesthood,

Broke the Taboo,

Dipt to the crater,

Call'd on the Power adored by the Christian, and crying 'I dare her, let Péelè avenge herself!'

Into the flame-billow dash'd the berries, and drove the demon from Hawa-i-ee.

THE DAWN.

"You are but children." Egyptian Priest to Solon.

1.

RED of the Dawn!

Screams of a babe in the red-hot palms of a Moloch of Tyre,

Man with his brotherless dinner on man in the tropical wood,

Priests in the name of the Lord passing souls thro' fire to the fire,

Head-hunters and boats of Dahomey that float upon human blood!

п.

Red of the Dawn!

- Godless fury of peoples, and Christless frolic of kings,
 - And the bolt of war dashing down upon cities and blazing farms,

For Babylon was a child new-born, and Rome was a babe in arms,

And London and Paris and all the rest are as yet but in leading-strings.

III.

Dawn not Day,

- While scandal is mouthing a bloodless name at *her* cannibal feast,
 - And rake-ruin'd bodies and souls go down in a common wreck,

And the Press of a thousand cities is prized for it smells of the beast,

Or easily violates virgin Truth for a coin or a cheque.

IV.

Dawn not Day! Is it Shame, so few should have climb'd from the dens in the level below, Men, with a heart and a soul, no slaves of a four-footed will?

- But if twenty million of summers are stored in the sunlight still,
- We are far from the noon of man, there is time for the race to grow.

v.

- Red of the Dawn ! Is it turning a fainter red? so be it, but when shall we lay
 - The Ghost of the Brute that is walking and haunting us yet, and be free? In a hundred, a thousand winters? Ah,

what will *our* children be, The men of a hundred thousand, a million

summers away?

THE MAKING OF MAN.

- WHERE is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
- From the lower world within him, moods of tiger, or of ape?
- Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of ages,
- Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?
- All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
- Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
 - Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
- Hallelujah to the Maker 'It is finish'd. Man is made.'

THE DREAMER.

- On a midnight in midwinter when all but the winds were dead,
- 'The meek shall inherit the earth ' was a Scripture that rang thro' his head,
- Till he dream'd that a Voice of the Earth went wailingly past him and said:

'I am losing the light of my Youth

- And the Vision that led me of old,
- And I clash with an iron Truth,

When I make for an Age of gold,

- And I would that my race were run,
- For teeming with liars, and madmen, and knaves,
- And wearied of Autocrats, Anarchs, and Slaves,
- And darken'd with doubts of a Faith that saves,
- And crimson with battles, and hollow with graves,
- To the wail of my winds, and the moan of my waves
- I whirl, and I follow the Sun.'
- Was it only the wind of the Night shrilling out Desolation and wrong
- Thro' a dream of the dark? Yet he thought that he answer'd her wail with a song—

Moaning your losses, O Earth, Heart-weary and overdone! But all's well that ends well,

Whirl, and follow the Sun !

He is racing from heaven to heaven And less will be lost than won, For all's well that ends well, Whirl, and follow the Sun!

The Reign of the Meek upon earth. O weary one, has it begun? But all's well that ends well, Whirl, and follow the Sun!

For moans will have grown sphere music

Or ever your race be run! And all's well that ends well,

Whirl, and follow the Sun !

MECHANOPHILUS.

(In the time of the first railways.)

Now first we stand and understand, And sunder false from true,

And handle boldly with the hand, And see and shape and do.

3 K

Dash back that ocean with a pier, Strow yonder mountain flat, A railway there, a tunnel here, Mix me this Zone with that ! Bring me my horse-my horse? my wings That I may soar the sky, For Thought into the outward springs, I find her with the eve. O will she, moonlike, sway the main, And bring or chase the storm, Who was a shadow in the brain, And is a living form? Far as the Future vaults her skies. From this my vantage ground To those still-working energies I spy nor term nor bound. As we surpass our fathers' skill, Our sons will shame our own: A thousand things are hidden still And not a hundred known. And had some prophet spoken true Of all we shall achieve, The wonders were so wildly new That no man would believe. Meanwhile, my brothers, work, and wield The forces of to-day, And plow the Present like a field, And garner all you may! You, what the cultured surface grows, Dispense with careful hands: Deep under deep for ever goes, Heaven over heaven expands. RIFLEMEN FORM! 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. Storm, Storm, Riflemen form ! Ready, be ready against the storm ! Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form! Be not deaf to the sound that warns,

Be not deat to the sound that warns, Be not gull'd by a despot's plea! Are figs of thistles? or grapes of thorns? How can a despot feel with the 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 and a city in flames! Storm, Storm, Riflemen form! Ready, be ready against the storm! Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die !
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's: True we have got—such a faithful ally That only the Devil can tell what he means.
Form, Form, Riflemen Form !
Ready, be ready to meet the storm !
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form ! 1

¹ I have been asked to republish this old poem, which was first published in 'The Times,' May 9, 1859, before the Volunteer movement began.

THE TOURNEY.

RALPH would fight in Edith's sight, For Ralph was Edith's lover, Ralph went down like a fire to the fight,

Struck to the left and struck to the right, Roll'd them over and over. 'Gallant Sir Ralph,' said the king.

Casques were crack'd and hauberks hack'd,

Lances snapt in sunder,

Rang the stroke, and sprang the blood, Knights were thwack'd and riven, and hew'd

Like broad oaks with thunder. 'O what an arm,' said the king.

Edith bow'd her stately head, Saw them lie confounded, Edith Montfort bow'd her head, Crown'd her knight's, and flush'd as red As poppies when she crown'd it. 'Take her Sir Ralph,' said the king.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER.

THE bee buzz'd up in the heat. 'I am faint for your honey, my sweet.' The flower said 'Take it my dear, For now is the spring of the year. So come, come!' 'Hum!' And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up in the cold When the flower was wither'd and old. 'Have you still any honey, my dear?' She said 'It's the fall of the year, But come, come!' 'Hum!'

And the bee buzz'd off in the cold.

THE WANDERER.

THE gleam of household sunshine ends, And here no longer can I rest; Farewell !--You will not speak, my friends, Unfriendly of your parted guest.

O well for him that finds a friend, Or makes a friend where'er he come, And loves the world from end to end, And wanders on from home to home !

O happy he, and fit to live, On whom a happy home has power To make him trust his life, and give His fealty to the halcyon hour!

I count you kind, I hold you true; But what may follow who can tell? Give me a hand—and you—and you— And deem me grateful, and farewell!

POETS AND CRITICS.

THIS thing, that thing is the rage, Helter-skelter runs the age; Minds on this round earth of ours Vary like the leaves and flowers,

Fashion'd after certain laws; Sing thou low or loud or sweet, All at all points thou canst not meet,

Some will pass and some will pause.

What is true at last will tell: Few at first will place thee well; Some too low would have thee shine, Some too high—no fault of thine— Hold thine own, and work thy will! Year will graze the heel of year, But seldom comes the poet here, And the Critic's rarer still.

A VOICE SPAKE OUT OF THE SKIES.

A VOICE spake out of the skies To a just man and a wise— 'The world and all within it Will only last a minute !' And a beggar began to cry 'Food, food or I die !' Is it worth his while to eat, Or mine to give him meat, If the world and all within it Were nothing the next minute?

DOUBT AND PRAYER.

THO' Sin too oft, when smitten by Thy rod.

Rail at 'Blind Fate' with many a vain 'Alas!'

From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass By that same path our true forefathers trod;

And let not Reason fail me, nor the sod

Draw from my death Thy living flower and grass,

Before I learn that Love, which is, and was

My Father, and my Brother, and my God!

- Steel me with patience! soften me with grief!
- Let blow the trumpet strongly while I pray,
- Till this embattled wall of unbelief

My prison, not my fortress, fall away!

- Then, if thou willest, let my day be brief,
- So Thou wilt strike Thy glory thro' the day.

FAITH.

I.

- DOUBT no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best,
- Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest,
 - Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the shipwreck, or the rolling
- Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine, or the pest!

п.

- Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire !
- Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher.
 - Wait till Death has flung them open, when the man will make the Maker
- Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of deathless fire !

THE SILENT VOICES.*

WHEN the dumb Hour, clothed in black, Brings the Dreams about my bed, Call me not so often back, Silent Voices of the dead, Toward the lowland ways behind me, And the sunlight that is gone! Call me rather, silent voices, Forward to the starry track Glimmering up the heights beyond me On, and always on !

GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.

Ι.

- WILL my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your deeps and heights?
- Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your boundless nights,
- Rush of Suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash of meteorites?

п.

'Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,

Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,

Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate.'

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVON-DALE.

TO THE MOURNERS.

THE bridal garland falls upon the bier, The shadow of a crown, that o'er him hung,

- Has vanish'd in the shadow cast by Death.
 - So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure—

Mourn! That a world-wide Empire mourns with you,

That all the Thrones are clouded by your loss,

Were slender solace. Yet be comforted;

- For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love,
- Then, after his brief range of blameless days,
- The toll of funeral in an Angel ear
- Sounds happier than the merriest marriage-bell.

The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,

His shadow darkens earth: his truer name

Is 'Onward,' no discordance in the roll And march of that Eternal Harmony

- Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard
- Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope!

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CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,

And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crost the bar.

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