

## FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well ;  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before  
thee,  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show !  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend  
thee—  
Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe :

Although my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not :  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own its life retaineth—  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead ;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"  
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is pressed,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless  
thee,  
Think of him thy love had blessed !

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more mayst see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know ;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Whither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken,  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done—all words are idle—  
Words from me are vainer still ;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well !—thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie ;  
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA (LORD  
BYRON'S SISTER).

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find ;  
Though thy soul with my grief was  
acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath  
painted  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine ;  
And when winds are at war with the  
ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is  
shivered,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
There is many a pang to pursue me :  
They may crush, but they shall not  
contemn— [me—  
They may torture, but shall not subdue  
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive  
me,  
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve  
me,  
Though slandered, thou never couldst  
shake,—  
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim  
me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame  
me,  
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one—  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'Twas folly not sooner to shun :  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath  
perished,  
Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that what I most  
cherished  
Deserved to be dearest of all :  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE  
PART.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest !

Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζῶν μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooded by each *Ægean* wind ;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζῶν μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste ;  
By that zone-encircled waist ;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well ;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζῶν μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :  
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.  
Though I fly to *Istambol*,  
*Athens* holds my heart and soul :  
Can I cease to love thee ? No !  
*Ζῶν μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A  
PICTURE.

DEAR object of defeated care !  
Though now of love and thee bereft,  
To reconcile me with despair,  
Thine image and my tears are left.  
'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope ;  
But this I feel can ne'er be true ;  
For by the death-blow of my Hope  
My Memory immortal grew.

BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF  
THY SOUL.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be ;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine,  
When we know that thy God is with  
thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !  
 May its verdure like emeralds be :  
 There should not be the shadow of gloom  
 In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
 May spring from the spot of thy rest :  
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;  
 For why should we mourn for the  
 blest ?

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792—1822.]

### IANTHE SLEEPING.

*Queen Mab.*

How wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother, Sleep !  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue ;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When throned on ocean's wave,  
 It blushes o'er the world :  
 Yet both so passing wonderful !  
 Hath then the gloomy Power  
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepul-  
 chres  
 Seized on her sinless soul ;  
 Must then that peerless form  
 Which love and admiration cannot view  
 Without a beating heart, those azure  
 veins  
 Which steal like streams along a field of  
 snow,  
 That lovely outline, which is fair  
 As breathing marble, perish ?  
 Must putrefaction's breath  
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?  
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
 On which the lightest heart might mor-  
 ralize ?  
 Or is it only a sweet slumber  
 Stealing o'er sensation,  
 Which the breath of roseate morning  
 Chaseth into darkness ?  
 Will Ianthé wake again,  
 And give that faithful bosom joy  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life, and rapture, from her  
 smile ?

### THE FAIRY AND IANTHE'S SOUL.

STARS ! your balmiest influence  
 shed !  
 Elements ! your wrath suspend !  
 Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds  
 That circle thy domain !  
 Let not a breath be seen to stir  
 Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,  
 Let even the restless gossamer  
 Sleep on the moveless air !  
 Soul of Ianthé ! thou,  
 Judged alone worthy of the envied  
 boon  
 That waits the good and the sincere ;  
 that waits  
 Those who have struggled, and with re-  
 solute will  
 Vanquished earth's pride and meanness,  
 burst the chains,  
 The icy chains of custom, and have  
 shone  
 The day-stars of their age ;—Soul of  
 Ianthé !  
 Awake ! arise !

Sudden arose  
 Ianthé's Soul ; it stood  
 All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily  
 frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and  
 grace,  
 Each stain of earthliness  
 Had passed away, it reassumed  
 Its native dignity, and stood  
 Immortal amid ruin.

' Upon the couch the body lay,  
 Wrapt in the depth of slumber :  
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,  
 Yet animal life was there,  
 And every organ yet performed  
 Its natural functions ; 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and  
 soul.  
 The self-same lineaments, the same  
 Marks of identity were there ;  
 Yet, oh how different ! One aspires to  
 heaven,  
 Pants for its sempiternal heritage,

And ever-changing, ever-rising still,  
 Wantons in endless being.  
 The other, for a time the unwilling  
 sport  
 Of circumstance and passion, struggles  
 on ;  
 Fleets through its sad duration rapidly ;  
 Then like a useless and worn-out ma-  
 chine,  
 Rots, perishes, and passes.

### INVOCATION TO NATURE.

EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !  
 If our great mother have imbued my soul  
 With aught of natural piety to feel  
 Your love, and recompense the boon  
 with mine ;  
 If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and  
 even,  
 With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
 And solemn midnight's tingling silent-  
 ness ;  
 If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere  
 wood,  
 And winter robing with pure snow and  
 crowns  
 Of starry ice the grey grass and bare  
 boughs ;  
 If spring's voluptuous pantings when she  
 breathes  
 Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to  
 me ;  
 If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
 I consciously have injured, but still loved  
 And cherished these my kindred ; then  
 forgive  
 This boast, beloved brethren, and with-  
 draw  
 No portion of your wonted favour now !

### A SOLITARY GRAVE.

ON the beach of a northern sea  
 Which tempests shake eternally,  
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,  
 Lies a solitary heap ;  
 One white skull and seven dry bones,  
 On the margin of the stones,  
 Where a few grey rushes stand,  
 Boundaries of the sea and land :

Nor is heard one voice of wail  
 But the sea-mews, as they sail  
 O'er the billows of the gale ;  
 Or the whirlwind up and down  
 Howling like a slaughtered town,  
 When a king in glory rides  
 Through the pomp of fratricides.  
 Those unburied bones around  
 There is many a mournful sound ;  
 There is no lament for him,  
 Like a sunless vapour, dim,  
 Who once clothed with life and thought  
 What now moves nor murmurs not.

### ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of  
 Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the  
 leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter  
 fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic  
 red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold  
 and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall  
 blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and  
 fill  
 [air]  
 (Driving sweet birds like flocks to feed in  
 With living hues and odours plain and  
 hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-  
 where ;  
 Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh hear !

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep  
 sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves  
 are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of  
 Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are  
spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the  
head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the  
dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm.  
Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing  
night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

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

## III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer  
dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline  
streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and  
flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them !  
Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level  
powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far  
below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods  
which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with  
fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves :  
Oh hear !

## IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and  
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less  
free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over  
heaven, [speed  
As then, when to outstrip the skiey  
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er  
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore  
need.  
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and  
bowed  
One too like thee : tameless, and swift,  
and proud,

## V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :  
What if my leaves are falling like its  
own !  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal  
tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,  
spirit fierce,  
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the uni-  
verse [birth ;  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among  
mankind !  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far  
behind ?

## TO THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,  
And the young winds fed it with silver  
dew,  
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the  
light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of  
night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,  
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;  
And each flower and herb on Earth's  
dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with  
bliss  
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
Like a doe in the noontide with love's  
sweet want,  
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain  
wet,  
And their breath was mixed with fresh  
odour, sent  
From the turf, like the voice and the  
instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip  
tall,  
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's  
recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion  
so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is  
seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and  
blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal  
anew  
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath  
address,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing  
breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through the clear dew on the  
tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet  
tuberose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant  
bosom  
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering  
blossom,  
With golden and green light, slanting  
through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
And around them the soft stream did  
glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and  
radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of  
moss,  
Which led through the garden along and  
across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the  
breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming  
trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate  
bells,  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowerets which drooping as day  
drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and  
blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening  
dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening  
eyes

Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had un-  
folded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odour its neigh-  
bour shed,  
Like young lovers whom youth and love  
make dear,  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual at-  
mosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give  
small fruit  
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to  
the root,  
Received more than all, it loved more  
than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong  
to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright  
flower ;  
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is  
full,  
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds, which from unsustaining  
wings  
Shed the music of many murmurings ;  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects, swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odour, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides  
high, [spheres,  
Then wander like spirits among the  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it  
bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,  
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth  
glide,

In which every sound, and odour, and  
beam,  
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were  
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,  
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went  
by  
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven  
above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air  
was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far  
more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of  
sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the  
insects were drowned  
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;  
Whose waves never mark, though they  
ever impress  
The light sand which paves it, conscious-  
ness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as the day might  
fail  
And snatches of its elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sen-  
sitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;  
A sweet child weary of its delight,  
The feeblest, and yet the favourite,  
Cradled within the embrace of night.

#### LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion ;  
Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another ;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother :  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea ;—  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me.

#### ADONAI'S.

##### A LAMENT FOR JOHN KEATS.

I.  
I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead !  
Oh, weep for Adonais ! though our  
tears [a head !  
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear  
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all  
years  
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure  
compeers,  
And teach them thine own sorrow ;  
say : with me  
Died Adonais ; till the Future dares  
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall  
be  
An echo and a light unto eternity !

##### II.

Where wert thou, mighty Mother,  
when he lay,  
When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft  
which flies  
In darkness ? where was lorn Urania  
When Adonais died ? With veiled  
eyes,  
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
She sate, while one, with soft en-  
amoured breath,  
Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
With which, like flowers that mock the  
course beneath,  
He had adorned and hid the coming  
bulk of death.

##### III.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead !  
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and  
weep !  
Yet wherefore ? Quench within their  
burning bed

Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart  
keep,  
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining  
sleep ;  
For he is gone, where all things wise  
and fair  
Descend :—oh, dream not that the  
amorous Deep  
Will yet restore him to the vital air ;  
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs  
at our despair.

##### IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !  
Lament anew, Urania !—He died,  
Who was the sire of an immortal strain,  
Blind, old, and lonely, when his coun-  
try's pride ticide,  
The priest, the slave, and the liber-  
Trampled and mocked with many a  
loathed rite  
Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,  
Into the gulf of death ; but his clear  
Sprite  
Yet reigns o'er earth ; the third among  
the sons of light.

##### V.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
Not all to that bright station dared to  
climb :  
And happier they their happiness who  
knew,  
Whose tapers yet burn through that  
night of time  
In which suns perished ; others more  
sublime,  
Struck by the envious wrath of man or  
God,  
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent  
prime ; [road  
And some yet live, treading the thorny  
Which leads, through toil and hate, to  
Fame's serene abode.

##### VI.

But now thy youngest, dearest one, has  
perished,  
The nursling of thy widowhood, who  
grew,  
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden  
cherished,

And fed with true love tears instead of dew ;  
Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,  
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew,  
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;  
The broken lily lies—the storm is over-past.

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TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE SEA ! whose waves are years,  
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe  
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !  
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow  
Claspest the limits of mortality !  
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,  
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;  
Treachorous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee,  
Unfathomable Sea ?

~~~~~  
A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;  
When will return the glory of your prime ?  
No more—oh, never more !

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight :  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
No more—oh, never more !

LINES TO A CRITIC.

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,  
Or silk from the yellow-bee ?  
The grass may grow in winter weather  
As soon as hate in me.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A passion like the one I prove  
Cannot divided be ;  
I hate thy want of truth and love—  
How should I then hate thee ?

~~~~~  
ANARCHY SLAIN BY TRUE  
LIBERTY.

*The Masque of Anarchy.*

LAST came Anarchy ; he rode  
On a white horse splashed with blood ;  
He was pale even to the lips,  
Like death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown ;  
In his hand a sceptre shone ;  
On his brow this mark I saw—  
“ I am God, and King, and Law ! ”

With a pace stately and fast,  
Over English land he past,  
Trampling to a mire of blood  
The adoring multitude.

And a mighty troop around,  
With their trampling shook the ground,  
Waving each a bloody sword,  
For the service of their Lord.

And with glorious triumph, they  
Rode through England, proud and gay,  
Drunk as with intoxication  
Of the wine of desolation.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,  
Passed the pageant swift and free,  
Tearing up and trampling down,  
Till they came to London town.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,  
Felt his heart with terror sicken,  
Hearing the tremendous cry  
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

For with pomp to meet him came,  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,

The hired murderers who did sing,  
“ Thou art God, and Law, and King.

“ We have waited, weak and lone,  
For thy coming, Mighty One !  
Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,  
Give us glory, and blood, and gold.”

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,  
To the earth their pale brows bowed,  
Like a bad prayer not over loud,  
Whispering—“ Thou art Law and God.”

Then all cried with one accord,  
“ Thou art King, and Law, and Lord ;  
Anarchy to thee we bow,  
Be thy name made holy now ! ”

And Anarchy, the skeleton,  
Bowed and grinned to every one,  
As well as if his education  
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

For he knew the palaces  
Of our kings were nightly his ;  
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,  
And the gold-inwoven robe.

So he sent his slaves before  
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,  
And was proceeding with intent  
To meet his pensioned parliament,

When one fled past, a maniac maid,  
And her name was Hope, she said :  
But she looked more like Despair ;  
And she cried out in the air :

“ My father, Time, is weak and grey  
With waiting for a better day ;  
See how idiot like he stands,  
Trembling with his palsied hands !

“ He has had child after child,  
And the dust of death is piled  
Over every one but me—  
Misery ! oh, misery ! ”

Then she lay down in the street,  
Right before the horses' feet,  
Expecting, with a patient eye,  
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

When between her and her foes  
A mist, a light, an image rose,  
Small at first, and weak and frail  
Like the vapour of the vale :

Till as clouds grow on the blast,  
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,  
And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
And speak in thunder to the sky,

It grew—a shape arrayed in mail  
Brighter than the viper's scale,  
And upborne on wings whose grain  
Was like the light of sunny rain.

On its helm, seen far away,  
A planet, like the morning's, lay ;  
And those plumes it light rained through,  
Like a shower of crimson dew.

With step as soft as wind it passed  
O'er the heads of men—so fast  
That they knew the presence there,  
And looked—and all was empty air.

As flowers beneath May's footsteps waken,  
As stars from night's loose hair are shaken,  
As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.

And the prostrate multitude  
Looked—and ankle-deep in blood,  
Hope, that maiden most serene,  
Was walking with a quiet mien :

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,  
Lay dead earth upon the earth ;  
The Horse of Death, tameless as wind,  
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind  
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

~~~~~  
THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the sea and the streams ;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that  
waken  
The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey  
bowers,

Lightning my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits ;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that  
move

In the depths of the purple sea ;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the  
hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or  
stream,

The Spirit he loves remains ;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue  
smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor  
eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead.

As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from the  
lit sea beneath,

Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy  
nest,

As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like  
floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen  
feet,

Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's  
thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built  
tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me  
on high,

Are each paved with the moon and  
these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning  
zone,

And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel  
and swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner un-  
furl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like  
shape,

Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I  
march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained  
to my chair,

Is the million-coloured bow ;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colours  
wove,

While the moist earth was laughing  
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky ;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and  
shores ;

I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain when with never a  
stain

The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the wings and sunbeams with their  
convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost  
from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

### TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire ;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring  
ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run ;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just  
begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight ;  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad day-light  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill  
delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is  
there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and  
heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of  
melody.

Like a poet hidden,  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it  
heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which over-  
flows her bower :

Like a glow worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass which screen  
it from the view :

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these  
heavy-winged thieves :

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music  
doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine ;  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so  
divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt,—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some  
hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? What  
ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee;  
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad  
satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a  
crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever could  
come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delight and sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of  
the ground.

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am  
listening now.

### I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

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

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

O lift me from the grass!  
I die, I faint, I fail.  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast.  
Oh! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772—1832.]

### DEAD CALM IN THE TROPICS.

#### *The Ancient Mariner.*

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

### THE ANCIENT MARINER AMONG THE DEAD BODIES OF THE SAILORS.

ALONE, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my eyes and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and  
the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reck did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse,  
And yet I could not die.

### THE ANCIENT MARINER FINDS A VOICE TO BLESS AND PRAY.

BEYOND the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

### THE BREEZE AFTER THE CALM

OH sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I woke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one black  
cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

#### THE BEST PRAYER.

HE prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

#### CHRISTABEL AND THE LADY GERALDINE.

*Christabel.*

THE night is chill, the cloud is gray:  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this  
way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,  
And naught was green upon the oak,  
But moss and rarest mistletoe:  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near, as near can be,  
But what it is, she cannot tell.—  
On the other side it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak  
tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it in the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek—  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at the  
sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were,  
And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"  
(Said Christabel,) "And who art thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet:—  
"Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness:"  
"Stretch forth thy hand, and have no  
fear!"

Said Christabel, "How camest thou here?"  
And the lady, whose voice was faint and  
sweet,  
Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

"My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine:  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:  
They choked my cries with force and fright,  
And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were  
white:

And once we crossed the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced, I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey's back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.  
Some muttered words his comrade spoke:  
He placed me underneath this oak;  
He swore they would return with haste:  
Whither they went I cannot tell—  
I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she)  
And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand  
And comforted fair Geraldine:  
"O well, bright dame! may you command  
The service of Sir Leoline;  
And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth and friends withal  
To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they  
passed  
That strove to be, and were not, fast.

Her gracious stars the lady blest,  
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:  
"All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not well awakened be,  
But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well;  
A little door she opened straight,  
All in the middle of the gate;  
The gate that was ironed within and  
without,  
Where an army in battle array had  
marched out.  
The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate:  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they  
were.  
And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the Lady by her side:  
"Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!"  
"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,  
"I cannot speak for weariness."  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad they  
were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make!  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?  
Never till now she uttered yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owl's scritch:—  
Or what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,  
Pass as lightly as they will!  
The brands were flat, the brands were  
dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying;



But when the lady passed, there came  
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;  
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
And nothing else saw she thereby,  
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline  
tall,  
Which hung in a murky old niche in the  
wall.

"O softly tread," said Christabel,  
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
And, jealous of the listening air,  
They steal their way from stair to stair,  
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
And now they pass the Baron's room,  
As still as death with stifled breath !  
And now have reached her chamber door ;  
And now doth Geraldine press down  
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
And not a moonbeam enters here.  
But they without its light can see  
The chamber carved so curiously,  
Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain,  
For a lady's chamber meet :  
The lamp with twofold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel's feet.  
The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;  
But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
She trimmed the lamp, and made it  
bright,  
And left it swinging to and fro,  
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady Geraldine,  
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !  
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;  
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,  
Who am a maiden most forlorn ?"  
Christabel answered—"Woe is me !  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,  
How on her death-bed she did say,  
That she should hear the castle-bell  
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.

O mother dear ! that thou wert here !"  
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were !"  
But soon with altered voice, said she—  
"Off, wandering mother ! Peak and  
pine !  
I have power to bid thee flee."  
Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?  
Why stares she with unsettled eye ?  
Can she the bodiless dead espy ?  
And why with hollow voice cries she,  
"Off, woman, off ! this hour is mine—  
Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
Off, woman, off ! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's  
side,  
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—  
"Alas !" said she, "this ghastly ride—  
Dear lady ! it hath wildered you !"  
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
And faintly said, "'tis over now !"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank  
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,  
And from the floor whereon she sank,  
The lofty lady stood upright ;  
She was most beautiful to see,  
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—  
"All they, who live in the upper sky,  
Do love you, holy Christabel !  
And you love them, and for their sake  
And for the good which me befell,  
Even I in my degree will try,  
Fair maiden, to requite you well.  
But now unrobe yourself ; for I  
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "so let it be !"  
And as the lady bade, did she.  
Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and  
woe  
So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
That vain it were her lids to close ;  
So half-way from the bed she rose  
And on her elbow did recline  
To look at the lady Geraldine.

## SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

Christabel.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain,  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother :  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between ;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young !  
When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !  
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and  
Then !  
This breathing house not built with  
hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,  
How lightly then it flashed along :—  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide !  
Nought cared this body for wind or  
weather,  
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely ; love is flower-like ;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;  
O ! the joys that came down shower-like  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful ere,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !  
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,  
'Tis known that thou and I were one ;  
I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
It cannot be that thou art gone !  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled :  
And thou wert aye a masker bold !  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe that thou art gone ?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size :  
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !  
Life is but thought : so think I will  
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful eve !  
Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
When we are old :

That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking leave,  
Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
That may not rudely be dismissed,  
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN  
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning  
star  
In his steep course ? So long he seems to  
pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !  
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful  
Form !  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently ! Around thee and above  
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial,  
black,  
An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge ! But when I look  
again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal  
shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity !  
O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon  
thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced  
 in prayer  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.  
 Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening  
 to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wert blending with  
 my thought,  
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret  
 joy,  
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to  
 Heaven !  
 Awake my soul ! not only passive  
 praise  
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling  
 tears,  
 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart,  
 awake !  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my  
 Hymn.  
 Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the  
 Vale !  
 Oh, struggling with the darkness all the  
 night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they  
 sink :  
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,  
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the  
 dawn  
 Co-herald : wake, oh wake, and utter  
 praise !  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in  
 earth ?  
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy  
 light ?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual  
 streams ?  
 And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely  
 glad !  
 Who called you forth from night and utter  
 death,  
 From dark and icy caverns called you  
 forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged  
 rocks,  
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,

Your strength, your speed, your fury, and  
 your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?  
 And who commanded (and the silence  
 came),  
 Here let the billows stiffen and have  
 rest ?  
 Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the moun-  
 tain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty  
 voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest  
 plunge !  
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of  
 Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade  
 the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with  
 living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your  
 feet ?—  
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of  
 nations,  
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo,  
 God !  
 God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with  
 gladsome voice !  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-  
 like sounds !  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of  
 snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder,  
 God ! [frost !  
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's  
 nest !  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-  
 storm !  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the  
 clouds !  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with  
 praise !  
 Thou, too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-  
 pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, un-  
 heard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the  
 pure serene,  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy  
 breast—

Thou too again, stupendous Mountain !  
 thou [low  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused  
 with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud  
 To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the  
 Earth ! [hills,  
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the  
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to  
 Heaven  
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises  
 God.

## DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground  
 May Domestic Peace be found ?  
 Halcyon Daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wings she flies,  
 From the pomp of sceptred state,  
 From the rebel's noisy hate.  
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,  
 Listening to the Sabbath bells !  
 Still around her steps are seen  
 Spotless Honour's meeker mien,  
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,  
 And, conscious of the past employ,  
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

## GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve !  
 In beauty's light you glide along :  
 Your eye is like the star of eve,  
 And sweet your voice as seraph's song.  
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives  
 This heart with passion soft to glow :  
 Within your soul a voice there lives !  
 It bids you hear the tale of woe :  
 When sinking low, the sufferer wan  
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,  
 Fair as the bosom of the swan  
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,  
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,  
 And therefore love I you, sweet Gene-  
 vieve !

## THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

OFT, oft methinks, the while with thee  
 I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear  
 And dedicated name, I hear  
 A promise and a mystery,  
 A pledge of more than passing life,  
 Yea, in that very name of wife !

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep !  
 A feeling that upbraids the heart  
 With happiness beyond desert,  
 That gladness half requests to weep !  
 Nor bless I not the keener sense  
 And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys that ask no sting  
 From jealous fears, or coy denying ;  
 But born beneath love's brooding wing,  
 And into tenderness soon dying,  
 Wheel out their giddy moment, then  
 Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein  
 Of notes, that eddy in the flow  
 Of smoothest song, they come, they go,  
 And leave their sweeter under-strain  
 Its own sweet self—a love of thee  
 That seems, yet cannot greater be !

## A DAY DREAM.

MY eyes make pictures when they're  
 shut :—  
 I see a fountain large and fair,  
 A willow and a ruined hut,  
 And thee, and me, and Mary there.  
 O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !  
 Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful  
 green willow !

A wild rose roofs the ruined shed,  
 And that and summer will agree ;  
 And lo ! where Mary leans her head  
 Two dear names carved upon the tree !  
 And Mary's tears, they are not tears of  
 sorrow :  
 Our sister and our friends will both be  
 here to-morrow.

'Twas day! But now, few, large, and bright,  
The stars are round the crescent moon!  
And now it is a dark, warm night,  
The balmiest of the month of June.  
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge  
remounting  
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars  
for our sweet fountain!

Oh, ever, ever be thou blest!  
For dearly, Nora, love I thee!  
This brooding warmth across my breast,  
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me!  
Fount, tree, and shed are gone—I know  
not whither;  
But in one quiet room, we three are still  
together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,  
By the still-dancing fire-flames made;  
And now they slumber, moveless all!  
And now they melt to one deep shade!  
But not from me shall this mild darkness  
steal thee:  
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my  
heart I feel thee.

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play;  
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!  
But let me check this tender lay,  
Which none may hear but she and  
thou!  
Like the still hive at quiet midnight  
humming,  
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved  
women!

KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION  
IN A DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage":—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed

with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm  
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair  
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,  
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine  
eyes—  
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
The visions will return! And lo! he stays,  
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet, from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Αἰγιον ἄδιον αἶσα:* but the to-morrow is yet to come.

IN XANADU DID KUBLA KHAN  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled  
round:  
And there were gardens bright with  
sinuous rills  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which  
slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn  
cover!

A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless  
turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
breathing,  
A mighty fountain momently was forced;  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding  
hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's  
flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and  
ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy  
motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river  
ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to  
man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from  
far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of plea-  
sure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled  
measure  
From the fountain and the caves,  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of  
ice!  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win  
me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them  
there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

[SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746—1794.]

THE IDEAL OF A STATE.

WHAT constitutes a state?  
Not high-raised battlement or laboured  
mound,  
Thick wall, or moated gate;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets  
crowned;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies  
ride;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume  
to pride:  
No—men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes en-  
dued,  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles  
rude;  
Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing,  
dare maintain;  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the  
chain;  
These constitute a state;  
And sovereign Law, that with collected  
will  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing  
ill.  
Smit by her sacred frown  
The fiend Dissension like a vapour sinks;  
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding  
shrinks.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777—1844.]

HOPE.

PRIMEVAL Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
When Man and Nature mourned their  
first decay,

When every form of Death and every woe  
Shot from malignant stars to Earth below,  
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant  
War

Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;  
When Peace and Mercy, banished from  
the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven  
again;

All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind.  
But, Hope, the charmer, lingered still  
behind.

#### THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF HOPE.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres  
sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the march  
of time,  
Their joyous youth began—but not to  
fade.—

When all the sister planets have decayed;  
When rapt in fire the realms of ether  
glow,

And Heaven's last thunder shakes the  
world below;  
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins  
smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral  
pile!

#### THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!  
I saw a vision in my sleep  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time!  
I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands;

In plague and famine some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
As if a storm passed by— [sun,  
Saying, We are twins in death, proud  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'Tis mercy bids thee go;  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shalt no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
The vassals of his will;—  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day:  
For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh upon the rack  
Of pain anew to write;  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,  
When thou thyself art dark!

No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of victory,—  
And took the sting from death!

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up  
On nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

#### LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together;  
For, should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,  
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—  
It is not for your silver bright;  
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing;  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and  
shade,  
His child he did discover:  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in  
grief,  
"Across this stormy water;  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the  
shore,  
Return or aid preventing;  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting

#### THE LAMENT OF OUTALISSI.

*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

"AND I could weep;" th' Oneyda chief  
His descendant wildly thus begun;  
"But that I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of my father's son!  
Or bow his head in woe;  
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!  
To-morrow Areouski's breath

(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death,  
Shall light us to the foe :  
And we shall share, my Christian boy !  
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !

“But thee, my flower, whose breath  
was given  
By milder genii o'er the deep,  
The spirits of the white man's heaven  
Forbid not thee to weep :  
Nor will the Christian host,  
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve  
To see thee, on the battle's eve,  
Lamenting take a mournful leave  
Of her who loved thee most :  
She was the rainbow to thy sight !  
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !

“To-morrow let us do or die !  
But when the bolt of death is hurled,  
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,  
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?  
Seek we thy once loved home ?  
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :  
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !  
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs !  
And should we thither roam,  
Its echoes and its empty tread  
Would sound like voices from the dead !

“Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,  
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed ;  
And by my side, in battle true,  
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?  
Ah ! there, in desolation cold,  
The desert serpent dwells alone,  
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering  
bone,  
And stones themselves to ruin grown,  
Like me, are death-like old.  
Then seek we not their camp—for there  
The silence dwells of my despair !

“But hark, the trump !—to-morrow thou  
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears :  
Even from the land of shadows now  
My father's awful ghost appears,  
Amidst the clouds that round us roll ;  
He bids my soul for battle thirst—  
He bids me dry the last—the first—  
The only tears that ever burst

From Outalissi's soul ;  
Because I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of an Indian chief.”

#### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-  
cloud had lowered  
And the sentinel stars set their watch  
in the sky ;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground  
overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded  
to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of  
straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded  
the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it  
again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful  
array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate  
track ;  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the  
To the home of my fathers, that wel-  
comed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so  
oft  
In life's morning march, when my  
bosom was young ;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating  
And knew the sweet strain that the  
corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and  
fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends  
never to part ;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her full-  
ness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary  
and worn ;  
And fain was their war-broken soldier  
to stay ;  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of  
And the voice in my dreaming ear  
melted away.

#### EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of  
Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill :  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight  
repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten  
hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad  
devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the  
ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful  
emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go  
bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken  
stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can  
flee ;  
But I have no refuge from famine and  
danger,  
A home and a country remain not to  
Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend  
the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven  
flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go  
bragh !

Erin my country ! though sad and for-  
saken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But alas ! in a fair foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet  
me no more !  
Oh cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace  
me  
In a mansion of peace—where no perils  
can chase me ?  
Never again, shall my brothers embrace  
me ?  
They died to defend me, or live to  
deplere !

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild  
wood ?  
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its  
fall ?

Where is the mother that looked on my  
childhood ?  
And where is the bosom friend, dearer  
than all ?  
Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandoned by  
pleasure,  
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure !  
Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without  
measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot  
recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can  
draw :  
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !  
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her  
motion,  
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the  
ocean !  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud  
with devotion—  
Erin mavourin !—Erin go bragh !

#### LINES WRITTEN ON REVISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

AT the silence of twilight's contemplative  
hour,  
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom  
the bower,  
Where the home of my forefathers  
stood,  
All ruined and wild is their roofless  
abode.  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering  
tree ;  
And travelled by few is the grass-covered  
road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior  
trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous  
walk,  
By the dial-stone aged and green,  
One rose of the wilderness left on its  
stalk,  
To mark where a garden had been.

Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,  
From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace ;  
For the night-weed and thorn over-shadowed the place  
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all

That remains in this desolate heart !  
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall ;  
But patience shall never depart !  
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,  
In the days of delusion by fancy combined,  
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,  
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns

When the faint and the feeble deplore ;  
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
A thousand wild waves on the shore !  
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,  
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate !

Yea ! even the name I have worshipped in vain

Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;  
To bear is to conquer our fate.

#### FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you ;  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of broken glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;

What loved little islands twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore ;  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,

Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear  
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

#### MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England ! who inherit  
Rights that cost your sires their blood !  
Men whose undegenerate spirit  
Has been proved on land and flood :

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,  
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—  
Martyrs in heroic story,  
Worth a thousand Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled  
Crowned and mitred tyranny :  
They defied the field and scaffold,  
For their birthright—so will we.

#### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe ;  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow !

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave ;  
For the deck it was their field of fame  
And Ocean was their grave :  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow !

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow !

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return ;

Then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone :  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold, determined hand ;  
And the prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
While the sign of battle flew  
O'er the lofty British line :  
It was ten of April morn by the chime,  
As they drifted on their path ;  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flushed,  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak !" our captains cried ;  
when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feebler cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back ;  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—

Then ceased, and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail ;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.