

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! we are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the
day;

While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England raise,
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their
grave;

While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE MOTHER.

The Pleasures of Hope.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty
sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother
keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious
lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pen-
sive eyes,

And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my
boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be
thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and
mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest
than he!

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at
last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the
past—

With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn
away.

"And say, when summoned from the
world and thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone
appear,

And soothe my parted spirit lingering
near? [shed

Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to
The tears of memory o'er my narrow
bed;

With aching temples on thy hand re-
clined,

Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that mur-
mur low,

And think on all my love, and all my
woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply.
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to
claim

A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her
care, [prayer,

Or lisps, with holy look, his evening
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the
while,

At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

CAROLINE.

PART I.

PLL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their Sabbath
hold,

Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould:

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endeared, undoubting, undecieved:

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never crossed.

Oh gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves,
And let the name be Caroline.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-coloured even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
When soft the tear of twilight flows,
So due thy plighted love returns,
To chambers brighter than the rose.

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamoured orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,
Whose trees the sunward summit
crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue;

Where, winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my ruling star?

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THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch that fill'st the sky,  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A mid-way station given  
For happy spirits to alight,  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamed of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant brow?

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,  
Heaven's covenant thou did'st shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first made anthem rang  
On earth, delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam;  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When, glittering in the freshened fields,  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man.

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[ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS. 1789—1864.]

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own Fireside!

My own Fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise!
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own Fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own Fireside?

What care I for the sullen roar
Of winds without that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;—
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own Fireside!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair:
Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own Fireside!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting;
Where even grief is halt subdued:
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
Then, let the pampered fool deride,
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
To thee—my own Fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!
Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies,
When fortune frowns, or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been
tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own Fireside!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be:
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me
My own—my own Fireside!

~~~~~  
THE DEATH OF THE  
FIRST-BORN.

MY sweet one, my sweet one, the tears  
were in my eyes  
When first I clasped thee to my heart,  
and heard thy feeble cries;  
For I thought of all that I had borne as I  
bent me down to kiss  
Thy cherry lips and sunny brow, my first-  
born bud of bliss!

I turned to many a withered hope, to  
years of grief and pain,  
And the cruel wrongs of a bitter world  
flashed o'er my boding brain ;  
I thought of friends, grown worse than  
cold—of persecuting foes,  
And I asked of Heaven if ills like these  
must mar thy youth's repose !

I gazed upon thy quiet face, half-blinded  
by my tears,  
Till gleams of bliss, unfelt before, came  
brightening on my fears ;  
Sweet rays of hope that fairer shone 'mid  
the clouds of gloom that bound them,  
As stars dart down their loveliest light  
when midnight skies are 'round them.

My sweet one, my sweet one, thy life's  
brief hour is o'er,  
And a father's anxious fears for thee can  
fever me no more !  
And for the hopes, the sun-bright hopes,  
that blossomed at thy birth,  
They, too, have fled, to prove how frail  
are cherished things of earth !

'Tis true that thou wert young, my child ;  
but though brief thy span below,  
To me it was a little age of agony and  
woe ;  
For, from thy first faint dawn of life, thy  
cheek began to fade,  
And my lips had scarce thy welcome  
breathed, ere my hopes were wrapt  
in shade.

Oh! the child in its hours of health and  
bloom, that is dear as thou wert  
then,  
Grows far more prized, more fondly  
loved, in sickness and in pain !  
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear babe,  
when every hope was lost,  
Ten times more precious to my soul, for  
all that thou hadst cost !

Cradled in thy fair mother's arms, we  
watched thee day by day,  
Pale like the second bow of heaven, as  
gently waste away ;  
And, sick with dark foreboding fears, we  
dared not breathe aloud,  
Sat, hand in hand, in speechless grief, to  
wait death's coming cloud !

It came at length : o'er thy bright blue  
eye the film was gathering fast,  
And an awful shade passed o'er thy brow,  
the deepest and the last :  
In thicker gushes strove thy breath—we  
raised thy drooping head :  
A moment more—the final pang—and  
thou wert with the dead !

Thy gentle mother turned away to hide  
her face from me,  
And murmured low of Heaven's behests,  
and bliss attained by thee ;  
She would have chid me that I mourned  
a doom so blest as thine,  
Had not her own deep grief burst forth in  
tears as wild as mine !

We laid thee down in sinless rest, and  
from thine infant brow  
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair, our  
only solace now ;  
Then placed around thy beauteous corse  
flowers, not more fair and sweet—  
Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and  
jasmine at thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as  
fair perchance as thou,  
With all the beauty of thy cheek, the  
sunshine of thy brow,  
They never can replace the bud our early  
fondness nursed :  
They may be lovely and beloved, but not  
like thee, the first !

The first ! How many a memory bright  
that one sweet word can bring,  
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and  
died, in life's delightful spring—  
Of fervid feelings passed away—those  
early seeds of bliss  
That germinate in hearts unseared by such  
a world as this !

My sweet one, my sweet one, my fairest  
and my first !  
When I think of what thou mightst have  
been, my heart is like to burst ;  
But gleams of gladness through my gloom  
their soothing radiance dart,  
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are  
dried, when I turn to what thou art !

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and  
takes the stain of earth,  
With not a taint of mortal life, except thy  
mortal birth,  
God bade thee early taste the spring for  
which so many thirst,  
And bliss, eternal bliss is thine, my  
fairest and my first !

### I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee—I think of thee,  
And all that thou hast borne for me ;  
In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,  
I think of thee—I think of thee !

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,  
And all around is desolate ;  
I pour on life's tempestuous sea  
The oil of peace—with thoughts of thee !

When Fortune frowns and hopes deceive  
me,  
And summer-friends in sorrow leave me ;  
A Timon, from the world I flee—  
My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of  
thee !

Or if I join the careless crowd,  
Where laughter peals and mirth grows  
loud !  
Even in my hours of revelry,  
I turn to thee—I turn to thee !

I think of thee—I think and sigh  
O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by ;  
And mourn the stern, severe decree,  
That spared me only thoughts of thee !

In Youth's gay spring, 'mid Pleasure's  
bowers,  
Where all is sunshine, mirth, and flowers,  
We met ;—I bent the adoring knee,  
And told a tender tale to thee !

'Twas summer's eve—the heavens above,  
Earth—ocean—air—were full of love :  
Nature around kept jubilee  
When first I breathed that tale to thee !

The crystal clouds that hung on high  
Were blue as thy delicious eye ;—

The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,  
Seemed emblems of repose and thee !

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear ;—  
Thy answer was a blush and tear :—  
But this was eloquence to me,  
And more than I had asked of thee !

I looked into thy dewy eye,  
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh ;  
I clasped thy hand—and vowed to be  
The soul of love and truth to thee !

The scene and hour have passed—yet still  
Remains a deep-impassioned thrill ;  
A sunset glow on memory,  
That kindles at each thought of thee !

We loved—how wildly and how well,  
'Twere worse than idle now to tell :  
From love and life alike thou'rt free,  
And I am left to think of thee !

Though years—long years have darkly  
sped,  
Since thou wert numbered with the dead,  
In fancy oft thy form I see ;  
In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee !

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth ;  
Thy hapless fate, untiring truth ;  
Are spells that often touch the key  
Of sweet, harmonious thoughts of thee !

The bitter frown of friends estranged,  
The chilling straits of fortunes changed ;  
All this—and more—thou'rt borne for  
me—  
Then how can I be false to thee ?

I never will :—I'll think of thee  
Till fades the power of memory ;  
In weal or woe—in gloom or glee—  
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee

[LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON. 1802—1838.]

### THE TROUBADOUR.

HE raised the golden cup from the board,  
It sparkled with purple wealth,  
He kissed the brim her lip had prest  
And drank to his lady's health.

Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name,  
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine ;  
Ever the smile of beauty should light,  
The victor's blood-red wine.

There are some flowers of brightest bloom  
Amid thy beautiful hair,  
Give me those roses, they shall be  
The favour I will wear.

For ere their colour is wholly gone,  
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,  
They shall be placed in thy curls again,  
But dyed of a deeper red.

The warrior rode forth in the morning  
light  
And beside his snow-white plume  
Were the roses wet with the sparkling  
dew,  
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,  
And watched her knight depart ;  
She dashed her tear aside, but her hand  
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watched the distant clouds  
Float on the distant air,  
A crucifix upon her neck,  
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came  
With her banner of pearly grey,  
And then afar she saw a band  
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their  
ranks  
Were their crimson colours borne ;  
And a stranger pennon drooped beneath,  
But that was bowed and torn.

But she saw no white steed first in the  
ranks,  
No rider that spurred before ;  
But the evening shadows were closing  
fast,  
And she could see no more.

She turned from her watch on the lonely  
tower  
In haste to reach the hall,  
And as she sprang down the winding stair,  
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,  
Then paused, as if in fear ;  
The ladye entered the hall, and saw  
Her true knight stretched on his bier.

### THE DESERTER.

THE muffled drum is rolling, and the low  
Notes of the death-march float upon the  
wind,  
And stately steps are pacing round that  
square

With slow and measured tread ; but every  
brow  
Is darkened with emotion, and stern eyes,  
That looked unshrinking on the face of  
death

When met in battle, are now moist with  
tears.  
The silent ring is formed, and, in the  
midst

Stands the deserter ! Can this be the  
same,  
The young, the gallant Edward ? and are  
these

The laurels promised in his early dreams ?  
These fettered hands, this doom of open  
shame ?

Alas ! for young and passionate spirits !  
Soon  
False lights will dazzle. He had madly  
joined

The rebel banner ! Oh ! 'twas pride to  
link

His fate with Erin's patriot few, to fight  
For liberty or the grave ! But he was now  
A prisoner ; yet there he stood as firm  
As though his feet were not upon the  
tomb :

His cheek was pale as marble, and as  
cold ;  
But his lips trembled not, and his dark  
eyes

Glanced proudly round. But when they  
bared his breast

For the death shot, and took a portrait  
thence,  
He clenched his hands, and gasped, and  
one deep sob

Of agony burst from him, and he hid  
His face awhile,—his mother's look was  
there.

He could not steel his soul when he re-  
called  
The bitterness of her despair. It passed—  
That moment of wild anguish ; he knelt  
down ;

That sunbeam shed its glory over one,  
Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep  
energy ;  
The next fell over cold and bloody clay.

### THE MASK OF LOVE AND PRIDE.

'Tis strange to think, if we could fling  
aside  
The mask and mantle that love wears  
from pride,

How much would be, we now so little  
guess,  
Deep in each heart's undreamed, unsought  
recess :

The careless smile, like a gay banner  
borne,  
The laugh of merriment, the lip of scorn,—  
And, for a cloak, what is there that can  
be

So difficult to pierce as gaiety ?  
Too dazzling to be scanned, the haughty  
brow

Seems to hide something it would not  
avow ;  
But rainbow words, light laugh, and  
thoughtless jest,

These are the bars, the curtain to the  
breast,  
That shuns a scrutiny.

### YEARNINGS FOR IMMOR- TALITY.

I AM myself but a vile link  
Amid life's weary chain ;  
But I have spoken hallowed words,  
Oh, do not say in vain !

My first, my last, my only wish,  
Say, will my charmed chords  
Wake to the morning light of fame,  
And breathe again my words ?

Will the young maiden, when her tears  
Alone in moon-light shine—  
Tears for the absent and the loved—  
Murmur some song of mine ?

Will the pale youth by his dim lamp,  
Himself a dying flame,  
From many an antique scroll beside,  
Choose that which bears my name ?

Let music make less terrible  
The silence of the dead ;  
I care not, so my spirit last  
Long after life has fled.

### INTIMATIONS OF PREVIOUS EXISTENCE.

METHINKS we must have known some  
former state  
More glorious than our present, and the  
heart

Is haunted with dim memories, shadows  
left

By past magnificence ; and hence we pine  
With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the  
eyes

With bitter tears for their own vanity.  
Remembrance makes the poet : 'tis the  
past

Lingering within him, with a keener sense  
Than is upon the thoughts of common  
men

Of what has been, that fills the actual  
world

With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,  
That were and are not ; and the fairer  
they,

The more their contrast with existing  
things ;

The more his power, the greater is his  
grief.

—Are we then fallen from some noble star,  
Whose consciousness is as an unknown  
curse,

And we feel capable of happiness  
Only to know it is not of our sphere ?

[ROBERT POLLOCK. 1790—1827.]

## THE GENIUS OF BYRON.

*The Course of Time.*

HE touched his harp, and nations heard,  
entranced.  
As some vast river of unfailing source,  
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers  
flowed,  
And oped new fountains in the human  
heart.  
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
In other men, his, fresh as morning,  
rose,  
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed  
at home,  
Where angels bashful looked. Others,  
though great,  
Beneath their argument seemed struggling  
whiles ;  
He from above descending, stooped to  
touch  
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped,  
as though  
It scarce deserved his verse. With Na-  
ture's self  
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to  
jest  
At will with all her glorious majesty.  
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's  
mane,"  
And played familiar with his hoary locks :  
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apen-  
nines,  
And with the thunder talked as friend to  
friend ;  
And wove his garland of the lightning's  
wing,  
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery  
wing,  
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful  
God,  
Marching upon the storm in vengeance,  
seemed ;  
Then turned, and with the grasshopper,  
who sung  
His evening song beneath his feet, con-  
versed.  
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his  
sisters were ;  
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and  
winds, and storms ;

His brothers, younger brothers, whom he  
scarce  
As equals deemed. All passions of all  
men,  
The wild and tame, the gentle and  
severe ;  
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and  
profane ;  
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity ;  
All that was hated, and all that was  
dear ;  
All that was hoped, all that was feared,  
by man,  
He tossed about, as tempest-withered  
leaves ;  
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck  
he made.  
With terror now he froze the cowering  
blood,  
And now dissolved the heart in tender-  
ness ;  
Yet would not tremble, would not weep  
himself ;  
But back into his soul retired, alone,  
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemp-  
tuously  
On hearts and passions prostrate at his  
feet.  
So Ocean, from the plains his waves had  
late  
To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
Exulting in the glory of his might,  
And seemed to mock the ruin he had  
wrought.  
As some fierce comet of tremendous  
size,  
To which the stars did reverence as it  
passed,  
So he, through learning and through  
fancy, took  
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest  
top  
Of Fame's dread mountain sat ; not  
soiled and worn,  
As if from the earth had laboured  
up ;  
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage  
fair,  
He looked, which down from higher  
regions came,  
And perched it there, to see what lay  
beneath.

[ISMAEL FITZADAM. DIED 1826.]

## LOVE.

I.

WE met in secret, in the depth of night  
When there was none to watch us ; not  
an eye  
Save the lone dweller of the lonely sky  
To gaze upon our love and pure delight ;  
And in that hour's unbroken solitude,  
When the white moon had robed her in  
its beam,  
I've thought some vision of a blessed  
dream,  
Or spirit of the air before me stood,  
And held communion with me. In mine  
ear  
Her voice's sweet notes breathed not of  
the earth,  
Her beauty seemed not of a mortal birth ;  
And in my heart there was an awful fear,  
A thrill, like some deep warning from  
above,  
That soothed its passion to a Spirit's  
love.

II.

She stood before me ; the pure lamps of  
heaven  
Lighted her charms, and those soft  
eyes which turned  
On me with dying fondness. My heart  
burned,  
As, tremblingly with hers, my vows were  
given.  
Then softly 'gainst my bosom beat her  
heart ;  
These living arms around her form  
were thrown,  
Binding her heavenly beauty like a  
zone,  
While from her ruby warm lips, just apart  
Like bursting roses, sighs of fragrance  
stole,  
And words of music whispering in mine  
ear  
Things pure and holy none but mine  
should hear ; [soul,  
For they were accents uttered from the  
For which no tongue her innocence  
reproved,  
And breathed for one who loved her  
and was loved.

[MRS. JAMESON. 1796—1860.]

## TAKE ME, MOTHER EARTH.

TAKE me, Mother Earth, to thy cold  
breast,  
And fold me there in everlasting rest !  
The long day is o'er :  
I'm weary, I would sleep ;  
But deep, deep,  
Never to waken more !

I have had joy and sorrow, I have proved  
What life could give, have loved and been  
beloved ;  
I am sick, and heartsore,  
And weary ; let me sleep ;  
But deep, deep,  
Never to waken more !

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I  
come ;  
Prepare thy dreamless bed in my last  
home ;  
Shut down the marble door,  
And leave me ! Let me sleep ;  
But deep, deep,  
Never to waken more !

[LAMAN BLANCHARD. 1803—1845.]

## HIDDEN JOYS.

PLEASURES lie thickest, where no plea-  
sures seem ;  
There's not a leaf that falls upon the  
ground  
But holds some joy, of silence or of  
sound,  
Some sprite begotten of a summer  
dream.  
The very meanest things are made  
supreme  
With innate ecstasy. No grain of  
sand  
But moves a bright and million-peopled  
land,  
And hath its Eden, and its Eves, I  
deem.  
For Love, though blind himself, a curious  
eye  
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of  
things,

And touched mine ear with power.  
Thus far or nigh,  
Minute or mighty, fixed, or free with  
wings,  
Delight from many a nameless covert  
sly  
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar  
sings.

[GERALD GRIFFIN. 1803—1840.]

### THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

MY darling, my darling, while silence is  
on the moor,  
And love in the sunshine, I sit by our  
cabin-door ;  
When evening falls quiet and calm over  
land and sea,  
My darling, my darling, I think of past  
times and thee !

Here, while on this cold shore I wear out  
my lonely hours,  
My child in the heavens is spreading my  
bed with flowers ;  
All weary my bosom is grown of this  
friendless clime,  
But I long not to leave it, for that were a  
shame and crime.

They bear to the churchyard the youth in  
their health away—  
I know where a fruit hangs more ripe for  
the grave than they ;  
But I wish not for death, for my spirit is  
all resigned,  
And the hope that stays with me gives  
peace to my aged mind.

My darling, my darling, God gave to my  
feeble age  
A prop for my faint heart, a stay in my  
pilgrimage.  
My darling, my darling, God takes back  
his gift again,  
And my heart may be broken, but ne'er  
shall my will complain.

[THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1804—1859.]

### ADIEU, ADIEU, OUR DREAM OF LOVE !

ADIEU, adieu !—our dream of love  
Was far too sweet to linger long ;  
Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,  
But here they mock the fond and  
young.

We met in hope, we part in tears !  
Yet, oh, 'tis sadly sweet to know  
That life, in all its future years,  
Can reach us with no heavier blow !

Our souls have drunk in early youth  
The bitter dregs of earthly ill ;  
Our bosoms, blighted in their truth,  
Have learned to suffer and be still !

The hour is come, the spell is past ;  
Far, far from thee, my only love,  
Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's  
last,  
My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu ! oh, dull and dread  
Sinks on the ear that parting knell !  
Hope and the dreams of hope, lie dead,—  
To them and thee—farewell, farewell !

### I THINK ON THEE IN THE NIGHT.

I THINK on thee in the night,  
When all beside is still,  
And the moon comes out, with her pale,  
sad light,  
To sit on the lonely hill ;  
When the stars are all like dreams,  
And the breezes all like sighs,  
And there comes a voice from the far-off  
streams,  
Like thy spirit's low replies.

I think on thee by day,  
'Mid the cold and busy crowd,  
When the laughter of the young and gay  
Is far too glad and loud !  
I hear thy soft, sad tone,  
And thy young sweet smile I see :  
My heart,—my heart were all alone,  
But for its dreams of thee !

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797—1835.]

### WEARIE'S WELL.

IN a saft simmer gloamin',  
In yon dowie dell,  
It was there we twa first met,  
By Wearie's cauld well.  
We sat on the broom bank,  
And looked in the burn,  
But sidelang we looked on  
Ilk ither in turn.

The corncraik was chirming  
His sad eerie cry,  
And the wee stars were dreaming  
Their path through the sky ;  
The burn babbled freely  
Its love to ilk flower,  
But we heard and we saw nought  
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,  
Above or around ;  
We felt that our love lived,  
And loathed idle sound.  
I gazed on your sweet face  
Till tears filled my e'e,  
And they drapt on your wee loof—  
A world's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing  
On bare holm and lea,  
And the cauld wind is strippin'  
Ilk leaf aff the tree.  
But the snaw fa's not faster,  
Nor leaf disna part  
Sae sune frae the bough, as  
Faith fades in your heart.

You've waled out anither  
Your bridegroom to be ;  
But can his heart luvae sae  
As mine luvit thee ?  
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,  
And mony braw claes ;  
But they a' winna buy back  
The peace o' past days.

Farewell, and for ever,  
My first luvae and last ;  
May thy joys be to come—  
Mine live in the past.

In sorrow and sadness  
This hour fa's on me ;  
But light, as thy luvae, may  
It fleet over thee !

[JOHN CLARE. 1793—1864.]

### THE DAWNINGS OF YOUTHFUL GENIUS IN A PLOUGHBOY.

OFT will he stoop, inquisitive to trace  
The opening beauties of a daisy's face ;  
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,  
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the  
pebbles rise ;  
And often bent, as o'er some magic  
spell,  
He'll pause and pick his shapèd stone  
and shell :  
Raptures the while his inward powers  
in flame,  
And joys delight him which he cannot  
name.  
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters  
by,  
He feels enraptured, though he knows  
not why ;  
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in  
vain,  
And dwells on something which he can't  
explain.  
The bursts of thought with which his  
soul's perplexed,  
Are bred one moment, and are gone the  
next ;  
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks  
retain,  
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive  
again.

[JOHN KEATS. 1795—1820.]

### THE ALL-PERVADING IN- FLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :  
Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
Pass into nothingness ; but still will  
keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,

Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall

From our dark spirits. Such the sun,  
the moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in; and clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make

'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead;

All lovely tales that we have heard or read;

An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences  
For one short hour; no, even as the trees

That whisper round a temple become soon

Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,

The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
Haunt us till they become a cheering light

Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,

That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast,

They always must be with us, or we die.

### THE LATMIAN FOREST.

UPON the sides of Latmos was outspread  
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed,  
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots  
Into o'erhanging boughs, and precious fruits.

And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,

Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep

A lamb strayed far a-down those inmost glens,

Never again saw he the happy pens  
Whither his brethren, bleating with content,

Over the hills at every nightfall went.  
Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever,

That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever

From the white flock, but passed unworried

By any wolf, or pard with prying head,  
Until it came to some unfooted plains

Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains

Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many,

Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,

And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly  
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see

Stems thronging all around between the swell

Of tuft and slanting branches: who could tell

The freshness of the space of heaven above,

Edged round with dark tree-tops? through which a dove

Would often beat its wings, and often too  
A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness  
There stood a marble altar, with a tress  
Of flowers budded newly; and the dew  
Had taken fairy fantasies to strew  
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,  
And so the dawned light in pomp receive.  
For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upward fire  
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre

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Of brightness so unsullied that therein  
A melancholy spirit well might win  
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine  
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine  
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;

The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run

To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;

Man's voice was on the mountains; and the mass

Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,

To feel this sun-rise, and its glories old.

### TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness—

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,

In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,

Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the  
And purple-stained mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the world  
unseen,

And with thee fade away into the  
forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret,  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsies shake a few, sad, last grey hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs;

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,

Clustered around by all her starry Fays;

But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a  
time

I have been half in love with easeful  
Death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused  
rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no  
pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul  
abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears  
in vain—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee  
down;

The voice I hear this passing night was  
heard

In ancient days by emperor and  
clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a  
path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when  
sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien  
corn:

The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on  
the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands  
forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole  
self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem  
fades

Past the near meadows, over the still  
stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried  
deep

In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?

Fled is that music:—do I wake or  
sleep?

#### AUTUMNAL MUSIC.

WHERE are the songs of Spring? Ay,  
where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music  
too,—

While barred clouds bloom the soft dying  
day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy  
hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats  
mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft,  
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or  
dies;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from  
hilly bourn;

Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with  
treble soft,

The red-breast whistles from a garden-  
croft;

And gathering swallows twitter in  
the skies.

#### HYMN TO PAN.

##### *Endymion.*

O THOU, whose mighty palace roof  
doth hang

From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth  
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life,  
death

Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;  
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress

Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels  
darken;

And through whole solemn hours dost  
sit, and hearken

The dreary melody of bedded reeds—  
In desolate places, where dank moisture  
breeds

The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;  
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth

Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou  
now,

By thy love's milky brow!  
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,

Hear us, great Pan!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou, to whom every faun and satyr  
flies

For willing service; whether to surprise

The squatted hare, while in half-sleeping  
fit;

Or upward ragged precipices flit  
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's  
maw;

Or by mysterious enticement draw  
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;

Or to tread breathless round the frothy  
main,

And gather up all fancifullest shells,  
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,

And, being hidden, laugh at their out-  
peeping;

Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,  
The while they pelt each other on the  
crown

With silvery oak-apples and fir-cones  
brown,—

By all the echoes that about thee ring,  
Hear us, O satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,  
While ever and anon to his shorn peers,  
A ram goes bleating: Winder of the  
horn,

When snouted wild-boars, routing tender  
corn,

Anger our huntsman: Breather round  
our farms,

To keep off mildews, and all weather  
harms:

Strange ministrant of undescribèd sounds,  
That come a-swooning over hollow  
grounds,

And wither drearily on barren moors:  
Dread opener of the mysterious doors

Leading to universal knowledge—see,  
Great son of Dryope,

The many that are come to pay their  
vows,

With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge  
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge  
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,

Then leave the naked brain: be still the  
leaven,

That, spreading in this dull and clodded  
earth,

Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:  
Be still a symbol of immensity;

A firmament reflected in a sea;  
An element filling the space between;

An unknown—but no more: we humbly  
screen

With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly  
bending,

And giving out a shout most heaven-  
rending,

Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,  
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

#### MOONLIGHT.

ETERNE Apollo! that thy sister fair  
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.

When thy gold breath is misting in the  
west,

She unobservèd steals unto her throne,  
And there she sits most meek and most  
alone;

As if she had not pomp subservient;  
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not  
bent

Towards her with the muses in thine  
heart;

As if the ministering stars kept not apart,  
Waiting for silver-footed messages.

O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest  
trees

Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:  
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier  
din

The while they feel thine airy fellowship.  
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver  
lip

Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping  
kine,

Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields  
divine:

Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,  
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine  
eyes;

And yet thy benediction passeth not  
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot  
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested  
wren

Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,  
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf

Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief  
To the poor patient oyster, where it  
sleeps

Within its pearly house.—The mighty  
deeps,



The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!  
O Moon! far spooming Ocean bows to thee,  
And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.

#### THE POET'S HOPES.

WHAT though I leave this dull and earthly mould;  
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold  
With after-times. The patriot shall feel  
My stern alarm, and unsheathe his steel,  
Or in the senate thunder out my numbers,  
To startle princes from their easy slumbers.  
The sage will mingle with each moral theme  
My happy thoughts sententious; he will teem  
With lofty periods when my verses fire him,  
And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.  
Lays have I left, of such a dear delight,  
That maids will sing them on their bridal-night.  
Gay villagers, upon a morn in May,  
When they have tired their gentle limbs with play,  
And formed a snowy circle on the grass,  
And placed in midst of all that lovely lass,  
Who chosen is their queen—with her fine head [red:  
Crowned with flowers, purple, white, and  
For there the lily and the musk-rose, sighing,  
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying;  
Between her breasts that never yet felt trouble,  
A bunch of violets full blown and double  
Serenely sleep: she from a casket takes  
A little book,—and then a joy awakes  
About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries,  
And rubbing of white hands and sparkling eyes,  
For she's to read a tale of hopes and fears—  
One that I fostered in my youthful years.

The pearls that on each glistening circlet sleep  
Gush ever and anon with silent creep,  
Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest [breast  
Shall the dear babe upon its mother's  
Be lulled with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu!  
Thy dales and hills are fading from my view:  
Swiftly I mount upon wide-spreading pinions,  
Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions;  
Full joy I feel while thus I cleave the air,  
That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,  
And warm thy sons!—

#### ENGLAND.

HAPPY is England! I could be content  
To see no other verdure than its own;  
To feel no other breezes than are blown  
Through its tall woods with high romances blent;  
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment  
For skies Italian, and an inward groan  
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,  
And half forget what world or worldling meant.  
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;  
Enough their simple loveliness for me,  
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:  
Yet do I often warmly burn to see  
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,  
And float with them about the summer waters.

#### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S "HOMER."

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold, [seen;  
And many goodly states and kingdoms  
Round many western islands have I  
been,  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his  
demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and  
bold;  
Then felt I like some watcher of the  
skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle  
eyes [men  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

#### THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:  
When all the birds are faint with the  
hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will  
run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-  
mown mead;  
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the  
lead  
In summer luxury,—he has never done  
With his delights, for when tired out  
with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant  
weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove  
there shrills  
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing  
ever, [lost,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half  
The grasshopper's among some grassy  
hills.

#### THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year;  
There are four seasons in the mind of  
man:  
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:

He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful  
thought he loves  
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high  
Is nearest unto heaven; quiet coves  
His soul has in its Autumn, when his  
wings  
He furleth close; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness—to let fair things  
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
He has his Winter, too, of pale mis-  
feature, [nature,  
Or else he would forego his moral

#### IN A DREAR-NIGHTED DECEMBER.

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity:  
The north cannot undo them,  
With a sleety whistle through them;  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.  
In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy brook,  
Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
Apollo's summer look;  
But with a sweet forgetting,  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.  
Ah! would 'twere so with many  
A gentle girl and boy!  
But were there ever any  
Writhed not at passed joy?  
To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it,  
Nor numbed sense to steal it,  
Was never said in rhyme.  
TO SLEEP.  
COME, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of  
peace,  
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of  
woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's re-  
lease,

Th' indifferent judge between the high  
and low!  
With shield of proof, shield me from out  
the prease  
Of those fierce darts Despair at me  
doth throw;  
O make me in those civil wars to cease!  
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest  
bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to  
light;  
A rosy garland and a weary head;  
And if these things, as being thine by  
right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in  
me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image  
see.

[W. T. MONCRIEFF. 1790—1856.]

#### LOVE'S FOLLIES.

WHEN lulled in passion's dream my  
senses slept,  
How did I act?—e'en as a wayward  
child;  
I smiled with pleasure when I should  
have wept,  
And wept with sorrow when I should  
have smiled.

When Gracia, beautiful but faithless fair,  
Who long in passion's bonds my heart  
had kept,  
First with false blushes pitied my de-  
spair,  
I smiled with pleasure!—should I not  
have wept?

And when, to gratify some wealthier  
wight,  
She left to grief the heart she had be-  
guiled,  
The heart grew sick, and saddening at  
the sight,  
I wept with sorrow!—should I not  
have smiled?

[T. L. POCKOCK. DIED 1866.]

#### OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

Oh! say not woman's heart is bought  
With vain and empty treasure;  
Oh! say not woman's heart is caught  
By every idle pleasure.  
When first her gentle bosom knows  
Love's flame, it wanders never;  
Deep in her heart the passion glows,—  
She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh! say not woman's false as fair,  
That like the bee she ranges;  
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,  
As fickle fancy changes.  
Ah, no! the love that first can warm  
Will leave her bosom never;  
No second passion e'er can charm,—  
She loves, and loves for ever.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. DIED 1861.]

#### THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my  
brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads  
against their mothers,—  
And that cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the  
meadows, [nest,  
The young birds are chirping in the  
The young fawns are playing with the  
shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward  
the west—  
But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!—  
They are weeping in the playtime of the  
others,  
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in  
the sorrow,  
Why their tears are falling so?—  
The old man may weep for his to-  
morrow  
Which is lost in Long Ago—

The old tree is leafless in the forest—  
The old year is ending in the frost—  
The old wound, if stricken, is the  
sorest—  
The old hope is hardest to be lost:  
But the young, young children, O my  
brothers,  
Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their  
mothers,  
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken  
faces,  
And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's hoary anguish draws and  
presses  
Down the cheeks of infancy—  
"Your old earth," they say "is very  
dreary;"  
"Our young feet," they say, "are very  
weak!" [weary—  
Few paces have we taken, yet are  
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.  
Ask the aged why they weep, and not  
the children,  
For the outside earth is cold,  
And we young ones stand without, in our  
bewildering,  
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may hap-  
pen  
That we die before our time.  
Little Alice died last year—the grave is  
shapen  
Like a snowball, in the rime.  
We looked into the pit prepared to take  
her— [clay:  
Was no room for any work in the close  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none  
will wake her,  
Crying, "Get up, little Alice! it is  
day."  
If you listen by that grave, in sun and  
shower,  
With your ear down, little Alice never  
cries!—  
Could we see her face, be sure we should  
not know her,  
For the smile has time for growing in  
her eyes!

And merry go her moments, lulled and  
stilled in  
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!  
It is good when it happens," say the  
children,  
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have!  
They are binding up their hearts away  
from breaking,  
With a cerement from the grave.  
Go out, children, from the mine and  
from the city— [do—  
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes  
Pluck you handfuls of the meadow-cow-  
slips pretty—  
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let  
them through!  
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of  
the meadows  
Like our weeds anear the mine?  
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-  
shadows,  
From your pleasures fair and fine!"

"For oh," say the children, "we are  
weary,  
And we cannot run or leap—  
If we cared for any meadows, it were  
merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stoop-  
ing—  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids droop-  
ing, [as snow.  
The reddest flower would look as pale  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring  
Through the coal-dark under-  
ground—  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning,  
turning,—  
Their wind comes in our faces,—  
Till our hearts turn,—our heads, with  
pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places—  
Turns the sky in the high window blank  
and reeling—  
Turns the long light that drops adown  
the wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—

All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—

And all day, the iron wheels are droning; And sometimes we could pray,

'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)

'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing

For a moment, mouth to mouth—

Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing

Of their tender human youth!

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion

Is not all the life God fashions or re-  
Let them prove their living souls against

the notion

That they live in you, or under you, O  
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,

Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls, which God is

calling sunward,

Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,

To look up to him and pray—

So the Blessed One, who bleaseth all the others,

Will bless them another day.

They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,

While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?

When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us

Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a  
And we hear not (for the wheels in their

resounding)

Strangers speaking at the door:

Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,

Hears our weeping any more?

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,

And at midnight's hour of harm,  
'Our Father,' looking upward in the

chamber,  
We say softly for a charm.

We know no other words, except 'Our Father,'

And we think that, in some pause of angel's song,

God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,

And hold both within His right hand which is strong.

'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely

(For they call Him good and mild)  
Answer, smiling down the steep world

very purely,  
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,

"He is speechless as a stone;  
And they tell us, of His image is the

master  
Who commands us to work on.

Go to!" say the children,—"up in Heaven,

Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.

Do not mock us; grief has made us un-believing—

We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."

Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,

O my brothers, what ye preach?  
For God's possible is taught by his

world's loving—  
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!

They are weary ere they run;  
They have never seen the sunshine, nor

the glory  
Which is brighter than the sun:

They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;

They sink in man's despair, without his calm—

Are slaves, without the liberty in Christ-  
dom,—

Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—

Are worn, as if with age, yet unretriev-  
ingly

The blessing of its memory cannot keep,—

Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:

Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,

And their look is dread to see,  
For they mind you of their angels in their

places,  
With eyes turned on Deity;—

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,

Will you stand to move the world, on a child's heart,—

Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpi-  
tation,

And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-  
heaper,

And your purple shows your path!  
But the child's sob curses deeper in the

silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

#### COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the hearts' decaying—

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:

Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!

O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!

O men! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,

And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation;

And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;

Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,

Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,

With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him—

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,

But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain, such quick poetic senses

As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!

The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,

And silent shadow from the trees re-freshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,

Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses;

The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,

Its women and its men became beside him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained un-conscious of the guiding,

And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,

He testified this solemn truth though phrenzy desolated—

Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst she blesses,

And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;

That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"—  
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she bore him!—  
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,  
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth could image that awaking,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,  
But felt those eyes alone, and knew, "My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested  
Upon the Victim's hidden face no love was manifested!  
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?  
What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather,  
And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and Father;  
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—  
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,  
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation,  
That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,  
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision!

## LOVE—A SONNET.

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,

Who each one, in a gracious hand, appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young;  
And as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw a gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet sad years, the melancholy years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backwards by the hair,  
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,  
"Guess now who holds thee?" "Death," I said; but there  
The silver answer rang,— "Not Death, but Love."

## A DEAD ROSE.

O ROSE! who dares to name thee?  
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;  
But barren, and hard, and dry as stubble-wheat,  
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee  
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away  
An odour up the lane, to last all day—  
If breathing now—unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,  
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,  
Till beam appeared to bloom and flower to burn—  
If shining now—with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,  
And, white first, grew incarnadined, because  
It lay upon thee where the crimson was—  
If dropping now—would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,  
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet  
Along the leaf's pure edges after heat,—  
If lighting now—would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,  
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,  
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive—  
If passing now—would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognise thee,  
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,  
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—  
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee  
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold  
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—  
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee!

## LOVED ONCE.

I CLASSED, appraising once,  
Earth's lamentable sounds; the "well-a-day,"  
The jarring "yea" and "nay,"  
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,  
The sobbed "farewell," the "welcome" mournfuller;—  
But all did leaven the air  
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,  
Than these words—"I loved once."

And who saith, "I loved once?"  
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee,

Love through eternity!  
Who, by to love, do apprehend to be.  
Not God, called Love, his noble crown-name,—casting  
A light too broad for blasting!  
The Great God, changing not from everlasting,  
Saith never, "I loved once."

Oh, never is "Loved once"  
Thy word, thou Victim-Christ, misprized friend?  
Thy cross and curse may rend;  
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end!  
It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to move  
One sphered star above,  
Man desecrates the eternal God-word, love,  
With his "no more," and "once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"  
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,  
Mourners, without that snow?  
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?  
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,  
Whose prayers have met your own,  
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,  
Such words, "We loved them once?"

Could ye "We loved her once"  
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight?  
When hearts of better right  
Stand in between me and your happy light?  
And when, as flowers kept too long in shade,  
Ye find my colours fade,  
And all that is not love in me, decayed?  
Such words, "Ye loved me once!"

Could ye "We loved her once"  
Say cold of me, when further put away  
In earth's sepulchral clay?  
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?—

Not so! not then—least then! When  
life is shriven,  
And death's full joy is given;  
Of those who sit and love you up in  
heaven  
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved once!  
God is too near above, the grave beneath,  
And all our moments breathe  
Too quick in mysteries of life and death,  
For such a word. The eternities avenge  
Affections light of range—  
There comes no change to justify that  
change,  
Whatever comes—loved once!

And yet that same word "once"  
Is humanly acceptive! Kings have said,  
Shaking a discrowned head,  
"We ruled once;"—dotards, "We once  
taught and led;"—

Cripples once danced i' the vines; and  
bards approved  
Were once by scornings moved;  
But love strikes one hour—love. Those  
never loved  
Who dream that they loved once.

(LORD MACAULAY. 1800—1859.)

#### HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from  
whom all glories are!  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King  
Henry of Navarre!  
Now let there be the merry sound of  
music and of dance,  
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny  
vines, oh pleasant land of France!  
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,  
proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy  
mourning daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be  
joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who  
wrought thy walls annoy.  
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned  
the chance of war,  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King  
Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when  
at the dawn of day  
We saw the army of the League drawn out  
in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its  
rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Eg-  
mont's Flemish spears.  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine,  
the curses of our land!  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a  
truncheon in his hand!  
And as we looked on them, we thought of  
Seine's empurpled flood,  
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled  
with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who  
rules the fate of war,  
To fight for his own holy name, and  
Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his  
armour drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume  
upon his gallant crest.  
He looked upon his people, and a tear  
was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his  
glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as  
rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout,  
"God save our Lord the King!"  
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall  
full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a  
bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine,  
amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet  
of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to  
the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum,  
and roaring culverin!  
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across  
Saint Andre's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders  
and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair  
gentlemen of France,

#### THE ARMADA.

Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon  
them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a  
thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close  
behind the snow-white crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rushed,  
while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the  
helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!  
Mayenne hath turned his rein.  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The  
Flemish Count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds  
before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds,  
and flags, and cloven mail;  
And then, we thought on vengeance, and,  
all along our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was  
passed from man to man;  
But out spake gentle Henry, "No French-  
man is my foe:  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let  
your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in  
friendship or in war,  
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the  
soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons  
of Lucerne!  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those  
who never shall return.  
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy mexican  
pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for  
thy poor spearmen's souls!  
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look  
that your arms be bright!  
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep  
watch and ward to-night!  
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our  
God hath raised the slave,  
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and  
the valour of the brave.  
Then glory to His holy name, from whom  
all glories are;  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King  
Henry of Navarre.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our  
noble England's praise:  
I sing of the thrice famous deeds she  
wrought in ancient days,  
When that great fleet invincible, against  
her bore, in vain,  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest  
hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm  
summer's day,  
There came a gallant merchant ship full  
sail to Plymouth bay;  
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet,  
beyond Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie  
heaving many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's  
especial grace;  
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held  
her close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was  
placed along the wall;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edge-  
combe's lofty hall;  
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry  
along the coast;  
And with loose rein, and bloody spur,  
rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonnetted, the  
stout old sheriff comes,  
Behind him march the halberdiers, before  
him sound the drums:  
The yeomen, round the market cross,  
make clear and ample space,  
For there behoves him to set up the  
standard of her grace:  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and  
gaily dance the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal  
blazon swells.  
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his  
ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the  
gay lilies down!  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on  
that famed Picard field,  
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and  
Cæsar's eagle shield: 112

So glared he when, at Agincourt, in  
wrath he turned to bay,  
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws,  
the princely hunters lay.  
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight!  
ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!  
Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho,  
gallants! draw your blades!  
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! ye  
breezes, waft her wide!  
Our glorious *semper eadem!* the banner of  
our pride!

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled  
that banner's massy fold—  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that  
haughty scroll of gold:  
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on  
the purple sea;  
Such night in England ne'er had been,  
nor ne'er again shall be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,  
from Lynn to Milford bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright, as  
busy as the day;  
For swift to east, and swift to west, the  
warning radiance spread—  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it  
shone on Beachy Head:  
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along  
each southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range,  
those twinkling points of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's  
glittering waves,  
The rugged miners poured to war, from  
Mendip's sunless caves;  
O'er Longleat's towers, or Cranbourne's  
oaks, the fiery herald flew,  
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge  
—the rangers of Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells rang out  
all night from Bristol town;  
And, ere the day, three hundred horse  
had met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked  
forth into the night,  
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill,  
that streak of blood-red light:  
The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the  
death-like silence broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the  
royal city woke;  
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the  
answering fires;  
At once the wild alarm clashed from all  
her reeling spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed  
loud the voice of fear,  
And all the thousand masts of Thames  
sent back a louder cheer:  
And from the farthest wards was heard  
the rush of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of flags and pikes  
dashed down each rousing street:  
And broader still became the blaze, and  
louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse  
came spurring in;  
And eastward straight, for wild Black-  
heath, the warlike errand went;  
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the  
gallant squires of Kent:  
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills,  
flew those bright coursers forth;  
High on black Hampstead's swarthy  
moor, they started for the north;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired  
they bounded still;  
All night from tower to tower they sprang,  
all night from hill to hill;  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er  
Derwent's rocky dales;  
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the  
stormy hills of Wales;  
Till, twelve fair counties saw the blaze on  
Malvern's lonely height;  
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind,  
the Wrekin's crest of light;  
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth,  
on Ely's stately fane,  
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er  
all the boundless plain;  
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to  
Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er  
the wide vale of Trent;  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on  
Gaunt's embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the  
burghers of Carlisle.

[F. W. N. BAYLEY. 1810—1853.]

CHELSEA PENSIONERS READ-  
ING THE GAZETTE OF THE  
BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE golden gleam of a summer sun  
Is lighting the elm-decked grove,  
And the leaves of the old trees—every  
one—  
Are stirred with a song they love;  
For there bloweth a light breeze, whisper-  
ing true,  
Of the deeds they are doing at Waterloo!

The Chelsea veteran gathereth there,  
Under the ancient sign;  
His meteor sword hath a stain of blood,  
And his cheek is warm with wine.  
Fame he had wooed as a glorious bride,  
When she waved with his white plume,  
and clung to his side!

His comrades flock to their favourite  
seat,  
And their tale is of days gone by;  
But their words—as weak as broken  
hearts—  
Are stifled by many a sigh!  
For they drink to those true friends who  
scorned to yield,  
And were left behind on the battle field!

But many a brighter say and song  
Are gladdening all that scene;  
And joy comes, like a singing bird,  
To light the village green!  
And groups are gathered 'neath those  
trees,  
Round summer flowers—like summer  
bees!

The soldier! with his mark of war—  
The medal on his breast!—  
Star of the brave that decks him now,  
When his sword is laid to rest!  
And the iron sheath is worn away,  
That was tenantless on the battle day!

The stripling too, that hath not sinned  
And so can laugh and sing!

Child, whom the world hath not yet  
touched,  
Like a serpent, with its sting!  
The young in hope—the conscience-free!  
The beautiful in infancy!

And mothers too, whose measured  
love  
Blends all the pure and mild,  
And pours itself from one deep fount  
On father and on child!  
And ancient grandames just as glad,  
And proud of charms their daughters  
had!

The young and old—the fair and  
brave—  
Are congregated here;  
And they all look out with an anxious  
gaze  
Of mingled hope and fear!  
As the wearied sailor looks for land,  
When the bark speeds on and the gales  
are bland.

Now gaze again!—A lancer comes  
With a spur in his courser's side,  
That speeds towards th' expecting  
group  
As a lover bounds to his bride!  
He bringeth the news, and their hearts  
beat high—  
The news of a glorious victory!

Father and brother, and betrothed—  
The husband and the son!  
That lancer bold hath a tale to tell  
To the friends of every one.  
“Their swords were bright—their hearts  
were true—  
They have won the field of Waterloo!”

Oh! when the heart is very glad,  
It leaps like a little child  
That is just released from a weary task,  
With a spirit free and wild.  
It fluttereth like a prisoned bird,  
When tidings such as these are heard!

A low sound—like a murmured prayer!  
Then, a cheer that rends the sky!  
A loud huzza—like a people's shout  
When a good king passeth by!—