

INVOCATION TO LOVE.

King Arthur.

HAIL thou, the ever young, albeit of night
And of primeval chaos, eldest born ;
Thou, at whose birth broke forth the
Founts of Light,
And o'er Creation flushed the earliest
morn !

Life, in thy life, suffused the conscience
whole ;
And formless matter took the harmonious
soul.

Hail, Love ! the Death-defyer ! age to
age
Linking, with flowers, in the still heart
of man !

Dream to the Bard, and marvel to the
Sage,
Glory and mystery since the world
began.

Shadowing the cradle, bright'ning at the
tomb,
Soft as our joys, and solemn as our
doom !

Ghost-like amidst the unfamiliar Past,
Dim shadows flit along the streams of
Time ;

Vainly our learning trifles with the vast
Unknown of ages ! Like the wizard's
rhyme

We call the dead, and from the Tar-
tarus

'Tis but the dead that rise to answer
us !

Voiceless and wan, we question them in
vain ;

They leave unsolved earth's mighty
yesterday.

But wave thy wand—they bloom, they
breathe again !

The link is found !—as *we* love, so
loved they !

Warm to our clasp our human brothers
start,

Man smiles on man, and heart speaks out
to heart.

Arch power, of every power most dread,
most sweet,

Ope at thy touch the far celestial
gates ;

Yet Terror flies with Joy before thy feet,
And, with the Graces, glide unseen the
Fates ;

Eos and Hesperus,—one, with twofold
light,

Bringer of day, and herald of the night.

THE HOLLOW OAK.

HOLLOW is the oak beside the sunny
waters drooping ;

Thither came, when I was young, happy
children trooping ;

Dream I now, or hear I now—far, their
mellow whooping ?

Gay below the cowslip bank, see the
billow dances,

There I lay, beguiling time—when I
lived romances ;

Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies
into fancies ;—

Farther, where the river glides by the
wooded cover,

Where the merlin singeth low, with the
hawk above her,

Came a foot and shone a smile—woe is
me, the lover !

Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly
quiver, [river ;

Musical amid the reeds murmurs on the
But the footstep and the smile !—woe is
me for ever !

JEALOUSY.

I HAVE thy love—I know no fear
Of that divine possession ;

Yet draw more close, and thou shalt hear
A jealous heart's confession.

I nurse no pang, lest fairer youth
Of loftier hopes should win thee ;

There blows no wind to chill the truth,
Whose amaranth blooms within thee.

Unworthier thee if I could grow
(The love that lured thee perished),
Thy woman heart could ne'er forego
The earliest dream it cherished.

I do not think that doubt and love
Are one—whate'er they tell us ;
Yet—nay—lift not thy looks above,
A star can make me jealous.

If thou art mine, all mine at last,
I covet so the treasure,
No glance that thou canst elsewhere cast,
But robs me of a pleasure.

I am so much a miser grown,
That I could wish to hide thee,
Where never breath but mine alone
Could drink delight beside thee.

Then say not, with that soothing air,
I have no rival nigh thee ;
The sunbeam lingering in thy hair—
The breeze that trembles by thee—

The very herb beneath thy feet—
The rose whose odours woo thee—
In all things, rivals he must meet,
Who would be all things to thee !

If sunlight from the dial be
But for one moment banished,
Turn to the silenced plate and see
The hours themselves are vanished.

In aught that from me lures thine eyes,
My jealousy has trial ;
The lightest cloud across the skies
Has darkness for the dial.

[LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON
MILNES).]

WHEN LONG UPON THE
SCALES OF FATE.

WHEN long upon the scales of fate
The issue of my passion hung,
And on your eyes I laid in wait,
And on your brow, and on your
tongue,

High-frowning Nature pleased me most :
Strange pleasure was it to discern
Sharp rock and mountains peaked with
frost,
Through gorges thick with fir and fern.

The flowerless walk, the vapoury shrouds
Could comfort me ; though, best of all,
I loved the daughter of the clouds,
The wild capricious waterfall.

But now that you and I repose
On one affection's certain store,
Serener charms take place of those,
Plenty and Peace and little more ;

The hill that lends its mother-breast
To patient flocks and gentle kine ;
The vale that spreads its royal vest
Of golden corn and purple vine ;

The streams that bubble out their mirth
In humble nooks, or calmly flow,
The crystal life-blood of our earth,
Are now the dearest sights I know.

[ALEXANDER SMITH: DIED 1867.]

DESIRES AND ANTICIPATIONS
OF THE YOUNG HEART.*The Life Drama.*

ON balcony, all summer roofed with
vines,
A lady half-reclined amid the light,
Golden and green, soft-showering through
the leaves.

Silent she sat one-half the silent noon ;
At last she sank luxurious in her couch,
Purple and golden-fringed, like the sun's,
And stretched her white arms on the
warmèd air,

As if to take some object wherewithal
To ease the empty aching of her heart.
"Oh, what a weariness of life is mine !"
The lady said, "soothing myself to sleep
With my own lute, floating about the lake
To feed my swans, with nought to stir my
blood,

Unless I scold my women thrice a day.

L. L.

Unwrought yet in the tapestry of my life,
 And princely suitors kneeling evermore;
 I, in my beauty, standing in the midst,
 Touching them, careless, with most
 stately eyes.
 Oh, I could love, methinks, with all my
 soul!
 But I see nought to love; nought save
 some score
 Of lispings, curled gallants, with words?
 their mouths [heart!
 Soft as their mother's milk. Oh, empty
 Oh, palace, rich and purple-chambered!
 When will thy lord come home?"

~~~~~  
 BARBARA.

ON the Sabbath-day,  
 Through the churchyard old and grey,  
 Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held  
 my rustling way;  
 And amid the words of mercy, falling on  
 my soul like balms;  
 'Mong the gorgeous storms of music—in  
 the mellow organ-calms,  
 'Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and  
 the rich and solemn psalms,  
 I stood heedless, Barbara!

My heart was elsewhere  
 While the organ filled the air,  
 And the priest, with outspread hands,  
 blessed the people with a prayer;  
 But, when rising to go homeward, with a  
 mild and saint-like shine  
 Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its  
 heavenly eyes on mine—  
 Gleamed and vanished in a moment. Oh,  
 the face was like to thine,  
 Ere you perished, Barbara!

Oh, that pallid face!  
 Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace!  
 When last I saw them, dearest, it was in  
 another place;  
 You came running forth to meet me with  
 my love-gift on your wrist,  
 And a cursed river killed thee, aided by  
 a murderous mist.  
 Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the  
 mouth I kissed,  
 When last I saw thee, Barbara!

These dreary years eleven  
 Have you pined within your heaven,  
 And is this the only glimpse of earth that  
 in that time was given?  
 And have you passed unheeded all the  
 fortunes of your race—  
 Your father's grave, your sister's child,  
 your mother's quiet face—  
 To gaze on one who worshipped not  
 within a kneeling place?  
 Are you happy, Barbara?

'Mong angels, do you think  
 Of the precious golden link  
 I bound around your happy arm while  
 sitting on yon brink?  
 Or when that night of wit and wine, of  
 laughter and guitars,  
 Was emptied of its music, and we  
 watched, through lattice-bars,  
 The silent midnight heaven moving o'er  
 us with its stars,  
 Till the morn broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed;  
 Wild and far my heart has ranged,  
 And many sins and errors deep have been  
 on me avenged;  
 But to you I have been faithful, whatso-  
 ever good I've lacked:  
 I loved you, and above my life still hangs  
 that love intact—  
 Like a mild consoling rainbow, or a  
 savage cataract.  
 Love has saved me, Barbara!

O Love! I am unblest;  
 With monstrous doubts opprest  
 Of much that's dark and nether, much  
 that's holiest and best.  
 Could I but win you for an hour from off  
 that starry shore,  
 The hunger of my soul were stilled; for  
 Death has told you more  
 Than the melancholy world doth know,  
 —things deeper than all lore,  
 Will you teach me, Barbara?

In vain, in vain, in vain!  
 You will never come again,  
 There droops upon the dreary hills a  
 mournful fringe of rain;

The gloaming closes slowly round, un-  
 blest winds are in the tree,  
 Round selfish shores for ever moans the  
 hurt and wounded sea:  
 There is no rest upon the earth, peace is  
 with Death and thee,—  
 I am weary, Barbara!

~~~~~  
 [GEORGE W. THORNBURY.]

THE RIDING TO THE
 TOURNAMENT.

OVER meadows purple-flowered,
 Through the dark lanes oak-embowered,
 Over commons dry and brown,
 Through the silent red-roofed town,
 Past the reapers and the sheaves,
 Over white roads strewn with leaves,
 By the gipsy's ragged tent,
 Rode we to the Tournament.

Over clover wet with dew,
 Whence the sky-lark, startled, flew,
 Through brown fallows, where the hare
 Leapt up from its subtle lair,
 Past the mill-stream and the reeds
 Where the stately heron feeds,
 By the warren's sunny wall,
 Where the dry leaves shake and fall,
 By the hall's ancestral trees,
 Bent and writhing in the breeze,
 Rode we all with one intent,
 Gaily to the Tournament.

Golden sparkles, flashing gem,
 Lit the robes of each of them,
 Cloak of velvet, robe of silk,
 Mantle snowy-white as milk,
 Rings upon our bridle hand,
 Jewels on our belt and band,
 Bells upon our golden reins,
 Tinkling spurs and shining chains—
 In such merry mob we went
 Riding to the Tournament.

Laughing voices, scraps of song,
 Lusty music loud and strong,
 Rustling of the banners blowing,
 Whispers as of rivers flowing,
 Whistle of the hawks we bore
 As they rise and as they soar,

Now and then a clash of drums
 As the rabble louder hums,
 Now and then a burst of horns
 Sounding over brooks and bourns,
 As in merry guise we went
 Riding to the Tournament.

There were abbots fat and sleek,
 Nuns in couples, pale and meek,
 Jugglers tossing cups and knives,
 Yeomen with their buxom wives,
 Pages playing with the curls
 Of the rosy village girls,
 Grizzly knights with faces scarred,
 Staring through their visors barred,
 Huntsmen cheering with a shout
 At the wild stag breaking out,
 Harper, stately as a king,
 Touching now and then a string,
 As our revel laughing went
 To the solemn Tournament.

Charger with the massy chest,
 Foam-spots flecking mane and breast,
 Pacing stately, pawing ground,
 Fretting for the trumpet's sound,
 White and sorrel, roan and bay,
 Dappled, spotted, black, and grey,
 Palfreys snowy as the dawn,
 Ponies sallow as the fawn,
 All together neighing went
 Trampling to the Tournament.

Long hair scattered in the wind,
 Curls that flew a yard behind,
 Flags that struggled like a bird
 Chained and restive—not a word
 But half buried in a laugh;
 And the lance's gilded staff
 Shaking when the bearer shook
 At the jester's merry look,
 As he grins upon his mule,
 Like an urchin leaving school,
 Shaking bauble, tossing bells,
 At the merry jest he tells,—
 So in happy mood we went,
 Laughing to the Tournament.

What a bustle at the inn,
 What a stir, without—within;
 Filling flagons, brimming bowls
 For a hundred thirsty souls; L. L. 2

Froth in snow-flakes flowing down,
From the pitcher big and brown,
While the tankards brim and bubble
With the balm for human trouble ;
How the maiden coyly sips,
How the yeoman wipes his lips,
How the old knight drains the cup
Slowly and with calmness up,
And the abbot, with a prayer,
Fills the silver goblet rare,
Praying to the saints for strength
As he holds it at arm's length ;
How the jester spins the bowl
On his thumb, then quaffs the whole ;
How the pompous steward bends
And bows to half-a-dozen friends,
As in a thirsty mood we went
Duly to the Tournament.

Then again the country over
Through the stubble and the clover,
By the crystal-dropping springs,
Where the road-dust clogs and clings
To the pearl-leaf of the rose,
Where the tawdry nightshade blows,
And the bramble twines its chains
Through the sunny village lanes,
Where the thistle sheds its seed,
And the goldfinch loves to feed,
By the milestone green with moss,
By the broken wayside cross,
In a merry band we went
Shouting to the Tournament.

Pilgrims with their hood and cowl,
Pursy burghers cheek-by-jowl,
Archers with their peacock's wing
Fitting to the waxen string,
Pedlars with their pack and bags,
Beggars with their coloured rags,
Silent monks, whose stony eyes
Rest in trance upon the skies,
Children sleeping at the breast,
Merchants from the distant West,
All in gay confusion went
To the royal Tournament.

Players with the painted face
And a drunken man's grimace,
Grooms who praise their raw-boned steeds,
Old wives telling maple beads,—
Blackbirds from the hedges broke,
Black crows from the beeches croak,

Glossy swallows in dismay
From the mill-stream fled away,
The angry swan, with ruffled breast,
Frowned upon her osier nest,
The wren hopped restless on the brake,
The otter made the sedges shake,
The butterfly before our rout
Flew like a blossom blown about,
The coloured leaves, a globe of life,
Spun round and scattered as in strife,
Sweeping down the narrow lane
Like the slant shower of the rain,
The lark in terror, from the sod,
Flew up and straight appealed to
God,
As a noisy band we went
Trotting to the Tournament.

But when we saw the holy town,
With its river and its down,
Then the drums began to beat
And the flutes piped mellow sweet ;
Then the deep and full bassoon
Murmured like a wood in June,
And the fifes, so sharp and bleak,
All at once began to speak.
Hear the trumpets clear and loud,
Full-tongued, eloquent, and proud,
And the dulcimer that ranges
Through such wild and plaintive changes ;
Merry sounds the jester's shawn,
To our gladness giving form ;
And the shepherd's chalumeau,
Rich and soft, and sad and low ;
Hark ! the bagpipes squeak and groan,—
Every herdsman has his own ;
So in measured step we went
Pacing to the Tournament.

All at once the chimes break out,
Then we hear the townsmen shout,
And the morris-dancers' bells
Tinkling in the grassy dells ;
The bell thunder from the tower
Adds its sound of doom and power,
As the cannon's loud salute
For a moment made us mute,
Then again the laugh and joke
On the startled silence broke ;—
Thus in merry mood we went
Laughing to the Tournament.

[M. F. TUPPER.]

LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh
glad the garden of the heart ;
Its root lieth deep ; it is delicate, yet
lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn ;
Loveliness and thought are the dews that
water it morning and even ;
Memory and absence cherish it, as the
balmy breathings of the south.
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and
it bloometh in the border of Hope.
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the
briar withereth by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty ; I felt the
magic of its smile ;
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose
stooped down and kissed it ;
And I thought some cherub had planted
there a truant flower of Eden,
As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they
may flourish in a kindly soil.
I saw, and asked not its name. I knew
no language was so wealthy,
Though every heart of every clime findeth
its echo within.

* * * * *
Love,—what a volume in a word, an
ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind
in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in
a moment,
What concentrated joy, or woe, in blent
or blighted Love !
For it is that native poetry springing up
indigenous to Mind,
The heart's own country music thrilling
all its chords,
The story without an end that angels
throng to hear,
The words, the king of words, carved on
Jehovah's heart !
Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy,
call envy honest praise,
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward
treachery for prudence ;
Do homage for blaspheming unbelief as
to bold and free philosophy,
And estimate the recklessness of licence as
the right attribute of liberty,—

But with the world, thou friend and
scholar, stain not this pure name,
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened
to the meanness of desire ;
For Love is no more such, than seraphs'
hymns are discord ;
And such is no more Love, than Etna's
breath is summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the
soul,
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the
dulness of matter,
An angel-mind breathed into a mortal,
though fallen, yet how beautiful !
All the devotion of the heart in all its
depth and grandeur,
Behold that pale geranium, pent within
the cottage-window,
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light
its sickly long-stalked leaves ;
How it straineth upward to the sun,
coveting his sweet influence ;
How real a living sacrifice to the god of
all its worship !
Such is the soul that loveth, and so the
rose-tree of affection
Bendeth its every leaf to look on those
dear eyes : [light ;
Its every gushing petal basketh in their
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging
on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it
buddeth not again ;
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to
be learnt no more ;
Yet often will thought look back, and
weep over early affection ;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song
will be heard as a reproachful spirit,
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert
of the heart,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have
withered its own oasis.

[THOMAS WADE.]

SYMPATHY.

THERE'S music on the earth : the moon
and her attendants
Partake the lofty solitude of heaven.

Why should they seem more lovely to the
sight
For that low melody? By the sweet
strain,
Which falls upon the soul and melts the
soul,
'Tis tempered to their beauty: 'tis the
mind
Which lends the happier influence it re-
ceives [own
From things external, and takes back its
Even as a boon. A sympathy is on me:
I deem those fair lights mortal; there's a
death
Looks through their glory: feeling they
may perish,
I love them more; and my mortality
Shakes off its grosser weight, self-recon-
ciled
By such high partnership.

A MOTHER TO HER NEW-BORN
CHILD.

SWEET cry! as sacred as the blessed
hymn
Sung at Christ's birth by joyful seraphim!
Exhausted nigh to death by that dread
pain,
That voice salutes me to dear life again.
Ah, God! my child! my first, my living
child!
I have been dreaming of a thing like thee
Ere since, a babe, upon the mountains
wild
I nursed my mimic babe upon my knee.
In girlhood I had visions of thee; love
Came to my riper youth, and still I clove
Unto thine image, born within my brain
So like! as even there thy germ had lain!
My blood! my voice! my thought! my
dream achieved!
Oh, till this double life, I have not lived!

[ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.]

CHORUS FROM ATALANTA IN
CALYDON.

BEFORE the beginning of years
There came to the making of man

Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears;
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and
love,

With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day, and a night, and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a
span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the
south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eye-sight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire;
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with de-
rision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WE have seen thee, O Love, thou art
fair; thou art goodly, O Love;
Thy wings make light in the air as the
wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the
stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the
garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a
flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the
tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man
with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom
delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her
bridal breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his
name is Death.

[LADY DUFFERIN.]

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to
sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.

[WILLIAM HENRY WHITWORTH.]

TIME AND DEATH.

I SAW old Time, destroyer of mankind;
Calm, stern, and cold he sat and often
shook
And turned his glass, nor ever cared to
look
How many of life's sands were still be-
hind.
And there was Death, his page, aghast
to find
How, tremblingly, like aspen o'er a
brook,
His blunted dart fell harmless; so he
took
His master's scythe, and idly smote the
wind.
Smite on, thou gloomy one, with power-
less aim!
For Sin, thy mother, at her dying breath,
Withered that arm, and left thee but a
name.
Hope closed the grave, when He of
Nazareth,
Who led captivity his captive, came
And vanquished the great conquerors,
Time and Death.

[THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.]

LIFE.

COME, track with me this little vagrant
rill,
Wandering its wild course from the
mountain's breast;
Now with a brink fantastic, heather-
drest,
And playing with the stooping flowers at
will;
Now moving scarce, with noiseless step
and still;
Anon it seems to weary of its rest,
And hurries on, leaping with sparkling
zest
Adown the ledges of the broken hill.
So let us live. Is not the life well spent
Which loves the lot that kindly Nature
weaves
For all, inheriting or adorning Earth?
Which throws light pleasure over true
content, [leaves,
Blossoms with fruitage, flowers as well as
And sweetens wisdom with a taste of
mirth?

[GERALD MASSEY.]

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce arduous
burns,
When I come home, when I come
home;
Over me Heaven with its starry heart
yearns,
When I come home, when I come
home.
For a feast of Gods garnisht, the palace
of Night
At a thousand star-windows is throbbing
with light.
London makes mirth! but I know God
hears
The sobs in the dark, and the dropping
of tears;
For I feel that he listens down Night's
great dome
When I come home, when I come home;
Home, home, when I come home,
Far i' the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
When I come home, when I come
home;

Exulting with life like a Conqueror's
march,
When I come home, when I come
home.

I pass by the rich-chambered mansions
that shine,
O'erflowing with splendour like goblets
with wine:

I have fought, I have vanquish't the dragon
of Toil,
And before me my golden Hesperides
smile!

And O but Love's flowers make rich the
gloom,
When I come home, when I come home!
Home, home, when I come home,
Far i' the night when I come home.

O the sweet, merry mouths up-turned to
be kist,
When I come home, when I come
home!

How the younglings yearn from the
hungry nest,
When I come home, when I come
home!

My weary, worn heart into sweetness is
stirred,
And it dances and sings like a singing
Bird,

On the branch nighest heaven,—a-top of
my life:

As I clasp my winsome, wooing Wife!
And her pale cheek with rich, tender
passion doth bloom,

When I come home, when I come home;
Home, home, when I come home,
Far i' the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my
life,

When I come home, when I come
home,

And leave heaven bare on her bosom,
sweet Wife,

When I come home, when I come
home.

With her brave smiling Energies,—Faith
warm and bright,—

With love glorified and serenely alight,—

With her womanly beauty and queenly
calm,
She steals to my heart with a blessing of
balm;
And O but the wine of Love sparkles
with foam,
When I come home, when I come home!
Home, home, when I come home,
Far i' the night when I come home.

A GLIMPSE OF AULD LANG-
SYNE.

EARTH, sparkling Bride-like, bares her
bosom to the nestling Night,
Who hath come down in glory from the
golden halls of light;

Ten thousand tender, starry eyes smile
o'er the world at rest,
The weary world—husht like an infant on
its mother's breast!

The great old hills thrust up their fore-
heads in rich sleeping light:
How humbly-grand, and still they stand,
worshipping God to-night!

The flowers have hung their cups with
gems of their own sweetness wrought,
And muse and smile upon their stems, in
ecstasy of thought:

They have banqueted on beauty, at the
fragrant Eve's red lips,
And fold in charmed rest, with crowns
upon their velvet tips.

No green tide sweeps the sea of leaves,
no wind-sigh stirs the sod,
While Holiness broods dove-like on the
soul, begetting God.

Sweet hour! thou wak'st the feeling that
we never know by day,
For angel eyes look down, and read the
spirit 'neath the clay:

Even while I listen, music stealeth in
upon my soul,
As though adown heaven's stair of stars,
the seraph-harpings stole—

Or I could grasp the immortal part of
life, and soar, and soar,
Such strong wings take me, and my heart
hath found such hidden lore!

It flings aside the weight of years, and
lovingly goes back,
To that sweet time, the dear old days,
that glisten on its track!

Life's withered leaves grow green again,
and fresh with Childhood's spring,
As I am welcomed back once more
within its rainbow ring:—

The Past, with all its gathered charms,
beckons me back in joy,
And loving hearts, and open arms, re-
clasp me as a boy.

The voices of the Loved and Lost are
stirring at my heart,
And memory's miser'd treasures leap to
life, with sudden start,—

As through her darkened windows, warm
and glad sunlight creeps in,
And Lang-syne, glimps't in glorious tears,
my toil-worn soul doth win.

Thou art looking, smiling on me, as thou
hast lookt and smiled, Mother,
And I am sitting by thy side, at heart a
very child, Mother!

I'm with thee now in soul, sweet Mother,
much as in those hours,
When all my wealth was in thy love, and
in the birds and flowers;

When the long summer days were short,
for my glad soul to live
The golden fulness of the bliss, each
happy hour could give;

When Heaven sang to my innocence,
and every leafy grove
And forest ached with music, as a young
heart aches with love;

When life oped like a flower, where clang
my lips, to quaff its honey,
And joys thronged like a shower of gold
king-cups in meadows sunny.

I'll tell thee, Mother! since we met, stern
changes have come o'er me;
Then life smiled like a paradise, the
world was all before me.

O! I was full of trusting faith, and, in my
glee and gladness,
Deemed not that others had begun as
bright, whose end was madness.

I knew not smiles could light up eyes,
like Sunset's laughing glow
On some cold stream, which burns above,
while all runs dark below;

That on Love's summer sea, great souls go
down, while some, grown cold,
Seal up affection's living spring, and sell
their love for gold;

How they on whom we'd staked the heart
forget the early vow,
And they who swore to love through life
would pass all coldly now;

How, in the soul's dark hour, Love's
temple-veil is rent in twain,
And the heart quivers thorn-crowned on
the cross of fiery pain.

And shattered idols, broken dreams,
come crowding on my brain,
As speaks the spirit-voice of days that
never come again.

It tells of golden moments lost—heart
seared—blind Passion's thrall;
Life's spring-tide blossoms run to waste,
Love's honey turned to gall.

It tells how many and often high resolve
and purpose strong,
Shaped on the anvil of my heart, have
tailed upon my tongue.

I left thee, Mother, in sweet May, the
merry month of flowers,
To toil away in dusky gloom the golden
summer hours.

I left my world of love behind, with soul
for life a-thirsting,
My burning eyelid dropt no tear, although
my heart was bursting.

For I had knit my soul to climb, with
poverty its burden;
Give me but time, O give me time, and I
would win the guerdon.

Ah! Mother! many a heart that all my
aspiration cherisht,
Hath fallen in the trampling strife, and in
the life-march perisht.

We see the bleeding victims lie upon the
world's grim Altar,
And one by one young feelings die, and
dark doubts make us falter.

Mother, the world hath wreapt its part on
me, with scathing power,
Yet the best life that heaves my heart runs
for thee at this hour;

And by these holy yearnings, by these
eyes with sweet tears wet,
I know there wells a spring of love through
all my being yet.

~~~~~  
HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever! though to-day be  
dark,

The sweet sunburst may smile on thee  
to-morrow:

Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will  
mark

Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy  
sorrow!

Tho' thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid  
men,

With none to echo back thy thought,  
or love thee,

Cheer up, poor heart! thou dost not beat  
in vain,

For God is over all, and heaven above  
thee—

Hope on, hope ever.

The iron may enter in and pierce thy  
soul,

But cannot kill the love within thee  
burning:

The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,  
Can never quench thy true heart's  
seraph yearning

For better things: nor crush thy ardour's  
trust,  
That Error from the mind shall be up-  
rooted,

That Truths shall dawn as flowers spring  
from the dust,

And Love be cherisht where Hate was  
embruted!

Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and  
taunt,—

With the heart's honest pride at mid-  
night wrestle;

To feel the killing canker-worm of  
Want,

While rich rogues in their stolen luxury  
nestle;

For I have felt it. Yet from Earth's cold  
Real

My soul looks out on coming things,  
and cheerful

The warm Sunrise floods all the land  
Ideal,

And still it whispers to the worn and  
tearful,

Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever! after darkest  
night,

Comes, full of loving life, the laughing  
Morning;

Hope on, hope ever! Spring-tide, flusht  
with light,

Aye crowns old Winter with her rich  
adorning.

Hope on, hope ever! yet the time shall  
come,

When man to man shall be a friend and  
brother;

And this old world shall be a happy  
home,

And all Earth's family love one an-  
other!

Hope on, hope ever.

~~~~~  
DESOLATE.

THE day goes down red darkling,
The moaning waves dash out the light,

And there is not a star of hope sparkling
On the threshold of my night.

Wild winds of Autumn go wailing
Up the valley and over the hill,
Like yearning ghosts round the world
sailing,
In search of the old love still.

A fathomless sea is rolling
O'er the wreck of the bravest bark;
And my pain-muffled heart is tolling
Its dumb-peal down in the dark.

The waves of a mighty sorrow
Have whelméd the pearl of my life:
And there cometh to me no morrow
Shall solace this desolate strife.

Gone are the last faint flashes,
Set is the sun of my years;
And over a few poor ashes
I sit in my darkness and tears.

~~~~~  
TO A BELOVED ONE.

HEAVEN hath its crown of stars, the  
earth

Her glory robe of flowers—  
The sea its gems—the grand old woods

Their songs and greening showers:  
The birds have homes, where leaves and  
blooms

In beauty wreath above;  
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-  
dream—

And we, sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewelled great,  
Where Love's dear name is sold;

Yet have we wealth we would not give  
For all their world of gold!

We revel not in corn and wine,  
Yet have we from above

Manna divine, and we'll not pine,  
While we may live and love.

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,  
On misery's bosom nursed:

Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns  
For branded brows Cain-curst!



But cherubim, with clasping wings,  
Ever about us be,  
And, happiest of God's happy things !  
There's love for you and me.

The lips that kiss till death, have turned  
Life's water into wine ;  
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,  
Hath made my life divine.  
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,  
Since thou to me wert given ;  
A ladder for my soul to climb,  
And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart ! that in our lot  
May mingle tears and sorrow ;  
But love's rich rainbow's built from tears  
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.  
The sunshine from our sky may die,  
The greenness from life's tree,  
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,  
Thy nest shall sheltered be.

I see thee ! Ararat of my life,  
Smiling the waves above !  
Thou hail'st me victor in the strife,  
And beacon'st me with love.  
The world may never know, dear heart !  
What I have found in thee !  
But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart !  
Thou'rt all the world to me.

#### THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

WITHIN a mile of Edinburgh town  
We laid our little darling down ;  
Our first seed in God's acre sown !

So sweet a place ! Death looks beguiled  
Of half his gloom ; or sure he smiled  
To win our wondrous spirit-child.

God giveth His Beloved sleep  
So calm, within its silence deep,  
As angel-guards the watch did keep.

The city looketh solemn and sweet ;  
It bares a gentle brow, to greet  
The mourners mourning at its feet.

The sea of human life breaks round  
This shore of death, with softened sound :  
Wild-flowers climb each mossy mound

To place in resting hands their palm,  
And breathe their beauty, bloom, and  
balm ;  
Folding the dead in fragrant calm.

A softer shadow grief might wear ;  
And old heartache come gather there  
The peace that falleth after prayer.

Poor heart, that danced among the vines  
All reeling-ripe with sweet love-wines,  
Thou walk'st with Death among the  
pines !

Lorn Mother, at the dark grave-door,  
She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er,  
But it is shut for evermore.

Blind, blind ! She feels, but cannot read  
Aright ; then leans as she would feed  
The dear dead lips that never heed.

The spirit of life may leap above,  
But in that grave her prisoned dove  
Lies, cold to the warm embrace of love,

And dark, tho' all the world is bright ;  
And lonely, with a city in sight ;  
And desolate in the rainy night.

Ah, God ! when in the glad life-cup  
The face of Death swims darkly up ;  
The crowning flower is sure to droop.

And so we laid our darling down,  
When Summer's cheek grew ripely brown,  
And still, tho' grief hath milder grown,

Unto the stranger's land we cleave,  
Like some poor birds that grieve and  
grieve,  
Round the robbed nest, and cannot leave.

[CHARLES MACKAY.]

#### ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

*Egeria.*

A GLORIOUS vision burst upon their sight,  
As on the topmost peak they took their  
stand,

To gaze from that clear centre on the  
world,

And measure with their proud delighted  
eyes

The vast circumference, whose radius  
stretched,

Seaward and landward, each for fifty  
miles.

Beneath their feet a burnished ocean lay,  
Glittering in sunshine. Far adown, like  
snow,

Shook from the bosom of a wintry cloud,  
And drifting on the wind in feathery  
flakes

The sea-gulls sailed betwixt the earth and  
sky,

Or, floating on the bosom of the deep,  
Pursued the herring shoal with dexterous  
aim.

Far, far away, on the horizon's edge,  
The white sails of the homeward scudding  
ships

Gleamed like the lilies in a garden plot,  
Or like the scattered shreds of fleecy  
cloud

Left by the Evening at the gate of Night,  
To shimmer in the leaden-coloured sky,  
And drink the splendour of the harvest  
moon,

Their glancing breasts reflected from afar  
The noonday sunlight.—Landward when  
they looked,

The earth beneath them seemed as it had  
boiled,

And tossed, and heaved, in some great  
agony ;

Till suddenly, at fiat of the Lord,  
The foaming waves had hardened into  
hills,

And mountains, multitudinous and huge,  
Of jagged outline, piled and overpiled,  
One o'er the other. Calmly the grey  
heads

Of these earth-fathers pointed up to  
heaven ;—

Titanic sentinels, who all the night  
Look at their kindred sentinels, the stars,  
To hear the march and tramp of distant  
worlds,

And measure by millenniums, not by  
years, [time !

The awful growth and progress of the  
Between the bases of the lesser hills,  
Green valleys, musical with lowing kine,  
And watered by the upland overflow,  
Stretched in their beauty. In the hollows  
slept

Clear lakes, which from those azure  
heights appeared

Small as the basins where the Oreads  
Might bathe, at morning-burst, their  
tender limbs.

Most beautiful the nearer landscape lay ;  
The distant panorama, more confused,  
Melted away in purple haziness.

I am so happy in such scenes as these,  
And yet so sad, and so dissatisfied ;  
I feel one moment I could leap for joy,  
And in the next that I could lie me down  
And weep that my enjoyment is so small,  
And that such beauty and sublimity,  
Such glory and such wonder, should not  
be

Part of myself for ever. Oh, thou Deep !  
Rolling beneath me thine eternal waves,  
I feel myself thine equal, as I stand  
And look upon thee from a height like  
this,

With thronging thoughts no tongue may  
ever speak !

Thou blue sky ! circling all in thine  
embrace ;

Oh, how I envy the air-cleaving wings  
Of Alpine eagles, and the liberty  
Of motion, unrestrained by clogs of  
Earth ! [tops !

Ye hills, I love ye ! Oh, ye mountain  
Lifting serenely your transcendent brows  
To catch the earliest glimpses of the  
dawn,

And hold the latest radiance of the West,  
To gild you with its glory, while the  
world

Hastens to slumber in the glooms below ;  
It is a pain to know ye, and to feel,  
That nothing can express the deep delight  
With which your beauty and magnificence  
Fill to o'erflowing the ecstatic mind.



## LOUISE ON THE DOOR-STEP.

HALF-PAST three in the morning !  
And no one in the street  
But me, on the sheltering door-step  
Resting my weary feet :  
Watching the rain-drops patter  
And dance where the puddles run,  
As bright in the flaring gaslight  
As dewdrops in the sun.

There's a light upon the pavement—  
It shines like a magic glass,  
And there are faces in it  
That look at me and pass.  
Faces—ah ! well remembered  
In the happy Long Ago,  
When my garb was white as lilies,  
And my thoughts as pure as snow.

Faces ! ah, yes ! I see them—  
One, two, and three—and four—  
That come in the gust of tempests,  
And go on the winds that bore.  
Changeful and evanescent,  
They shine 'mid storm and rain,  
Till the terror of their beauty  
Lies deep upon my brain.

One of them frowns ; I know him,  
With his thin long snow-white  
hair,—  
Cursing his wretched daughter  
That drove him to despair.  
And the other, with wakening pity  
In her large tear-streaming eyes,  
Seems as she yearned toward me,  
And whispered "Paradise."

They pass,—they melt in the ripples,  
And I shut mine eyes, that burn,  
To escape another vision  
That follows where'er I turn—  
The face of a false deceiver  
That lives and lies ; ah, me !  
Though I see it in the pavement,  
Mocking my misery !

They are gone !—all three !—quite  
vanished !  
Let nothing call them back !  
For I've had enough of phantoms,  
And my heart is on the rack !

God help me in my sorrow ;  
But *there*,—in the wet, cold stone,  
Smiling in heavenly beauty,  
I see my lost, mine own !

There, on the glimmering pavement,  
With eyes as blue as morn,  
Floats by the fair-haired darling  
Too soon from my bosom torn.  
She clasps her tiny fingers—  
She calls me sweet and mild,  
And says that my God forgives me  
For the sake of my little child.

I will go to her grave to-morrow,  
And pray that I may die ;  
And I hope that my God will take me  
Ere the days of my youth go by.  
For I am old in anguish,  
And long to be at rest,  
With my little babe beside me,  
And the daisies on my breast.

THE DEATH-SONG OF  
THE POET.

## I.

I HAVE a people of mine own,  
And great or small, whate'er they be,  
'Tis Harp and Harper, touch and tone—  
There's music between them and me.

## II.

And let none say, when low in death  
The soul-inspiring minstrel lies,  
That I misused my hand or breath  
For favour in the people's eyes.

## III.

Whate'er my faults as mortal man,  
Let foes revive them if they must !  
And yet a grave is ample span  
To hide their memory with my dust !

## IV.

But give, oh ! give me what I claim,—  
The Harper's meed, the Minstrel's  
crown—  
I never sang for sake of Fame,  
Or clutched at baubles of renown.

## V.

I spoke my thought, I sang my song,  
Because I pitied, felt, and knew ;  
I never glorified a wrong,  
Or sang approval of th' untruce.

## VI.

And if I touched the people's heart,  
Is that a crime in true men's eyes,  
Or desecration of an art  
That speaks to human sympathies ?

## VII.

As man, let men my worth deny ;  
As Harper, by my harp I stand,  
And dare the Future to deny  
The might that quivered from my  
hand.

## VIII.

A King of Bards, though scorned and  
poor,  
I feel the crown upon my head,  
And Time shall but the more secure  
My right to wear it.—I have said.

## THE LOST DAY.

## I.

FAREWELL, oh day misspent ;  
Thy fleeting hours were lent  
In vain to my endeavour.  
In shade and sun  
Thy race is run  
For ever ! oh, for ever !  
The leaf drops from the tree,  
The sand falls in the glass,  
And to the dread Eternity  
The dying minutes pass.

## II.

It was not till thine end  
I knew thou wert my friend ;  
But now, thy worth recalling,  
My grief is strong  
I did thee wrong,  
And scorned thy treasures falling.  
But sorrow comes too late ;  
Another day is born ;—  
Pass, minutes, pass ; may better fate  
Attend to-morrow morn.

## III.

Oh, birth ! oh, death of Time !  
Oh, mystery sublime !  
Ever the rippling ocean  
Brings forth the wave  
To smile or rave,  
And die of its own motion.  
A little wave to strike  
The sad responsive shore,  
And be succeeded by its like  
Ever and evermore.

## IV.

Oh change from same to same !  
Oh quenched, yet burning flame !  
Oh new birth, born of dying !  
Oh transient ray !  
Oh speck of day !  
Approaching and yet flying ;—  
Pass to Eternity.  
Thou day, that came in vain !  
A new wave surges on the sea—  
The world grows young again.

## V.

Come in, To-day, come in !  
I have confessed my sin  
To thee, young promise-bearer !  
New Lord of Earth !  
I hail thy birth—  
The crown awaits the wearer.  
Child of the ages past !  
Sire of a mightier line !  
On the same deeps our lot is cast !  
The world is thine—and mine !

## PIETY.

Egeria.

O Piety ! O heavenly Piety !  
She is not rigid as fanatics deem,  
But warm as Love, and beautiful as  
Hope.

Prop of the weak, the crown of humble-  
ness,  
The clue of doubt, the eyesight of the  
blind,  
The heavenly robe and garniture of clay.



He that is crowned with that supernal crown,  
Is lord and sovereign of himself and Fate,  
And angels are his friends and ministers.

Clad in that raiment, ever white and pure,  
The wayside mire is harmless to defile,  
And rudest storms sweep impotently by.

The pilgrim wandering amid crags and pits,  
Supported by that staff shall never fall :—  
He smiles at peril, and defies the storm.

Shown by that clue, the doubtful path is clear,  
The intricate snares and mazes of the world  
Are all unlabrynthed and bright as day.

Sweet Piety ! divinest Piety !  
She has a soul capacious as the spheres,  
A heart as large as all humanity.

Who to his dwelling takes that visitant,  
Has a perpetual solace in all pain,  
A friend and comforter in every grief.

The noblest domes, the haughtiest palaces,  
That know not her, have ever open gates  
Where Misery may enter at her will.

But from the threshold of the poorest hut,  
Where she sits smiling, Sorrow passes by,  
And owns the spell that robs her of her sting.

#### TUBAL CAIN.

##### I.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might  
In the days when Earth was young ;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright  
The strokes of his hammer rung ;  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and spear.

And he sang—"Hurra for my handi-  
work !  
Hurra for the spear and sword !  
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them  
well,  
For he shall be king and lord !"

##### II.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel  
blade  
As the crown of his desire : [strong,  
And he made them weapons sharp and  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free.  
And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew !  
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,  
And hurra for the metal true !"

##### III.

But a sudden change came o'er his heart  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done ;  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind,  
That the land was red with the blood  
they shed  
In their lust for carnage blind.  
And he said—"Alas ! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword for men whose  
joy  
Is to slay their fellow man."

##### IV.

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
And his hand forebore to smite the ore  
And his furnace smouldered low.  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,  
And bared his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high.  
And he sang—"Hurra for my handi-  
craft !"  
And the red sparks lit the air ;  
"Not alone for the blade was the bright  
steel made ;"  
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

##### V.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship joined their hands,  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on  
the wall,  
And ploughed the willing lands ;  
And sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain !  
Our staunch good friend is he ;  
And for the ploughshare and the plough  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the  
plough,  
We'll not forget the sword !"

#### THE RIM OF THE BOWL.

I SAT 'mid the flickering lights, when all  
the guests had departed,  
Alone at the head of the table, and  
dreamed of the days that were gone ;  
Neither asleep nor waking, nor sad nor  
cheery-hearted—  
But passive as a leaf by the wild  
November blown.  
I thought—if thinking 'twere, when  
thoughts were dimmer than shadows—  
And toyed the while with the music I  
drew from the rim of the bowl,  
Passing my fingers round, as if my will  
compelled it  
To answer my shapeless dreams, as  
soul might answer soul.

Idle I was, and listless ; but melody and  
fancy  
Came out of that tremulous dulcimer,  
as my hand around it strayed ;  
The rim was a magic circle, and mine  
was the necromancy  
That summoned its secrets forth, to  
take the forms I bade.  
Secrets ! ay ! buried secrets, forgotten for  
twenty summers,  
But living anew in the odours of the  
roses at the board ;  
Secrets of Truth and Passion, and the  
days of Life's unreason ;  
Perhaps not at all atoned for, in the  
judgments of the LORD.

Secrets that still shall slumber, for I will  
not bare my bosom  
To the gaze of the heartless, prying,  
unconscionable crowd,  
That would like to know, I doubt not,  
how much I have sinned and suffered,  
And drag me down to its level—be-  
cause it would humble the proud.  
Beautiful spirits they were, that danced  
on the rim at my bidding :  
Spirits of Joy or Sadness, in their brief  
sweet Summer day ;  
Spirits that aye possess me, and keep me,  
if I wander,  
In the line of the straight, and the  
flower of the fruitful way.

Spirits of women and children—spirits of  
friends departed—  
Spirits of dear companions that have  
gone to the levelling tomb,  
Hallowed for ever and ever with the  
sanctity of sorrow,  
And the aureole of death that crowns  
them in the gloom.  
Spirits of Hope and Faith, and one  
supremely lovely,  
That sang to me years ago, when I  
was a little child,  
And sported at her footstool, or lay upon  
her bosom,  
And gazed at the Love that dazzled me  
from her eyes so soft and mild.

And that song from the rim of the bowl  
came sounding and sounding ever—  
As oft it had done before in the toil  
and moil of life ;  
A song nor sad nor merry, but low and  
sweet and plaintive ;  
A clarion blast in sorrow ; an anodyne  
in strife ;  
A song like a ray of moonlight that  
gleams athwart a tempest.  
Sound ever, O Song ! sound sweetly,  
whether I live or die,  
My guardian, my adviser, my comforter,  
my comrade,  
A voice from the sinless regions—a  
message from the sky !



## SISYPHUS.

*A Study from the Antique.*

EVER and evermore  
Upon the steep life-shore  
Of Death's dark main,  
Bare to the bitter skies,  
His mournful task he plies  
*In vain, in vain!*

Sometimes he looks to Heaven  
And asks to be forgiven  
The grievous pain.  
The stars look sadly down,  
The cold sun seems to frown—  
*In vain, in vain!*

But kindly mother Earth,  
Remembering his birth,  
Doth not disdain  
To sympathise with him,  
So worn of heart and limb ;  
*In vain, in vain!*

Is not his fate her own?  
The rolling toilsome stone  
Rolled back again?  
Are not her children's woes  
The very same he knows?—  
*In vain, in vain!*

Do not all Earth and Sea  
Repeat Eternally  
Th' unvarying strain?  
The old and sad lament  
With human voices blent,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Through the green forest arch  
The wild winds in their march  
Sigh and complain ;  
The torrent on the hill  
Moans to the midnight chill,  
*In vain, in vain!*

The hoarse monotonous waves  
Attune from all their caves,  
Through storm and rain,  
The melancholy cry,  
To listening Earth and sky,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Love mourns its early dead ;  
Hope its illusions fled,  
Or rudely slain ;  
And Wealth and Power prolong  
The same, th' eternal song,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Toil, Sisyphus, toil on !  
Thou'rt many, though but one !  
Toil heart and brain !  
One—but the type of all  
Rolling the dreadful ball,  
*In vain! in vain!*

## I LOVE MY LOVE.

## I.

WHAT is the meaning of the song  
That rings so clear and loud,  
Thou nightingale amid the copse—  
Thou lark above the cloud?  
What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,  
Up in the walnut-tree?  
"I love my Love, because I know  
My Love loves me."

## II.

What is the meaning of thy thought,  
O maiden fair and young?  
There is such pleasure in thine eyes,  
Such music on thy tongue ;  
There is such glory on thy face—  
What can the meaning be?  
"I love my Love, because I know  
My Love loves me."

## III.

O happy words ! at Beauty's feet  
We sing them ere our prime ;  
And when the early summers pass,  
And Care comes on with Time,  
Still be it ours, in Care's despite,  
To join the chorus free—  
"I love my Love, because I know  
My Love loves me."

I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP  
DISTRESSED.

## I.

I LAY in sorrow, deep distressed :  
My grief a proud man heard ;  
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,  
But not a kindly word.  
My sorrow passed,—I paid him back  
The gold he gave to me ;  
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,  
And blessed his Charity.

## II.

I lay in want, in grief and pain :  
A poor man passed my way ;  
He bound my head, he gave me bread,  
He watched me night and day.  
How shall I pay him back again,  
For all he did to me?  
Oh, gold is great, but greater far  
Is heavenly Sympathy!

## YOUTH'S WARNING.

## I.

BEWARE, exulting youth, beware,  
When life's young pleasures woo,  
That ere you yield you shrive your heart,  
And keep your conscience true!  
For sake of silver spent to-day,  
Why pledge to-morrow's gold?  
Or in hot blood implant Remorse,  
To grow when blood is cold?  
*If wrong you do, if false you play,  
In summer among the flowers,  
You must atone, you shall repay,  
In winter among the showers.*

## II.

To turn the balances of Heaven  
Surpasses mortal power ;  
For every white there is a black,  
For every sweet a sour.  
For every up there is a down,  
For every folly, shame ;  
And retribution follows guilt,  
As burning follows flame.  
*If wrong you do, if false you play,  
In summer among the flowers,  
You must atone, you shall repay,  
In winter among the showers.*

## FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

## I.

FAR, far upon the sea,  
The good ship speeding free,  
Upon the deck we gather young and old ;  
And view the flapping sail,  
Spreading out before the gale,  
Full and round without a wrinkle or a  
fold :  
Or watch the waves that glide  
By the stately vessel's side,  
And the wild sea-birds that follow through  
the air.

Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.

## II.

Far, far upon the sea,  
With the sunshine on our lee,  
We talk of pleasant days when we were  
young,  
And remember, though we roam,  
The sweet melodies of home—  
The songs of happy childhood which we  
sung.

Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.

## III.

Far, far upon the sea,  
Whate'er our country be,  
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go.  
And Scotland's sons shall join,  
In the song of "Auld Lang Syne,"  
With voice by memory softened, clear and  
low.  
And the men of Erin's Isle,  
Battling sorrow with a smile,  
Shall sing "St. Patrick's Morning," void  
of care ;  
And thus we pass the day,  
As we journey on the way ;—  
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind  
blows fair.



## AMERICAN POETS.

[LYDIA HUNTLY SIGOURNEY. 1791—1865.]

## DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that  
polished brow,  
And dashed it out. There was a tint of  
rose  
O'er cheek and lip. He touched the  
veins with ice,  
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes  
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt  
Whether to grieve or sleep, which inno-  
cence

Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he  
bound  
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids  
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,  
With which the babe would claim its  
mother's ear,  
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler  
set  
The seal of silence.

But there beamed a smile,  
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,  
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared  
not steal  
The signet-ring of heaven.

## MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BORNE upon the ocean's foam,  
Far from native land and home,  
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,  
Brooding o'er our venturous path,  
While the mountain wave is rolling,  
And the ship's bell faintly tolling:  
Saviour! on the boisterous sea,  
Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,  
Sweep us on with headlong force;  
And the bark, which tempests surge,  
Moans and trembles at their scourge:

Yet, should wildest tempests swell,  
Be thou near, and all is well.  
Saviour! on the stormy sea,  
Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn  
When to us afar they turn;  
Eyes that show the rushing tear  
If our uttered names they hear:  
Saviour! o'er the faithless main  
Bring us to those homes again,  
As the trembler, touched by Thee,  
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,  
Where with lonely keel we go;  
Gentle brows and bosoms brave  
Those abysses richly pave:  
If beneath the briny deep  
We, with them, should coldly sleep,  
Saviour! o'er the whelming sea,  
Take our ransomed soul to Thee.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO  
THE BODY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws nigh,  
The sentence speeds—to die, to die.  
So long in mystic union held,  
So close with strong embrace compelled,  
How canst thou bear the dread decree,  
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?  
—To Him who on this mortal shore,  
The same encircling vestment wore,  
To Him I look, to Him I bend,  
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.  
—If I have ever caused thee pain,  
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,  
With cares and vigils turned thee pale,  
And scorned thee when thy strength did  
fail,  
Forgive! forgive!—thy task doth cease,  
Friend! Lover!—let us part in peace.  
If thou didst sometimes check my force,  
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

## THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,  
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,  
I blame thee not, the strife is done;  
I knew thou wert the weaker one,  
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,  
Constrained to hold the breath of God.  
—Well hast thou in my service wrought;  
Thy brow hath mirrored forth my  
thought;  
To wear my smile thy lip hath glowed;  
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed;  
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies  
Of sweetly varied melodies;  
Thy hands my prompted deeds have  
done;  
Thy feet upon mine errands run—  
Yes, thou hast marked my bidding well.  
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell.

—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed  
Meek mother Earth with flowers shall  
spread,

Where I no more thy sleep may break  
With fevered dream, nor rudely wake  
Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,  
For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,  
And long thy gasp and groan of pain  
Have bound me pitying in thy chain,  
Though angels urge me hence to soar,  
Where I shall share thine ills no more.  
—Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy  
pain,

Remember, we shall meet again.  
Quell with this hope the victor's sting,  
And keep it as a signet-ring,  
When the dire worm shall pierce thy  
breast,  
And nought but ashes mark thy rest:  
When stars shall fall, and skies grow  
dark,  
And proud suns quench their glow-worm  
spark,

Keep thou that hope to light thy gloom,  
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.  
—Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,  
Nor spot nor stain nor wrinkle bear;  
And I, with hovering wing elate,  
The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,  
And breathe the welcome of the sky—  
“No more to part, no more to die,  
Co-heir of Immortality.”

BLUE-BIRD! on yon leafless tree,  
Dost thou carol thus to me,  
“Spring is coming! Spring is here!”  
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?  
What is that, in misty shroud,  
Stealing from the darken'd cloud?  
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound  
Settles o'er the whitened ground,  
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,  
“Spring is coming! Spring is here!”

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?  
Winds are piping o'er the plain;  
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky  
With a black and threatening eye;  
Urchins, by the frozen rill,  
Wrap their mantles closer still;  
Yon poor man, with doublet old,  
Doth he shiver at the cold?  
Hath he not a nose of blue?  
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,  
Rosy wreaths and revelry;  
Hast thou wooed some winged love  
To a nest in verdant grove?  
Sung to her of greenwood bower,  
Sunny skies that never lower?  
Lured her with thy promise fair  
Of a lot that knows no care?  
Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,  
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,  
She can sing a cheerful song?  
When the rude winds rock the tree,  
If she'll closer cling to thee?  
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,  
Unappalled shall pass thee by;  
Though thy curtained chamber show  
Siftings of untimely snow,  
Warm and glad thy heart shall be,  
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

## NO CONCEALMENT.

“There is nothing covered that shall not be  
revealed: and hid that shall not be known.”—  
*St. Matt.*

THINK'ST thou to be concealed, thou  
little stream!  
That through the lowly vale dost wind  
thy way,



Loving beneath the darkest arch to  
 glide  
 Of woven branches, blent with hillocks  
 gray?  
 The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy  
 course  
 Unto the dawn, and a bright line of  
 green  
 Tingeth thy marge, and the white flocks  
 that haste  
 At summer-noon, to drink thy crystal  
 sheen,  
 Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of  
 day;  
 And then thy smiling answer to the  
 moon,  
 Whose beams so freely on thy bosom  
 sleep,  
 Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull  
 noon.  
 How couldst thou hope, in such a world  
 as this,  
 To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and  
 of bliss?

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou  
 little seed!  
 That in the bosom of the earth art  
 cast,  
 And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st  
 awhile,  
 Unmoved by trampling storm, or thun-  
 der blast?  
 Thou bidest thy time, for herald spring  
 shall come  
 And wake thee, all unwilling as thou  
 art,  
 Unhood thine eyes, unfold thy clasping  
 sheath,  
 And stir the languid pulses of thy  
 heart.  
 The loving rains shall woo thee, and the  
 dews  
 Weep o'er thy bed, till, ere thou art  
 aware,  
 Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry  
 stem,  
 The trembling bud, the flower that  
 scents the air;  
 And soon, to all, thy ripened fruitage  
 tells  
 The evil or the good that in thy nature  
 dwells.

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little  
 thought!  
 That in the curtained chamber of the  
 soul  
 Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to  
 do  
 A hidden work? Look to the hues  
 that roll  
 O'er the changed brow, the moving lip  
 behold,  
 Linking thee unto sound, the feet that  
 run  
 Upon thine errands, and the deeds that  
 stamp  
 Thy likeness plain before the noonday  
 sun.  
 Look to the pen that writes thy history  
 down  
 In those tremendous books that ne'er  
 unclose  
 Until the Day of Doom; and blush to  
 see  
 How vain thy trust in darkness to re-  
 pose,  
 Where all things tend to judgment. So  
 beware,  
 Oh erring human heart, what thoughts  
 thou lodgest there.

## THE VIRGINIAN COLONISTS.

*Pocahontas.*

CLIME of the West! that to the hunter's  
 bow,  
 And roving hordes of savage men,  
 wert sold,—  
 Their cone-roofed wigwams pierced  
 the wintry snow,  
 Their tasselled corn crept sparsely  
 through the mould,  
 Their bark canoes thy glorious waters  
 clave,  
 The chase their glory, and the wild  
 their grave—  
 Look up! a loftier destiny behold,  
 For to thy coast the fair-haired Saxon  
 steers,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, the lore of  
 bards and seers.

Behold a sail! another, and another!  
 Like living things on the broad  
 river's breast;—  
 What were thy secret thoughts, oh,  
 red-browed brother,  
 As toward the shore these white-  
 winged wanderers prest?  
 But lo! emerging from her forest  
 zone,  
 The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder  
 thrown,  
 With nodding plumes her raven  
 tresses drest,  
 Of queenly step, and form erect and  
 bold,  
 Yet mute with wondering awe, the New  
 World meets the Old.

Roll on, majestic flood, in power and  
 pride,  
 Which like a sea doth swell old  
 ocean's sway;—  
 With hasting keel, thy pale-faced spon-  
 sors glide  
 To keep the pageant of thy christen-  
 ing day.  
 They bless thy wave, they bid thee  
 leave unsung  
 The uncouth baptism of a barbarous  
 tongue,  
 And take his name,—the Stuart's,—  
 first to bind  
 The Scottish thistle in the lion's mane,  
 Of all old Albion's kings, most versatile  
 and vain.

## NIAGARA.

FLOW on for ever, in thy glorious  
 robe  
 Of terror and of beauty. Vea, flow on  
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath  
 set  
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the  
 cloud  
 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth  
 give  
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of  
 Him  
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
 Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour  
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift  
 The insect-trump that tells her trifling  
 joys  
 Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sub-  
 lime  
 Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean  
 shrinks  
 Back from thy brotherhood, and all his  
 waves  
 Retire abashed. For he hath need to  
 sleep,  
 Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling  
 home  
 His boisterous billows, from their vexing  
 play,  
 To a long dreary calm: but thy strong  
 tide  
 Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart  
 forgets  
 Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.  
 The morning stars, that hailed Creation's  
 birth,  
 Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with  
 their song  
 Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,  
 That wait the mandate of the day of  
 doom  
 To wreck the earth, shall find it deep in-  
 scribed  
 Upon thy rocky scroll.

The lofty trees  
 That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter  
 lore  
 Of the too fitful winds; while their young  
 leaves  
 Gather fresh greenness from thy living  
 spray,  
 Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon  
 How bold they venture near, dipping  
 their wing  
 In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis  
 meet  
 For them to touch thy garment's hem, or  
 stir  
 Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon  
 the cloud  
 Unblamed, or warble at the gate of  
 Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems  
 Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk  
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace  
 Thine awful features with our pencil's  
 point  
 Were but to press on Sinai.



Thou dost speak  
Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop  
From his right-hand,—bidding the soul  
that looks  
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,  
Be humbly wrapped in its own nothing-  
ness,  
And lose itself in Him.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON.]

### THRENODY.

THE South-wind brings  
Life, sunshine, and desire,  
And on every mount and meadow  
Breathes aromatic fire.  
But o'er the dead he has no power :  
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore.  
And, looking o'er the hills, I mourn  
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house,—  
I see my trees repair their boughs ;  
And he, the wondrous child,  
Whose silver warble wild  
Outvalued every pulsing sound  
Within the air's cerulean round,  
The hyacinthine boy, for whom  
Morn well might break, and April bloom ;  
The gracious boy who did adorn  
The world whereinto he was born,  
And by his countenance repay  
The favour of the loving Day,  
Has disappeared from the Day's eye.  
Far and wide, she cannot find him,—  
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him ;  
Returned the day, this south-wind  
searches,  
And finds young trees and budding  
birches,  
But finds not the budding man.  
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake  
him ; [him ;  
Fate let him fall, Fate cannot retake  
Nature, Fate, men, him seek in vain.  
And whither now, my truant, wise and  
sweet,  
O, whither tend thy feet ?  
I had the right, few days ago,  
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know ;  
How have I forfeited the right ?  
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight ?

I hearken for thy household cheer,  
O eloquent child !  
Whose voice, an equal messenger,  
Conveyed thy meaning mild.  
What though the pains and joys,  
Whereof it spoke, were toys,  
Fitting his age and ken ;  
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,  
Who heard the sweet request,  
So gentle, wise, and grave,  
Bended with joy to his behest,—  
And let the world's affairs go by,  
Awhile to share his cordial game,  
Or mend his wicker wagon frame,  
Still plotting how their hungry ear  
That winsome voice again might hear :  
For his lips could well pronounce  
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene  
His early hope, his liberal mien ;  
Took counsel from his guiding eyes,  
To make this wisdom earthly wise.  
Ah ! vainly do these eyes recall  
The school-march, each day's festival ;  
When every morn my bosom glowed,  
To watch the convoy on the road :  
The babe in willow wagon closed,  
With rolling eyes and face composed,—  
With children forward and behind,  
Like Cupids studiously inclined.  
And he, the Chieftain, paced beside,  
The centre of the troop allied,  
With sunny face of sweet repose,  
To guard the babe from fancied foes.  
The little Captain innocent  
Took the eye with him as he went.  
Each village senior paused to scan,  
And speak the lovely caravan.

From the window I look out,  
To mark thy beautiful parade ;  
Stately marching in cap and coat,  
To some tune by fairies played ;  
A music heard by thee alone,  
To works as noble led thee on.  
Now Love and Pride, alas ! in vain,  
Up and down their glances strain.  
The painted sled stands where it stood,  
The kennel by the corded wood ;  
The gathered sticks to staunch the wall  
Of the snow tower, when snow should  
fall ;

The ominous hole he dug in the  
sand,  
And childhood's castles, built or planned ;  
His daily haunts I well discern,  
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn,  
And every inch of garden ground,  
Paced by the blessed feet around ;  
From the road-side to the brook,  
Whereinto he loved to look.  
Step the meek birds where erst they  
ranged,  
The wintry garden lies unchanged ;  
The brook into the stream runs on,  
But the deep-eyed Boy is gone !

### GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD !

GOOD-BYE, proud world ! I'm going  
home ;  
Thou art not my friend ; I am not  
thine :  
Too long through weary crowds I  
roam :—  
A river ark on the ocean brine,  
Too long I am tossed like the driven  
foam ;  
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face ;  
To Grandeur with his wise grimace :  
To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;  
To supple office, low and high ;  
To crowded halls, to court and street,  
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,  
To those who go, and those who come,  
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,  
Bosomed in yon green hills alone ;  
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,  
Where arches green, the livelong day  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And evil men have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and  
God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome ;  
And when I am stretched beneath the  
pines  
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and pride of man,  
At the sophist schools, and the learned  
clan ;  
For what are they all in their high  
conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may  
meet ?

### THE APOLOGY.

THINK me not unkind and rude,  
That I walk alone in grove and glen ;  
I go to the god of the wood  
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I  
Fold my arms beside the brook ;  
Each cloud that floated in the sky  
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,  
For the idle flowers I brought ;  
Every aster in my hand  
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery  
But 'tis figured in the flowers ;  
Was never secret history  
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field  
Homeward brought the oxen strong ;  
A second crop thy acres yield,  
Which I gather in a song.

### DIRGE.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field  
To reap its scanty corn,  
What mystic fruit his acres yield  
At midnight and at morn ?

In the long sunny afternoon  
The plain was full of ghosts,  
I wandered up, I wandered down,  
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below,  
Pouring as wide a flood  
As when my brothers, long ago,  
Came with me to the wood.



But they are gone—the holy ones  
Who trod with me this lonely vale,  
The strong, star-bright companions  
Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,  
Who made this world the feast it was,  
Who learned with me the lore of Time,  
Who loved this dwelling-place ;

They took this valley for their toy,  
They played with it in every mood,  
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,  
They treated Nature as they would.

They coloured the whole horizon round,  
Stars flamed and faded as they bade,  
All echoes hearkened for their sound,  
They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf  
Which once our childhood knew,  
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief  
Whose balsam never grew.

Harken to you pine warbler,  
Singing aloft in the tree ;  
Harkest thou, O traveller !  
What he singeth to me ?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear  
With sorrow such as mine,  
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou  
Its heavy tale divine.

“Go, lonely man,” it saith,  
“They loved thee from their birth,  
Their hands were pure, and pure their  
faith,  
There are no such hearts on earth.

“Ye drew one mother’s milk,  
One chamber held ye all,  
A very tender history  
Did in your childhood fall.

“Ye cannot unlock your heart,  
The key is gone with them ;  
The silent organ loudest chants  
The master’s requiem.”

## TO EVA.

OH, fair and stately maid, whose eyes  
Were kindled in the upper skies  
At the same torch that lighted mine ;  
For so I must interpret still  
Thy sweet dominion o’er my will,  
A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon  
Features that seem at heart my own ;  
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,  
Who charm the more their glance forbids,  
Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,  
With fire that draws while it repels.

[J. G. WHITTIER.]

## BARBARA FRITCHIE.

UP from the meadows, rich with corn,  
Clear from the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep ;  
Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
When Lee marched over the mountain  
wall,  
Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their silver bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled  
down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead ;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,  
He glanced, the old flag met his sight.  
“Halt !”—the dust-brown ranks stood  
fast ;  
“Fire !”—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash,  
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window sill  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
“Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;  
The noble nature within him stirred  
To life, at that woman’s deed and word.

“Who touches a hair of yon grey head,  
Dies like a dog. March on !” he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long the free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host ;  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds, that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Fritchie’s work is o’er,  
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier !  
Over Barbara Fritchie’s grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace, and order, and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below, in Frederick town !

## MAUD MÜLLER.

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer’s day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry  
glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off  
town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse’s chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that  
flowed  
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled  
up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking  
down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered  
gown.

“Thanks !” said the Judge, “a sweeter  
draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and  
trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming  
bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered  
whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;